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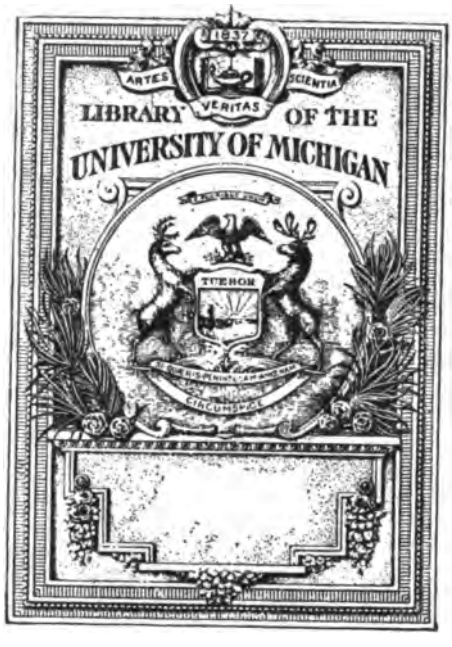

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INDEX.

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Accum's (F.) Chemical Re-agents or Tests, improved by Maugham, 696. African Fables, 771. American Common-Place Book, 789. American Publications, 530, 583. America, Political Survey of, 593. Americans as they are, 146. Amesbury (J.) on the Nature and Treatment of Fractures, 791. Amulet, the, for 1829, 675. Analysis of the Historical Books of the Old Testament, 56. Annesley's (J.) Researches into the Causes, Nature, and Treatment of the Diseases of India, 100, 522. Anniversary, the, for 1829, 678. Annual Biography and Obituary for 1828, 3. Angelo's Reminiscences, 72, 88. Angling, Practice of, in the Northern Counties, 451. Anglo-Irish of the Nineteenth Century, 626. At Home, a novel, 389. Atherstone's (J.) Fall of Nineveh, 296, 324. Atkinson's (T. and C.) Selection of Gothic Ornaments, 586. Atlantic Souvenir for 1828, 197. Apology of an Officer for withdrawing from the Profession of Arms, 628. Anti-Slavery Album, 649. Arundell's (Rev. F. V. J.) Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia, 161. Austria as it is, 22, 39. Auldjo's (J.) Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, 401.

Babylon the Great, 665. Baillie's (Joanna) Bride, a drama, 417. Bakewell's (R.) Introduction to Geology, 295. Barclay's (A.) State of Slavery in the West Indies, 600. Barker's (E. H.) Parriana, 484. Barnum's (L. H.) Spy Unmasked, 729. Barnard Castle, or the Monk, a poem, 791. Barton's (B.) New Year's Eve, and other Poems, 755. Beaumont's (J. A. B.) Travels in Buenos Ayres, 36, 87. Beauclerk's (Capt. G.) Journey to Marocco, 482. Beaufoy's Mexican Illustrations, 549. Beazley's Roué, 211. Bee's (J.) Picture of London for 1828, 200. Beechey's (Capt. F. W. and Mr. H. W.) Expedition to the Northern Coast of Africa, 121, 133. Becher's (Rev. J.) Anti-Pauper System, 391. Belsham's (W. J.) Chronology of the Reigns of Geo. III. and IV., &c. 665. Best's (J. R.) Transrhenane Memoirs, 693. Beta Depicta, or Remarks on Mangel Wurzel, 215. Bevan's (Dr. E.) Natural History, &c. of the Honey Bee, 90. Bijou for 1829, 694. Blanchard's (S. L.) Lyric Offerings, 610. Blaquiere's (Edw.) Letters from Greece, 71. Blumenbach's (Dr.) Elements of Physiology, 407. Botanical Register, 168. Bowles's (Rev. L. W.) History of Bremhill, Wilts, 166. Brand's (Lieut. C.) Voyage to Peru, &c. 465. Bray's (Mrs.) Protestant, 728. British Almanac, 87. Britton's (J.) Memorable Events in Paris in 1814, 260. Browne's (Mary Ann) Ada and other Poems, 244. Brussels, Companion for the Visitor at, 343. Buckler's (J. C.) Account of Eltham Palace, 723. Buckingham's (J. S.) Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia, 742. Burrows' (Dr.) Commentaries on Insanity, 516. Burton's Diary of the Cromwell Parliament, 148, 198. Byron's Works, 213, 775. Belfrage's (Rev. H.) Counsels for the Sanctuary and for Civil Life, 825. Bowles's (Rev. W. L.) Days Departed, or Banwell Hill, 806.

Caddick's (Mrs.) Tales of the Affections, 682. Campbell's (T.) Poetical Works, 360. Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, in 1814-15, 225. Canning's (Hon. G.) Speeches, 135. Castilian, 791, 805. Castle's Manual of Surgery, 615. Cawdor's (Earl) Letter to Lord Lyndhurst on the Administration of Justice in Wales, 513. Chalmers's (R.) Picture of Scotland, 324, 488. Chameleon Sketches, 553. Chateaubriand's Travels in America and Italy, 1, 38. Christmas-Box for 1829, 648. Chronicles of the Canongate, 305. Clifford's Tunbridge Wells Guide, 596. Coleridge's (S. T.) Poetical Works, 535. Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from Charles II. to the French Revolution, 497. Companion to the Almanac, 215. Confessions of an Old Maid, 8. Constable's Miscellany, 209, 230, 649. Constables, whole Duty of, 513. Conversations on the English Constitution, 260. Conway's (D.) Solitary Walks through many Lands, 296. Cooper's Notions of the Americans, 385. Cradock's Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs, 17, 57. Crawfurd's (J.) Embassy to Siam and Cochin China, 387, 405. Croker's (T. C.) Daniel O'Rourke, 115; Legends of the Lakes, 801. Croly's (Rev. G.) Salathiel, 145, 456. Croppy, the, 279, 325. Cousin's Nouveaux Fragments Philosophiques, 776. Cruikshank's (G.) Illustrations of Punch and Judy, 82, 342. Cuthbert, a novel, 24. Chedworth (Lord), Letters of, 49. Catechism of the Christian Religion, 808. Christmas, a poem, 826.

Dagley's (E. F.) Birthday, 80. Dallaway's (Rev. J.) Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, 262, 577. Davy's (Sir H.) Salmonia, or Days of Fly-Fishing, 433, 451. De Beauvoir, 35. Demonologia, or Natural Knowledge Revealed, 595. Denman's (T.) Inaugural Discourse at the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, 504. Dillon's (Visc.) Eccelino da Romano, a poem, 360, 563. D'Israeli's (J.) Commentaries on Charles I., 336, 358; History of Men of Genius, 454. Disowned, the, 753. Don Juan, 569; Beauties of, 440. Doran's (J.) Sketches and Reminiscences, 327. Douglas Anecdotes, 791. Drake (Sir F.), Life of, 569. Drake's (N.) Mornings in Spring, 131. Dudley's (J. B. W.) Tocsin, 585. Davis's (Rev. W.) Hints to promote a Profitable Attendance on an Evangelical Ministry, 808.

Ebers' (J.) Seven Years of the King's Theatre, 418, 469. Edinburgh Review, No. XCIII., 193. Eldon's (Dr. A.) Continental Traveller's Oracle, 327, 333, 390. Eltham Hall, Plans, Elevations, Views, &c. of, 522. Ely's (Rev. J.) Female Piety and Zeal exemplified, 440. Emma de Lissau, 403. English in France, 259. English in India, 56. Epistle to the Duchess of St. Albans, 712. Epistles in Verse, 519. Epsom, a Vision, 229. Evans (Col.) on the Designs of Russia, 534. Ewart's (Rev. J.) Lectures on the Psalms, 56. Experience, a Tale for all Ages, 712. Edwards's (H. M.) Manual of Surgical Anatomy, 826. Ellis Correspondence, the, 817.

Fairy Mythology, 73. Family Prayers and Collects, 822. Farewell to Time, with Devotional Exercises, 504. Faulkner's (T.) History of Chelsea and its Environs, 567. Fellowes's (W. D.) Sketches of Charles I. Cromwell, Charles II., &c. 499. Field's (Rev. W.) Memoirs of Dr. Parr, 24, 547. First Flowers, or Literary Bouquet, 280. Foreign Review, 50. Forget-me-not for 1829, 642. Franklin and Richardson's Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, 369. Friendship's Offering for 1829, 643.

Gem, the, for 1829, 661. Gent's (T.) Poems, 85. Gentleman's Pocket Magazine, 280. Gentleman Cit, 247. Gibson's (W.) Sailor, and other Poems, 682. Godwin's (Mrs. C. G.) Wanderer's Legacy, a Collection of Poems, 721, 772. Godwin's (W.) Commonwealth of England, 694. Golden Lyre, the, 725. Gombert's (A.) French Drama, 424. Gomez Arias, 195. Graham's (Dr.) Modern Domestic Medicine, 200. Granville's (Dr.) St. Petersburgh, &c. 561, 580, 597, 613, 663. Granville's (G.) English Grammar, 104. Gray's (S. F.) Supplement to the Pharmacopœia, 791. Grimaldi's (S.) Origines Genealogicæ, 519, 536. Guillaume's (Prof.) Table of French Conjugations, 327. Guesses at Truth, 468.

Hajji Baba, Adventures of, 273. Hakewill's (J.) Plan, &c. of an Abbatoir at Paris, 163. Hall's (Hon. Judge) Letters from the West, 722. Haley's (W. T.) Cures and Cure of Ireland, 586. Halliday's (Sir A.) Present State of Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums, 227. Harland (Mary), a Tale of Humble Life, 280. Harwood (Dr.) on the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, &c. 489. Hazlitt's Life of Buonaparte, 708. Heber's (Bp.) Travels in India, 97, 118. Hebrew, the, a Sketch in the Nineteenth Century, 185. Hemans's (Mrs. Felicia) Records of Woman and other Poems, 289. Henley, a poem, 19. Henley Guide, 19. History of George Godfrey, 151. Hoare's (P.) Memoirs of Granville Sharp, 326. Holberg's (L.) Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim, 487. Hook's (T.) Sayings and Doings, third series, 68. Horæ Religiosæ, 615. Houlton's (J.) Formulary of several New Remedies, 538. Hungarian Tales, 791, 806. Hunt's (Leigh) Memoirs of Byron, 6, 54. Hale (Sir Matthew) on the Knowledge of Christ Crucified, 808. Hutton's (G.) Theory and Practice of Arithmetic, 826.

Irving's (Washington) Life, &c. of Columbus, 65. Irving (Dr.) on Fortification, &c. 682. Italy as it is, 373.

Jacobs (W.) on the Corn Trade and Corn Laws, 327. Jennings's (J.) Pleasures of Ornithology, a poem, 615. Jew Exile, the, 682. Johnson's (Dr.) Dictionary of the English Language, 168. Johnson's (Rev. G. M.) Village, a descriptive poem, &c. 775. Johnstone's (Dr.) Life and Writings of Dr. Parr, 787. Journal Asiatique, 152. Juvenile Keepsake for 1829, 709. Juvenile Forget-me-not for 1828, 8. Ibid. for 1829, 677.

Keepsake, the, for 1829, 690. Kennedy and Granger's State of the Tenancy of Land in Great Britain, 503. Kennedy's (Rev. R.) Tribute in verse to the Right Hon. G. Canning, 23. Kitchiner's (Dr.) Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life, 296. Kinsey's (Rev. W. M.) Portugal Illustrated, 449. Klattovsky's (W. K.) German Grammar, 327. Knowles's (J. S.) Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green, 776. Kerrison's (Dr.) Letter to Mr. Peel on the Supply of Water, 489. Kuzzilbash, the, 129.

Lairds of Fife, 360. Lambe's (Dr.) Investigation of the Thames Water, 391. Landsborough's (Rev. D.) Arran, a poem, 135. La Pia, or the Fair Penitent, a poem, 440. Lathom's (F.) John Bull, a novel, 424. Lawrence (Sir J.) Etonian out of Bounds, 663. Leigh's (C.) Epistles to a Friend in Town, and other Poems, 707. Life in India, 677. Life of Mansie Wauch, 243. Lindsay's (Rev. H.) Lectures on the Historical Books of the Old Testament, 615. Literary Souvenir for 1829, 659, 759. Londonderry's (Lord) Narrative of the Peninsular War, 260, 278, 294. Lugar's (R.) Villa Architecture, 536. Lyon's (Capt.) Residence and Tour in Mexico in 1826, 116, 184, 214, 246, 584. Last Supper, the, 808. Legendary, the, consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Scenery, and Manners, 820.

Macaulay's (Dr. A.) Dictionary of Medicine, 215. Macnish's (R.) Anatomy of Drunkenness, 545. Madras, Transactions of the Literary Society of, 594. Mahomed (S. D.) on Shampooing, 553. Malet's (Sir A.) Account of the System of Fagging at Winchester School, 745. Man of Two Lives, 744. Manchester, account of its Collegiate Church, Free Grammar-School, and Cheetham's Hospital, 135, 472. Manzoni's (A.) Betrothed Lovers, 424. Marcella; or, the Missionary Abroad and at Home, 467. Markham's (Mrs.) History of France, 8. Marly; or, a Planter's Life in Jamaica, 181. Marriage in High Life, 327. Martin's (J.) Plan for Supplying

London and Westminster with pure Water, 626. Mason (G. L.) on the Landscape Architecture of the Italian Painters, 481. Mechanic's Magazine, 215, 569. Mémoires sur l'Impératrice Josephine, &c. 657, 680, 824. Memoirs of the Right Hon. G. Canning, 23. Mendibil's (Pablo de) Resumen Historico de la Revolucion de los Estados Unidos Mejicanos, 168. Meyrick and Skelton's Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour, 168, 247, 376, 596. Miller (Gen.), Memoirs of, 501. Miller's Political Chart, 90. Milne's (D.) Essay on Comets, 705, 725. Mineralogy, Manual of, 682. Mirror of Parliament, 134. Missionary Gazetteer, 569. Mitford's (Miss M. R.) Our Village, 372; Rienzi, a Tragedy, 675. My Early Days, 472. Modern Traveller, the, 5, 709. Montgomery's (R.) Omnipresence of the Deity, 70—second edition, 163; Universal Prayer, &c., 625, 759. Moore's Popular National Airs, (Music by Bishop), 102. Morison's (J.) Exposition of the Book of Psalms, 568. Morpeth's (Lord) Last of the Greeks, 258. Mortimers, the, a novel, 327. Mount Calvary, and the Creation of the World (originally in Cornish), 98. Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, 825.

Napier's (Col.) History of the Peninsular War, 241; Reply to Lord Strangford's Observations, 529. Nares's (Dr.) Life and Administration of Lord Burghley, 257. Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Italy, 1819-22, 31. Navarino, Battle of, and other Poems, 408. Naval and Military Magazine, 440. Neele's (H.) Literary Remains, 759. New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir for 1829, 649. Nicholson's (M. A.) Practical Cabinet-Maker, &c., 440. Nichols's (J. G.) Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Persons, 342, 776, 808. Nicolas's (N. H.) Battle of Agincourt, and Siege of Carlaverock, 177. Niebuhr's (B. G.) History of Rome, 165. Night-Watch, the, or Tales of the Sea, 226. Notes of a Journey in the North of Ireland in 1827, &c., 500. Northcote's (J.) Original and Selected Fables, 118. North America, United States of, as they are, 564. Nouveaux Tableaux de Paris, 408.

Osburn's (W.) Account of an Egyptian Mummy, 580. Oxbiby's (E.) Selections from Shakspeare, 152.

Paguierre (M.) Description of the Wines of Bordeaux, 545. Paris's (Dr. J. A.) Treatise on Diet, 185; Guide to Mount's Bay and Land's End, 611, 627, 647. Parkin's (T.) Exposure of Civil and Religious Despotism, 472. Parry's (Capt.) Narrative of an Attempt to reach the North Pole, 120. Past Feeling Renovated, 682. Paul's (Sir J.) Man of Ton, 179. Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman, 357, 710. Penelope, a novel, 292. Petter's (W.) Sacred Songs, 682. Petit Bijou, le, 712. Petrony's (S. E.) Geste Navali Britanniche, a poem, 498. Phillips's (G. F.) Art of Drawing on Stone, 342. Philip's (Dr.) Researches in South Africa, 309. Pickering's Miniature Greek Testament, 522. Plain Sermons, preached in a Village Church, 472. Planché's (J. R.) Merchant's Wedding, 131; Descent of the Danube, &c., 421, 437. Pole's (Capt.) Observations on the Peer Laws, 682. Porter's (J. and A. M.) Coming Out, and the Field of the Forty Footsteps, 52. Pott's (Archdeacon) Principles of Union in the Church of England, 576. Poor Colonies of the Benevolent Society of Holland, Account of, 641. Prima Donna, the, 296. Pringle's (T.) Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems, 163. Prior's (H. J.) Practical Elocution, 212. Public Characters of the Present Age, 215. Puffed, the, a Satire, 342. Pugin and Le Keux's Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, 128. Pugin's Designs for Gothic Furniture, 728. Prayers of Eminent Persons, 825.

Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, Nos. I. and II., 649.

Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, 502, 520. Raillee (W.) on a newly discovered Temple at Corfu, 569. Rank and Nobility, Manual of, 376. Raper's (Admiral) New System of Signals, 755. Recollections of a Three Years' Service in the Wars of Venezuela and Colombia, 488. Reece's (Dr.) Medical Guide, 199. Rector of Overton, a novel, 408. Rede's (L. T.) Memoirs of Canning, 23. Redford's (G.) Memoirs of the Rev. J. Cooke, 600. Register of Arts, 712. Religious Discourses, by a Layman, 277. Remarks on Improvements in St. James's Park, 81. Rennie's (Miss E.) Poems, 519. Review Extra and Exclusive, 698. Richard Cœur de Lion, a poem, 682. Richardson's (Mrs. G. G.) Poems, 519. Ritchie's (L.) Tales and Confessions, 776. Robinson's (P. F.) Designs for Farm Buildings, 538. Roche's (Mrs. R. M.) Contrast, 372. Rogers's (S.) Italy, a Poem, 133. Rossetti's (Signor) Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri, 104. Rovigo's, Duke of, Memoirs of Himself, 355, 374, 436, 514, 550, 645, 664. Ruddiman's (J.) Tales and Sketches, 247.

Sadler's (M. T.) Ireland; its Evils, and their Remedies, 73. Sales, St. Francis de, Beauties of, 756. Salmon's (F.) Practical Essay on Stricture of the Rectum, 56. Senior's (Prof.) Lectures on Political Economy, 454. Scott's (Sir W.) Tales of a Grandfather, 737, 757. School and Children's Books, 504, 521, 537, 552, 568, 585, 600, 649, 665, 682, 729. Shoberl's Present State of Charity and Missionary Establishments, 553. Sinclair (Sir J.) on the Culture, &c. of Potatoes, 245. Smeeton's (G.) Doings in London, 609. Smith's (J. T.) Nollekens and his Times, 673, 696, 710, 726, 773. Smith's (H.) Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City, 689. Smithfield Market, on the Improvement of, 776. Snow's (J.) Minor Poems, 403. Sophia de Lissau, 163. Sorell's (Col.) Spanish Campaign in 1808-9, 585. Sorrows of Rosalie, a Poem, 741. Sotheby's (W.) Italy, and other Poems, 353. Spencer's (F. C.) Vale of Bolton, and other Poems, 712. Spinster's, a, Tour in France and Genoa, 485. Spirit and Manners of the Age, 185. Steele's (T.) Suggestions on the Improvement of the Navigation of the Shannon, &c., 404. Steuart's (Sir H.) Planter's Guide, 789. Stothard's (Mrs. C.) White Hoods, 82. Strangford's (Viscount) Observations on some Passages in Colonel Napier's Peninsular War, 327; Further Observations, 529. Stratford's (S. E.) Anatomy, &c. of the Eye, 615. Strickland's (Miss A.) Worcester Field, and Seven Ages of Woman, 230. Subaltern's Log-Book, 451. Sunday Book, 791. Sydney's Letters on the Reported Exclusion of Lord Byron's Monument from Westminster Abbey, 649. Stewart's (Rev. A.) Discourses on the Important Points of Christian Doctrine and Duty, 825.

Tales and Legends, 180. Tales of the Moors, 20. Tales of the West, 84. Tales of Woman, 788. Tales of the Great St. Bernard, 707. Tales of an Antiquary, 52. Taylor's (Rev. C. B.) Sermons, 615. Taylor's (Rev. W.) Diagrams of Euclid's Elements, for Blind Persons, 168. Tecumseh, a Poem, 519. Teeling's (C. H.) Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion, 150, 167. Thames Tunnel Company, Letter on the Affairs of, 375. Thaumaturgus, 2. Three Days at Killarney, and other Poems, 327. Time's Telescope for 1829, 724. Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, 53. Travels through Sicily, by a Naval Officer, 85. Trials of Life, 728. Twilight Hours, 712. Traité des Principes Généraux du Droit et de la Législation, 826.

Uncle Peregrine's Heiress, 20.

Valentini's (B. Von) Military Reflections on Turkey, 113. Valpy's (Rev. F. E. G.) Etymological Dictionary of the Latin Language, 712. Vernon's (H.) Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, 578. Veterinarian, the, 185. Victoria, a novel, 360. Voice of Humanity, 791. Voyage of Captain Popanilla, 360. Varley's (J.) Treatise on Zodiacal Physiognomy, 822. Voye's (M. J. G. de la) Instructions on French Pronunciation, and on the Genders, 826.

Wadd's (W.) Comments on Corpulence, Lineaments of Leanness, and Mems. and Maxims, 785. Waldstein, or the Swedes in Prague, 360. Walsh's (Dr. R.) Essay on some Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems, 435, 439, 470; his Journey from Constantinople to England, 321, 341. Walter's (Rev. W.) Letters from the Continent, 130. Ward's (H. G.) Mexico in 1827, 290. Warwickshire, Graphic Illustrations of, 613. Water, Supply of, to the Metropolis, 340. Will of King Alfred, 771. Wilson's (Mrs. C. B.) Cypress Wreath, 247. Wilson's (W. R.) Travels in Russia, 561, 580, 597, 613, 683. Whims and Oddities for the Young, 5. Whitehead's (Dr.) James II., a Dramatic Poem, 615. Winter's Wreath for 1829, 657. Wood's (G.) Poems, 569. Woodrow's (Rev. R.) Life of Professor Woodrow, 712. Wright (J.), Supply of Water to the Metropolis, 132. Willmer's Improved Housekeeper's Account Book for 1829, 825.

Young's (W.) Portugal in 1828, 696. Young Gentleman's Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, 808.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Aerostation, 505. Animal Magnetism, 553. Ava: the Taliens, 24. Colombia, Recollections of, corrected, 473, 538. David Hume, Original Letter of, 683. Egyptian Hieroglyphics, 490. Fernando Po, New Settlement, 135, 147, 182. Geographical Society proposed, 600. Heidelberg University, 74. Lisbon, ib. Major Laing and Captain Clapperton, 264. Odds and Ends, 616. Rock's (Capt.) Suppressed Volume, 327, 343, 360, 376. Russia and Persia: Occurrences at Tabreez, 216, 232. Sedlatzek (Mr.), 505. Paris Letter, weekly. Munich, Improvements of, 808.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Africa, 9. African Discoveries, 712, 760, 776; Expeditions, 311; Geography, 234. Animals, changes in, 698. Animals without vertebræ, 713. American Antiquities, 41, 474. Astronomy, 121.

Beche's (M. de la) Tabular and Proportional View of Rocks, 746. Beechey's (Capt.) Arctic Expedition, 8, 200, 362, 633. Bowdich's (Mrs.) Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain, 169.

Celestial Phenomena, 9, 74, 138, 201, 289, 346, 409, 423, 473, 554, 617, 697, 760. College of Physicians, 249. Comet, 505, 523, 713; Encke's, 730, 760. Chimneys, 42. Civil Engineers, 425. Clapperton, Death of, &c. 248, 281, 297. Consumption, 322, 378, 393, 410, 586, 601.

Dillon's Safety Lamp, 490.

Eggs, experiments upon, 57. Egypt, French Scientific Expedition to, 792. Electroscope, 666. Electricity, Metallic, 602.

Fernando Po, 248, 281, 297, 312, 345, 391, 441, 490, 539. Foster's (Capt.) Voyage to the South Pole, 248. Fossil Extraordinary, 749. French Institute, 540. French Acad. of Sciences, 570, 634. French Gardening, 153.

Gannal's (M.) discovery relating to diamonds, 760. Gardener's Magazine, 794. Geology, 57. Geographical Society of Paris, 57. Gastric Experiments, 66. Glass, pure, 729. Greece, French Expedition to, 793.

Hall's (S.) New General Atlas, 108, 136, 234, 298, 362, 506, 650, 793. Heat, French experiments on, 218. Holland, Pauper Colonies of, 713.

Ingenious Inventions, 264.

King's (Capt.) South American Expedition, 791.

Laing (Major), particulars of, 186, 235, 248, 330. Langton's Process for Seasoning Timber, 523. Linnæan Society, 345. London and Westminster Levels, 697. London (City of) Literary and Scientific Institution, 185. London Institution, 90, 108.

Medico-Botanical Society, 185. Meteorology, 633, 650.

National Repository, 410, 600. New Chalybeate Aperient, 524. New Holland, Settlement on the Western Coast of, 791. Northern Scientific Expedition, 281.

Perouse, la, 234, 570. Pomological Magazine, 793. Poisoned Wounds, Animal Virus, &c. 809. Population, 809.

Russian projected Journey by Land from the Copper River to Hudson's Bay, 729. Royal Institution, 74, 121, 137, 154, 169, 185, 200, 283, 298, 329, 344, 361, 378.

Society of Arts, 361, 836. Solar Spots, 425. Stammering, Cure of, 217. Sylphium, 201. Smith's Movable Planisphere, 746.

Thermometer, New, 218.

Vincent's (Mr.) Historical Chart, 746.

Water, Pure, 650.

Zoological Society, 282, 378.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Antiquarian Society, Meetings of, 249, 265, 779, 794, 810; of Scotland, 90. Asiatic Society, 170, 810.

British Museum, 491.

College of Physicians, 10. Columbus, notice of, 474. Constantinople, fate of, foretold, 824.

Egypt, Letters from, 683, 696, 747. Egyptian Papyri, 570

French Institute, 540.

King's College, 524, 570, 618, 747, 810. King's Library, 426.

Literary Curiosity, 554. Literary Fund, 170, 299, 394, 747, 794. Literary and Scientific Mission, 540. London University, 138, 539, 618, 634, 650, 699.

Medico-Botanical Society, 698. Munich, National Meeting at, 235.

Navarino, Battle of, singular coincidence, 25.

Oriental Literature at St. Petersburgh, 634. Oriental Translation Fund, 42, 105, 299, 313, 330.

Paris, Public Libraries at, 105. Perth Literary and Antiquarian Society, 836. Public Instruction in France, 827.

Roman Antiquities in England, 618. Royal Asiatic Society, 186, 747, 794, 810. Royal Institution, 283. Royal Irish Academy, 443. Royal Society, papers read at, &c., 249, 264, 283, 298, 313, 331, 347, 362, 379, 410, 761, 777, 793. Royal Society of Literature, proceedings, &c. of, 249, 265, 393, 490, 442, 474, 713, 794, 810. Russell Institution, 74, 201. Russia, 697.

Seyffarth's (Prof.) Remarks upon an Egyptian History, in Egyptian Characters, 457. Society of Schoolmasters, 794.

Turkey, Literature and Manners in, 139.

University intelligence, weekly.

FINE ARTS.

Amulet, the, Engravings of, 690. Anniversary, the, Engravings of, 730. Arts and Artists, 585, 571. Artists' Benevolent Fund, 236, 315. Artists' General Benevolent Institution Dinner, 285.

Batty's Hanoverian Scenery, 412, 661. Bazar in Baker Street, 236. Bonington's Bridge over the Rhone, by Cooke, 332. Boys and Cooke's Selection of Vases, Altars, &c., from the Louvre, by H. Moses, 411. Bristow's Pug-ilists, by Turner, 123. British Artists', 186, 201, 218, 235, 249. British Diorama, 107. British Gallery, 105, 122, 139, 154, 170, 346, 411. British Institution, 58, 74, 90, 186, 495, 587, 730. Britton's Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities, 492, 634. Brockedon's Passes of the Alps, 91, 300, 475, 748. Buonarotti's (M.) Groups from the Sistine Chapel at Rome, by W. Y. Ottley, 171. Burford's Panorama of Paris, 761. Banbury's Whims, 602. Burgess's (J. C.) Introd. to Perspective, 540. Burgess's (H. W.) Studies of Trees, 667. British Museum, 810.

Canning (Mr.), Statue of, at Liverpool, 603. Chalon, situation of his Pictures at the Royal Academy Exhibition, 426. Chantrey's Bust of Grenville Sharpe, by Cousins, 426. Chester, Miss, as Lady Teazle, by J. Stewart, 395. Clarence Medal, 285. Clint's Portraits of Madame Vestris, Miss P. Glover, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Liston, in Paul Pry, 492. Cooke's (W. B.) Golden Gift, 348; Prints, representing Objects of contrasted Character, 525; Design for a Gold Cup, 443. Collins's Stained Glass Window, 58. Cruikshank's (G.) Scraps and Sketches, 330. Canova, Works of, by H. Moses, 827.

Daniell's Battle of Navarino, 106. Dawe's Miniature Portraits of the Dowager Empress of Russia, Emperor Nicholas I., Empress, and Grand Duke Alexander, 619; Portraits of the late Emperor Alexander, Empress, and Children, Gen. Yermoloff, Adm. Shishkoff, and Gen. Benkendorff, 459. Derby's Lady de Clifford, by Wright, 714. Devils at Play, 106. Diorama, Regent's Park, 202. Dolci's (C.) Salvator Mundi, by Cook, 300. Dumfries Exhibition, 91.

Egerton's Traveller attacked, by Geller, 348. Eldon, Lord, Medal of, by Mr. Voight, 250. Eltham Palace, repair of, 460. Enamel Paintings, by Madame Jaquotot, 492. Engravers' Proofs of Plates, sale of Mr. Cooke's, 761. Etruscan Antiquities, discovery of, 761.

Farrier's Sunday Evening, by Romney, 540. Fine Arts in Russia, 427. Fincher's Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, by Skelton, 300. Fleming's Views on the Clyde, by Swan, 395, 507, 667, 794. Forget-me-not, Engravings of, 619. French Characters, for the Scrap-Book, 602. Friendship's Offering, Engravings of, 619.

Gem, the, Engravings of, 683. George III., Monument to, 218. Gérard's St. Theresa, 202. Gladwin's North Elevation of St. Paul's, 187. Granet's Interior of a Nunnery, by Huffam, 284. Gun Hill, Southwold, engraved by Heath, 811.

Hacker's West Fronts of Fourteen English Cathedrals, and Companion of Fourteen Interiors: arranged by J. Britton, and engraved by G. F. Storm, 475. Hants Picture Gallery, 795. Harwood's Interior of St. Paul's, by Woolnoth, 123. Harvey's Miseries of Slavery, by Slader, 412. Haydon's Mock Election, 11, 267; Chairing the Members, 635, 651. Heath and Pugin's Paris and its Environs, 602. Hilton's Miranda, by Scriven, 300. Historical Portraits, Exhibition of, 284. Hobday's Gallery, 219, 364, 443. Hollins's Copy of Raphael's Incendio di Borgo, 171. Holmes's Portrait of His Majesty, 748. Howard's (H.) Rev. W. Kirby, M.A., &c., by Lupton, 651. Howard's (F.) Outline Plates of the Spirit of Shakspeare's Plays, 603, 714. Howitt's (S.) British Preserve, 106, 219. Hughes, Miss, as Reiza, by T. Jones, from M'Call, 267.

Jackson's (J.) Countess of Sheffield, by Dean, 364. Jackson's (J. G.) Designs for Villas, 106. Juvenile Forget-me-not, Engravings of, 699.

Keepsake, the, Engravings of, 634. Kendrick's, Miss, Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, by Dean, 634. King, the, 810.

Lake's Gallery of Shakspeare, 603. Lane's (J. B.) Vision of Joseph, 300. Lane's (T.) Disturbed by the Nightmare, by Dawe, 540. Landseer's (T.) Monkeyana, 25, 154, 267, 412, 506, 714. Landseer's (E.) Twa Dogs, by Gibbon, 171. Lawrence's (Sir T.) Duke of Wellington, by Cousins, 426; Earl of Eldon, by Doo, 332; Lady G. Fane, by Turner, 58; Portraits of Lady Bagot, Viscountess Burghersh, and Lady Somerset, by Thomson, 57. Lee's Battle of Navarino, 58. Lewis's Outlines of the Ancients, 363, 475. Literary Souvenir, Engravings of, 602, 651.

Lithographics: Henderson's Sketches of Character, by Gauci, 42, 363. Cartwright's Navarino, by Gauci, 43. European Scenery, 43. Reynolds's (Sir J.) Capt. Cook, by Hoffay, 43. Ramsay's (J.) W. Palmer, Esq., 58. Lithographic Album, 74, 811. Bristowe's Toothach, by Haghe, 155. Warrington's Improvisatrice, by Lynch, 186. Lane's Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists, 187, 380, 634. West's (H. A.) Six Views of Gibraltar, by Baynes, 236. Bristowe's Phlebotomist, 236. Gauci's Views of Windsor Castle, 236. Raphael's Death of Ananias, by Foggo, 236. Child's Pride of the Village, 250. Bulwer's Three Views of Cintra, by Nicholson, 267; Scenery of Clifton, by Westall and Gauci, 284. Hull's Costume of the British Army, by Gauci, 300. Wonder's Studies from Nature of the Dutch School, by Zeitter, 300. Sontag (Mlle.), by A. Hoffay, 300; as Lady of the Lake, by Humphries, 348. Brigg's Portia and Bassanio, by Harding, 363. Nicholson's Views in the Tyrol, 363. Boaden's Breaking-up, by Childs, 364. Line's Sketches from Nature, 394. Bristowe's Law, by Harding, 395. Rubens, Mr. Scarlett's Studies from, 426. Delamotte's Illustrations of Virginia-Water, by Gauci, 443. Boulanger's Ronde du Sabat, 443. Light's Views of Pompeii, by Harding, 491. Childs's Village Coquette, 507. O'Connell, M.P. 507. Westall's Views of Netley Abbey, 507. Gauci's Margate, Ramsgate, and Environs, 524, 635. Colin's Ennestine, by Childs, 525. Dubufe's Reflection, by Gauci, 525. One Cheer more! 619. Gauci's Views on the Thames, 635. Landseer's Mastiff and Greyhound, by Sherlock, 635. Hoffy's Caught in a Shower, 635. Shakspeare in his Study, by Fairland, 635. Burgess's (H. W.) Studies of Trees, 667. Woodroffe's Views in the City of Bath, by Gauci, 731. Landseer's Who's to have the Stick? by Sherlock, 794.

Lodge's Portraits, 154, 443, 572, 714. London, Improvements of, 106. Lough's Sculpture, 58, 171.

Mackenzie's Interior of St. Mary's Church, Bury, by Le Keux, 731; King's Court of Trinity College, by Le Keux, 219. Maddox Street Exhibition, 202. Manton's Captain Clapperton, by Lupton, 779. Martin's (W.) Interior of an English Cottage, by C. Turner, 284. Meyrick and Skelton's Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour, 761.

Mezzotintos: Kidd's Mistleto, by Zeitter, 11. Martin's (J.) Ascent of Elijah, 57. Sharp's Spoilt Child, by Phillips, 106. Hayter's Trial of Lord William Russell, by Bromley, 236. Martin's (J.) Fall of Nineveh, 267, 315. Lawrence's (Sir T.) Portrait of Mr. Peel, by Turner, 332. Bowyer's Portraits of his Majesty and Duke of York, by Bromley, 348. Fradelle's Queen Elizabeth and Lady Paget, by Say, 380. Cobbold's Parting Hour, by Bromley, 525. Lawrence's Portrait of Miss Croker, by Cousins, 525. Martin's Macbeth, by Lupton, 571; Deluge, 583.

More's John Wycliffe, by E. Finden, 332. Monument in honour of Geo. IV. suggested, 761. Morison's Guardian Angel, 250. Motte's Mont Blanc, by Lupton, 348. Mulready's Wolf and Lamb, by Robinson, 348. Murillo's Spanish Flower-Girl, by Graves, 685.

National Gallery and Royal Academy, reported erection of, 492. National Gallery, engravings from, 171. New Year's Gift, engravings of, 651. Newton's Thomas Moore, Esq., by Watt, 426. Northcote's King Geo. IV., by Say, 219. Northern Society for the promotion of the Fine Arts, 91.

Odds and Ends, 219. Ottley's Anche a te, Carino!—Anche a me, Madre mia, 171.

Parker's Medal of the Duke of York, 75. Pinney's (Mr.) Collection of Pictures, 443. Prints, ingenious invention for mounting and inlaying, 459. Prosser's Illustrations of the County of Surrey, 588. Panorama of Sydney, 811.

Retzsch's Shakespeare, 219, 266. Reynold's Muscipula, 155; Child's Dream, by Parker, 602. Rider's Stratford-upon-Avon, and its vicinity, 603. Robson's English Cities, 155. Rome, Letter from an Artist at, 459. Royal Academy, 122, 283, 299, 314, 331, 347, 363, 379, 810. Rudge's Introduction to the Study of Painting, 795.

Sharpe's Health and Long Life to the King, by Say, 284. Skelton's Pietas Oxoniensis, or Records of Oxford Founders, 794. Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 240, 266, 283. Stark's Scenery of the Rivers Yare and Waveney, Norfolk, 587. Stanfield's Cologne, on the Rhone, by Kernol, 412. Stevens's Larder, by Giller, 11. Stuart's Visions of an Amateur, 394. Strutt's Deliciæ Sylvarum, 155.

Tayler's Margaret in disguise, by Maile, 667. Tealdi's Sua Maesta Georgia IV., by Fothergill, 492. Thière's Death of Virginia, 250. Turner's Deluge, by Quilley, 426; England and Wales, 11, 284; Tivoli, by Goodall, 154; Temple of Jupiter in the Island Ægina, by Pye, 171; Ports of England, by Lupton, 394.

Veronese's Frescoes, purchased by the British Institution, 300.

Webster's Rebels Shooting a Prisoner, by Romney, 284; Rebels Defeated, by Romney, 772. Wellington, Duke of, miniature bust of, 443. Westall's Great Britain Illustrated, by E. Finden, 651, 748; Picturesque Tour of the Thames, 300. Wild's Four Cathedral Views, 348. Wilkie's Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage, by Mitchell, 684; Duncan Gray, by Engleheart, 426; pictures painted abroad, 412; Spanish pictures, purchased by his Majesty, 748. Williams's Select Views in Greece, 75, 443. Winter's Wreath, engravings of, 667. Witherington's Dancing Bear, by Meyer, 106; Beggar's Petition, by Warren, 459; Market Gardeners, by Lewis, 492. Wivell's Supplement on the Shakespeare Portraits, 603. James Northcote, Esq., by Wright, 106.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

In almost every Number. The Pieces by L. E. L. will be found in pp. 107, 267, 412, 427. By Mrs. C. G. Godwin, 75, 186, 460. By R. Montgomery, 219, 507, 828.

MUSIC.

Concerts: Cianchettini's, 381. De Beguis', 316. Covent Garden Fund, 187. Bohemian Brothers, 763. Italian Refugees', 412. Melodists' Club, 204, 220, 268. New Musical Fund, 220. Oratorios, 220. Philharmonic, 203, 286. Potter's, 316. Mr. Sedlatzek's, 396. Salisbury Festival, 540. Madame Schulz, 316, 397. Stockhausen's, 397. King's and Drury Lane Theatres, 348. M. Paganini (Vienna), 605. Madame Vigo's, 412. Royal Academy of Music, 763, 796. *New Publications*, 27, 92, 187, 204, 268, 333, 348, 381, 412, 444, 476, 508, 526, 540, 572, 653, 716, 763, 830. Absence of Musical Performers, 444.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. T. Bewick, 731. R. P. Bonington, 619, 652, 715. Archdeacon Coxe, 395. Dr. Charles O'Conor, 652. Lieut.-Col. Denham, 507. Harry Stoe Van Dyk, 525. Luke Howard, Esq., 699. Lady C. Lamb, 107. Henry Neele, 123. Sir J. E. Smith, M.D., 187. Dugald Stewart, 395. Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, 761. Wollaston (Dr.), 829.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Africa, 187. Bavaria, a Pattern Kingdom, 493. Bread, adulteration of, 762. Buonaparte, 715. Byron, Visit to his Tomb, 267. Byroniana, 332, 364, 380, 395, 604. Character and Anecdote, 11, 43, 556, 572, 652, 716, 731, 812. Hastings, a Sea-side Sketch, 507. Literary Fund Anniversary, 315. Mahomet; Character of, 795. Modern, Home, High! 604, 620, 635. Misadventures of a Gentleman in walking up Piccadilly, 780. Order of Liberators, 427. Orleans, Duke of, 25. Paternoster Row, 202. Phrenology in its Glory, 604. Popular Customs in France, 59, 76. Prophecies, 171. Prussia, King of, 588. Rome, Society in, 155. Turks and Russians, 667. Vauxhall, 396, 492. Visit to Newstead, 250. Water, Supply of, 763. Wine, Vintage of 1829, 795. Sketch of a French young Lady at a Convent, and of an English young Lady at a Boarding School, 829. Parish Waits, 830.

Sights of London: Zoological Museum, 12. Burford's Panorama of the Battle of Navarino, 44. King Street Panorama of ditto, ib. Royal Bazar, 156. Egyptian Hall, ib. Drury Lane Fund, 220. Sale of Brookes's Museum, 460, 475. Natural Phenomenon, 508. Curious Musical Instrument, ib. Walker's Exhibition, 830. Panorama of the Greek War, ib.

DRAMA.

Reports of the Representations and new Performers at the several Theatres, weekly.

New Pieces: Harlequin and the White-Mouse, 12. Home for the Holydays, 28. Love's Frailties, ib. The Serf, or Russian Brothers, 59. Paris and London, 60. Edward the Black Prince, 77. The Merchant's Wedding, 92. Juan's Early Days, 124. The Somnambulist, 125. Presumptive Evidence, 140. Invincibles, ib. Don Pedro, 172. The Scapegrace, 173. The Dumb Savoyard, 236. Tuckitomba, ib. Little Offsprings, 286. School for Gallantry, 301. Ups and Downs, 349. Carton Side, ib. A Daughter to Marry, 397. The Bottle Imp, 445. The Two Friends, 461. The Noyades, ib. Tit for Tat, 493. He Lies like Truth, 509. The Green-Eyed Monster, 541. Not for Me, 557. Miss Wright, 573. Sylvana, ib. The Barber Baron, 588. The Pirate of Genoa, 589. Valeria, 605. The Quartette, ib. Management, or the Prompter Puzzled, 636. Wanted a Partner, ib. My Absent Son, 637. The May Queen, 653. Rienzi, 669. The Step-Mother, 685. The Mason of Buda, ib. The Youthful Queen, 700. The Soldier's Stratagems, 717. The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green, 764. Love in Wrinkles, 780. Charles the Twelfth, 796. The Sublime and Beautiful, 796. The Earthquake, or Phantom of the Nile, 796. Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience, 813. Performance of the Pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, 813. French Plays, 45, 60, 140, 188, 334, 413, 573, 813.

VARIETIES.

Under this head are contained literary and scientific information, articles of point and humour, with facetiæ, both in prose and verse—each Number.

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[illegible]VIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

[illegible] America and Italy. By the Viscount [illegible]briand. [illegible] 2 vols. London, [illegible] Colburn.

[illegible]ers are aware, that a new and com[illegible]ion of the works of M. de Chateau[illegible] being regularly put forth in Paris, [illegible]larly translated into English as the [illegible] appear. The present is a portion of [illegible].

[illegible] the author, from the peculiarity of [illegible], and from the nationality of his sen[illegible] certainly loses in being transferred [illegible] other language from his own French, [illegible]clined to review him rather in *our* [illegible]is native tongue, for the same reason [illegible]re very select in our notices of foreign [illegible]. The truth is, that the field of Eng[illegible]rs, in all its various produce, is so [illegible] so important, that we find it diffi[illegible]eep up our history of it in a satisfac[illegible]r. We wish our Gazette to be a [illegible]t and ample record of the progress [illegible] of literature, science, and the fine [illegible]hey are cultivated and developed at [illegible] only such collateral lights from [illegible] as are necessary to the complete under[illegible] of the whole in the circle of general [illegible]. Therefore, unlike foreign works [illegible] for something new or essential, [illegible] direct attention to them; our object [illegible] to borrow contributions from [illegible], as to inform those countries of [illegible] England. When, indeed, [illegible]ished production issues from the [illegible] press, or any valuable discovery is [illegible] we are the first to spread the fame and [illegible] the nature of either; but in ordinary [illegible] are not tempted to occupy those limits [illegible] too narrow to do justice to our Bri[illegible]ments towards the grand republic of [illegible], and for the advancement of human [illegible], by endeavouring to tell foreigners [illegible] we better told by their own writers, [illegible] our own countrymen with remote [illegible] matters, in preference to what are [illegible] and more interesting.

[illegible] this explanation of our course and [illegible] proceed to M. de C. in his English [illegible]. The first volume commences with a [illegible] which contains a brief general sketch [illegible] principal voyages and travels, from [illegible]ction of the Israelites under Moses, [illegible] of Captain Franklin among the Esqui[illegible]. It is a curious summary; more appo[illegible]ps, to a collection of such under[illegible] to the narrative of an individual [illegible]. This is followed by an introduc[illegible]ing some of the family and personal [illegible] of the author; and stating his in[illegible] to fly from France and its san[illegible]revolution in 1791, and seek relief in [illegible] among the wilds of America. His [illegible], at setting out, was to trace, by [illegible] much discussed north-west passage;* which design is strikingly mentioned in the account of an interview he had with Washington at Philadelphia.

"He was," he says, "a man of tall stature, with a calm and cold rather than noble air: the likeness is well preserved in the engravings of him. I delivered my letter in silence: he opened it, and turned to the signature, which he read aloud, with exclamation, 'Colonel Armand!' for thus he called, and thus the letter was signed by, the Marquis de la Rouairie. We sat down; I explained to him as well as I could the motive of my voyage. He answered me in French or English monosyllables, and listened to me with a sort of astonishment. I perceived it, and said with some emphasis, 'But it is less difficult to discover the north-west passage than to create a nation as you have done.' 'Well, well, young man!' cried he, giving me his hand. He invited me to dine with him the following day, and we parted. I was exact to the appointment. The conversation turned almost entirely on the French revolution. The general shewed us a key of the Bastile: those keys of the Bastile were but silly playthings, which were about that time distributed over the two worlds. Had Washington seen, like me, the *conquerors of the Bastile* in the kennels of Paris, he would have had less faith in his relic. The gravity and the energy of the revolution were not in those sanguinary orgies. At the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, the same populace of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine demolished the protestant church at Charenton with as much zeal as it despoiled the church of St. Denis in 1793. I left my host at ten in the evening, and never saw him again: he set out for the country the following day, and I continued my journey."

Of the proceeding voyage from St. Maloes to Baltimore, and journeys thence to Philadelphia, to New York, to Albany, it is not necessary to speak in detail; but it yields a deep and sensible gratification to the mind to be enabled to contemplate these places as described only six and thirty years ago, and contrast them with their present condition. The prodigious improvement in the chief cities, the immense increase of wealth and prosperity, the rapid advance in all that refines and exalts the character of man, the conversion of impenetrable forests and savage wildernesses into populous states, where industry and the arts and the sciences flourish — these are glorious changes, and afford a proud example of what freedom and its natural energy can accomplish — no less than the formation (within so brief a period as the span of human life) of a *new world!*

Upon such themes M. de C. is prone to dwell in that poetical and imaginative vein which is one of the great characteristics of his writings: of this we shall offer a few specimens. Our first are from the prefatorial *coup d'œil.*

"The cities of India now blend the architecture of the Bramins with Italian palaces and Gothic monuments: the elegant carriages of London are seen travelling together with palanquins and caravans the roads of the tiger and the elephant. Large ships ascend the Ganges and the Indus: Calcutta, Bombay, Benares, have theatres, learned societies, printing-offices. The country of the Thousand and One Nights, the kingdom of Cachemire, the empire of the Mogul, the diamond mines of Galconda, the seas enriched with oriental pearls, one hundred and twenty millions of men, whom Bacchus, Sesostris, Darius, Alexander, Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, conquered, or attempted to conquer, have for their owners and masters a dozen English merchants, whose names nobody knows, and who reside four thousand leagues from Hindoostan, in some obscure street in the city of London. These merchants care very little for that ancient China which is the neighbour of their one hundred and twenty millions of vassals, and which Lord Hastings offered to subdue with twenty thousand men. But then the price of tea would fall on the banks of the Thames! This is all that saves the empire of Tobi, founded two thousand six hundred and thirty-seven years before the Christian era; of that Tobi who was contemporary with Rehu, the great-great-grandson of Abraham. * * *

"In northern Africa, in the kingdom of Bornou and Soudan, properly so called, Clapperton and Denham found thirty-six towns more or less considerable, an advanced state of civilisation, and a negro cavalry armed like the knights of the olden time. The ancient capital of a Mahometan negro kingdom exhibited ruins of palaces, the haunts of elephants, lions, serpents, and ostriches. We are in momentary expectation of hearing that Major Laing has reached that Timbuctoo which is so well known and so unknown."

We quote the last paragraph with much anxiety; for we must confess that the time which has now elapsed without our receiving any certain accounts of our intrepid countrymen, Laing and Clapperton, fills us with extreme uneasiness respecting their probable fate. We hope in heaven that our apprehensions may be turned into gratulations; but this fearful climate has been destiny to so many gallant Europeans, that dread is beginning to usurp the place of hope in our hearts concerning those to whom we allude, with such an intense

[illegible] proceed to the west," he tells his readers, [illegible] the vast coast of America a little above the Gulf of California. Thence following the outline of the continent, and keeping constantly in sight of the sea, my intention was to travel northward as far as Behring's Strait, to double the last cape of America, to pursue an eastern course along the shores of the Polar Sea, and to return to the United States by Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and Canada. What determined me to traverse so long a coast of the Pacific Ocean, was the slight knowledge we then had of that coast. Doubts were still left, even after the researches of Vancouver, relative to the existence of a passage between the 40th and 60th degree of north latitude: the river Colombia, the bearings of New Cornwall, Chelckhoff's Strait, the Aleutian regions, Bristol or Cook's Bay, the land of the Indian Tchuktches, had none of them been yet explored by Kotzebue and the other Russian and American navigators. Now-a-days Captain Franklin, avoiding a circuit of several thousand leagues, has spared himself the trouble of seeking in the west what was only to be found in the north."

desire to hear even a whisper of their well-being. We take refuge from the thought by resuming our author. Speaking of the Pacific ocean, he observes:—

"The Sandwich Islands form a kingdom civilised by Tamehameha. This kingdom has a navy composed of a score brigs and a few frigates. Deserters from English ships have become princes; they have erected forts, defended by excellent artillery; they carry on an active commerce, on the one hand with America, on the other with Asia. The death of Tamehameha has restored the power to the petty feudal lords of the Sandwich Islands, but not destroyed the germs of civilisation. There were recently seen at the Opera in London a king and queen of those islanders who ate Captain Cook, though they worshipped his bones in the temple consecrated to the god Rono. This king and this queen fell victims to the uncongenial climate of England; and Lord Byron, the heir to the title of the great poet who expired at Missolonghi, was the officer appointed to convey the remains of the deceased sovereigns to their native islands:—remarkable contrasts and incidents enough, I think, in all conscience!"

This is a little of the bathos—more obvious in English than in French; but again:

"Columbus discovered America in the night between the 11th and 12th of October, 1492: Captain Franklin completed the discovery of this new world on the 18th of August, 1826. How many generations have passed away, how many revolutions have taken place, how many changes have happened among nations, in this space of three hundred and thirty-three years, nine months, and twenty-four days! The world no longer resembles the world of Columbus. On those unknown seas, above which was seen to rise a *black hand*, the *hand of Satan*, which seized ships in the night, and dragged them to the bottom of the abyss; in those antarctic regions, the abode of night, horror, and fables; in those furious seas about Cape Horn and the Cape of Storms, where pilots turned pale; in that double ocean which lashes its double shores; in those latitudes formerly so dreaded, packets perform regular voyages for the conveyance of letters and passengers. An invitation to dinner is sent from a flourishing city in America to a flourishing city in Europe, and the guest arrives at the appointed hour. Instead of those rude, filthy, infectious, damp ships, in which you had nothing but salt provisions to live upon, and were devoured by scurvy, elegant vessels offer to passengers cabins wainscoted with mahogany, provided with carpets, adorned with mirrors, flowers, libraries, musical instruments, and all the delicacies of good cheer. A voyage requiring several years' researches in latitudes the most various, shall not be attended with the death of a single seaman. As for tempests, we laugh at them. Distances have disappeared. A mere whaler sails to the south pole: if the fishery is not prosperous, she proceeds to the north pole: to catch a fish she twice crosses the tropics, twice traverses a diameter of the earth, and touches in the space of a few months the two extremities of the globe. On the doors of the taverns of London is seen posted the announcement of the sailing of the packet for Van Dieman's land, with all possible conveniences for passengers to the Antipodes, and beside that, the notice of the departure of the packet from Dover to Calais. We have pocket Itineraries, Guides, Manuals, for the use of persons who purpose to take a trip of pleasure round the world. This trip lasts nine or ten months, and sometimes less; we set out in winter on leaving the opera; touch at the Canaries, Rio Janeiro, the Phillipines, China, India, and the Cape of Good Hope; and return home for the opening of the hunting season. Steam-boats no longer care for contrary winds on the ocean, or for opposing currents in rivers; kiosks, or floating palaces, of two or three stories, from their galleries the traveller admires the most magnificent scenery of nature in the forests of the New World. Commodious roads cross the summits of mountains, and open deserts heretofore inaccessible; forty thousand travellers meet on a party of pleasure to the cataract of Niagara. On iron railways the heavy vehicles of commerce glide rapidly along; and if France, Germany, and Russia, thought fit to establish a telegraphic line to the wall of China, we might write to our friends in that country and receive their answers in the space of nine or ten hours. A man commencing his pilgrimage at the age of eighteen years, and finishing it at sixty, if he had gone but four leagues a day, would have travelled nearly seven times the circumference of our paltry planet. The genius of man is truly great for his petty habitation: what else can we conclude from it but that he is destined for a higher abode?"

A parallel drawn between Washington and Buonaparte displays much of M. de C.'s tact and discrimination; but we remember Plutarch, and hasten to plunge with his modern imitator into the wilds inhabited by the Onondagas, where, by the by, we are treated with a rather flat piece of pathos in a story about a poor Indian woman and a half-starved cow. The following is more amusing:—

"After traversing countries (says M. de C.) where there were no traces of inhabitants, I perceived the sign of an inn dangling from the branch of a tree by the road side, and swinging to and fro in the wind of the desert. Hunters, planters, Indians, met at these caravanserais: but the first time I slept in one of them I vowed it should be the last. One evening, on entering one of these singular inns, I was astounded at the sight of an immense bed constructed in a circular form round a post; each traveller came and took his place in this bed, with his feet to the post in the centre, and his head at the circumference of the circle, so that the sleepers were ranged symmetrically, like the spokes of a wheel, or the sticks of a fan. After some hesitation, I took my place in this singular machine, because I saw nobody in it. I was just dropping asleep, when I felt a man's leg rubbing along mine: it was my great devil of a Dutchman's [his guide, servant, and interpreter] who was stretching himself beside me. I never was so horrified in my life. I leaped out of this hospitable contrivance, cordially execrating the good old customs of our good old ancestors, and went and lay down in my cloak in the moonshine: this companion of the traveller's couch was nothing less than agreeable, cool, and pure."

Nature, indeed, seems at all times to have had potent charms for the author of the *Spirit of Christianity*. His Itinerary in the woods will illustrate this—it has an Ossianic strain.

"In vain I seek an outlet in these wilds; deceived by a stronger light, I advance through grass, nettles, mosses, lianes, and deep mould, composed of the remains of vegetables; but I arrive only at an open spot formed by some fallen pines. The forest soon becomes darker again; the eye discerns nothing but the trunks of oaks and walnut-trees, succeeding each other, and appearing to stand closer and closer according to their distance: the idea of infinity presents itself to my mind.

"*Six o'clock.*—Having got a glimpse of another light spot, I proceeded towards it. Here I am at the point itself:—a spot more melancholy than the forests by which it is surrounded. It is an ancient Indian cemetery. Let me rest awhile in this double solitude of death and nature: is there an asylum in which I should like better to sleep for ever?

"*Seven o'clock.*—Being unable to get out of these woods we have encamped in them. The reflection of our fire extends to a distance: illumined from below by the scarlet light, the foliage looks as if tinged with blood; the trunks of the nearest trees rise like columns of red granite; but the more distant, scarcely reached by the light, resemble, in the depths of the wood, pale phantoms ranged in a circle on the margin of profound night.

"*Midnight.*—The fire begins to die away; the circle of its light diminishes. I listen: an awful calm rests upon these forests; you would say that silence succeeds silence. In vain I strive to hear in a universal tomb some noise indicative of life. Whence proceeds that sigh? from one of my companions: he expresses pain, though asleep. Thou livest, then—thou suffered—such is man!

"*Half-past Twelve.*—The repose continues, but the decrepit tree snaps asunder: it falls. The forests rebellow; a thousand voices are raised. The sounds soon subside; they die away in almost imaginary distances: silence again pervades the desert.

"*One A.M.*—Here comes the wind; it runs over the tops of the trees; it shakes them as it passes over my head. Now it is like the wave of the sea, sadly breaking against the shore. Sounds have awakened sounds. The forest is all harmony. Are they the full tones of the organ that I hear, while lighter sounds wander through vaults of verdure? A short silence succeeds; the aërial music begins again: every where soft complaints, murmurs, which comprise within themselves other murmurs; each leaf speaks a different language, each blade of grass has its particular note."

[To be continued.]

Thaumaturgus. 12mo. pp. 137. London, 1828, Longman and Co.; Dublin, Milliken and Son.

We have here a whim, a curious and unaccountable volume. It is the extravaganza of an Irish giant—the attributes of a modern Hibernian Pantagruel—a wild and strange misapplication of learning and intelligence, upon a plan hardly worthy of the author's acquirements and powers. In every page there is something to shew us that if the writer had chosen to be aught but eccentric, he could have employed his pen in another and superior way; yet even in his vagaries, out-heroding Herod, he displays talents which force us to like him, in spite of our disappointment in perusing his work. In fact, the absurdities appear to us to want aim; and perhaps it requires a sort of spirit different from the dogged sense of a Reviewer to enter into and enjoy such exaggerated sport as that in which Thaumaturgus indulges. He gives a history of his birth, clothing, accomplishments, &c. &c.—and any extracts will serve to exhibit the character of his style and humour. *Ex. gr.* his *Spurs.*

"These antique spurs, whose hoops of steel
Peninsulate my clattering heel,
By turns, in buskin, boot, or clog,
Were made for the 'man-mountain,' Gog;
This goodly ant'diluvian giant
Had of the deluge got a sly hint,

[illegible]—('Tis so stated by a Rabbin)—
Had begged a birth in Noah's cabin,
But could not in that monstrous hulk—
'Tis of his longitude and bulk
A marvellous, though authentic, index—
Lie, sit, stand, kneel, or squat *between* decks;
Like Bacchus, who's portray'd a-straddle,
Our pipe or puncheon, without saddle,
Og, 'en cavalier,' used the ark as
A cock-horse, to sustain his carcass,
Bestrode its roof, and plunged those rowels
In the vast vessel's yawning bowels;
Maintain'd his seat (in tacks) by either leg,
Now by his lee, and now his weather leg:
And thus the Talmud scribes, who tell huge
Stories, swear Og rode out the Deluge."

His *Pipe and Snuff-Box*.

"Deep as huge Teutobocchus' 'Chako,'
The bowl where glows my rare tobacco—
(Whom phthisics tease not, tell can't tire)—I
Broke from the peak of Dhawal'giri,
Earth's newly-known, yet boldest boss,
Which leaps into the clouds two coss;
Its circuit, measured at the base, is
Full half a crore of Pundit's paces.
The pipe's lip-piece, wherewith I cram mouth,
Is the true wise-tooth of a mammoth,
Culled by my body-servant, Toby,
On the alluvial isles of Oby;
Its soldering is of molten lava;
Its tube the upas-tree of Java—
That tree, whene'er I visit, grows gay;
I wear its blossoms as a nosegay.

Sol, at th' equator, crack'd (no small nut)
Earth's shell—like shell of roasted walnut;
I probed the centre's depth infernal,
And scooped my snuff-box from the kernel,
Which fills that dark, deep-seated valley—
('Tis the 'magnetic pole' of Halley);
The spheric mass of loam and rock
Ne'er suffered such convulsive shock
Since Adam made Eve bone of his bone—
It caused the earthquake that rased Lisbon."

A piece of his *Visit to the Zodiac*.

"Erewhile the 'prophet's' car was driven
Close by the winged steed of heaven,
I lightly rose, and nimbly sprung
Where Pegasus by Jove was hung;
Bestriding then his loins, I rode the back
Right through the cycle of the Zodiac,
And played, *en passant*, eight or ten tricks
Amongst its denizen eccentrics.
I found—like stags in time of rutting—
Aries with Capricornus butting,
Dashed their colliding skulls together,
Which apoplex'd both Goat and Wether.

Music, 'tis somewhere well express'd,
'Bends oaks and soothes the savage breast;'
Leo looked mischievously sturdy—
I calmed him with my hurdy-gurdy,
Snatched from Olympus' sacred summit,
Where Orpheus long had loved to thrum it;
And there, what ogling, cooing, billing,
Gavotting, waltzing, and quadrilling,
'Mongst fauns and nymphs, from grove and grotto,
Who crowded to his gay ridotto.

I now, midst pastimes multifarious,
'Drew the long bow' with Sagittarius;
Nine times the monster's erring twang
Dismiss'd the arrow's wandering fang;
Of his vast object shooting wide,
(He aim'd each shaft at Taurus' side);
Sublimely mal-adroit, the loon
Would miss a target large as the moon,
And might have rivalled in renown
Him who of old won Gallien's crown.
Seizing th' indignant bow, I drew
Th' impelling string that swayed the yew;
Brief time the dart was doomed to linger—
Its swift shaft chafed my index finger,
And, in the pit-pat of a pulse, I
Saw the barb'd point transfix the 'bull's-eye.'

Devils or demigods, I dare trim any—
So challenged the gymnastic Gemini;
And distanced, in successive heats,
The junior of the twin Athletes;
Lowered the disdainful crest and tall looks
Of Jove's prime horse-breaker, proud Pollux.
To weigh, as each Newmarket-man does,
We hung the Libra near 'the stand-house;'
Toby the signal gave by tip o' drum,
And, whisk! we flew along the Hippodrome,
Heaven's highway for colts, cabs, and gingles,
Mac-Adamized with starry shingles."

The exuberant fancy, the learning, and the oddness of rhyme, which pervade these extracts and the whole of Thaumaturgus, will, we think, induce our readers to wish with us that we may again hear from the classic author on a more generally intelligible theme.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1828. 8vo. pp. 476. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

The task of writing or compiling contemporary biography is a very difficult one; beset on either side by the Scylla of panegyric and the Charybdis of envy. The editor of this annual publication steers his way through the middle course as ably as is possible; and the consequence is, that his work is as respectable and trustworthy as it *is possible* for a publication of the kind to be. During the past year he has had no want, but an abundance, of materials furnished to him by the unsparing hand of Death. The high and the distinguished in every walk of life have fallen almost in crowds. The prince, the statesman, the hero, the poet, the artist, the man of letters, the critic, the divine,—all have succumbed to the merciless destroyer, in numbers beyond the space of an annual volume to commemorate. The editor has, therefore, done for some what mortal strength could not do for any of them—postponed their obituaries till another year! Still his list is very striking: our amiable friend Charles Mills; Flaxman, the foremost of British sculptors; the kind, the worthy, and the accomplished Miss Benger; Dr. Daubeny; also our lamented friend Lord de Tabley, the greatest patron of his country's native arts and artists;* Dr. Evans, the useful historian of religious sects; the veteran of literature, John Nichols; Holloway, the engraver of the Cartoons; the worthy and eccentric Kitchiner; Lord Hastings; William Gifford, the ablest of critics; the Duke of York; Sir J. Brisbane; Mr. Cradock; Sir W. Stewart; the wealthy goldsmith, Rundell; Foscolo; and, last of all, he who concentrated in himself the gifts and acquirements of a long catalogue of afflicting losses, George Canning,—deplored by a nation at his tomb, and more and more lamented as the progress of events develops the calamity of his being taken from us at a time of difficulty, when his master genius was required to pilot us through the gloom and storm. Death's shafts have indeed flown thick; and the noblest and the best have been stricken down.

As the most public of these characters have been much noticed in various periodical works, we shall take the biography of Mr. Rundell, as most likely to afford something new to our readers, and fairly enough illustrate the work before us.

"It was observed by Dr. Johnson, that a man is seldom so innocently employed as when he is making money."

"Mr. Rundell was born on the 15th January 1746, at Norton near Bath, where his family had long resided. His father was a maltster in extensive trade. Several branches of his family were settled at Bath, and some of them, at an early period of Mr. Rundell's life, were leading members of the respectable corporation of that city. His maternal uncle, Philip Ditcher, Esq. was an eminent surgeon at Bath, and was married to Miss Richardson, daughter of the celebrated author of Sir Charles Grandison, Pamela, &c.; and to this gentleman Mr. Rundell, in his early youth, owed many obligations, which he often mentioned with gratitude. His elder brother, Thomas, also an eminent surgeon, resided at Bath many years. He was subsequently appointed surgeon-general to the western district, and in consequence of that appointment removed to Plymouth. Mr. Rundell's younger brother, Francis, was likewise a surgeon at Bath, having been apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Ditcher. At an early age he was induced to go to India, where he was not more distinguished by his professional skill, than admired for the brilliancy of his wit and the variety of his accomplishments. This gentleman died in India, after having acquired a considerable fortune. The female branches of Mr. Rundell's family were all respectably married. * * * * *
Mr. Rundell was educated at Bath, and was bound apprentice to Mr. Rogers, an eminent jeweller and goldsmith in that city. With him Mr. Rundell remained until he became twenty-one years of age, when he removed to London. It does not appear that during his stay with Mr. Rogers he manifested that devoted attention to business of which his subsequent life afforded so conspicuous an example. It is probable that a handsome person, joined to a disposition of considerable vivacity, frequently led him, in that early part of his life, to a relaxation of those habits which afterwards distinguished him. A few months before Mr. Rundell quitted Mr. Rogers's establishment, Mr. Bridge was introduced into it as his intended successor; and thus commenced an acquaintance which afterwards led to results the most prosperous to both parties. On his arrival in London, Mr. Rundell was introduced by a relation, Mr. Cartony, to the late Mr. Alderman Pickett, (who, however, had not then attained that dignity,) into whose establishment on Ludgate Hill he was accordingly received. This is believed to have been about the year 1771. It will not be uninteresting to introduce here a slight notice of the origin of that establishment which has since obtained such extensive and just celebrity. It was founded in the seventeenth century by a Mr. Hurst, who is represented to have been a man of high respectability, and also is said to have acquired a considerable fortune by his exertions there. Mr. Hurst was succeeded by Mr. Theed: this gentleman was originally a fishing-tackle maker; but Mr. Pickett, who was by trade a silversmith, having married into the family, and having been admitted into partnership with Mr. Theed, both trades were united, and hence came the sign of the Golden Salmon, by which the house has been ever since distinguished. It cannot be necessary to allude very particularly to the history of Mr. Alderman Pickett: his memory still survives in the improvements which he suggested and carried into execution in Pickett Street, near Temple Bar, which was named after him, and in Skinner Street, and other parts of the city of London. A melancholy occurrence in the family of Mr. Pickett, afforded an opening for Mr. Rundell's introduction into an active and important share of the business. As his youngest daughter was dressing, her clothes caught fire, and the accident terminating fatally, her father was so affected by the event, as to become indisposed for that active pursuit of trade in which he had formerly engaged. He accordingly admitted Mr. Rundell as a partner; Mr. Rundell receiving from his relations the pecuniary assistance which was requisite to enable him to take advantage of the opportunity. At this time the business of the house, compared with its subsequent extent, was very inconsiderable; and it is believed that at this period Mr. Rundell was still not distinguished by those habits of close and unrelaxing attention to it which he afterwards manifested. He was fond of theatrical amusements, having a niece named Harpur, (the original Rosina in

* His Lordship has been succeeded, not in his title alone, but in his fine taste and love of the arts, by his son George, who, though only sixteen years of age, is already a most beautiful and skilful draftsman. His younger brother, William, is an heir to the same talents.

Shield's celebrated opera of that name,) who afterwards became the wife of the celebrated comedian long a favourite with the public, and commonly known by the familiar appellation of 'Jack Bannister.' With the late Mr. Wroughton also Mr. Rundell was intimately acquainted. An anecdote connected with these associations may here be mentioned, as an early indication of that liberality in which Mr. Rundell often indulged so largely. When King, the celebrated representative of Lord Ogleby, Sir Peter Teazle, &c. retired from the stage, his brother performers presented him with a silver cup, as a compliment to his professional talents, and as a mark of personal esteem. His widow afterwards falling into distressed circumstances, she requested Mr. John Bannister to dispose of this piece of plate for her: he mentioned the application to Mr. Rundell, who bought the cup in the ordinary way of trade; but instantly purchased it from the shop out of his private purse, and returned it to the widow. The approach of old age inducing Mr. Pickett to retire from business, he withdrew from an active participation in it, leaving his property embarked in the concern under the management of Mr. Rundell, upon certain conditions agreed upon between them. Shortly afterwards Mr. Pickett died, bequeathing to his daughter the benefit of his property in the business; his capital, by the terms of his will, not being to be withdrawn from it immediately. This lady having, as it is said, remonstrated with Mr. Rundell, on what she considered his occasional inattention to the important concerns of the business in which she had so large a stake, he proposed that she should resign the whole of it to him, in consideration of his allowing her an annuity, the amount of which should be determined by their mutual friends. The sum suggested by the persons referred to was 800*l.*; but Mr. Rundell insisted on paying her an annuity of 1000*l.* during her life; by these means he acquired the sole possession of the business. Shortly after this period Mr. Rundell took into partnership his old companion, Mr. Bridge, who also had come to London, and had been for some years an assistant in Mr. Alderman Pickett's shop. It has been observed by those who were acquainted with them, that perhaps two partners never met, whose tempers, though in many respects different, accorded so well in the prosecution of their common pursuits. Mr. Rundell was a man of first-rate talent in his business; of resolute opinion, high mind, and irritable temper, but with a disposition always ready to do a kind or generous action. Mr. Bridge was a man of equal talent, but mild and affable in his deportment, possessing great equality of temper, and a very engaging suavity of manners. The personal respect by which the late king, and, indeed, all the members of the royal family, condescended to distinguish Mr. Bridge, may be adduced as a convincing proof of his possessing those qualities. In this partnership each member of the firm devoted himself to the department for which it was considered that he was best qualified: Mr. Rundell superintending the manufactory and the shop, and Mr. Bridge applying himself, by personal visits to distinguished customers, to the increase of the patronage by which the celebrity of the house was established and supported; and conducting the correspondence with various foreign parts, which was necessarily incident to such an undertaking. Now commenced that devotedness to business, and that energy of exertion on the part of Mr. Rundell, which eventually brought his establishment to a magnitude which will justify the denomination of its being the first of its kind in Europe. This object was in a great degree accomplished by his endeavouring to add the intelligent taste of the artist to the manual skill of the artificer; and for this purpose he had recourse, on all requisite occasions, to the choicest productions of art and the most admired relics of antiquity. Paintings, statues, gems, and other specimens of the antique, were referred to, in order to unite correctness of taste and accuracy of style to the perfection of exquisite workmanship. Many of the works which were produced from the manufactory of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, have been considered to rival, in classical conception and delicacy and splendour of execution, the productions of the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. We may instance, as one of the most distinguished of these works, the splendid 'Shield of Achilles,' executed, according to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge's directions, by the late Mr. Flaxman, and which is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest performances of modern art. We abstain from describing this *chef-d'œuvre* here, as we have already done so in a former part of this volume; we shall content ourselves with stating, on the present occasion, that it originated in the suggestion of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, unprompted by any order, or expectation of order, and at their own sole expense. For the model and drawing they paid Mr. Flaxman the sum of 620*l.* Four casts in silver gilt, beautifully and elaborately chased, were executed from Mr. Flaxman's model, and became the property of His Majesty, His Royal Highness the late Duke of York, the Earl of Lonsdale, and the Duke of Northumberland. Some idea may be formed of the magnificence of this production, when it is stated that the completion of each cast occupied two experienced workmen an entire twelvemonth. To this notice may be added that of copies equally creditable to the spirit and liberality of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, of the celebrated Portland and Warwick vases. Among other means by which the proprietors of this establishment sought to advance English manufacture in their particular trade, was that of obtaining the services of the best talents, both native and foreign, which could be procured. Accordingly, artists and workmen of distinguished ability always found in their manufactory a certain and liberal engagement; and by this accumulation of superior executive ability, they may almost be said to have accomplished what they are reported to have aimed at—the advancement of a manufacture nearly into a department of art. Nor has this increased reputation of our manufactories been confined to England. The various splendid services of plate, and the articles of jewellery and other costly work, which have at various times during the last half century been presented to official dignitaries and other persons in foreign countries, and have been ordered from this establishment by foreign potentates, must necessarily, from their acknowledged superiority, have raised the fame of English manufacture; and in this point of view the life of an individual whose peculiar and personal exertions have been thus useful, acquires an interest which that of the mere manufacturer, however wealthy, never could possess. About the year 1797, on the retirement of Mr. Duval from the employment, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge were appointed diamond-jewellers to the royal family: an appointment relating to the crown-jewels. This brought them, of course, into direct intercourse with the royal family. It appears that Mr. Rundell never but once attended the royal summons: Mr. Bridge's manners have been represented as better adapted to the duties of such an attendance: but however this might have been, it is certain that the latter gentleman always afterwards attended the royal family; and it is well known that his conduct on those occasions rendered him a favourite at the palace. Two of Mr. Rundell's nephews, Mr. Edmund Waller Rundell, son of the authoress of the celebrated book on Cookery, and Mr. Thomas Bigge, a gentleman of highly cultivated talents and considerable literary attainments, were afterwards admitted into partnership in this business; and subsequently a nephew of Mr. Bridge was also introduced as a partner. Mr. Rundell, in consequence of increasing bodily infirmities, though possessing all his powers of mind in unabated vigour, retired from business about Michaelmas 1823, leaving the prosecution of this great undertaking to his continuing partners. * * * * * Mr. Rundell was never married, although he always manifested much pleasure in the enjoyment of female society; for which the comeliness of his person, his conversational powers, and his habitual attentiveness, naturally fitted him. He was unassuming in his manners, and when relieved from the cares of business, was a cheerful and agreeable companion. He was fond of music, had a tolerable voice, and sang with taste. In the year 1772 he was admitted a liveryman of the Drapers' Company, and at the time of his death was one of the court of assistants of that company; but he never filled any corporate office in the city. When he was elected one of the sheriffs of London, he paid the usual fine to be excused serving the office, and he paid excusatory fines to avoid serving the ordinary offices in the company of which he was a member. During nearly the last twenty years of his life, in consequence of his assiduous attention to business, and latterly owing to an increasing deafness, and the painful effects of an internal disease with which he was long afflicted, he withdrew much from society, and lived very retired. * * * * Mr. Rundell was, perhaps, not more distinguished by his peculiar excellencies as a man of business, than by his personal qualities: both were alike creditable to him. Of the former we have taken a hasty survey, of the latter it would be injustice not to say something. He was rich, and devotedly attached to the farther acquisition of wealth; but he was totally free from those blemishes which frequently disfigure the possession of money. His wealth was not contaminated by avarice; his desire of gain never invaded his honour; his anxiety to increase his possessions gave admission to no sordid or covetous motive: he was always liberal; and as his wealth augmented, his liberality enlarged; and his discernment of deserving objects of bounty, and of beneficial media of dispensing it, seemed to be strengthened. In proof of his generosity of temper, it may be stated, that, irascible as he was, no one in his service, either commercial or domestic, ever left him spontaneously. Of his freedom from sordid or avaricious motives, the bountiful, not to say magnanimous benevolences which he gave to his relations in his lifetime, are a most honourable testimony. It has been represented, on very good authority, that he distributed among his relations during his life-time, in sums varying between 500*l.* and 20,000*l.* (for his bounty on meet occasions descended in such large amounts) no less a sum than 145,000*l.* In addition to these absolute

gifts, he made regular annual allowances, many of them secured by binding legal securities, to such of his relations and dependents as in his judgment would be most benefited by an annual provision, to an amount which, if calculated according to the established value of annuities, would increase the total of his living bounty to a sum almost, if not quite, unexampled in the annals of generosity."

"Mr. Rundell exhibited no symptom of approaching decay until the autumn of 1826. His health then began to decline; and although his mental faculties were vigorous until the last, his bodily strength gradually wasted, until he breathed his last on the 17th February, 1827, in the eighty-first year of his age."

Whims and Oddities for the Young: with Humorous Illustrations by H. Heath. 18mo. pp. 152. London, 1828. S. Maunder.

We know not, not we, who are for "the march of intellect," "the development of humanity," "the perfectionability of our species," "the millennium!" We are for them all, slick right away, as soon as possible, without halt, let, hindrance, or *impediment* (as a stuttering orator lately said in our hearing); and we shall only differ, perhaps, from others, who agree with us in the principle, about the ways and the means. That fine experimented horse which had just learnt to live without food when he died, was not, in our opinion, more mistaken (though we dare say the blunder was not the beast's, but his philosophical master's) than the new school of sages, who, in order to teach the young idea how to shoot, would begin with algebra and fluxions, and never descend lower in the scale of education than the solution of impossible quantities. Their pupils must be Beaufikens at least, like him, the first and last of celebrity of that name, who at fourteen months old had a complete knowledge of the Scriptures, and was a perfect classical scholar at four years of age, but unluckily died at five!* And it will be well if we can prevent them from beginning to make their tyros, like Lipsius, philosophise before they happen to be born; if indeed they do not adopt some of the *Westminster Review* economics, and contend against the perversion and folly of children being born at all.

With immense and unspeakable diffidence, inspired at this moment, perhaps, by seeing little elves laughing "like fun," at places of public amusement,—eating mince-pies with appetite and enjoyment that might raise the envious ghost of Lucullus,—gloating over the commonest of story books with a delight beyond the pursuits of literature,—we venture to suggest that mirth may combine with wisdom, and play and jollity do more for the infant mind than mechanics and metaphysics. We are not the advocates of silliness or misdirection even in trifles; but we are the enemies of that saturnine regimen, which we are convinced is only calculated to blunt the better feelings, obliterate the finer faculties, and destroy the nobler sensibilities of childhood, without implanting one jot of useful or beneficial knowledge in their room. Little manikins are always odious; but little philosophers are not to be endured at all. Nature has pointed the way in the glorious exuberance of the youthful bosom: regulate the strong bursts if you please, but do not try to kill the kindly sentiments which are hereafter to make the man, ay and woman too, all that is noble and estimable in human life.

But this *is* a grave prelude to a volume of fun and drollery; and we must account for it by agreeing with *Blackwood*, in his *Noctes* of the month just published, that Christmas is, after all, a solemn and reflective, rather than a merry and thoughtless season. We are glad, however, at any time, to begin with classing Mr. Maunder among our publishers. We have seen much of him as a writer, which gave us a high idea of his quickness, versatility, and talents; and it is a pleasure to see a person of literary habits and tastes enter into the career of caterer for the public amusement and instruction. This, the first thing which has brought him before us in that capacity, is a mere trifle; but it is a pleasant, and likely to be a very popular one. It is good humouredly dedicated to Mr. Hood; and contains some sixteen or eighteen little poems addressed to familiar subjects, fit for the entertainment of children, and (which is great praise) not one syllable unfit for that purpose. The things are playful and clever—all kinds of utensils, as well as animals, are endowed with speech and action; and pins, pokers, mice, hedgehogs, wasps, monkeys, &c. &c. figure on the scene. There are many palpable hits in the book; but our better course is to afford a sample of all, by selecting one of the pieces, though expediency suggests that we should take the very shortest—*The Wasp, or Vanity's Ruin.*

"'The Wasp was a very fine gentleman:
Such was his silly pride,
He wore his coat laced over with gold,
And his hat cock'd on one side.

One morning he rose betimes from his bed,
And call'd the Drone to bring
His cowslip boots, with spurs of steel,
And his sword with pointed sting.

Said he, 'I'll fly from east to west,
And none shall dare dispute
My right o'er the sweetest blossoms around,
Or claim to the ripest fruit.

And if a vile Bee cross my path,
I'll soon despatch his life,
Then fly to his hive and eat all his honey,
And drink his wine with his wife.

What care I for a paltry tribe
Of insects mean and vile?
Such low mechanics as Worms and Ants,
I scornful on them smile.

And as for Moth and Beetle, they
My contempt are quite beneath;
'Tis very hard that I'm condemn'd
The self-same air to breathe.

On the Cricket, who dares of knowledge boast,
I most indignant frown;
What signifies learning to such as I?
'The world *is* all my own.

I'll get me a golden sceptre bright—
I'll brandish it over all—
I'll crush beneath my royal foot
The reptiles, great and small.

And when I'm gone, o'er my honour'd dust
A diamond tomb shall rise;
Therein I'll sleep, while the insects wail
And never more dry their eyes.

Their tears shall fall so far and wide
As dew-drops from the sky,
And thus shall be, on onyx wrought,
My modest elegy:

'Here lies the best, the noblest Wasp
That ever waved a wing:
His virtues bloom'd like sweetest flowers,
In nature's fairest spring.

Without conceit, and wise, he was,
And great and grand of birth;
But could we write a thousand years,
We could not write his worth.'"

Just here, in wo's vast pomp, Wasp threw
His regal wing aside,
And tumbled into the mustard-pot,
Wherein, alas! he died."

Mr. H. Heath appears to be of the Cruikshank school, and a very promising and rising artist. Many of his ideas are full of fancy and humour: he will do well.

The Modern Traveller. London, 1828. J. Duncan.

From the multitude of publications which at this season crowd upon us, we regret being compelled to limit ourselves to a brief notice of this very valuable performance, of which, however, we have spoken in its progress as it deserved. Those who take matters by the outside will be agreeably disappointed in the *Modern Traveller.* An 18mo, in an unassuming cover, and at the unassuming price of half-a-crown, contains the marrow of every thing known relative to the country of which the No. treats. And this, not merely in the shape of a digest, which, in its nature, must throw away much interesting detail, but with the double advantages of all that is pleasant and anecdotical connected with the subject, and all that is important for comprehensive knowledge.

The usefulness of such *rédactions* is so palpable, and even so necessary in the present influx of Journals and Voyages, and the present increasing intercourse with foreign countries, that our surprise is, that it has been left even to the activity and intelligence of the publisher. The limits of any individual traveller's observation are so narrow,—individual views of men and things must be so often erroneous, or peculiar, or alien to the purposes of general information, that the most correct and accomplished tourist leaves his reader in error on points innumerable. The mere diversity of taste produces a diversity in their products, useless or injurious to truth. The classic sees nothing in the scene of his journeyings but inscriptions, fragments of temples, and busts to be dug up from their sleep of two thousand years. Where these are the harvest of the land, he detects no other barrenness, and pronounces the desert delightful, and the rock flowing with milk and honey. The man touched with the spirit of trade scorns charms of this unexchangeable kind, scoffs at the port from which the navies of Athens poured out to meet the navies of Asia,—turns away from the Piræus, as not fit for the anchorage of any thing beyond a Thames wherry,—and sees nothing in Marathon but a marsh, of which the weeds could not be converned into a saleable commodity. The military traveller is enraptured with the mountain and the defile,—the ruggedness that makes the province defensible, and the loftiness that places the village out of the reach of every thing but a Congreve rocket. The diplomatist, sketching his journal on the way to the place of mission, discovers nothing on right or left but beggary, bleakness, banditti, and ruts covered with the wrecks of his predecessor's carriage. The artist, all eyes for the picturesque, and blind to every thing else, is in rapture with the difficulties of the way—rejoices at the impassable torrents—triumphs in the precipitous hill—and thinks a sight of banditti essential to his happiness and his pencil. The English country gentleman, stirred from home by the habit of following his neighbours, and asking only to get home again with the reputation of having been across the Channel, rolls along, disgusted alike with the lofty and the level, finds the foreign world distinguishable only for smoking, discomfort, and the want of an English dinner—and publishes lucubrations dipped all over in bile and patriotism. To learn the truth from any one of these discoverers would be hopeless. Temperament holds the pen, and every letter that falls from it must be distorted.

But allowing the purest and most *impossible* impartiality, not one man in a thousand has the means of acquiring the true information to

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* See his short life in two long vols., by Martini, A.D. 1730.

any decided extent,—perhaps as few have the faculty of dispensing it intelligibly; and all must be restricted to a particular portion of the immense districts that are now traversed. One traveller cuts across Asia Minor from Constantinople to Cyprus, by a line marked out in his firman,—a deviation from which, if half a mile to the right or left, would cost his throat. Another traveller winds his obscure and frightened way by the Taurus, leaving magnificent countries on either side, into which his firman does not give him the key. A third intersects the lines of both, and fills up the description. Of this kind of tour writing, England has abundant examples, unquestionably honourable to the intrepidity, research, and literature of her travellers; but of such slight value for a comprehensive acquaintance with, at least, any remote country, that we might nearly as well not have them at all. Their chief value is to be found only in the shape in which Mr. Duncan here offers them to the world;—they furnish materials for combination and concoction into knowledge. The scattered works, collected and concentrated into regular narrative, form the ground of a solid and satisfactory acquaintance with the countries in question. They are merely "*mémoires pour servir*" the personal incidents and observations which are by skilful hands to be embodied into geographical history.

The series of the *Modern Traveller* has had for its object this combination of the various and scattered intelligence of men of literature, of explorers, of residents in the respective countries, of philosophers and politicians,—in fact, of every class of society whose labours could throw light upon its highly interesting topics. The editor, whose name has been long known to polite literature, has performed his task with very meritorious diligence, exactness, and happiness of selection. All repulsive details are avoided, the tediousness that will creep upon individual narrative is exchanged for animation; and the errors from which no individual writer can escape are extinguished. Our readers must not be deceived by the diminutiveness and moderate price of the work into the idea that it is only for children. Let them examine it, look at the crowd of authors quoted, and ascertain the force and fidelity of the work, and they will find its use to men; a use so obvious and important, that we know not how any man who desires to understand the actual circumstances of any country of the earth, can do without it—it is absolutely essential to mature knowledge.

A considerable number of its volumes have already appeared. Palestine began the series with an admirable detail of that most interesting country. Greece, and Turkey in Europe and Asia, are among the later numbers; and the publisher, by an advantageous adaptation to the time, now gives us, in two volumes, a view of the history, territory, politics, and present war of Persia. The volumes are illustrated with maps, sketches of costume, and remarkable scenery.

LEIGH HUNT'S MEMOIRS OF BYRON, &c. EXTRACTS from this book, which (however it may be considered when completely before the world) possesses unquestionable interest, having found their way to publicity, we should be sorry not to yield our quota to the contingent of novelty and curiosity. The *New Monthly Magazine* has gone before us; but we are enabled to make the annexed selections from a few sheets of the work, avoiding what has already run the [illegible] of the newspapers from any other source. It will be felt, that upon such occasions we can have no observations to make—we insert the selection, simply for the entertainment it may afford our readers.

"He was a warm politician, and thought himself earnest in the cause of liberty. His failure in the House of Lords is well known. He was very candid about it; said he was much frightened, and should never be able to do any thing that way. Lords of all parties came about him, and conseled him; he particularly mentioned Lord Sidmouth, as being unaffectedly kind." * * *

"I remember one day, as he stood looking out of the window, he resembled in a lively manner the portrait of him by Phillips, by far the best that has appeared; I mean the best of him at his best time of life, and the most like him in features as well as expression. He sat one morning so long, that Lady Byron sent up twice to let him know she was waiting. Her ladyship used to go on in the carriage to Henderson's nursery ground, to get flowers. I had not the honour of knowing her, nor ever saw her but once, when I caught a glimpse of her at the door. I thought she had a pretty earnest look, with her 'pippin' face; an epithet by which she playfully designated herself. The first visit I paid Lord Byron was just after their separation. The public, who took part with the lady, as they ought to do, (women in their relations with the other sex being under the most unhandsome disadvantages) had, nevertheless, no idea of the troubles which her husband was suffering at that time. He was very ill, his face jaundiced with bile; the renouncement of his society by Lady Byron had disconcerted him extremely, and was, I believe, utterly unlooked for; then the journals and their attacks upon him were felt severely; and to crown all, he had an execution in his house. I was struck with the real trouble he manifested, compared with what the public thought of it. The adherence of his old friends was also touching. I saw Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Scrope Davies (college friends of his) almost every time I called. Mr. Rogers was regular in his daily visits; and Lord Holland, he said, was very kind to him. Finally, he took the blame of the quarrel to himself; and he enlisted my self-love so far on the side of Lady Byron, as to tell me that she liked my poem, and had compared his temper to that of Giovanni, my heroine's consort. In all this I beheld only a generous nature, subject perhaps to ebullitions of ill temper, but candid, sensitive, extremely to be pitied, and, if a woman knew how, or was permitted by others to love him, extremely to be loved. What made me come the more warmly to this conclusion, was a letter which he shewed me, written by Lady Byron *after* her departure from the house, and when she was on her way to the relations, who persuaded her not to return. It was signed with the epithet above mentioned; and was written in a spirit of good-humour, and even fondness, which, though containing nothing but what a wife ought to write, and is the better for writing, was, I thought, almost too good to shew. But the case was extreme; and the compliment to me, in shewing it, appeared the greater. I was not aware at that time, that, with a singular incontinence, towards which it was lucky for a great many people that his friends were as singularly considerate, his lordship was in the habit of making a confidant of every body he came nigh. I will now tell the reader, very candidly, what I think of the whole of that matter. Every body knows, in the present beautiful state of the relations between the sexes, what is meant by marriages of convenience. They generally turn out to be as inconvenient, as persons, who are said to have arrived at years of discretion, are apt to be indiscreet. Lord Byron's was a marriage of convenience,—certainly at least on his own part. The lady, I have no doubt, would never have heard of it under that title. He married for money, but of course he wooed with his genius; and the lady persuaded herself that she liked him, partly because he had a genius, and partly because it is natural to love those who take pains to please us. Furthermore, the poet was piqued to obtain his mistress, because she had a reputation for being delicate in such matters; and the lady was piqued to become a wife, not because she did not know the gentleman previously to marriage, but because she did, and hoped that her love, and her sincerity, and her cleverness, would enable her to reform him. The experiment was dangerous, and did not succeed. Another couple might have sat still, and sacrificed their comfort to the vanity of appearing comfortable. Lord Byron had too much self-will for this, and his lady too much sincerity,—perhaps too much alarm and resentment. The excess of his moods, which, out of the spleen and even self-reproach of the moment, he indulged in perhaps beyond what he really felt, were so terrifying to a young and mortified woman, that she began to doubt whether he was in possession of his senses. She took measures, which exceedingly mortified him, for solving this doubt; and though they were on good terms when she left an uneasy house to visit her friends in the country, and Lady Byron might, I have no doubt, have been persuaded by him to return, had there been as much love, or even address, on his side, as there was a wish to believe in his merit on her's, it is no wonder that others, whom she had known and loved so much longer, and who felt no interest in being blind to his defects, should persuade her to stay away. The '*Farewell*' that he wrote, and that set so many tender-hearted white handkerchiefs in motion, only resulted from his poetical power of assuming an imaginary position, and taking pity on himself in the shape of another man. He had no love for the object of it, or he would never have written upon her in so different a style afterwards. Indeed, I do not believe that he ever had the good fortune of knowing what real love is,—meaning by love the desire that is ennobled by sentiment, and that seeks the good and exaltation of the person beloved. He could write a passage now and then which shewed that he was not incapable of it; but the passion on which he delights to dwell, is either that of boys and girls, extremely prone and boarding-school; or of heroines, who take a delight in sacrificing themselves to wilful gentlemen. * *

"There is no doubt that Lord Byron felt the scandal of the separation severely. It is likely, also, that he began to long for his wife's adherence the more, when he saw that she would not return. Perhaps he liked her the better. At all events, she piqued his will, which was his tender side; the circles were loud in his condemnation; and he was in perplexity about his child, in whom, as his only representative, and the descendant of two ancient families, he took great pride to the last. But his feelings, whatever they were, did not hinder him from wreaking his resentment in a manner which every one of his friends lamented; nor from availing himself, at a future day, of those rights of matrimonial property, which the gallant and chivalrous justice of the

stronger sex has decreed to itself, as a consolation for not being able to make the lady comfortable. * * *

"I will here mention what I have happened to omit respecting another and greater matter. Two hundred pounds were sent me from Italy, to enable me to leave England with comfort. They came from Lord Byron, and nothing was said to me of security, or any thing like it. Lord Byron had offered, a year or two before, through Mr. Shelley, to send me four hundred pounds for a similar purpose, which offer I declined. I now accepted the two hundred pounds; but I found afterwards that his lordship had had a bond for the money from Mr. Shelley. I make no comment on these things. I merely state the truth, because others have mistated it, and because I begin to be sick of maintaining a silence which does no good to others, and is only turned against one's self. * * *

"The public have been given to understand that Lord Byron's purse was at my command, and that I used it according to the spirit with which it was offered. *I did so.* Stern necessity, and a large family, compelled me; and during our residence at Pisa, I had from him, or rather from his steward, to whom he always sent me for the money, and who doled it me out as if my disgraces were being counted, the sum of seventy pounds. This sum, together with the payment of our expenses when we accompanied him from Pisa to Genoa, and thirty pounds with which he enabled us subsequently to go from Genoa to Florence, was all the money I ever received from Lord Byron, exclusive of the two hundred pounds in the first instance, which he made a debt of Mr. Shelley's by taking his bond."

"But to return to the Gambas. The way in which the connexion between the young Countess and Lord Byron had originated, and was sanctioned, was, I thought, clear enough; but unfortunately it soon became equally clear that there was no real love on either side. The lady, I believe, was not unsusceptible of a real attachment, and most undoubtedly she was desirous that Lord Byron should cultivate it, and make her as proud and as affectionate as she was anxious to be. But to hear her talk of him, she must have pretty soon discerned that this was impossible: and the manner of her talking rendered it more than doubtful whether she had ever loved, or could love him, to the extent that she supposed. I believe she would have taken great pride in the noble bard, if he would have let her; and remained a faithful and affectionate companion as long as he pleased to have her so; but this depended more of his treatment of her, and still more on the way in which he conducted himself towards others, than on any positive qualities of his own. On the other hand, he was alternately vexed and gratified by her jealousies. His regard being founded solely on her person, and not surviving in the shape of a considerate tenderness, had so degenerated in a short space of time, that if you were startled to hear the lady complain of him as she did, and that too with comparative strangers, you were shocked at the license which he would allow his criticisms on her. The truth is, as I have said before, that he had never known any thing of love but the animal passion. His poetry had given this its graceful aspect, when young;—he could believe in the passion of Romeo and Juliet. But the moment he thought he had attained to years of discretion, what with the help of bad companions, and a sense of his own merits, for want of comparisons to check it, he had made the wise and blessed discovery, that women might love himself, though he could not return the passion; and that all women's love, the very best of it, was nothing but vanity. To be able to love a quality for its own sake, exclusive of any reaction upon one's self-love, seemed a thing that never entered his head. If at any time, therefore, he ceased to love a woman's person, and found leisure to detect in her the vanities natural to a flattered beauty, he set no bounds to the light and coarse way in which he would speak of her. There was coarseness in the way in which he would talk to women, even when he was in his best humour with them. I do not mean on the side of voluptuousness, which is rather an excess than a coarseness; the latter being an impertinence which is the reverse of the former. I have seen him call their attention to circumstances, which made you wish yourself a hundred miles off. They were connected with any thing but the graces with which a poet would encircle his Venus. He said to me once of a friend of his, that he had been spoilt by reading Swift. He himself had certainly not escaped the infection. What completed the distress of this connexion, with respect to the parties themselves, was his want of generosity in money matters. The lady was independent of him, and disinterested; and he seemed resolved that she should have every mode but one of proving that she could remain so. * * *

"Lord Byron painted his heroes criminal, wilful, even selfish in great things; but he took care not to paint them mean in little ones. He took care also to give them a great quantity of what he was singularly deficient in—which was self-possession: for when it is added, that he had no address, even in the ordinary sense of the word—that he hummed and hawed, and looked confused, on very trivial occasions,—that he could much more easily get into a dilemma than out of it, and with much greater skill wound the self-love of others than relieve them,—the most common-place believers in a poet's attractions will begin to suspect, that it is possible for his books to be the best part of him. * *

"As I oftener went to his part of the house than he came to mine, he seldom saw her; and when he did, the conversation was awkward on his side, and provokingly self-possessed on her's. He said to her one day, 'What do you think, Mrs. Hunt? Trelawney has been speaking against my morals! What do you think of that?'—'It is the first time,' said Mrs. Hunt, 'I ever heard of them.' This, which would have set a man of address upon his wit, completely dashed, and reduced him to silence. But her greatest offence was in something which I had occasion to tell him. He was very bitter one day upon some friends of mine, criticising even their personal appearance, and that in no good taste. At the same time, he was affecting to be very pleasant and good-humoured, and without any 'offence in the world.' All this provoked me to mortify him, and I asked if he knew what Mrs. Hunt had said one day to the Shelleys of his picture by Harlowe? (It is the fastidious, scornful portrait of him, affectedly looking down.) He said he did not, and was curious to know. An engraving of it, I told him, was shewn her, and her opinion asked; upon which she observed, that 'it resembled a great schoolboy, who had had a plain bun given him, instead of a plum one.' I did not add, that our friends shook with laughter at this idea of the noble original, because it was 'so like him.' He looked as blank as possible, and never again criticised the personal appearance of those whom I regarded. It was on accounts like these, that he talked of Mrs. Hunt as being 'no great things.' Myself, because I did not take all his worldly common-places for granted, nor enter into the merit of his bad jokes on women, he represented as a 'proser;' and the children, than whom, I will venture to say, it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in the house, or any that came less in his way, he pronounced to be 'impracticable.' * * *

"He condescended, among his other timid deferences to 'the town,' to be afraid of Gifford. There was an interchange of flatteries between them, not the less subtle for Gifford's occasionally affecting a paternal tone of remonstrance; and they were 'friends' to the last; though Lord Byron (to say nothing of that being a reason also) could not help giving him a secret hit now and then, when the church-and-state review became shy of him. Gifford thought him a wonderful young man, but wild, &c.; and he never forgot that he was a lord. He least of all forgot it when he affected to play the schoolmaster. On the other hand, Lord Byron was happy to regard Mr. Gifford as a wonderful old gentleman, not indeed born gentleman, but the more honest in his patricianisms on that account, and quite a born critic; 'sound,' as the saying is; learned and all that, and full of 'good sense:' in short, one that was very sensible of his lordship's merits, both as a poet and a peer, and who had the art of making his homage to a man of rank agreeable, by affecting independence without really feeling it. Murray he laughed at. He treated him afterwards, as he did most others, with strange alternations of spleen and good humour, of open panegyric and secret ridicule; but at the period in question, he at least thought him an honest man for the '*tribe of Barabbas*;' who, said his lordship, 'was unquestionably a bookseller.' * * *

"Lord Byron was very proud of his rank. M. Beyle ('Count Stendhal'), when he saw him at the opera in Venice, made this discovery at a glance; and it was a discovery no less subtle than true. He would appear sometimes as jealous of his title as if he had usurped it. A friend told me, that an Italian apothecary having sent him one day a packet of medicines addressed to 'Mons. Byron,' this mock-heroic mistake aroused his indignation, and he sent back the physic to learn better manners. His coat of arms was fixed up in front of his bed. I have heard that it was a joke with him to mystify the sense of the motto to his fair friend, who wished particularly to know what 'Crede Byron' meant. The motto, it must be acknowledged, was awkward. The version to which her Italian helped her, was too provocative of comment to be allowed. * * *

"The first number of the Liberal was now on the anvil, and Mr. Shelley's death had given me a new uneasiness. The reader will see in Mr. Shelley's Letters, that Lord Byron had originally proposed a work of the kind to Mr. Moore; at least, a periodical work of some sort, which they were jointly to write. Mr. Moore doubted the beatitude of such divided light, and declined it. His lordship then proposed it through Mr. Shelley to me. I wrote to both of them to say that I should be happy to take such an opportunity of restoring the fortunes of a battered race of patriots; and as soon as we met in Pisa, it was agreed that the work should be political, and assist in carrying on the good cause.

The title of Liberal was given it by Lord Byron. We were to share equally the profits, the work being printed and published by my brother; and it was confidently anticipated that money would pour in upon all of us. Enemies, however, had been already at work. Lord Byron was alarmed for his credit with his fashionable friends; among whom, although on the liberal side, patriotism was less in favour than the talk about it. This man wrote to him, and that wrote, and another came. Mr. Hobhouse rushed over the Alps, not knowing which was the more awful, the mountains or the magazine. Mr. Murray wondered, Mr. Gifford smiled (a lofty symptom!), and Mr. Moore (tu quoque Horati!) said that the Liberal had 'a taint' in it! This, however, was afterwards. But Lord Byron, who was as fond as a footman of communicating unpleasant intelligence, told us, from the first, that 'his friends' had all been at him; friends, whom he afterwards told me he had 'libelled all round,' and whom (to judge of what he did by some of them) he continued to treat in the same impartial manner."

A History of France; with Conversations at the End of each Chapter. By Mrs. Markham, Author of the "History of England." For the use of Young Persons. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

Mrs. Markham's *History of England*, of this class, is one of the best books, "for the use of young persons," in circulation; but her *History of France* is still better; for a history of that country was infinitely more wanted, not only for the rising generation, but for the adult and mature. We have rarely met with a work of the kind to which we could ascribe such unqualified praise. The leading points of the annals are well preserved, in right proportions and keeping: the style is plain and perspicuous; and the reflections are highly moral and instructive. Nothing can be more interesting than the narrative; and much skill is shewn in making the interrogatories and answers not only subservient to the main purpose of inducing correctness of opinion, but also a relief instead of an interruption to the reader. Of the accomplished authoress we know nothing, but that her labours deserve the gratitude of every lover of what is good; and we are sure that she will reap a higher reward in that consciousness than in the success which must attend her exertions. The volumes are very neatly adorned with cuts of costume, portrait, and other illustrations.

Confessions of an Old Maid. 3 vols. London, 1828. Colburn.

As the real and genuine confessions of an old maid would most probably be unintelligible to us, except in so far as the study of human nature might enable us to guess at the likely and the improbable, we are not sorry to dismiss these volumes with a very short notice. They appear to be the production of a person (a male person) who has mixed with society of various kinds in London; and, consequently, some of his sketches are amusing, and some of his satire founded on observation. But the sketch of old maidism is a caricature of the common-place character,—the ancient vestal of comedy, farce, and novel, for the witlings of long years; and in the spirit of portraiture, we have Irish fortune-hunters, bluff naval officers, &c. &c., more to be praised for their resemblance to established models, than for the originality or delicacy of their lineaments.

The Juvenile Forget-me-not; or Cabinet of Entertainment and Instruction for 1828. London, Hailes.

We have elsewhere in this sheet taken occasion to commend the mixture of mirth with wisdom, and playfulness with tuition; but we are not the less disposed to bestow our praise upon a production like the present, which is of a graver cast, tenderly pathetic and highly moral. It is a pretty and an eligible little volume to put into the hands of the good and deserving child;—a reward for past meritorious conduct, and a pure source whence to draw those principles which are likely to make the future as gratifying and happy as the past. The subjects are little tales, &c. interspersed with suitable poetry, and neatly adorned with engravings.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS: LOO CHOO.

[It is again our good fortune to be favoured with an extract of a private letter from Captain Frederic Beechey, giving the latest intelligence of his course after steering from Behring's Straits. It may be a pity to dispel the belief in the simple and innocent character of the natives of Loo Choo; but truth obliges us to destroy this El Dorado of our valued friend Captain Basil Hall. — Ed.]

H. M. S. Blossom, Petropaulowski, July 5, 1827.

I have little time to communicate more than you will find in my public letter; but you shall learn that we were very well received at Nappokiang, as Hall calls it, and were able to make ourselves understood by means of the Chinese characters, which are equally those of Loo Choo, though the languages are essentially different. We found they had *forts*, *muskets*, *swords*, and *copper money*; and that they were, in fact, nothing more than Japanese. Would you believe it, * * *? I hardly dare speak it, they have thieves and rogues among them just like all the rest of mankind: they actually stole our best thermometer; and the Head Mandarin sent me a set of their hair pins, declaring they were silver, which I yesterday found transformed into brass, the plating or lacker having all corroded! They are, however, with all this, a good sort of people; and whether they act from fear or principle, is not for us, who were kindly treated, to canvass. I must say of them, that they were always willing to oblige us whenever it could be done without any expense—they even sometimes treated us with tea, and on one occasion gave us some gingerbread cakes! With all this kindness, however, there was not a single individual in the ship who was not heartily sick of Loo Choo before we weighed. The illusion which had hung over the island before we anchored was too soon removed, and we found nothing in the inhabitants to inspire us with more than common-place sentiments. Their conduct was, at bottom, certainly artificial. When we first cast anchor, they said we must immediately depart; but this I did not understand, and insisted on being allowed to go on shore: the next day permission was granted, but they wanted to confine us to the beach—a restriction which was of course not attended to; and we had walked nearly half over the island, when our conductor, who had long been declaring that the Mandarin would *cut off his head* if he attended us any farther, went down on his knees, and begged us so pathetically to stop, that we could not refuse his petition. Will it be credited in England, that a Loo Choo Mandarin is capable of ordering a man's head to be cut off? Perhaps it is performed symbolically with a fan—there cannot be scarcely any blood spilt. Well, as I told you, to save the poor man's head, we returned, but through a village, to his utter discomfiture, it being their chief care throughout, to keep us away from their houses, and particularly from seeing their women. Perhaps they thought as they could not control us in one case, they would not be able in another. Be that as it may, we have seen their women and made drawings of them; we have been inside their *forts*; and if we had staid long enough, should no doubt have entered their town. Before we departed, I longed very much for some occasion to put them to their mettle, and to see what defence they would be able to make; but unfortunately they were much too civil; and rather than fight, I am convinced they would have consented to any terms, however degrading. I never saw such effeminate creatures in the shape of men before, and hope never to see such again.

We left Nappa after ten days' sojourn, and pursued our course to the eastward. On the 8th June we fell in with a group of islands which had long been expunged from our charts, and came to anchor in an excellent port. We were somewhat surprised to find here a Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday—two seamen who had belonged to the William, the old Tyne, which had been wrecked upon the island. They were living there very comfortably, well provided with hogs, pigeons, turtle, and fish, and I supplied them with a he-goat, to match a female that is to arrive in one of the whalers. They have planted water-melons, pumpkins, potatoes, cocoa nuts, &c.; and I think purpose remaining there if they can get wives from the Sandwich Islands or the Ladrones. After completing our survey of this harbour, we weighed with 16000 lbs. of turtle crawling about the decks, which lasted us into Petropaulowski, and furnished the governor and garrison here with turtle soup for six months. We have the credit, besides, of having brought to the place two things which the natives had never seen before—turtle and water-melons. We are now ready to depart in search of Franklin once more, and sincerely do I hope that we may fall in with him early. After that, our return to England may be said to commence; but it will be June or July before we can expect to arrive there. I have really no time to say any more, being wholly taken up with the survey of this extensive bay and magnetical observations—so adieu till the next opportunity.

In our *Literary Gazettes* of last July 14th and 21st, we had the pleasure of inserting a circumstantial account of the voyage of the Blossom, Captain Beechey's ship, which was performed up Behring's Straits, to meet Captain Franklin, had it been possible for that able and gallant officer to proceed farther along the North American coast than he did; under such appalling difficulties, towards the Pacific. We beg our readers to refresh their memories by reference to these numbers, in order that they may peruse with greater interest the following sequel of the voyage of the Blossom, after leaving the ice-bound Straits, and proceeding to refit at St. Francisco, whence the last letter from a youthful navigator, in our number 548, was dated in November 1826. Resuming his pen at Macao, in April 1827, in the same free and sailor-like style, (which personally renders his communication extremely agreeable and characteristic of the young English seaman to our minds) he says:—

"I believe my last letter was dated at San Francisco, where we completely refreshed ourselves after our fruitless exploits in the dreary regions of the North, accompanied by the un-

timely reduction in our provisions. At San Francisco nothing particular took place; we had our hearts' content of riding, horses being as common as blank prizes in an English lottery. Had we been provided with saddles, it would have cost us no trouble; but this, of course, was not the case, and we were greatly puzzled to remedy the inconveniency, for these were of, sometimes, twice the value of the horse, although of very inferior workmanship. The governor promised, if possible, to entertain us with the exhibition of an encounter of a bear against a wild bull; but not being contented with what we offered, in consideration of the trouble attending the procuring of the beasts, the soldiers refused to proceed in the undertaking. The bears, at a little distance in the interior, are exceedingly numerous, and often prove dangerous to travellers, as they are of the most savage nature, if we are to believe the statements of those who are, in this place, best acquainted with them. Leaving San Francisco on the 28th of December, 1826, we coasted down to Monterrey, where, after a pleasant stay of three days, we sailed for the Sandwich Islands once more. After a fine, though perhaps longer passage than we expected, owing to the delay occasioned by our navigating the sea among the low islands, through which it is not considered safe to run at night, we arrived at Oahu,* that island of the Sandwich Islands which is now patronised by the king, and contains the chief town, Honaruru. Here we were particularly gratified on finding ourselves in a most secure and convenient birth, within pistol-shot of the shore, owing, I may say, entirely to the promptness with which the captain ordered the pilot to take the ship through the passage, which, as I think I mentioned before, is rather intricate for a ship of our size, and was not practicable during our former visit. All the natives welcomed us in a most friendly way, apparently glad at the prospect of our long stay. So much has been, and, indeed, may still be said concerning the Sandwich Islands, which are now becoming of some importance among the civilised world, that it will not be worth while for me to fill up a letter, which is not at all adapted to convey such matter. No: I hope that you will feel more interested in our own proceedings. To begin, then; the Blossom was in a short time decorated, not very superbly, but I think very appropriately, for the reception of the king and his chiefs, who dined on board, together with the English and American consuls, and some more American captains of merchantmen. The whole went off in grand style, embellished with some very loyal and patriotic toasts, and some pretty good songs, of which the Sandwich Islanders took their turn, although unintelligible to us, and performed in the same tone of voice throughout. The fete was given on the quarter-deck; and after dinner a rather poor display (owing to the dampness of the ship) of fireworks formed the conclusion. In *return* for this *turn-out*, the king, whose example was afterwards followed by the Americans, gave us at different times invitations to a "Loohau," of which I must give some short description. It derives its name from the chief dish on the table, which is nothing more than a piece of salt pork, garnished most profusely with stewed tara tops, which resemble almost precisely our vegetable marrow in England. As we attended, however, they took care to introduce plenty of boiled fowls along with the pork, otherwise *we* should not have much relished the treat. I must now beg leave to recall the hasty opinion I formed of the natives of these islands on our last visit. Their savage and somewhat singular aspect (no two being ever dressed alike), very soon wore off, and we experienced nothing but the most friendly and hospitable treatment wherever we went. In Tahiti nothing went down but "dorrar" (dollar) for every thing you asked; but here we never entered a hut where any eating, &c. was going on, but they always made room for us, inviting us to join them. In doing any duty on shore, such as getting off provisions, &c. I was always assisted by the natives who happened to be present. "As for the ladies, I have nought to say," at any rate here; for their manners and behaviour, though sincerely kind, are so totally different from those at home, that I had better remain silent on that head. All are alike, from the princess royal down to the poorest. The town of Honaruru is composed of huts in the shape of haystacks, but many of them are fitted up in a very convenient and pleasant style, having an enclosure before them, containing banana trees, &c. Altogether, we should have found it a very pleasant place, but for the great excess of Americans in comparison with the English residents, and they are trying to gain an ascendancy over the king in every possible way, headed by the missionaries: they have even gone so far as to try the substituting of the American stars and stripes in lieu of the English Union Jack, which is at present in the national colours; but this, of course, was put a stop to by the English consul. Many other attempts have been made with interested views. This is enough of Oahu, perhaps too much, you will say, for the subject of a letter. After a month's stay, we departed once more, whither we did not exactly know, but our hopes were pretty sanguine for China. For China, indeed, it really turned out, running between the Ladrone Islands in our passage; but these are not worth a description; at least, those that we saw, as they were uninhabited. On the 10th of April we made the great Lemma Island, after some fun on the preceding night, running amongst the Chinese fishermen, which were so close that we could scarcely find our way, to their evident danger. Here we anchored for the night. On the following morning we weighed, and made sail for Macao, the Portuguese settlement. We arrived about noon, and anchored in the Typa, much closer than is allowed to other ships; and it was consequently objected to, both by the Portuguese and Chinese; but we remained, notwithstanding all their remonstrances. We were very soon boarded by numbers of Chinamen, who saluted us very civilly, exclaiming, 'How you do?' 'Me sawy your facy last voyagy,' &c. They certainly cut a most ludicrous figure about the decks, with their long pigtails, on which they kept a bright look-out, for fear of any tricks being played with them. Macao is a very pretty little town, and has a pleasing appearance from the sea, having the English factory, a neatly-built row of buildings, in front. At the back are placed all the Chinese shops, on both sides of very narrow streets, having all sorts of articles exposed for sale, for which they always demand twice as much as they expect to get.

A trip to Canton, though delightfully described by our young friend, has nothing of novelty worthy of publication. His next date is, "*Petropaulowski Kamtschatka, July 1st;*" but having given the extract from Captain Beechey's letter, we need not go into the matters treated of by his youthful companion.

* This we thought Owyhee in our former letter.

AFRICA.—M. Gerardin, the French traveller, who some time ago visited the west of Africa, is about to quit Paris for the purpose of returning to a post which he had established in the higher parts of the Senegal, above the cataract of Felou, where he may not only obtain information with respect to the various nations inhabiting the neighbourhood of the course of the Dioliba, but facilitate the operations of other travellers who may be endeavouring to follow its banks.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY.

THE earth is now in that part of its orbit nearest the sun, and consequently, being more powerfully attracted than when at its aphelion, it moves with its greatest angular velocity; the line drawn from the sun to the earth, though much shorter than at the opposite point of its orbit, passes over an equal area at the winter solstice, thus compensating for its shortness by the rapidity of the motion; the earth, being in its perihelion, increases the angle under which the sun is seen to its maximum of 32 min. 34·16 sec. Notwithstanding this proximity of the earth to the fountain of light and heat, the temperature in these northern climes is not raised; for (exclusive of the brevity of the sun's continuance above the horizon) the same quantity of parallel solar rays that are now falling perpendicularly to the tropic of Capricorn are received in these latitudes on a very oblique plane; the spaces, therefore, on this oblique plane between the rays are greater, and diffused over a larger surface; having also a larger portion of the atmosphere to pass through, a considerable quantity of these rays are reflected back, and never reach the earth.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter, in Virgo . .	9	19	15
● New Moon, in Sagittarius .	16	12	24
☽ First Quarter, in Aries . .	23	8	45
○ Full Moon, in Cancer . . .	31	13	4

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Libra	11	10	45
Mars in Libra	11	16	30
Mercury in Sagittarius . . .	15	17	30
Venus in Capricornus	18	8	0
Saturn in Gemini	29	8	30

Occultation.—The most interesting phenomenon of the month will be an occultation of 1 α Cancri, a star of the fourth magnitude, by the moon, which will occur on the 31st day; the moon's north-eastern limb will come in contact with the star at 11 hrs. 1 min. 14 sec., and the star will re-appear at 22 min. 16 sec. past midnight: the occultation will occur within an hour of the moon being at the full.

Mercury invisible through the month.

19th day—Venus, 11 digits of the western limb illuminated; apparent diameter, 11 sec.

Mars and Jupiter are exceedingly beautiful objects in Libra, as morning stars; they are very close to each other, and afford an excellent opportunity of comparing their relative diameters and colours,—Mars appearing of a rosy hue, and Jupiter of a silvery whiteness.

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites that will be visible.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	10	17	3	32
	17	18	56	58
	26	15	18	48
Second satellite	9	16	48	49

Configurations of the Satellites at five hours in the morning.

10th day—the third on the disc, the second in the shadow of the planet. 15th—the satellites according to their order, first, second, third, and fourth, on the east of the primary. 19th—the second and third on the disc.

21st—second and third, first and fourth, in conjunction respectively.

With powerful glasses, the satellites, with their shadows, may be traced on the disc of Jupiter; in some positions of the earth relative to this planet, the shadow will be observed to follow the satellite, and in others, the satellite will follow the shadow, though not so distinctly visible near the central part as towards the edges of the disc. Sometimes the satellites are traced by their brightness being greater than that of their primary, in other instances by their inferiority of brilliancy; this variation has been supposed to arise from large portions of their surfaces being covered with dark spots, which, by rotation, are alternately turned towards our earth. The transit of the shadow of a satellite on Jupiter presents an exact representation of our moon's shadow moving over the earth during a solar eclipse; for when the shadow enters on, and retreats from, the disc, it is of an oval form; and when in direct or central conjunction, the shadow is perfectly circular. An attempt has been made to determine the magnitudes of these secondary bodies by comparing their discs with that of their primary: from various observations it was computed, that (with the exception of the third, which is larger than the others,) the moons of Jupiter are about half the diameter of the earth.

7th day, 13 hrs. 30 min.—Saturn in opposition. 15th day, 21 hrs.—this planet will pass 2¼ min. to the south of δ Geminorum, a star of the third magnitude, also a double star.

18th day, 19 hrs.—Uranus in conjunction with the sun.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

[" Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" was said, in another language, some time before there was *any* Pope; and we are so little dogmatical, that were it only a dispute between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, we should neither attempt to dictate, *or* interfere. But the contest now carried on, and the question at issue between the College of Physicians and their opponents, is one which involves the interests of science, and the public interests so deeply, it almost follows of course that our *Gazette* should be brought into some share of the discussion, as Great Powers (to speak it pleasantly) can never be long neutral when there is war any where. We can yet, however, safely say, that we are non-combatants; and that we insert the ensuing general defence of the College of Physicians, because it is written by an ornament both to literature and his profession (from the highest rank in which he has retired in honoured years), and because, leaning, as we do strongly, to the cause of talent in its native efforts, we like at the same time to give what is due to education and system.]

VARIOUS attempts have been made, at different times, to break in upon the privileges of the College of Physicians; and in order to do this with the greater effect, its objects have been disguised, and its laws misrepresented. It has been attacked as if it were a commercial monopoly, which was jealously maintained for the private emolument of its members; and the same cry of "free trade," and "no charter," which has been so plausible and so popular upon other occasions, has most unjustly been raised against the College of Physicians. But let not gentlemen of understanding be imposed upon by clamour, or imagine that impudent assertions, because they may not have been answered, are therefore unanswerable. The College of Physicians was originally established, and is still upheld, for no private purposes whatever. The advantages its members derive from it are none, unless it be that consideration which attaches to every learned community. The advantages are all on the side of the public, who thence obtain their only security against the dangerous effects of ignorant or designing men, who have never been wanting to impose upon mankind, "to the great hurt, damage, and destruction of many of the king's liege people." For in matters that are not generally understood, and especially by persons smarting under pain or languishing with sickness, bold assertions and shameless promises will often be heard with a favour they little deserve. And if the attention of the College has from time to time been called to other matters connected with their profession, still the prevention of this crying evil is and always has been the great end and aim of the College of Physicians; and its most virulent adversaries may be challenged to shew that it has not faithfully discharged its trust. It is true that the College has been hedged round by certain privileges, but by no extravagant ones; none that were not believed to be essential to its existence, or conducive to the objects of its institution; and it is with the same design, and with that only, that the laws for its internal regulation have been subsequently adopted. But it is here that certain persons feel themselves aggrieved; for, say they, the conditions required for admission into the College exclude us. What! exclude surgeons who have practised all the way to India and back again?—exclude apothecaries who have gained the confidence of the town? Exclude them from what? Not from practising surgery, which they have studied; not from practising pharmacy, to which they have been apprenticed; nay, not from practising physic, if they be properly qualified: for if a person come before the College with that presumption of professional attainments which is afforded by a doctor's degree, conferred on him after two years' study of medicine in any university whatever, and is *found* upon examination to be conversant with the structure of the human frame, with the symptoms of diseases and their remedies, he is never refused a license to practise. And if the College be indeed designed to provide that no improper, that is, no ignorant and dangerous pretender be obtruded upon the public, surely it is not too much to expect something more than the mere professions of soi-disant doctors. But still some, it may be, very well qualified to exercise their profession, are excluded from becoming Fellows, unless they shall have gone through the previous steps of a long and expensive education, and have graduated in one of our own universities. "Ay, there's the rub;" for it must be confessed that all exclusion is odious. As well might one complain that he is excluded from practising in the Commons because he had not graduated at Oxford or Cambridge, or excluded from holy orders on the same grounds. Are, then, things come to this pass, that we must forswear all the advantages of a liberal education? Or shall the statesman and the churchman acknowledge that these studies and this intercourse of society enlarge their minds, rectify their judgments, remove their prejudices, teach them to think and to act with superior ability; and shall they not teach the same to physicians? Or shall a right estimate of human nature be deemed of no value to them alone, whose life is in so peculiar a manner dedicated to its service? But in truth it is owing to this very circumstance that the English physicians have obtained a distinction above those of every other country in Europe; and if they enjoy a place in society among gentlemen of learning and accomplishments, the praise of it is with those whose education and manners have raised physic from a trade to a liberal profession. But in order to show that the College is actuated by no improper motives in giving a preference to the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge before those of Edinburgh or Glasgow, it is only necessary to advert to the different constitution of these universities; for surely so long as three or four years' attendance upon the professors of the Scotch universities continues to be esteemed a sufficient qualification for a doctor's degree, such graduates ought not to be placed upon an equality with those who, having been regularly disciplined in the schools of sound learning and philosophical inquiry, are sent to engraft upon this stock the principles of medical knowledge, and are not created doctors of physic till after ten or eleven years. The general advancement of science, the simplification of art, and the progressive alteration which has taken place in the sentiments and habits, the information and intercourse of mankind, in the course of three busy centuries, has made it necessary, from time to time, to modify the regulations of the College of Physicians; and this has been done with every attention to those interests of the republic of which the College is the legal guardian. When ignorant and impudent pretenders would invade the province of medicine, and, substituting arrogance in the place of science, would overleap the barriers and fences of a learned profession, the College have with good reason repelled them; and when it has been necessary to appeal to the laws of their country for support, they have found in the laws a ready acknowledgment of their authority, and a confirmation of those privileges which they were acknowledged not to have abused.

It is not long since all order and subordination had well nigh been destroyed among men, and then indeed the College of Physicians, in common with all other corporate bodies, had reason to be more than usually jealous of their rights, in opposition to those plausible and deceitful doctrines of liberty and equality—

"[illegible], that always cheat and always please"—

which, like an inundation, threatened to level all distinctions, and to undermine the very foundations of society. But in a season when judgment and reason are permitted to resume their just influence, the cause of the College of Physicians will always be identified with the cause of the public. It will be felt that the community have a real and important interest in maintaining a body of men, to whom, as a body, they may confidently defer; who may be competent to superintend the various matters which respect the health of the public; to point out the source of popular diseases; to check their progress; to sanction their remedies; and especially to restrain the ignorant and illiterate, who would not scruple to sacrifice their honour to their emolument, and for this end would defraud the credulous at once of his money and of his health.

If, then, it be a matter of public concern that medicine should hold its rank among liberal professions; if persons that have studied it be more likely to understand it than those who have not; if science and learning have any advantage over rude nature; if they really do, as they profess to do, remove the prejudices and clear the understandings of men, and enable them to judge and to act with readiness and propriety upon subjects removed from common observation; if all this be not mere pretence,—then assuredly in an enlightened age, and in a country inferior to no other in wisdom and good sense, the profession of physic will not be suffered to sink into disrepute; and the College of Physicians, which is, as it were, the heart and life-spring of the whole body, upon which the respectability and well-being of the

[illegible] members depends, will continue to be [illegible] in the full possession of those rights [illegible] which it has faithfully exercised for nearly three hundred years, to the manifest advantage of the public.

The following mock address of Socrates to one who thought himself qualified (as some do now) to take a part in politics and affairs of state without having studied them, is too apposite to be omitted.

[illegible] Ξενοφ. Μεμ. lib. iv. c. 2. § 5.

"I never learned the art of healing from any body, O Athenians, nor have I taken any physician for my instructor; no, I have contrived to preserve myself not only from learning any thing from physicians, but even from the appearance of having studied this art at all; yet grant me this medical office which I solicit, and I will endeavour to learn by making trials upon you."

FINE ARTS.

The Mock Election.—We have seen Mr. Hayden's picture of this peculiar and curious subject, in its finished state, and at its place of exhibition in the Egyptian Hall; and we do not hesitate to report our high encomiums upon it as a work of humorous art. It is a bold thing to mention the name of Hogarth; but since Hogarth, we have seen no performance of this class so replete with character, so artistically grouped, and so glowingly coloured. The conception and execution are alike brilliant; and we know not whether entertainment or power of reflection [illegible] to be derived from a view of this picture. In its kind, it is what Boaldwee's Rumble Family was of its kind—unequalled in our modern school.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Mistletoe. Painted by W. Kidd. J. C. Buttre. Mez. J. Bulcock.

At this season of Mistletoe and all its frolics, we ought not to defer our notice of this clever and characteristic print. Two faces, of greater fun and hilarity than are here represented under the Druidical weed, cannot be imagined: the sight of them induces a laugh. It is also a fairing candle-light affair, of the effect of which Wright of Derby might not have been ashamed.

The Larder. G. Stevens; engraved by W. Gilles. Same publisher.

Another jovial Christmas reminiscence. All kinds of game, poultry, vegetables, shew you what the dinners in that house must be, if the cook knows her business. A turkey is a sort of symbol of the grand seignior completely done; a pair of ducks are like the navy (of Athens-like) after the battle of Navarino—the worse for what has happened to them; onions remain to come; woodcocks remind you of the long bills of the season;—but altogether there is a satisfactory sensation produced by the skilful display of nature, and the well-posted [illegible] of this *Larder*.

England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A.; with Historic Illustrations, &c. By E. R. Lloyd, Esq. No. III. [illegible]

We have pointed attention to the preceding Nos. of this charming work, by noticing them with the high praises which their exquisite taste and execution deserved. In choice of subject, delicacy of pencil, and graphic effect, the No. now before us is, to say the least of it, equally worthy of admiration. Bernard Castle, Durham, engraved by R. Wallis, is a delightful specimen of art. The ruined fortress, the ancient bridge, the transparent river, and the picturesque sylvan scenery, compose beautifully, and form altogether a lovely example of English landscape. Saltash is a busy spectacle of shipping, fishing-boats, &c., with the town in the distance; engraved by W. R. Smith. The artist seems to have dashed in his bold, and perhaps rather *outré*, colours, on the figures; and in endeavouring to express them by the burin, there is a hardness of line which, except at a distance, rather offends the eye. Alborough, by E. Goodall, is, on the contrary, all calm, composure, and repose. The gradations of tint melt softly into each other. Orford may be called a variety of the same class, not quite so pleasing a subject; engraved by R. Brandard. We have only to add, that Mr. Lloyd's descriptive letter-press is as brief, but as satisfactory as heretofore.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

What varied musings swell
On the full breast! What varied scenes appear
To Memory's eye, as breathes the closing Year
Its whispers of farewell!

Such thoughts, such scenes arise,
As bear deep lessons to the wav'ring brain;
Fair dreams are chasten'd by the lengthening train
Of dark realities.

Yes—Pleasure's gale has passed
Swiftly around us, fostering gentle flowers,
That bloom not through the chilly winter hours
Beneath Affliction's blast.

But oh! this Earth has not
Delights to lure us 'midst its bowers to stay;
Her loveliest fruits spring up to fade away,
Her joys—to be forgot.

O'er Time's long pathway spread,
The snares of guilt our careless steps await;
Affections cold, which beam'd so warm of late,
And sweet hopes withered.

Yet when along our path
Temptation's shafts are pour'd, or darkest woes,
List we to Reason's voice—'tis Heaven bestows
Sorrows, but not in wrath.

From them, from them we learn
How frail, how nothingless are earthly joys;
And to high regions, where no worm destroys,
Our noblest hopes to turn.

U. L.

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1827.

Those midnight bells, those midnight bells,
In other hearts may wake a tone
Responsive to their merry change;
But mine is all too lone.

They tell, they tell to him whom hope
With promise cheers, the day draws nigh:
When hope no longer leads us on,
Who cares that years should fly?

To me they tell of bygone times—
Of joyous hours and friendships dear;
Since these are fled beyond recall,
Why mind me such things were?

They tell, they tell a mournful tale:
The sands of life, how fast they run!
Another year of good resolves
Is past—how little done!

Middle Temple. W. S. W.

A SCOTCH SONG FOR THE SEASON.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"
The Compliments of the Season.

O here's to the fair and the dear!
And here's to the far and the near!
While a cordial deep cup to them a' we fill up,
We'll pledge them a happy New Year!

All hail to the Year at its birth!
Adieu to the auld on its bier!
In this may a' mourning be changed into mirth—
A blithe and a happy New Year!

And here's to the bonniest lass!
Wha that is there's nae one need spier;
We a' ken fu' brawlie wha's best worth the glass,
And our wishes—a happy New Year!

And here's to the friends that are met,
To the absent we wish had been here;
And here's to the foe can forgie and forget—
A blithe and a happy New Year!

And they wha the mools are amang,
To their manes and their mem'ries a tear!
Wha hae shared o' our cup, and hae joined in our sang,
When we welcomed a happy New Year!

Here's meikle mirth to us ilk Yule,
Ilk Hogmanae fouth o' gude cheer;
And monie a time may we brim the deep bowl
To a blithe and a happy New Year!

O here's to the fair and the dear!
And here's to the far and the near!
While a cordial deep cup to them a' we fill up,
We'll pledge them a happy New Year!

Fitzjohn.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. VII.

Rouse not a Sleeping Weaver.

It is by no means rare, even now-a-days, to hear a worthy but eccentric divine rouse some heavy and overladen *hearer* from a comfortable nap, by thundering out awful and soul-harrowing threatenings of the punishments in store for the careless sinner, who sacrilegiously allows himself to sink under the influence of the leaden god. In this priest-ridden country, such terrible denunciations are invariably received with a humble acquiescence, the startled culprit gaping at his offended pastor with a ludicrously stolid and demi-somnolent stare. In this respect John Bull is a better boy than his brother Sawney, who is always determined, maugre time or place, to have the last word of *flytin'*, if he possibly can. A memorable instance of the truth of the latter assertion occurred, not many years ago, in a certain town in the bonny shire of Ayr. An honest weaver, who occupied a most *kenspeckle bottom room* in the front *laft*, had long been obnoxious to the congregation, as an habitual worshipper of Morpheus. He generally contrived to keep himself awake until the text was announced; when, as if he could dream the rest, down he sunk, as fast as a nail in the Tolbooth door. This at length became most intolerably annoying; for what was pleasurable repose to him, was none to the congregation, since his oblivious state was forcibly indicated by a variety of melodious notes, somewhat less loud than those of an enraged bull. Such conduct, besides setting a grievous example to others, seemed to evince an absolute contempt for religious ordinances. The minister sent two elders to remonstrate with the slumbering sinner on the exceeding sinfulness of his behaviour. "I canna help it, sirs," said John; "I'm a hard-

working man a' the week, but Sabbath; and though I like the kirk and our minister weel, unless ye ca' the head off me, I canna keep ma een open." "Weel then, John, if ye will allow Satan to exercise his power over you in this dovering dwamming way in the very kirk itsell, what gars you sit in the front laft, where a' body amaist sees you? Can you no tak a back seat, and there your sin will be less seen and heard." "Tak a back seat?" said John; "na, na, I'll never quat my cozie corner;—my great-grandfather, my grandfather, and my father, a' sat there, and there sit will John, come o't what will!" The elders, with heavy hearts, returned to the minister, and reported the stubborn, truculent, and unchristian-like behaviour of the incorrigibly drowsy wabster. "Let him alone," replied the worthy man; "I think the best way to cure him of his sinful malady, is to affront him—he is a poor, but proud creature; I'll rebuke him before the whole congregation." Next Sabbath forenoon, the text was hardly given out, when, as usual, down sinks John, and begins to serenade his neighbours with, if possible, more than his accustomed *berrs*. "Sit up, John Thomson!" cried the minister, with a loud and ear-splitting voice. "I'm no sleeping, sir," quoth John. "O John, John, can you tell what I said last?" "Ou ay, sir; ye said, *Sit up, John Thamson!*"

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM.—Among the pleasing and instructive sights which at present court the visits of the young holiday inhabitants of the metropolis, we ought to mention to them the Zoological Museum, in the Egyptian Hall. Here is an extensive and admirable collection of birds, animals, insects, reptiles, shells, &c. &c. in every branch of natural history. From contemplating these, much useful knowledge is to be acquired in a very short time; and correct ideas are fixed on the mind, in a way superior to what is done by mere pictures or descriptions. There are, besides, a number of curiosities from all quarters of the globe; and an assemblage of Chinese manufactures (for sale), which complete a museum of great variety and interest.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THIS theatre was advertised to open to-night, and we believe all was prepared for the occasion; but in consequence of Mr. Laurent not having returned from Paris, the Lord Chamberlain sent his commands on Thursday to forbid the opening. On the other hand, the proprietors are in a dilemma; for they looked for their tenant, and his deposit of 4000*l.* which was, according to agreement, to have been deposited by the 1st of January; and are, in their turn, disappointed by his non-appearance. The concern is apparently in great confusion.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday night Mr. Mathews made his first appearance this season, in the character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary* and *Buskin*. We were happy to see a well-filled house, the consequence, beyond a doubt, of the junction of talent. The public seemed gratified by again beholding their two favourites together; and both pieces went off with as much effect as the intolerable noise of the galleries would permit. The song of *Short Stages*, introduced by Mathews, partly from the latter circumstance perhaps, passed off without an encore; but his duet with Liston was irresistible, and extorted that compliment even from the impatient and uncomfortable gods. What crime has Great Britain committed, that it is the only empire in Europe where the theatres are cursed with uproarious galleries?—where any half-dozen blackguards, who can muster up twelve halfpence each, are permitted to annoy and insult some thousand respectable persons, who, from the local situation of the offenders, have no possible means of quelling the nuisance themselves, and are unprotected by the proper authorities.

COVENT GARDEN.

Love in a Village, or at least what is now called so, was performed here yesterday week, for the purpose of introducing a Mr. Wood, pupil of Mr. Phillips, to a metropolitan audience, in the character of *Hawthorn*. His voice is a barritone, and he possesses the rare quality of distinct articulation,—the which novelty, added to some taste, produced a very pleasing effect, particularly in the beautiful song, "My Dolly is the fairest thing." His manners are unaffected, and his action natural. He sung the songs of the opera, and those only; and on the whole, we rather like him. Where there is modesty there is generally talent; and we have no doubt Mr. Wood will improve vastly upon acquaintance. Mr. Sapio favoured us with an Irish melody to the words of a song from *Oscar and Malvina*; and Miss Hughes tried "Lo here the gentle lark!" which had no business there.

On Tuesday evening the *Marriage of Figaro* was repeated; and Madame Sala achieved her second appearance in the *Countess*. We made a point of attending, feeling convinced, from the insertion of a letter from Madame Vestris in the papers of Monday and Tuesday, that something comical would occur. Her letter was a sensible one; at least we are bound to say so, as it repeated the very arguments we had urged in her favour a fortnight ago; but the time chosen for its appearance we do not think equally judicious, as it was certain to create a disturbance. Accordingly, when the Countess desired *Susannah* to sing, instead of the *Page*, Susannah "begged to be excused;" and immediately the cry of "Song! song!" "I've been roaming," &c. arose from some of those worthy persons "who thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples;" to whom the cause is nothing—the *row* every thing. Bless their "sweet voices." The demand, however, was not complied with, and the opera proceeded; but scarcely had the curtain fallen on the *Marriage of Figaro*, when the hubbub recommenced—Heaven knows wherefore; and the interlude of the *Scape Goat* was not permitted to succeed it till Mr. Faucett came forward, still in his gardener's dress, and quietly asked what the ladies and gentlemen wanted? "The song was not in the opera—it was not announced in the bill; nevertheless, if it was their pleasure, of course it should be sung," &c. &c.; and sure enough "I've been roaming" *was* sung, and so ended the farce of Susannah and the Elders.* We had nearly forgotten to say, that Mad. Sala's performance displayed more self possession, and consequently more ability. The *Letter Duet* was sweetly sung and loudly encored.†

ADELPHI THEATRE.

WE hasten to redeem our promise to the minors, of which the first in rank and in merit is the Theatre Naval, Adelphi. The entertainment provided for the Christmas holyday-makers at this snug little temple of laughter, is entitled *Harlequin and the White Mouse, or the Frog in an Opera Hat*; and in all the true points of pantomime far surpasses its rivals, both great and little, metropolitan and transaquatical. The tricks have much whim and novelty; the pantomimic company is active and entertaining (Paulo is, perhaps, the best clown now on the stage); the scenery, machinery, and dresses, beautiful and ingenious, beyond what we could have imagined the space and resources of the theatre would admit. "The Palace of the Green Swamp," "Madgalore Marsh," "The Interior of Mouse's Hall," and "Farrier's Shop and distant Country," all by Tomkins, are well conceived and executed. "The Hammersmith Suspension Bridge," by Pitt, is creditable to so young an artist; but his "Temple of the Glow-worms" is a misnomer, and we think a good idea has been lost. It is gay enough as a scene, but it is *not* a temple of glow-worms. The great charm of the pantomime, however, to us, is the opening, cleverly arranged by Mr. Buckstone, from the fine old ballad of the *Frog in the Opera Hat*, one of the most moral and affecting pieces of lyrical poetry in the language. Had it appeared originally in a collection of *Metrical Romances*, or a volume of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, instead of being ushered into the world by a comic singer at Astley's, it would not have been left to our humble pen to pay this tardy tribute to its merits. We cannot resist the temptation to gratify our readers by a slight "retrospective review" of this extraordinary production, out of place, as we acknowledge such a notice may seem in the theatrical portion of our *Gazette*; but from its first publication to the present moment it has been identified with the drama of our country, to which, through the ingenuity of Mr. Buckstone, it is likely to become as great an ornament as it has ever been, in our opinion, to its literature. How simply grand is the commencement!

"A frog he would a wooing go."

As Dryden says of the Æneid—"Our author seems to sound a charge, and begins like the clangor of a trumpet:"

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris," &c.

Like Virgil, he dashes at once into the subject, and introduces you to his hero—

"A frog he would a wooing go—
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a Rowley, powley, gammon and spinnage,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley."

How much is here told in two or three lines! The birth, parentage, life, character, and behaviour, of the Frog, are instantly before you. Volumes could not more clearly develop his previous history. The fact is established, that he had a mother ("an ugly old toad," according to the bill)—a prudent parent, who foresaw the misery likely to accrue from an unequal marriage, and vainly exerted her eloquence and her authority to avert the impending danger.

"Si quam voles aptè nubere, nube pari,"

saith Ovid; and so, doubtlessly, in her own language, said the anxious old lady. But her

* Madame Vestris omitted, also, the song of "What can a poor maiden do?" but no notice was taken of it by the audience.

† Since our exposé of the bribery and corruption going forward in the musical world, we have been amused by the appearance of some letters in the *Morning Post*, whose writers seem suddenly to have made a similar discovery, and were, of course, perfectly unconscious that we had noticed it. Provided, however, the desired explosion takes place, we care very little how many torches are applied to the train.

hop-ful offspring was deaf to all remonstrance. Like the young man in Ballinacrazy, "he wanted a wife to make him *uneasy*." Have one he would, "whether his mother would let him or no." The temerity of the Frog, and his contempt for the maternal injunction, instantly arrest your attention and excite your alarm. You feel that no good can come of such disobedience; and the simple but pathetic burden, "Heigho, says Rowley," prepares you for an awful catastrophe without destroying the interest by too marked an allusion to its nature. Shakespeare has put a similar burden in the mouths of many of his characters.

> "When that I was but a little tiny boy,
> With a hey-ho, the wind and the rain."
> *Twelfth Night.*

> "It was a lover and his lass,
> With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino."
> *As You Like It.*

But a more apposite instance will be found in the old ballad of the *Cruel Brother, or the Bride's Testament*, which runs in this style:

> "He has ta'en a knife baith lang and sharp,
> With a heigho and a lily gay,
> And stabb'd the bonny bride to the heart,
> As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"There," as a modern writer has eloquently expressed it, "you have the world of nature and the world of man, as awfully and mournfully contrasted as they ever were by poet. Youth, beauty, love, blushes, gay attire, wedlock, murder, and the winding-sheet,—these shift rapidly before you, yet there is nature, constant, gay, sweet, unchanging." The writer was certainly unacquainted with the existence of our ballad, for this chequered feeling is still more admirably portrayed in its second verse.

> "Off he set with his opera hat;
> Heigho, says Rowley!"

Here is contrast, if you will! Observe the gaiety and devil-may-care-ishness of the first line, and the tender melancholy of the second! It goes to the heart, like the descent of *Corporal Trim's* hat. There is something inexpressibly touching in the gentle aspiration of the affectionate Anthony Rowley!

"On the road," continues the ballad, "he met with a rat." But defying augury, he proceeds on his journey, and

> "They soon arrive at the mouse's hall. Heigho, &c.
> They gave a loud rap, and they gave a loud call."

His speedy arrival will remind the classical reader of the *facilis descensus Averni*, and the tautology of the last line is in the true style of metrical romance.

> "'Mistress Mouse, are you within?' Heigho, &c.
> Yes, kind sir, and I'm sitting to spin.'"

What can be more perfect than this couplet? The maiden modesty of the mouse is exquisitely displayed in her delicate answer. She does not forwardly invite the ardent lover to enter her hall: she simply acknowledges that she is within; and even qualifies that avowal, by stating, in the same breath, that she is engaged in domestic duties. "Yes, kind sir, and I'm sitting to spin." The very employment is admirably adapted to the situation, as it is of all others, perhaps, that at which most love tales have been listened to; while, at the same time, the wheel is emblematical of the mutability of Fortune, and the woof and spindle of the eternal occupation of the Fatal sisters three, one of whom at that moment had already extended her cruel shears to sever the fragile thread of existence. The incident recalls to our recollection the passage in Southey's *Thalaba*.

> "He found a woman in the cave—
> A solitary woman;
> Who by the fire was spinning,
> And singing as she spun.
> * * * * *
> She bade him welcome with a smile,
> And still continued spinning,
> And singing as she spun," &c.

The banquet is served—all is happiness and festivity—when,

> "As they were in glee and in merry making,
> A cat and her kittens came tumbling in."

Here comes the *cat*astrophe indeed! or the cat's *strophe*, whichever the reader pleases. Some commentators object to the imperfect rhyme of this couplet, and contend that it should be written, "a cat and her kittens came in tumb*ling*." We protest, however, against the inversion, and consider the supreme contempt evinced for the mere jingle of words a sovereign proof of the high poetical spirit of the author. But that is the slightest merit of the verse. What a lesson does it read us of the vanity of human enjoyments—of the uncertain tenure of our lives—of the sword that hangs over our heads in our gayest moments. While "they were in glee and in merry making," was the time chosen by the moral bard to wreck sudden and general destruction upon the whole heedless party!

> "The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
> Heigho, says Rowley;
> And the kittens they pulled the little mouse down"

naturally enough. For "chi da gatta nasce sorici piglia;" and the Frog, "in a terrible fright," puts on his opera hat, and makes the best of his way from the scene of carnage. But, alas! "who can control his fate?" The awful consequences of filial disobedience are ready to fall upon the guilty Frog! Poetical and moral justice appear in the shape of "a lily-white duck," who, as "Frogy is crossing it over a brook," comes, and, to use the powerful expression of the ballad, "gobbles him up!" To head-strong brats a terrible example!

> "And here was an end to one, two, and three,
> Heigho, says Rowley:
> The rat, and the mouse, and the little froggs,
> With a rowley, powley, gammoth and spinnage,
> Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!"

The introduction of the familiar images of "gammon and spinnage" amidst such frightful devastation adds a ludicrous horror to the scene, which greatly heightens its general effect, and reminds us of the grotesque but terrible creations of "hellish Breugel." The gammon and spinnage rise upon our mental stomachs! and the words "Rowley, powley," seem to the excited imagination to rumble like approaching thunder! To conclude—we do not covet the heart or understanding of that being who can rise from the perusal of this little ballad unaffected by its incidents, and unimpressed by the important truths it conveys; and we earnestly recommend all parents to hasten with their children, of whatever ages, to the dress circle, or the family boxes, of the Adelphi, where these "moving accidents by flood and field" are represented in the most captivating form, and the salutary powder of instruction administered in the currant jelly of amusement.

The day fixed for the opening of the English Opera House with the French company is Monday, the 14th inst.

Mr. Charles Kemble has left London to perform a few nights at Sheffield and Hull.

French Theatres.—The following is a statement of the receipts at the various theatres in Paris, during the month of November last:—

Académie Royale de Musique	32,495 Francs; or about £1,354	
Théâtre-Français	41,151	1,714
Opéra-Comique	40,472	1,936
Théâtre-Italien and Théâtre-Anglais united	31,481	1,309
Odéon	25,872	1,074
Théâtre de Madame	58,002	2,417
Vaudeville	49,189	2,050
Nouveautés	36,633	1,526
Variétés	38,839	1,618
Gaîté	27,650	1,152
Porte Saint-Martin	37,202	1,550
Cirque-Olympique	51,632	2,151

It thus appears, that the greatest receipt was at the Théâtre de Madame; and, after that, at two of the minor theatres,—the Cirque-Olympique and the Vaudeville.

VARIETIES.

Taste.—Donnelly, the Irish pugilist (remembered as Sir Daniel), when asked by a novice in his science what was the best way to learn to fight? replied, "Och, sir, there's no use in life in a man's learning to fight, unless *natur* gave him *a bit of a taste* for it."

Montesquieu.—This extraordinary man, whose death was deplored by Lord Chesterfield as that of a great statesman, was considered in France merely as an eloquent dreamer. His high qualities are much better appreciated by his countrymen in the present day. So disgusted was Montesquieu with the place which he held in society during his life, that having understood from a person to whom he had confided the education of his son, that the boy evinced great aptitude of conception, and inclination to write, he exclaimed, in alarm, "What! he will be like myself, only an original, a man of letters, a worthless fellow!"

Earthquake.—A slight shock of earthquake was experienced at Lisbon on the morning of the 13th ult.

Expeditions.—Lieutenants Tambs and E. Rogier are appointed to the Hecla, Captain T. Boteler, and bound for the survey of the coasts of Africa.

Tame Crocodile.—At Chantilly there is a crocodile so tame and well-disposed, that he is caressed with impunity by the keeper, who endeavours (although, as may easily be supposed, not often with success,) to induce visitors to follow his example.

Egypt.—M. Riffaud, who has been employed for two-and-twenty years in exploring the coast of Spain, the Islands in the Mediterranean, Turkey, and, above all, Egypt, Nubia, and Tuscany; and who resided for several years at Thebes, has returned to France with a very curious and interesting collection, composed of statues, and of drawings of subjects of natural history, botany, and architecture. The number of statues discovered by M. Riffaud is sixty-six. His drawings comprehend—first, 500 of coloured plants, from Nubia and Higher and Lower Egypt, accompanied by valuable notes; secondly, 150 of the fish, insects, and shells, of the Nile; thirdly, 1000 of quadrupeds, reptiles, birds, and insects, of Nubia, Lybia, and Higher and Lower Egypt; fourthly, a series, representing the antiquities of Nubia and Egypt, plans of the monuments still standing, and 160 hieroglyphic inscriptions. M. Riffaud has also brought to Europe a variety of instruments of agriculture and surgery, costumes, jewels, and other personal ornaments; topographical plans, meteorological observations, and a very elaborate and minute journal.

Asthma.—A Dr. Chierenti, in America, affirms, that he can effectually cure asthma (unless it proceeds from organic alteration), by inflating the lungs copiously with atmospheric air. He uses bellows; and thus, as he says, not only prevents the fit, but eradicates the disease.

Different ways of telling the same thing are

well illustrated by the *Courier* newspaper of the 15th of December, 1821, and the *Examiner* of the following day:—Mr. Hume, says the latter, was presented by the people of Herefordshire with a hogshead of cider and a splendid silver tankard. The *Courier's* account runs thus: "a tub of cyder, with a mug to drink it out of."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.—Letters of an Architect, from France, Italy, and Greece; containing Observations on Ancient and Modern Architecture, which are intended to give an idea of the Effect of each Building, and to explain the Principles on which that Effect is produced. By Mr. Joseph Woods.

Early in January will be published Designs for Villas, in six Nos., on a moderate scale of expense, adapted to the Vicinity of the Metropolis, or large Towns, by T. G. Jackson—are announced.

Historical Memoirs.—The Comte Auguste de Brienne, who was minister of France under Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., and whose Memoirs were published in 1719, had a son who was a secretary of state *at fifteen years of age*, during the administration of Cardinal Mazarin. Few careers have been more full of agitation than that of the Comte de Brienne, who entered public life thus early. He was ambitious, a gambler, a devotee, and a libertine. From office he plunged into the seclusion of a cloister, and he afterwards underwent imprisonment. During the vicissitudes of his fortune, young, handsome, and witty, he became the master of many secrets, both of politics and of gallantry. Memoirs, written by him, have recently been published at Paris (for the first time), from autograph manuscripts; and they contain numerous anecdotes of a very curious and interesting description; especially regarding the ambitious Mazarin, the Duchess of Longueville, Louis XIV., Anne of Austria, the passion of Richelieu for her, &c.—*Paris Journal.*

The Baron Charles Dupin has published the essence of his large new work on the progress of French industry in small volumes, at 15 sous, to popularise the important facts and doctrines contained in the quarto work. This is a system which must produce good effects.

The beautiful French edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, published by Messrs. Goscelin and Sautelet, is nearly completed. The editors presented a copy to the author of the volumes published on his last visit to Paris. The bookseller, L'Advocat, has announced an edition uniform with the above of Lord Byron's complete works.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annual Biography and Obituary, 1828, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Warner's Discourses for Households, 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.* bds.—History of Kirkstall Abbey, 12mo. 3*s.*; post 8vo. India proofs, 16*s.* bds.—Pugin and Le Keux's Normandy, No. IV. medium 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; imperial 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*—Murphy's Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second, Part II. royal 4to. 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; imperial 4to. proofs, 3*l.* 3*s.*—Selections from Admiral Collingwood's Correspondence, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cook's London and its Vicinity, No. VIII. imperial 8vo. 5*s.*; 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.*; India proofs, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Confessions of an Old Maid, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Siborne on Topographical Surveying, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Cumming's Electro Dynamics, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Field's Life of Parr, Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Salmon on the Rectum, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cornillon's Dictionnaire des Difficultés de la Langue Française, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Sketches of Characters, No. I. and II. 4to. 5*s.* each, sewed—The London Lithographic Album, 1828, royal 4to. 1*l.* 10*s.*; proofs, 2*l.* 2*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827-8.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 20	From 42. to 48.	29.52 to 29.56
Friday 21	— 35. — 45.	29.61 — 29.42
Saturday 22	— 41. — 54.	29.43 — 29.59
Sunday 23	— 47. — 59.	29.70 — 30.02
Monday 24	— 34. — 56.	29.72 — 29.86
Tuesday 25	— 37. — 48.	30.23 — 30.33
Wednesday 26	— 42. — 52.	30.35 — 30.36

Wind prevailing S.W.

Except the 20th and 23d, generally cloudy; raining on the 24th and 26th.

Rain fallen, 1·125 inches.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 27	From 44. to 50.	30.32 to 30.42
Friday 28	— 31. — 42.	30.58 — 30.51
Saturday 29	— 27.5. — 37.	30.49 — 30.36
Sunday 30	— 29. — 42.	30.26 — 30.24
Monday 31	— 30. — 47.	29.84 — 29.64
January, 1828.		
Tuesday 1	— 40. — 47.	29.56 — 29.38
Wednesday 2	— 32. — 48.	29.83 — 29.52

Wind variable, prevailing S.W. and N.W.

Except on the 28th of December, generally cloudy; frequent showers of rain on the 1st and 2d of January; very foggy in the evening of the 28th, and morning of the 29th.

Rain fallen, 675 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

In our next will be the Annual Summary for the past year, 1827, in which, at one view, may be seen the highest and lowest of the Thermometer and Barometer for each month; together with the means of each, calculated from the daily range; also a tabular view of rain and winds for each month, thereby rendering our next Number very desirable, if not to every reader, at least to the curious in meteorology.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.—The last sheet, closing the eleventh year of this long-established and popular Journal, which has reached an extent of circulation far above any literary periodical ever published in England, may be referred to as an example of what may be done within such compass, almost every week, by combined exertion and widely-extended means. The Reviews, written by six individuals who have been successful in various walks of literature, embrace twenty-three volumes of new works; viz. three quartos, four octavos, and sixteen duodecimos and smaller sizes, in twelve separate publications. By a fortuitous coincidence, it happens that these *twelve new* works proceed from *ten* different publishers: 1. Ridgway; 2. Colburn; 3. Duncan; 4. Hessey; 5. Rivingtons; 6. Murray (and 12. the same); 7. Cadell, Edinburgh, with Simpkin and Marshall; 8. Underwood; 9. Longman and Co. (10. the same); and 10. Saunders and Otley. The Reviews are followed by a rich contribution of original articles from Asia, the north of Europe, and Africa! namely, the most recent and interesting account of Ava and the Burman Empire, by a distinguished traveller in the East; an account of Captain Parry's Expedition on the Polar ices, from the best authority; and similar intelligence from the Settlement of Sierra Leone. In Science, the communications are from two eminent scientific men. In Poetry, a beautiful composition from one of the most delightful writers of the age, besides others of less celebrity, adorns the Gazette. In the Fine Arts, there chances to be little of consequence in this Number for the criticism of the gentleman intrusted with that department. Under the head of Sketches of Society, two able authors appear, the one with a curious antiquarian, and the other with a humorous characteristic article. The dramatic criticisms are derived from tried and competent judgment in every branch of the Drama; and the Varieties and Literary News from a multitude of ever-active sources.

This machinery of a single sheet of the Literary Gazette (and one sheet is a fair example of all,) is thus explained, to meet an inundation of boasting and puffing which overflows the newspapers from a crowd of imitators, who have made the happy discovery of their own merits long before the public could be brought to suspect them. Indeed, they seem to have been enabled to do so by the circumstances of either having just begun their attempts, or not having made them at all; which affords a sort of priority of intelligence not to be kept secret. To sum up,—on No. 571 of the Literary Gazette were employed the talents of *fifteen writers* (whose productions have been received with great public favour, and whose names would consequently stamp a value on their opinions), in learning, in science, in polite literature, and in every branch to which this Journal directs the attention of its readers. Were it possible to employ a greater variety of co-operation in forming what might be more worthy of such unprecedented encouragement as the Gazette has received, it would be sought out and courted;—for the liberal support of the world has placed the most ample means at the disposal of its Proprietors.

*** To our friends, not only of the past year but of much longer experience, we beg to offer our warmest thanks. We now count, with indescribable personal pleasure, among them, those whom circumstances have revealed to us after (perhaps too) much concealment, many of the highest names in our country's literature, science, and enterprise. But we still owe a deep debt of dark gratitude to *unknown friends*. It can only be ascribed to their love of letters in the abstract, and, we flatter ourselves, to some partiality for our efforts in the cause; yet our readers would be incredulous could we state the immense mass of gratuitous and valuable assistance which we are in the constant habit of receiving, (at considerable expense both of time and money to the parties), from anonymous sources. Our established plan, our limits, and our views, often render it impossible for us to make the best use of some of these communications, but it is seldom that they are altogether lost; and while we most sincerely acknowledge such kindnesses, let us hope they will be continued to us by the liberal and intelligent, even when they may see that we cannot act precisely as they wish, and are sometimes obliged to repress trifling and folly by short answers.

In this Number will be found a variety of articles meant for the guidance of the Young, and the information of those who are in charge of that valuable portion of the community. To make room for such matters, at this fit season, we have curtailed and postponed some of our other heads; but will make amends to the Elders in our next.

We shall be happy to hear farther from Atalba; and thank him for his letter, which shall meet with due attention.

M. N. W. also has our thanks: we should like to see more of the plan, and acknowledge the value of what we have seen, though it might need some modification for our Journal.

E. H. S. W. for consideration.

We cannot give the index at the head of each Number, as recommended by our friend in Gray's Inn Square: when our first page is printing, we do not ourselves always know what articles shall appear in other parts.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ESTABLISHMENT for FOREIGN LANGUAGES, No. 15, Lancaster Street, Burton Crescent. The Plan of Instruction pursued at this Institution, the success of which is established by long and extensive experience, is fully and openly explained in the "Outlines of an Improved System of Teaching Languages, by J. De Prate, LL.D."

Sold at the above Establishment, and also by Whittaker, Black and Young, Dulau, and Boosey.

Terms, at Home, 4*l.* 4*s.* per Quarter; Abroad, 6*l.* 6*s.* per Quarter.

FRANCIS COLLINS, Picture Cleaner and Printseller, has the honour to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed from New Cavendish Street, to 52, Great Marlborough Street, where he has for sale a large Assortment of Ancient and Modern Prints, to which he respectfully invites the attention of the Collector.

F. C. will shortly publish a Print from a Picture in the Collection of Sir A. Hume, Bart. painted by W. Collins, Esq. R.A. and engraved by W. Ward.

The Prints already published from Mr. Collins's Works, to be had as above.

MR. STRUTT begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he is about to publish the First Number of the DELICIÆ SYLVARUM; or, Romantic Forest Views in England and Scotland, with appropriate Descriptions. The Work will be printed on the same plan with the "Sylva Britannica," and will be comprised in Twelve Parts, to be delivered quarterly, price 15*s.* each Part, on plain paper; India paper, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Subscribers' Names received at Mr. Strutt's, 12, Sloane Street.

HIGH LIFE in LONDON of Saturday and Sunday next, will contain the whole of the Charges made by the Duke of Brunswick against the King, and privately circulated in all the Courts of Europe, with his Excellency Count Munster's Refutation.

Published by authority, exclusively in "High Life in London," Office, 46, Fleet Street, price 7*d.* To be had of all Postmasters and News-agents in Town and Country.

On Saturday, 12th January, will be published, price 6*s.*

THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. I.

2, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

Part XXII.

ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA; or, Universal Dictionary of Knowledge on an Original Plan: comprising the twofold Advantage of a Philosophical and Alphabetical Arrangement.

London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock; C. and J. Rivington; Sherwood and Co.; J. Duncan; J. Parker, Oxford; and J. and J. J. Deighton, Cambridge.

*** The present Part contains the first portion of a very interesting and important Article on the General Principles which regulate the Application of Machinery to Manufactures and the Mechanical Arts. The other Departments are making steady progress—the Pure and Mixed Sciences being nearly completed; the History and Biography brought down to the Death of Aurelian; and a very considerable portion finished of the Miscellaneous and Lexicographical Division.

The Parts appear almost undeviatingly every Three Months; and those persons who take in the Work regularly have already the advantage of finding many of the Departments quite completed.

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No. 573. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs. By J. Cradock, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. J. B. Nichols.

THE first two volumes of this book were published during the lifetime of Mr. Cradock; and were reviewed, on their appearance, in the *Literary Gazette.* They are now reprinted, with additions, by Mr. Nichols, one of the author's executors; who has also given a biography of the deceased, and edited two other volumes of selections from his posthumous papers, to complete a work which, in our opinion, possesses very many and strong attractions for the taste of the times. It abounds in anecdotes, and anecdotes of persons respecting whom we are curious to hear every thing that can be told; the public characters who figured in politics, the arts, literature, the drama, and, in short, in all ways in which notoriety and distinction could be attained, fifty years ago. These persons were Mr. Cradock's contemporaries, friends, and associates, in 1770-5; and he has preserved a multitude of traits of them of the most amusing and interesting kind. Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Lord Sandwich, Lord Bute, Warburton, Hurd, Gray, Mason, Steevens, Duchess of Kingston, Bartholomon, &c. &c., figure in every page; and for what is commonly called light reading, we have not for a long while taken up volumes which have entertained us so much as these new ones of Mr. Nichols'. His good sense and excellent judgment have taught him to reject what, of a more trifling nature, the personal feelings of the writer himself might have wished to retain, had he lived to finish this work; and though by this means he has rendered the latter far superior to the former volumes, the utmost respect and consideration towards the memory of Mr. Cradock have been shewn with regard to all that it could be supposed he might desire to lay before the world.

At present we abstain from further remark, as our copy is a few days in advance of the publication; and our hasty perusal only permits us to make some miscellaneous extracts from its very miscellaneous contents, without classification, and almost without order. But we flatter ourselves that they are of a nature so well suited to gratify our readers, that the want of arrangement will be pardoned, and the olio relished as a dish of rather uncommon *palate.*

"Of Dr. Johnson's manner," says Mr. Cradock, "Garrick was a great mimic, and by his imitations at times rendered Johnson abundantly ridiculous. Tom Davies monopolised his laugh, and his laugh was that of a rhinoceros; but in a plain, dictatorial style, Mr. Nichols, from a long acquaintance, could generally speak most like the venerable luminary."

John Gilbert Cooper.—"As Mr. John Gilbert Cooper's name frequently occurs in Dodsley's Collection of Poems, and other publications, perhaps the following anecdotes may not be inappropriate; for, though unboundedly presuming, he certainly was an extraordinary man. He possessed a fine person, was an excellent classic scholar, and no man was admitted into loftier society; he was bred at Westminster, was a gentleman by birth and fortune, by marriage related to the Earl of Stamford, and, as a great contemporary said of him, 'had he printed what he said, and burnt chiefly what he printed, he had been immortal;'—adding, 'he was a man of the most brilliant wit and ready conversation I ever knew.'—Cooper published, in Dodsley's Collection, 'The Tomb of Shakspeare,' and introduced to the world that beautiful poem, 'Away! let nought to Love displeasing,' &c., the last stanza of which has been much admired. And I will venture to quote the beginning of a prologue of his own, the fourth line of which, I think, is entitled to praise:

"When Athens bloom'd in scientific charms,
And the world conquer'd more by arts than arms,
Each rising genius was the public care,
And snake-hung Envy form'd no factions there."

"Cooper laid claim to the following song, of which I have not seen a copy in print; I give it only from memory:

"The lass that I loved was as cheerful as day,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May;
Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the Mother of Love.

Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle odours from violet beds;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unsullied as new-fall'n snow,
Yet as lively as tints from young Iris's bow;
As clear as the stream, yet as smooth as the flood,
She, tho' witty, was wise; and tho' beautiful, good.

The charms which each virtue or grace had in store,
She cull'd, as the bee does the bloom of each flower,
Which treasur'd for me—Oh! how happy was I!
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy."

"The Duke of Newcastle appeared sickly and emaciated. It was unaccountable to me, that so much as he had been ridiculed by Foote on the stage, that he could not restrain himself, even in the street, from seizing your head and holding it between his hands, whilst perhaps he would ask the most unmeaning and trifling questions. His table was the most splendid and luxurious that could be conceived, yet he almost always confined himself to the plainest food. There might be vanity, and some strange external inconsistencies, but there always appeared to me to be a steady disinterested integrity about him, and I shall always with the utmost gratitude revere his memory."

Mr. Rosenhagen.—"I was particularly intimate with Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall. Though Mr. Woodfall always declared he never knew any particular author of Junius, I think, from circumstances, that Rosenhagen was an occasional negociator; he was known to live afterwards in Paris, at great expense, without any visible means. I once mentioned the subject to Professor Mainwaring, who said he recollected Rosenhagen a fellow of St. John's, and his name there called to mind a wretched pun made upon it by one of the *Johnian Society* who was going down stairs when Rosenhagen was scraping on his fiddle with his door open: 'O Mr. Rosenhagen,' exclaimed he, 'if you will persist in scraping upon your fiddle, for heaven's sake, *rosin-again* your fiddle-stick.'"

Capability Brown.—"I was at Hampton Green for some time with Mr. Brown, who seemed to have a confirmed asthma. He generally walked about in the grounds during dinner-time. I found him to be a most agreeable unassuming man; and I said to Mr. Bates, 'I cannot recognise an atom of the Capability Brown I have heard so much talk of.' Mr. Bates said, 'I thought you had been acquainted with him; he is often with us at Hinchinbroke.' I afterwards met him at Mr. Mainwaring's at Church Stretton. Neither he nor Mr. Mainwaring, though both asthmatic, seemed to feel any detriment from the keen neighbourhood of the Welsh mountains. I mentioned to my friend, that I could trace nothing of the alleged presumption of saying, after he had finished the piece of water at Blenheim, 'Thames, thou wilt never forgive.' Nor, what was much more, to a certain nobleman, whose territory certainly was very dreary: 'My lord, there is nothing to be done here, unless you plant one half of your estate, and lay the other under water.' 'No,' says Mainwaring, 'that is all gone. He is partial, as he tells you, to my little spot; though Hurd says, I like your place in general, but methinks it tastes a little of the savage.' * * *

"The learned Serjeant Hill, always good-humoured, though eccentric, might now and then be a little confused by Lord Mansfield in explaining a point of law; but his pleadings were even then always clearer than his written opinion, which certainly was an absolute hieroglyphic. Counsellor Newnham more frequently interrupted the serjeant than Lord Mansfield. Serjeant *Labyrinth* (Hill), as his brother lawyers on the circuit were pleased to call him, certainly furnished them all with anecdotes wherever he went; and it was merely from his being occasionally so very eccentric that he never was made a judge.—When a friend of mine, always a great favourite with him, waited upon him in Bedford Square to condole with him on the loss of his lady, the serjeant sat very sorrowful and disconsolate; till at last he said, 'So, poor woman, you find she is gone.' 'Yes, sir; I merely waited upon you to condole on the melancholy occasion.' 'Ay, she's gone! a very good woman; a great loss to me, certainly, sir. But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. ——; if I should ever be induced to take another wife (which he did not), I would not marry merely for money.'"

Lord Mansfield.—"I have heard it remarked by his friends, indeed by Lord Sandwich, as a strange circumstance, that in company, though he admitted his occasional *bon mots*, yet he scarce ever knew him to get clear through any long tale of humour. 'True, my lord,' said a gentleman present, 'that has often struck me too; but he is generally hunting about for fine select phrases, till he is sure to lose the material joke.' 'Yes,' replied another, 'and I know his lordship is aware that such remarks

have been made of him, and that chiefly causes his embarrassment.'"

Garrick's aptitude to take offence is curiously illustrated by the following passage in a letter, in which he declines joining a party of private theatricals, assembled by Lord and Lady Essex, at Cashiobury:—

"This filthy cold I partly get by exhibiting my person in the gallant Hastings, is the best compliment I could pay to the noble host and hostess, where you are; but indeed my pride was very much mortified when I found the family did not come to their box till in the middle of the third act. It will not be long in my power to pay many such compliments. I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

"D. GARRICK.

"The case was this: Lord and Lady Essex, I believe, once requested to have the play of *Jane Shore*, and Garrick very obligingly acted Lord Hastings on purpose, though then about leaving the stage. Lord and Lady Essex, I must say rather incautiously, asked a large party to dine and go with them to the theatre: whether they waited for the company, or the company for the dinner, I know not; but they did not reach Drury Lane till Garrick had nearly played his part; the character of Hastings terminating with the fourth act. I did all in my power to effect a reconciliation, but too late for that visit." * *

Lord Sandwich.—"Stretching out his strong legs and arms, whilst playing at skittles, Lord Sandwich would exult amazingly, if by chance he was able to knock down all nine. His lordship had a way of what Mr. Bates and I termed badgering, which was not quite pleasant to all; I have seen even his friend Lord Denbigh excessively annoyed. As for ourselves, we always fought again; for example, in a large company: 'now here is Cradock; he makes the strangest assertion that you can possibly think of: he says, if a man wears a wig, he ought to be punctual; but punctuality ought to be dispensed with, if he wears his own hair.' 'My lord, my assertion is, that, if your lordship has walked out, you have only to change your scratch for your full-dressed wig; but if I am to dine out, I must sometimes wait half an hour for my hair-dresser.' 'Oh! very well; then the hair-dresser is to be the regulator of your time.' Lord S. honoured me with visits for a few days at different times in Leicestershire. The dinner-hour was fixed in London, and some of my company were not a little surprised to find his lordship holding his watch up to my face, and exclaiming, as he came in: 'There, Cradock, you see I am within three minutes of my time.' Lord Sandwich was a steady friend; never kept any one in unnecessary suspense; was exceedingly clear in his answers to all letters, mostly written with his own hand; and I once recollect his receiving one day seventy when at Leicester. Few could have preserved such temper during his eventful and vexatious administration; for he then was the most assiduous and active of all the ministers. Let me give an anecdote of the last days of his remaining in power. On the Monday morning, in passion week, I went to breakfast at the Admiralty, when, in his usual cheerful manner, he said: 'Well, Cradock, you are a great reader of newspapers; what account can you give us of our misdemeanours.' 'My lord, I was up late last night, and have seen nothing.' 'So then, seriously, you know nothing about us.' 'Nothing, but what you would know first, if the account was true.' Lord Sandwich said, hastily, 'What is it, sir?' 'I mean the account said to be received from America, which I am glad to find cannot be authentic, as you are unacquainted with it.' And then I rather hinted what it was; he soon after retired to his study, and beckoned to me to follow him. I felt quite alarmed. 'Pray,' said he, 'may I ask where you heard this news, for I own I have my fears of its truth?' 'Oh, no! it cannot be, my lord; I merely heard it at Mr. Cadell's, as I came down here.' 'Could you take the liberty of asking him whence he gained this information?' 'Certainly, my lord, without the least difficulty.' I went immediately to Mr. Cadell, who informed me that Mr. Gibbon had brought the letter to him as soon as he had received it. However, I found a message had been sent to Lord North, whilst I was absent: and I went the next night to the House of Lords, where a most violent debate took place. On the Wednesday, Lord Sandwich and Lord North resigned.—Lord Sandwich, when dressed, had a dignified appearance; but to see him in the street, he had an awkward, careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him when at Leicester, one of them remarked, 'I think it is Lord Sandwich coming;' the other replied, that he thought he was mistaken. 'Nay,' says the gentleman, 'I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once.' But Lord Sandwich gave a better anecdote of himself: 'When I was at Paris I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him I offered him any service in London. 'Then,' said the man, bowing, 'I should take it as a particular favour if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance.'"—Hurd once said to me, 'There is a line in the Heroic Epistle that I do not at all comprehend the meaning of; but you can perhaps acquaint me. It alludes to Lord Sandwich, I suppose; but one word, *shambles*, I cannot guess at:—

'Sir Jemmy Twitcher *shambles*—stop, stop thief.'

'That, sir,' said I, 'alludes to his lordship's *shambling* gait.'—I did not know his lordship in early life; but this I can attest, and call any contemporary to ratify, who might have been present, that we never heard an oath, or the least profligate conversation at his lordship's table in our lives. Miss Ray's behaviour was particularly circumspect. Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln, always said, 'I never knew so cautious a man as Lord Sandwich.' The bishop came too soon once to an oratorio; we went to receive him in the dining-room, but he said, 'No; the drawing-room is full of company, and I will go up and take tea there. Lord Sandwich was embarrassed, as he had previously objected to Lady Blake speaking to Miss Ray between the acts; and as the bishop would go up, a consequence ensued just as I expected. Some severe verses were sent, which Mr. Bates intercepted. [As Mr. Cradock possessed a copy, perhaps it may, at this distance of time, be allowable to print the verses.—ED.]

'When lords turn musicians to gather a throng,
And keep pretty misses to sing them a song;
When nobles, and bishops, and squires, are so silly,
To attend at the levee of Miss Ray and Billy:
When to shew most respect for the lord of the place is,
By listening to fiddlers, and praising his mistress;
If this be the case, and you do not dissemble,
Say, what is the cause that so many assemble?
The cause, do you ask? to be sure it is—Handel.
His music so sweet is, when skilfully play'd,
And that not by mere spring-jacks that make it a trade:
There's a lord beats a drum, not yet by it disgraced,
Since a bishop, perchance, by Giardini is placed.
So the high and the low are all jumbled together,
In order that Jephtha may go off the better;
And to be of that party, how happy their fates,
When for wit and for learning they've Cradock and Bates.'

Miss Ray disliked Lord Denbigh. Indeed a female circumstanced as Miss Ray was, must have considered his jokes as insults; but Lord Sandwich could play upon his lordship in return. The elegant Mrs. Hinchcliffe, lady of the bishop, attended one night with a party. She had never seen Miss Ray before, and she feelingly remarked afterwards: 'I was really hurt to sit directly opposite to her, and mark her discreet conduct, and yet to find it improper to notice her. She was so assiduous to please, was so very excellent, yet so unassuming, I was quite charmed with her; yet a seeming cruelty to her took off the pleasure of my evening.' It was Lady Blake who went up to her, and spoke to her in the front of the orchestra, that Lord Sandwich had disapproved. At that time a good anecdote was in circulation. A certain witty lady of quality, at the Opera, curtsied to a lady of rather equivocal character; when another, much more discreet, immediately addressed her: 'I was surprised to see your ladyship notice that person; you surely cannot exactly know all about her.' 'Not I,' said the lady of quality, carelessly; 'perhaps you do, madam; is it catching?' No man, to speak seriously, was more careful than Lord Sandwich not to trespass on public decorum."

"I became intimate with Dr. Hawkesworth at Lord Sandwich's table at the Admiralty, where I constantly met him about the time of his publishing *Cook's Voyages*. After this publication, my friend *Johnny* Ludlam, (who did not like Lord Sandwich) and who was exceedingly sarcastical, rallied me in company, on the improvement made in Hawkesworth's principles by attending at that table, and how well he had suited his opinions to those of the company. I replied with truth, 'that there was no public table in London, where any opinions, either indecent or irreligious, could be so little circulated. Lord Sandwich rarely conversed; as soon as dinner was done, the catches and glee book were brought. After coffee there were cards sometimes in winter; but in the country, Lord Sandwich considered all as lost time that was not given up to some manual exercise for the benefit of his health; however, at Leicester I kept all secret from Lord Sandwich, and, as Ludlam was musical, I introduced him whenever it was in my power. Dr. Hawkesworth was a most agreeable companion; but he became careless and luxurious; hurt his constitution by high living, and was consequently very unhappy. His excellent and intelligent wife was always discreet; and had the management of his great work, the *Voyages*, been left *entirely* with her, nothing either immoral or offensive would ever have appeared before the public. I never knew till lately how much merit in former publications was due to her. She was an unassuming woman, of very superior talent. The doctor never 'sinned' but against himself. He was quite finical in his dress, by which he sometimes rendered himself subject to ridicule, though a favourite with all. When Lord Sandwich was about to embark at Portsmouth, with Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and a very large party of friends, the doctor was invited to accompany them, and was not a little gratified by the compliment that was paid him: but when his lordship mentioned something of a *cork-wig*, the doctor was all astonishment. 'A cork-wig, my lord, I never heard of such a thing.' 'Oh, yes,' says Lord Sandwich, 'always on these little water excursions we put on our cork-wigs, and I have ordered one to be prepared for you.' The doctor paused, looked

very grave, and at last recollected an engagement that would absolutely prevent him from having the honour of attending his lordship. However, finding that no excuse would be accepted, he at last submitted to the punishment. The doctor, however, finding the laugh to run against him, was resolved to retaliate. When on board, and at leisure, he tried to turn the tables upon them, if possible. The Esquimaux Indians had lately been in England, and he determined to write a ludicrous voyage in character of one of them. This proved to be very witty, and was most highly relished and complimented by Lord Sandwich and all the party. I returned a manuscript copy of it to Mr. Bates, for it was never printed, and I have never seen any part of it since. I recollect something that Lord Sandwich quoted as highly characteristic. They had endeavoured to give the Esquimaux some idea of feminine beauty, by shewing him a gallery of English beauties, and wished to know which he preferred. He saw no beauty in any of them; but at Portsmouth, near the Sally-port, he suddenly called them all out from dinner to see a perfect specimen. It was the Sun painted in full splendour, and of great magnitude, on a sign-post. The whole of what I read appeared to me to possess much merit."

Bruce (the traveller) "was a large man, and in an evening rather splendidly dressed: he had a most extraordinary complaint, which could not be well accounted for: when he attempted to speak, his whole stomach suddenly seemed to heave like an organ-bellows. He did not wish to make any secret about it, but spoke of it as having originated in Abyssinia, but that it since remained (under various advice) much the same in every climate. However, *one* evening, when he appeared rather agitated, it lasted much longer than usual, and was so violent that it alarmed the company."

Bishop Hurd—"Though no person could be more obsequious to his friend and patron, Warburton, than Hurd, yet they were totally dissimilar in disposition; the one cold, cautious, and refined; the other, warm, daring, and unguarded. Hurd weighed every word before he spoke or wrote; and Johnson once said, 'Sir, he's a word-picker;' and another replied, 'Yes, Dr. Johnson, he always appears to me to be so very precise, that I term him an old maid in breeches.' Indeed he was always so much upon his guard, that I do not believe that either his friend Lord Mansfield, or even Warburton, ever talked freely or intimately with him. Trifles from others gave offence: he once strongly reproved me from seeing Tristram Shandy in my classical library, and urged its instant removal. However, this gave rise to a severe remark in another quarter. He was not always so violent against Sterne; Warburton corresponded with him, and nothing was urged against Tristram, till the bishop and Sterne quarrelled, and then Sterne, in print, threatened to make the author of the *Divine Legation* the private tutor of his rising pupil, master Shandy. I have mentioned that Hurd and Warburton were totally dissimilar. Hurd could read none but the 'best things.' Warburton, on the contrary, when tired with controversy, would send to the circulating libraries for baskets-full of all the trash of town, and the bishop would laugh by the hour at all the absurdities he glanced at. The learned world could never guess from whence the bishop obtained so many low anecdotes; for his conversation, as well as some of his letters, were at times complete comedy. Another instance of contrast between the two bishops:—the one would have gone to Bath from Prior Park on a scrub pony; the other, when he went from Worcester to Bristol Hot Wells, was attended by twelve servants, not from ostentation, but, as he thought, necessary dignity annexed to his situation and character. There was something strange mentioned concerning the death of Warburton, but I can give it only as report. The bishop lost his only son about the time that he himself became an imbecile; and remaining so for several years, a sudden dawn of light appeared, and he asked his attendant in the most rational terms possible, 'Is my son really dead, or not?' The servant hesitated: when the bishop more strongly repeated his question. The attendant replied, 'As his lordship so pressed it, he must own he was.' 'I thought so,' said the bishop; and soon after died. After his death, Hurd wrote his epitaph, which was placed against a pillar in Gloucester cathedral. A brother bishop, Dr. Thurlow, once said to me afterwards, 'Could your friend find nothing better to say, in honour of his former idol, 'than that he died in the belief of what he conceived to be Christianity?'' I gave a copy of Hurd's epitaph, soon after it was put up, to some learned dignitaries: they thought it strangely ambiguous; and one could scarcely believe it was exactly copied."

[To be continued.]

Henley: a Poem. Pp. 77. Henley-on-Thames, 1827, Hickman and Stapledon; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

*The Henley Guide.** Pp. 80. 1826. Same Publishers.

HERE is a descriptive poem, and here is a guide-book, of one of the prettiest little towns in England, which, though published only five and thirty miles from its busy metropolis, have been longer in reaching our hands than despatches from China, letters from the North Pole, or communications from the centre of Africa.

Several of our readers can, without doubt, call to mind that beautiful valley on the Oxford road in which the quiet village (it can scarcely be called town) of Henley is situated—its noble bridge, and the full and smooth-flowing Thames, with the tall poplars which stand upon its brink. Long before beholding these volumes we were fully satisfied with the great capabilities of the place to furnish admirable *matériel* for a poem like Wordsworth's Excursion, or prose like some of Professor Wilson's lake descriptions; and we absolutely hungered after some young poet, who, full of fine feeling and rich fancy, should rise and sing the rural charms of the place. How then are we delighted at the completion of our wishes! and how were we charmed at receiving a graceful volume, neatly done up in pea-green paper, on which we read, *Henley—a Poem.*

The preface was devoured in a second, and then we mused thereon; for the young poet, although he tells us that he shelters himself "beneath the wing of *Anonymy*," enigmatically enabled us at least to guess his name. This interesting manner of appearing incognito increased our relish for the book, as well as sharpened our ordinary sagacity to discover to whom we were indebted for the treat; but as Christmas conundrums are not out of place until after Twelfth Night (on which we write this), we will quote it *pro bono publico.*

"And yet, good reader," says the author of *Henley*, "my name, if revealed, would excite a certain degree of curiosity if not of interest; not, be it understood, with any reference to the work here submitted, but from the singular circumstance of my being the third author of the same name now before the public; and, what renders the coincidence yet more striking, we are all, if I mistake not, of the same profession. Here, then, is a sort of enigma for your solution: divine it if you can, but pray respect my secret."

The third author of the same name as well as profession? This was a curious coincidence indeed, and naturally led us to ask ourselves who the two already popular authors were, likely to be fortunate enough to possess the enviable distinction of forming a trio with the poet of Henley. Does he mean, we thought, Thomas Moore and Hannah? Surely not, was the reply: they are not exactly of the same profession, and *moreover* (we catch the playful spirit of the poem) the estimable lady in question writes her name More and not Moore. Can it be Francis, then—the prophetic Francis Moore? But no! There must be instances among the Johnsons and Thomsons—the Smiths and the Browns;—to which family does the author of *Henley* belong? Hold—a light bursts upon us—we have a clue to the mystery—it must be so. Does the reader give it up?

The world, we doubt not, is already acquainted, through our columns, with the existence of two Mr. Richardsons, rejoicing respectively in the confounding and confounded initials of D. L.* and G. F.! Doubtless, then, the author of *Henley, a Poem*, with whose initials we are unfortunately not acquainted, is Mr. Richardson, No. 3! for it is evident at least that the calling, if not the profession, of all these gentlemen is—"poesy divine!"

Too long, however, have we lingered over the fascination of this enigma: come, then, good reader, away with us.

"Bid your postilions roll the whirling wheel
Where Oxford, Bucks, and Berks, their bounds reveal,
For there lies Henley: if the heart be right,
Its loveliness will yield unmix'd delight."

And so, we feel confident, will thy numbers, sweet poet, of mind congenial with thy subject.

"On every hand, above, below, behind,
A picture fair of plenty thou mayst find."

Even so the beauties of thy verse—plenty enough, we promise,—how then shall we select? Over descriptions which in most hands are

—— "tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced, the Lord knows why,"

Mr. Richardson holds strong mastery. We will back the following against the *Henley Guide* itself for accuracy, a quality which many other poets have most unphilosophically neglected.

"Some *to the right* the sloping height ascend,
Or trace the paths which near the stream extend;
View the sweet prospect which Park Place unveils,
And bound their ramble by the *Wargrave vales.*†
The eye next rests upon a joyous crew,
Who, *on the left*, their favourite path pursue,
And passing Fawley's fair and ancient halls,
Reach Medmenham's old and once monastic walls."

Right and left again—and new style of bridge-building.

"Behold the stately bridge, which rears its *side*
In *gentle sloping* o'er the limpid tide,
And Berks connecting with her sister shires,
Forms the approach from *London's glittering spires.*
The sculptor's art this fabric fair may boast,
And Damer's light and classic chisel *most*:
In graceful curve the arches low incline,
And kindred arches on the stream design.

* We have sundry local Guide-books on our table, to which we intend, as opportunity serves, to guide the general public.—*Ed.*

* Quære—Diamond Letter-press?—*Printer's Devil.*

† What two posing words for cockney alliteration, Wargrave Wales!—*Ed.*

Beyond the bridge, *and on the right, is seen*
The Lion, noted for no lion mien—
A pleasing structure rising on the strand,
From which the eye sweet prospects may command.
Close on the left, and graced with modest pride,
The rector's dwelling hangs too o'er the tide:
Thus do we find, as appetite controls,
Purveyors both to bodies and to souls!
Still closer to the wave, and there between,
The humbler residence of 'Page' is seen;
Not Windsor's 'Page'—not spouse of the gay dame
Who cool'd in Thames the am'rous Falstaff's flame—
But 'Page' of Henley—Page, whose 'boats to let'
Are hourly by requiring groups beset:
Men, barges, punts, and rods, and nets, and flies,
This sage promoter of our sports supplies.
In short, it would require *a page* to tell
What Page supplies, and yet suppliieth well."

All this is admirable! We say nothing on the fine touch of moral reflection so exquisitely introduced upon the association of the inn and the parson's residence: but the epigrammatic turn on the word *page* establishes beyond question Mr. Richardson's reputation, not only as a poet of fine taste, but as a wit. His verses, like Henley shoes, are, to use his own figurative expression, studded with

"A host of hobnails glittering in the light,
Like diamonds sparkling on a gala night"!!

Richardson *tertius*, great rival of the gentle Shenstone! like him, the poet of sentiment, inspired by the red-brick walls of the Red Lion inn at Henley—"The Lion noted for no lion mien"—with all those gentler overflowings of the soul which find relief in song: take, in proof of this, the following:—

"The Red Lion inn (says the *Henley Guide*) is immediately contiguous to the Thames; and it was here that Shenstone wrote, with a diamond, on a pane of glass, the following pleasing poem:

"To thee, fair Freedom, I retire,
From flattery, cards, and dice and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne—
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store—
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn!"

We have not yet done either with Mr. Richardson or the *Henley Guide*. "Henley (says the latter work) contains the following streets:—Hart Street, High Street, West Street, Bell Street, New Street, Duke Street, and Friday Street. A plain stone cross stands at the intersection of the four principal streets."

Who but Mr. Richardson could see poetry in this? Stand forth, therefore, Richardson *tertius* et Shenstone *secundus*.

"—— four lamps an ancient fount adorn,
A double structure, serving to convey
Weak light at eve, and *weaker* drink by day."

Mr. Richardson, like ourselves, evidently prefers the stronger drink of the Red Lion tap.

"Four arms *imposing* from its sides extend,
Whence 'London,' 'Oxford,' 'Reading,' 'Greys' *depend*:
For from this point these several roads diverge,
O'er which the smoking steeds their hot course urge.
Thus may this pillar, as caprice shall *stamp*,
Be termed a *sign*, a *fotout*, a *cross*, or *lamp*!
From this, the centre of the town, the view
Embraces all the stranger would *pursue*,
Who glancing lightly,"——

Please to remember, reader, what you have just been told, that this cross is adorned by four lamps. We crave pardon for these interruptions—

"Who glancing *lightly*, and on either hand
Four several streets extensive may command.
And these, Duke, Hart, and Bell, and High, compose
In chief the space which Henley's bounds enclose;
While New and Friday, parallel with Hart,
Complete the picture in its every part."

We would gladly linger over this delightful poem, did not our space warn us to conclude. Of the *Henley Guide*, which we have been tempted to bring under review with it, our opinion shall be briefly stated—that it is a cheap and useful guide-book to those whom Mr. Richardson's verses may tempt to visit the Red Lion inn, at Henley-upon-Thames, although the illustrations might have been better; but we look for an improvement in this respect, from the worthy proprietors, who, we are also happy to state, write themselves proprietors of the "Henley Fish Sauce."

"Fam'd Hickman's sauce, which, long accounted prime,
It cost an Oxford bard a week to rhyme."

Of Mr. Richardson's merits, our readers will probably form their own sentiments, as we have given them the means of judging for themselves. After the pains we have taken to explain these merits, however, it is obvious to us, that in the second edition of *Henley*, Mr. Richardson ought at least, in gratitude, to omit the concluding lines of his poem:

"No kindred minds my glowing feelings own,
For here I dwell unknowing and unknown."

Tales of the Moors: or Rainy Days in Ross-shire. By the Author of Selwyn in Search of a Daughter. Post 8vo. pp. 437. Edinburgh, 1828, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

For this particularly graceful and interesting volume we are indebted to the pen of a fair writer, whose preceding publication of Selwyn, (and, we believe, the pleasing papers in Blackwood's Magazine under the title of the Bachelor's Beat, as well as other contributions in prose and verse) have rendered whatever she undertakes to do, likely to be very acceptable to a large class of readers. The present volume must indeed add to her fame, by its easy and elegant diction, its simplicity of manner, and its acuteness of observation on the world as it passes.

The frame-work is extremely inartificial. A *partie quarre*, consisting of an English country gentleman, a young officer of the same nation, a colonel of Irish extraction and warmth of heart, and an Edinburgh advocate, meet in Ross-shire, on the 12th of August, to pursue the healthy diversion of grouse shooting, which they enjoy to their hearts' content for several days; but a Scots mist comes over the hills, and all sporting is at an end. The weather had "set in inexorably rainy. The servants and agents, whose various cares had been exerted to provide for the bodily comforts of their masters, had totally overlooked any food for the mind; and the weekly newspaper (itself a week old) of the nearest post-town, and two last year's Sporting Magazines, were but scanty provision for four highly intellectual human beings, of cultivated minds and energetic character. The party were assembled at breakfast one gloomy morning, when the night-caps, which all the surrounding hills pertinaciously retained, indicated the certainty of an impending deluge. The meal had reached the utmost length to which *ennui* and idleness could protract it. The dogs had been fed profusely with grouse-pie and mutton-ham; their bruised and tender feet examined and prescribed for; their pedigrees traced, and their individual qualities enlarged on, *con amore*. Guns had been handled and criticised; and the relative merits of flints and percussion set at rest by a provoking unanimity of
while the shepherd's well-thumb
Almanack, and a cracked baron
laird's, carefully compared and c
an equally ominous concurrenc
symptoms as the result. One
more desperate than the rest, ha
tured on the forlorn hope of explo
rising ground in front of the door
of the skies and mountains; and hi
visage and dripping habiliments m
hardy gillies in waiting allow it
morning,' and the party within
very well dried peat-fire, till they
making it burn worse than bef
puts me in mind,' said the goo
colonel, 'of the times when I,
subs, and an old crazy doctor, w
together in Heligoland, with y
alternative of rain and *snaw* fo
letter-smuggling for a duty, and
fingers for a pastime. It drove
pedient, however, which killed t
fully. I move that we revive it
our adventures.'"

After sundry pros and cons, thi
is adopted, and the four *Tales*
which compose this work, are the
are entitled, The Return—My
Rome—Adventures of an Atta
Day in the Isle of Wight; and a
in character as in name. The firs
is our favourite; it gives son
sketches of native feelings and ma
others, however, are also most agr
tives, and their several stories w
to interest us, without being too
studied. Our selection for illustra
the *Return*, to the land of the mou
flood, of a rich Scotsman, after
absence in India.

"The chief object of Buchana
ing to St. Rule's, had been to em
alive, the venerable professor
roof his youthful years had happil
to acquire from him particulars re
surviving members of his own fam
peculiar circumstances prevented
addressing himself. In answer to
respecting the good doctor, he f
inexpressible regret, that he had
years, but in possession of all
only a few months before; but
his maiden sister, the careful an
superintendent of his household,
he could not resist introducing t
hearted and almost maternal friend
one whose boyish pranks might, p
his chief hold on her recollection.
a previous message, under his ass
requesting permission to wait on
(still, as he was informed, in the f
her intellect, at the advanced age
prepared to follow the almost supe
ance of the damsel who came to e
the well-remembered scene of his
and sorrows. The low-browed e
to the good lady's dwelling, as he
bowed on passing beneath it, for
the sundry intimations of increa
bestowed upon him, when he last
in the erect pride of fast-appro
hood; and amid the Cimmerian
the winding staircase, he felt as m
as when his elastic footsteps last
the threshold. His heart beat alm
as the maid threw open the doo
wainscoted parlour, and he foun
the presence of a being who, in th
maternal tenderness, had been to

ther. Consideration for her advanced age, and various prudential reasons, induced him to open the conference as a stranger; but his assumed composure sustained grievous attacks from the associations with which the small apartment teemed. Amid the revolution of empires, and the rapid strides towards improvement, he had every where observed—here all remained unaltered, save that the size alone of this dining-room, once so spacious in his eyes, seemed to have unaccountably diminished. There were the dark and gloomy-wainscoted walls, the high-backed ponderous chairs, the shining well-rubbed tables, the pride of Miss Nelly's heart,—in the polished edge of which, the conscious eye of Buchanan sought and found an incision, made in the wantonness of power, with the first knife of which he had been lawful possessor;—an outrage which only drew from the indulgent matron the well-known proverb about 'fules and chapping sticks.'—Upon the rug, whose cross-stitch had employed for many years the patient fingers of Miss Nelly, reclined the lineal representative of a race of cats, whom she had taught even boys to treat with deference; and last, not least, in the solitary arm-chair, sacred, in earlier days, to the afternoon slumbers of her brother, sat the upright and wonderfully well-preserved figure of the old lady herself. She rose, with apparent difficulty, on Buchanan's entrance; and with far greater difficulty, as he hastened to prevent her, did he refrain from throwing himself at once into her arms. For Buchanan, where feeling was concerned, was, in many respects, as much a boy as when he quitted the scene of his education. He had had little intercourse with the world to blunt his sensibilities; and to etiquette he was as much a stranger as the wild tribes among whom his life had been passed. Summoning to his aid all the composure he could muster, he briefly apologised for intruding on the good lady, to make inquiries respecting old acquaintance at St. Rule's; which, without acknowledging it as the place of his education, he mentioned having frequently visited in his youth. The simple words—'Ye wad ken my puir brither?—I miss him sair'—drew from Buchanan a tribute of respect to the doctor's memory; during which, his eye twinkled, and his lips faltered, to a degree which might have startled eyes and ears more acute than the good lady's. 'The doctor,' continued he, 'was justly beloved by all who knew him, and by none so much as his former pupils, with one of whom I was very intimate in India. Do you recollect William Hamilton?' 'Do I mind lang Willie Hamilton?' ejaculated the old lady, in the fondest tone of reminiscence: 'I maun forget mysell when I cease to mind the laddie that lo'ed me better than his ain mither; though, to be sure, that was na saying muckle, for she was but a step-mither. But he was aye a dear weel-doin' laddie;—he risked his life to pu' my puir brither out o' the deepest part o' the Witch Lake, and wared his first siller in India to buy me this braw shawl;—may my right hand forget its cunning, if I forget Willie Hamilton!—But,' suddenly lowering her voice, and wiping her eyes, 'he maun be dead, puir fallow, for it's mony a year since ony ane could tell me a word about him. There's few that care,' added she, sighing, 'but frem'd folk like me, for he was aye o'er gude for his ain kith and kin.' 'You mentioned his family,' said Buchanan, after a pause; 'do you know what surviving relations he has?' 'Troth I canna say exactly. The braw madam that his father married spent a' the siller she brought, and a hantle mair: and she died no lang after Sir John. The young laird, he was aye saft and gude-natured, and I've heard tell he was maist ruined wi' a feckless Glasgow wife, and o'er muckle company.' 'And Marion?' eagerly inquired Buchanan, 'what became of her?' 'Did ye ken Menie Hamilton? Sweet bonny lamb! She was sair misguided amang them after her brother gaed to India. Her step-mither wad hae her to marry some auld deboshed lord; and Menie couldna consent, and they led her sic a life, that they drave her in desperation to marry her half-brother's dominie; but a gude lad he was, as I have heard tell, and as weel born as hersell, though he hadna a bawbee: but he had friends in England, where he was brought up, and he got some bit kirk in their way, and what's come o' them I never could hear. But,' continued the old lady, suddenly interrupting herself amid these long-forgotten reminiscences, 'you said ye were a friend o' puir Willie's. Maybe ye can tell me whan or whar he died? To think that I dinna even ken whar the creature lies that I lo'ed as my ain son!' 'He was alive and well but lately,' said Buchanan, quivering with suppressed emotion, yet fearful of the effect of a discovery on a frame so delicate, and a mind so unprepared. 'God be praised!' ejaculated his old friend; 'I'm blythe to hear he's in the land o' the living. But will he hae forgotten us a', think ye? will he be grown rich, and proud, and cauld-hearted, that he never speirs after the folk he likit sae weel when he was a daft callant? Some o' us are awa to the kirkyard, and the rest grown auld, and frail, and doited; but if Willie wasna sair changed——' 'And sair changed he must be, when you can speak to him as a stranger,' exclaimed Buchanan, moved beyond the power of dissembling by this pathetic appeal. He bent before her, and clasped her withered hand in his—'Do you know this?' said he, guiding her aged finger to a scar, inflicted by a sunken rock while wrestling with the billows for her darling brother's life, which his still smooth brow retained. 'As well might you forget yon day of jeopardy and joy, as I the blessing you then prayed for on my head. It has been elsewhere remembered, mother of my youth, and granted, though but in part. I have been in peril, and delivered—in poverty, and am now rich; but, oh, you prayed that I might never want friends, and, alas! I am come home like a ghost from the grave, and know not that I have a friend in the world.' There was some danger of his having assisted to realise this melancholy picture; for the thin figure of his aged friend became rigid in his embrace, and the flush of emotion gave place to a death-like paleness. She, however, retained such a firm grasp of his hand, that he could scarce extricate himself to fly for water, which was fortunately in the room; and when, after hastily swallowing a little, speech and colour slowly returned, it was evident that consciousness had never fled, from the connected answer she returned to his sad forebodings. 'Dinna say sae, my ain dear Willie,' said she, gazing on him with unspeakable tenderness, and trying to identify the embrowned and elderly stranger with the handsome stripling of her fond remembrance—'dinna say sae, and me sitting here. If I, that was an auld useless body when ye were a light-hearted hafflins callant, am spared to bid ye welcome hame again, why should ye no hae them o' your ain time o' life to take ye kindly by the hand?' 'Have you forgotten, then, my earliest and best friend,' said Buchanan, 'how few, few indeed, I left to care for me, and how likely it is that these sleep in their graves? You can tell me nothing of them, and I dread to ask those who can. You can at least, however,' continued he, anxious, from the good lady's increasing tremor, to turn the conversation into less agitating channels, 'give me some account of those so kind to me in former times at St. Rule's.' 'And what can I tell you o' them that would do your kind heart gude, Willie?' said the old lady, sighing mournfully. 'My brother, ye ken, is gane to his rest, and sae are maist o' the auld gray pillars o' the college, whose blessing gaed wi' you. The comrades that played at the gouf wi' ye are a' fleein' hither and yont, like gouf ba's themsells; some few may be fawn in the bonnie lown sunny spots o' this warld's wilderness, but mair, nae doubt, sunk amang its troubles, or entangled wi' its briers. And the very bits o' lassies!—Phemie Leslie, that ye danced shantreuse wi', and that nae mortal could look at without blessing the blythe blink o' her ee, is a broken-hearted widow, and a mourner for stately sons, aulder far than ye were when ye gaed to the wars, and said ye wad come back and marry her! But, wae's me,' added she, wiping her eyes, 'I've little need to tell you a' this, when I should be doing my best to gie ye a cheery hame-coming! Dinna be cast down wi' the dowie cracks o' an auld body that's lived ower lang for her ain gude. There's some in St. Rule's yet that will mind and welcome ye bravely, and there's sons and daughters o' them ye were wont to love and honour treading in their fathers' footsteps, and inheriting their kind hearts. Ye'll be nae stranger here the morn, Willie, when they hear wha's been wi' me.'"

This scene of truth and pathos is sufficient voucher for the talents and success of the author. Buchanan, however, desires for a while to remain unknown; and, in the high-wrought tone of mind to which this affecting interview has led, he seeks a lonely walk in the ancient cathedral of St. Andrews.

"He had but to lift a latch, and stoop beneath a low-browed door-way—which admitted more frequently the dead than the living, and whose massy lintel, a relic of the tempest-tost invincible Armada, made it but the more appropriate entrance to a cemetery—to find himself once more on the scene of many a boyish exploit; and a little farther on, in the now silent society of most of the instructors of his youth. He was at no loss to discover the plain slab which modestly recounted the unobtrusive virtues of Dr. X——, for he remembered the niche in the long aisle where slumbered the remains of that early buried partner with whom he was probably now reunited on earth as in heaven; and while the moonbeams fell strongly and brightly on the still pure marble of their mutual grave, Memory threw her no less powerful light on the tenor of their equally spotless life. Other revered names called forth their heart-felt tribute. There reposed together, in placid stillness, the deep-read theologian; the mild and persuasive pastor; the kind, though awful pedagogue; the warm-hearted, hospitable matron; ay, and the well-remembered object of many a boyish prank, the whist-playing ancient maiden, whose groaning Christmas tea-table seldom, however, failed to conciliate, at this joy-dispensing period, the most mischievous urchin of the grammar school: even he, perhaps, had passed at once from childhood's bright holiday to his early rest, and slumbered placidly beside his native waters. While his competitors in the voyage of life struggled on, now buffetting the

adverse wave, now rising buoyant on its bosom!"

We deem it unnecessary to add to these examples, in order to recommend this gentle and delightful volume to the welcome it deserves and will receive: it must please persons of every taste. As a variety, however, we subjoin, from the Day in Rome, an extract describing the celebrated pearl manufactory in that city.

"I had intended to devote the evening, much of which remained before me, to a stroll beyond the walls, in the lone Campagna, which was alone wanting to complete my mental panorama; but on returning to my hotel, I found that business, trifling enough in itself, but important to my character as a true and loyal knight, would require my presence in an opposite and more ignoble quarter. I had been enjoined by my sister, and by one whose behests were perhaps still more imperative, to preserve and bring home a large quantity of the highly esteemed Roman pearls; and finding that the precious packet had not, as promised, made its appearance, and that my own servants and my *laquais de place* were both alike occupied in other indispensable arrangements, I resolved to be my own messenger, and to console myself for other privations by a glance at this manufacture, peculiar to Rome; the fish, somewhat resembling the *sardine*, whose produce gives it activity, being limited to the neighbouring coast. I was not sorry to be led once more into a quarter of the city which I had rarely trod; through streets spacious, and chiefly formed of the deserted palaces before alluded to, adjoining to, nay, even within some of the most decayed of which, a population of the wretchedest description support existence, Heaven alone knows how! In one of these large waste buildings was the manufactory I sought; and the number of persons whom I found employed in its dilapidated apartments, threw some light on the mystery I had just been endeavouring to fathom. They were, of course, chiefly females, but differing as widely in person and manners as the nature of their occupations was powerfully contrasted. In a sort of outer vestibule, some coarse Trasteverine Amazons, the very originals from whom Pinelli must have taken his frightfully accurate sketches of a *she* fight in that privileged *Rione*, were characteristically and congenially employed in extracting from piles of the half-decaying fish the material which communicates to the artificial pearl its truly natural lustre. Here, again, sat a group of ordinary-looking women, mingled with some meagre and emaciated men, busied in forming the rude bead of alabaster, which, cut while that substance is yet soft, is, when properly rounded, coated over with the lustrous fluid before mentioned. This pearl, though far superior in nature and durability to the compound of wax and glass which the more volatile Parisian employs to deceive the eye, has yet, especially when worn in any quantity, the disadvantage of such an overpowering weight, that I never looked at my fair friends, fainting in the dance under these very coveted and far-fetched trimmings, without thinking of the fate of Tarpeia, when overwhelmed by the desired reward of her treachery, not far from this very *fabbrica di perle*."

They are finally polished and freed from adhering impurities by the hands of female artisans.

Austria as it is; or Sketches of Continental Courts. By an Eye-witness. Post 8vo. pp. 228. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THERE is much important matter for reflection in this slight volume; though the writer is evidently imbued with so fierce a spirit of enmity against continental courts and sovereigns, that his testimony is often weakened by his intolerance. No story, however problematical or improbable, which injures the character of any one who wears a crown, but finds in him a firm believer and a ready relator. He has a sceptrophobia upon him, and runs a-muck from Paris to Vienna: still we are not to disregard his statements, nor discredit the general views which he takes of the various countries through which his route lay. On the contrary, we find much of truth and force mixed with his credulousness upon certain points, and exaggerations upon others; and many shrewd lessons, which it would be well, both at home and abroad, to pause on and consider calmly. We wish they had been put forward calmly.

The author (a foreign noble, we are informed,) entered Germany by Baden; but his first anti-royal paroxysm comes on at Stutgardt, the capital of Wurtemburgh; and he bursts out—

"*A cold shudder seizes me* when I think on his late majesty, commonly called the fat king. He was a great huntsman. In the year 1817, during the dreadful famine, one of his deer and boar chases was held. Among the 4000 peasants who were summoned from the *Odenwald* to attend as drivers, there was a poor sick man who could not leave his bed. His only support was his daughter, who, from the earnings of her spinning, supported the miserable existence of her father. She dressed herself in her father's clothes, and went to attend the royal chase. It lasted three days, during which time these people were seen *bivouacking* in snow and cold. The king heard of this disguise, laughed immoderately, and was very sorry not to have known it sooner, as it would have been an excellent joke. When the maid returned to her father's house, she found him starved. The king heard of this, but did nothing. During the same royal sport, a boar approached a peasant, when a chamberlain was just going to dart his javelin at the ferocious animal. The peasant, to defend himself, used his cudgel, and prostrated the beast. The disappointed courtier now turned his javelin against the peasant, and laid him with a blow dead at his feet. As he was a favourite with the king, he came off with a fortnight's confinement. Though the present king is rather a better sort of man, yet he is but little beloved. His travels through France, Italy, and Switzerland, at the expense of his starving subjects, and his vacillating policy, have *changed the odium which they bore* to the former into an indifference towards his successor. * * * A tour through this kingdom is of very little interest. Miserable towns, with dunghills and mud-holes in the streets,—houses, or rather cabins, falling to pieces,—still poorer villages, with huts, out of whose *square-foot* windows wretched and fretful faces are peeping;—these are the features which accompany the traveller from Stuttgardt to Heidelberg. Here the country assumes a romantic aspect, rather more friendly and prosperous, owing to the exceeding fertility of the soil, and the Jew students who spend their money in the latter place. The united efforts of the German Diet of Frankfort, and of the Committee of Censors at Mentz, have tamed these gentlemen in a way more galling to their feelings than even Napoleon's despotism.—Half a day's ride brought us to Darmstadt, the capital of the third sovereign's dominions. Among the curiosities we found a splendid theatre, an assembly of States, in the same form as that of Wurtemburgh, 10,000 soldiers, who, in the true spirit of Hessians, complain loudly of John Bull's being on friendly terms with Brother Jonathan, and of being thus deprived of every chance of having their legs or arms shot off, in order to get half-pay. Another half day's ride brought us to Frankfort, the seat of the German Diet. A good charger may carry his rider in an hour through three sovereigns' dominions, viz.—the Elector of Hesse Cassel, the Duke of Nassau, and the Prince Landgrave of Hesse Homburg. A few traits, which we can state as authentic, are sufficient to give us such characteristic outlines of these princes as may enable us to form a competent opinion of them, and the respective happiness enjoyed by their subjects. The Duke of Nassau thought proper, in the true spirit of liberality, to grant to his people a constitution. In acknowledgment for this benefit, the loyal representatives presented him with the domains of the dukedom, the national property. He accepted of the gift, passed over to Vienna, and gambled them away in the course of three successive nights. The poor people lost their only resort for paying their taxes, and have now to pay their representatives who voted their property away, and 6000 soldiers, besides a civil list of 160,000*l.* to the princely family, from a country not much larger than London. His neighbour, the Elector of Hesse Cassel, is said to be the richest, but the most despotic, among the petty sovereigns of Germany: and his country is a proof of it. He is indebted for his wealth to his grandfather and his father, two *worthy men*, than whom none of the German princes better understood the rights of sovereignty. The former proved it by selling his loyal subjects, the latter by exercising that privilege which the German princes and nobles enjoyed of yore. He left, it is said, not *less* than seventy-four children,"—(a paternal government, at any rate).

"There is nothing," continues the author, "more disgusting than these petty sovereigns, who, by the grace of bowing and cringing to Napoleon, became independent; a prerogative of which they make such use as might be expected from minds narrow as their territories. They now carry on a sort of petty warfare with their tolls and duties, in that modern style which ruins a people, not at once, but by degrees. They thus contrived to make of each territory a little Japan, where nothing except home growth and home produce is allowed."

This, within the first dozen pages, will shew the temper of the writer; and, from his idiom, that he is a foreigner. At Heidelberg he tells, in his own way, an anecdote of a more interesting kind.

"When I passed through that place (he says), the unfortunate ex-king of Sweden (Count Gustavson) alighted in the same hotel where I stopped. He had just left the stage-coach, and entered the dining-room of the *posthof*, his portmanteau under his arm, dressed plain and rather poorly, and without a servant. The room was crowded with passengers and students; the conversation, though not noisy, yet lively. As soon as the ex-monarch entered, a deep respectful silence ensued; the students left off smoking, and the gentleman who occupied the head of the table, rose to make place

for the distinguished guest. The landlord approached him, and asked whether he would not be pleased to hear the band of musicians, which just entered. He consented; but they were not permitted to address him for the petty customary compliment, as it was generally known that he was very poor, and reduced to the necessity of pawning, at Basle, his portmanteau. There was not a sneer, not the least contempt shewn towards the dethroned monarch, so reduced in his pecuniary means. A deep respect was legible on the countenances of the whole company, as far from servile cringing to high-life, as low contempt of fallen greatness. I could not help expressing my satisfaction to one of the students, a beautiful, noble, and proud-looking young fellow, dressed in the Teutonic costume. 'Sir,' said he, seriously, 'we would not shew so much respect towards the Emperor of Austria, but Count Gustavson is unfortunate;' and raising his voice emphatically, 'woe to the wretch who adds to the load of the oppressed!'"

There is also (at Leipsic) a curious story relating to Prince Poniatowsky.

"He was, about six years before his death, on a visit to a relation of his in Silesia, with a numerous party. They were assembled in the pavilion of the country seat, when a plaintive but melodious voice was heard before the gate. It came from a gipsy, who was called in to prophesy the fate of each person. The first who stepped forth was Prince Poniatowsky. The gipsy took his hand, looked attentively at it, then at him, and muttered in a low voice, 'Prince, an Elster will bring you death.' As Elster in the German language denotes both the river Elster and a magpie, the company made merry, wrote the prophecy down, witnessed and sealed it. It is still extant."

Of Mozart (as we are in the story-telling vein) we also give two other anecdotes:—

"When Mozart had composed his *chef d'œuvre*, Don Giovanni, he hastened to Prague to lay his work before a public, which, as he expressed himself, was alone capable of giving a correct opinion of the merits of his production. It was accordingly performed through three successive nights. The enthusiasm increased with every performance. When he turned to Vienna, this masterpiece met there with a cold reception; the Emperor Joseph was present during the performance. Mozart was called before the monarch:—'Mozart,' said the monarch, 'your music would do very well, but there are too many notes in it!' 'Just as many,' replied the offended artist, 'as there ought to be.' * *

"This kind-hearted soul received soon after an invitation from Frederick the Great, with an offer of 5000 florins salary; his own was but 800 florins, 80*l.* While hesitating, he was called before his sovereign, Joseph II., who addressed him: 'Mozart, you are going to leave me.' Overpowered by the kind tone in which these words were pronounced, he, sobbing, and tears gushing from his eyes, could only reply, 'No, never will I leave your majesty.'"

Having got to Saxony, our author has seen so much that he now ventures to generalise in his speculations; of which the following are striking examples.

"Will Germany, after having had its Müllers, Fichtes, Herders, Schillers, Goëthes, &c. follow the course of human nature, and establish a national liberty, such as is the inseparable companion of a free will, the result of an enlightened understanding? Will it follow the example of England, which assumed its natural rights when its Shakspeares, Addisons, and Miltons, had diffused light through the ranks of their countrymen; or the example of France, after its Corneilles, Racines, Montesquieus, and Rousseaus, had done away with the prejudices of a feudal and barbarian age?"

The "Addisons and Miltons" is a droll juxtaposition in putting such a case: but the author's responsive conclusion is gloriously extravagant.

"Divided as Germany is into petty districts, separated from each other by jealousies, manners, and many antiquated prejudices, but, above all, governed by princes who, devoid of every national character, are the tools of Austria and Prussia, as they formerly were of Buonaparte; by the united efforts of these powers and princes, and the 'reign of darkness,' the Germans will gradually sink into that state of slavery fit to become subjects for Russia, when this power shall have subdued Austria and Turkey, and have annexed to its empire Bohemia, Moravia, the rest of Poland, and Hungary"!!!

But it is time for us to look at the chief feature of the book, *Austria as it is;* and yet we must postpone it to another Number.

Memoir of the Right Hon. George Canning, &c. &c. By Leman Thomas Rede, Esq. Professor of Elocution. 8vo. pp. 599. London, 1827. G. Virtue.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. G. Canning. Post 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1828. Tegg.

A Tribute in Verse to the Character of the late Right Hon. G. Canning, &c. &c. By the Rev. Rann Kennedy, A.M. 8vo. pp. 44. London, Longman and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; Cambridge, Deighton and Son, and Newby; Oxford, Parker; and Birmingham, Wrightson.

GIVING precedency to the poet before the biographers, we shall pay our first respects to the last-mentioned of these three publications; all called forth by the lamented death of one of the best and greatest of the sons of England. Of his transcendent qualities, Mr. Kennedy seems to have had a just appreciation; and he has attempted to paint his feelings through the exalted channel of heroic verse. The Tribute is dedicated to the Committee under whose superintendence a monument is about to be erected to the memory of Mr. Canning;—a design to which, we trust, a public meeting (now that Parliament is about to assemble) will speedily give a new and powerful impulse,* notwithstanding all the lamentable struggles of political party, which seem to threaten the tranquillity and, perhaps, the prosperity of the country. There is also a Preface, which offers a moderate view of the late Minister in his leading measures; and with all of which, except one point, we cordially agree. As that point involves *politics*, which have ever been banished from our literary pages, (by, we are proud to repeat, the personal and friendly advice of him to whom this tribute is paid,) we abstain from particularising it; and proceed to an illustration of the poem itself.

"Unlike the weeping mist that melts to nought,
There is a grief of intellect and thought,
That, still recurring to what gave it birth,
With costly care embalms remember'd worth.
Such grief is theirs, and so they long will grieve,
Who Britain's loss in Canning's death perceive."

* The amount of the subscription is already very considerable:—the mere advertisement of the object having produced the sum of nearly £10,000 from men of every variety of opinion, but agreeing in the one grateful task of expressing their everlasting admiration of the genius, patriotism, and virtue of the illustrious dead.—*Ed.*

The author goes on to vindicate the memory of Mr. Canning from the foul and odious imputation of infidelity or atheism, which was, we would fain hope, in heedlessness, rather than with a guilty intention, attempted to be thrown upon it; for Charity herself could not pardon the false and base calumny, if it were coolly fabricated for the purpose of vilifying the dead. It is one of the curses of *all* strong party feelings, that they carry their votaries and adherents, in the heat of contest, much farther than they themselves can approve in after moments: few violent political disputants, either in the Senate, in election or other contests, or in the press, we are convinced, could ever look back upon the stormiest part of their career without experiencing deep regret and sincere contrition. Such sentiments have, we again express our hope, expiated in some measure this most unfounded and unjustifiable posthumous slander.

Of Mr. Canning, the bard continues to sing:

"He, rising as a star
Of the first magnitude, was hail'd afar;
Brightly it moved, through seasons dark and strange,
Teeming with awful lessons, fear and change;
Whene'er in sight, though sometimes hid awhile,
It beam'd upon his country with a smile:
Then, with increase of light, and mounted high,
He shone the glory of our British sky.
Lord of th' ascendant he at length became,
And 'twas enough that he was still the same;
Endless his praise, though endless our regret,
Who saw him reach the highest point and set;
View'd as great then, from being great before,
Time could not make him less, and scarcely more.

* * * *

"He mark'd Opinion's progress, and its course
Would try to use, not to arrest by force.
He knew this progress with its present light,
No phantoms of the past could stop or fright;
Although before it, with forbidding eyes,
Proud crested forms, like meagre ghosts, should rise;
And though around it, with conspiring swell,
Words should be uttered, as a potent spell,
By all the mimic echoers of prate,
The vulgar little, and the vulgar great.
O'er these he smil'd, but as an angel friend,
Moving above them only to defend.
His duty done, with conscience clear and even,
Leaving the rest to his just king and heaven.

* * * *

"In thy career, although 'twas scarce begun,
A glorious age anticipation run.
No length of years, to crown thy living head,
Could win more wreaths than on thy tomb are spread.
A part are flowers from Hope's prolific tree,
Fair budding flowers, which owed their growth to thee;
And many a trophy to thy clay is brought,
For deeds but imaged, while it breath'd and thought:
Thy very wishes to thy fame shall rise,
Wherever known by all the good and wise,
And shine recorded in their tearful eyes."

These brief selections will serve to exhibit the spirit of Mr. Kennedy's muse; and we now pass to the Biographical Memoirs, by Mr. Rede and (we believe) Dr. Styles. The octavo volume is prefixed by an indifferent portrait, which loses the noble expression of the forehead in the original. The Memoir itself, however, is well written, and gives a fair detail of the public life of Mr. Canning, of whom Mr. Rede shews himself to be at once the candid historian and the ardent admirer. It also purports to comprise his parliamentary orations, and all his poems, essays, &c.; but there are only small portions of the former, and several errors in attribution of the latter. For instance, the lines on the Marquess of Anglesea's leg, ascribed to Mr. C., p. 342, were written by Mr. Gaspey, a gentleman well known to the literary world as the author of several novels, and innumerable clever productions in the periodicals of the day.

We make the following quotation from Mr. Rede's work for several reasons.

"There is one circumstance connected with the literary character of Mr. Canning, that has been yet unnoticed. It is a promise he had given to preside at the next Literary Fund

dinner.* Never was England more literary than at present; and yet, never were her temples (for our booksellers have given this sounding title to their shops,) more difficult of access. Publication has, indeed, become a trade, a traffic of name, not of talent—of title-pages, not of books: to be unknown, is to be devoid of genius or of power. The number of writers, we well know, has fearfully increased; and it has been as truly as humorously said, that 'if you placed your hand indiscriminately on any head in a crowd, it would be upon that of an author, or the friend of an author.' But this increase has only been of respectable prose writers, pretty versifiers, and 'something worse;' of those men, whose productions we read when we have nothing else to do, and forget, because they pen nothing that imprints itself on our memory:—in fact, authors who sometimes amuse but never impress; who may produce some things that are spiritod, or entertaining, but never any thing that is great. Of great writers there will always be a dearth. * * *

"Glittering and showy are the qualifications of the present day; plated goods, that, for the little while they are to be used, may look as well as the genuine ore. It is in such a state of things that unfriended, even uneducated genius, requires the aid that a society like the Literary Fund might afford it. It is not the Literary Fund, *as it is*, that we are to consider, but that institution as it might be;—not as a society doling out a pittance to a man who has written a dull book, and who, when the bookseller is no longer inclined to run a risk, comes to the society for succour from starvation;—not thus are we to regard it, but as a nursery for the young student—as a place of succour for the indigent—and a medium of notoriety for the obscure. To render it such an asylum for literature, it requires the patronage not only of talent, but of property and of power; not merely the names of individuals, but their exertions, their interest. Mr. Canning's presence at the annual dinner, at which a subscription is made, would have done much. England's prime minister—popular in that capacity—popular as a man and an orator;—known as a writer of great talent, and famed as a classical scholar;—looked on by all as one who, had he leisure to devote to its cause, might have done as mnch for the literature as he did for the policy of the country;—such a president must have raised the society in importance, in popularity, and, consequently, in the power of doing good. Little thought the many who rent the air with their acclamations when Canning's name was announced as the president of the ensuing anniversary—that, ere that period arrived, he would lie in coldness and oblivion, heedless of the praise that that day his name had elicited,—senseless to the cause that they proclaimed his desire to succour. An occurrence like this is more efficacious in proving to us the fallacy of human hopes, the vanity of human wishes, than all the sermons that were ever preached; it tells us that we are but dust;—like grains of sand in the hand of Providence, to be blown where its power pleases."

These passages will serve as specimens of the writers' fervour and style; but we also wish to offer one or two short remarks upon their matter.

Mr. Canning's assent to take the chair at the Literary Fund anniversary in May 1828, did indeed create all the enthusiastic hopes here described among the friends of that very efficient and merciful Institution; and it is equally true, that the Prime Minister of England meant it to be publicly felt and understood by that act, and others connected with the literature of the country, that he desired as sincerely to be the friend and protector of letters and literary men, as to be the political head and leader of our national councils. It was his avowed purpose; and in the same hour that he consented to preside at the Literary Fund, he also authorised the humble individual who had ventured, in the midst of the most momentous affairs of government, when change and turmoil distracted his every thought, to press the claims of literature generally upon the Prime Minister of this enlightened land,—even in the midst of these mighty cares, Mr. Canning, to demonstrate his love of literature, and his determination to be the patron of its votaries, authorised his name to be proposed as a member of the Royal Society of Literature, (into which he was consequently elected) and expressed his anxious hope that he might be able to spare as much time from the weighty cares of his high station, as to revive in the memory of Britain the eras of Elizabeth or Anne, when the statesman and the scholar were more closely and beneficially united than they had been in later days. Such were the declared intentions of him whose loss, in this respect, is as deeply to be deplored, as in his character of Patriot Minister.

With regard to the Literary Fund itself, the writer's views are utterly erroneous. It is a place of succour for the unfortunate: to endeavour to make it a nursery of authors, and a medium of notoriety, would be to destroy all the good it does, by aiming at impossibilities. We wish he could hear one of the feeling and eloquent addresses of one of its most zealous and powerful friends, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, on this subject: he would be convinced that nothing better in aim, more judicious in conduct, or more effective in benevolence, could be substituted for the Literary Fund, as now organised and administered.

The last of the publications noted at the head of this Review, is also addressed to the public life of Mr. Canning; and is compiled with care and assiduity. The author appears to be warm in his political opinions; and as there does not occur to us any decided novelty in his work, we shall abstain from quotation.

In conclusion, we have to say, that though these productions may for a while meet the general wish, as comprehending the principal events in which Mr. Canning was a brilliant and conspicuous actor, the life of that accomplished personage yet remains to be written. We trust that some one of his intimate friends will do this great justice to his memory; and we will venture to predict, that whenever it is done, and his private correspondence submitted to the world, his most estimable character as a man will be enhanced, his high patriotic eminence as an Englishman will become still more elevated, his purity as a statesman will be more splendidly demonstrated, and his immortal fame, in every light in which it is possible to view human nature, will be established throughout the universe, by the unanimous confession and applause of mankind.

* "The last dinner of the Literary Fund was on the 9th May, 1827; Lord John Russell presided on that occasion. We remember the burst of applause with which the name of Canning was hailed. His lordship's speech will be read now with a feeling of grief, proportioned to the pleasure and exultation with which it was then heard."—*Author.*

Cuthbert, a Novel. 3 vols. London, 1828. Sustenance and Stretch.

A CONCEALED marriage, a secret offspring, a fire and a heroine delivered from it, a hero tried through *that* and other fires till he comes out pure gold, are the chief ingredients of this novel, which does not aspire to a first rank, either in invention or style. It is, indeed, only noticeable as the first meritorious publication of a young Firm; and most commendable on account of its avoiding the manufacturing mania of the hour in pseudo high life and fourth-rate fashion. It, therefore, does not offend; and may please the general readers of works of fiction, though we must reprobate such vulgarisms as *lay* for lie, &c. &c.

Having mentioned the names of the publishers as highly respectable, we hope they will not dislike having the same advertised, and being especially recommended to undertake the copyright of all works relating to gastronomy and finance, agreeably to the following verse from a punning correspondent of ours, who advises them not to trifle with other subjects, but to begin.

"Upon a lively little book,
Shewing us how, by hook or crook,
To pay the nation's debt;
Then, with a pun to crown the whole,
And from each laughter-loving soul
Both mirth and money fetch—
Call it '*A Stretch for Sustenance*,'
And publish it, as if per Chance,
By *Sustenance and Stretch!*"

Memoirs of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. By the Rev. W. Field, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

OF this long-announced work, the first volume has been for several weeks before us; but as we could not discover any very extraordinary or important matters in it, we have willingly deferred a review till we can judge of it as a whole. We merely notice it now, to shew that it is not negligence which has led to our silence; and that, in truth, we did not consider the volume to be published.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AVA: THE TALIENS.

[The gentleman from whom we received an account of the Burman capital and country, at the conclusion of the late war, gives us also the following particulars of the state of affairs between our quondam enemies and their new foes, the Taliens.]

JAN. 5th. This morning, about 11 o'clock, we arrived at Melloon, where the Burmese were defeated by us on the 19th of January, 1826. I went on shore here, and walked all over the place. The skeletons of the killed on that day are still to be seen. I landed on the very spot where I had gone last year with the storming party of H. M. 13th foot, but with other sensations; that day, as we approached the enemy's works, we had five men and two officers wounded in the boat; but this day, the natives came and received us on the beach, and offered us articles for sale. One has a curious feeling on seeing places so quiet, which only a few months before had been the scene of deadly strife.

7th. We have just reached Meaday. Moungzaat, by all accounts, has succeeded so far as to burn the suburbs of Rangoon, called Tackallé, and has surrounded the Woonghee; he has gained over the Karians to his side; and things are now bearing a serious appearance for the Burmahs. It is evident that the Taliens having got possession of Dallah, and the ground on both sides of the Panlang Creek, (the only good route from the Irrawaddy to the Rangoon River) they will intercept all the aid sent down

from Ava to the Woonghee. It is said that Moung-zaat has raised the white umbrella, or Tee Pew, which is the sign of royalty.

9th. Yesterday evening, at six o'clock, we arrived at Prome; all the Meeo-wooms, or heads of districts, are gone down from Prome to aid the Woonghee of Rangoon in quelling the disturbances there.

11th. Late last night we arrived at the town of Meeoung; the news here from Rangoon is, that the Taliens are advancing, and that they have so surrounded the Woonghee at Rangoon, that he cannot escape. Moung-zaat has declared himself king of Pegu, and the deliverer of his country;—he has gone through the ceremony of having the oil put on his head. All the people here are preparing to run away on the approach of the Talien army, as they can expect nothing less than death should they fall into their hands. This is a famous place for teak wood; there are great quantities of it lying on the bank, and many fine boats on the stocks. The head man, or mew-woon, is gone down with his followers to fight; and all commerce is suspended.

Rangoon, January 18th. Here we are in the thick of it, the Taliens and Burmahs fighting like devils. There was a battle fought this morning close to us: we had a fine view of it, but were at last obliged to drop down a little, as some shot came very near the vessel once or twice. We start for Amherst, the new settlement, to-morrow.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA.

Double, Triple, &c. Stars.—Next to nebulæ (see No. 568), and scarcely inferior in interest, are those combinations of stars which appear to be mutually connected by the laws of gravitation. Nebulæ suggest to our thoughts, that the interminable range of space, boundless, shoreless, fathomless as it is, is filled with the wonders of creation; while the double, triple, and multiple stars intimate those laws which unite together the vast provinces of the universe. In nebulæ the mind is bewildered with the mysterious vastness which their form, multitude, and distance, unfold; we believe each nebula to be a system of fixed stars, each star a sun, with its attendant planetary bodies, all obeying the same laws which bind our solar system to its centre; while the sun itself is either one of a double star, swinging round the centre of gravity of the two, or a member of a more complicated system of motion. There is foundation for this, from actual observations of other stars, and from the change of the sun's place relative to the Arcturus, Capella, Aldebaran, and others of our system, by which it is ascertained that the sun, with its planets, is moving towards the constellation Hercules. In double, triple, and more complicated combinations of stars is traced the existence of central forces, on such a grand and magnificent scale as reduces all our ideas of planetary motions and periods to the sporting of an ephemera in the sunbeam. Among the most remarkable of these are Castor, round which moves a small star, the period of which is 342 years and two months; δ Serpentis, period of the small star, 375 years; γ Virginis, period 708 years; γ Leonis, period 1200 years; ι Boötes, period 1681 years. These, with many others, are called binary systems. In treble stars the periods must be more complicated; a treble star is in the foot of the Unicorn, which, at first sight, appears double, but one of these, on more minute inspection, will be found to consist of two. This treble star was considered by a celebrated astronomer the most beautiful sight in the heavens. In Libra is a double-double star, each star being itself a double star; in Orion is a double-treble star, or two sets of treble stars; in the same constellation there is a multiple star, consisting of twelve, one of which is a double star. One striking peculiarity of these and similar stars is their diversity of colour, rarely two of the same colour in the same combination,—red and blue, white and ash-colour, orange and purple, red and bluish-green, bluish-white and garnet, white and gray,—these being the prevailing hues. It has been attempted, by observations on double stars, to determine the parallax of the earth's orbit, it being justly supposed, that if these stars were at rest, their distance from each other would be slightly altered according to the earth's position in its annual course. It was in pursuing this investigation that the motion of stars about their centres of gravity was established. This important and interesting inquiry, relative to the parallax of the fixed stars, has been attended with some degree of success by Dr. Brinkley, the present Bishop of Cloyne, who has obtained from the following stars the results as against them expressed.

	Parallax.	No. of Obs.
α Cygni	1″·56	119
α Aquilæ	5″·00	208
α Lyræ	1″·32	262

If the last of these results be an approximation to the truth, the distance of α Lyræ from our sun is nearly twenty billions of miles,—a distance through which light could not travel in less than three years. How distant, then, are those stars whose light is but dimly seen with telescopic aid! and how much more inconceivably remote must the nebulæ be!

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Cambridge, Jan. 4.—*Prize Subjects.*—The subject of the Chancellor's gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry, to such resident undergraduate as shall compose the best ode or the best poem in heroic verse, for the present year is—*The Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Buonaparte.*

Two prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the degree of Master of Arts: and two other prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Members for the university, to be open to all undergraduates who shall have resided not less than seven terms at the time when the exercises are to be sent in. The subjects for the present year are:—1. For the Bachelors—*De origine Scripturæ Alphabeticæ.* 2. For the Undergraduates—*Quibus potissimum in rebus hodierni ab antiquis discrepent, et quas ob causas?*

Sir William Browne's three gold medals, value five guineas each, to such resident undergraduates as shall compose:—1. The best Greek ode in imitation of Sappho; 2. The best Latin ode in imitation of Horace; 3. The best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia; and, 4. The best Latin epigram after the model of Martial. The subjects for the present year are:—1. For the Greek ode—*Ægyptus;* 2. For the Latin ode—*Hannibal;* 3. For the Greek epigram—

Ἐν δὲ πείρᾳ
Τέλος διαφαίνεται, ὧν τις
Ἐξοχώτερος γένηται—— *Pindar.*

4. For the Latin epigram—

Πόλλ' ἠπίστατο ἔργα, κακῶς δ' ἠπίστατο πάντα.

The Porson prize is the interest of £400 stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. Scene 3, beginning—*Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back, &c.*: and ending—*And drave great Mars to faction.*

The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize dissertation for the present year:—*How far have the Laws of the Jews been abrogated by the Christian Dispensation?*

Battle of Navarino.—A curious coincidence occurs as to the scene of this battle. In the story of the captive in Don Quixote, Cervantes is supposed to relate many parts of his own history. After describing the battle of Lepanto, at which he lost an arm and was made a prisoner, the reader of the present day is surprised to find the story proceed with the following passage. We quote from Mr. Lockhart's excellent edition.*

"The second year of my captivity I was a slave in the Capitana galley, at Navarino; and I took notice of the Christians' fault in letting slip the opportunity they had of taking the whole Turkish fleet in that port; and all the Janizaries and Algerine pirates did so expect to be attacked, that they made all in readiness to escape on shore without fighting—so great was the terror they had of our fleet: but it pleased God to order it otherwise; not by any fault of the Christian general, but for the sins of Christendom; and because it is his will we should always have some enemies to chastise us."—*Don Quixote*, vol. ii. p. 239. Edit. Edin. 1822.

FINE ARTS.

British Institution.—On Monday and Tuesday next, the pictures for the ensuing Exhibition of Native Artists at the British Institution are to be sent in: and we presume that in about a fortnight the gallery may be opened.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Monkeyana; or, Men in Miniature. Designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Part I. Moon, Boys, and Co.; F. G. Moon.

Foul libels! we exclaimed, as we turned over the prints in this curious folio. Foul libels! "Men in Miniature," and only Monkeys after all. To cool our wrath, we strolled into the Park, and it happened to be a full parade. There was one lord in a curricle, and another on a horse:—we began to think the libel was not so foul. Dandy succeeded dandy; some with bits of yellow beards, some with bushes of whisker, and all more or less disguised from humanity; and we confessed that honest Mr. Landseer's Monkeys, so far from being caricatures, were very poorly imitated by these creatures apparently of our own species. Hereupon we returned to our library; and being reconciled to the cleverer animals, were mightily amused by their portraits in this most entertaining performance.

The Part† consists of four plates and a satirical title; and all are humorous to a degree which can only be appreciated by laughing over these sportive, yet perfectly natural and accurate, representations. Monkey 1, as Paul Pry, is a tailed Liston; and Monkey 2, a politician reading the newspaper, has such an expression of sagacity and penetration, that we are sure (if the likeness be from life) he need only be brought forward, to have a place offered to him in the new Cabinet. Monkeys 3, a pedagogue going to whip a young monkey, unbreeched and imploring, is extremely droll: and Monkeys 4, two jockeys galloping an ass, are a group worthy of Rabelais. The design and execution of the whole are alike diverting: and *Monkeyana* more than ever likely to be the order of the day.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

An extraordinary sensation has lately been produced in Paris by bold and various attempts

* It is impossible to speak too highly of the merits of this edition, which adopts the vigorous translation of Motteux, and is enriched with notes and translations, by Mr. Lockhart, of those fine old Spanish ballads, the martial spirit and harmony of which stir the very soul.

† The whole is to be finished in Six Parts,—all to be published within as many months.

to question the legitimacy of the Duke of Orleans. Several pamphlets have appeared on the subject, the authors and publishers of which are now under prosecution.* The following is, we understand, the substance of the allegations of the duke's enemies; but our ingenious and inventive neighbours are so fond and proud of what they are pleased to call "mystification," (we are too polite to translate that word into plain honest English), that it is utterly impossible for us to pronounce upon the truth or falsehood of the strange, and, as it seems to us, in many respects inconsistent story.

It is asserted that the Countess of Newborough, now the Baroness of Sturnberg, is the legitimate daughter of the Duke of Orleans Egalité; although when born, which was in Italy, in May 1773, she was, in consequence of the substitution of one infant for another, inserted in the civil register as the daughter of Laurent Chiappini. It is added, that this assertion has been sustained upon oath by several credible witnesses, who concur in establishing the following facts.

In the beginning of the spring of the year 1773, a French personage of distinction, under the name of the Count de Joinville, arrived with his wife, whose pregnancy was much advanced, at Modigliana. He took up his abode in the palace called the Tribunal; and received there the first people of the country. Count Pompei Borghi used to come every year, with his mother and wife, to pass the fine season in that town. He was admitted into the society of the Count de Joinville, and the greatest intimacy soon existed between the two families. As the habitation of Count Borghi was opposite that of the Count de Joinville, their intercourse was frequent. There is no friendship without confidence. The Count de Joinville laboured under a great anxiety, the cause of which he communicated to Count Borghi.—"His wife was near her confinement. Would the result be a boy or a girl? If the latter, the loss of immense advantages must be the consequence. How could such a misfortune, if it occurred, be repaired?" Chiappini was the gaoler (*geolier*) of the Tribunal. His wife was also pregnant; and both confinements seemed likely to be very near each other in point of time. The facility of doing that which is advantageous inspires the desire of doing it. The wife of Chiappini might be delivered of a boy, and the wife of the count of a girl; if so, what might not be practicable?—all the count's ideas were directed to that point; he formed a sort of acquaintance with the gaoler, who acknowledged the favour with all the gratitude naturally to be expected from a man of inferior condition when treated with kindness by the great. At length, the Count de Joinville confided his project to Count Borghi. Chiappini was called before them; and was induced by splendid promises to consent that if his wife should give birth to a boy, and the count's wife to a girl, the children should be exchanged. Two witnesses, Maria B. and Dominic B., declare that they heard the Count de Joinville say to Chiappini, that he should lose a large inheritance if the countess were brought to bed of a girl; and that they also heard the proposal of an exchange of children.—The event turned out to be as had been apprehended: almost at the same hour the wife of Chiappini gave birth to a son, and the wife of the count to a daughter. The same witnesses declare that the infants were immediately exchanged, in the presence of Count and Countess Borghi; and that the daughter of the Count de Joinville was baptised at the priory of Modigliana, under the name of Maria Stella Chiappini. The affair, however, by some means got wind, and the Count de Joinville, in order to shelter himself from the general indignation, applied to the superior of the convent of St. Bernard de Brisighella, for leave to take refuge in that convent, which application was granted. D. V. one of the witnesses states, that in looking over the papers of the convent, he found a letter from the count to the superior, dated from Modigliana, 1773, thanking him for the permission. Here the count was patiently waiting until the storm should blow over; when one day, happening to wander to a little distance from his asylum, he was seized by order of the holy inquisition, and confined in the prisons of that institution. The superior of the convent appealed on the subject to the cardinal legate of Ravenna; and his eminence ordered the supposed count to be brought before him, when he immediately recognised him, embraced him,* and ordered him to be liberated. These facts are attested by Horace L., an advocate; and D. V., one of the witnesses already mentioned, declares, that he found among the papers of the convent of St. Bernard de Brisighella a letter from the count, thanking the superior for his interference, and informing him of his liberation. Some time after the exchange, the Countess de Joinville left Italy, taking with her her pretended son. Later, and at a time undetermined, the Count de Joinville, according to the testimony of B. B., who says he has seen the letter, wrote to his friend Count Borghi, telling him that his wife had given birth to a son, and that as for the boy whom Count Borghi might remember, he was dead. But in the mean while what became of the young Maria Stella, and what was Chiappini doing? There is a witness to prove, that before 1773 the gaoler was in great poverty; but that after that period he abandoned his situation, took a large house, and lived expensively. Countess Borghi, who had witnessed the exchange which had condemned the young Maria Stella to lose the advantages to which her birth entitled her, endeavoured, by attentions and caresses, to diminish the misfortune. It was at the countess's house that the child passed the first four years of her life; and, according to the testimony of D. B., another witness, the countess was continually lamenting what had occurred. Nettled at the taunts of those who remembered his former condition, and knew the means by which he had emerged from it, Chippiani quitted Modigliana, and took up his abode at Faënza. Stella was placed in a convent. She was not brought up like the daughter of a gaoler. Every care was taken of her education. She had the best masters, and became highly accomplished. Lord Newborough, having seen her, asked her in marriage. The nuptials were celebrated with splendour. It is alleged that the noble lord had some intimation given him of the high descent of his young and amiable wife; and that he was continually telling her that he was sure she did not owe her birth to Chiappini.—Notwithstanding her elevation, Lady Newborough still evinced the same regard and affection for her supposed parents that she had always shown; but Chiappini appeared to be embarrassed by her attention. He could not look upon her as his daughter; he never called her any thing but 'Madame;' he maintained towards her the attitude of a valet, not that of a father; and was continually expressing his gratitude to her, and terming her his tutelary angel, the star of his happiness, &c.—Chiappini became suddenly ill. He called loudly for Lady Newborough. When she was by his bed-side, he could only stammer out, 'No figlia! no figlia!' and, pressing her hands, 'Baratto! baratto!' (Change! change!) At these words Lady Newborough was taken away by her pretended brother, and conducted to a country-house; and two days afterwards Chiappini died. As his last hour approached, however, he felt that he could not carry the fatal secret to the tomb; and he partially divulged it in the following letter to Lady Newborough:—

"My lady, I am near the end of my days, without having revealed to any one a secret which concerns me, and which affects you nearly. It is this. The day on which you were born, of a person whom I cannot name, and who is now no more, a son was also born to me. An exchange was proposed to me. The mediocrity of my fortune which I then had, joined to pressing solicitations and motives of interest, was the cause of my adopting you as my daughter, and of my son's being adopted by the other party. I see that Heaven has repaired my error, since you are placed in a much happier condition than your father, and that you also occupy a rank almost equal to his. It is this which allows me still to enjoy some repose in my last moments. Keep to yourself this affair, in order that I may not be considered guilty in every respect and every where. I beseech you pardon my fault. I beseech you to be pleased to conceal the matter, that the world may not talk of that for which there is no remedy. This letter will not be delivered to you until after my death.

LORENZO CHIAPPINI."

This letter was given to Lady Newborough by Chiappini's confessor; and it has been since proved that the hand-writing is Chiappini's. Having, as it is alleged, thus shewn that Lady Newborough was the child of the Count de Joinville, the question arises, who was the Count de Joinville? It is said that Lady Newborough has left nothing undone to ascertain that fact. She repaired to Paris. Well aware that the object of her search, if known, would excite alarm in the family of Joinville, (if such a family existed), and would produce counteracting efforts,—she had an advertisement inserted in the journals, which was calculated to operate upon their cupidity. The advertisement stated, that an English lady, who would be in Paris for a few days, had been commissioned to make inquiry respecting the Count de Joinville (or his descendants), who travelled into Italy in the year 1773; because an immense inheritance had devolved to him. It also offered a large reward to any person who could give prompt information on the subject; as the lady would be under the necessity of returning to London shortly, having merely undertaken the commission at the request of an Italian lady, a friend of hers. Presently, the Abbé de St. Phar, the natural brother of the late Duke of Orleans, called on Lady Newborough, stating that he came from the (present) Duke of Orleans to obtain information respecting the inheritance. Lady Newborough

* "M. Cauchois-Lemaire, to whom we have alluded as author of an alleged seditious letter to the Duke of Orleans, was arrested on Tuesday last, at his residence in the country. Several of his friends offered bail for his appearance at trial. His printer and bookseller are likewise cited to appear, as his accomplices, before the Correctional Police. The pamphlet is charged with sedition on six separate counts, the chief of which are,—for provoking to a change in the order of succession to the throne,—for attacking the constitutional authority of the king,—and for exciting to an usurpation of civil and military functions."—*Times of Monday last.*

* It is the etiquette of the Roman church, that cardinals embrace none but princes of the blood.

observed to him that she could see no connexion between the Duke of Orleans and the Count de Joinville. The abbé persisted, giving her ladyship to understand that the personal character of the Duke of Orleans Egalité might give credibility to strange matters. The visit was short, in consequence of the determined silence of Lady Newborough, who promised to send some person to the abbé on the following day. That person was well received the first time by the Abbé de St. Phar, who, however, gave him no positive information: the next time he called, he was abruptly sent away. This occurrence, of course, strongly excited the attention of Lady Newborough; her ideas took the most natural direction on the occasion, and a firm resolution to adopt every means to put an end to her uncertainty was the result. The following, it is alleged, are the proofs and presumptions which establish the identity of the Duke of Orleans Egalité, and the Count de Joinville: first, with respect to the name. The fief of Joinville, in Lorraine, belonged, in 1773, to the Duke of Orleans; and it is notorious, that princes, when they travel *incog.* generally assume the name of one of their fiefs: added to which, one of the sons of the Duke of Orleans bears the title of Duke de Joinville. When, in 1776, the Duchess of Chartres made a second journey into Italy, she went by the name of the Countess de Joinville—a fact to which the twenty-eighth number of the Gazetta di Parma, for the year 1776, bears testimony. M. Roger de Fon Colombe, in announcing by a letter of the 15th of May, 1776, to the Marquis Paolucci, the arrival at Reggio of the Duchess of Chartres, also announced that she assumed the name of Countess of Joinville. He added a list of the persons who accompanied her highness—among whom was Madame de Genlis. It is supposed, therefore, that the Countess of Joinville of 1776, and the Countess of Joinville of 1773, were the same person. The evidence of credible persons, it is said, establishes the fact. M. D'E. declares, that in the early part of the year 1773 (he being then thirty-two years of age), he was connected with some persons belonging to the Orleans household; and that the Duke of Chartres was travelling. The Baroness de V. and her brother say that they were at Rome in the beginning of the year 1773, when the Duke of Chartres arrived there, under the name of the Count de Joinville: he remained there some time; lodged at the Maison des Bains; scandalised all the French nobility by his debauched conduct; and then set off for Italy, still under the name of the Count de Joinville. He arrived where? At Reggio, near Modigliana. The following is alleged to be the statement on that point of Madame H., who in 1773 was maid of honour to the Duchess d'Este, the mother of the present Duke of Modena: "When, in the spring of 1773, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans arrived at Reggio, the Duchess d'Este sent her principal major domo, Count Manetti, to congratulate their highnesses, and to induce them to consent to take up their abode in her palace. Count Manetti returned with the thanks of the duke and duchess, declining, however, the Duchess d'Este's invitation, on the ground that they intended to pass only one night at Reggio, and that they were travelling *incog.* under the names of the Count and Countess de Joinville." The same witness is said to depose to the second journey, in 1776, of the Duchess of Orleans, alone, still under the name of the Countess de Joinville. At that epoch, the father of the witness, by the order of the Duke of Modena, procured a palace for the Duchess of Orleans. It is said that Count Manetti was accompanied in the above-mentioned mission by several persons belonging to the court of the Duke of Modena; and that the chamberlain of the Archduke of Austria, Duke of Modena, corroborates the preceding declaration. The substance of his statement is, that in 1773 he saw the Duke and Duchess of Orleans pass in spring through Reggio; that they slept one night there; and went by the name of the Count and Countess of Joinville. He describes the duke as handsome, well-proportioned, rather lusty, with a round freckled face, a reddish nose, and wearing small ear-rings.—M. ——, a French personage who was at Rome in 1773, says he remembers that at that period the Duchess of Chartres was displeased because the court of Rome did not give her the reception she expected; and that she then went by the name of the Countess de Joinville. The Count du —— affirms having heard his mother, the Princess de ——, who was very intimate with the Duchess of Chartres, say that the duchess had been in Italy before the journey she made thither with Madame de Genlis; and that her highness travelled under the name of the Countess de Joinville. The Princess de —— is no more.—Finally, the priest N. is said to assert, that about the year 1773 he saw the Duchess of Chartres going from Alexandria to Piedmont, and that her highness was on her return from Italy.—To all this it is added, that there is no resemblance between the present and the late Duke of Orleans; and that Lady Newborough's countenance is strikingly like that of the sister of the present Duke of Orleans.*

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Harmonicon. New Series, No. I. Samuel Leigh.

THIS monthly journal of Music, which is very ably conducted, and contains a vast quantity of matter at a very moderate price, has, we observe, commenced a New Series with the New Year. We have not only clever remarks upon, and intelligence about, our home musical affairs, but a mass of information respecting foreign schools and productions; so that, altogether, we consider the *Harmonicon* to be almost indispensable to those who desire to be acquainted with such matters. The editor, it strikes us, has his own part to play: but there seems to be no unsupported statements, and with most of his positions in this No. we most cordially harmonise. His reprobation of the employment of felons and *such-like* gentry in prominent offices in our theatres, must be felt by every decent person to be just and necessary. It brings disgrace upon these establishments wherever the practice is tolerated.

The Swiss Girl. Ballad by William Ball, with an Accompaniment by J. Moscheles. Power.

A MELODY of the Rayner class, light and pleasing enough, and a song which we are sure will be a favourite.

Where are the Days? Ballad. The same composers and publisher.

WE cannot say as much for this as we have done for the preceding.

Oh clear that Brow of gloom! A Ballad, sung by Miss Paton. The Poetry by Eugenius Roche, Esq.; the Music by Alex. D. Roche. Alexander Lee and Lee.

THIS is a song in A flat, well adapted for the drawing-room; the melody rich and flowing.

My Mary, Love. Serenade sung by Mr. Broadhurst. The Poetry by W. H. Freeman, Esq.; the Music by Alex. D. Roche. The same publishers.

GRACEFUL and feeling, as indeed all the ballads which have come under our notice by this young composer are. There is a pretty change in the conclusion of the melody, which goes from 2/4 into 6/8 time, and leaves a very pleasing impression on the ear.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE King's Theatre certainly opens this evening, with Mayerbeer's Margaret of Anjou, and the modest and delightful Caradori the heroine, in, we are glad to hear, high and improved voice. Mr. Laporte, it seems, arrived as Mr. Laurent's substitute, or, in the theatrical phrase, double; but instead of the 4000*l.* being doubled, there were only 2000*l.* forthcoming. Under these circumstances, the theatre stood yesterday; and the understanding among the parties concerned was, that if the remaining 2000*l.* appeared within the twenty-four hours, the curtain would draw up under Laporte, as the partner and representative of Laurent; if not, that the opera season should, at any rate, commence under the immediate auspices of Mr. Mash, of the Lord Chamberlain's office.

THERE has been nothing to call our attention to the theatres royal since our last notice. They are both, we are happy to hear, flourishing. Kean is drawing money at Covent Garden, and Liston and Mathews at Drury Lane; though one would scarcely believe it, to see the placards in which these gentlemen's names figure upon the walls of the metropolis. "Good wine needs no bush." The appearance of puffing always excites, in our minds, a suspicion of its necessity. We *know* that the present instance is an exception to the rule; and therefore we tell the proprietors they are paying but a bad compliment to our talented friends, by sticking up their names in blue, red, and yellow posters, by the side of *Cock Robin*, *Number Nip*, *The White Mouse*, and such odd branches of learning.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

As this little theatre is licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, its rank entitles it to be noticed next to the Adelphi, the days having long gone by when its merit claimed precedence of that now flourishing establishment. Curiously enough, the Adelphi (then most ludicrously called *the Sans Pareil*) was at as low an ebb in point of dramatic talent, under the management of Mr. Scott, while Elliston, Mrs. Edwin, Wrench, and Keeley, were drawing crowds to the Olympic, as that very Olympic is now, having become the property of that same Mr. Scott; while the Adelphi, through a change of proprietors, has reached even a higher grade than that originally occupied by its well-conducted rival. There is nobody now at the Olympic that we ever heard of, with the exception of its stage-manager Le Clerk, Ridgway the harlequin, and Bradley of "terrific combat" notoriety. The company is precisely of that order which *characterised* minor theatres

* We insert the outline of this strange Romance of real personages as we have received it from abroad; and if it they do no better than pass as "a Sketch of Society," it may at least be well to shew what instruments are at work, and what intrigues are going on, to embroil the Bourbon dynasty.

twenty years ago, and the pieces much of the same description. The spectators are, however, satisfied — nay, gratified, if we may judge from the applause — a proof how completely the taste of the public is governed by the style of any management which is systematically persevered in. We are quite convinced, from what we witnessed the other evening, that nothing could possibly stir the gall of the gentle visitors of this theatre. They suffered an unfortunate baby, who ought to have been fast asleep hours before, not only to sing, but absolutely to *encore itself* (à la Munden), in a ballad three verses long, about oysters, — and listened with the most imperturbable gravity to the second edition volunteered by the poor little thing, who had as much notion of singing as the cradle out of which it was so cruelly kept. The pantomime at this house is called *Harlequin Dæmon*, and has some pretensions to novelty of construction. For instance, we have two harlequins — a spirit of light, and a spirit of darkness. The former being favoured by Colombine, and set in motion by Lema, (the good genius) has his dress embellished with azure crescents, which, according to the explanation of "a gentleman in a fustian jacket" near us, were intended to hint that he would dance for a blue moon — a familiar allusion, we presume, to the perpetual motion of these "kings of shreds and patches." The opening scenes of this harlequinade are extremely pretty. The change from the enchanted grove to the moonlit palace and its quiet lake, are very clever and effective. Most of the scenery is of an inferior description. Ridgway and his two sons, as the hostile harlequin, clown, and pantaloon, are active and amusing. A capital hit at *the Gamblers* must not pass unnoticed. The pantaloon and clown play at dice, draughts, cards, &c.; the latter being a constant loser, is reduced to despair, and stakes, in succession, his jacket, his inexpressibles, and his head! all three of which necessary articles he loses — to the great delight of the spectators. This is whimsically and not offensively managed, and is altogether the best scene in the pantomime. The house was very poorly attended; and we should fear, in spite of ten-shilling salaries and five-pound dramas, must be a losing concern.

SURREY THEATRE.

In spite of cold weather and easterly winds, we have ventured across Blackfriars Bridge and visited the Surrey Theatre; and it may pass for a tolerable compliment to the entertainments we there witnessed, to say that we did not repent our journey. *Love's Frailties, or Passion and Repentance*, is, we understand, the first attempt of a Mr. Stafford; and we think it promises very fairly. The language is tolerably free from bombast—the besetting sin of young writers and such pieces; and though the plot is a little of the stalest,—turning upon the threadbare adventures of a deceived daughter, a broken-hearted father, an indignant brother, and a repentant seducer,—these characters are naturally drawn, and some of the situations they are placed in powerfully affecting. We are sure the author is too sensible a person to quarrel with us for saying he is much indebted to the excellent acting of Mr. Rayner, who portrayed the indignant brother aforesaid with terrible truth. We are almost tempted to say that Emery himself could not have affected or appalled us more in the two principal situations,—one where he unconsciously saves his sister from a watery grave, and the other where he is about to wreak his vengeance [illegible] seducer. Mrs. Fitzwilliam seconded him with her usual ability; and *we* were pleased, though the audience did not seem to be so, with a gentleman who played the conceited footman of the faithless squire. Perhaps there were a great many gentlemen's servants in the house. It is seldom, we fear, that the moral of this kind of drama sinks deeply into the heart, and we suspect we have discovered one "reason why." The seducer is generally a character of no importance, and, consequently, falls into the hands of the walking gentleman of the company, who invariably looks like any thing but a gentleman; and therefore the susceptible young ladies who should be edified by the lesson, are only astonished at the folly of the heroine in running away with "such a vulgar fellow!" "If he were like the Hon. Charles Augustus Mortimer, indeed!" And instead of recollecting that the author only made the character, and neither the man nor his coat and pantaloons, and that it is *meant* to be like him, the honourable young gentleman rises 100 per cent in their estimation by the comparison.

Love's Frailties was followed by the first performance of a one-act piece, entitled *Home for the Holidays, or Young Master*, concocted for the purpose of exhibiting the precocious talents of Master Burke, a pretty, spirited little boy, with an *illigant* brogue of his own, and who, as he himself says, "can do more than many who are bigger." We have a great horror of infant Roscii; but Master Burke is really worth seeing, particularly when, as in this case, he plays his own character—a very clever child. As to the piece itself, it is founded, the bills tell us, upon a German custom, and the scene is, of course, laid in Germany, (at Manheim, we believe); but we defy any body to display more woful ignorance of German manners or German costume than the author and dress-maker have exhibited on this occasion. We beg leave to inform the first there is such a book as *Russel's Tour*; and the second, that there is such a printseller as Colnaghi. We do not expect perfection in these points at the Surrey; but to put the son of a German counsellor into the dress of a Spanish piccadon, is, at this time of day, an insult to the common sense of any audience.

The pantomime of *Harlequin and the Astrologer of Stepney*, closed the evening's entertainment; and, with the exception of some tolerable scenery, and the whim of a very good clown, is rather a so-so affair. But when the great theatres have failed, with all their resources, it would be unjust to look for miracles over the water. We were happy to see the house so well attended.

FRENCH PLAYS.

In the midst of scaffoldings and crowds of busy workmen, we have contrived to have a glance at the English Opera House, as it is fitting up, according to the designs of Mr. Beazely, for the performance of French plays; and we have been much struck with the originality and beauty of the change which has been produced on this theatre within an inconceivably short space of time. The alteration is complete. Instead of the former house, we have a vast and magnificent tent, worthy of a Darius; and the whole audience circle, as well as the proscenium, *draped* in a rich and becoming manner. We never saw a better union of splendour and comfort; for every box is also a snug little tent, in perfect keeping, as to colour and ornament, with the general effect of the whole. The ceiling is very fine; gold rays radiating from the centre chandelier, and the outer circle adorned with *fleurs de lis*, &c. The front of the gallery has been converted into boxes, and forms the third tier; while all except the sides of the second tier is an open area for the reception of such persons as do not take private boxes. The first circle is entirely in close boxes; and the orchestral boxes as before. Individual seats, to be secured before entrance, are placed in the front of the pit and part of the wide orchestra. Upon the whole, the arrangements appear to us to be admirable, and the *coup d'œil* superb. We are not surprised that immense patronage has already been extended to this undertaking, and thus given the always liberal proprietor of the theatre a new stimulus to spare no cost in making it one of the finest things possible. Monday is appointed for opening.

VARIETIES.

Volta.—In the year 1804 Volta obtained leave to retire from his professorship at Pavia (which he had held for thirty years), on condition of giving a few lectures every year. On that occasion Napoleon said to him, "Great men die on the field of honour." Volta never forgot this saying; and after the fall of Buonaparte, he remarked, in allusion to it, "He, however, has not kept his word with me."

Bar Folio.—Under this name a handsome and very convenient patent article has lately been produced by Messrs. Willis, of the Musical Repository: one well contrived to preserve their publications, and those of other music-sellers. It consists of boards, &c. like the common port-folio, but is so arranged with a silk string adapted to two strong bars in the back, that whatever is placed within may be fastened and secured, in half a minute, as perfectly as if it were bound in a volume. As the outside may be made of any size, we should recommend this invention for keeping newspapers, pamphlets, &c. as well as music; and, sooth to say, we have found a *bar folio* a most excellent covering for the *Literary Gazette*.

Charles the Tenth's Museum.—On the 15th of December was opened at Paris the new Museum called by the name of Charles the Tenth. It comprehends all the halls of the interior façade of the Louvre which looks to the north. These halls are nine in number. The central one has no particular destination; it is a kind of neutral ground between Egypt and Greece. It is ornamented with four clusters of marble columns, the pedestals and capitals of which are gilt. The pavement is also of marble, and is enriched with beautiful mosaic medallions. On each side of this grand hall are four others, splendidly decorated, and of various forms and dimensions. The first four, to which the entrance is by the great south staircase, are devoted to Egyptian antiquities; the other four, with one exception, to Grecian antiquities. The effect of the whole is very grand and imposing.

Herculaneum.—It is deeply to be regretted that the excavations at Herculaneum have been discontinued. Literature will suffer as severely as the arts by this circumstance; for it is Herculaneum alone that has furnished Greek and Latin manuscripts susceptible of being deciphered. Those found at Pompeii fall into dust. It would be necessary, however, to pull down Resina and Portici, in order to complete the excavation of Herculaneum; and such a step would be attended with considerable expense.

Switzerland.—Professor Orelli, of Zurich, has just deserved well of the learned world, by

classing and publishing, in a small volume, 257 Roman inscriptions, which have from time to time been discovered in Switzerland. A very able dissertation on the subject accompanies them.

Horticulture.—At the last sittings of the Horticultural Society of France, Mr. Loudon and Colonel Wright the traveller were admitted foreign members,—with about fifty Frenchmen: some ladies were also admitted. From a communication made to the Society, it appears that M. Boursault has imported from England upwards of fifty plants and flowers unknown to French botanists, or not previously cultivated in France.

American Eloquence.—A work, in five octavo volumes, called "The Eloquence of the United States," containing some of the finest specimens, from the beginning of the American revolution to the present time, has lately been published at Middletown, Connecticut. The style of its execution is highly creditable.

Irish Wit.—As Sir Walter Scott was riding (a few weeks ago) with a friend in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, he came to a field-gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, hastened to open for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding this civility by the present of sixpence, but found that he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here, my good fellow," said the baronet, "here is a shilling for you; but mind, you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honour!" exclaimed Pat; "may your honour live till I pay you!"

When the French landed at Bantry Bay, an Irish peasant, who was posted, with a musket, upon one of the cliffs, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an English officer with "What are you here for?" "'Faith, your honour," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humour, "they tell me I'm here for *century*."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Sermons by the Author of Waverley!!!—Religious Discourses, by a Layman, are announced; and it will excite the public curiosity to learn that they consist of *Three Sermons by Sir Walter Scott*. We do not feel at liberty to state the circumstances which led to their being composed; nor to say more of the author's consent to their being published, than that it does honour to the goodness of his heart, and proves that he is as sincere a Christian in practice as we have no doubt these discourses will shew him to be in precept. We certainly look both for great practical sense and noble eloquence in this remarkable publication.

Among the literary reports of the day, it is mentioned to us (but simply as a report) that a Selection from the Papers, Correspondence, &c. of the late Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, is likely to be published. Much of curious and interesting must have been deposited with one who had so much intimate intercourse with the world of literature.

Junius.—In our first Review will be found certain allusions to the authorship of Junius's Letters; upon which, by the by, a new light has lately broken. It is stated that the original of the famous letter to the king has been recently discovered at Stowe (the Duke of Buckingham's), with the signature of the writer; and it is added that none of the theories yet maintained have hit the real person. Our opinion leant to Lord G. Sackville; but, strong as the circumstantial evidence is *for* him, we are assured there is an allusion to him in one of Junius's Letters ("that he liked to be in the rear") which destroys the whole fabric, as it is undoubtedly the last thing which he would have allowed to be written. Burke, we never believed in; Sir P. Francis we have always disbelieved in;* and Dr. Wilmot, though supported by the Princess of Cumberland, &c. &c. &c. has never been our Junius. It has always been thought evident that the writer was connected with the Grenville family; and, therefore, it is likely enough that an escritoire at Stowe should produce this revelation; but it is said that Lord Grenville has requested it to be kept sacred during his life. Lloyd, the Secretary to the Right Hon. G. Grenville (if we recollect rightly), has been frequently mentioned (by Parr, Horne Tooke, &c.) as *the* Junius; but we are assured that Junius's last letter to Mr. Woodfall was dated only two days before Lloyd's death, under circumstances which make it impossible that he could have been the correspondent. We have only further to observe, that what adds to the probability of the new rumour is, that Junius in another letter, about the period in question, threatens to consummate his work by one grand stroke,—such as it would have been to publish his letter to the king, subscribed by his real name.

Among the notices of forthcoming works, we observe that a Poem entitled the Omnipotence of the Deity, by Mr. R. Montgomery, is announced.

* In spite of a very able article in the last Edinburgh Saturday's Post, which strenuously contends for Sir Philip's claim.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. 13, Part II. 8vo. 18*s*.—Britton's Picture of London, 1828, 18mo. 6*s*.; with Plates, 9*s*. sp.—Maccullock on Marsh Fever, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 10*s*. bds.—Posthumous Papers of a Person about Town, p. 8vo. 8*s*. bds.—Whims and Oddities for the Young, 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Harding's Yearly Account-Book, 1828, 1*l*. 1*s*. bds.; Half-Yearly, 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Grindlay's Views in India, Part IV., atlas 4to. 2*l*. 2*s*.—Sketches and Recollections of the West Indies, post 8vo. 9*s*. bds.—Illustrations of Friendship's Offering, royal 4to. 15*s*.; imperial 4to. proofs, 1*l*. 1*s*.—The English in India, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l*. 4*s*. bds.—Lanzi's Painting in Italy, by Roscoe, 6 vols. 8vo. 3*l*. 12*s*.; imperial 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Orme on Blasphemy, 12mo. 5*s*. bds.—Chalmers on Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments, 8vo. 6*s*. bds.—Dick's Philosophy of a Future State, 12mo. 6*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Berens's Second Selection from the Spectator, 12mo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Chevallier's Hulsean Lectures, 1827, 8vo. 12*s*. bds.—Carpenter's Scripture Natural History, 8vo. 14*s*. bds.—Monkeyana, or Men in Miniature, by T. Landseer, Part I. royal 4to. prints, India, 9*s*.; imperial 4to. 12*s*.—J. A. B. Beaumont on the Present State of Buenos Ayres and the Adjacent Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, 8vo.—The Pomological Magazine, Coloured Plates, No. III. 5*s*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

January.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	3	From 45.	to 37.	29.36	to 29.69
Friday	4	— 30.5	— 43.	29.81	— 29.57
Saturday	5	— 30.	— 35.	29.56	— 29.58
Sunday	6	— 30.	— 37.	29.71	— 29.86
Monday	7	— 29.5	— 36.	29.88	— 29.86
Tuesday	8	— 32.	— 37.	29.82	— 29.92
Wednesday	9	— 35.	— 27.	29.96	— 29.93

Wind variable, prevailing S.W. and S.E.

Generally cloudy; raining on the 4th and 5th: a little snow fell on the 9th.

Rain fallen, ·9 of an inch.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE PAST YEAR, 1827.

Month.	*Thermometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Barometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Rain.* In Inches.	*Winds.* N	S	E	W	NE	SE	NW	SW
January	52	8	33·88	44	30·16	28·92	29·7280	1·24	·3	3	2		1	6		5	14
February	56	10·5	38·41	45·5	30·40	29·39	29·9079	1·01	·225	2	1½	1		15½		2½	5½
March	61	24	43·63	37	30·18	28·70	29·5932	1·48	2·625	2	2			1		3½	22½
April	77	24	48·60	53	30·19	29·44	29·8644	·75	·85	2½	2½	2½	4	2½	3½	5	7½
May	76	31	54·84	45	30·03	29·10	29·6865	·93	1·975	3½		1½	1	6½	1½	2	15
June	79	34	59·67	45	30·19	29·50	29·8377	·69	1·	4	½	1	2½	4½	1	3	15½
July	83	40	64·78	43	30·30	29·64	29·9836	·66	1·3525		1½	1	3	2	5	5	13½
August	80	38	60·44	42	30·25	29·30	29.9033	·95	1·5	6		1	1	7	1½	6	6½
September	70	33	57·74	37	30·24	29·40	29·8883	·84	3·225	8	2	2	1½	2	4	2	6½
October	65	30	51·82	35	30·30	29·05	29·6625	1·25	3·375	5½	4	1½		4	5	3½	7½
November	63	19·5	42·57	43·5	30·32	29·34	29·8889	·98	1·45	5		1	2		5	9	8
December	57	27	43·95	30	30·58	28·97	29·7836	1·61	4·325	1	2		4		2	4	18
Year	83	8	49·53	75	30·58	28·70	29·8107	1·88	22·2125	42½	18	12½	20	51	28½	50½	142

An Explanation of the Manner in which the Meteorological Journal is kept.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground; the extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, in a similar situation; the daily range of the barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till eight in the evening: the weather and direction of the wind is the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude...... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Mr. Moss has favoured us with his general summary for the past year, to which we give insertion, as one of the chief advantages in these tables is derived from making comparisons.

Month.	*Thermometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Barometer.* Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.	Range.	*Winds.* N	S	E	W	NE	SE	NW	SW
January	52·5	16·0	24·25	36·5	30·05	29·04	29·674	1·01	4	3½	1½	1½	2½	3½	5	9½
February	52·5	18·5	33·17	34·0	30·28	28·71	29·805	1·57	6½	1	4		10½	2½	2	1½
March	57·0	28·5	43·84	28·5	30·02	28·62	29·484	1·4	3	4		7½		½	5	11
April	74·0	32·0	49·025	42·0	30·06	29·33	29·796	·73		8½	1	8	5	1½	2½	3½
May	73·5	40·5	55·153	33·0	29·88	29·14	29·54	·74	1	5	2	1	2	4		16
June	77·5	44·5	58·60	33·0	30·04	29·36	29·881	·69	1	1		5	5	½	5	12½
July	80·5	52·5	64·1	28·0	30·13	29·46	29·828	·67	2½	1½	3	6½		6	1	10½
August	74·0	46·5	60·37	27·5	30·12	29·15	29·765	·97	5	1	2½	3	7½	2	5	5
September	68·5	49·5	57·76	20·0	30·07	29·25	29·735	·82	1½	5	4	4	6½	1½	2½	5
October	61·5	38·0	58·43	23·5	30·14	28·92	29·531	1·22	2½	3½	7½		2	9½		6
November	60·0	25·0	45·72	35·0	30·11	29·16	29·76	·95	4½	3½		½		7½	2	12
December	55·5	27·0	45·42	28·5	30·37	28·92	29·582	1·45	½	6½		3½		4	2½	14
Year	80·5	16·0	49·158	64·5	30·37	28·62	29·693	1·75	32	44	25½	40½	41	43	32½	106½

An Explanation, &c.

The temperature is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, suspended about five feet from the ground, in a north-east aspect, and the observation made daily at eight o'clock A. M. The winds and barometer are registered at eight o'clock A. M. and eight o'clock P. M.

SAMUEL MOSS.

150, *High Street, Cheltenham.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ An Advertisement having appeared in the Morning Chronicle and John Bull respecting the Literary Gazette, we feel bound to say a word or two upon the matter to our readers. We are grateful to the advertisers for so distinctly overthrowing one falsehood very industriously circulated to our prejudice, namely, that the Literary Gazette was influenced by certain booksellers and publishers who were connected with it. This imputation we always scorned, but we are glad it is ended by Mr. Colburn's having declared that he has joined another journal, because he "had frequent occasion to be dissatisfied with the manner in which the Editor (of the L. G.), to whom its interests were confided, has spoken of some of *his writers* on the liberal side in politics," &c. Looking for more complaisance elsewhere, it is but natural to seek that co-operation so essential to the sale of works which in honour and conscience *we* could not commend; but we will not permit a new falsehood to be grafted on the stock of the old one cut down. Neither liberal nor illiberal politics ever swayed our judgment upon any author—and from political books we have ever sedulously abstained. We cannot help, indeed, being accused of Toryism for saying that a prurient picture of vicious Irishwomen was calculated to dim the purity, if not vitiate the morals of female readers; nor of Whiggism, for thinking the bestialities of the Empress Catherine unfit for modest eyes; and these are the only politics in which we have ever indulged, as every No. of the Gazette, commending or reprehending indifferently writers of all parties, amply testifies. We shall pursue the same direct and independent course so long as this journal exists, neither seduced by favours which require sacrifices of principle in return, nor diverted from our plan by systematic puffing in the way of opposition.

The press of other matter obliges us to defer our second notice of Chateaubriand; the Laird of Mac Nab's Opinion of the Russians; and many other articles intended for speedy publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' DRAWING SOCIETY for the Study of the Antique and Living Models. The Second Winter Quarter of the above Society commenced the 1st of January.

Persons desirous of becoming Subscribers are directed to apply to one of the Members of the Committee, or at the place of study, Savoy Street, Strand, any evening after Six o'Clock.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW. On Saturday Morning will be published, to be had *gratis*, Rejoinder of the Proprietors of this Work to the "Reply of the Foreign Review." With this publication they beg to announce their resolution of withdrawing from all farther controversy with their opponents; the circumstances detailed in this and their previous statement being such as they conceive will fully justify them in the eyes of the public for rigidly adhering to that determination. Admitting in the fullest degree the justice of the observation in a contemporary independent journal (the Atlas),—"We must consider the act of printing equal to the force of an affidavit, and where a fact is asserted in type, receive it with the credit due to an oath,"—they will stake their reputation on the truth and correctness of the details given in these two papers, and will leave it to the public to abide by, or dissent from, the conclusions drawn by the same print, accordingly. "Granting that the statement of the circumstances out of which the original work arose, is correct—and we have nothing for it but the deliberate printed avowal of a house of high respectability—is there a man in England who will hesitate to declare, that the second prospectus is fraudulent in all its bearings?"

The Third Number of the Foreign Quarterly Review will appear before the middle of February.

30, Soho Square, Thursday Morning, 10th Jan. 1828.

This day is published, price 7*s.* 6*d.* No. II. of

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Contents. I. Daru's History of Brittany—II. Life and Writings of Ernest Schultze—III. Cousin's Philosophical Fragments—IV. Balbi's Ethnographical Atlas—V. De Bausset's Memoirs of Napoleon—VI. Fraunhofer on the Refractive and Dispersive Powers of Glass, and the Achromatic Telescope—VII. Southern Germany—VIII. Von Hammer's History of the Assassins—IX. Dupin's Productive and Commercial Powers of France—X. Manzoni's Betrothed, a Romance—XI. Catholicism in Silesia—XII. Modern German Tragedy; Klingemann's Ahasuerus—XIII. Russian Literature—XIV. Delambre's History of the Astronomy of the Eighteenth Century—XV. German Pocket Books for 1828—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. II.—List of the Principal Works published on the Continent from July to October 1827.

No. III. will be published in a few Weeks.

Printed for Treuttel and Würtz, Treuttel, Jun. and Richter, Foreign Booksellers to the King, 30, Soho Square.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL, a New Weekly Review, price 3*d.* By the omission of such "Essays upon things in general," "Sketches of nothing at all," as occupy a large portion of other literary periodicals, this publication, at a price less than half of any similar one, furnishes as copious reviews of all new books, and conveys as much literary information, in a mode equal, if not superior, to that which they adopt.

No. II. will be published on Saturday next, by James Robins and Co. Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

Portrait of the Lord High Admiral.

Price 5*s.* 6*d.* boards, or 7*s.* half-bound, Vol. X. of the

MIRROR of LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, and INSTRUCTION, containing a Portrait and Memoir of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, an Engraving of the King's New Palace, a Ground Plan of the Improvements in St. James's Park, a View of Navarino and the Island of Sphagia, with a Plan of the Port and Town. The New Steam Carriage, and nearly 60 other Engravings, with interesting Descriptions.

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No. 574. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Italy, 1819-22; with Illustrations of the present State of Religion in that Country. 12mo. pp. 356. London, 1828, J. Murray: Dublin, R. M. Tims; and Curry and Co.

In briefly stating the character of this volume, we have to observe, that its superiority over many Italian tours has been obtained by the author's length of residence in that country, which enabled her to see more, and examine what she saw less hurriedly, than the generality of hasty travellers and hasty writers. The chief defect in her work is her dwelling so minutely on personal and family circumstances, which, though melancholy and affecting to the parties concerned, have no interest for the public: thus the death of her niece and her brother-in-law, and the sicknesses of other friends and relations, are, in our opinion, injudiciously introduced, and far too minutely detailed. The third leading feature of the book is its religious views. The author belongs to that very serious class of persons who are often distinguished by the name of Saints; and almost every incident is made the theme of moral or religious reflections. On this portion we pass no judgment: it will recommend the work to many of the same way of thinking and turn of mind; and it will be thought a blemish by those of an opposite cast. There is, we must, however, say, rather too much of it; and some, as we shall exemplify, not in very good taste.

Having thus shortly prefaced our review, we shall proceed to analysis, and lay before our readers some specimens of the three principal heads to which we have alluded. The lady (a native of Ireland) sails for Genoa, to join Sir Walter S—— and her sister (his wife), who, with their family, are travelling in Italy. She is a poor helpless creature for encountering difficulties or dangers. The tremors and terrors of this voyage are followed by equally portentous and threatening ills on land. Passports are required—carriages are likely to overset—the roads are full of perils—the inns full of any thing but accommodations. On the way from Florence to Sienna (for instance), our unfortunate countrywoman tells us,—"We have just supped at breakfast. My vetturino is engaged to give me two meals each day; that which we have now served up (I know not whether it will be breakfast or dinner) consists of a little cold dried up bird, some fried vegetables, and some beans in the pod. Luckily I am not hungry, for here there would be nothing to satisfy my appetite. I longed to ask for a boiled egg, but, certain of not being able to repay myself rightly, I did not make the attempt. We remained here from twelve till five o'clock, during the hottest part of the day. A traveller of a firmer temperament would have taken a siesta, or some other expedient, to get the egg; as a friend of our's, a Prussian baroness, did. He clucked for [illegible] at the inn; but that was [illegible]. The next effort was to squat down and flap his arms, as if they were wings, and alternately imitate (to the best of his power) the chuckle of dame partlet and the crowing of her husband chanticleer: but still the obtuse German attendant was impenetrable. At last, however, the starving stranger ran to a canary in a cage, and, by combining bird with all his other symbols and contortions, succeeded in making his wants understood, and obtaining not only eggs, but such peals of laughter as resounded in that hostelry for many a long day.

A little further on, the author loses a travelling companion, which matter she states in the following terms:—"After breakfast my fellow-traveller told me that he had reached the end of his journey with me—that Civita Vecchia was the place of his destination, which lay in a different route from that which I was going. I heard this news with concern, as I felt his presence a kind of protection; he was very obliging in getting things for me, *and no annoyance*. My regret was increased by accounts—which I had heard at the last place at which we stopped—of banditti, who, should they now assail us, would meet with little resistance. My vetturino is a feeble old man, nodding over the backs of his mules, which appear nearly as worn-out as himself, while they move along step by step, at a pace so slow that I often think they will stop altogether." Indeed small troubles and inconveniences seem to have been great with our fair wanderer. Once when the horses in a carriage going before that in which she was, on a narrow road, became restive, it is thus magnified: "They took fright at some mules which filled up the road before them, and, suddenly rearing and plunging most frightfully, turned round upon us. I saw no possibility of escape between the high walls; and, in the expectation of instant death, held my darling child in my arms, earnestly recommending myself and her to the protection of Him who has power to save. We looked round us, and the danger was passed; the horses had plunged till they came against the wall, where they injured themselves, and broke the carriage to pieces; with *wonder* and thankfulness we acknowledge the goodness of God in our preservation. My sister was afterwards told, that a man coming by and seeing our danger, had caught the horses' reins; but we neither of us had perceived it."

But we need not dwell on these trifles; the subjoined various extracts are more illustrative of the valuable parts of the writer's observations. Near Pompeii (she relates)—

"This evening we passed a bridal procession. The bride and bridegroom walked first, followed by a train of female attendants. At some distance behind them, the dowry-box was borne on the back of a mule, its head and neck adorned with gay-coloured ribands, from which were suspended many tinkling bells. The dowry-box is a large chest, with drawers of fine wood, beautifully inlaid, which contains the corredo, or wardrobe of the bride, which is generally to last her life. In the drawers are her ornaments and bridal presents, given previously by her friends and relatives. Next followed two men, carrying a square basket with the shoes of the bride, of every gay colour, arranged in order round from the centre to the edge: this group closed the procession. The jewellery is preserved in every family from generation to generation, with so much care, that the most abject poverty will not tempt them to part from it. This accounts for our frequently meeting the most miserable-looking women, in wretched clothing, without shoes or stockings, in piteous accents imploring alms, yet having in their ears solid gold ear-rings reaching to their shoulders, strings of coral or gold chains about their necks, and every finger loaded with rings. On gala days the Contadine display all their finery; we often meet them with gold chains, and many rows of pearl round their necks, their silk bodies with loose white sleeves, richly laced and embroidered with gold, the petticoat of a different colour, very much trimmed and ornamented. In general, they are handsome women; they have dark penetrating eyes, and a quantity of glossy black hair, which they wear combed up off the forehead, and twisted round the crown of the head, where it is tied with a string, then folded back, and fastened with a long silver skewer: nothing can be more unbecoming than their manner of dressing the hair. A gentleman at Naples told us, that it is not uncommon to see gold chains, of 600 crowns value, round the neck of a Contadina on the festival days. Silk is the manufacture of Sorrento. Before the door of every house, women are employed in winding, or weaving it into ribands."

At Rome, she also tells, "we went to see the 'Church of the Dead.' This church belongs to a fraternity calling themselves 'The Company of the Dead,' who make it their business to search for and bury all the dead bodies of unknown persons in Rome and its environs. A regular list, divided into months, specifies how many are found in each month of the year. The number of victims of whose untimely end no notice is taken by the ruling powers is truly astonishing. How thankful may we be for our laws, where the dead body of the meanest beggar thus found would excite the strictest investigation. Such occurrences here are never permitted to be mentioned in any of the public papers, far less commented upon. In our privileged country, though the freedom of the press may be abused, we know that no such event could be concealed, even if it could happen. The church is open only during the first eight days of this month [November] in every year, to say masses for the dead, for which a collection is made at the door; every one who enters must give something. On entering, you descend some steps as if into a vault, but not a dark one, for the church is well lighted up, that its ornaments may be seen to advantage; these are human bones, with which the walls are well covered. On the centre of one wall a scull is fixed, surrounded

by a frame of bones, to contain holy water; and infant bones form an *à la Grecque* border in compartments on the walls. A branch chandelier, entirely formed of bones, is also suspended from the roof. The vertebræ of the back, and sockets of the joints, are strung together for loops and chains, and form wreaths round the walls. In an inner apartment adjoining was a representation of our Lord raising Lazarus from the dead; the figures in composition as large as life, and remarkably well executed.--The Church del Santo Spirito, something similar to this, is to be seen at this time only of the year. The entrance is through a burying-ground, the graves as close as possible; they are little mounds of clay, inscribed with the name of the deceased. No green sod, nor stone, lies upon any of them; a scull and cross-bones are laid on each, and at the head grows a cypress. Before the church-door there is a pillar of dead bones; the vertebræ of the back and jaw-bones, linked together, surround it, and form a frieze at top. The walls enclosing the burying-ground are ornamented in the same manner. On entering the church we saw a group, which, for some seconds, I mistook for living persons. It was a representation of St. Peter raising Dorcas; a number of women and children in the back-ground hold up the garments which she had made. These representations are changed every year. We were obliged to pass through the burial-ground of an hospital (in which above one hundred persons have died this year), to see another fine representation of our Lord crowned with thorns; but were so disgusted at this place that we could hardly stay to look at the figure. A little cavity is made on the surface of the ground, in which the dead body is laid without a coffin, or any covering but a small proportion of earth, over which a stone is so lightly placed as not to prevent the most offensive exhalations, which must, of course, spread contagion in the adjoining hospital. In another part of this building there is a receptacle for foundlings, which is also badly managed. Nuns are appointed to take care of the children, three of whom are committed to the care of each nun; but few are reared."

The following are also characteristic:—

"A few days ago, we heard of an accident having happened through the carelessness of a cardinal's coachman, who, by driving furiously, threw down and killed a little boy. The law on such occasions is, to bayonet the horses. But the cardinal, supposing that his dignity would exempt him from the penalty, cried out, 'Sono un Cardinale!' The indignant populace answered, 'say rather you are an executioner.' His horses were poniarded without mercy."

"Mr. ——, who, from his long residence here, is well acquainted with the state of Italian society, in which he mixes more than the English do in general, comes to us frequently of an evening, with many an amusing anecdote. A Roman lady of distinction, jestingly invited him to be her cavaliere servente; he said, that he must be made acquainted with the duties of one before he entered into any engagement. She answered, that the business of a cavaliere servente, in the first place, was to be at the door of his lady in the morning, as soon as her night's repose was at an end, to inquire after her health; to be ready to attend her toilette; in case she dropped her pincushion or gloves, to pick them up; to read to her when she reclined on a sofa; to drive out with her in the carriage; to accompany her to the conversazione and the theatre; to exert himself to find out amusement for her all the day; to carry her fan, and nurse her lap-dog, &c. Mr. —— answered, that these employments would never suit an Englishman; he must therefore decline the honour which she proposed. He gave us a ludicrous account of the ignorance of an Italian Signora, at whose house he was, at a conversazione, a few evenings ago. Marquess C—— said, in her hearing, that the Conde de F—— being sent by the King of Portugal from the Brazils on an embassy to the Pope, to congratulate him on his restoration from his exile and captivity under Buonaparte, found, on being presented to his holiness, that he had forgotten his credentials; 'but,' added the Marquess, 'luckily he had only left them at the Farnese palace; had it been at the Brazils, months must have elapsed before he could have performed his embassy.' 'You astonish me,' cried the Signora, 'I had no idea that Corsica could be so distant; are not the Brazils part of Corsica?' 'No, Signora,' answered the Marquess (with a gravity which at least an *Irishman* could hardly have commanded), 'the Brazils are in America.' 'America! and where is America?' 'America is the new world.' 'Is there a *new* world?' 'Yes, surely, discovered by Christopher Columbus.' '*O che bella nuovita!*' And she called aloud to the company to announce the wonderful intelligence. 'A new world is discovered by Christopher Columbus, and an ambassador has been sent to congratulate the Pope.' 'From whom have you heard this?' exclaimed different voices, '*Eccole*,' cried the Signora, directing every eye to the Marquess, as she said, '*Signore, Marchese, le prego mi dica da chi l'ha inteso?*' '*Dal mio nonno*,' answered the Marquess, '*ed il mio nonno l'ha inteso dal nonno suo.*'—Some of the nobility, when reduced in their circumstances, think it no degradation to go about soliciting alms, and will thankfully receive the smallest contribution."

This is not the only example of gross ignorance. "A nobleman (says the author) who is one of our most constant visitors, asked my sister last night, 'Who wrote Tasso?' 'who translated it into Italian?' and whether 'Virgil were the author of the Gerusalemme Liberata?' • • •

"We were greatly amused this day passing through the market, to see things exposed for sale which we should hardly suppose human creatures would voluntarily use as food; amongst these were many baskets of frogs and shell-snails, the latter crawling out, while boys were employed to put them back with rods; the former had been skinned, and looked white like chicken. There is, indeed, hardly any description of bird, beast, or fish, known to us, which may not be seen on the stalls; such as owls, vultures, kites, bitterns, tomtits, cats, hedgehogs, ravens, sharks, &c. &c. Some days ago our cook sent up a hare at dinner, ornamented with the hairy paws, as they had been cut off before it was dressed. Being asked an explanation, he said it was done to prove that he had roasted a hare, not a cat, for dinner."

At Pisa there are many Jews: "They have a superstition, that when a dead body is carried out for interment, if a dog pass under the bier, the funeral must be postponed for the day, and the body is conveyed back from whence it was brought. The mob take pleasure in hunting dogs in such a direction as to make them pass under the bier, as soon as they discover the Jew's funeral procession."

Whatever charity the writer may have for Jewish superstitions, she has none for those of the Roman Catholic Church, and seems, indeed, to have felt her sense sadly outraged by its observances, pageantries, and miracles. At Ariccia (near Albano), she says:—

"The worship of Diana, once the tutelary goddess of this place, is now superseded by that of the Virgin. Over the door of the church dedicated to her is that inscription in Latin so shocking to the eye of a Protestant, 'Sacred to Maria equal to God the Father.' This inscription is also seen on one of the churches in the Corso at Rome; and on many others in Italy. My brother-in-law, with his family, passed last summer in this place, and had an opportunity of witnessing some of their ceremonies. On St. Anne's day two little girls were brought into the church, one to represent St. Anne, the other the Virgin, whose distinguishing badge was a crown on her head. The latter was placed on an eminence before the high altar; and the whole congregation knelt down before this little representative of the Queen of Heaven. The children employed on these occasions are always chosen on account of some uncommon merit, either of themselves or of their parents, as it is considered a peculiar honour.—Under the house which my brother-in-law inhabited, there is one of those vaults or caverns which I have already mentioned. In the lava of which its sides are composed, there is a curious impression of an entire skeleton of a deer, with branching horns: the bones had mouldered away. Near this place were also discovered several sepulchral urns deeply imbedded in lava, which, from their peculiar forms, are supposed to be antediluvian; no similar urns, or even models, having ever been seen before. Sir W. S. wished much to procure one of these, and offered twenty guineas for one of the smallest, but he could not procure it for less than fifty."

The annexed will exhibit (without comment) our reasons for objecting to the religious sentiments which abound in the work. At Orvietó, where the party staid some time—

"We begin to discover, that there is some idea among these people that we may be converted; for which purpose we have had visits from a number of priests as well as from the bishop. The subject of religion is very frequently introduced, particularly by the canonico, who seems well furnished in controversial arguments, which he sometimes addresses to our dear little Anny, thinking that her youthful mind might be more easily influenced. But the manner in which she answers him surprises us all: she says that she now feels the use of having listened with attention to the arguments which a Protestant clergyman addressed to a German lady at Rome, whose wavering faith had induced her to apply to him for instruction. One day at dinner, the canonico ironically asked who was the head of our church? Anny in a moment answered, 'Jesus Christ is the head of our church.'"

The child was thirteen years old, and died soon after! of which sad event the details are lamentable. *Ex. gr.*

"She dozed most of Wednesday, but towards mid-day had a dreadful struggle, which her poor mother could not witness without being much affected; and perceiving her in tears, the dear child appeared greatly distressed, most anxiously inquiring if she had done any thing to hurt her mamma. She had always evinced the strongest attachment to both her parents; and, now that the lamp of life was nearly extinct, her tongue refused to give utterance to

to feelings of her heart; her languid eyes followed them wherever they moved, with an indescribable expression of fondness. Towards evening my sister asked her if she knew that she was going to heaven; she answered tranquilly, 'No, mamma, I did not.' A little after, she said, 'Mamma, I am trying to recollect the penitent thief.' Her mother answered, 'My love, you are no penitent thief, you are an accepted child.' 'I hope so, mamma.' And then she begged to have the raising of the son of the widow of Nain read to her, and asked in what chapter it was contained. She requested that mamma would sit up with her all night, first enquiring from the doctor, whom she perceived at the bed-side, whether it would injure her mamma's health to sit up with her, and whether it would do her papa any harm to remain with her at night beyond his usual hour. Thus anxious was she about those whom she had always loved, when, as the doctor said, the dew of death was on her forehead, and from the painful heaving of her breast, he thought it impossible that she would hold out till morning. Her respiration was difficult, yet she attended to her papa's conversation with Mrs. ——, and hearing them mention Barrow's name, observed, that 'Barrow was one of the fathers.' * * *

'In the evening, as my sister and I hung over her at each side of the bed, her mother asked her, 'Who loved her?' she answered, 'Mamma.' 'But who loves you better than mamma?' 'God.' 'And who are you going to?' 'To God.' Then turning her dying eyes on me, she said, as if to comfort me, (and what greater comfort could she have given me,) 'Aunty, I am going to God.' The doctor thought, from the strength of her pulse, that she might continue to linger for some time, and every one left us. My sister talked to her of the eternal abode in which all the redeemed find an eternal shelter; and that even the door stood open to receive her, from whence she hoped, that she would be appointed the guardian angel of her parents and little brother and sister: to which she answered, with very frequent repetition, 'Oh, let us all go together.' About twelve o'clock I asked her if she knew me? she answered, 'Yes, aunty.' I watched that darling child, who from infancy was dearer to me than my own life, passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and I did not shed a tear! An immortal spirit had been permitted to make a transient abode amongst us; and, freed from its earthly contaminations by the blood of the Saviour, was now struggling to escape from its prison-house, that it might return to its native regions. And may we not be permitted to hope, that the glorified spirit hovers around us; that the mother's wish is fulfilled; and that it is now the guardian of those by whom is was so cherished? * *

A tomb of white stone, modelled after the form of that of Scipio, is erected over her grave. To see it properly done has been the occupation of her bereaved parents, whose favourite walk is to visit the interesting spot, not so much to bewail their loss, as to express their thankfulness for having given birth to so angelic spirit."

The same tone when the father dies.

"In the lonely reading to him these words, 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God,' he exclaimed, 'Oh, if I were even a stone to be trampled on in the house of my God, it would be better than I deserve.'"

Cold, unconscious stone—a piece of marble! The tomb for the interesting girl forms the frontispiece to the volume; and has, among others, an Italian inscription from the pen of Mr. Mathias:

> "Sta lagrimando il Padre: Ahi, sacro è il pianto:
> Fede dal' ciel confortatrice scende:
> Piange al Fèretrc afflitto il Padre accanto
> Al suo Dio il Cristian l'Angiola rende."

An English verse on the same monument is very unlucky in its expression of grief in the last line:

> "Her dawn of perfection was rare;
> She was gentle, and tender, and wise,
> She was modest, and patient, and fair;
> ALAS! *she was ripe for the skies.*"

But our task is also done; and we have only to conclude with a literary notice.

"We are just returned from a visit to the Vatican library, which, at first sight, greatly disappointed us; the books are all locked up in close cases, unless the sight of them is particularly requested; and then, only one book at a time is produced. We saw the Old Testament in letters of gold, and some other very curious MSS. We then walked through the beautiful suite of apartments belonging to this branch of the Vatican. Some of our party having expressed a wish to see Mai, who recently discovered a lost work of Cicero, we were shewn into the apartments where he sat, surrounded with old books and parchments. His manner was intelligent and obliging; he seemed to take pleasure in explaining to us, with the greatest accuracy, how the discovery was made, at the same time shewing us the ancient manuscripts. We were told that the library contains 30,000 manuscripts, besides an immense quantity of books, in almost all written languages. Eleven pontiffs have formed the collection, and two centuries have passed in completing it. There are two very fine statues, one of Aristides, the other of S. Hippolytus, on the pedestal of which is written the ancient Pascal calendar. There are also some very ancient Greek paintings; the famous Etruscan boy found in the Via Tarquinia, whose captivating smile is so much admired; and many other curious and beautiful specimens of the productions of antiquity, adorn this noble part of the repository."

It may, we think, be gathered from the foregoing, that there is, as we set out by observing in substance, much to inform and please, and something to offend good taste in this volume. At all events the author is sincere; and her publishers have done her the wise office of submitting her labours to the world in a simple form, and at a very moderate cost; an example well worthy of being imitated, instead of manufacturing ponderous and expensive works out of insignificant and impertinent materials.

De Beauvoir; or, Second Love. 3 vols. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

WRITTEN with great elegance of language, and an occasional grace of illustration which is quite poetical: witness the following little extract:—"Circumstance, the veiled tyrant, at whose mandate the fluctuations of human feeling ebb and flow;—circumstance, which, like the light and tasteful bracelet formed of iron, enchains us with the semblance of fragility and the reality of power."

The narrative part is somewhat involved: the fair author, (for a lady it must be;—there is a fineness in a female hand never to be mistaken,) has allowed the fairy paths of invention to open too many of its mazes: the period of action is too long for our present style of novel; but no one can deny their sympathy to the parts relating to the interesting and high-minded Amelia; certainly in them the writer has been most successful. Lord Beauvoir's will be a good sketch to shew how the characters are drawn.

"Lord de Beauvoir loved society, but it was with that sort of love which makes a plaything of its object. He liked to watch the glancing of its sunbeam, and to mark the variation of its shadow. It was a pleasure to him to read the thoughts of men, whether they were written in smiles or frowns. From the circumstances in which he had been placed, he had made it a point of conscience to study and to discover the characters of those around him; and as in cases of public importance he had often placed beyond a doubt the correctness, and felt the full advantage of the decisions he had formed, it was scarcely to be wondered at, that, trusting by habit to this judgment still, he came frequently to his conclusions where others drew their premises. The doctrine of first impressions seems at first sight of a nature too doubtful and sentimental to be identified with that cool judgment which the discerning form of character; but when the conviction, which reaches us through the medium of the imagination, has in it the distinctness and the power which characterise that whose decree is registered by the judgment, we may be allowed to suppose that the sympathy of the mind has but antedated the result which would have waited on the process of its reasoning. So it was, at least, frequently with Lord de Beauvoir; and looking round from the vantage ground on which he stood, he knew how to win to his side the prejudices and the passions of mankind, and to amuse himself, if so it may be said, at a distance with his own."

Lady Clanallan will be a good pendant to this.

"Lady Clanallan brought with her to the castle all her artillery of graces, and she soon began to consider in what direction it should be planted. To conquer the admiration of her noble host would be the feat *par excellence.* He was one whom the world had looked on as he walked; and he carried with him into his retirement an air of easy and graceful consciousness that it had done so. But Lady Clanallan had a sort of wavering impression on her mind, that the subjugation at which she aimed would be accomplished with difficulty, and that when attained its tenure would be insecure: and although it is affirmed, in some cases, that the very idea of obstacle gives animation to the pursuit, yet, in others, where constitutional indolence unites with pride—the pride which esteems rank only as an accessary, but which makes that and other things ministers to its own importance—in such cases the individuals are scarcely willing to compromise their ease or their self-complacency by taking post in the arena and running the hazard of the contest. How pleasant to receive the homage that waits on us! It is like the courtly compliments that are paid to kings,—but kings descend not from their thrones."

One more simile, and we have done.

"When once fortune begins to smile, it seems as if she determined to smile always. It is like Aladdin walking through his garden of jewels — the light cast by the first he has gathered shews him where he may gather more."

We should think these volumes would be popular, more especially among the fairest of their readers; but we beg to protest against their system of constancy. The author possesses taste, powers, and feelings, which must interest; though in the present rage for writings not founded on nature, but on artificial accounts of artificial society, they may not produce their

full effect. Her first volume appears to be more immature than the later two. We avoid saying a word of the story—for we would not spoil a good, nor attempt to unravel an intricate one.

Travels in Buenos Ayres and the adjacent Provinces of the Rio de la Plata. By J. A. B. Beaumont, Esq. 8vo. pp. 270. London, 1828. Ridgway.

THE youthful author of this volume is the son of Mr. Barber Beaumont, who having embarked largely in speculations, the scene of which was laid in the country here described, had every reason to investigate its capabilities and resources to the utmost; and accordingly we find the following data laid down in a short prefix:

"In bringing a remote country under consideration, as suited for the employment of European capital and enterprise, it is the bounden duty of the narrator to set forth, not merely the natural advantages and capabilities which the country may possess, but the local obstructions, of whatever kind, which are likely to defeat the calculations of the capitalist and the emigrant. The neglect of this salutary rule has been productive of immense sacrifices and disappointment to those who have ventured their property and their persons in Buenos Ayres. The writer of these pages and some of his friends have been considerable sufferers from partial representations; they have themselves largely contributed to draw the attention of the British public to the advantages of Buenos Ayres for agricultural emigrants: but he has now seen the country, and the acts of its government, with his own eyes—he has bought his experience at a high price; and he thinks it a duty which he owes to his countrymen and the public to offer them the benefit of that experience. The natural capabilities of the country are of the first order, and these must endure; but the obstructions to their present development, owing to moral and political causes, are such as to demand serious attention."

An intimate acquaintance with the diplomatic agents of Buenos Ayres who visited London in 1824-5, was a useful preparation for the voyage; and nearly a year's residence in the country itself afforded sufficient opportunities for completing the stock of needful information. It is not for us to determine on the full extent of weight which should be attached to the writer's remarks and opinions; but he certainly does make out a strong *primâ facie* case, that the credulous English capitalists have been deplorably duped by these Creole tricksters. To have put others on their guard against similar impositions, is a marked merit in the publication:—as for those already embarked, we are convinced by it that they are never likely to see another dividend.

Here is a picture of Buenos Ayres.

"Every *estancia* has a master herdsman (*capataz*), who has under him a *peon* for every thousand head of cattle, or thereabouts. The business of the farm consists in riding round the herds occasionally, followed by dogs, and gathering them into one spot (*rodeo*), where they are kept some time, and then allowed to disperse. This is done to accustom the cattle to keep together, and to disincline them from straying. At other times they are employed in marking the cattle with the stamp of the estate, in cutting young steers and foals, in breaking-in young horses, and, in winter and spring, in killing cattle, for their hides, tallow, and jerked beef (*cheroa*). The *capataz*, and the *peons* who are married, have generally separate huts. The furniture of these huts usually consists of a barrel to hold water, a small copper pot to boil the water for *máte*, a few gourds, used as *máte* cups, a large iron pot to boil meat in, a bull's horn to drink from, and some sticks, or wooden spits, for roasting the meat. Ox-sculls generally serve to sit on, but some have a few manufactured stools, or a bench, and a bed to sleep on. This last consists of a frame, on which a hide is stretched, and which is raised on four legs, about a foot from the floor. The *peons* more generally sleep on the ground and on their horses' furniture (*recado*). This consists of one or two coarse cloths, of about two yards by one, which are folded and laid on the horses' backs, to receive the saddle; a piece of hide, nearly five feet by two, is laid over the cloths, then comes the saddle, a wooden tree with a high pummel and crupper, stuffed with straw and covered with leather; this at night forms the pillow. The saddle is, indeed, of very general use to the herdsman; it not only furnishes his bed-room, but his *cuisine*—for when other means are not at hand for dressing his meat while travelling, he puts it between the saddle and the horse's back; and after a good gallop, it is turned out very tender, well soaked in gravy, and enough done. This is frequently described, but I never saw it. Another use of the saddle is to secure their clothes against a storm. When they are out on the plains, and a heavy rain is about to descend, they take off their clothes (an operation which, without some pressing occasion, they do not take the trouble to do sometimes for weeks together), and place them under the saddle; they then ride about stark naked, under a plentiful shower-bath, and after this is exhausted, they resume their dry clothes. This, too, is as the story goes; I never saw it. The rural population of these provinces is sadly deficient in female charms; one may travel for days together without seeing a woman. It really might appear as though but few of them were suffered to live, in conformity with the practices of the Indians; but, in fact, this seeming paucity of females arises from their being almost always within doors—while the men being always on horseback, are as habitually in the open air. Their non-appearance, however, is not so great a draw-back on the charms of the country as might be supposed, for they are very deficient in the enlivening characteristics of the English country girls; the ruddy complexion, the white though coarse linen, and the decent apparel of our own peasantry, they are strangers to. Their covering is little more than a coarse woollen gown; they are without hats, caps, stays, shoes, or stockings. I never saw any washing of their garments going on in the country; and, from appearances, I should think that neither their clothing nor skins underwent that ceremony unless upon extraordinary occasions. The routine of their family occupation seems to consist in making up the fire to boil the pot for *máte*, cooking the dinner, and rocking the child (if there be one) in a little hammock slung from the roof. As they have no floors to wash, or other ablutions to perform—furniture to set to rights—hose to darn—gardens to trim—fields to work in, or books to read, their vacant hours are numerous, and are past in listless idleness, or in smoking cigars, of which a large consumption takes place among this fair, or rather whity-brown part of the creation. I never had the good fortune to fall into the society of the peasantry at any of their festive scenes; perhaps the population is too scattered to render such meetings frequent. The only general meeting and jollification of the two sexes which I noticed, was at the Arroyo de la China, in the River Uraguay, where the natives assembled in good numbers to bathe; and the female performers, unencumbered by clothing, swam about with their male acquaintances, and rallied many of our men, who joined their party, upon their inability to compete with them in their aquatic sports.

Travelling fare is not more inviting;—and one instance will serve to shew its attractions.

"In a dark and dismal shed, for such was our refectory, and in the centre of the floor, which was the bare earth, a hollow appeared about two feet in diameter. In this a quantity of wood was lighted, and on a wooden or iron spit, which was driven into the ground and sloped over the fire, a large piece of beef hung to roast; around the fire were the skeletons of horses' and bullocks' heads, to serve for seats. The fire-wood crackled, and the fat hissed, and the light flickered on the ghastly sculls. A gaunt figure, with a dark, haggard countenance, overshadowed with black beetling brows and matted long hair, stood feeding the fire, until I almost fancied I saw Gaspar about to cast 'the seventh bullet.' The hour of repast at length arrived, when several other *peons* entering, joined our party, and soon proceeded to business: each took his head and drew it to the fire, and being seated thereon, grasped his long knife, and proceeded to do the honours of the spit. This consisted in feeling the meat with his dirty hands, to discover the tenderest or best-cooked parts, and then cutting off a slice eight or nine inches long. One end of the meat so cut off he held in his fist, and the other end he poked into his mouth; and when he had got into it as much as it would well hold, by a stroke of his knife he separated the mouthful from the handful, and proceeded in the work of mastication. This was the way with them all; praising the goodness of the meat, and talking and laughing all the while in a manner that rendered it surprising that they did not sometimes cut off their noses instead of the steak: however large the piece of meat, they seldom made more than three mouthsful of it, and these they gulped down with astonishing quickness. The dissection of the roast limb being completed, and little more than a bare bone being left on the spit, the second course was introduced. The *caldo*, a pot of broth and meat, was then uncovered; this stood a little on one side of the fire, so that the party had to shift their seats, and lay their heads together in a closer circle. The meat was then drawn from the pot by the fingers of one of the party, and he and the rest cut and ate it on the same principles of carving and devouring as were used with the roast meat. The broth was drunk with the assistance of scollop shells; but, as there was a deficiency in the number of these, one shell had to salute many lips. In sipping the broth, they held their heads (that is, not their seats, but their own living heads,) over the pot, so that whatever ran over the mouth, or was ejected, from being found too hot, was not lost, but returned to the common stock. This repast was unflavoured with salt, seasoning, or vegetables of any kind; and nothing was drank but the pot liquor. The feast proceeded, and was finished with much jocularity, my companion declaring the beef excellent; and to my surprise handling it with as much ease as though he had been a *gauche* born and bred; but, alas! I could not yet bring my stomach to the new mode of life which I had to lead—the satisfaction with

which my dark and dirty companions fingered the roasting joint—the keenness with which they grasped and gulped the severed slices—the adroitness with which they tore the *bouilli* with their fingers, and laved their throats and chins with the broth—all failed to excite me to a spirit of emulation. Even the cravings of a good appetite (for I had eaten nothing all day) were insufficient to make me a partaker of the feast. I grew delicate, and went to bed; that is, on the bare ground in an adjoining shed, I spread out a hide for my couch, and with my saddle for a pillow, and no covering but my poncho and clothes, laid me down to sleep. But sleep I could get none; for I had no sooner laid down than I was attacked by legions of fleas—the natives are generally fond of strangers, and none are more so than the fleas; they absolutely devoured me with their caresses; to catch them was out of the question; all that could be attempted was to disturb them, and drive them from their meals. To do this, I was kept kicking and jerking like a galvanised frog for several hours, until worn out, I fell asleep, and left them to the undisturbed enjoyment of their wicked will. *O Dio! chi probò mai tormento eguale al mio!* When I awoke they were still feasting away; many fell under the hand of retributive justice, and many sought safety in flight; but, like the Parthians, they were no sooner driven from one position than they renewed their attacks on another; and no resource was left to me but to retreat. By getting into the open air, and taking off my garments and shaking them well, I contrived to dislodge my tormentors; who, at last, had become so gorged, that they could scarcely hop off. I afterwards found by experience (contrary to what might be supposed,) that the kitchens or sheds, having fires in them, were less beset with fleas than the ranches, which had none; and accordingly took up my sleeping quarters in them when I could do so. In the kitchens there is a great deal of moving about, and little harbour for fleas; whereas, in the *ranchos*, used chiefly for stowage of goods, such as *ponchos*, saddles, blankets, and for sleeping in, the tormentors find cover, and a repose which may be needful for enemies who exert themselves so much when on duty."

An audience of the President Rivadavia is not only characteristic but of some consequence, as it affects English relations with Buenos Ayres; but this and some other matters require a farther notice.

Cradock's Literary Memoirs.

THE very agreeable nature of the mélange which we have extracted from these posthumous memoirs, could not be improved by any remarks of ours; and we therefore (in this matter) exercise, we trust, the sounder discretion of Reviewers, by selecting what is most likely to please our readers, and by not occupying the place of such selections by unnecessary observations. Mr. Cradock speaks from actual experience in all the following interesting notices of distinguished persons.

Gray the Poet.—" As Mr. Gray was so very shy and distant, few guessed at his 'peculiar humour,' as Hurd was pleased to term it; he was generally seen through the melancholy medium of his own Churchyard Elegy. From recollection, I am sure Lord Sandwich was aware of him; for, about the time he offered himself as high steward, contrary to his usual maxim of not seeing an enemy on public occasions, he once said to me, I have my private reasons for knowing of his absolute inveteracy. Of this I have now seen proof in the poem of Jemmy Twitcher, published by Mr. Mitford, and directly applying to that contest. His Long Story indeed had been printed; but the world in general did not see the meaning of it, and it was every where disputed whether there was any humour or not. Many light satires perhaps have since been given to him that he did not write, but certainly very like him: take that, for instance, on the Cambridge Condolence and Congratulation on the Death of King George the Second, and the Accession of George the Third.

> 'The Old One's dead,
> And in his stead
> The New One takes his place;
> Then sing and sigh,
> And laugh and cry,
> With dismal cheerful face.'

" After Mason had published his Life, his Letters and Satires on the University were apparent; and the reverend biographer, by publishing them, gave no small offence. Being desirous of ascertaining who had dared to speak with high displeasure, he was informed, that the Right Reverend Dr. Keene had given his decided opinion against them. 'Has he?' replied Mason, hastily; 'I wish I had been aware of that sooner; for I purposely suppressed Gray's epitaph on his lordship:

> 'Here lies Dr. Keene, the good bishop of Chester,
> Who eat up a fat goose, but could not digest her.'"

Garrick.—" In the latter part of his life Garrick permitted people to tell him what others said of him, and often suffered himself to be annoyed by petty warfare. Every rough remark of Johnson's was sure to reach his ears or his eyes, through the public press. 'Garrick,' said Dr. Johnson, 'begins to complain of the fatigue of the stage. Sir, a man that bawls turnips all day for his bread does twice as much.' Garrick had just cause to retaliate. His story of Dr. Johnson's reciting and writing Irene, with Mrs. Johnson (Tetty) waiting for him to come to bed—'sacred to love, to pleasure, and Irene'—and tucking in the bed-clothes by mistake, as he was writing by the bed-side,—was wonderfully ludicrous. Yet I am convinced they had the greatest regard for each other. Nothing hurt Garrick like the character of Prospero in the Rambler; and I have reason to think Johnson, when he found it was applied, was ever after sorry for it. Dr. Johnson once called upon Mr. Garrick in Southampton Street, and was shewn into his study; but unfortunately the door being left open, he strayed into an adjoining room, which contained all the novels and lighter works which had been presented as elegant tributes to this most admired actor. Johnson read first a bit of one, then another, and threw all down; so that, before the host arrived, the floor was strewed with splendid octavos. Garrick was exceedingly angry at finding Johnson there; and said, 'it was a private cabinet, and no company was admitted there.' 'But,' says Johnson, 'I was determined to examine some of your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts, *stuff, trash, and nonsense!*' * * *

" When Garrick was about to leave the stage, he said to a party of us: 'I gained my fame by Richard, and I mean to end with it.' He accordingly ordered a truly proper dress,—only one, for he wore the same on the throne (with Buckingham) and in Bosworth Field. He was then solicited to play Lear, but replied: 'I have no dress; my old one is quite worn out' (such was his shabbiness at times about dress, that he would not allow Mrs. Cibber new silk for the green short jacket she wore with Arante). Some time afterwards Garrick said: 'I shall play Lear in my new Richard dress,' when I laughed. 'Pray,' says he, 'where's the impropriety? what costume is better, pray, on any authority?' I ventured to say: 'For heaven's sake, do not give your enemies such an opportunity.' Garrick said, 'he was determined;' and with gray locks, (I recollect no other alteration) he took his leave in Lear. * * *

" Whilst Mr. Garrick honoured me with a visit, some person seeing a grazier ride by, expressed his surprise, as he thought the poor man was dying of the stone; but it was said in answer, that he had received great benefit from taking Adams's solvent. I do not know that I was present. This, however, dwelt on Mr. Garrick's mind, and he afterwards applied for particulars. Dr. Brocklesby, who attended Mr. Garrick, expressed great displeasure that he should pay any attention to such an idle report. I think Garrick said to me: 'I can play Richard; but I dread the fight and the fall. I am afterwards in agonies.' Some time afterwards, Dr. Brocklesby said: 'I do not know who your friend is that recommends such a medicine; but he'll be the death of you;' to which he warmly replied: 'I have taken all your medicines, and from this solvent only, I think I feel some relief, and I had rather die than suffer as I do.' Garrick was opened after his decease. About this time, wherever Garrick travelled in summer, to Althorpe, &c. some malicious persons previously sent little dirty letters, or rather directions, to him, at such a nobleman's, &c. 'To Mr. David Garrick, Player.' When he came to me, Mr. Arden questioned my household privately whether any such letters were sent there. Garrick once expressed himself excessively annoyed by this; but he knew all the parties concerned. It has been said that Mr. Garrick was penurious; but it must be considered that a great sum was lost in his West India speculation. He was rather over-reached in his bargain with Mr. Sheldon about his house in Southampton Street; and though he derived some advantages, through Lord Mansfield, in the purchase of the house in the Adelphi, yet on the whole it was an expensive affair. Then he had a house at Hampton; and he and Mrs. Garrick travelled in their own coach and four. If the whole is weighed, and the opinion of a person of great character (Mr. Wallace) in the law referred to, at the time of his death, Mrs. Garrick did not find herself so totally unembarrassed as she might have expected. Having mentioned Mr. Sheldon, I cannot forbear, at the distance of full forty years, from adding some particulars. Mr. Sheldon and his brother were very rich men. Mr. S. married a near relative of Mr. Charles Yorke, for a short time Lord Chancellor. Mr. Sheldon's eldest son, through the Rev. Mr. Sparrow, of Walthamstow, became intimate with me, and was frequently at my house in summer. After the dreadful death of Mr. Yorke, the newspapers more than hinted that he committed suicide, and this was mentioned at my table, not knowing Mr. Sheldon was his nephew. Mr. Sheldon replied to the gentleman: 'I pledge you my honour my relative did not cut his throat.' When Mr. Sheldon was out of the room, the gentleman regretted that he had mentioned the circumstance; but said he was utterly astonished at Mr. Sheldon's denial. A gentleman then said: 'I believe I know the truth from Mr. Sheldon. After Mr. Charles Yorke left his Majesty, and had accepted the seals, it was said Lord Rockingham and others expressed much resentment. Lord Rockingham, for himself, expressly de-

nied that he said any thing. However, Mr. Charles Yorke went privately to his sideboard, and took out a bottle of some very strong liquor. He was subject to a violent stomach complaint. This liquor brought on violent sickness, and in the paroxysm he broke a blood vessel. After his death he was laid out, and the neck exposed to several persons purposely permitted to view the corpse. This I rather think was the whole truth.' * * *

"I think it was Garrick who introduced Dr. Hardinge to Dr. Darwin, who had an impediment in his speech, but was a very different sort of man. Dr. Hardinge said to him, 'My dear doctor, you have a *damned* ugly trick of stuttering. I am sure I could cure you.' To which Dr. Darwin very well replied, '*Physician, heal thyself.*' Dr. Hardinge appeared to me in manner, and in regard to his eating, to be a copy of Quin. I have before hinted that Garrick spoke of the doctor as a professed wit, and as a licensed man in all companies; and the Duke of Manchester afterwards owned, that at no house had he been more spoilt, both by ladies as well as gentlemen, than at Kimbolton. This reminded me of some circumstances at Hinchinbroke. His grace dined there one day at the Christmas music meeting; and when we were assembled in the drawing-room, Dr. Hardinge was the subject of conversation. Lord Sandwich had only heard of him, and his lordship could not bear the least breach of decorum. Some gentleman in the room mentioned to the Duke of Manchester, that he heard Dr. Hardinge dined last week at his public table. 'O yes,' says the Duke, 'and the doctor out-did himself. You recollect it was a remarkably cold day, and just as the duchess was about to take the head of the table, the doctor exclaimed, 'My lady duchess, I think your chair, with that canvass back to it, must be the most comfortable in the room; I should like to take it.' And the duchess said immediately: 'then I am sure, doctor, you shall be welcome to it.' When Lord Sandwich hastily said: 'And, sir, did her grace give it up to him?' 'Certainly,' replied the duke, 'and we all laughed immoderately;' but turning round, he caught such a look in Lord Sandwich's face, that he instantly changed the conversation. Once dining there afterwards (for though the house of Montague were sometimes divided in county politics, they were never unfriendly upon the whole), the Duke of Manchester said, 'I cannot think how Sandwich manages so well as he does with all this party for a week in his house; all is under his own immediate direction, and all as regular as clock-work. Why in this room, at the long and round table in the bow-window, he accommodates seventy.' The principal anecdote I know about Dr. Hardinge occurred at Buxton. The doctor, as was his practice, was determined to challenge public notice: after dinner he got up, and first drinking the health of the person at the head of the table, then proceeded to describe the dress or appearance of each person as he advanced; and absolutely put many ladies, by exciting such notice, to the blush; till at last a gentleman towards the bottom said, 'Who can this man be?' 'Two to one,' exclaimed a gentleman near, 'I fell this crowing cock at a first throw,' and immediately drank to him aloud: 'Signor Vida, here's your good health in a bumper.' The doctor immediately required an explanation. 'O,' says the gentleman, 'I'll give it to all the company directly. This man took in subscriptions several years ago for publishing Vida's poems; h[illegible]ney, but I never heard any thing more of the book.' From the account I heard, the doctor immediately retreated, to the no small laughter of the company."

Goldsmith.—"I particularly recollect, that when Goldsmith was near completing his 'Natural History,' he sent to Dr. Percy and me, to state that he wished not to return to town, from Windsor I think, for a fortnight, if we would only complete a proof that lay upon his table in the Temple. It was concerning birds, and many books lay open that he occasionally consulted for his own materials. We met by appointment; and Dr. Percy, smiling, said, 'Do you know any thing about birds?' 'Not an atom,' was my reply: 'do you?' 'Not I,' says he, 'scarce know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do.' We set to work, and our task was not very difficult. Sometime after the work appeared, we compared notes, but could not either of us recognise our own share. I come now to the last day but one I passed with poor Goldsmith (see vol. i. p. 234), whose loss (with whatever faults he might have) I shall ever lament whilst 'memory of him holds its seat.' At his breakfast in the Temple, as usual, I offered every aid in my power as to his works; some amendments had been agreed upon in his 'Traveller,' and more particularly his 'Deserted Village.' Some of the bad lines in the latter I have by me marked. 'As to my 'Hermit,' that poem, Cradock, cannot be amended.' I knew he had been offered ten pounds for the copy; and it was introduced into the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' to which he applied himself entirely for a fortnight, to pay a journey to Wakefield. 'As my business then lay there,' said he, 'that was my reason for fixing on Wakefield as the field of action. I never took more pains than in the first volume of my 'Natural History;' surely that was good, and I was handsomely repaid for the whole. My 'Roman History,' Johnson says, is well abridged.' Indeed, I could have added, that Johnson (when Goldsmith was absent) would frequently say, 'Why, sir, whatever that man touches he adorns;' for, like Garrick, when not present, he considered him as a kind of sacred character. After a general review of papers lying before him, I took leave; when, turning to his study-table, he pointed to an article I had procured for him, and said, 'You are kindest to me.' I only replied, 'You mean more rude and saucy than some others.' However, much of the conversation took a more melancholy tone than usual, and I became very uneasy about him. When I returned to town after his death (see vol. i. p. 236), I had an interview with his nephew, an apothecary in Newman Street, and the two sister milliners, the Miss Gunns, who resided at a house at the corner of Temple Lane, who were always most attentive to him, and who once said to me, most feelingly, 'O sir, sooner persuade him to let us work for him, gratis, than suffer him to apply to any other; we are sure that he will pay us if he can.' Circumstanced as he was, I know not what more could have been done for him. It was said he improperly took laudanum; but all was inwardly disturbed. Had the doctor freely laid open all the debts he had contracted, I am certain that his zealous friends were so numerous, that they would freely have contributed to his relief. I mean here explicitly to assert only, that I believe he died miserable, and that his friends were not entirely aware of his distress."

Johnson.—"A gentleman venturing to say to Johnson, 'Sir, I wonder sometimes that you condescend so far as to attend a city club.' 'Sir, the great chair of a full and pleasant club is perhaps the throne of human felicity;' and he might have added, 'I collected in early life many anecdotes and characters from such clubs, with which I embellished my *Ramblers* and *Idlers*.' I was not fortunate in obtaining the return of some papers I had procured for Johnson in regard to Gray and others, and particularly a French translation of the Merchant of Venice. Something had been said before him about a note of Mason's relative to the mistake of a translator, and the explanation of the word bowling-green; when I entertained him with a more laughable instance of a mistake in regard to the passage of the return of 'my ship Andrew,' (*mon Andrew*,) in the Merchant of Venice. 'This,' says the translator, 'is in England a very merry fellow, who plays tricks at a celebrated annual fair held there, and frequently, by his buffooneries, brings home to his employers very extensive gains.' * *

"Mr. Alleyne, a very honest man, was Johnson's landlord, and much respected by him; but Tom Davies often diverted his friends at Alleyne's expense. By living so much with the great luminary, he had imbibed some of his pompous diction, which unfortunately being filled up with some phrases that he himself frequently made use of, such as foh! foh! lack-a-day! fiddle-de-dee! Tom Davies furnished a rich melange out of all of it, and entertaining us frequently with it, he forgot himself, and introduced it before Johnson. 'And pray, Davies,' some of us asked, 'how did he receive it?' 'Why, I found he understood it, and only rubbed his mouth, and walked to the window.' Mr. Alleyne was a respectable stationer. These slight anecdotes gave a key to Johnson's real character: he always meant to be on the side of justice, virtue, and humanity. * *

"The last time I saw Dr. Johnson was just before I went to France. He said, with a deep sigh, 'I wish I was going with you.' He had just been disappointed of a tour to Italy. Of all men I ever knew, Dr. Johnson was the most instructive."

Our opinion of this entertaining work has already been expressed; and we have only in conclusion again to thank Mr. Nichols, its editor, for the taste, judgment, and good feeling, he has displayed throughout.

Chateaubriand's Travels, &c.

(Second Notice.)

THE following, from the interior of the Floridas, is still more characteristic of the author than our preceding quotations—(were a pun allowable, more florid):

"At some distance from the shore, in the shade of a bald cypress, we observed small pyramids of mud rising from the bottom of the water, and reaching to the surface. A legion of gold-fish made in silence their approaches to these citadels. All at once the water boiled up, and the gold-fish fled. Crabs, armed with shears, issuing from the insulted spot, overthrew their brilliant enemies; but the dispersed bands soon returned to the charge, made the besieged give way in their turn, and the brave but slow-motioned garrison retired backward to recruit itself in the fortress. The crocodile, floating like the trunk of a tree, the trout, the pike, the perch, the cannelet, the bass, the bream, the drum-fish, the gold-fish, all mortal enemies to each other, were sporting pell-mell in the lake, and seemed to have made a truce, that they might enjoy together the beauty of the evening: the azure fluid was painted with their changing colours. The

water was so limpid that it seemed as though you could have touched with your finger the actors in this scene, who were frisking at the depth of twenty feet in their grotto of crystal. To regain the creek where we had formed our establishment, we had but to let ourselves float at the pleasure of the wind and water. The sun was near setting: in the fore-ground of the island appeared evergreen oaks, the horizontal branches of which formed a parasol, and aniseed, which glistened like net-work of coral. In the rear of this fore-ground rose papayas, the most beautiful of all trees; their straight, grayish, and carved trunk, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, supports a tuft of long ribbed leaves, resembling in their outline the graceful S of an antique vase. The pear-shaped fruit is ranged round the stem; you would take them for glass crystals: the entire tree looks like a column of chased silver, surmounted by a Corinthian urn. Lastly, in the back-ground, the magnolias and the liquidambars rose gradually into the air. The sun sank behind the curtain formed by the trees of the plain. * * *

"On our right were the Indian ruins, on our left our hunters' camp: the island expanded before us its landscapes engraved or modelled in the water. In the east, the moon, touching the horizon, seemed to rest motionless on the distant hills; in the west, the vault of heaven appeared to be melted into a sea of diamonds and sapphires, in which the sun, half-set, looked as though it were dissolving. The brute animals were, like ourselves, attentive to this grand spectacle: the crocodils, turned towards the luminary of day, spouted from his open mouth the water of the lake in coloured jets; the pelican, perched on a withered bough, praised the Author of nature in his way; while the stork soared to bless him above the clouds."

How like the ancient superstitions of the Old World is the following belief!

"The savages of Florida relate, that in the centre of a lake there is an island where dwell the most beautiful women in the world. The Muscogulges set out several times to attempt the conquest of the magic island; but the elysian retreat, fleeting before their canoes, at length disappeared—a natural image of the time which we lose in the pursuit of our chimeras. In this country was likewise the Spring of Youth. Who would wish to be young again? * * *

"Clouds (continues M. de C., in his highly figurative vein) are beginning to spring up from the north-western horizon, and slowly rising in the sky. We are making a shelter for ourselves with boughs, in the best manner we can. The sun becomes overcast; the first muttering of the thunder is heard; the crocodiles reply to it with a hollow roar, as one thunder-peal answers another. An immense column of clouds extends from north-east to south-east; the rest of the sky is of a dirty copper colour, semi-transparent, and tinged with the lightning. The wilderness illumined by a false day-light, the storm suspended over our heads and ready to burst, present a scene replete with grandeur. The tempest commences. Figure to yourself a deluge of fire without wind and without water. The smell of sulphur fills the atmosphere. Nature is lighted as by the flames of a conflagration. Now the cataracts of the abyss open; the drops of rain are not separate; a sheet of water unites the clouds and the earth. The Indians say that the noise of thunder is caused by immense birds fighting in the air, and by the efforts of an old man to vomit a viper of fire. In proof of this assertion they shew you trees which the lightning has branded with the likeness of a serpent. These storms frequently set fire to the forests; they continue to burn till the conflagration is stopped by the current of some river: these burned forests are converted into lakes and marshes. The curlews, whose voices we hear in the atmosphere amidst the rain and the thunder, announce the conclusion of the storm. The wind rends the clouds, which fly shattered across the heavens; the thunder and the lightning attached to their flanks follow them; the air becomes cool and sonorous: no relic of the deluge is left but the drops of water which fall in pearls from the foliage of the trees."

The frequent gaps which occur in these volumes, made by references to other publications of the author, such as the Natches, History of the Revolution, &c. destroy the continuity of the narrative, and give it a very desultory and unconnected form—*disjuncta membra*. After describing the lakes of Canada, at the close of this volume, we have several chapters of Recollections of Indian Manners; and from these we shall conclude our illustrations by a few miscellaneous extracts.

"Plurality of wives is permitted; a contrary abuse sometimes consigns a woman to several husbands: the ruder tribes offer their wives and daughters to strangers. It is not depravity, but a deep sense of their wretchedness, which urges the Indians to this sort of infamy: they expect to render their family more fortunate by changing the paternal blood. The savages of the north-west were anxious to have offspring by the first negro whom they saw; they took him for an evil spirit, and hoped that by naturalising him among them, they should conciliate the black genii, and secure protectors among them."

Curious Fishery.—"The savages are as skilful in fishing as expert in the chase. They fish with hooks and nets; and they also know how to empty ponds. But they have great public fisheries. The most celebrated of all these fisheries was that of the sturgeon, which took place in the Missisipi and its branches. It opened with the marriage of the net. Six warriors and six matrons carrying the net advanced into the midst of the spectators in the public place, and demanded in marriage for their son, the net, two young females whom they pointed out. The parents of the girls signified their consent, and the girls and the net were married by the sorcerer with the customary ceremonies. The Doge of Venice married the sea. The marriage was succeeded by characteristic dances. The people then proceeded to the river, where the canoes and boats were assembled at the bank. The new wives, enveloped in the net, were borne at the head of the procession: the party embarked after providing themselves with pine-torches and stones for striking fire. The net, its wives, the sorcerer, the Great Chief, four Sachems, and eight warriors as rowers, put off in a large canoe, which took the lead of the fleet. This fleet sought some bay frequented by the sturgeon. By the way they fished for any sort of fish; for trout with the drag-nets, and for the armed fish with the hook. The sturgeon is struck with an harpoon fastened to a cord, which is tied to the inner bar of the canoe. The fish when struck strives to escape and draws the canoe after it; but by degrees its speed decreases, and it rises to the surface of the water and expires. The different attitudes of the fishermen, the play of the oars, the motion of the sails, the position of the canoes, grouped or scattered, shewing the side, the prow, or the stern, exhibit altogether a most picturesque sight: the scenery on shore forming the motionless back-ground to this moving picture. At nightfall torches were lighted in the canoes, and their flame was repeated on the surface of the water. The canoes being now pretty close together threw masses of shade on the reddened waves; you would have taken the Indian fishermen moving about in these vessels for their own Manitous, those fantastic beings, begotten by superstition and the dreams of the savage. At midnight the sorcerer gave the signal for retreat, declaring that the net wished to retire with its two wives. The canoes drew up in two lines. A torch was symmetrically and horizontally placed between every two rowers on board the canoes; these torches, parallel with the surface of the river, appeared or were intercepted from view by the undulation of the waves, and resembled flaming oars plunging into the water to speed the canoes along. The epithalamium of the net was then sung; the net, in all the glory of a bridegroom, was declared conqueror of the sturgeon, which wears a crown, and is twelve feet in length. The rout of the whole army of fish was delineated;—the lencornet, the barbs of which serve to entangle its enemy; the chaousaron, provided with a dentated lance, hollow and perforated at the end; the artimegue, which unfurls a white flag; the crabs, which precede the warrior-fish to clear the way for them—all these were vanquished by the net. Then came stanzas describing the affliction of the widows of these fishes. 'In vain these widows learn to swim: never more shall they behold those with whom they love to rove in the submarine forests; never more shall they repose with them on beds of moss covered by a transparent dome.' The net is invited, after all these exploits, to sleep in the arms of its two wives."

The second volume of this work (and the Game of the Bones in the first) still remain to court our analysis in a future number of the *Literary Gazette*.

Austria as it is.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

In our preceding Review we followed the author through Germany, and left him as he entered upon the main subject of his work—Austria, where we now resume our analysis, or rather our illustrations.

"The Austrian police has at least one good feature;—it is the close attention which it pays not only to the comfort, but even to the inexperience of the sojourner. Landlords, hackney-coachmen, and all that train of hangers-on infesting baths and hotels, are here honest from necessity. An extorting landlord is fined without mercy, and footmen are ordered away, should they dare to impose on a sojourner."

There is nothing so very bad in this trait; and elsewhere we are told of Bohemia, "it is but fair to state, that the condition of the peasantry has been improved, especially since the times of Joseph."

Nevertheless, the author says, "what a powerful thing national feeling is, we may learn by the contrast existing between the Bohemians, Poles, and even Hungarians. Their looks speak. Their mournful countenances, when they hear the name of a free country pronounced; their clenching of the teeth when they hear of Great Britain's free sons; and their inexpressible sadness when their own country is mentioned, the battles they had to

fight for a strange cause, the armies they have to recruit and to pay, for their own oppression, and for the sceptre of a family who are strangers to them and their interest, though for centuries their masters,—and who, in their imbecility, see only the means of keeping them in subjection, and crippling their national resources. An intuitive national feeling and hatred towards foreigners, especially Germans, are among the characteristic features of the Slavonian nations."

The following are extremely characteristic:

"When Count O'Donnel, minister of finances, died, the emperor, then at Prague, looked round for a successor, and the then supreme burggrave, Count Wallis, was called before him. 'Count,' he was accosted, 'I am going to reward you for your faithful services. O'Donnel is dead — I have designated you for his successor.' 'Your majesty,' replied the count, 'will most graciously condescend to consider that I am entirely ignorant in this department, as I have never paid the least attention to it.' 'That is what I want; never mind, you will learn it,' resumed the emperor; 'every one to his business. You were a faithful supreme burggrave, you will be a no less faithful finance minister.' The consequence was, as might be expected, a bankruptcy, which, in the financial history, will be recorded as disgraceful as the battle of Ulm, which was owing to nearly the same cause. These explanations will fully account for the painful ignorance, servility, and narrowness of conception of the Austrian officers, both civil and military. Out of a thousand secretaries, counsellors, and assessors, who have run through the whole course of studies, you will not find fifty who can give you an explanation of the financial state of the empire. Out of a thousand Austrian captains, there will not be fifty who have the least idea of tactics, except those of the artillery and engineers. These gentlemen advance colonels, generals, field-marshals, lieutenants, not by dint of military prowess or knowledge, but according to the rule of seniority; while the others, plodding on in the same way, become counsellors of the court, of the state, and the managers of the household of the emperor. Thus, while we see poor countries like Saxony and Prussia prospering, paying off their debts, and establishing a firm national credit, — their armies, with a soldiery far inferior to the Austrian in discipline and military prowess, fighting their battles successfully, — the Austrian empire, with its immense resources, is impoverished every day more and more, through the ignorance of their financial men; and, owing to the same cause, their armies are beaten and captured like so many herds of cattle, through the supine idiotism of their commanders. There are several omens which have induced his imperial majesty to direct his attention not only to his officers, whom he considers less as public servants than as his own, but to the inhabitants generally. In a country where the lower classes are servile and ignorant, the feeling of honour, of course, very precarious, it requires little pains for the agents of the police to induce servants to betray their masters. For every information the former carry to the police, they obtain one or two ducats. During my stay, a merchant gave a dinner to several of his friends. The conversation turned on the new loan. Every one gave his opinion, which was unfavourable to the measure. Next day he was called before the chief of the police, to account for the language used at his party. The merchant pleaded his right to discuss public pecuniary affairs: but he was answered, that it was no business of his, as he was not a banker; and that a repetition of such disrespectful language would be punished with imprisonment! The merchant returned home, and instantly dismissed his servants, being convinced of their having betrayed him. He is again summoned to answer the cause of the dismissal of his servants. Again he pleads his right to do as he pleases; and the director and chief of the police, an imperial counsellor of the government, holding the rank of a colonel, and a knight of an order, has the impudence to assure him upon his honour, that he did not get his information from the servants! It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the ramifications of this product of a bad public conscience. Every footman in a public-house is a salaried spy: there are spies paid to visit the taverns and hotels, who take their dinners at the *table d'hôte*. Others will be seen in the imperial library for the same purpose, or in the bookseller's shop, to inquire into the purchases made by the different persons. Of course, letters sent and received by the post, if the least suspicious, are opened; and so little pains are taken to conceal this violation of public faith, that the seal of the post-office is not seldom added to that of the writer. These odious measures are not executed with that *finesse* which characterises the French, nor with the military rudeness of the Prussian, but in that silly and despicable way of the Austrian, who, as he is the most awkward personage for this most infamous of all commissions, takes, notwithstanding, a sort of pride in being an imperial instrument and a person of importance. One characteristic feature of this government is particularly striking: its persecution turns less against foreigners than the people who communicate with them. They and their families are exposed to every sort of chicanery; and for this reason, it is almost impossible to associate, if we except noblemen, with the better classes, all of them dreading the crafty severity of their suspicious government. * * *

"Our landlord, an honest and wealthy wine cultivator of Rotzbach, had a law-suit against the lord of the domain, respecting a ward to whom the former was guardian. Determined not to have the suit procrastinated, he went forthwith to see the Emperor Francis. He was of course received, and stated his case. 'Have you got the cognizance?' demanded the emperor. 'Yes, I have,' replied the farmer. 'Then I will tell you what,' resumed the emperor; 'you had better go to the Aulic Counsellor S——z, and let him see it.' 'But would it not be better,' said the frank Austrian, 'if your majesty would command M. Schwarzin to do it?' 'No, my child,' said the emperor, 'you don't understand; that business must have its way; I cannot do any thing beforehand; go, go, and you will hear what he says, and then come and tell me.' He went accordingly to the Counsellor S——z, who answered, that he could not do any thing before matters were brought to him in the regular course of business. Again he returned to the emperor, who with the same patience exhorted him to wait, and that he would himself take care and expedite it. The farmer then returned home, and in six weeks his law-suit was decided in his favour."

The portrait of the Emperor of Austria, at the end of the annexed extract, is by no means so flattering as Sir Thomas Lawrence's.

"The imperial burg, tainted with the gray hue of age, contrasts strangely with the splendid and modern apartments of the Imperial Chancelerie; but it convinces you at once of that imperial pride which prefers a stately ancient residence to a more splendid modern one. The interior is magnificent, and the pomp and taste of nearly six centuries are here blended in the different dresses and exhibitions of this splendid court. A guard of grenadiers on the left hand, with four mounted cannons, shew you that you are before the entrance of the emperor's apartments. A double flight of stairs leads hence to a noble staircase from this to the first guard-room, occupied by the German and Hungarian guards; the former dressed as Austrian majors of the infantry, in white coats, with red cuffs and collars, three-cornered hats trimmed with gold lace. The Hungarian is the hussar dress, with their tiger-skin *kalpaks* glittering with gold and embroidery, without doubt the most splendid guard in the world. Their number is fifty, all of them Hungarian noblemen, who bear the rank of premier lieutenants. Their captain is Prince Esterhazy. From this dazzling apartment you enter into that of a sort of Pensionaires, dressed in yellow and black mixture, of the old Spanish and German costume. From this you go into the common *saal*, or audience-room. The next apartment is that of the imperial pages, dressed in red and silver. A few steps farther will bring you to the apartment of the chamberlains, two of whom are always in waiting: they are distinguished by a gold bullion on their back and a golden key. Of the sumptuousness of this court personate, you may form an idea by the twenty-five body-coachmen, fifty body-footmen, and twenty-five body-servants of the chambers attending his majesty. The adjoining room is the private cabinet, a simple but costly furnished chamber, with green curtains, in which, leaning with the right hand on a moderate mahogany table, there stands a figure of a middle size, but exceedingly lank, surmounted by an oblong head, with a couple of large blue eyes, apparently all openness and sincerity, but for a sinister twinkling, long and hollow cheeks, which seemed to have ceded all their flesh to the chin, and a pair of thick lips, expressing now and then a good-humoured complacency, with his head at times nodding, and again a scowling sullenness. Let your eyes descend on a frame most loosely hung together, legs on which four consorts have scarcely left an ounce of flesh; boots dangling about a pair of equally ill-provided feet,—and you have the descendant of nineteen emperors, and the present sovereign of Austria. When still archduke, he followed his uncle, the Emperor Joseph, to Hungary. A certain phlegm, and I may be allowed to say every-day manner, made this emperor exclaim, in a fit of impatience, 'That is a good-for-nothing boy; he will spoil every thing again,' alluding to the reforms Joseph had carried on. The opinion which Prince Kaunitz gave shortly before his death was little more flattering. 'The French revolution is going to make Europe one large field of battle. I am sorry my country will be the chief party in the contest, will be the loser, and what has been united during five hundred years will be dissolved.'"

The notice of young Napoleon is interesting.

"He is (says the writer) indeed, an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and the fine cut lips of his father, and the blue eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming youth, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and thoughtfulness, without a deep emotion. He has not that marked, plain, and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, who seem to be every where at home; but his demeanour is more dignified, and noble in the

extreme. Two Prussian officers arrived with us at Shoenbrunn, his residence, and wished to be introduced to him. His lord chamberlain was just refusing their indelicate demand, in rather an animadverting manner, when the prince stept out from his apartments, and advanced towards the grand staircase before the palace, to take a ride with his governor. He stopped awhile before the two officers, his eyes fixed; describing at the same time figures on the ground. At last, casting a significant glance at them, '*des Prussiens?*' demanded he; and turning gracefully aside, he went down to mount his horse. It is an Arabian steed, a present from his grandfather; and he strides it with a nobleness which gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for which his father was so celebrated. We saw him some time after at the head of his *escadron*, who almost adore him; and he commanded with a precision and a military eye which prognosticate a future general. He is, by virtue of an imperial decree, proprietor of the eight domains of the Grand Duke of Toskana, in Bohemia, with an income of above 20,000*l.* sterling: a greater revenue than is enjoyed by any of the imperial princes, the Archduke Charles excepted. His title is Duke of Reichstadt. He is addressed '*Euer Durchlaucht*,' (*Votre Altesse.*) His rank is immediately after that of the princes of the reigning house, the Austrian family of Este and Toskana. His court establishment is the same with the imperial princes: he has his *obersthofmeister*, his lord chamberlain, aides-de-camp, and a corresponding inferior household. In possession, as he is, of a large fortune, his destination will depend on his talents and on his inclination."

The general character of the population, in the capital at least, is thus summed up:

"The tide runs in Vienna towards gross *sensuality* in the people;—mute obedience in the public officers;—gloom or dissoluteness among the high nobility, and towards the most complete despotism in the government, which grasps with the iron claws of its emblem—the double eagle—the whole empire, and keeps it in its baneful embraces."

These copious quotations are quite sufficient to illustrate the character of the volume before us; and we should here conclude, but for the temptation to copy an admirable anecdote of one king, who seems to have overcome even the prejudices of our author.

"During one of Prince Metternich's coteries, or rather courts, which he holds as regularly as the emperor does his grand and *petit gala* days, he addressed himself to the Bavarian minister in that *apropos* manner for which he is so well known: 'Your king seems very fond of liberal ideas.' The ambassador was puzzled, but did not reply. 'And of the Greeks too.' No answer. 'A little more prudence would do no harm, or his Bavarian majesty will force us to reprisals not likely to please him. You may inform your sovereign of this.' The new King of Bavaria had just at this time introduced several liberal regulations, which, with his open zeal in favour of the Greeks, displeased Metternich extremely. The ambassador thought it his full duty to report these insinuations to his sovereign. The incensed king sends orders to his ambassador to address to Metternich these words: 'The King of Bavaria is, as sovereign, bound to no explanation except to God and his conscience, and wishes Prince Metternich to let him alone.'"

The King of Bavaria is indeed a noble fellow for a throne: his love of literature and the arts is an immortal feature in his, as it should be in every, royal character.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, January 4, 1828.

THE booksellers complain sadly of the decline of French gallantry and taste: after being at a great expense in preparing elegantly bound books for Christmas presents, they found there was a much greater demand for *bon bons* than for *bons livres*. The ladies' shoulders have also been neglected:—husbands, friends, and lovers, in days not of yore, were wont to cover them at this season with Cachemire shawls; but this liberality is also gone out of fashion. Hence, if any lady catches a mortal cold for want of a Cachemire, she may fairly lay her death at the door of our cold sex. As to literary presents, the season does not appear to have produced one worth presenting: all the books are old authors dressed in new suits—We have none of your delightful Annuals—a large number of which beautiful publications find their way here, and are sold at high prices as gifts to the Anglo-Parisian belles.

The theatres, too, are as dull as the season; and Paris is now almost as foggy as London, which the Duchess de D*** attributes to the vast influx of English, who bring over the fog, like the plague, in their clothes; and she proposes a quarantine at Calais, where passengers and their effects are to undergo a fumigation of muriatic acid gas. Boileau said,

Un diner rechauffé n'a jamais valu rien:

and the same may be said of the new dramatic pieces, which are a tasteless, indigestible hodgepodge of the broken meat of ancient plays, with a few new couplets on a very old, though by no means stale subject. The mortality of plays has been dreadful the last year; three fourths were still-born—others dragged on an uncertain state of existence for a few days, and then went to the tomb of the Capulets. There are not above three out of so many hundreds, which have survived the nipping frosts of December.

In literature and science nothing very remarkable has appeared, if we except the Physiology of Taste, a treatise on transcendent gastronomy, by the late M. Brillart Savarin—it is the *Principia* of the science: the treatise on Legislation, by M. Comte—a kind of spirit of laws, adapted to the wants of the age: the Dramatic Proverbs of Le Clercq, which contain more wit and genuine comedy than all the productions that have appeared on the stage within the twelve months:—and Baron Charles Dupin's quarto work on the Productive and Commercial Force of France, on a plan similar to his work on England. One great and rare merit in M. Dupin is to embody the scattered materials of the elements of national prosperity, and presents them in a regular classical form. This merit is his alone; and his works, without containing much that is new, acquire great importance in the practical information they contain on subjects so familiar, that they pass as matters of course, and almost totally unnoticed:—moments pass unheeded, though they are "the stuff that time is made of;" and the practical details of every branch of commerce and industry were neglected by the *savans* and political economists, though they are the elements of national prosperity: these desiderata M. Dupin has supplied, and thereby merited well of his country.

As a striking example of the collection of facts, I may give the obituary of public men in France during the year: their decease, isolated, presented nothing remarkable—it is the *ensemble* which makes a profound impression.

There died in France in 1827, eleven peers of the realm, of whom one was a field-marshal; twenty-two lieutenant-generals; twenty-four major-generals; five bishops; two sub-prefects; two consuls; six deputies of the late chamber; one of the chamber not yet assembled; fourteen deputies of former chambers; four members of the national convention; eleven presidents of courts of justice; one advocate-general; three attorneys-general; seventeen judges; one counsellor of the court of accounts; seven members of the Institute; five painters; twelve literary characters, including one female; five dramatic authors; four composers of music; eight actors; and five actresses.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

Mr. WARDEN has presented to the French Academy his work entitled Researches into the Antiquities of the United States of North America, and has accompanied the presentation with some very interesting details, adding several notices, not less curious, of the monuments of Palenqué, in the ancient province of Guatimala. The first of these antiquities, hidden for so long a time in the thick forests of the New World, consist of considerable works, which extend from the south shores of Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, and along the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. These monuments, of various form and size, and the objects of antiquity discovered up to the present period, comprehend, 1. fortifications; 2. tumuli; 3. parallel earthen walls; 4. subterraneous walls of earth and brick; 5. openings in the earth, which have been called wells; 6. rocks with inscriptions; 7. idols; 8. shells belonging to other countries; and, 9. mummies. One of the fortifications, situated in the state of Ohio, covers a surface of above a hundred acres, and is surrounded by a wall of earth, twenty feet thick at its base, and twelve feet high; and by a ditch of about twenty feet wide. On the fortifications and on the tumuli trees have been found of a prodigious size, and on which four hundred annual circles of vegetation are distinctly observable. It is to be remarked that the modern Indians are ignorant of the use of tumuli, and do not make intrenchments. The idols discovered in the state of Tennessee, and at Natchez, in the state of Mississippi, the marine shells of the genus *murex*, found in an ancient fortification in Kentucky, the mummies of the calcareous caverns in the same state, and the hieroglyphic inscriptions on a rock in the state of Massachusetts, are also very important facts in considering the great question of the origin of the Americans. According to Mr. Warden, it may be inferred from them, that the valley of Ohio, from the country of the Illinois to Mexico, has been inhabited by a people very different from that by which it was occupied at the epoch of its discovery by the French colonists of Canada and Louisiana. Every thing respecting the origin, the duration, and the extinction of that people is enveloped in impenetrable mystery. It cannot, however, be doubted that it was much more civilised than any Indian people existing when America was discovered. Nevertheless, that civilisation was trifling compared with the civilisation of the ancient inhabitants of Palenqué. The remains found in the latter country prove that its monuments must have rivalled those of the greatest cities of Europe; and that its people must have arrived at a high cultivation of the intellectual

faculties. The line of fortifications and tumuli extending itself from Mexico to the great lakes of the United States, it is not impossible but that the ancient inhabitants of Ohio were a colony from Palenqué, placed there to facilitate conquest and commerce. This question might be solved if any competent person would examine the skulls of the skeletons found in the valley of Ohio, and compare them with those found at Palenqué; the pointed head and the physiognomy of which differ from those of all known nations. The monuments of Palenqué are certainly the most astonishing discovery that has been made in America. They prove that the continent called the New World was peopled much more anciently than has hitherto been supposed, since it contains vestiges of arts respecting which tradition is silent, and which probably belong to a period more remote than that at which the annals of the European nations begin to be sustained by historical evidence.

CHIMNEYS.

We first introduced to public notice an invention of Mr. Hiort's for improving the formation of chimneys, and predicted its popularity. This invention has been adopted with complete success at the King's new Palace in St. James's Park, St. James's Palace, the new Post-office, the Custom-house, and many other public and private edifices: indeed its security against fire, if it possessed no other quality, would be sufficient to ensure universal patronage. Mr. Hiort has sent us a small pamphlet, to be appended to his Treatise on the Construction of Chimneys, entitled "A Note for the Information of the Public," in which a common and fatal error in the present system of chimney-building is pointed out. The pamphlet is sold at a mere nominal price, and, to the purchasers of his treatise, given gratis.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Cambridge, Jan. 11.—The Hulsean prize for the last year is adjudged to Mr. Edward Young, student of Trinity College, for his dissertation on the following subject:—*The Contention between Paul and Barnabas.*

IMPORTANT LITERARY UNDERTAKING.

We have abstained from mentioning the following Plan, though long cognisant of its preparation and progress, till we were enabled to lay it fully and explicitly before the country; and to claim for it the high consideration and support which it so well deserves from every learned man and every friend to learning. It is entitled in the Prospectus, "A Plan for translating and publishing such interesting and valuable Works on Eastern History, Science, and Belles-Lettres, as are still in MS. in the Libraries of the Universities, the British Museum, and the East-India House, and in other Collections, in Asia and Africa as well as in Europe; and for providing Funds to carry this object into execution." At the head of its patrons stands His Most Excellent Majesty King George the Fourth; and among its other friends we observe the Dukes of Clarence, Sussex, and Gloucester, Prince Leopold, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord W. H. C. Bentinck, Lord Goderich, Lord Grenville, and other exalted and distinguished personages.

The extensive and valuable collections of Oriental MSS. which are deposited in our public and private libraries have long attracted the attention of the learned of this and other countries; and means, there is no doubt, may be devised, by which the public may be put in possession of all that is valuable in Eastern literature; and it may also be shewn that this country is not backward in contributing to the advancement of Oriental learning. The interesting relations in which we stand with the East, affording as they do the best opportunities for carrying such a project into effect, and at the same time promising both to England and its Eastern possessions the most beneficial results, may be mentioned as additional motives for engaging in such an undertaking; from which Biblical Criticism, Ecclesiastical and General History, Biography, Belles-Lettres, the Arts and Sciences, and Geography, must all reap a benefit.

With reference to Biblical Criticism and Ecclesiastical History, we know that our Scriptures, particularly those of the Old Testament, abound in modes of expression, and allusions to customs, in many cases imperfectly understood in Europe, but still prevailing in the East. That light, confessedly derived from the Arabic and other sister dialects of the Hebrew, has been thrown on the text of Scripture by the Rabbinical and other commentators, no one will deny; yet volumes on Arabic Grammar, Rhetoric, and the more ancient productions of the Arabian poets, which approach most nearly in style and sentiments to some parts of the Hebrew Bible, still lie in MS. in our libraries, either entirely neglected, or at best accessible to few. The same nearly may be said of the Syriac language, which approximates still nearer than the Arabic to the Hebrew in its form and modes of expression. The collection of the late Mr. Rich, in this language, now placed in the British Museum by the liberality of Parliament, contains perhaps the most valuable MSS. of the Syriac Scriptures now in existence; and it is of the greatest importance to Biblical Criticism that a collation of them should be made and published.

Perhaps no people possess more extensive stores of history, biography, and polite literature, than the Arabs and Persians. The accounts which their historical and biographical works contain of their own and the surrounding countries are necessarily the only sources from which information can be obtained relative to the history of those regions, and of the extraordinary persons to whom they have given birth. Their histories of the Crusades in particular, which furnish the most authentic details on this interesting subject, will always amuse and instruct the general reader, while they furnish materials of the greatest importance to the historian. In polite literature, and especially in works of fiction, they have perhaps never been excelled; and in studying such of their works in belles-lettres as have been already printed in any European language, regret must be felt that few of these books, which are so well calculated to afford us pleasure, have been translated. In the arts and sciences, Asia must be recognised as the elder sister and instructress of Europe; and inquiry into the origin of these must be at once interesting and important.

As many of the most celebrated of the Greek authors were translated into Arabic, under the patronage of the court of Bagdad, it is not improbable that some long-lost Greek works may be discovered in an Arabian dress, as was the case with the treatise on Conic Sections by Apollonius Rhodius, brought to Europe by Golius, and translated by Halley.

Other great and singular advantages may well be anticipated from this plan, the object of which is to publish, free of expense to the authors, translations of the whole or parts of such works in the Oriental languages as a committee of Orientalists already appointed shall approve. These translations are to be accompanied by the original texts, and such illustrations as may be considered necessary. The Royal Asiatic Society, which was instituted for the advancement of Oriental literature, co-operate warmly in this design. They have subscribed largely from their funds; have recommended a committee, consisting of individuals well known for their zeal and attainments in Eastern literature, to superintend the editing, translating, and printing of the works; and have granted the use of their house for the transaction of the business of the committee.

Such is the general outline, as abridged from the prospectus; and we rejoice to add, that subscriptions to the amount of 800*l.* per annum have already been received.

The terms are, that every individual or institution subscribing ten guineas or upwards annually, will be entitled to one fine-paper copy of every work; and that the remaining copies shall be disposed of in a beneficial manner.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches of Character. By C. Henderson; drawn on Stone by M. Gaud. Nos. I. and II. 6 Prints each, coloured. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co.

This work is intended as a companion to the humorous popular sketches, by Bellange, of French manners, which so pleasantly caricature traits of national character. Mr. Henderson appears to have taken a long day's tour through our great metropolis, sketch-book in hand, and to have noted every circumstance which he met with from Whitechapel to the White Horse Cellar. His walk commences early in the morning, and does not terminate until after midnight; and yet we can assure any one of our readers who may be inclined to follow the course Mr. Henderson has pursued, (viz. using his eyes), through the two numbers of *Sketches* by that gentleman, that any thing but weariness will be the result. Mr. Henderson is a clever draftsman, and decidedly a humorist of a rich and peculiar character. He sees and seizes those little traits and incidents which other people pass without regard; and he possesses the power of expressing what he sees, in a manner that is absolutely eloquent: his *Sketches* also carry on their face, what caricatures seldom do, the stamp of unquestionable truth. So great, indeed, is his power in this way, that we almost fancy we can recognise from his pencil the portraits of many gentlemen about town; and as to his coachmen, coal-heavers, and porters, it is impossible for any person acquainted with London to mistake their identity. The first subject is a young bully, threatening two charity boys of superior size, by whom he has been insulted—"You come down our yard—that's all!" Mr. Henderson then gives portraits of two coal-heavers drinking porter in their own manner—blowing the froth or head off first, and muttering, "Luck t' ye." To match this, we have a coachey (whose rubicund nose speaks volumes), who, as he is about to toss off a glass, addresses a brewer's man with—"Brandy's the stuff!" The pot-boy's remonstrating look, in another sketch, is admirably conveyed—"A long ten, sir," he absolutely grumbles to the gentleman, who hesitates to cut the matter short and button up his pocket. As a companion, we have the twopenny-post boy spanking along, plying

his heavy whip, with all the strength his arm can boast of, upon a poor blind, broken-down animal, and shouting out as the blow descends, "Go it, you cripple." These are from the first Number; the second is even better: but description cannot do justice to the artist's merits. We have the foundered horse proposed as a servant of all work, and the coachman conning his way-bill—each perfect in its way. Then the old deaf gentleman, with one foot in the grave, tottering along, his back bent beneath the weight of three-score—his lemon-coloured face, sunk-in mouth, shovel-hat and bob-wig, meeting with a jolly fellow, full of life and vigour, who, grasping his shrivelled, bony, and trembling hand, roars absolutely (such is the wonderful expression) into his ear—"Why, you're younger than ever, my dear sir!"—One more, and we have done: it is "past twelve o'clock," and here are the Christmas waits, who, we are sure, after such return for their sweet strains, will *wait* no longer. "How many are you?" demands an elderly gentleman, putting his head out of a window, apparently roused from sleep. The music ceases. "Three, sir." "Well, *d'wide* that among you," he exclaims from above, as he empties a bucket of water on the midnight minstrels, which poor clarionet primo receives on his back, and crouches beneath as lowly as if he were under the shock of Mahomed's most powerful shower-bath: trombone, by bobbing his head slyly, escapes with a wet shoulder only: but unfortunate French horn, the spokesman—with up-turned and expectant head—gets the deluge full in his unprotected face!

This work, we are sure, will be popular in more senses than one.

Navarino. From a Sketch by —— Cartwright, Esq.; drawn on Stone by W. Gauci. The same publishers.

Ships, fire, smoke, and water. The general effect of this print is good; and the management of the sky, which has been beautifully wrought up by Mr. W. Gauci, is extremely clever.

European Scenery. Nos. IV. and V. The same publishers.

The continuation of a pleasing work, which we have already noticed. Number IV. contains views of Calais, Rouen, Dieppe, and Havre, by Paul Gauci. Number V. (which is the third number devoted to England) presents us with Oxford, Winchester, Darlington and Cowes in the Isle of Wight, by William Westall, A.R.A. The execution of the latter views is so extremely careful, that they resemble fine Indian ink drawings, both in tint and texture.

Interior of St. Paul's Church.—A print of this subject, by Woolnoth, in the most finished style of line engraving, from a drawing by Mr. John Harwood, is announced. It is to represent the western extremity of the north aisle, with the ceremony of the instalment of the Dean (now Bishop of Winchester) in May last. As Mr. Harwood has, we understand, painted two Interiors of Westminster Abbey for his Majesty, we are inclined to expect something more than a common picture from his pencil:—for the King does not patronise mediocrity. His style possesses a novelty of manner and a finish which, indeed, recommends it to general notice; but we purpose examining it before we offer any farther or decided opinion. [A mistake was made in the manner of communicating with us, which is only not resented, because we are convinced that it proceeded from erroneous notions of the character of the public press, and ignorance of the *Literary Gazette*.]

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*Portrait of Captain Cooke.** Drawn on stone by Albert Hoffay, from a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We believe that the picture from which this drawing has been made, and which is in the possession of a gentleman of the name of Hawkins, is the only authentic portrait in existence of this celebrated navigator. It bears intrinsic proof of strong resemblance; and was evidently painted after toil and hardship had set their powerful and indestructible stamp on the countenance of the bold and persevering original. The print is dedicated (with permission) to His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral.

Navarino.—Mr. G. P. Reinagle (a son of the esteemed artist of that name) having been present at the battle of Navarino, made sketches of the living and dead scene, which he has now announced his intention to publish in a series of twelve lithographic plates. We have heard that he also intends painting a large picture on the subject for the Royal Academy Exhibition; and thus arms and arts go together,—there is only the difference of a letter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

"Si j'avais placé ma tête dans le ciel, à l'abri des affections orageuses, je ne serais pas brisée avant le temps."
Corinne.

Eagle! this is not thy sphere!
Warrior-bird, what seekest thou here?
Wherefore by the fountain's brink
Doth thy royal pinion sink?
Wherefore on the violets' bed
Layst thou thus thy drooping head?
Thou, that holdst the blast in scorn,
Thou, that wearst the wings of morn!

Eagle! wilt thou not arise?
Look upon thine own bright skies!
Lift thy glance!—the fiery sun
There his pride of place hath won,
And the mounting lark is there,
And sweet sound hath fill'd the air.
Hast thou left that realm on high?
—Oh, it can be but to die!

Eagle, Eagle! thou hast bow'd
From thine empire o'er the cloud!
Thou that hadst ethereal birth,
Thou hast stoop'd too near the earth,
And the Hunter's shaft hath found thee,
And the toils of Death have bound thee!
—Wherefore didst thou leave thy place,
Creature of a kingly race?

Wert thou weary of thy throne?
Was the sky's dominion lone?
Chill and lone it well might be,
Yet that mighty wing was free!
Now the chain is o'er it cast,
From thy heart the blood flows fast.
—Wo for gifted souls and high!
Is not such *their* destiny?

Felicia Hemans.

WOMAN'S HEART.

"Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin,
As woman's heart."—*L. E. L.*

Say, what is Woman's Heart? A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring,
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony,
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought,
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love? A ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, and endless dream,
A smiling flower that will not die,
"A beauty and a mystery:"*
Its storms as light as April showers,
Its joys as bright as April flowers,
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair.

What are its hopes? Rainbows that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats, that some with siren words,
Beguiling it, like summer birds,
That stay while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate? A passing frown,
A single weed mid blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song,
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lightened by a sun-beam's smile;
A passion that scarce hath a part
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair? A deep
Fever, that leaves no tears to weep;
A wo that works with silent power,
As canker-worms destroy a flower;
A viper that shews not it wakes,
Until the heart it preys on breaks;
A mist that robs a star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is Woman's Heart? A thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring,
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony,
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought,
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

Mary Ann Browne.

Elms, Maidenhead, December 1827.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. VIII.

The Laird of Macnab's opinion of the Russians.†

Our veteran chief was once in company with a young officer who had lost his leg in the disastrous attack on Bergen-op-Zoom. He was a remarkably fine young man; and being above six feet high, he attracted much sympathy from the laird, who had a sovereign contempt for all diminutive personages. Having surveyed the maimed hero for a great length of time, he muttered within his teeth,—"A deevilish fine fallow, by the L—d! and nae doots o' gude Heeland blude" (which was the case), and then proceeded—"Hoo lost ye the leg, my fine fallow? what wanchancy[1] ball plaid ye that d—ble plisky?"[2] "At Bergen-op-Zoom, Macnab; a grape-shot did the business," was the reply. "And a deevil o' a business, too, my fine fallow. My auld friend Lyndoch was confoondedly oot in that concern: after driving the poorfusinless[3] bodies of Frenchmen ower the Prinyan (qy. Pyrenean?) craigs, and chasing, and rugging, and worrying the creatures,

* It ought to be Cook, not Cooke.

* Byron.

† Our last year's *Literary Gazette* contained several characteristic stories of the Laird of Macnab; to which we have now to add another true tale, which is the more apropos at this time when the Russians are attracting so much public attention.—*Ed.*

[1] Unlucky. [2] Trick. [3] Very weak.

like sae mony frightened sheep, it was a meeserable conclusion he made o't, for an auld pawky offisher like my friend Balgowan. But let us hear a' aboot it, my fine fallow,—let us hear a' aboot it, my fine fallow." After describing the attack and its failure, the youthful martialist went on to say,—"It was cursedly hard, after all; for within a mile or two of the place were stationed three hundred Russians, with whose assistance we must have carried the fort; but Sir Thomas, no doubt, thought there was no need for them, and wished the British to have all the glory of the achievement. These Russians (added the young soldier) were as fine a body of men as I ever clapt my eyes on. When these gallant fellows found that their services would not be required against the general enemy, they grew frantic with rage, and you might have seen them beating their fire-locks to pieces on the ground. D— me! it was the toss-up of a halfpenny, whether I would have headed such a set of brave souls, or an equal number of our own kilted lads." This was more than enough to put the chief into a perfect frenzy. "Haud you there, sir—haud you there, sir;—ye have said a d—d deal mair than ye can mak amends for, were ye to live as lang as auld Methuselah. It's doonright blasphemy, by the L—d! What, sir, wad ye ever, in ae breath o' your unhallowed jaws, even[4] oor glorious lads o' the hill and the heather, whilk are a marvel to the haill warld, to the oily bastes o' Russians?—A wheen bastely cannibals, meeserable wretches, wha, till they cam west, an' be d—d to them, had naething to cram their craving gude-for-naething kytes wi' but stinking, stranded whales, or an orra sealgh, whilk was a perfect godsend to them. Bonny *vivres*, by the L—d! I mind weel the time, about twenty year bygane, a cheeld ca'd Admiral Siniavin, or some ither cursed name, cam into the Frith wi' a squadron o' these monsters amang men. Dootless it was a veesitation for oor sins. It was the eleventh plague o' Egypt, sir. Had Pharo' set een on them for a single moment, he wad hae let the Eesralites gang aboot their business without a single cheep.[5] Whatever they laid hand on, was momently turned into ulye;[6] and mair than that, they were a perfect abomination wi' vermin. I was ae day taking a dander alang Leith shore, when I saw ane of the loathsome brutes gang into a kanler's shop, and buy a bawbee *bap*,[7] and spying a barrel o' ulye, in he dreeps the bap, and sookit it as ye wad do a jergonel peer. Sune after it pleased Providence to veesit poor Edinburgh and its bounds wi' thae creeshy tykes, a' the lamps in Leith Walk and ither places gade oot, without ony veesible reason. A' the folk were bumbazed[8] about it, and auld wives thocht that Sathan was playing cantrips wi' the lichts. Some were knockit doon, and ithers got off wi' their pockets turned inside oot. And what was the cause o' a' this hobbleshow, think ye? What! but the infernal oily bastes o' Russians. They were catched speeling[9] up the lamp-posts and taking oot the cruizes and drinking the ulye, wick and a'. Ane o' the monsters happened to break his ill-faur'd neck. Burying sic a brute was oot o' the question, ye may weel suppose; so they gave him up to Doctor Monro, who was unco fain to get ha'd o' him, as a kind o' nondescrip. By my saul, sir, I was tald by ane o' the pheesical lads, that when they cam to disseck him, the moment they put the knife into his carcass, he ran doonright train ulye. (With immense exultation) What think ye noo o' your Russians, sir? are they o' ony use on God's earth, think ye, but to lunt[10] like tar barrels in a general illumination?"

[4] Compare. [5] Chirrup. [6] Oil. [7] Halfpenny roll. [8] Astonished. [9] Climbing.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.—Mr. R. Burford has, with extraordinary rapidity, already produced a panorama (in the Strand) of this remarkable subject. From drawings made on the spot, and plans liberally allowed by the Admiralty, we have reason to believe that there is great truth in this representation: at all events, the effect is very striking. The entrance of the bay is calm and quiet, and contrasts well with the slaughter, explosions, and havoc, in the interior. We have neither time nor room for particulars this week.

Panorama of the Battle of Navarino, at the Bazar, King Street, Portman Square.

WE were highly pleased with this specimen of the panoramic art, which is the joint production of Messrs. Wilson and Cartwright, and does them great credit. It is painted with much force and spirit; and we have little doubt (on such subjects it cannot be expected that pacific people like ourselves should speak with perfect certainty) represents the various circumstances of a desperate naval combat with fidelity. The effect of the going-down of the Turkish admiral is exceedingly grand; and the blazing fire-ship, which the boats of the Dartmouth are gallantly towing clear of Admiral De Rigny, whose vessel it menaced with destruction, is a striking feature of the scene. The Panorama is lighted with gas; which, in this sombre weather, is as good a substitute for the sun as it is possible to find. If the flickering of the flame could be prevented, it would be still better.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—Notwithstanding much idle speculation to the contrary, this theatre opened, as we anticipated, on Saturday. It does not appear that matters are as yet definitively settled, with regard to the management, although Messrs. Laurent and Laporte figure in front of the announcements.* The interior of the house has been little beautified, and the removal of the large chandelier is attended with unpleasant dimness, and meets with much disapprobation from the ladies who visit this theatre to be seen as well as to hear. The substitution of wax candles for gas is, however, agreeable to the eye. The performance was *Margherita D'Anjhou*, an agreeable but feeble opera, the music of which is but little to our taste: it contains one or two sparkling and spirited airs, but flags throughout; and the audience—consisting of a fair proportion of the good-natured Smiths and Browns—seemed considerably *ennuyée*. Of Caradori and Curioni we must speak in terms of the highest praise. The costume of the former was extremely elegant and classical, and withal very becoming; and she sang with taste and feeling. Curioni looked heroic. Brambilla, whose dark eyes caused last year so much sensation, contrived to spoil all her beauty in most ungraceful attire; nor did she equal our expectations in her singing. We have a peculiar partiality for this pretty creature, but we will not spoil her by extravagant praise. Her voice requires cultivation; and we earnestly request her, upon her next appearance, to wear shorter boots, and to don a longer surtout. Porto was in good voice; and even Mr. Sapio, jun. had it not been for an unfortunate projection of feathers, which rendered his face nugatory, would have come off respectably. The dresses and decorations were splendid in the extreme; and much expense seems to have been lavished on the supernumeraries. The plot of this melo-drama is scarcely worth repeating. It is utterly in violation of history.

The ballet is showy and pretty, and contains *beaucoup de danse*;—somewhat too much for our tastes, who like a little action. Albert has fallen off greatly; but Anatole is graceful as of yore. There was a new *figurante*, whose name we cannot now call to mind, who pleased us, and to whom we will hereafter do justice. *Hassan* will not, however, last long; and we trust that the *maître* has something in embryo.

Madame Pasta is, we perceive, announced for early *début*; and her appearance, we hope, will not be protracted. Let her be brought forward at once, and let Sontag appear later in the spring; and we promise the proprietors success unlooked for. Arrangements have been made, we hear, to bring over Zuchelli, with his rich masculine and pleasing voice; and Pesarone, whose talents exceed her beauty. Overtures are being made to Velluti, who has been recently puffed in a novel manner by his friends, to appear with Pasta.

The present season bids fair to be a prosperous one. The proprietors have many new resources, of which they will doubtless avail themselves. Boxes, we understand, are letting exceedingly well; and as the spring advances, the house is expected to be very gaily and fashionably attended.

DISAPPOINTMENT has been the order of the week at both houses. Mrs. Glossop, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Kean, have been by turns indisposed; and the latter gentleman, we regret to say, continues seriously ill. At Drury Lane, the united exertions of Mathews, Liston, and Jones, are still highly attractive. At Covent Garden, Dimond's Opera of *Native Land* has been revived with an entirely new cast: Mr. Wood, as *Aurelio*, surpassing our expectations, sanguine as they were. He has more feeling, power, and grace, than any male singer now on the stage (Braham always excepted): adding to these good gifts, a manly figure, a pleasing person, and gentleman-like demeanour, it will be his own fault if he does not shortly stand near the head of his profession. Madam Vestris played and sang *Biondina* delightfully; and Miss Goward (the cleverest of rising actresses), though labouring under severe hoarseness, was most amusing as *Zanina*. Miss Hughes still delights us with her exquisite voice; and we have only again to impress upon her the necessity of proper tuition and diligent study. "We hope she will consider what is spoke comes from our love." We were amongst the first to praise and encourage her; and we are therefore the more anxious that she should reach the topmost height to which her talent may fairly aspire, rather than be content with any lower place. Miss Chester returned to the stage on Tuesday evening, in the character of *Lady Teasle*; and if not the best we ever saw,

[10] Blaze.

* While on this subject, we will just advert to a circumstance which seems to us to involve a case of great injustice. The management of this embarrassed concern was, we are informed, offered to Mr. Ebers, the late lessee, at the moderate rent of 15,000*l.* with further securities. This has now dwindled down to 4,000*l.* (as part of 8,500*l.*) one half of which sum only has been required to be paid down, the rest remaining upon security. It should be borne in mind, that Mr. Ebers has sunk in this calamitous concern a property of 40,000*l.* and upwards, one sou of which it was utterly impossible for him to recover at a rent so exorbitant.

she is at least the handsomest, and that must content us.

Minor Theatres.—We have still three more minor theatres to notice—the Coburg, Sadler's Wells, and the West London. The first of these places is under the direction of Mr. Davidge, a gentleman who had once serious thoughts of having the life and death of Doctor Dodd dramatized for the benefit of the rising generation. The second is managed by Mr. Dibdin, formerly one of our most successful dramatic writers; "a fellow of infinite jest," and one whom we are sorry to see removed from the sphere of his earlier exertions. Respecting the third and last, we blush for our ignorance; and altogether we are sadly puzzled as to what we should do. It is much easier to blame than to praise; but to us it is any thing but pleasant. We have no doubt it is our want of taste which prevents our relishing the entertainments provided for "the most thinking people" at these theatres; and as we are confident the manager of each is doing what he considers to be most calculated to bring grist to the mill, why, if the customers are satisfied, so ought we to be—at least, it signifies very little whether we are or not. But as some of our remarks on the Minors may have lately seemed to smack a little of severity, we shall take the earliest opportunity of vindicating ourselves from the charge of ill-nature, and of expressing a few opinions we entertain respecting them. At present, what with the Opera, the French plays, and the threatened novelties at the Theatres Royal, we suspect we are likely to have our hands full for some time to come.

The French Plays.—On Wednesday *the English* Opera House opened with *the French* Plays. The theatre was full; the effect of the alterations, arrangements, &c. (as we anticipated) was most brilliant; and the performances went off with great éclat. At present we shall only say that the undertaking seems to have completely succeeded. It will undoubtedly improve as it goes on; and experience shews the expediency of having a company thoroughly good from top to bottom. One or two great staves will no more sustain any theatre than a bundle of sticks; and we are persuaded that every manager will at last see the necessity of securing combinations of talent.

VARIETIES.

Paper.—Several French chemists are busily engaged at present in researches as to the best mode of sizing paper. The microscope has been very advantageously employed in the prosecution of these inquiries.

Mademoiselle Sontag.—Some of the Parisian amateurs express their regret that when Mademoiselle Sontag, eighteen months ago, left Paris, amidst the general applause of the frequenters of the Opera, she did not repair to Italy, there to study her profession under the ablest masters, instead of returning to Germany, and where, instead of examples of fine singing, she has been listening to nothing but loud and mechanical instrumental music; and they add, that the effect of this injudicious preference is very apparent in her present style, which abounds with abrupt and periodical transitions. She has, however, been received with enthusiastic admiration.

Craniology.—Among the candidates for the physiological prize of the French Academy, is Dr. Vimon, a physician of Caen, who has sent in casts in wax of above 2000 skulls of human beings, quadrupeds, and birds; together with numerous drawings, accompanied by remarks. This collection is the result of several years' study of the doctrines of Gall, with respect to the seat of the moral and intellectual faculties in men and animals. It is said, that when Dr. Vimon left Paris originally, after having attended a course of Dr. Gall's lectures, he was quite hostile to the craniological system; and that, entering upon a train of experiments in order to refute it, the consequence of his inquiries was, that he became one of its most zealous partisans.

The Thames Tunnel.—This unfortunate undertaking has again been overflowed by the bursting in of the river; an accident which, following all that was said about "perfect security" after the former misfortune, ought not to have happened. But we fear this ingenious and really interesting scheme has been ill-managed, in spite of the talents of Mr. Brunel, and the perseverance and skill of his co-operators. The fact is, it has been far too much a thing of newspaper discussion. Instead of having every nerve and all attention directed to the work, there has been a distracting diversion of mind as to ways and means, and the courting of public opinion to favour the speculation. It is now, in consequence, a very bad job.

French Academy.—On the 31st of Dec. 1827, the Académie des Sciences proceeded to fill up a vacancy in the list of corresponding members in the section of Geology. The candidates were Mr. Conybeare, of London; Mr. Buckland, of Oxford; M. Freisleben, of Fribourg; and M. Charpentier, of Besançon. Mr. Conybeare was elected by a very large majority.

Iconography.—The remains of an ancient castle have recently been discovered near the town of Sympheropol, in the Crimea; from the ruins of which have been dug various bas-relievos, with Greek inscriptions; one of which is dedicated to Jupiter Atabyrius; on another, the name of King Scilurus is perfectly distinguishable. This is probably the celebrated Scilurus who made war against the generals of Mithridates Eupator; and who, according to Strabo's account, possessed, in the interior of Taurica Chersonesus, the castles of Chavum, Neapolis, and Palacium. It is probable that the vestiges just mentioned belonged to one of those three places. Among the bas-relievos is one representing an old man with a thick beard and a remarkable cap; perfectly resembling a figure on a medal in M. de Blaramberg's cabinet, the reverse of which bears the name of King Scilurus.

United States.—The first column of a respectable Baltimore newspaper of the 3d of last December, called *Canfield's Lottery Argus*, is thus headed: "List of Broken Banks, and other *similar* Institutions, in the United States." The instances specified are no fewer than a hundred and forty-seven. Another list immediately follows, five columns in length, of "Altered, counterfeit, and spurious Bank-notes." These are rather alarming indications of the present state of American commerce and credit.

Roman Antiquities.—The remains of a fine Roman villa have been recently discovered near Helpstone, between Stamford and Peterborough. Mr. Artis, well known for his successful antiquarian researches, has caused the spot to be explored; and his investigation has been rewarded by finding a tessellated pavement, of superior workmanship. The same gentleman (the *York Chronicle* informs us) has discovered a complete iron Foundry of the Romans near Wansford.

Original Anecdote of Buonaparte.—Napoleon being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him—"That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture last?" Denon answered, that "with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years." "And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last." "Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years." "And this," returned Napoleon, sharply, "this you call immortality!"

Old Bailey Wit.—(*From a Lawyer's Note-book.*)—A man tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away.—*Judge to witness, who had pursued and seised the prisoner*—"What did he say when you caught him?" *Witness*—"My Lord, he said that he took the boots in joke." *Judge*—"And pray how far did he carry the joke?" *Witness*—"About forty yards, please your Lordship."

A publican appeared to give the prisoner a character; and on examination, it appeared that he had no further knowledge of him than that he had frequented his house for the last six weeks. *Witness*—"I always considered the prisoner at the bar, my lord, as a fair and honest man." *Judge*—"That is, you mean to say that he drank his beer fairly, and paid for it honestly." *Witness*—"Exactly so, my lord."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Tales of the Talmud are announced, from the able and spirited pen of Dr. Maginn.

A Mr. Adesne (at the bar) is said to be the author, or at any rate the finder of the materials, of the Clubs of London.

Preparing for publication, the Beggar of the Seas; or, Belgium in the time of the Duke of Alba.

In the Press.—An Essay on the Application of Mathematical Analysis to the Theories of Electricity and Magnetism.—A Chronology of the Reigns of George the Third and Fourth, by W. J. Belsham, Esq., complete to Jan. 1, 1828.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

January.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday .. 10	From 24. to 33.	29.70 to 29.59
Friday 11	—— 25. — 37.	29.51 — 29.53
Saturday .. 12	—— 29. — 44.	29.71 — 29.50
Sunday 13	—— 30. — 47.	29.16 — 29.51
Monday .. 14	—— 35. — 43.	29.54 — 29.50
Tuesday .. 15	—— 32. — 37.	29.61 — 29.76
Wednesday 16	—— 31.5 — 38.	29.62 — 29.72

Wind variable, prevailing S.E.

Generally cloudy and raining, snowing heavily on the morning of the 11th, and very foggy on the 12th.

Rain fallen, 1·3 inches.

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Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

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No. II. will be published in March.

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Letters from the late Lord Chedworth to the Rev. Thomas Crompton; written in the period from January 1780 *to May* 1795. 4to. pp. 336. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

Very little need be said introductory to this volume, which consists of a hundred and forty letters from the late Lord Chedworth, of eccentric memory, to his friend Mr. Crompton. They certainly shew the writer to have been, in many respects, far superior to the common idea entertained of his character, which was generally supposed to be as insignificant as his person, and as imbecile as his understanding. It would seem, however, that (as is often the case) much of his oddity and whimsicalness was owing to his bodily infirmities; and that, in spite of constitutional and physical weakness of his nerves,* he was, in many points, a sensible person, a good classical scholar, a gentleman by his manners, and by no means the least consistent or intelligent peer that ever voted in the upper house. The following passage, in a letter, says much to his honour:—

"Having many other letters to write, I must reply to yours very briefly. With regard to the alteration of my establishment, &c., I feel the force of what you say very strongly; but I am unalterably determined to get out of debt before I make any material change. The payment of my father's debts (to which I cannot legally be compelled) is an object that is very near my heart, and nothing shall tempt me to lose sight of it: the completion of my wishes has been retarded by the miserably dilapidated state of the farms on almost every part of my estates, and the laying out a great deal of money on them has been absolutely unavoidable. I shall take it as a kindness if you will not importune me on that subject; at the same time I am thoroughly satisfied that your advice is given from the most friendly motive, and admit that there is much reasonableness in what you say."*

His lordship left his estate and fortune, we believe, to Mr. Penrice and Mr. Richard Wilson: the preface says, "The singular disposition he made of his large property will be in the recollection of many; and also the attempt that was made to get the will aside, on the ground of his being *insane*, his father, that he had '*a propensity to insanity*.' I felt quite assured that I had abundant testimony to offer in confutation of any such opinion;" and it is in this friendly spirit that the worthy editor has published these letters—affording, in this No. of the *Literary Gazette*, a striking contrast to the volume respecting another deceased noble lord; for Mr. Crompton's friendly correspondence with Lord Chedworth had ceased nearly ten years, and a mutual declaration of their regard for each other being at an end, had closed their intimacy. Yet he endeavours to rescue and elevate the memory of a man to whom he was once attached: he does not "foul him when dead."

The correspondence is not of an important kind; but it contains a multitude of slight notices of passing events which claim a certain share of interest. These are, however, so scattered, and so mixed up with things now of no consequence (for many of them are anticipations of what were soon ascertained by events), that we find it difficult to convey to our readers a precise idea of the general volume. His lordship writes concerning the drama, the publications, the politics of the passing day; and his opinions are frequently very apposite and curious. We shall endeavour to extract some examples, without attending much to classification. Having made notes on Shakspeare (which were printed and privately circulated after his decease), we may attach more than usual credit to his remarks and criticisms on the *Drama*.

November, 1783.—"The little news I have to send you is principally theatrical; and I shall set out with saying, that I am every day more and more convinced of my own incompetency to judge of theatrical merit: I believe the number of those who are capable of judging 'is very small indeed.' This preface renders it almost unnecessary for me to say that I hazard all the following judgments with a considerable measure of diffidence. I saw Mrs. Crawford make her first appearance, of which I only say, that she expressed more salt water from my eyes than ever Mrs. Siddons did. Henderson's *Old Norval* was incomparably fine. Mr. Twiss says that Aickin was very bad in *Glenalvon*; I can only say that he conceives the character very much as I do, and speaks it very much as I should. There is a certain shrewdness, and a sort of humour, in the character, which he seems to have hit off not badly. Kemble's *Sir Giles Overreach* had a good deal of merit. Though there were passages in his *Hamlet* highly laudable, yet I cannot but think he is

> 'Infelix operis summâ,'

though I will not predicate this of every one,

> '———— qui ponere totum
> Nesciet.'

This censure would include the best plays of Shakspeare,

> '——— quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.'

I know that it is vain to expect uniform and unvarying excellence in any human performance—'every part cannot be best;' but I think the defects of his *Hamlet* outweigh its excellencies. He is finical, laborious, stiff, and unnatural, perpetually hunting after new meanings in his author, by pointings and emphases different from those commonly received (which, in my opinion, nineteen times out of twenty are right), and seems to dread nothing so much as to be deemed a servile imitator of Mr. Garrick. I have seen the last-mentioned gentleman play *Hamlet*, which he did very differently from Mr. Kemble: if Mr. K. is right, G. was wrong; but I confess I incline to G——. Novelty is the *ignis fatuus* which leads Kemble astray: servility in copying is bad; even Garrick at second-hand, Churchill declares to be intolerable; but shall a man abstain from a mode of speaking or acting merely because it has been used before?

> 'In vitium ducit culpæ fuga si caret arte.'

Mr. Kemble displays more ingenuity, in my mind, than taste or solidity of judgment. He has many tricks to raise claps, and one particularly, which I cannot but reprobate, of pausing where there is no pause in the sense,

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* He writes of himself: "Timidity is so interwoven in my frame and nature as to be the ruling principle of most of my actions." And in November 1782: "With respect to one point, I shall only say, that marriage is at present absolutely out of my system; but I make no vow: I am too well acquainted with the mutability and instability of human nature not to be aware that the most remarkable revolutions may be wrought in the mind of man. This is well demonstrated in Blair's sermon on the character of Hazael, and in Richardson's analysis of the character of Macbeth. There is nothing which I at present think more abhorrent to my nature than deliberate [illegible]; but I may, like Hazael, be one day drawn to the commission of crimes at which my mind now revolts. The apostle's admonition, 'let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall,' ought always to be present to our minds. For this reason I do not say that I never shall marry; but I am so strongly impressed with certain gloomy ideas respecting it, such as multiplying sources of unhappiness, children's turning out ill, the consciousness of my own defects, and inability to push them in the world for their benefit. These make me, with a variety of other considerations, at this moment think it in the highest degree improbable that I ever should marry; and therefore on this head,

> 'I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
> Be any further moved.'"

The dangers of delay and *cowardice* in affairs of the heart are also singularly illustrated in a letter dated [illegible] 1794:—"It is necessary that I should apologise for what I am going to communicate to you, and bespeak your candour. Dwelling so long as I perhaps may do on what relates to myself, will savour much of egotism, and as I am about to lay open my heart, I may perhaps incur your contempt. Miss —— is married. You must have known how very much I have been attached to her for [illegible] years past, though I never made known to her the earnest desire I have long entertained, (and which I was come to a resolution of declaring very soon,) of having her my wife. Why I did not do so earlier, I could give you many reasons, some of which I think are not [illegible]; but having at last made up my mind on the [illegible], and even meditated the letters which it would [illegible] necessary to write on the occasion, you will [illegible], for I know you have a heart capable of conceiving what my feelings were, when, at the beginning of [illegible] last, I received a letter from her, informing me that Mr. —— had made her an offer of marriage, and that she had accepted it.

> '———— Æstuat ingens
> Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
> Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.'

I believe that all my views and wishes had been fixed for a long time. In me the shaft of love had [illegible] 'engrossed the stock of all affections else;' and it was not merely a mere lust of possessing her person, but [illegible] the society of a virtuous and amiable [illegible] it would have been my pride to have [illegible] which her merits would have added dignity. [illegible] her, in my answer, that I could by no means [illegible] her choice, (she had hoped for my approbation,) and imploring her forgiveness for any impropriety there might be in the mention of it at that time, told her the state of my heart. By my desire she acquainted Mr. —— with this, and his behaviour to me has been extremely friendly and delicate. I am now left without a hope: and had it not been for 'the dread of something after death,' I had long before this relieved myself from my feelings."

* "I had, as I remember, urged upon Lord C., and certainly not for the first time, the living in a way more suitable to his rank and fortune, not then knowing how little he received (not 2000*l*. a year) from his large property. His lordship was one, probably, of the very few who were benefitted by the income tax, from the light it was the occasion of throwing on his affairs, and the consequent detection of an unfaithful agent."

in order to give the subsequent words more force and effect."

December 8th.—"I was fool enough to go to the first night of Mrs. Cowley's new comedy, called *More Ways than One*; though I must tell you, in vindication of myself, that I did not know who was the author when I went. It was received with the greatest applause, and highly commended in most of the papers this morning; notwithstanding which, I do not hesitate to pronounce it execrable stuff. * *

"The mention of Shakspeare in your letter reminds me of a remark which lately occurred to me: *Prince Henry* makes the following reflection over the dead body of *Hotspur*:

'When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.'

As a parallel to this passage, Dr. Johnson has quoted these lines from Ovid:

'Carminibus confide bonis; jacet ecce Tibullus;
Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit.'

I think the two last lines of the epitaph said to be inscribed on the tomb of Scipio Africanus, have a nearer resemblance to the passage in Shakspeare:

'Cui non Europa, non obstitit Africa quondam,
Respice res hominum, quam brevis urna premit.'"

From the stage we proceed to a few very brief miscellaneous illustrations. The following useful hint is neatly conveyed:—

"I thank you very much for your very obliging letter, which I received on Friday last; but give me leave to remark, *en passant*, that in future it may be as well if you date your letters, as the trouble of doing it is not great, and it sometimes may have its convenience."

The next are sound observations:—

"I do not think that tremblingly alive susceptibility which you mention is a certain diagnostic of virtue; it is sometimes, perhaps most frequently, what we call prudery. Conscious innocence is bold, and often much more unguarded than guilt; though the feelings of calumniated innocence will be often in the highest degree irritable: but the feelings of no friend of mine, whether man or woman, do I wish to be 'tremblingly alive all o'er,' for the inevitable consequence of such feelings is, that the person cursed with them must 'smart and agonise at every pore.' He will find ten thousand things to render him miserable; ten thousand unintentional slights will pierce him to the quick, which would never have occurred to the mind of a man of less refinement and susceptibility. This was remarkably exemplified in the life of Rousseau, who was exquisitely ingenious in rendering himself unhappy. Every man, who values his happiness, will be studious to eradicate a susceptibility, which is certainly a scion of that passion which the wise son of Sirach truly, and with a fine sarcasm, remarks, 'was not made for man.'"

There is an interest to us in the mention of literary men and matters; thus, February, 1794:—

"Gibbon (whose death you must have seen) is said to have been employed on two works, the loss of which I do not much regret—Prefaces to an edition of the Monkish Historians, which were to be published by Pinkerton; and a sort of *Catalogue raisonné* of the authors he has made use of in his Roman History. It is said that he had not made much progress in either. * * *

"I have not heard much said of Mr. Canning's* speech. It was considered as sufficiently zealous, but I do not think he was considered in that debate as remarkably formidable. I saw him in town with the Markhams: if he be domiciled with the archbishop, he will hardly be deficient in zeal. I asked in town how the revolution in Canning's political sentiments had been produced. I was answered, that 'his poverty, but not his will, consented.'"

The subjoined maxims from Jortin, and quoted by Lord C., are worth repeating:—

"The man who is not *intelligible* is not *intelligent*. You may depend upon this, as upon a rule which will never deceive you.

"A desire to say things which no one ever said, makes some people say things which no one ought to say.

"Men speak more virtuously than they either act or think.

"Government, in church and state, is of God; forms of government, in church and state, are of men.

"Bacon says, 'If St. John were to write an epistle to the church of England, as he did to that of Asia, it would surely contain this clause: *I have a few things against thee.*' I am not quite of his opinion. I am afraid the clause would be, 'I have *not* a few things against thee.'

"It is observable that Pharaoh, tyrant and persecutor as he was, never compelled the Hebrews to forsake the religion of their fathers, and to adopt that of the Egyptians. Such improvements in persecution were reserved for Christians.

"Flatterers are as mean and sordid as they are mischievous and odious. To them might be applied the Levitical law: *Every creeping thing is unclean, and shall be an abomination.*

"Somebody said to a learned simpleton, 'The Lord double your learning, and then—you will be twice the fool you are now.'

"Amongst the sayings of Publius Syrus, none pleases us more than this:—'*injuriarum remedium est oblivio.*' I have endeavoured to make use of it."

But we must conclude; and we do so with quoting two of Lord Chedworth's very opposite reasons for mourning the loss of a cook:—

"I am at present in an uncomfortable state: my cook has been dying for some days; but her constitution being very strong, she grapples with death astonishingly. As she came to live with my father and mother before I can remember, you will conceive that I cannot help feeling on this occasion. I doubt I shall not soon meet with a person whose culinary performances will please me so well as her's have done."

There are some just remarks on reading the church service of common prayer; but, instead of referring to them, we would take the opportunity of recommending all concerned to seek out Mr. Jones (of Drury Lane), who is making so many clergymen effective and impressive in this way (instead of following traditional sing-song and error), that we understand he is likely to be esteemed one of the chief pillars of the church as well as of the stage.

The Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany. No. I. *January*, 1828. London, Black, Young, and Young; and Bossange, Barthès, and Lowell: Edinburgh, T. Clark: Dublin, M'Arthur.

We are not in the habit of reviewing our contemporaries in periodical literature, because we consider the public to be the best judges of such matters, which are, therefore, best left in the hands that must sanction or reject them. But this does not preclude us from occasionally noticing, and especially when we can do so with approbation, the appearance of any novelty in the critical or literary world; such notices being rather in the way of news or intelligence than of expressions of opinion. Thus, we spoke very favourably of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* when first published, some months ago (of which a second No. has since succeeded); and have now to do equal justice to another performance of the same class, and, we are sorry to remark, its hostile competitor and rival. With the disputes, however, which led to this division of interests, and to several angry statements from the parties (in which, we fancy, readers take less concern than the controversialists may suppose), it is not our business to interfere: we cannot help feeling sorrow that the heat of contention, springing originally, perhaps, out of slight causes, should be carried to such intemperate heights, as to induce any literary men to utter imputations and recriminations, at which, we are convinced, their minds, in the earlier stages of the contest, would have started and recoiled. It is thus that all quarrels grow: they begin with some slight misunderstanding and displeasure; the difference of views widens as the argument warms the combatants, and the breach becomes more and more impracticable, till at last rage begets hatred; and those who at the outset would have thought a formal phrase a sufficient mark of their temper, and a gentle reproof for not agreeing with them a sufficient retort, do not hesitate to abuse and vilify in language of unmeasured violence, and to charge motives and conduct which could only be imagined through the distorting medium of angry resentments. Trifles are canvassed till they turn to serious questions, and molehills are made mountains for the dwellers thereupon. That we may not fall into the same error, we here dismiss the subject, which we have touched on with regret, as one forced upon us by the publicity of the occasion, and the exasperation of the wordy warfare which has been so actively and acrimoniously maintained. The editors of both Reviews we have the pleasure to know; and their estimable qualities as gentlemen and scholars ought to have kept them from this controversy.

With regard to No. I. of the *Foreign Review* now before us, we have simply to say, that its

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* "It was once my good fortune to meet this truly great man at a large dinner party at Dr. Cooper's, where he was present with his uncle, Mr. Leigh. Lord C. was also there. Mr. Canning had not then commenced his political career; but had already achieved so high a literary fame, that we were all greedy

'To swallow his discourse;'

when, unfortunately, the discipline of a hundred-house of industry was a subject casually started, and from this attractive scent it was found impossible to call off some of our company. Enough, however, was heard from Mr. C. to induce Lord Chedworth to declare, when the party broke up, and with more than his ordinary enthusiasm, that 'C. was a wonderful young man.'

"The above was written at a time when it could scarcely be foreseen that the master mind of this gentleman would direct the counsels of his country. But, alas! the hope, the sanguine hope, thus inspired, was soon to cease. His unremitting industry and excess of devotion to the cause he had so entirely at heart were too much for his exhausted nature. The opposition too which he experienced (to a degree, perhaps, wholly unexampled) from the pride and selfishness of some of his former friends, could not but severely afflict him; and it is painful to add, that the excessive malignity which was displayed by their low and scurrilous partisans was more than his amiable but too ardent temper could endure. The well-wrought panoply of genuine patriotism and conscious integrity could not wholly defend him from their poisoned arrows. To despise an enemy, however wise it may be, is a lesson which all cannot learn. He, however, is gone from a world of trouble; but not, I trust, before his country and its enlightened sovereign were become sensible of his worth, and will be anxious to continue in that path of policy which he had opened, and which so evidently leads, not only to the prosperity and happiness of this country, but of all mankind."

contents are various, exceedingly well chosen, and very ably written. Out of twelve regular articles, of considerable length, we have been much pleased with Barante's History of the Dukes of Burgundy, Werner and German Poetry, and Spanish Poetry, severally ascribed to Mr. Southey, Mr. Carlile of Edinburgh, and Mr. Wiffen; but it is almost an impropriety to particularise these papers, since nearly all the rest are replete with intelligence and instruction. On the whole, we look upon this No. to be eminently calculated to inspire and cultivate a taste for foreign literature, of which there is a broad and rich field open to the critical English labourer, whence he may import vast and valuable stores for the benefit of his native country. As a specimen of the work, we select one from some twenty or thirty of the short reviews of new publications, which, together with the usual lists, &c. &c., conclude this excellent volume. In a very brief space it offers many just and felicitous observations, which might have been expanded over far larger bounds.

"*Poésies, par Mde. Amable Tastu.* Paris, 1827.

"It is a singular fact, that a nation whose earliest associations are so romantic and so poetical—which was the birth-place of the Troubadours, and, in after times, not only the most civilised, but, indeed, the most forward in literary progress,—should possess no poetry. Setting the drama aside, as involving too much of old dispute, and, moreover, conceiving a tragedy may be very effective without being poetical, we must again repeat our assertion that there is no poetry, properly so called, in France. Spain, Italy, Germany, and England, are the most poetical countries in Europe: the poetry of Spain is the stirring memory of her ancient chivalry, veined with the rich passion and imagery which the Moors have left, like the ruins of the Alhambra, as their trace behind them; that of Italy is the inspiration of the fairest earth and heaven that ever made beauty the element of man's fancy. In Germany and England there is less of ostensible cause; there is no reason of climate or association why they should be more poetical than France, yet no one will deny that they are so. But the wonder of those who examine the character of the French will soon cease; their philosophers were wits, their poets epigrammatists, their lovers men of gallantry; all lived with the fear of ridicule, like the sword of Damocles, for ever before their eyes; their feelings were scenes, their enthusiasm a fashion, and their very intrigues a feather for their cap or a step to their preferment: but the insincerity that prevailed amongst them was a yet greater barrier to the attainment of poetical eminence. Every thing was doubted, nothing believed; sceptics in morals as well as in religion, there was nothing whereon to ground belief—and poetry, like religion, asks faith. Destroy its credence in the finer sympathies, the higher and holier impulses of our nature, and we destroy its existence. The compliment was elegantly turned, the satire was keenly pointed; so much for the higher ranks: and as for the lower, no peasant yet ever made his native valley vocal with his songs, till nature, borne on the wings of music, like Psyche wafted by the zephyrs, found her way even into palaces. The degraded state of the peasantry rendered this impossible: the wildest tribe that ever roamed the desert may be poetical, the civilised savage never. Where, in such a state of society, were the excitements or the materials of poesy? for though devout believers in the original existence of genius, separate and self-supported, as the fire of the volcano, yet we also think there must be a peculiar state of atmosphere to call forth the liquid flame. To take a moment's glance at the list of French poets as their names occur, we have the Abbé de Lille's 'Jardins,' whose pastoral and rural sketches are about as natural as the pictures when it was the fashion for ladies to be drawn as shepherdesses; their ideas of Arcadia being composed of a nosegay, a crook, a large straw hat, and a long green sash; and where in the odes of J. B. Rousseau, (save only that Pindaric address to Fortune,) shall we look for the exquisite imagery of Collins, the classical power of Gray, or the reflective philosophy of Wordsworth? Perhaps a few words on the Henriade will shew the defects of French poetry. They may be principally comprised under three heads; its being made the vehicle of courtly flattery, its adherence to mythological imagery, and its utter ignorance of natural beauty. The gods of Ethnic faith have lost their hold for worship in the present day; for poetry must, to a certain degree, be truth. Their magnificent deities, their lovely goddesses, their graceful train of nymphs, nereids, &c. were beautiful and efficient in the hands of the Grecians, for they believed in their existence. Such was the state of the more imaginative parts of literature previous to the Revolution. That has, indeed, effected a mighty change; freedom, like pure air, has cleared and lightened wherever it past, and no where are its effects more felt than in the mind. It is not in the midst of terrible events that people lie down to meditate upon them, but in the after-hours of tranquillity. France is more likely to produce fine poetry now than ever; men's thoughts and feelings have received a new stimulus, old prejudices have been forcibly trodden down, old customs shewn to be of no avail, foreign models contemplated, and a new standard of taste introduced. In every work which now issues from the French press, the influence of this renovated spirit is felt. As yet, indeed, no master minstrel has arisen to give his own tone to minor writers (for though we do full justice to the talents of Messrs. Delavigne and Delamartine, yet they are not men who stamp the character of a language); but we do firmly believe there is more of imagination and taste at this present moment in French literature, than would have served the whole siècle de Louis XIV. Perhaps the volume which suggested these remarks will illustrate, as well as any, the change which we consider to have taken place. It is a little book full of simple and natural feeling, with veins of that melancholy whose very existence is poetry. *Les Poésies* of Mde. Amable Tastu consist of some very graceful translations from Moore, and many short original pieces, whose sadness and tenderness appear to be, what the inspiration of the minstrel should ever be—from the heart. In translating two or three of our favourite pieces, we shall endeavour rather to follow the meaning than the measure: for example, in the annexed stanzas we have given the more recitative part of the ode in blank verse, and we shall only have recourse to rhyme, where either the nature of the poem requires it, or where such a style being peculiar to both languages, the metre will not interfere with the turn of a single idea.

'*Song of Sappho at the Pyre of Erinna.*

Happy the priestess of the poet-god,
Whose songs, young Lesbians, the Aonian maids
Alone have taught! oh! happy she, who sleeps
Ere wakened from the error which but wakes
To know itself the nurse of long regrets,
Or envy her who dies and leaves behind
Songs pure as ever her own features were.
Weep, maidens, weep, the daughter of the lyre
Who asks in vain from a once high, pure love
Its vanished dream, whose glory and whose shame
Are linked together, she who paid happiness
Her price for genius, but enjoyed it not—
She who is struck by slander's poisoned tongue
But this is not Erinna! alas, it is not her!'

"We will pass over the next two stanzas, as too mythological, and leave the jealousy of Plutus, and the anger of Venus, for the following exquisite cluster of images alluding to the death of Erinna.

'She has past as the day-break
Fades on the hill-side,
As the swan's sad low singing
Borne away by the tide.
As the rose flower droops
When the night hour's come on;
As the silver stream dries
In the heat of the sun.
But weep for her!—she who is suffering still,
Waiting that hour for which perhaps she prays.
Dark night has brought its visions, she has seen
Each muse in silence hide her radiant brow,
And when day sinks to darkness, hears she not
From the cold waves a voice which calls her there.
But this is not Erinna! alas, it is not her!'

"The following is in a lighter vein, imitated from one of Thibaud's, the King of Navarre.

'Greeting, lovely ladies all,
Who have welcomed me in hall,
Be ye merciful as fair,
While the minstrel strains declare
One, that well to you belongs,
Of his noble master's songs;
Tears in each dark eye may swell,
While the death of Love I tell.

'Tis not Love which liveth now—
He hath died of broken vow;
False love now hath all the sway—
Please you all for true Love pray.

Sweet where true Love's smiles and sighs,
Morning's light was in his eyes,
Well all deemed that he could be
Only a divinity.
One of you may say 'mine own,'
To the portrait I have shewn:
I will not the truth betray,
But, perchance, her blushes may.
'Tis not, &c.

All too soon the weight of age
Came, despite youth's hour of charms;
Worn with cares, and worn with griefs,
Love expired in my arms.
Saw I how his strength decayed,
Saw death on his features graved,
Saw him die beneath neglect,
Whom a look, perchance, had saved.
'Tis not, &c.

Flung I on the funeral pyre
Amorous scroll, vows false and fair,
Azure from deceiving scarf,
Faded flowers, and auburn hair.
There, as Eve's star rose above,
Laid I the remains of Love:
Drowned, amid my tears fast rain,
There he might have died again.
'Tis not, &c.

In a little lonely wood,
There is raised Love's funeral stone;
There the simple peasant dreams,
As the twilight hours steal on.
Would that some inconstant heart,
Passing near the haunted place,
Might by the carved marble pause,
And sigh its graven words to trace.

'Tis not Love which liveth now—
He hath died of broken vow;
False Love now hath all the sway—
Please you all for true Love pray.'

"One beautiful simile, alluding to herself and the remembrance she leaves behind in song, and we have done.

'As in a vale some solitary flower
Fades and then dies, leaving for memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves,
Frail playthings of the wind.'

"We have now only a few words of praise and welcome to the fair lyrist whose music we have been endeavouring to catch. There is a delicate tone of feminine feeling which pervades the whole, and, if report speaks truly in saying that she is collecting materials for a volume of legends from the olden times of France, we congratulate both herself and her readers."

Tales of an Antiquary, chiefly illustrative of the Manners, Traditions, and Remarkable Localities of London. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THESE are very curious and interesting volumes: many a weary day must have been passed in the Museum—that temple of antiquities and antiquaries—many a black-lettered folio unclasped, ere the materials could have been collected for their pages; and few of our modern memoirs have, we firmly believe, cost one half the research of these Tales. We have, however, more to say in favour of the industry than of the invention of the writer. Considered simply as fictions, they are heavy and ill constructed—as sketches of olden time, accurate and spirited. We think the author has been led away by a false idea of conforming to the taste of the times, of writing a popular work, yet so full of his antiquarian lore that the mere story-teller sinks under the weight. We shall select from the two or three German legends the following story of *Death's Horse.* The forest near Wolfsfeld is so infested by demons, that no person can pass unmolested. At length a bold knight undertakes the adventure: he sets off, with the Evangelists at his saddle-bow, his spear in his hand, and a song on his lips.

"He was carolling on in this manner, when the wood began to resound with all sorts of noises: there were laughing, shouting, and many voices were heard mocking him. 'Hark to the fool-hardy braggart!' cried one. 'He little thinks we're to roast him to-night on molten gold,' said another. 'Yes,' howled a third, 'for the impious fool came out without a blessing from the brethren of St. Francis' convent.' 'Let him go on, let him go on; he cannot escape Death's Horse.' In this manner was Ludwig accosted by his invisible foes on his entry to the forest; but though he was not daunted, yet he gathered up his strength for his future trials; 'for,' thought he, 'although what I have heard may be as gross falsehoods as ever were uttered by the Fiend himself, yet I shall not cast away my blows upon an invisible enemy, but reserve them until I can see something to fight withal.' He rode on for a while unmolested, though the forest grew thicker, and the night grew darker every moment; when, as he passed the entrance to a narrow and deep defile, he saw a figure very richly habited in the ancient dress of Germany come riding up it on a bay horse: upon his head was a crown of gold, and in his face, where his eyes should have been, were two large balls, which shone like the regal metal when glowing in the furnace. 'Ho, friend!' cried Langenspeers, when he saw the figure, 'who are you with your fiery eyes, and what do you seek in this forest?' 'My name,' said the stranger, 'is King Guldneaugen: I am lord of all the gold in Germany.' 'And I,' returned the knight, 'am Lodowyck Langenspeers, of Wolfsfeld, as poor as an howlet, but in arms against all roving spirits.' 'What say you, Ludwig, to becoming my subject? You shall have coined gold by the handful, and wedges enough to build you a palace with.' 'Well said, King Goldeneyes,' answered Langenspeers, 'but what must I do for all this?' 'Only give me that little book which is at your left saddle-bow, and swear upon it to be mine for ever and ever.' 'A likely tale, King Guldneaugen,' replied the knight; 'but if you can carry my lance without stooping, I'll serve you.' 'Come, then,' said the king, 'let me try.' 'Take it, then,' said Ludwig, letting his ponderous spear fall with all his force upon the shoulder of the unfortunate monarch, and bearing both horse and man to the earth with the weight of it. 'How now!' cried the knight, 'what are you down, King Guldneaugen? you are well fitted, truly, to play a forest fiend, not to stand a touch like that. Believe me, my faith is much heavier. Hark ye, friend, I shall give you a little wound, that I may know you when we meet again: there!' continued he, running his spear through the fictitious spirit's arm, 'Good night!' 'Go on, thou sacrilegious man!' said the fallen king; 'Death's Horse is abroad in the forest! thou wilt meet him anon.' 'And then,' returned Langenspeers, 'I shall serve it as I have served yours;' and so he rode on his journey. He again continued unmolested for some time; but whether he had missed the road, or whether any fiendish sleights were cast over him, he could not tell, though certain it was that he rather seemed to get deeper into the forest, than to issue from it on the high road to Nürnberg. In spite of himself, too, the night air made him weary and drowsy, and he even nodded in a broken slumber over his horse's head. It is, however, in these brief spaces of forgetfulness, when we are neither sleeping nor waking, that the power of dreams is most perplexingly active; for the things which are actually passing before us are mixed up with the wild incoherencies of vision, and we are unable to distinguish the true from the false. Such was the situation of Langenspeers: he thought that he was still riding through the wood, greatly wearied, and that a beautiful female, fantastically habited in oak and ivy, like a forest sprite, was approaching him, singing—

'Turn and rest thee, soldier, here,
Let thy wearied barb go free;
Lay aside thy massive spear,
Turn and pass the night with me.

Here securely feast and sleep,
Beauty here shall bless thine arms;
Rest thee, knight, nor longer keep
Vigil to the forest charms.'

A sudden start of his horse awakened Ludwig from his trance, and he beheld the figure which he had dreamed of, standing before him. 'And pray, fair one,' began the knight, 'was yours the voice I heard inviting me to stop and rest, and banquet?' 'Yes, gallant stranger,' she replied; 'I am the Princess Brinhilda, the daughter of Achenmann, the erl king; I came forth from my bower to find a brave knight, to take him to my castle and make him my lord. Say, then, wilt thou be he? I can bestow on thee more riches than the emperor of this land ever saw; all Germany shall be under thy control; and I will be thy lady-love, possessing a youth and beauty which are continually renewed by time.' 'But what,' returned Ludwig, 'must I give in exchange for all this?' 'Only,' said the lady, 'one kiss from your lips, one drop of your blood, that little book which hangs at your saddle-bow, and swear upon it to be mine for ever and ever.' 'A goodly guerdon, truly, fair Brinhilda; and now let me tell you, that I am the stout Ludwig Langenspeers, who am in arms against all roving spirits; but if you can carry my sword, I am content to be yours, and it's the office of a gentle damosell to unarm her knight.' 'Unbrace it,' said Brinhilda, 'and let me try.' 'There, fair gentlewoman,' returned Langenspeers, casting the sword with a violent clank to the earth, but retaining in his hand the chain to which it was suspended. Brinhilda tried to raise it, but it was enough for any three ordinary men, and therefore all her attempts were in vain: but while she was stooping over it, the knight silently took from her head the oaken and ivy crown, and shred off with his dagger a large tress of her golden hair. At length, seeing her labours were to no purpose, he drew up the sword again, and, after bracing it on, put his steed into a gallop, and said, 'Fare you well, lady! you are no erl king's daughter, not to be able to lift my sword. I shall never yield to you, for my faith is heavier than that brand; but I shall carry off these trophies, that I may know you when we meet again.' 'Go on, uncourteous knight,' said the lady, 'Death's Horse is abroad, and he will revenge me:' and Ludwig rode onwards through the forest. As the moon began to sink down the sky, he drew near to a sort of plain in the wood; but ere he could gain it, he heard the hollow voice of some one apparently riding very near to him, and singing:—

'I ride the forest, I ride the wood,
I ride on the broad highway:
The track of my charger is marked with blood,
Like a field on the battle-day!
Whate'er he pursues, in vain is flight,
There never was barb so fleet;
Whate'er he attacks, in vain is might—
Whole armies fall at his feet!
No mortal dare upon him to look,
Although he be stout and brave;
Each step of his tread is a knell for the dead,
And each bound is the span for a grave!'

Ah! said Ludwig to himself, this is a terrible homily, truly: it comes, doubtless, from that same Death's Horse of which I have heard so much; but he must not go unanswered neither:—

'Oh Death! oh Death! there is one by thy side,
Who fears not thy steed nor thee,
In arms against demons to-night I ride,
Then come forth, if thou can'st, to me!'

As he gained the plain, a troop of figures, like skeletons and fiends, of the most horrible grotesque shapes, came running in wild rabble rout from another path of the wood, and in the midst of them there was a fleshless form seated upon a little black horse, having harness of cord, and a bell hung about his neck, which continually swung with a melancholy sound. The figure on his back was habited in a kind of white shroud; but though his visage was the face of a skull, he had a long black beard, and his streaming hair was surmounted by an eastern crown twined about with serpents. He held in his left hand an hour-glass and dial, and in his right a spear, with which he made towards Ludwig; but the brave knight, breathing a short prayer, couching his own resistless lance, and putting Maximilian to his full speed, rushed valiantly on the band"—we need scarcely add, with the accustomed success of knights-errant.

We must mention, that there is some very sweet poetry scattered about; and a preface, neatly and amusingly written.

Coming Out; and the Field of the Forty Footsteps. By Jane and Anna Maria Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. Longman and Co. 1828.

THE taste of the age is so very much altered since our fair authoresses began their literary career, that, perhaps, it is scarcely fair to try their works by the ordeal of modern opinion; neither do we think the page of light amusement fit subject for severe criticism: we shall rather, therefore, turn to the pleasant task of opening the volumes, and leaving our readers to form what judgment their taste or their gratitude may induce. The first tale is a picture of gay modern life; the next is one of old historical tradition, founded on so curious a fact, that we must quote the detail.

"But when all the above, twenty-seven years ago, was thus flourishing in its most rural verdure and peopled pleasantness, there existed one tract in that lovely green of meadows, which usually appeared deserted; or, when visited, the human beings discerned there were few in number, or, most frequently, only some solitary person in musing mood, moving slowly through its long grass. To that so generally forsaken spot, tradition had given the name of the Field of the Forty Footsteps. * *

"The footsteps were in the middle of the field, and forty in number; and the old man said were each imprinted by the approach and struggle of two combatants, who had fought and perished there, in the dead lock of mutual hatred. * * *

"All I am able to say with regard to the particular situation of the vestiges you inquire after is, that the field they were in lay between our archery-ground (which you may recollect was at the back of the east side of Gower Street) and some other meadows more to the eastward, that skirted the lane called the Duke of Bedford's Road, then running northward from the top of Southampton Row, Bloomsbury. I remember often walking to the spot in my boyish days, to scan over and over again those extraordinary appearances. The way I went was along Southampton Row, to the point where it led to a passage into Queen's Square. Near that point was a gate and a turn-stile, which opened from the Duke's Road direct into the great extent of fields I speak of, now mostly built on, but then pastures as far as the eye could reach. Having entered by the stile, and proceeded thence in an oblique line, at about something more than a quarter of a mile's walking from the style, I reached the field you mean—that called of the Forty Footsteps; and where the marks, as if of human steps, presented themselves on a continuation of the same oblique line; and in a sort of waving position, giving, certainly, the appearance of a regular advance or retreat of two persons, in the manner the legend describes; and although the grass stood high and rich on all the rest of the field, not a blade grew on the apparent foot-prints. To account for them by any other means than the related superstition was not easy. They did not lie near any common way; neither do I think that the scanty numbers of the curious or idle, boys or men, who by chance visited the place, could, by their own feet, have worn the marks into such unvarying barrenness of surface. I haunted them repeatedly, both when boy and man, and never saw a change in them. But even were it so, that the visits of the curious had perpetuated the appearances, by re-treading in the barren marks, such an admission would prove the fact of a constant tradition respecting them; and that goes far to verify the tale of the tradition itself,"—which is, that of two brothers fighting, till both fell; but for the details we refer to the volume itself.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. I. Part I. 4to.

THE collection of valuable articles recently published in this work has already given us an opportunity of recording the high importance of its topics. China, the recesses of the Himaleh, India, and the celebrated isles of the Indian Ocean, respectively contribute their quota of illustrative science and novelty. The articles of Mr. Colebrooke, on the philosophy of the Hindûs, are marked by that vigorous conception and luminous development which flows from a combination of perfect knowledge and intelligence of this most abstruse and difficult question, and, however arduous to handle, may form a subject in a future No. Having in our pages already extracted observations on a Cufic inscription in Ceylon, accompanied with remarks by Sir Alexander Johnston on its ancient commerce, opening sound and sagacious views of improvement,—we shall now advert to an article in the first pages of the Transactions, supplied by an eminent oriental scholar, on the Pancha Tantra, or collection of oriental apologues, so justly and popularly known throughout Europe under the title of Pilpay's Fables. After briefly touching a few points of this most attractive species of writing, we shall call the notice of the public to a work of equal celebrity, but hitherto unknown to us, which (thanks to the views and exertions of the Asiatic Society) may soon also become a portion of European literature.

The analytical account so elaborately given in the first Part of the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, of the Pancha Tantra, excites a particular interest in the mind of the reader for its interesting and attractive apologues. It were needless to enlarge upon the influence which attaches to this class of instructive preceptive tales, grounded upon the immutable impulses of the heart and inclinations—all of which are set in motion, and described with a variety of illustrative sketches, particularly useful and felicitous for embodying the manners, habits, and cast of thought of eastern countries. It is, moreover, a particular feature of the singular fascination of this description of writings, that the soundest axioms of prudence and sagacity are introduced into the mind by our feathered and animal monitors, in a phraseology of characteristic simplicity and colloquial naïveté.

Few books of philosophy or professed ethics contain a more useful range of development of the rules of life, than can be extracted from the incidents of these instructive fables; and accordingly they appertain to the class of fictions which interest the great family of man in every clime, being vivid transcripts of thought, light and airy of touch, but of universal acceptation. Therefore, however dissimilar the habits may be of the natives of India and of Britain, these pleasing narratives enchain the attention of the lovers of nature in either hemisphere, and thus an illustration of the Arabian Tales, from the Pancha Tantra, the Hitópadésá, and other Hindu writings, would greatly increase their interest and value, and evolve a very instructive chain of evidence of the intimate relation subsisting between Indian and Arabian literature. And it is no mean incentive and recommendation to the undertaking, that these fictions form a flowery path for the acquirement of a knowledge of oriental habits and manners, familiarising the reader to the tone of Eastern society, and painting to the life their jurisprudence, administration of their laws, as well as the shifting scenes and unstable prosperity of the prime actors on their scene of grandeur.

While the highly instructive remarks of Mr. Wilson's essay deserve the closest attention of every admirer of this class of writings, (exclusively the property of the East,) it is wished to call the attention of the public, as well as the cultivator of oriental literature, to a similar work, rich in every character of moral instruction, and also displaying an exhaustless variety of animal personification,—a work which embodies, moreover, an illustration of the doctrines of one of the most venerable religious classes of the East—namely, the Játakas, or incarnations of the Buddhoo.

Buddhism, however persecuted and driven from the peninsula of India, having finally established its seat in the distinguished island in the bay of Bengal, so well known as the Serendib of Arabian literature, the Lanka of Hindoo writers, and the Ceylon of European history, has from thence diffused its doctrine and influence from the Ganges over the vast countries interposing betwixt that stream and the empire of China. Indeed the majority of the population of that great state, as well as the Tatar tribes of Central Asia, are chiefly followers of the *culte* of the Buddhoo; so that there can exist little doubt but that Buddhism operates by its doctrines and faith over the largest portion of the human race. To all these millions, the Játakas, or 550 incarnations of Guadma, are subjects of the highest respect;—jealously preserved in the temples, as the most sacred repository of doctrinal instruction, it is now almost impossible to procure a perfect copy of the whole series of these tales or incarnations, a translation of which, while they would add very largely to our collection of interesting Eastern narrations, would supply also an illustration of the whole scope of Buddhism, of which the metempsychosis, on which these changes turn, forms the basis and chief agent.

It is a subject of great interest to our knowledge on these points, that a perfect copy of the Játakas is in the library of the Royal London Asiatic Society, the donation of Sir Alexander Johnston; whose collection of this, and other rare and important manuscripts, evidences his zealous and beneficial prosecution of a systematic plan for the cultivation of the literature of the island, over the jurisprudence of which he so usefully presided.

The manuscript in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society is thus described by Mr. Clough, who for many years has been a missionary in Ceylon, and who lately published a Pali Grammar, and is also at present composing a Dictionary: he inspected its condition, and has gone through its leaves.

"The Singhalese book is called *Pansiya-panas Játaka*. From *pan*, five—*siya*, hundred—*panas*, fifty, and *játaka*, incarnation,—that is, the 550 incarnations of Buddha, which he underwent during his probation for that highest and most sacred character. During these transmigrations, he entered into every possible state of existence, from the gods down to the meanest reptile, and had to encounter characters of every description. Sometimes he was among the gods, sometimes among the demons—most frequently among men, and often among the beasts, birds, and fishes. These Játakas contain the complete history of his visits or births among these different classes of beings; and give, at the same time, the substance of his intercourse with them. This is designed to exemplify three of the chief traits in his character—purity, compassion, and wisdom. Every Játaka closes by giving such strong exhibition of these excellencies, that the beings among whom he is found discover that they have been visited by Bhodisataya (the name he had while a candidate for the Buddhooship), who vanishes; and they are left to moralise and improve the instance he has given them, by some parable, or some narrative or discourse, of his infinite wisdom, purity, and compassion: and that all may attain what he has attained, namely, *nirwana*, they are to act upon the principles and maxims laid down in the Játakas,

on which account this is looked upon as the chief book among the Buddhists.

"The book was originally written in Pali, and translated into Singhalese. This copy contains 1172 leaves, or 2344 pages. A native writer would write about four pages per day, upon an average, and this would employ him 586 days."

Among the incredible variety of personifications contained in the Játakas, some are more prized than the rest as the exemplars of Buddhoo doctrine; and esteeming every insight into the subject as a link in our system of information in this line of oriental literature, it is with particular pleasure that we state the intended publication of four of the Játakas with their correspondent pictures, together with a mass of subjects referring to the religion and habits of the Buddhist classes of Ceylon, similarly illustrated by plates. This work will comprise notices on the zodaical and planetary systems, also the astrologic features of the Bali and the Nekates, the devil-worship, the Hades and places of torment, also transcripts from the Bana or sermons of the Buddhoo. These interesting subjects, furnished by Mr. Upham from original manuscripts, are ready for the press, and will, we are assured, be published in course of the present season. The drawings, which are very numerous (more than forty in number) will all be given in lithographic engravings, coloured after the originals, which were supplied to Sir Alexander Johnston by the Buddhist priests.

As the history of remote eras, especially in the East, is chiefly to be sought for in the prevailing doctrines and religion, we cannot but anticipate many pleasing developments upon these subjects, furnishing an insight into the opinions and feelings of a country whose literature has occupied a distinguished rank in the philosophy of every age, whether Greek, Arabian, or European.

A coincidence of much interest will be shewn with the Mexican tribes, on the subject of picture painting, or teaching by pictorial exemplars; a habit existing in the Buddhoo practice even to the present period, the priests being accustomed to reprove the existence of any vice or crime which may become pre-eminent, by exhibiting on the walls of their panailas, or houses of instruction, as well as in their temples, the paintings of the good actions of the Buddhoo in the very stage of existence wherein the obnoxious vice or crime prevails. The incidents of the three Játakas, with their accompanying drawings, exhibit groups of ideas in detached portions, each section of which combines action, its consequences, and catastrophe. Such exhibitions are among the earliest modes of communicating ideas which can be traced in primitive times, and are highly interesting, as they operate (in our own times), through the agency of the Buddhist priesthood, upon many millions of human beings, subjected to the control of Britain. These are the identical drawings which struck Mr. Phillips as forming so remarkable an example of the moral use that might be made of painting, that he exhibited them, and commented upon them in the first lecture which he delivered last session, on the history of painting, at the Academy of Somerset House.

Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries; with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy. By Leigh Hunt. 4to. pp. 513. London, 1828. Colburn.

In this quarto the author exhibits himself as a person of considerable talent, and of much literary conceit and affectation. But his deeper offence lies in the essence of the design itself, which appears to us to be one at which an honourable mind would have revolted. To have gone to enjoy the hospitality of a friend and taste the bounty of a patron, and after his death to have made that visit (for avowedly mercenary ends) the source of a long libel upon his memory,—does seem to be very base and unworthy. No resentment of real or fancied ill usage can excuse, far less justify, such a proceeding; and (without referring to this particular instance, but speaking generally of the practice, now too prevalent, of eaves-dropping and word-catching, and watching every minute action exposed in the confidence of private life, for the purpose of book-making,) we will say that these personal and posthumous injuries are a disgrace to their perpetrators and to the press of the country. It is recorded, that almost before the funeral ashes are cold, the Brahmins in the East collect and pass them through a sieve, to find what molten gold may be gathered from these poor relics of mortality: such has been the treatment of Lord Byron's insulted remains, which have been raked up, sifted, and defiled, to gratify the meanest spirit of cupidity. How finely has the Noble Poet, we had almost written prophet, expressed this in his Monody on the Death of Sheridan!

"But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own,
Still let them pause—Ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Wo.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain—
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that during Genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of Calumny!"

The connexion between Lord Byron and persons in rank, in intellect, and in every high quality of soul, so inferior to himself as the coterie which gathered round him in Italy—and the consequences of that assemblage, may, we think, be very readily accounted for. Lord Byron, with the fervour of a young poet, imagined Leigh Hunt—in prison for libelling his King—a sort of political martyr, and thus prepossessed in his favour was led to estimate his writings by a fictitious standard. But this fit of fancy must almost instantly have been dispelled, as the author shews it to have been, when his lordship came into direct and constant contact with the pert vulgarity and miserable low-mindedness of Cockney-land. We can picture him (the haughty aristocrat and impatient bard) with Mrs. Hunt, as painted by her partial husband, with the whole family of bold brats, as described by their proud papa, and with that papa himself and the rest of the accompanying annoyances; and we no longer wonder that the Pisan establishment of *congenial spirits*, brought together from various parts of the world, should have turned into a den of disagreeable, envious, bickering, hating, slandering, contemptible, drivelling, and bedevilling wretches. The elements of such an association were discord; and the result was, most naturally, spleen and secret enmity in life, and hate and public contumely after death.

Considering as we do the whole fabric of this volume to be disgraceful, we deem it but right, though at the expense of repeating some of the passages which have travelled so widely through the newspapers, to lay before our readers a few examples of the bad feeling, as the grounds on which we support that censure.

"My wife (says the writer) knew nothing of Italian, and did not care to learn it. Madame Guiccioli could not speak English. They were subsequently introduced to one another during a chance meeting, but that was all. No proposition was made for an intimacy on either side, and the families remained separate. This, however, was perhaps the first local cause of the diminished cordiality of intercourse between Lord Byron and myself. He had been told, what was very true, that Mrs. Hunt, though living in all respects after the fashion of an English wife, was any thing but illiberal with regard to others; yet he saw her taking no steps for a farther intimacy. He learnt, what was equally true, that she was destitute, to a remarkable degree, of all care about rank and titles. She had been used to live in a world of her own, and was, and is, I really believe, absolutely unimpressible in that respect. It is possible, that her inexperience of any mode of life but her own, may have rendered her somewhat jealous in behalf of it, and not willing to be brought into comparison with pretensions, the defects of which she is acute to discern; but her indifference to the nominal and conventional part of their importance is unaffectedly real; and it partakes of that sense of the ludicrous which is so natural to persons to whom they are of no consequence, and so provoking to those who regard them otherwise. Finally, Lord Byron, who was as acute as a woman in those respects, very speedily discerned that he did not stand very high in her good graces; and accordingly he set her down to a very humble rank in his own."

Some of the secrets of these family squabbles are here let out. Madame Guiccioli appears to have cared very little for Mrs. Hunt's company; and the latter, though not illiberal with regard to others who were not living after the fashion of English wives, resented the indignity. Of course such a cause of quarrel, like that of Minerva and Venus, soon involved the male deities,—and the Olympus of Pisa was thrown into an uproar.

"Lord Byron," continues the Homeric narrator of these mighty events, "was very bitter," &c. [we beg to refer our readers to our No. of Jan. 5, for this passage, to the words "and the children, than whom, I will venture to say, it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in the house, or any that came less in his way, he pronounced to be 'impracticable.' I very soon found that it was desirable to keep them out of his way; as although this was done in the easiest and most natural manner, and was altogether such a measure as a person of less jealousy might have regarded as a consideration for his quiet, he resented it, and could not help venting his spleen in talking of them. The worst of it was, that when they did come in his way, they were nothing daunted. They had lived in a natural, not an artificial state of intercourse, and were equally sprightly, respectful, and self-possessed. My eldest boy surprised him with his address, never losing his singleness of manner, nor exhibiting pretensions of which he was too young to know any thing, yet giving him his title at due intervals, and appearing, in fact, as if he had always lived in the world instead of out of it. This put him out of his reckoning. To the second, who was more struck with his reputation, and had a vivacity of temperament that rendered such lessons dangerous, he said, one day, that

must take care how he got notions in his head about truth and sincerity, for they would hinder his getting on in the world. This, besides, was rather intended to vent a spleen of his own, than to modify the opinions of the child; but the peril was not the less, and I had warning given me that he could say worse things when I was not present."

We presume it is by way of improving upon Harlowe's characteristic portrait of Lord Byron, that we have the frontispiece to the present work, a deplorable whole-length profile, 'cut in paper by Mrs. Leigh Hunt'' !!

We have endeavoured to account for Lord Byron's first notice of, and partiality towards the author, who has made so ungrateful a return for his condescension and kindness; the fact itself is illustrated in an Introduction to some of his lordship's early correspondence in 1813-1815.* Mr. Hunt says:—

"After what I have related of the intercourse between Lord Byron and myself, it will not be supposed that these letters are published with any other view than that of the entertainment to be derived from the correspondence of a man of wit and celebrity. Had I wished to flatter my vanity, or make a case out for myself in any way, I might have published them long ago. I confess I am not unwilling to let some readers see how ill-founded were certain conjectures of theirs at that time. In other respects, I fear, the letters are not calculated to do me good; for they exhibit his lordship in a pleasanter light than truth has obliged me to paint him, and I may seem to be ungrateful for many kind expressions. Let the result be what it ought to be, whether for me or against. I have other letters in my possession, written while Lord Byron was in Italy, and varying in degrees of cordiality, according to the mood he happened to be in. They are for the most part on matters of dispute between us; and are all written in an uneasy, factitious spirit, as different from the straight-forward and sincere-looking style of the present as his aspect in old times varied with his later one."

The confessions in this passage betray some symptoms of grace, and prove that the writer could not entirely reconcile his mind to the despicable course of doing wrong to the memory of his benefactor for the sake of paltry lucre, if not also for the gratification of still baser passions. Indeed the struggle between a sense of rectitude in this respect, and the dishonour of publishing these memoirs, is obvious in many places. After Shelley's death, Mr. Hunt says:—

"Lord Byron requested me to look upon him as standing in Mr. Shelley's place, and said that I should find him the same friend that the other had been. My heart died within me to hear him; I made the proper acknowledgment; but I knew what he meant, and I more than doubted whether even *in that, the most trivial part of friendship, he could resemble* Mr. Shelley, if he would. Circumstances unfortunately rendered the matter of too much importance to me at the moment. I had reason to fear:—I was compelled to try:—and things turned out as I dreaded. [See the rest of this also in *L. G.* Jan. 5.] I have some peculiar notions on the subject of money, as the reader will see more fully. They will be found to involve considerable difference of opinion with the community in a state of things like the present, particularly in a commercial country; and many may think me as deficient in spirit on that point, as I think them mistaken in their notions of what spirit is, and mistakingly educated. I may be wrong (as people say when they think themselves in the right); but in the mean time, judging even by what they themselves think of the little happiness and disinterestedness that is to be found in the present state of things, I am sure they are not right; and that the system of mere bustle and competition ends in little good to any body. I can see an improvement in it ultimately, when the vicissitude comes which every body attributes to the nature of human society, and which nobody seems to believe in with regard to their own customs:—but I shall be digressing too far. Among other things, in which I differ in point of theory (for in practice I am bound to say that of late, though for other reasons, I have totally altered in this particular), *I have not had that horror of being under obligation, which is thought an essential refinement in money matters*, and which leads some really generous persons, as well as some who only seek personal importance in their generosity, to think they have a right to bestow favours which they would be mortified to receive. But at the same time, in this as in every thing else, 'the same is not the same.' Men and modes make a difference: and I must say two things for myself, for which every body may give me credit who deserves credit himself; first, that although (to my great sorrow and repentance) I have not been careful enough to enable myself to be generous in this respect towards others, in any degree worth speaking of, nor even (with shame I say it) just to my own children (though I trust to outlive that culpability), yet I have never refused to share my last sixpence (no idle phrase in this instance) with any friend who was in want of it; and second, that although it has been a delight to me to receive hundreds from some, I could not receive without anguish as many pence from others; nor should I ever, by any chance, have applied to them, but for a combination of circumstances that mixed me up with them at the moment. I do not mean to say that Lord Byron was above receiving obligations. I know not how it might have been with respect to large ones, and before all the world. Perhaps he was never reduced to the necessity of making the experiment. But he could receive some very strange and small ones, such as made people wonder over their wine; and he could put himself to, at least, a disadvantage in larger matters, usually supposed to be reciprocal, which made them wonder still more. If I am thought here to touch upon very private and delicate things, especially regarding a person who is no more, I must offer three more remarks," &c. One of these is an extraordinary reason for vilifying his late patron; which he does because, in consequence of "the gratuitous talking of *those who knew nothing about the matter*, very erroneous conclusions have been drawn about us on more than one point" !!!

In the career of social life, where civilised men depend so much on their fellow men, it must be that the noblest and proudest natures must often bend (we will not say stoop) to receive benefits: from the king to the beggar, no one ever got through the world without being obliged to others; and the receiver is as much to be esteemed and honoured as the giver. But having once accepted the kindness of a friend, there is no after act on his part, and far less any slight offence, or the mere cessation of bestowing favours, which can form an apology for turning about to sting and wound your benefactor. Silence is imposed, even if gratitude should be forgotten.

We are not inclined to press this matter beyond its just bounds, nor to set a higher value upon pecuniary obligations than they deserve; but surely, in spite of the cant and wire-drawing distinctions of the author, it must be felt by every well-constituted and upright mind, that the acceptance of such favours ought, at least, to prevent their acceptor from violating the grave of his friend; for, *as the world goes*, money is the greatest test of friendship; and the man who gives it liberally and generously, as Lord Byron did to Mr. Hunt, affords the surest criterion of his regard and affection. Yet, writhing under a recollection of bounties ill-bestowed, thus does the quondam worshipper of that noble lord, and of his rank and title, profane his character, when death has sealed the lips which (if utter scorn did not close them) might have punished the perfidy with immortal ignominy.

"It is a credit to my noble acquaintance, that he was by far the pleasantest when he had got wine in his head. The only time I invited myself to dine with him, I told him I did it on that account, and that I meant to push the

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* We are tempted to give one of the letters, as a specimen of the writer, and, in some points, of his youthful life.

"My dear Hunt,—Many thanks for your books, of which you already know my opinion. Their external splendour should not disturb you as inappropriate—they have still more within than without. I take leave to differ from you on Wordsworth, as freely as I once agreed with you; at that time I gave him credit for a promise, which is unfulfilled. I still think his capacity warrants all you say of it only—but that his performances since 'Lyrical Ballads,' are miserably inadequate to the ability which lurks within him: there is undoubtedly much natural talent spilt over 'The Excursion;' but it is rain upon rocks—where it stands and stagnates, or rain upon sands—where it falls without fertilizing. Who can understand him? Let those who do, make him intelligible. Jacob Behmen, Swedenborg, and Joanna Southcote, are mere types of this arch-apostle of mystery and mysticism; but I have done—no I have not done, for I have two petty, and perhaps unworthy, objections in small matters to make to him, which, with his pretensions to accurate observation, and fury against Pope's false translation of the 'Moonlight Scene in Homer,' I wonder he should have fallen into:—these be they:—He says of Greece, in the body of his book—that it is a land of

'Rivers, *fertile* plains, and *sounding* shores,
Under a cope of *variegated* sky.'

The rivers are dry half the year, the plains are barren, and the shores *still* and *tideless* as the Mediterranean can make them; the sky is any thing but variegated, being for months and months but 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.'—The next is in his notes, where he talks of our 'monuments crowded together in the busy, &c. of a large town,' as compared with the 'still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some *remote* place.' This is pure stuff: for one monument in our churchyards there are *ten* in the Turkish, and so crowded, that you cannot walk between them; they are always close to the walls of the towns, that is, merely divided by a path or road; and as to '*remote* places,' men never take the trouble, in a barbarous country, to carry their dead very far; they must have lived near to where they are buried. There are no cemeteries in '*remote* places,' except such as have the cypress and the tombstone still left, where the olive and the habitation of the living have perished. . . . . These things I was struck with, as coming peculiarly in my own way; and in both of these he is wrong: yet I should have noticed neither but for his attack on Pope for a like blunder, and a peevish affectation about him, of despising a popularity which he will never obtain. I write in great haste, and, *I doubt, not* much to the purpose; but you have it hot and hot, just as it comes, and so let it go. By the way, both he and you go too far against Pope's 'So when the Moon,' &c.: it is no translation, I know; but it is not such false description as asserted. I have read it on the spot: there is a burst, and a lightness, and a glow about the night in the Troad, which makes the 'planets vivid,' and the 'pole glaring:' the moon is—at least the sky is—clearness itself; and I know no more appropriate expression for the expansion of such a heaven—over the scene—the plain—the sea—the sky—Ida—the Hellespont—Simois—Scamander—and the Isles,—than that of a 'flood of glory.' I am getting horribly lengthy, and must stop: to the whole of your letter I say 'ditto to Mr. Burke,' as the Bristol candidate cried by way of electioneering harangue. You need not speak of morbid feelings and vexations to me; I have plenty; for I must blame partly the times, and chiefly myself; but let us forget them. I shall be very apt to do so when I see you next. Will you come to the theatre and see our new management? You shall cut it up to your heart's content, root and branch, afterwards, if you like; but come and see it! If not, I must come and see you.—Ever yours, very truly and affectionately, BYRON."

bottle so, that he should intoxicate me with his good company. He said he would have a set-to; but he never did it. I believe he was afraid. * *

"Alive as he was to the mock-heroic in others, he would commit it with a strange unconscious gravity, where his own importance was concerned. Another servant of his, a great baby of a fellow, with a florid face and huge whiskers, who, with very equivocal symptoms of valour, talked highly about Greece and fighting, and who went strutting about in a hussar dress, and a sword by his side, gave himself, all on a sudden, such ludicrous airs at the door, as his lordship's porter, that notice was taken of it. 'Poor fellow!' said Lord Byron, 'he is too full of his attachment to me. He is a sort of *Dolabella!*' Thus likening a great simpleton of a footman to the follower of Antony! 'Have you seen my three helmets?' he inquired one day, with an air between hesitation and hurry. Upon being answered in the negative, he said he would shew them me, and began to enter a room for that purpose, but stopped short, and put it off to another time. The mock-heroic was a little too strong for him. These three helmets he had got up in honour of his going to war, and as harbingers of achievement. They were of the proper classical shape, gilt, and had his motto, 'Crede Byron,' upon them. One was for himself, and the two others were destined to illustrate the heads of the Count Pietro and Mr. Trelawney, who, I believe, declined the honour. I saw a specimen afterwards—I never heard any more of them. It is a problem with the uninitiated, whether lords think much of their titles or not; whether the fair sound is often present to their minds. Some of them will treat the notion with contempt, and call the speculation vulgar. You may set these down in particular for thinking of them often. The chance is, that most of them do, or what is a title worth? They think of them, as beauties think of their cheeks. Lord Byron, as M. Beyle guessed so well, certainly thought a great deal of his. I have touched upon this point before; but I may add, that this was one of the reasons why he was so fond of the Americans, and thought of paying them a visit. He concluded, that having no titles, they had the higher sense of them; otherwise they were not a people to his taste. He thought them shrewd, inasmuch as they were money-getters; but vulgar, and to seek on all other points, and 'stubborn dogs.' All their patriotism, in his mind, was nothing but stubbornness. He laughed at them, sometimes to their faces; which they were grateful enough to take for companionship and a want of pretence. The homage of one or two of them, however, he had reason to doubt, whether he did or not. I could mention one who knew him thoroughly, and who could never sufficiently express his astonishment at having met with so unpoetical a poet, and so unmajestic a lord. Those who only paid him a short visit, or communicated with him from a distance, seemed as if they could not sufficiently express their flattered sense of his greatness; and he laughed at this, while he delighted in it. Receiving one day a letter from an American, who treated him with a gravity of respect, at once stately and deferential: 'Now,' said he, 'this man thinks he has hit the point to a nicety, and that he has just as proper a notion of a lord as is becoming on both sides; whereas he is intoxicated with his new correspondent.' I will not mention what he said of some others, not Americans, who thought themselves at a great advantage with the uninformed. But so minute was his criticism in these matters, that the most accomplished dedicators would have had reason to dread him, had they known all the niceties of knowledge, human and patrician, which he expected, before he could allow the approach to him to be perfect. You were not to suppose, however, on your part, that he was more in earnest than he ought to be upon these matters, even when he was most so. He was to think and say what he pleased; but his hearers were to give him credit, in spite of himself, only for what squared with their notions of the graceful. Thus he would make confessions of vanity, or some other fault, or of inaptitude for a particular species of writing, partly to sound what you thought of it, partly that while you gave him credit for the humility, you were to protest against the concession. All the perversity of his spoiled nature would then come into play; and it was in these, and similar perplexities, that the main difficulty of living with him consisted. If you made every thing tell in his favour, as most people did, he was pleased with you for not differing with him, but then nothing was gained. The reverse would have been an affront. He lumped you with the rest; and was prepared to think as little of you in the particular, as he did of any one else. If you contested a claim, or allowed him to be in the right in a concession, he could neither argue the point nor really concede it. He was only mortified, and would take his revenge. Lastly, if you behaved neither like his admirers in general, nor in a sulky or disputatious manner, but naturally, and as if you had a right to your jest and your independence, whether to differ with or admire, and apart from an eternal consideration of himself, he thought it an assumption, and would perplex you with all the airs and humours of an insulted beauty. Thus nobody could rely, for a comfortable intercourse with him, either upon admissions or non-admissions, or even upon flattery itself. An immeasurable vanity kept even his adorers at a distance; like Xerxes enthroned, with his millions a mile off. And if, in a fit of desperation, he condescended to come closer and be fond, he laughed at you for thinking yourself of consequence to him, if you were taken in; and hated you if you stood out, which was to think yourself of greater consequence. Neither would a knowledge of all this, if you had made him conscious, have lowered his self-admiration a jot. He would have thought it the mark of a great man,—a noble capriciousness,—an evidence of power, which none but the Alexanders and Napoleons of the intellectual world could venture upon. Mr. Hazlitt had some reason to call him 'a sublime coxcomb.' Who but he (or Rochester perhaps, whom he resembled) would have thought of avoiding Shakspeare, lest he should be thought to owe him any thing? And talking of Napoleon,—he delighted, when he took the additional name of Noel, in consequence of his marriage with an heiress, to sign himself N. B.; 'because,' said he, 'Buonaparte and I are the only public persons whose initials are the same.'"

Upon these petty attempts to reduce Lord Byron to a level with himself, in order to get rid of a sense of gratitude, we offer no comments; their littleness and baseness rendering comment supererogatory. We shall, however, should we return to the volume hereafter, freely express our opinions upon its sorry exhibition; and in the mean time copy from *The Times* newspaper an indignant and bitter reproof, ascribed to the avenging pen of Mr. T. Moore.

The "Living Dog" and the "Dead Lion."

Next week will be published (as "Lives" are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how lions behave—among friends.

How that animal eats, how he moves, how he drinks,
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roared pretty well—this the puppy allows—
It was all, he says, borrow'd—all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the lord of the forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,
And—does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

Exeter 'Change. T. PIDCOCK.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Lectures on the Psalms. By the late Rev. John Ewart, A.M. 3 vols. 8vo. London, Rivingtons, Robins and Co., J. M. Richardson: Edinburgh, Blackwood.

THE lecturer appears throughout these discourses to have been a most amiable and excellent man. During a ministry in the parish of Troquire, near Dumfries, of sixty-two years, the memoir prefixed to them describes him as enjoying all the earthly felicity of which his station was susceptible; and he died, as his life seemed to deserve, without pain or suffering. Of the lectures (as ours is little of a theological review) we have merely to observe, that without being of a learned or doctrinal cast, they are eminently pleasing, moral, and pious.

A Practical Essay on Stricture of the Rectum, &c. By Frederick Salmon, Surgeon to the General Dispensary, Aldersgate Street. 8vo. pp. 188. London, 1828. Whittaker, and Callow and Wilson.

MR. SALMON, in addition to considerable experience in his own practice, has availed himself of all that has been written on the subject by the few writers who have treated of it, and he has illustrated it by a good selection of cases. Thus this work, without any very novel views, contains more practical information than any other; and it is, therefore, the more valuable, not only because the disease is of much more frequent occurrence than is suspected by the generality of professional men, but because there is not one more frequently misunderstood or overlooked.

The English in India. By the Author of Pandurang Hari, &c. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

WE are not able to give this production the same praise we did to its predecessor. As a sketch of manners it is vulgar, and, we believe, untrue, from its utter want of any thing characteristic; and as a novel, common-place in the extreme. We could hardly think it by the same hand.

An Analysis of the Historical Books of the Old Testament; with Notes and References to the most approved Commentators. 12mo. pp. 356. Oxford. J. Vincent.

BY consulting Calmet, Horne, Townsend, Mant, Doddridge, Jones, Lightfoot, and other distinguished Biblical scholars, the editor of

this Analysis has put together a very useful and concise history of those remote ages, the records of which are preserved in the Old Testament. The work is divided into eight periods, from Moses to Jonah; and the whole deserving of commendation for industrious research and sound principles.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EXPERIMENTS UPON EGGS WITH THE CHLORIDE OF LIME AND SODA.

In the beginning of last September (says a correspondent upon this useful economical question), I put six eggs into a wide-mouthed pickle-bottle, and filled it up with chloride of lime in powder, and the eggs were not allowed to be in contact.

Six eggs into another bottle, which was filled up with a solution or mixture of one ounce of the powder to one pint of common water, and six more with a solution of one ounce of chloride of soda (in solution) to a pint of water. The bottles were well closed.

On the 19th of the present month I examined the eggs, and found the effects of the solutions very different. The time elapsed has, I think, been sufficient to shew what may be expected from further trials.

The eggs in the powder were with difficulty loosened, the powder having become nearly as firm as soft chalk: quære,—if from the absorption of carbonic acid and some degree of moisture? The yolk of every egg was adhering to the shell, still retaining its shape, and the albumen tolerably transparent. Though not in the least offensive, the eggs were unfit for use, being in that defective state which is ascertained by a strong light.

The eggs in the solution of chloride of soda were as bad as eggs could be. When first immersed in this solution, air vesicles were immediately perceived on the surface of the eggs; though the shells, when broken, were not found to be decomposed or at all softened.

The eggs in the *solution or mixture* of the chloride of lime were all *perfect;* and what rendered this result more remarkable was, that one of them was cracked, which I found to be the case after the first immersion, when the mixture became clear in the upper part of the bottle. The yolk and albumen of this egg appeared as if parboiled, when taken out. There was a thin incrustation on the external surface of all the eggs in this bottle.

In the preservation of eggs it has been a desideratum, I believe, to turn the eggs occasionally in different directions, on account of the liability there is of the yolk adhering, if kept too long in juxta-position, to any part of the shell. This gives a preference to the use of the last mixture; though the consolidation of the powder would be a means of guarding the eggs from fracture.

I have to state, that the eggs used in the experiments were not newly lain, but were taken from one package of an egg merchant.

G. F.

GEOLOGY.

Footsteps before the Flood.—A very curious paper, by Mr. Grierson, was read before the general meeting of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth on the 22d of November last; the subject of which was some footsteps of quadrupeds discovered in a red sandstone quarry, about two miles to the north of the town of Lochmaben, in the county of Dumfries. Professor Buckland, having received casts of some of the most distinct impressions, together with a fragment of the sandstone itself, expressed his full conviction (though the fact was at variance with his general opinions respecting the geological formation), that the rock, while in a soft state, had been traversed by living quadrupeds. The dip of the strata in the quarry is towards the west, and at an angle of about 35 degrees. On the eastern side, therefore, it is the upper *surface* of the strata that presents itself; and of this there is a great lateral extent. The upper edge of the strata, the face of which is there exposed, reaches within about fifteen feet of the surface of the ground. From this upper boundary down to the line where they disappear under the rubbish, which (since the working has been carried on chiefly on the opposite side of the quarry) has accumulated at their base; there are fully fifteen feet of their surface distinctly exhibited, and that for a range of not less than between forty and fifty yards. On the range of this acclivity, no less than four separate tracks were found of as many different kinds of animals. Three of these tracks were towards the south extremity of the range on the surface of the same identical layer, and two of them within two or three yards of each other. The fourth one was towards the north extremity, and probably on the same layer as the others; but owing to a quantity of earth which had rolled down, this was not fully ascertained. The simple inspection of the tracks, however, made it impossible to doubt in what manner they had been produced. The great number of the impressions in uninterrupted continuity, the regular alternations of the right and left footsteps, their equidistance from each other, the outward direction of the toes, the grazing of the foot along the surface before it was firmly planted, the deeper impression made by the toe than by the heel, and, in one instance, the sharp and well-defined marks of the three claws of the animal's foot,—are circumstances which immediately arrest the attention of the observer, and force him to acknowledge, that they admit of only one explanation. The impressions of one of these tracks, Dr. Buckland thinks have been produced by the feet of a tortoise or crocodile.—It will be obvious from the preceding description of the stratum containing these animal impressions, that though now lying bare and superficial as at the time when the impressions were made, it is really the one on which all the other strata of the quarry had been superimposed. One of the deepest and most distinct impressions was found at the base of the stratum in the lower part of the quarry, perhaps sixty or seventy feet beneath the surface of the earth. In what manner the facts and phenomena described may affect some interesting questions in geology, Mr. Grierson says he shall not presume to inquire; "but," adds that gentleman, "I think I may be permitted to remark in conclusion, that we have now specimens of the new red sandstone, containing impressions of quadrupeds,—impressions, which, to say the least, may be denominated, Footsteps before the Flood."

GEOGRAPHY.

The Geographical Society of Paris has existed little more than six years. In the course of that short period it has established prizes to the amount of 16,400 francs; published a series of questions with reference to the principal *desiderata* in the science; caused several maps to be engraved; given the most complete text extant of the Travels of Marco-Polo; prepared instructions for a great number of travellers; obtained for them the countenance of the French and foreign governments; pointed out Cyrenaïca as one of the most useful objects of inquiry; rewarded the admirable travels of M. Pacho, and M. Brugnière's remarkable memoir on the horography of Europe; published two volumes of memoirs and manuscript narratives; received an immense variety of communications from all parts of the globe; maintained a scientific correspondence with the principal academies and learned societies in the two worlds; formed a valuable library; conceived the idea of a new hydrographical map of France, and concurred in its production by a committee from its own body; and, finally, offered a reward of eight thousand francs to the traveller who may be so fortunate as to penetrate into central Africa, either by the French possessions in Senegambia, or by the countries in the vicinity of the region of the upper Nile.

The members of this Society are at present 348 in number. Twenty-two travellers are now pursuing their inquiries, under the auspices of the Society, in Peru, Colombia, Chili, Persia, India, Thibet, Arabia, Georgia, Numidia, Abyssinia, Senegal, &c., not to mention the Antilles, and a voyage round the world. It was recently proposed to the Society by its President, to offer two annual medals for the most important geographical discoveries of the year; to receive communications on the subject written in either English, Spanish, or Latin; to accelerate the publication of a volume of memoirs and questions; and to address a circular letter to all the travellers, consuls, and correspondents of the Society. [*An example of diligence and activity.—Ed. L. G.*]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, January 19.—On Monday last, being the first day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Hasel, Christ Church; W. C. Hall, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. Russell, St. Mary Hall; J. Griffith, Jesus College; G. Marsham, R. I. Freer, T. Dix, Christ Church; J. Duffus, J. Saunders, J. Braithwaite, F. Woodhouse, Queen's College; H. Holdsworth, Brasennose College; J. K. Craig, Magdalen Hall.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Ascent of Elijah. Christ tempted in the Wilderness. Drawn and engraved by J. Martin. Sept. Prowett.

No living artist can communicate notions of grandeur and extensive space so successfully as Mr. Martin. His landscape compositions, although mannered, are invariably picturesque and striking. The general conception of his figures, also, is sometimes very happy; but if we were to praise their details, we should be guilty of flattery. The effect of both these little prints, and especially of the first mentioned, is brilliant and powerful. We should like, however, to see some work from Mr. Martin's scraper less black and white; or, in other words, possessing more of that quality which gives to mezzotinto its name,—middle-tint.

Portraits of Lady Bagot, the Viscountess Burghersh, and Lady Fitzroy Somerset. Engraved by J. Thomson, from a Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves. 1827.

A highly interesting representation of three beautiful and elegant young women. "The English Graces" would have been a good general title for this attractive print; and we boldly challenge any other country in Europe to pro-

duce a loveller group, either in real or in mimic life. Mr. Thomson has shewn great skill in expressing the playfulness, delicacy, and taste of Sir Thomas Lawrence's crayon.

William Palmer, Esq. M. T. A. Painted, and drawn on Stone, by James Ramsay. C. Hullmandel.

A STRONG resemblance of the intelligent original; and executed in a light pleasing style.

Lady Georgiana Fane. Engraved by Turner, from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

WHATEVER may be said (and justly) of the natural equality of human beings, it is certain that the different circumstances under which they are placed from their birth have a most extraordinary effect, not only on the mind, but on the external indication of it. Great beauty may, and does exist, in children of all classes; but where, except in those of superior rank and education, can we find that elegance and refinement of expression which the original of the present fascinating little picture so unequivocally possesses? No artist was ever gifted with greater power of appreciating and representing expression of this kind than the accomplished President of the Royal Academy. From his earliest years his practice has been exclusively of such a description, that his pencil is familiar only with forms of grace, loveliness, or dignity. Nothing can be more charming than the marking of the features in this cherub-countenance. The back ground, and the other accompaniments of the picture, are in a fine style of art. If we might "hint a fault," we would say that the shadow thrown on one of the feet, by being perhaps somewhat too strong, detracts from the beauty of the drawing. Mr. Turner has exhibited his usual ability in the execution of this delightful print.

NAVARINO.—We have seen an etching of Sir Theophilus Lee's aquatint of the Battle of Navarino, to which we alluded in a preceding *Gazette*, and have been much struck with the effect and accuracy of the plan. The resemblances to Mr. Burford's Panorama (partly derived from the authentic sources) are curious and striking.* The prints will, we think, be quite national records, as well as interesting productions of art.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE pictures for the ensuing Exhibition of our English school are nearly all arranged on the walls; and we can say, from an inspection of them, that they will not depreciate from the high character in art now happily enjoyed by this country. Hilton has a fine Amphitrite; Davis, a grand work of the Pope blessing the Shrewsbury Family at Rome; Stanfield, a noble sea-piece (Calais); young Boaden has made a striking advance; Mrs. Carpenter has placed herself at the head of female talent; Etty, Howard, Constable, Ward, Daniels, Chalon, Geddes, Roberts, Newton, Hofland, Stanley, Gill, Deane, Sharp, Lee, and others, contribute most successfully in their various lines to make an admirable whole.

SCULPTURE.

THE *Literary Gazette* was, we believe, the first journal which noticed the powers of young Lough; and we rejoice to learn, that success and flattery have not weakened his exertions. He has nearly completed a group, in clay, of "Iris waking Somnus," which is well calculated to give the world still higher notions of his genius than even his Milo or group of Samson. The back and limbs of the Iris, in grace, look of life, pulpy softness, elasticity of action, and feminine delicacy, have seldom, if ever, been exceeded by any artist since the Phidian age! In short, it appears to be now evident, beyond all dispute, that this young man, fresh from the plough, is gifted with the same instinct for giving a look of vitality to the material with which he imitates nature, that was the great characteristic of Phidian in sculpture, and Titian in painting. The impression of this beautiful group is acknowledged by a distinguished professor of the fine arts to be of the purest order. Iris looks as if she had plunged from heaven, at Juno's command, and pitched, like a beautiful bird, on the very point at which she had aimed; while the leaden slumbering heaviness with which Somnus is endeavouring to comprehend her message—with half-closed eyelids and hanging head—beginning to move his drowsy limbs, with that sort of aching pain all have felt at being suddenly startled from a long, deep, balmy, and delicious doze, is perfectly original, natural, and powerful. Lough has plenty to learn; but what he has, no teaching could have given him. If he does not dissect, he will never do hands and feet as he does other parts; because hands and feet are full of petty bits of bone, tendon, and muscle, which must be thoroughly comprehended before they can be executed; and his fine feeling for the masses of the figure will not sufficiently aid him in hands and feet. We are more than ever persuaded that, if this young man's mind be kept easy by employment, he will prove himself an inheritor of the genius which guided the sculptural heroes of the Acropolis.

Stained Glass.—A large window, executed in stained and enamelled colours, under the direction of Mr. Collins, is at present exhibiting in the Strand, previous to its being sent out to Calcutta, where it is to form the altar-piece of St. Peter's Church. In the four lower openings are introduced the Evangelists. The central divisions comprise a selection from the cartoon of "Christ's Charge to Peter." On the left is the figure of Moses, bearing the tables of the law, and on the right that of Aaron, as the high priest. In the head of the window are represented four angels, chanting the "Gloria in Excelsis;" with the dove surmounting the whole. It is surprising what brilliance of colouring has been attained in this branch of the arts. Even in our dim atmosphere we have seldom beheld any thing so splendid as the draperies of some of the figures in this window. What will they become when illuminated by a tropical sun! In the same room are a copy of Carlo Dolci's celebrated "Salvator Mundi," at Burleigh: and another of Martin's scarcely less celebrated "Belshazzar's Feast." The latter is an extraordinary little work. It is painted with a rare union of spirit and high finishing; and does the greatest credit to the artist, whoever he may be, by whom it has been produced. It strikes us that the effect of this admirable performance would be increased by its having some visible boundary: a flat of matted gold, for instance; the half-tone of which would serve to shew at once the vividness of the lights, and the depth of the shadows, in the picture itself.

* We notice this because there is some, but not very material difference, both with respect to the localities and the disposition of the fleets, between the plan of the battle of Navarino published in London from official documents, and a plan of the battle which has been published at Paris.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LEGEND OF THE RING.

LISTEN, oh, lady, listen to me,
For I must away ere daylight break,
And to thee I bring
A golden ring—
Then, lady, awake, awake!

I come, I come from the Holy Land,
Where many a Christian knight
For the blessed rood
Hath stoutly stood
With the Saracen in fight.

Oh, lady—oh, lady, thy own true knight
On Sidon's strand lies dead;
For he this day,
In Paynim fray,
His best life's-blood hath shed.

Oh, lady, I sat me down by his side—
And when midnight began to toll,
Though his mortal breath
Was hushed in death,
I had speech of his passing soul.

For when death hath fixed his seal on the li
And the spark of life hath fled,
At the midnight hour
I have the power
To commune with the dead.

Thy knight he sendeth thy pledge of love,
And, lady, he claimeth thee for his bride,
When the dismal bell
Doth ring his knell,—
And thy couch it is spread in the grave
his side.

Then, lady, awake, awake, awake!
And get thee a shroud for thy bridal vest
For soon shalt thou wed
With the silent dead,
And the grave it shall serve for thy cham
of rest.

Then listen, oh, lady, listen to me,
For I must away ere daylight break;
And to thee I bring
A golden ring—
Then, lady, awake, awake!—

The lady she looked from her lattice tow
She looked up on the sky;
The stars twinkled bright
In the brow of the night,
And the wind sighed mournfully by,

The lady she looked from her lattice tow
She looked far and near;
But none could she see
Whose voice that might be,
Though the night was wondrous clear.

But a star there shot athwart the heave
And there fell at her feet a ring,
And, far away,
This roundelay
A voice was heard to sing.

"'Tis pleasant to range through the pa
heaven
When the stars are glittering bright,
And far and wide
On the winds to ride,
In the solitude of night.

Oh I love to float on the streamy breez
To bathe in the chill night air,
And, as I whirl past
In the eddying blast,
To unbind to the winds my flaxen hair

'Tis pleasant to drink of the morning bre
'Tis pleasant mid clouds to be—
'Tis pleasant to sail
O'er hill and o'er dale,
And to sweep on the billowy sea.

And man, and his pride, and his feebleness,
'Tis pleasant to spurn, and to flee
From the haunts of life
And the wo and the strife
That dwell with humanity."

* * * *

The lady who gave that golden ring
Hath rued the gift I ween;
For after the bell
Rang her lover's knell,
She never more was seen. M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &C. IN FRANCE.

NO. X.

Lake of Grand Lieu, and its Superstitions, &c.

The lake of Grand Lieu is situated about five miles W.S.W. of Nantes, and abounds with fish; carp and pike, weighing from thirty to forty pounds each, being often taken in these waters. In some places it is very shallow, and in others no bottom can be found. Although not subject to any tide, its waters are sometimes greatly agitated without any apparent cause, and tremendous waves break over its banks. Boats have been sometimes swamped in crossing this little sea during one of its tempests, which are always the forerunners of very high winds, generally taking place about three days afterwards.

This lake, before the Revolution, was the property of the Marquess de Juigne, brother of the late Archbishop of Paris; and here he regularly held a court of justice:—the tribunal was seated in a boat about two hundred paces from the bank of the lake; and when the judge gave his sentence, he was obliged to let his right foot touch the water.

At the eastern extremity of the lake is a small sandy islet of a circular figure, about five or six hundred paces in diameter, and called *l'Ile d'Un*. In the middle of this island is an upright stone, about five feet in height, and two or three feet broad at the base. This stone appears to be deeply embedded in the earth, and has a round hole in it, six inches in diameter, and about two feet from the ground, which serves, according to an old tradition, to stop up the mouth of a gulf formed by the waters of the lake. This gulf encloses an enormous giant, whose vain efforts to escape from his prison occasion those dreadful tempests of which we have just spoken. According to a curious MS. of the year 1022, the giant will remain for ever incarcerated, unless a young virgin lift up the stone. To effect this, she is to put her left arm in the hole of the stone, and to hold a consecrated girdle in her left, in which a slip-knot is to be made, for the purpose of being put over the neck of the giant, who will immediately become tractable and obliging, and what is more, a very devout Christian. When this is done, there will be no more tempests. Near the stone which closes up the entrance of the giant's prison is the trunk, apparently, of an old oak. Our giant was the antagonist of St. Martin, and counteracted all the preaching of this good man in the city of Hesbauge.

Towards the southern end of the lake is another island planted with poplars, which appears to have been divided from the main land by an artificial cut or channel.

The shore on the north is sandy and sterile. On the three other sides are immense marshes, which serve for the pasturage of the cattle of the neighbouring communes. The inhabitants of the country seek their fire-wood in these marshes; they are provided with iron probes, about five or six feet long, which they strike into the earth, and when they find any resistance, they dig and draw out entire trees, which anciently formed a part of the forest that has been replaced by the marshes.

Before we take leave of this subject, it may not be uninteresting to remark that the fable of the giant residing in the *Isle d'Un*, or *Hun*, that is, in the Island of Sleep (from the Celtic word *Hun*, sleep), is evidently the same as that related by Plutarch, of a giant who lived in an island consecrated to sleep, on the coast of Brittany, where he kept watch over a god, who was in chains and fast locked in the arms of Somnus. It is extremely curious to hear in the present day the people of a canton in France relating a tradition, or rather a fabulous tale, recorded by Plutarch; to see, even in our own time, a tribunal held in a boat on the banks of a lake, when we know, from ancient authors, that the inhabitants of continental Britain (Bretagne) were charged to convey departed spirits in a boat to the opposite coast of insular Britain; and that the Egyptians passed judgment on their dead on the bank of a lake, before they carried them over in a vessel to the other side. It is equally curious to observe that the names of the places bear an allusion to these circumstances. The name of the lake, Grand Lieu, is composed of the French word *grand*, large; and of the Celtic *louch* or lake. The names of the rivers Logneon, Ogne, and Boulogne, have for their common root the Celtic word *aoun* or *aon*, fear or fright—the two first signifying the rivers of fear; the third, Boulogne, is the river of the gulf of fear, this word being composed also of the Celtic *poul*, ditch or gulf. Hence this lake and the three rivers were, in the ancient French mythology, the lake Avernus, and the rivers Styx and Acheron.

Again, the *Isle d'Un* or *Hun* is nearly the same in name with the island in Bretagne called *Seisun*, that is, "the Isle of the Seven Sleepers:" in which, according to the belief of our ancestors, one or more sleeping giants were supposed to be contained. And here we have a fresh proof that popular traditions, although fabulous, as well as ancient customs, with the tracing of the names of places, materially tend to elucidate the origin of a people; and are eminently useful in supplying the place of authentic history.

The marshes of the lake of Grand Lieu are, according to the belief of the inhabitants of this country, peopled with spirits or hobgoblins; and travellers in the night-time are directed to be particularly cautious not to follow any of the deceitful lights which are shewn by these evil spirits, for the purpose of leading them into the bogs, and then laughing at their misfortunes.

Were-wolves (loups-garoux) are also common here, particularly during the time of the vintage; and there are few villagers who cannot tell some tale of an encounter with these wicked creatures.*

* "The name of *were-wolf*," says Verstegan, "remaineth still knowne in the Teutonicke, and is as much to say, as man-wolfe: the Greek expressing the very like in *lycanthropos*. Orbelius, not knowing what *were* signifieth, because in the Netherlands it is now cleane out of use, except thus composed with *wolfe*, doth misinterpret it according to his fancy.—The were-wolves are certaine sorcerers, who having anoynted their bodies with an oyntment which they make by the instinct of the divell, and putting on a certayne inchaunted girdle, doe not onely unto the view of others seem as wolves, but to their oune thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they weare the sayd girdle. And they do dispose themselves as very wolves, in wourrying and killing most of humane creatures. Of such, sundry have beene taken and executed in sundry parts of Germany and the Netherlands. One *Peter Stump*, for being a were-wolfe, and having killed thirteen children, two women, and one man, was, at Bedbur, not far from Cullen, in the yeere 1589, put unto a very terrible death. The flesh of divers parts of his body was pulled out with hot iron tongs, his armes, thighes, and legges, broken on a wheele, and his body lastly burnt. He dyed with very great remorse, desiring that his body might not be spared from any torment, so his soule might be saved."—*Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, p. 236.

Superstitions at Samer.

The Hill of the White Mare.—The inhabitants of Samer have a tradition that a white mare was formerly to be seen upon a mount a short distance from the town. The animal was extremely beautiful, had never belonged to any master, and came up familiarly to the passengers, and offered her back for them to mount. But wo to those who were so indiscreet as to cross the sides of the white mare! All prudent people took especial care not to accept this inviting offer. But as there are always foolish and credulous persons to be found,—one of this class had the temerity to mount the white mare; he was soon thrown and crushed to atoms by the hoofs of the animal. Since this time, say they, the mare, or rather the spirit who had assumed this form, has totally disappeared.

In the environs of Samer there is another kind of spirit, named *Enard*, (or the clamorous one). These ghosts call to the passengers in the dark nights, and if any one be so imprudent as to answer them, he is immediately dragged away by the hair and murdered; and the good folks of the country think themselves very happy, if they escape with a few hard knocks and the loss of some handsful of hair.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday we experienced an unexpected disappointment. Madame Pasta did not appear, as announced, in *Zelmira*; and the *undrawing* opera of *Margharita* was repeated. This evening, it is understood, however, that she *will* come forth in *Tancredi*, supported by Curioni, Caradori, and Pellegrini. *La Rosa Rossa et la Rosa Bianca* is in rehearsal, and will be speedily produced. The ballet improves: the second act is really very showy; and Anatoli surpasses our notions of the superb in the brilliancy of her appearance. Mdlle. Coute is the name, we learn, of the anonymous and pretty *figurante* adverted to in our last. We like her dancing better than her name—*coute qui coute*.

The agreement for the theatre by Messrs. Laurent and Laporte was finally settled on Thursday.

DRURY LANE.

The *Turkish Lovers* was revived on Wednesday, with Mrs. Feron and Miss Love as *Florella* and *Lucetta*, and Braham in his old part of *Selim*.

COVENT GARDEN.

A new tragedy, in five acts, entitled *The Serf, or the Russian Brothers*, was produced here on Wednesday evening. Popular rumour attributed it to Lord Normanby, and the bantling has consequently been laid at his lordship's door by the newspapers. It is, however, we believe, from the pen of a gentleman (Mr. Talbot), the scion of another noble stock, but not a lord. Be it whose it may, it was very favourably received, and, in some respects, deserved the applause it met with. The plot is simple, dramatic, and affecting—and, what is still more in its favour, the incident on which it hinges is new to our stage. *Isidor*

(Charles Kemble),* the illegitimate son of a Russian prince by a bondswoman, (his father having died without enfranchising him,) is, according to the laws of Russia, the serf, or slave, of his half-brother, *Vladimir* (Young), who, born in lawful wedlock, succeeds to the title and estates. At the instance of the *Countess Olga* (Miss Jarman), of whom he is enamoured, Isidor presses Vladimir to give him his freedom; but the prince, who is also in love with the countess, maddened by jealousy and the instigations of *Ossip* (Ward), an injured and revengeful servant, refuses to sign his charter, and compels him to wait at table, as a domestic, in the presence of the lady of his heart. A blow being added to this insult, Isidor draws, and, in attempting to stab his persecutor, wounds the countess, who has rushed between them. He is dragged to prison; and, to save him from punishment, Olga consents to marry Vladimir. Isidor, restored to freedom, but robbed of his love, defies his unnatural brother to mortal combat. Both are slain; and the countess, entering, swoons on the body of Isidor. Some of the situations, as our readers may suppose from this slight sketch of the story, are exceedingly powerful; but the language is singularly unequal;—several passages rising into poetry, whilst others are not merely common-place, but absolutely vulgar. Young and Charles Kemble did their utmost for the two brothers; but the character of Vladimir is made unnecessarily revolting. Miss Jarman played with her usual stage tact and want of real feeling. The same remark may apply to Mr. Ward. Both are such mere actors, that we can never for one moment suppose them in earnest.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS already very attractive theatre has done itself additional credit by producing, on Monday last, two new pieces; both of which have been eminently and deservedly successful. The first, indeed, a burletta, called *Paris and London, or Crossing the Herring Pond*, by Mr. Planché, is of a far superior order to what we have been accustomed to see at any minor theatre. It is extremely dramatic, has much originality, the characters well drawn, the dialogue smart, the situations good, and the *ensemble* very amusing. The difference of manners in Paris and London, exemplified by a certain *Lord Volatil;* and his final reclamation by an affectionate wife, who follows him in disguise; together with a laughable underplot in the servants' hall,—form the materials of the drama: in the course of which a scene behind the scenes of a French theatre, and another on board a steam-packet, are highly comic and entertaining. Mrs. Yates, in *Lady Volatil*, played delightfully, and proved that no disguise could *disguise* the sweetness of her voice and countenance. Her lord was, to be sure, one of the stick nobility; but even with that drawback to her exertions, her foot-boy, cabin-boy, French actress, &c. &c. were all equally spirited and charming. Yates himself, in a *magnifique* French hair-dresser, was capital. Gallot, a gormandizer, and Mr. Benson Hill (first appearance), an exquisite, performed with much truth and humour; and Mrs. Hughes made a pretty and clever *soubrette*. Wilkinson, in an English coachman, was quietly, drily, and wonderfully amusing. Reeve, an English actor in Paris, had not much to do; but secured his usual roars of laughter. The whole was received with great applause; has been played to bumper houses ever since; and will be "performed (say the bills) till further notice"—a long term, we will promise for it.

The second piece is also a very agreeable performance, in which T. P. Cooke acts a rough soldier; Buckstone, a simple countryman; and Mrs. Hughes a village maiden, beloved by both. Cooke both looked and played his part to admiration; and Buckstone proved himself little, if at all, inferior to Harley or Keeley, of whom he frequently reminded us.

THE FRENCH PLAYS.

So much has been said already by the journals, both political and literary, respecting these performances, that coming, as we do in this instance, at the fag-end of the week, we are "not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry,"—and we are happy to add, that the cry is pretty generally an encouraging one. The ground being occupied, as far as regards criticism on the performers and pieces, we shall take up a different position, and say a word or two respecting the struggle which we understand is yet likely to take place between the Theatres Royal and their exotic neighbour. We are not amongst those who think the establishment of a French Theatre (even were it upon a much grander scale than the present,) will be attended with injury to our National Drama. Nay, we will venture to suggest that it is likely materially to improve its quality, and consequently increase its attraction.—First, as to the imputed injury. At present the Lyceum Theatre (it will be a better title than the "*English* Opera House," during the French performances) is not open to the public, that is to say, money is not allowed to be taken at the doors; and though the facilities of subscription are considered by the proprietors of the winter theatres as nearly the same thing, we are not of that opinion. The slightest addition to the trouble of putting down their money and taking their check, will prove, to borrow a pun from the Rejected Addresses—a check to the play-goers. It makes just about the difference which a shop-door open and a shop-door shut makes to the lounging purchaser. The former is a temptation to enter—the latter, though the trouble it imposes on him is only a turn of the wrist, is a damper to his propensity. This of course only applies to those who are not absolutely bent on laying out their money at a particular shop; but those who are must have some particular inducement: and it is now for us to inquire what inducement is likely to be held out by the French theatre to the general English public. Much as French is learnt in this country, it is very imperfectly spoken, and very little understood when perfectly spoken, especially by Frenchmen, and on the stage. Mere curiosity may take every body in the metropolis once to the French play; but how many will go the second time? Those only who really understand and relish the performances; and the question is, will that number be considerable? We are not now speaking of the nobility: they will of course patronise the French plays, because they are not absolutely public,—because there are private boxes to sit in and *surtout*,—because it is something new, and not English. But did the nobility previously patronise the winter theatres? Are they the support of the English drama? Alas! no. The injury therefore the French theatre can do, as at present established, is very visionary, and would be still more so, if placed upon a footing with the English. The moment it was regularly licensed, that money could be taken at the doors, the fashion, the mystery, the clandestine delight, would vanish,—a noisy audience would replace a well-behaved one, and the French play would be no longer worth going to. Let us now look on the other side of this picture, and see if there be not at least as much to hope as to fear from the establishment of a French theatre in London. In the first place, since foreign fashions are proverbially so infectious, may not John Bull take a lesson from the deep attention and orderly behaviour of a foreign audience? (for however patronised by the English, the number of foreigners are sure to predominate); may he not in happy hour perceive that to annoy others is not the best or most respectable way of gratifying himself; and that fighting, whistling, chattering, and pelting the pit with orange-peel, is any thing but conducive to dramatic perfection, whether in piece or performer? Secondly, will it not be an excellent school for our own actors, who are sadly in want of one. We are convinced it is impossible for any person, possessing a grain of talent, to witness the performance of such actors as Perlet or Potier, without profiting by it. The number of our actors who have any idea of the neatness and perfection of French comedy is exceedingly small. Charles Kemble, Farren, Keeley, Mrs. Davenport, Miss Kelly, Miss Goward, and, in attention to minute effects, now and then Mathews,—and the list, we fear, is very nearly complete.* The first and last of these performers, in addition to the promptings of their own fine taste and first-rate genius, have had frequent opportunities of studying the best foreign models—the others have "taken it *naturally*," in every sense of the word. Let the rest, many of whom we greatly admire, although we cannot rank them in this list, but diligently attend the French theatre, and we promise the town a speedy and marvellous improvement in general English acting. That the establishment of a French theatre in London will eventually benefit the national theatres, we have no more doubt than that the flinging open of the Continent had a detrimental effect on them. The *grossièretés* of our drama and its actors became more offensively visible to all who were enabled to contrast them with the elegancies of the French stage. Who that had lately enjoyed the exquisite treat of a comic opera at the Feydeau, or a smart vaudeville at the Gymnase, could endure the want of "ensemble" on the stage, the overpowering tempest in the orchestra (miscalled "an accompaniment"), and the uproar and vulgarity of the galleries of Drury Lane or Covent Garden? or witness with common patience the interruption and destruction of the fine acting of Kean or Kemble, or the delicious singing of Miss Paton or Madame Vestris, by the injudicious admittance of some hundreds of people at half price, who, not being able to see or hear themselves, form the amiable determination that nobody else shall? Instead of despairing at the introduction of a French theatre, let the proprietors of the English theatres "put their shoulders to the wheel, and Hercules will help them." Has the French theatre made any difference in the receipts of Drury Lane, when Liston, Mathews, and Jones, have been acting? No! Should Mr. Kean's health again permit

* Mr. Charles Kemble wears a military dress. The correctness of a Kemble in costume can scarcely be doubted; and yet is not every serf, immediately on entering the army, free? If, then, Mr. Kemble's military dress supposes that he is in the army, the necessity of a charter of freedom no longer existed; as when he became a soldier of the Russian empire, he ceased to be *civilly* a slave.—*From a Corresp*

* We should add Madame Vestris, but that, from her long practice on foreign boards, she can scarcely be ranked as a "born and bred" English actress.

him to play *Othello* to Mr. Young's *Iago*, and Mr. Kemble's *Cassio*, will the French theatre prevent Covent Garden from being crowded to an overflow? No! When there is any thing worth seeing or hearing, we know the people cannot be kept from the theatre. Let the proprietors, therefore, take fresh spirit from this circumstance. Let them endeavour by degrees to remove the objections alluded to. Let them imitate all that is worth imitation on the French stage and in the French theatre. Let a true love and respect for the art enjoy at least a fair proportion of their bosoms with the love of sordid gain. Let them be satisfied, that the nearer they advance to perfection, the greater will be their profits. Let them do this, "and defy the foul fiend."

The king has ordered a box to be fitted up for him at this theatre, which will give it greater *éclat* than ever. On Wednesday the Duke of Sussex was one of a highly aristocratic audience: Perlet, in *le Comédien d'Etampes*, was *su-Perlet-ive*.

VARIETIES.

Specimen of the Dubious.—The noble Secretary for the Home Department sat in a box on the left side of the house, and the Honourable Under-Secretary at a short distance in the pit. The house *was in other parts well and respectably attended.*—[Critique on the French play. New Times of Saturday last.]

Anecdote.—Reynolds, the dramatist, on having been requested by several early applicants to give them orders on the first night of his forthcoming play of *Edward the Black Prince* (avowedly founded on two old dramas), is said to have written the following whimsical answer to one of them:—"Sir,—As you wish for orders on the *first* night of *Edward the Black Prince*, I can only advise you to apply to the *real* authors; their address is as follows:—Beaumont and Fletcher, Westminster Abbey; William Shirley, Patriarchal Churchyard, Lisbon.—I am, &c."

Incurious Carriages.—A description which appeared the other day in a newspaper, of a journey made to Edgware by the new steam-coach, stated, "that the *carriages* and horses on the road took no notice of it."

A foreigner, to whom Mr. A—— had given his address, "Old Bailey, London,"—politely directed his letter to the "care of Mr. Bailey, senior, London."

A Lucky Thought.—To what strange and unexpected circumstances is the success in life of some men owing!—On the side of Mount St. Angelo, in the kingdom of Naples, is a little castle, perched on a rock like an eagle's nest. This nest is the residence of a nabob. He was a common sailor of Castellamare, who was thrown, in consequence of his adventurous disposition, on the shores of Hindostan, where, assisted by the recollections of his youth, he hit upon the means of making a large fortune. It is the usage of the wood-cutters on Mount St. Angelo, to attach their faggots to a long cable, and thus make them slide down from the top of the mountain to the water-side. Our adventurer, at a critical moment, recommended a similar mode of transporting his cannon to a rajah in whose service he had engaged. The experiment was completely successful; a brilliant victory was the result; and a crore of rupees rewarded the ingenuity of the Italian.

Chlorine.—A French medical man, of the name of Garnal, lately read to the Académie des Sciences a memoir on the treatment of pulmonary consumption, in which he spoke highly of fumigations of chlorine in that distressing complaint. It did not appear, however, that any of his patients had experienced a radical cure; and it is said, that in some of the French hospitals in which the experiment has been tried, an exacerbation of the malady was the result.

Mimic Gold.—A gentleman at Leghorn has invented a new metallic compound, which he calls Artimomantico, resembling gold in colour and weight. Snuff-boxes made of it are mistaken for pure gold. It is of the same weight as gold of 18 carats, and can be made like that of 24. At a manufactory of it established at Bologna, buttons are made of it at a very cheap rate, and when new they resemble the most highly gilt buttons. The Artimomantico is soft, and bends; and has a great superiority to other gold-coloured metals in not tarnishing. A metallic alloy for plating iron and protecting it from rust has been invented by the same gentleman. It is easily and cheaply applied, forms an amalgam with the iron, penetrates some depth, and effectually protects it from rust. This property it derives from its refusing to unite with oxygen at common temperatures, or even when artificially heated. It is formed out of many metals. It does not increase the hardness of the article to which it is applied, nor does it efface the finest lines on the surface. It does not injure the temper of knives. Four ounces of this composition are sufficient to cover an iron bedstead. A company, with a large capital, has been already formed at Bologna for coating iron-work; and they are now drawing out plates which can be united to one another by heat, without any injury to the coating.

Tripoli.—A camp has lately been formed in the neighbourhood of Tripoli, consisting of 25,000 men. It is under the orders of Sidi-Ali, the third son of the pasha; and is destined to attack the revolted Arabs of the Djebel, who have for several months harassed and pillaged the suburbs and outskirts of Tripoli. These Arabs belong to three distinct tribes, called Ssattou, Assabe, and Nouair; and have for their principal chief Muhammed-il-Marmouri, a crafty and suspicious man, who has never rendered personal homage to the pasha, although he has at various periods scrupulously acquitted himself of the duties of a vassal. The pasha is determined to reduce the rebels by force; an enterprise which will not be unattended with danger, for the places occupied by Marmouri are so high and difficult of access, that it will be necessary to convey the artillery to them on the backs of camels; and the infantry will find considerable difficulty in climbing up to them.

North-East Wind.—In the last number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, Mr. Samuel Marshall states it to be highly probable that the only periodical wind which we have in this island, that from the north-east, which prevails generally from about the middle of April to the 7th or 8th of May, and sometimes longer, may be thus accounted for:—"In Sweden and Norway the face of the country is covered with snow to the middle of May, or longer. This frozen covering, which has been formed during winter, grows gradually shallower to the 15th or 16th of May, or until the sun has acquired 17° or 18° of north declination; while, on the other hand, the valleys and mountains of England have received an accession of temperature of 24° or 25°. On this account, when the temperature of Sweden and Norway is cooled down by snow of 32°, that of Britain is 24° or 25° higher than that of the preceding countries. Because, while the ground is covered with snow, the rays of the sun are incapable of heating the air above 32° (the freezing point). For this reason the air of England is 24° or 25° more heated than that of the before-mentioned countries. The air of Sweden and Norway will then, of course, by the laws of comparative specific gravities, displace that of England; and from the relative situation of those countries with this country, will produce a north-east wind. This current is in common stronger by day than by night, because the variation of temperature in the air of Great Britain is at that time the greatest, being frequently from 50° to 60° about noon, and sinking to 32° in the night."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Some curious Autograph Letters have recently come into the possession of Mr. Landseer the engraver. Among these are two from Dr. Adam Smith, addressed to Dr. Roebuck, of a very confidential nature, dated 17th November and 9th December, 1774, concerning Dr. Franklin and American Politics, which throw considerable light on the secret history and intrigues of the time. There is another, of more than three folio pages, by Smeaton the engineer, respecting the Canon Iron Foundry, &c., dated 28 September, 1763.

The Rev. G. Oliver, Vicar of Clee, has issued proposals for publishing a History of Initiation, comprising a Detailed Account of the Rites and Ceremonies, Doctrines and Discipline, of all the Secret and Mysterious Institutions of the Ancient World.

It is now said to be a Mr. Marsh who wrote the Clubs of London: the same, we believe, to whom Vetus' Letters were attributed.

The Second Report of Doctor Faustus, written by an English Gentleman, is to form the Eleventh Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms's Early Prose Romances.

R. Jennings announces a Pocket Atlas in Eighty-four Maps, illustrative of Modern and Ancient Geography; the First Series shewing the different States of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, divided according to the Treaty of 1815; and the Second Series, or Ancient Department, compiled from the most esteemed authorities.

An 8vo. edition will shortly appear of the Memoirs and Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood.

In the Press.—Cameleon Sketches, by the Author of the Picturesque Promenade round Dorking.—Travels in Russia, Prussia, and Finland, by William Rae Wilson, Esq. F.S.A.—The Birth-Day, and other Tales, by Elizabeth Frances Dagley, Author of Fairy Favours, &c.—The First Volume of the Works of the English and Scottish Reformers, edited by the Rev. Thomas Russell, A.M.—Also, a Second Edition of Sermons on Various Subjects, by the late Rev. John Hyatt: with a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. John Morison, Minister of Trevor Chapel, Brompton.—A Second Edition, much enlarged, of Horæ Momenta Cravenæ; or, the Dialect of the Deanery of Craven. [Of the first edition we gave a very favourable opinion.—*Ed. L. G.*]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Davies on the Human Mind, 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Fairy Mythology, 2 vols. fcp. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Hunt's Byron and his Contemporaries, 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.—Tales of an Antiquary, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Chateaubriand's Travels in America, &c. English, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Hall's Gradus ad Parnassum, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Taylor's Biography (Middle Ages), 12mo. 7*s.* hf.-bd.—Halliday on Lunatic Asylums, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Boy's New Testament, 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Tales of the West, by the Author of Letters from the East, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Uncle Peregrine's Heiress, 5 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

January.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 17	From 33. to 49.	29.86 to 29.90
Friday 18	—— 42. — 53.	30.03 — 30.12
Saturday .. 19	—— 41. — 55.	30.16 — 30.19
Sunday.... 20	—— 39.5 — 50.	30.17 — 30.24
Monday .. 21	—— 34. — 47.	30.19 — 30.16
Tuesday .. 22	—— 40. — 56.	30.03 — 30.15
Wednesday 23	—— 38. — 53.	30.15 — 30.30

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 17th and 18th, when it was raining, generally clear; foggy on the morning of the 21st.

Mild Season.—The circumstance of a blackthorn bush being in full bloom shews the peculiar mildness of the present season.

Rain fallen, ·725 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Shipwreck in its turn.

Our publisher has not, at present, any need to apply to Mr. H. G.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY, PALL MALL EAST. The Society of British Artists will receive the Works of Art in the various Departments of Painting, (in Oil and Water Colours,) Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, intended for their ensuing Exhibition, on Monday the 3d, and Tuesday the 4th of March next.

JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
29, Charing Cross.

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Contents of No. II.—I. Daru's History of Brittany—II. Life and Writings of Ernest Schultze—III. Cousin's Philosophical Fragments—IV. Balbi's Ethnographical Atlas—V. De Bausset's Memoirs of Napoleon—VI. Fraunhofer on the Refractive and Dispersive Powers of Glass, and the Achromatic Telescope—VII. Southern Germany—VIII. Von Hammer's History of the Assassins—IX. Dupin's Productive and Commercial Powers of France—X. Manzoni's Betrothed, a Romance—XI. Catholicism in Silesia—XII. Modern German Tragedy; Klingemann's Ahasuerus—XIII. Russian Literature—XIV. Delambre's History of the Astronomy of the Eighteenth Century—XV. German Pocket Books for 1828—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. II.—List of the Principal Works published on the Continent from July to October 1827.

"In continuation of what was said lately regarding the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' we are happy to inform our readers, that having seen an early copy of the first Number, we are able to speak more confidently in approbation of the work. This Number promises well; and by active exertion on the part of the Editors, we have little hesitation in saying that it will not only supply a great deficiency in our literature, but also become eminently popular. In several of the papers here presented to us, we think we can unequivocally recognise the style of those well-known and highly eminent authors, and to whom we before alluded, as being engaged in supporting the undertaking."—*Literary Gazette.*

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No. II. will be published in March.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Voyages of Columbus. By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

THIS work will appear in the course of the ensuing month; and, from what we have seen of it, we are persuaded it will give Mr. Washington Irving a prodigious increase of fame. The novelty of fact exhibited, in treating a subject popularly conceived of as trite and exhausted, will command wonder,—only to be explained by the circumstances which have given the author access to public as well as private archives hitherto "a fountain shut up, and a book sealed." The chaste and nervous elegance of the style, and the liberal and truly philosophical cast of thought and sentiment, are what no one need be surprised with, who has read some of his previous writings: but this performance is every way a more elaborate one than any of those, and of higher pretensions,—pretensions which we have no doubt the world will pronounce to be justified in the result. To throw an air of total novelty on a theme of ancient interest,—to write a history, where previously there had been only "*mémoires pour servir*,"—such has been our American *countryman's* proud attempt; and with unmingled pleasure do we contemplate the fruit of his long and arduous labours.

We shall hereafter enter into some critical examination of this great work; but for the present content ourselves and gratify our readers with a few extracts.

Mr. Irving draws the characters of Ferdinand and Isabella, the royal patrons under whose auspices the great admiral at length was enabled to realise his immortal scheme, in the following terms: the passage, of itself, would shew that he is entitled to a place among our historic classics.

"The time when Columbus first sought his fortunes in Spain coincided with one of the most brilliant periods of the Spanish monarchy. The union of the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, had consolidated the Christian power in the Peninsula, and put an end to those internal feuds which had so long distracted the country, and ensured the domination of the Moslems. The whole force of united Spain was now exerted in the chivalrous enterprise of the Moorish conquest. The Moors, who had once spread over the whole country like an inundation, were now pent up within the mountain boundaries of the kingdom of Granada. The victorious armies of Ferdinand and Isabella were continually advancing, and pressing this fierce people within narrower limits. Under these sovereigns, the various petty kingdoms of Spain began to feel and act as one nation, and to rise to eminence in arts as well as arms. Ferdinand and Isabella, it has been remarked, lived together not like man and wife, whose estates are common, under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs strictly allied. They had separate claims to sovereignty, in virtue of their respective kingdoms; they had separate councils, and were often distant from each other in different parts of their empire, each exercising the royal authority. Yet they were so happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other, that this double administration never prevented a unity of purpose and of action. All acts of sovereignty were executed in both their names; all public writings were subscribed with both their signatures; their likenesses were stamped together on the public coin; and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Arragon. Ferdinand was of the middle stature, well proportioned, and hardy and active from athletic exercise. His carriage was free, erect, and majestic. He had a clear, serene forehead, which appeared more lofty from his head being partly bald. His eyebrows were large and parted, and, like his hair, of a bright chestnut; his eyes were clear and animated; his complexion was somewhat ruddy, and scorched by the toils of war; his mouth moderate, well-formed, and gracious in its expression; his teeth white, though small and irregular; his voice sharp; his speech quick and fluent. His genius was clear and comprehensive; his judgment grave and certain. He was simple in dress and diet, equable in his temper, devout in his religion, and so indefatigable in business, that it was said he seemed to repose himself by working. He was a great observer and judge of men, and unparalleled in the science of the cabinet. Such is the picture given of him by the Spanish historians of his time. It has been added, however, that he had more of bigotry than religion; that his ambition was craving rather than magnanimous; that he made war less like a paladin than a prince, less for glory than for mere dominion; and that his policy was cold, selfish, and artful. He was called the wise and prudent in Spain; in Italy, the pious; in France and England, the ambitious and perfidious. While giving his picture, it may not be deemed impertinent to sketch the fortunes of a monarch whose policy had such an effect upon the history of Columbus and the destinies of the New World. Success attended all his measures. Though a younger son, he had ascended the throne of Arragon by inheritance; Castile he obtained by marriage; Granada and Naples by conquest; and he seized upon Navarre as appertaining to any one who could take possession of it, when Pope Julius II. excommunicated its sovereigns, Juan and Catalina, and gave their throne to the first occupant. He sent his forces into Africa, and subjugated, or reduced to vassalage, Tunis, and Tripoli, and Algiers, and most of the Barbary powers. A new world was also given to him, without cost, by the discoveries of Columbus; for the expense of the enterprise was borne exclusively by his consort Isabella. He had three objects at heart from the commencement of his reign, which he pursued with bigotted and persecuting zeal—the conquest of the Moors, the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition in his dominions. He accomplished them all; and was rewarded by Pope Innocent VIII. with the appellation of Most Catholic Majesty—a title which his successors have tenaciously retained.—Contemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She is one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanour. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression; and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband, and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his enterprises, and in some instances surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures; while, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy. It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of internal wars. She loved her people, and, while diligently seeking their good, she mitigated, as much as possible, the harsh measures of her husband, directed to the same end, but inflamed by a mistaken zeal. Thus, though almost bigotted in her piety, and perhaps too much under the influence of ghostly advisers, still she was hostile to every measure calculated to advance religion at the expense of humanity. She strenuously opposed the expulsion of the Jews, and the establishment of the Inquisition,—though, unfortunately for Spain, her repugnance was slowly vanquished by her confessors. She was always an advocate for clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Granada. She considered that war essential to protect the Christian faith, and to relieve her subjects from fierce and formidable enemies. While all her public thoughts and acts were princely and august, her private habits were simple, frugal, and unostentatious. In the intervals of state business, she assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their counsels, in promoting letters and arts. Through her patronage, Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. She promoted the distribution of honours and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge; she fostered the art of printing, recently invented, and encouraged the establishment of

presses in every part of the kingdom; books were admitted free of all duty; and more, we are told, were printed in Spain, at that early period of the art, than in the present literary age. It is wonderful how much the destinies of countries depend at times upon the virtues of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits, by combining, exciting, and directing the latent powers of a nation, to stamp it, as it were, with their own greatness. Such beings realise the idea of guardian angels, appointed by Heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such had been Prince Henry for the kingdom of Portugal; and such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella."

The events of the day and night preceding Columbus's first sight of the new world have heretofore kindled the imagination of more than one great poet. The prose narrative of Irving will hereafter kindle the coldest spirit.

"The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favourable signs which had increased his confidence were now derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realising the object of all his labours. They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the habitable world. What was to become of them, should their provision fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made; but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse which already divided them from land, how should they ever be able to return, having no port where they might victual and refit? In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in the retired parts of the ship, at first in little knots of two and three, which gradually increased and became formidable, joining together and strengthening each other in mutinous opposition to the admiral. They exclaimed against him as an ambitious desperado, who in a mad fantasy had determined to do something extravagant to render himself notorious. What to him were their sufferings and dangers, when he was evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? To continue on, in such a mad expedition, was to become the authors of their own destruction. What obligation bound them to persist? or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already sailed far beyond the limits that man had ventured before; they had penetrated into remote seas untraversed by a sail. How much further were they to go in quest of a mere imaginary land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? Who, on the other hand, would blame them, were they to consult their safety, and turn their course homeward before it was yet too late? Would they not rather be extolled for their courage in having undertaken a similar enterprise, and their hardihood in persisting in it so far? As to any complaints which the admiral might make of their returning against his will, they would be without weight; for he was a foreigner, a man without friends or influence. His schemes had been condemned by the learned as idle and visionary, and had been discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had, therefore, no party on his side; but rather a large number whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Such are some of the reasonings by which these men prepared themselves for an open opposition to the prosecution of the voyage; and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish character, impatient of control, and the peculiar nature of these crews, composed in a great part of men sailing on compulsion, we may easily imagine the constant danger there was of open and desperate rebellion. Some there were who did not scruple at the most atrocious instigations. They proposed, as a mode of silencing all after complaints of the admiral, that, should he refuse to turn back, they should throw him into the sea, and give out, on their arrival in Spain, that he had fallen overboard while contemplating the stars and the signs of the heavens with his astronomical instruments,—a report which no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert. Columbus was not ignorant of these mutinous intentions; but he kept a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, stimulating the pride or the avarice of the others, and openly menacing the most refractory with signal punishment, should they do any thing to impede the voyage."

After narrating the troubled incidents of another week of anxious and jealous suspense, the historian thus gives the long-looked-for consummation of his hero's hopes.

"On the morning of the 7th of October, at sun-rise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward: the Niña, however, being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her masthead, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the promised land had again melted into air. The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement, when new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the south-west, concluded they must be secure of some neighbouring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the west-south-west, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiriting to his followers generally. For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went, the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colours, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the south-west, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny-fish played about the smooth sea; and a heron, a pelican, and a duck, were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by the ships was fresh and green, as if recently from land; and the air, Columbus observes, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville. All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavoured to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamour, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies; and happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise. Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish, of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land. In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorised such precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns. The breeze had been fresh all day with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation in the shades of night, he maintained an intent and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about two o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether

it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited. They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself. It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld, had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea? or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilisation. It was on the morning of Friday, 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. When the day dawned, he saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though every thing appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore, where they stood gazing at the ships. They were all perfectly naked; and, from their attitudes and gestures, appeared to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonso Pinzon, and Vincent Jañez his brother, put off in company in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters F. and I., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Isabel, surmounted by crowns. As they approached the shores, they were refreshed by the sight of the ample forests, which in those climates have extraordinary beauty of vegetation. They beheld fruits of tempting hue, but unknown kind, growing among the trees which overhung the shores. The purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands, give them a wonderful beauty, and must have had their effect upon the susceptible feelings of Columbus. No sooner did he land, than he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobido, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he now called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy representing the persons of the sovereigns. The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favourites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral in their overflowing zeal. Some embraced him, others kissed his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favours of him, as of a man who had already wealth and honours in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched as it were at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and offering for the future the blindest obedience to his commands. The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships, with their sails set, hovering on their coast, had supposed them some monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort; the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared to them so strange and formidable, suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies."

Sayings and Doings; or, Sketches from Life. Third Series. 3 vols. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

It is with sincere regret we mention that the severe indisposition of the author of these most amusing and acceptable Sketches has prevented the present (the third) series from being published at the time advertised. Hoping and anticipating, however, that Mr. Hook's health will be sufficiently restored to enable him to put the finishing touch (and it is only a very slight one that is required) to his last volume before our *Gazette* appears in another No., we avail ourselves of the possession of the first tale, which occupies a volume and a half, to offer our readers a taste of it, as an attractive novelty in our present sheet.

Cousin William, for such is its title, is a story told in a very different style from any of Mr. Hook's former productions. It is a highly interesting and connected narrative; and not of that light and playful genius which skimmed through the follies and peculiarities of the age, lighting on them, as the bee does on flowers, to linger a moment and extract a something from each, to enliven the humming and enrich the treasured hive. But though we say this, it is not to be supposed that the author's constitutional gaiety and pleasantry are banished from *Cousin William;* on the contrary, his sallies are most agreeably interspersed with the pathos and tragic working of the events; and in none of his preceding performances have we met with more apposite remarks on life and manners, more genuine scenes of existing follies, better-drawn portraits, or more striking incidents. The character of the heroine is particularly forcible, and we are of opinion that great pains has been bestowed upon its development; "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*"—The father and mother are also admirable in their way; they have studied Buchan's Domestic Medicine till they imagine they are afflicted with every disease that flesh is heir to; and their ailments and their quackery are irresistible. Cousin William is portrayed with painful fidelity; but indeed all the parts belong to an original and very finished school of painting,—and Sir Mark Terrington, Flora Ormsby, Lord Leatherhead, the confidante Davis, the Shillito family, &c. &c. do honour to the skill of the master who designed them.

We are seldom induced, even after works of fiction have been long *out*, to transgress a tacit compact we have made with our dearest and fairest readers, not to rob them of a *dénouement* by any details of plot and finale; and we would not commit so unhandsome an offence when we are, as now, alone, in the secret, behind the curtain. A few selections must say for us why we are so decidedly the eulogists of *Cousin William*, the first tale of the third series, in three volumes of *Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life*, by Theodore Hook, Esq., one of the most accomplished social companions, one of the most acute observers of men and things, and one of the most piquant writers of

the day upon which our existence has been thrown.

The story commences with the following dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Crosby:

"'Camomile tea, Mrs. Crosby, if you please,' said Mr. Crosby: 'I have had five pints of water-gruel since bed-time: I cannot bear any more.' 'Just as you choose, my angel,' said Mrs. Crosby. 'Caroline, dear, run before, and shut the windows in the breakfast parlour: your papa is going down.' Caroline flew to obey her mother's mandate. 'I'll take a little ether,' said Mr. Crosby, 'before I go out, for I have had a few slight touches of flying gout during the night, Mrs. Crosby.' 'Indeed, my life!' said the lady. 'I can assure you I have not suffered a little myself; an attack of my old peripneumony did not meliorate the pains of my lumbago. Nor am I quite easy about my erysipelas.' 'Come, dearest,' said the invalid husband, 'lend me your arm—ring for Richards to put the pillows in my chair—bring down the book, and let us see what's to be done next.' And in this order of march proceeded Mr. and Mrs. Crosby to the breakfast parlour, which had been previously hermetically sealed, by the assiduity of Caroline. It was July, the tea-urn steamed upon the table, the room had a southern aspect, and the sun shone full into it—Mr. Crosby had just taken ether, and his lady had just been rubbed with Steer's opodeldoc. Caroline proceeded to do duty at the breakfast table. 'Oh,' said Mr. Crosby, as he sat down—'what a sudden pain at the back of my head!' 'Gracious me!' cried Mrs. Crosby, 'at the *back* of your head, my life—a leading symptom of apoplectic tendency.' 'And my feet are cold, hot as the weather is,' continued Mr. Crosby. 'When the extremities are chilled, Caroline,' muttered Mrs. Crosby to her daughter-in-law, 'the book says death is approaching.' 'Yes,' said Caroline, half smiling, 'towards the end of a long and wearing disorder; but not surely in papa's state of health.' 'Health, child!' exclaimed Mr. Crosby; 'why, neither that suffering angel nor myself have had half an hour's health since—since—' 'Since,' interrupted Caroline, 'you have devoted yourselves to the study of Dr. Buchan: indeed, indeed, my dear father, that book of fate should not be opened by the world at large.' 'Tis an admirable book, child,' said Mrs. Crosby; 'and although it is the fashion to laugh at it now, it has saved us hundreds of guineas, which we else should have paid to the physicians.' 'And has cost you thousands, which you *have* paid to the apothecaries,' said Caroline. 'Only hear what cousin William says about it.' 'Who quotes me?' exclaimed cousin William, opening the door. 'I,' said Caroline, and her bright eyes sparkled, as her young and elegant cousin made his appearance; 'upon the old subject of that odious book.' 'What,' said the young guardsman, 'making fresh war upon the *Buchaneers*?'"

Sir Mark Terrington is brought forward as a suitor to the fair Caroline, whose partiality for her "Cousin William" may have been discovered by the sharp-sighted in the foregoing very short extract; and his character seems not to be any thing but imaginary.

"At that moment a servant announced a visitor, Sir Mark Terrington, who had been admitted, and was actually in the library. 'Oh! the disagreeable creature,' said Caroline. 'How excessively inconvenient,' exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. 'I *must* see him,' observed Mr. Crosby. 'But the cold hall,' said the lady. 'The middle of July,' answered the husband. 'The salts and senna,' whispered the wife. 'I'll run away,' exclaimed the daughter. 'Say I'm coming,' said Mr. Crosby to the servant, who retired. 'Now *that* Sir Mark,' said Caroline, '*is* silly, if you please, papa.' 'That I deny, Cary,' replied her father; 'his failing is peculiar,—he is sensible enough, but he is resolved that every body shall know it, and therefore gives his friends the benefit of observations, which, rational as they are, every body can make just as well as himself. He is tiresome, I confess, but not silly. *Why* he should come here, heaven knows; I dare say it is to invite us to his annual fête at Stamfordleigh. However, thick shoes, Mrs. Crosby—a clean flannel morning gown, Mrs. Crosby—my hat and gloves, Mrs. Crosby—and then, tell Benjamin to shut all the outer doors, and I'll venture across the hall to the library.' And away went Mr. Crosby to his guest. Mrs. Crosby proceeded to make a new infusion of tamarinds, senna, and crystals of tartar, for her husband, against he came up again; and Caroline flew to answer the secret despatch of her cousin William. * * *

"His observations, multifarious as they generally were, were on the day in question more numerous and more voluminous than usual; and after the expected invitation had been given, and Mr. Crosby had more than once been reminded, by certain unpleasant twinges, that he had taken medicine, Sir Mark still sat, twirling his watch-chain, as was his constant custom, like 'Patience smiling at Grief,' until at length, as if to vary his recreation, he rose and looked out of the window. 'I think, Mr. Crosby,' said he, 'we shall have rain.' 'Probably, Sir Mark,' said Crosby, who did not care whether it ever rained again or not. 'I have always observed, sir,' said the baronet, 'that the barometer is the best guide to a change of weather; mine was made by a man at Charing Cross, and I have always found it prognosticate very truly.' 'Yes,' said Crosby, 'they are very serviceable to farmers and sportsmen, and all that sort of thing; and I believe at sea have been found highly useful.' 'Those used at sea, sir,' said Sir Mark, 'I believe are called marine barometers. They *must* be very useful. The sea, you know, sir, is a large body of water;—it is really quite wonderful how people first ventured upon it; for after all, you know, sir, a ship is made but of wood and iron, and sails are but canvass, Mr. Crosby.' 'Very true, indeed, Sir Mark,' said the invalid. 'Were you ever much at sea, sir?' said Sir Mark. 'Very little, sir,' said Crosby; 'hardly at all.' 'Then,' said the baronet, 'of course you cannot be expected to know so much of marine matters as persons who have made it their amusement or profession; I have a cousin who has been in the navy three and twenty years, and that you know, Mr. Crosby, is a long time.' 'Yes, sir,' said Crosby, looking wistfully, first at the door, and then at the bell, 'a very long time.' 'What a dull life, sir, it must be at sea,' said Sir Mark. 'Why, that depends a good deal on circumstances,' replied his host: 'if our companions are pleasant, the scene matters little in which we pass our time.' Here, as if Mr. Crosby had struck him with a thunderbolt, Sir Mark again rose from his chair, which he had only just resumed, and paced the room with an animation so new and unlike his usual manner, that Crosby, who never lost sight of Buchan, was about to arm himself with the poker against a most powerful symptom of incipient insanity."

He proceeds, with more diverting circumlocution than we can make room for, to propose for Caroline a match most eligible in the eyes of her father, whose communication of the affair to his spouse is a fair specimen of the lighter division of the history.

"Mr. Crosby, who, as I have already mentioned, felt the full importance of such a connexion as Sir Mark, having fortified himself with his promised dram of Daffy, proceeded to the laboratory of his lady, who was anxiously watching the progress of her infusion, and who was in a better than ordinary humour, having just received a present from Mr. Crosby's attorney, who, knowing that in most families the female branch prevails, used occasionally to make the amiable, by laying at the feet of his client's spouse such objects as he considered most acceptable to a lady of her character and disposition. 'My love,' said Mrs. Crosby, stirring the infusion, 'I have written to ask Mr. Dobbs and his daughter to dine with us on Sunday.' 'Dobbs!' cried Mr. Crosby, 'the dev——' and there he stopped suddenly, recollecting that a visit from a professional friend might be agreeable, if not absolutely necessary, by that time—'Have you, my life?' 'Yes,' said Mrs. Crosby, 'I have—indeed I could hardly do less—he has sent me a very valuable present — extremely valuable indeed at this time of year.' 'What is it, Mrs. Crosby?' said her husband. 'Two dozen and a half of the liveliest leeches I think I ever saw,' replied the lady. 'I shall lose no time with them—no answering for accidents—pop six of them on to-night, you shall have another half dozen on in the morning; and Caroline, I am sure, will not be the worse for a little pulling down, she is getting so—' 'So what?' exclaimed Crosby; 'never mind what she is getting, my love; I have got a better thing for her than leeches.' 'And what may *that* be, Mr. Crosby?' said Mrs. Crosby; 'Cheltenham salts, or—' 'Cheltenham devils!' cried her husband, 'I've got a baronet for her.' 'A what?' exclaimed Mrs. Crosby. 'A baronet—eight thousand a year, and a fine honest fellow into the bargain.' 'I don't understand you, Mr. Crosby,' said the lady: 'Doctor Buchan observes——' 'Stop one moment, my angel, and hear me,' said Crosby: 'I am all in a tremble; hot and cold in a moment.' 'Mr. Crosby, Mr. Crosby,' cried the lady; 'these, my love, are indubitable signs of the measles—you have told me you never had them—let me pound you some spermaceti and sugar-candy—prevention is better than cure—put blisters to your legs——' 'Curse the blisters!' exclaimed Mr. Crosby. 'My life, my love,' said the lady, 'consider what you say.' 'I do, I do,' said Crosby; 'I tell you I have got a husband for Cary.' 'A husband, my dear!' said the mother-in-law, drawing herself up coldly, 'what on earth should Caroline do with a husband?' 'Upon my word, Mrs. Crosby, I cannot pretend to say,' said Mr. Crosby; 'nor does it much signify to you or me what she does with him. All I know is, that Sir Mark Terrington has solicited permission to open the preliminaries.' 'To do what, Mr. Crosby?' said Mrs. Crosby; who, save and except those which occur in the Materia Medica, did not comprehend any word of more than three syllables. 'To commence the siege, my love,' said Crosby, 'if you prefer warlike terms to those of peace.' 'You don't mean to say,' said Mrs. Crosby, 'that Sir Mark Terrington wants to marry Caroline?' 'My love, you have hit it exactly,' said Crosby. 'Then you *have* surprised me,' said the lady. 'I see no great cause for surprise—she is a fine girl, Mrs. Crosby, and a good girl, and—' '—Your daughter, my dear,' interrupted Mrs. Crosby; 'at all events she is still a mere child,'

'Well, perhaps,' said Crosby, 'it is because *Sir Mark* wants a child, that he is induced to marry Caroline; for *my* part, Caroline appears to me quite as wise as her intended husband; and as for the difference in their ages, why twenty years sounds a good deal, yet she is turned sixteen, and he under forty: what of that?' 'Nothing just now,' said Mrs. Crosby; 'but when Caroline, with *her* volatile disposition, *her* wild enthusiasm, and her pretty person, finds herself, at Sir Mark's present age, the wife of a dull person of sixty, perhaps—' 'Perhaps—perhaps what, Mrs. Crosby?' said the animated father. 'Parents who discover evils at twenty years' distance will be a long time settling their children.—I think the match a good match, a prudent match, and an honourable match.' 'In that case,' said the lady, 'it is in every point of view desirable.' 'You are as matter of fact as Sir Mark himself,' said Crosby. 'However, I *will speak to* the girl, extract her opinion of the baronet before I break his proposal to her, and I hope I shall soon have her happily established *as Lady* Terrington.' There *are* people in this world who have a dislike to see other people happy, and who, even wishing those other people well, bound to them by ties of friendship, nay even of consanguinity, cannot endure that their co-mates in existence should pass them in the course of life, or gain an ascendency over them in the affairs of society. Mrs. Crosby never liked Caroline; and though parched, stiff, cold, and cadaverous herself, never entirely dismissed from her mind a sexual envy of her blooming daughter-in-law."

Nobody ever described a fashionable dinner better than our author; and we are sorry we cannot *give* Sir Mark's first entertainment at Crosby; but the after-dinner promenade with his intended is still more characteristic, and we must *yield it the* preference.

"Coffee having been announced, Sir Mark, encouraged by the kindness of the ladies when he joined them, and animated by the wine he had swallowed, most gallantly proposed a stroll through the grounds, so soon as the regale should be concluded. Little did the worthy baronet surmise, that Mrs. Crosby would rather have died outright than venture on turf after two o'clock in the day. Little did he imagine the importance of a request to 'go out and take a little walk,' when he made the suggestion: however, if he had been really plotting and manœuvering, the thing could not have turned out better; for Mrs. Crosby, who had no more delicacy than a kitchen-maid, feeling and understanding that all the dull proceedings of this, to *her*, doubly dull day, were gotten up to forward a match between two particular individuals of the party, thought the more rapidly the matter was brought about, by giving the young people an opportunity to talk to each other, the better; replied to the proposition of the baronet, as far as she herself was concerned, in the negative; but added, that Caroline would be charmed to shew him the new walk, which had been just cut through the shrubberies, and the new piece of water, and the boat-house, and the root-house, and the hermitage, and all the other beauties of the place. Sir Mark cast a hesitating look towards the smiling girl, who instantly agreed to the arrangement, and quitted the drawing-room to make preparations. 'Cork soles, my dear,' cried Mrs. Crosby, 'clogs—a tippet—don't forget your shawl.' Which exclamation had nearly awakened Mr. Crosby from a profound sleep, into which he had fallen, from having been recommended by his lady to take thirty drops of laudanum in a cup of penny-royal tea after dinner, to set his stomach to rights. Davis, by some accident, had doubled the dose, but, to save trouble, let it go as it was. In a few moments Caroline appeared ready equipped for the ramble. As she approached, Sir Mark felt a sort of nervous apprehension, and would have given twenty guineas, rather than undertake the progress *tête-à-tête*. He looked wistfully at Mrs. Crosby, in whom he felt he had an advocate, and thought to himself, if *she* had been of the party, he would have had some support; for he knew the weakness of his social powers in female society, and was perfectly conscious of his inability to keep up that conversational coronella, which, if one of the players be a bungler, so often falls to the ground, that the proficient at last thinks it hardly worth taking up again. Off they went, however, and Caroline walked by his side along the broad gravel walk, which leads straight from the terrace at the back of Crosby House, with her eyes cast down, and her ears open, to catch the sound of his voice. Two hundred yards had elapsed, and not a syllable. 'Hem,' said Sir Mark. Caroline looked at her companion. 'A very pleasant young gentleman, Captain Morley, Miss Crosby,' said Sir Mark. He had better have said any thing else. 'Yes, he is, indeed,' said Caroline. 'He is going to be married,' said Sir Mark. 'Yes, and I hope he will be happy,' said Caroline. 'I hope so too,' said Sir Mark. A silence, awful in the extreme, followed this little burst, and they walked on; Caroline's eyes being, I am afraid, filled with tears. However, a bonnet then the fashion hid the sparkling orbs from the observation of Sir Mark; and without any farther attempt at conversation they reached the hermitage. 'This is the hermitage, I suppose,' said Sir Mark. 'Yes; it was built from a design of my cousin William's,' said Caroline. 'Will you like to rest in it a little?' said the baronet with an air of gallantry. 'If you please,' said Caroline; and she sat down on the bench where she sat with Morley on that evening when their hearts spoke to each other, and their souls communed together.—Where her thoughts were, who can doubt? A sudden chill ran through her whole body, and as suddenly the blood rushed to her cheeks; she could not have answered had she been spoken to, and she trembled lest her companion should address her. A word at the moment would have overcome her; but he was silent, and she turned from him, and, leaning on her hand, gazed through one of the rustic windows, which opened on the lake. Her heart beat, and her pulse throbbed, and her vivid imagination was filled with a bright and beautiful vision of love and happiness, never now to be realised by her. After a long pause, Sir Mark Terrington said, 'Are you fond of dogs, Miss Crosby?' To attempt a description of Caroline's feelings at this moment is perfectly impossible; the effect, however, may be conceived, when I say, that in the midst of her heart-rending grief—in the midst of the ten thousand conflicting passions which were agitating and torturing her, the absolute absurdity and inanity of such a question, put under such circumstances, struck her so forcibly, that she burst into an hysterical fit of laughter, so unequivocally contemptuous, that any body, other than the worthy baronet actually engaged in the affair, would have observed the sensation he had created, and beat a retreat in double-quick time. Not so, Sir Mark; he was, although perhaps somewhat startled at the violence of Miss Crosby's mirth, rather gratified than otherwise, at having so successfully excited her feelings, and followed up his effective question with another. 'No! but are you, though?' 'Very fond, indeed, Sir Mark,' said Caroline, struggling to correct and check herself, but very nearly bursting into tears at the same moment. 'Why, do *you* know,' said the baronet, 'I like dogs, because I have always observed that they are faithful and constant in their attachments, Miss Crosby.' And here Caroline felt, that, strange as was the mode which he had adopted, the lover was now coming forward; and that having oddly enough brought the conversation to the apposite topics of attachment and constancy, he would draw the thread a little farther, and touch upon the interesting subject which the 'old people' evidently intended him to agitate during the walk so inartificially gotten up; and which, it must be confessed, the younger person of the two thought inevitable under all the circumstances of the case. Caroline's heart beat faster and stronger; she felt she would give the world that he should not say a word about his feelings just then, at a time and in a place which recalled so powerfully the recollection of her dear William. Her head was still averted; she heard Sir Mark sigh deeply. The critical moment had evidently arrived. 'I once,—' said Sir Mark,—and he hesitated and sighed again—'I once, Miss Crosby, knew what it was——' Caroline held her breath, and pressed her lips close together, in an agony of dread and expectation—'to have a very large dog: he was of the true Newfoundland breed, black, with a white patch upon his breast; he would dive after any thing which I threw into the water. I used to call him Pompey, miss; but he was stolen from me, and as I have often said to myself, when I have been alone and thinking a good deal, the worst of having that sort of pet is, that it gives one so much pain to lose it—one misses it when it is first gone, just like a wife, or a child, or any thing else one has got used to. I remember a droll gentleman of my acquaintance, who made a very ingenious jest upon my Pompey. He asked me what I thought my dog was worth, and I said I would not sell him for any money; but as for his worth, I added, it might be all fancy, and a thing in the market was only worth what it would fetch; to which he replied, 'then your dog is invaluable, for he will fetch any thing you send him for.'' Had nature unkindly desired that we should think aloud, here, I verily believe, would have terminated the acquaintance of Sir Mark Terrington and Miss Caroline Crosby; for (such is the anomalous construction of a woman's mind,) the contempt she felt for his puerile disappointment of her expectations, for the fulfilment of which she had rallied all her energies, by far exceeded in force and power any gratification she experienced at the temporary reprieve from a declaration. She, however, little knew Sir Mark—he had as much idea of coming to the point during *that* walk, as he had of discovering the longitude; to make a proposal on a first *tête-à-tête*, appeared to him the very *acme* of indiscretion, rudeness, and precipitancy; and there might Caroline have sat until this very moment, with the bright moon shining on her white forehead, and the fresh breeze sporting with her jetty curls; and for all Sir Mark did or intended to do, she might have sat there till Doomsday, had not Davis, who had been sent in quest of her young lady, with an additional cloak and clogs, served the *lovers* as Saint Patrick served the Irish snakes and toads, and awakened 'them to a sense of their situation.' What

Davis anticipated to find that situation, I cannot pretend to surmise; but her approach towards the hermitage was announced by two or three of those gentle inartificial coughs, which do not result from cold, but which serve as signals upon various occasions, under the direction of females educated in certain schools, and versed in certain arts and sciences. Not a syllable had escaped the lips of either of the *young* people for nearly ten minutes after the dog story, nor for ten minutes previous to the very seasonable arrival of the soubrette—the last word which had been spoken dropped from Caroline, who had said, 'yes, very,' in answer to an observation of Sir Mark's, that the 'moon was very bright;'—and, it must be observed, that when Davis entered the hermitage, and saw the perfect placidity of the scene, and how remotely distant from each other the enamoured pair were placed, she seemed, if not disappointed at the appearance of things, at least mortified at the waste of breath which she had expended upon the various announcements of her proximity and approach. 'I have brought your cloak and clogs, Miss Caroline,' said she—'your mamma thought you were staying out too late.' Caroline thought so too. 'I hope, Miss Caroline,' said the baronet, 'your papa won't think that I kept you out—I thought you had better have gone in a long time ago, but I did not like to hurry you.' 'Oh,' said Caroline, 'you know how careful we are here of each other's health—I dare say we shall not get scolded—however, I am quite ready, Sir Mark.' And accordingly, having enveloped herself in the proffered mantle, she waited to see whether her professed lover, like the glow-worm, might not shine a little more as it grew darker, and to ascertain whether he would offer her his arm; but she waited in vain—he seemed satisfied, that upon such a liberty he could not yet presume; and he walked quietly beside her, Davis closely following. 'There is a great deal of dew falling this evening,' said Sir Mark. 'Yes,' answered Caroline. 'How beautiful a dew-drop looks when the sun shines on it in a morning!' said Sir Mark. 'Very,' said Caroline. Mrs. Davis was again affected with a slight cough. 'I suppose your papa does not walk out much, Miss Caroline,' said Sir Mark. 'Very seldom,' said Caroline. 'I should think it must be very dull for him, being so much confined as he is, with nobody here but yourselves,' said Sir Mark. Davis's cough was worse than ever; and Caroline was a good deal puzzled how to reply to the observation, because the only answer she could possibly give, would inevitably produce, even from Sir Mark, a little bit of flattery—a pause, therefore, ensued. 'I hope,' said Sir Mark, after a lapse of an hundred yards, 'I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Crosby and yourself at Stamfordleigh before the autumn sets in, for it looks best in summer. Indeed, I have often observed, that the country is never seen to advantage in the winter.' Before the autumn sets in—thought Caroline, what *can* he mean? 'The leaves are a great advantage to trees,' said Sir Mark; 'and the foliage about the house at Stamfordleigh is particularly advantageous, because it shuts out the view of the offices; and I should like *you* to see it looking its best.' 'You are very kind, Sir Mark,' said Caroline; 'I shall be most happy to accompany my father and Mrs. Crosby, whenever they go to you.' 'You are very good, Miss Caroline,' said Sir Mark: 'I hope I shall be able to make it pleasant to you. I will ask two or three friends of mine to meet you; for it would be very dull with only our own party.' Mrs. Davis was again troubled with a cough, and how many more relapses she might have had in the course of the conversation, it is impossible for me to surmise, had not the party at this juncture regained the house, into which no sooner had they entered, than Caroline bounded up stairs to her room, to divest herself of her wrapping up, and take the same opportunity of unfolding her mind to Davis as to the merits of her swain."

We are sorry to stop here; but, for the reasons we have assigned, we will not go farther either into extracts or details. At the end of Vol. I. there is a break of twenty years, over which we will not leap. Suffice it to say, that the later period displays, if possible, a more perfect knowledge of the human heart in man and woman, and of the world or society, than the preceding era, and contains many observations of deep as well as playful philosophy, which must be felt to apply to the persons and circumstances that surround every actor in the mixed drama of real life. In fine, *Cousin William* is, perhaps, the highest effort of the author's deservedly popular pen; and no greater encomium need be bestowed.

Of the second tale, *Gervase Skinner*, we abstain from saying any thing as yet.

The Omnipresence of the Deity: a Poem. By *Robert** Montgomery. Post 8vo. pp. 196. London, 1828. S. Maunder.

THE author of this Poem having received a castigation from our hands for a former production, we have several reasons for being gratified with his present effort. It shews in him, that, though led away by youthful effervescence, his temperature is of the true and high poetic tone; that he is not above listening to advice, however bitter it may be at the moment; and that, leaving the track of error, he has the soul to attempt, and the capacity to reach, the nobler, the noblest, inspirations of the Muse. On our part, we are free to say, that in this effusion, Mr. Montgomery, yet a very young man, has attained a pitch of excellence far beyond what even his warmest friends could have anticipated within so short a period. It is indeed a magnificent and sublime composition; and if there are still to be detected some of the critical imperfections incident to early years, they are infinitely more than atoned for by the beauty and genius of the whole.

The Bishop of London has, we observe, accepted the dedication; and, in our opinion, the subjoined extracts will not only shew that it does him honour as a patron, but also that the Bard is worthy of continued notice and increased encouragement. The poem opens thus grandly:—

"Thou Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined,
Source of all life, and fountain of the mind;
Pervading Spirit, whom no eye can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space,—
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where Thou are not!

Before the glad stars hymn'd to new-born earth,
Or young creation revell'd in its birth,
Thy Spirit moved upon the pregnant deep,
Unchained the waveless waters from their sleep,
Bade Time's majestic wings to be unfurl'd,
And out of darkness drew the breathing world!

Ere matter form'd at Thy creative tone,
Thou wert!—Omnific, Endless, and Alone;
In Thine own essence, all that was to be—
Sublime, unfathomable Deity!
Thou said'st—and lo! a universe was born,
And light flash'd from Thee, for its birth-day morn!

A world unshrouded all its beauty now!
The youthful mountain rear'd its haughty brow,
Flowers, fruits, and trees, felt instantaneous life,
And ocean chafed her billows into strife!

And next, triumphant o'er the green-clad earth,
The universal sun burst into birth,
And dash'd from off his altitude sublime
The first dread ray that marked commencing time!
Last rose the moon—and then th' array of stars
Wheel'd round the heavens upon their burning cars!"

From Creation we pass to a description of one of Nature's most awful phenomena, which we consider to be very fine.

"A thunder-storm!—*the eloquence of heaven*,
When every cloud is from its slumber driven,—
Who hath not paused beneath its hollow groan,
And felt an Omnipresence round him thrown?
With what a gloom the wh'ring scene appears!—
The leaves all shiv'ring with expectant fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A veiling fervour round creation spread,
And, last, the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops patt'ring on the trees and bower,
While wizard shapes the bowing sky deform,—
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!

Oh! now to be alone on some still height,
Where heaven's black curtains hang before the sight,
And watch the swollen clouds their bosoms clash,
While fleet and far the lightning-daggers flash,—
Like rocks in battle, on the ocean's bed,
While the dash'd billows foam around their head!—
To mark the caverns of the sky disclose
The furnace-flames that in their wombs repose,
And see the fiery arrows fall and rise,
In dizzy chase along the rattling skies!—
How stirs the spirit while the thunders roll,
And some vast Presence rocks from pole to pole!"

The slight defects in this admirable picture are the conversion of the "lightning-*daggers*" so immediately into "fiery *arrows*," and the dissonant word "dash'd," so soon after the rhymes "clash" and "flash:" but what are these to its general force, truth, and grandeur? The contrast of calm is equally poetical.

"But not alone when racking Nature groans
Beneath the terror of Thy tempest tones;
Not in the storm, the thunder, or the sea,
Alone, we feel Thy dread ubiquity!—
In calmer scenes, and the unruffled hour,
Our still'd hearts own Thine omnipresent power.

List! now the cradled winds have hush'd their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While drench'd earth seems to wake up fresh and clear,
Like hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble flies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely change!

First comes the sun, unveiling half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,—
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:
Next, breezes swell forth with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;
And thus the tempest dies—and bright, and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill!
And now, while bloom and breeze their charm unite,
And all is glowing with a rich delight;
God! who can tread upon the breathing ground,
Nor feel Thee present, where Thy smiles abound!"

The second portion of the poem goes more into the affairs of human life; and though not so powerful, is hardly less beautiful than the first Part. We select as a specimen the soothing picture of a Country Sabbath.

"Thou unimagined God! though every hour,
And every day, speak thy tremendous power,
Upon the seventh, creation's work was crown'd,
When the full universe career'd around!
Then ever hallowed be Thy chosen day,
Till Nature die, and Time shall roll away!

Sweet Sabbath morn! from childhood's dimpled prime,
I've loved to hail thy calm-renewing time;
Soft steal thy bells upon the pensive mind,
In mingling murmurs floating on the wind,
Telling of friends and times long wing'd away,
And blissful hopes, harmonious with the day.

On thy still dawn, while holy music pes s,
And far around the lingering echo steals,
What heart communes not with the day's repose,
And bursts the thraldom of terrestrial woes?
Who, in His temple, gives to God a prayer,
Nor feels the majesty of Heaven is there?—
The listening silence of the vaulted pile,
Where gather'd hearts their homage breathe awhile;

* Not to be confounded with the amiable *James* of Sheffield.

The mingled burst of penitential sighs,
The choral incense swelling to the skies,
All raise the soul to energies sublime,
And bless the solemn sadness of the time.

Emblem of Peace!—upon the village plain
Thou dawn'st a blessing to the toil-worn swain;
Soon as thy smiles athwart the upland play,
His bosom gladdens with the brightening day;
Humble and happy, to his lot resigned,
He feels the inward Sabbath of the mind.

And when, with bending knee and rev'rent tone,
He's breathed his vows unto Jehovah's throne,
Serene the thoughts that o'er his bosom steal,
When homeward winding for the Sabbath meal!
There shall kind Plenty wear her sweetest smiles;
There shall his rosy children play their wiles;
And there the meek-eyed mother muse and joy,
And court with frequent kiss her infant boy:
At noon, a ramble round the burial-ground,
A moral tear on some lamented mound;
Or breezy walk along the green expanse,
Where summer beauty charms the ling'ring glance;—
These are the wonted blessings of the day,
That all his weekly toils and woes repay:
And when aerial Night hath veiled the view,
And star-gleams twinkle on the meadow dew,
Some elder boy beside his father's knee
Shall stand, and read the Holy History;
Or peaceful prayer, or chanted hymn, shall close
The hour that woos him to a sweet repose."

The third division treats of Atheism and other subjects, in a style not inferior to the foregoing; but we have done enough to indicate the very elevated character of the work, and must leave the rest to the public judgment, with only one sublime extract more—the end of the poem, and descriptive of the final doom.

"Age has awful Time been travelling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn, have gloried in their birth!
We live, and toil—we triumph, and decay,—
Thus age on age rolls unperceived away;
And thus 'twill be, till Heaven's last thunders roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more!

O! say, what Fancy, though endow'd sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And earth be dash'd into eternity!
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon!
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll!
And those sweet stars, that, like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the hail-drops, from their depths will bound,
And far terrific meteors flash around!—
But while the skies are shatter'd by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down-shot star,—
Stupendous wreck below!—a burning world!
As if the flames of hell were on the winds unfurl'd!

Around the horizon wheels one furnace blaze,
Streaking the black heavens with gigantic rays;
Now bursting into wizard phantoms bright,
And now intermingled in a sea of light!
Till ramping hurricanes unroll on high,
And whirl the fire-clouds quivering through the sky;
Like sea-foam dash'd upon a mountain side,
When the mad winds upon the surges ride.

And, lo! the Sun: along her ruin'd shore
The white waves gallop with delirious roar!
Till Ocean, in her agonising throe,
Bounds, swells, and sinks, like leaping hills of snow!
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.

And now, while shadowy worlds career around,
While mountains tremble, and while earthquakes sound,
While waves and winds rush roaring to the fray,
Who shall abide the horrors of the day?
How shall we turn our terror-stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire-throned Deity?

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet-sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around!
From north to south, from east to west, it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls!
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The Sea has heard it!—colling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breath'd, or moved, or seen, or felt;
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who carest'd in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are pluck'd from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom!

Now, while the universe is wrapt in fire,
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire,
Beneath a canopy of flame behold,
With glitt'ring banners at His feet unroll'd,
Earth's Judge!—around seraphic minstrels throng,
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song;
While melodies aerial and sublime
Weave a wild death-dirge o'er departing Time!—

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Vain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unroll'd!
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun,
Quench'd is the moon! and blacken'd is the sun!
The stars have bounded 'mid the airy roar;
Crush'd lie the rocks, and mountains are no more;
The deep unbosom'd, with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin, like creation's tomb!

And lo! the living harvest of the earth,
Reap'd from the grave to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam.

And see! amid the skies' terrific glare,
Like a wild planet wheeling through the air,
The Eternal Spirit, on a fiery car,
Cleaves through the clouds, and blazes from afar!
And, like an ocean vollied from His throne,
Roars the deep thunder of His judgment tone!—
Wing'd on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold the blessed soar to realms above;
The cursed, with hell uncover'd to their eye,
Shake, shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!"

To conclude, though we do not enlarge our examples, we have no hesitation in ranking *The Omnipresence of the Deity* in the very highest class of English Sacred Poesy. It reflects a new lustre on the name of Montgomery; and well deserves the utmost favour both of religious and poetical readers.

There are some smaller poems, to which we shall probably advert in our next: in the mean time, we most heartily recommend this extraordinary production to all the admirers of true genius.

Letters from Greece: with Remarks on the Treaty of Intervention. By Edward Blaquiere, Esq. Author of a "Historical Account of the Greek Revolution," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 361. London, 1828. J. Ilbery.

So much has been written upon the affairs of Greece, that even the high authority of Mr. Blaquiere need not lead us into long details. His present volume, like all that have preceded it, from his pen, is marked with sound sense, moderation, and a warmth of feeling in a good cause, restrained and qualified by a sterling love of truth. Mr. Blaquiere may mistake, but he never will misrepresent; he may be misinformed, but for what he vouches of his own knowledge, we cannot entertain a doubt: honesty and integrity shine through every page of his works.

The Introduction contains an able justification of the tripartite Treaty of Intervention, and its consequences; and touches on the sore subjects of the Greek loans and the distribution of the supplies in Greece. Both seem too bad to be mended. In this paper, and indeed throughout, we think the writer lays too much stress on the religions of the Greeks and Turks: religion ought always to be kept clear of politics. If a nation should go to war for another, because it was of the same creed, no nations of the same creed ought to go to war against each other: but this is not the policy of the world.

The Letters which follow the Introduction were sent from Greece by Mr. B., and published, we believe, in several of the daily Journals. They are full of intelligence, judicious views, and excellent advice; but for the foregoing reason, though very advisable to collect them together, it does not seem expedient to us to republish any parts of what are already so well known through the press, in our Journal.

The third division of Mr. Blaquiere's Vol. is a reply to the Sketches of the War in Greece, by Mr. P. J. Green, with notes by his Brother. In this, the writer seems to pursue his usually fair and consistent course; defending some points, attacking others, and conceding not a few. There is much to be said on both sides; but Mr. B. palliates the atrocities committed by the Greeks too much. It is not well to find excuses for such massacres, whether perpetrated by Greek or Mussulman; nor can the horrors of the French Revolution, or of any bloody struggle, be made an apology for future murders and ruthless crimes.

A Narrative of Col. Gordon's Expedition, in the beginning of last year, for the occupation of the heights of Phalerum, is to us the most interesting portion of the book; and we quote from it the only short example we can afford to give.

"The position of Phalerum, now called Castella, is an elevated *plateau*, rising abruptly from the sea, and commanding all the ground about it within cannon range. The right flank is altogether precipitous, whence it gradually slopes away towards the left, and to the port of Munychia, where the ascent is easy. The approach is, moreover, rendered difficult on the right (especially in winter) by marshes formed by the Ilyssus, which falls into the sea to the eastward: the road to Athens runs between these and other marshes reaching to the head of the Piræus, and formed by the Cephisus. Beyond the low marshy ground is an olive ground, which extends nearly to the city. In front of the centre, at the distance of two musket shots, is the monastery of Saint Spiridion, seated about half way up the fort of Piræus, and close to the water: thus, the position has the Piræus in its front, the port of Munychia (now useless, for want of depth of water) on its left, and that of Phalerum in its rear, with the open ground of Attica and marshes on the right. Between the summit of the hill and the monastery is an ancient theatre, and a well of excellent water. The head of the port of Munychia is separated from the Piræus by a low isthmus, and beyond it, to the south, lies the abrupt and broken peninsula, full of ancient remains, where the ancient town of Munychia stood: the extremity of this peninsula, owing to the nature of the ground, is not seen from Phalerum. In some respects the position is certainly very strong; as, in order to attack it with effect, it was necessary for the enemy to defile along the front, betwixt it and the sea."

After some fighting, the Greek assailants (having neither cavalry nor artillery) "were attacked at day-break on the 8th, by Kutahi, at the head of five or six hundred horse, and two thousand infantry, with two pieces of cannon, licornes, carrying eighteen-pound balls. The Turkish guns firing grenades, and served with great rapidity, threw the Greeks into disorder: their cavalry immediately charged; the church was abandoned; Bourbacki's redoubt was carried, after a short but vigorous resistance, and the main body, seized with a panic, fled, almost without exchanging a shot; Vasso,* himself, being one of the first to run. The enemy's horse followed closely, and did considerable execution. According to the most authentic accounts, the Greeks lost two hundred and fifty killed, fifty prisoners, and near two hundred wounded arrived at Salamis. The vanquished did not even rally in the strong position of Eleusis, but continued their disorderly flight till they got into the island. The

* This Vasso, one of the many hydra heads of distracted Greece, appears [illegible] in the latest accounts

Turks then occupied Eleusis, burned the hutted camp, choked the wells with large stones, and even pushed their parties as far as the Metoichi of Phaneromeni. This defeat was rendered more disastrous by the loss of Bourbacki, a brave and estimable officer, and a sincere patriot: his horse being shot under him, he was made prisoner by the Turks, after defending himself with great resolution, and shortly afterwards put to death. Two French officers accompanied him, Captains Du Gask and Gibacière: the first was killed in the redoubt; the second, who had been detached to demand reinforcements, might have escaped; but, learning the fate of his leader, to whom he was warmly attached, he returned amongst the enemy, and died sword in hand, with the courage and devotion of a Spartan. The loss of this battle produced a painful sensation in Greece; it ruined our hopes of raising the siege of Athens; and, in fact, rendered the expedition unavailing."

On the 11th, the Greeks triumphed in their turn; but differences arose, and Col. Gordon retired from the command, after holding it for fifty days; and we are told, "provisions, meanwhile, began to be scarce: Count Porro, the intendant-general, who had executed the functions confided to him with singular zeal and ability, having retired as soon as Col. Gordon gave up the command, that service, (as is usual in Greece,) fell into the hands of persons who were either peculators, or at least unequal to their duty: besides, the magazine being at Ambelaki, the transport was frequently impeded by bad weather and contrary winds, so that the soldiers were sometimes two days without bread. In this disagreeable situation, unable to undertake any thing, and almost besieged by the enemy, the Greek generals amused themselves by keeping up a perpetual cannonade, as fruitless as it was ill-directed, and which served only to expend their ammunition, and ruin the guns and carriages."

An Appendix of interesting documents concludes this work, which is a valuable, we might say indispensable, addition to the publications from which a proper knowledge of the Greek Revolution can be obtained.

Angelo's Reminiscences. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

In a preceding *Literary Gazette* we gave some extracts from this anecdote-loving work, and we have not since discovered any better way of enabling our readers to form a judgment of its character. Indeed, publications of this kind are so remote from literary reviewing, that we do not scruple to add the following excerpta to our page, simply in the light of an amusing miscellany.

Irish Anecdotes.—"Whilst my father was in Ireland, which happened before he visited England, he became acquainted with several families, by whom he was entertained with that liberal hospitality which was, and still is, so prevalent among our fellow-subjects in the sister isle. Among others, who partook of similar civilities at Carlisle-house in my younger days, I have a distant recollection of Mr. Martin, father of the late member for Galway, a gentleman of whom my father always spoke with affection and respect. Mr. Martin having an affair of honour with a well-known gentleman, Sack Gardiner, they met, took their ground, and, by signal, Mr. Gardiner, the challenged party, fired. His pistol was directed so nicely, that the bullet grazed along, and tore the gold lace from Mr. Martin's hat; who, firing in the air, uncovering, and making his bow, exclaimed, 'By the powers, Gardiner, you are no bad shot!' Another friend of my father, to whom he was under obligations whilst in Ireland, was a gentleman cognomened Bumper Squire Jones. This gentleman had a house in St. James's Street, and came to London frequently. I remember going to dine there in my youth with the Sheridan family, and meeting Dr. Lucas, a well-known political character in Dublin. Some years after this period, I met the son of the doctor, who had been a great sufferer from the gout. He was in mourning, when, inquiring after his father, he informed me that he was lately dead. 'I hope he has handsomely provided for you,' said a mutual friend, who was hanging on my arm. 'Provided, sir!' echoed Lucas, who was himself hobbling, 'yes, sir, he has left me, as the sole patrimony of a gentleman, this hereditary title,'—pointing to his toes,—'with just as much land as I can hop over, and the devil of any more.'"

Quacks.—"Formerly the mountebank doctor was as constant a visitor at every market-place as the pedlar with his pack. Almost all old customs, however, have ceased in our time, and these itinerants are now rarely seen. The travelling doctor, with his *zany*, I believe, is now no where to be seen in Great Britain; and the mountebank himself is become almost an obsolete character. Dr. Bossy was certainly the last who exhibited in the British metropolis, and his public services ceased about forty years ago. Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step-ladder. On one side was a table, with medicine chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table, with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold-laced cocked hat, and, bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad literatim*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humourist. An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair: she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was lame to boot; indeed, she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's *three* warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response, in his Anglo-German dialect.—*Doctor.* Dis poora voman vot is—how old vosh you? *Old Woman.* I be almost eighty, sir; seventy-nine last Lady-day, old style.—*Doctor.* Ah, tat is an incurable disease. *Old Woman.* O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.—*Doctor* (smiling). No, no, good vomans—old age is vot is incurable; but, by the plessing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora voman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hosipetals have you been in? *Old Woman.* Three, sir; St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's.—*Doctor.* Vot, and you found no reliefs?—vot none—not at alls? *Old Woman.* No, none at all, sir.—*Doctor.* And how many medical professioners have attended you? *Old Woman.* Some twenty or thirty, sir.—*Doctor.* O mine Gote! Three sick hosipetals, and dirty (thirty) doctors! I should vonder vot if you have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora vomans has become mine patient. Doctor Bossy gain all patients bronounced ingurables; pote mid de plessing of Providence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Coode beoples, dis poora vomans vas teaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater), Gan you hear dat pell? *Old Woman.* Yes, sir.—*Doctor.* O den be thankful to Gote. Gan you valk round this chair? (offering his arm.) *Old Woman.* Yes, sir.—*Doctor.* Sit you town again, good vomans. Gan you see? *Old Woman.* Pretty so-so, doctor.—*Doctor.* Vot gan you see, good vomans? *Old Woman.* I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton-pie-man, with the pie-board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him).—*Doctor.* And what else gan you see, good vomans? *Old Woman.* The poll-parrot there, (pointing to Richardson's hotel). 'Lying old ——,' screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter. Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom, ''Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de gosbel.' Those who knew Covent Garden half a century ago cannot have forgotten the famed Dr. Bossy. And there are those too, yet living in Covent Garden parish, who also recollect Richardson's gray parrot, second in fame only (though of prior renown) to Colonel O'Kelly's bird, which excelled all others upon record. This Covent Garden mock-bird had picked up many familiar phrases, so liberally doled out at each other by the wrangling basket-women, which were often, as on this occasion, so aptly coincidental, that the good folks who attended the market believed pretty poll to be endowed with reason. The elder Edwin, of comic memory, who resided over the north-east piazza (improperly so termed), used to relate many curious stories of this parrot. Among others, that one day, the nail on which her cage was hung in front of the house having suddenly given way, the cage fell upon the pavement from a considerable height. Several persons ran to the spot, expecting to find their old favourite dead, and their fears were confirmed, as the bird lay motionless; when suddenly raising her head, she exclaimed, 'Brok my back, by G—!' Every one believed it even so, when suddenly she climbed up with her beak and claw, and burst into a loud fit of laughter. Nearly underneath her cage had long been a porter's block, and, doubtless, she had caught the profane *apostrophe* from the market-garden porters, on pitching their heavy loads."

Gresse, a very fat painter, and a friend of Captain Grose, was appointed to teach some of the royal family.

"Gresse, on his first introduction as a teacher at the royal palaces, had been told by Mullen, page to the then young prince Edward, that the etiquette was, if by accident he met the king, or any member of the royal family, with in the palace, to stand respectfully still—let them pass, and take no notice, unless those great personages condescended to notice him. It happened, that during his many professional visits at Buckingham House, at Kew, and at Windsor, during the first two years' attendance, he had never by any chance met the king. One day, however, whilst waiting to attend the queen, and amusing himself by looking at the painted ceiling in the great audience chamber, a door suddenly opened, and by a side glance he perceived himself

the royal presence. It was no less a personage than his majesty king George the Third, who entered alone. Struck, no doubt, with the extraordinary bulk and general contour of the figure of the artist, for he stood with his hands behind him, grasping his cocked hat, and his legs straddling wide, with his head thrown back, the king advanced to the middle of the room, and eyed him with apparent surprise. Gresse, remembering the point of etiquette, dropped his head to its natural position, and stood stock-still. After his majesty had taken his survey, he walked round, whilst Gresse, wishing a trap-door to open under his own feet, remained, nothing short of a waxen figure beneath a tropical sun. At length the king, unconscious, we may reasonably suppose, of the misery of the sensitive artist, walked to some distance, and turning round took a view of him right in front. Gresse, determined to shew the king that he really was not a statue, regardless of further etiquette, made to the sovereign a most profound bow, which the king understanding, as it is supposed, he immediately retired. * * * * * *

"Gresse, after this accidental first interview with our late sovereign, as I have before observed, became a great favourite with his majesty; so much so, indeed, that the king condescended to visit his house, which he built at Cobham, and in which he resided occasionally during the summer season. As this house, which was dubbed *Gresse's Folly*, had neither external elegance nor much internal beauty to boast, however, it is likely that the king was excited by that playful humour in which he occasionally indulged, to view it as a curiosity, being the residence of so *great* a man. I have heard Gresse relate, with much delight, the conversation which happened at the royal visit. His majesty went into every apartment, noticed the contrivances of the kitchen, commented on his pictures, and then viewed his garden and domestic out-buildings. 'You have chosen too low a site though,' observed his majesty. 'Take care, Master Gresse, or you will be carried off in a winter flood;' which prognostic, by the way, had nearly occurred within a year after. On going up a staircase, constructed with a too sudden turn, which led to the huge man's dormitory, the king whispered to one of the attendants, 'I wonder how Gresse climbs up this narrow flight; but a greater wonder will be, how they will get him down if he dies here, for there is no flexibility in a coffin — hey — my lord — hey!' Gresse, though his father was a Swiss, was born in London. He prided himself on this circumstance, as did also king George the Third. Indeed, his Majesty, in talking with him upon his parental country, condescended to remark: 'But you and I were born Britons; that is something to boast — hey, Gresse!' * *

"Bartolozzi had a great esteem for Gresse, who had been a favourite pupil of his estimable colleague, Cipriani; indeed he lived with this master many years, and was a very close imitator of his style. Gresse had studied under other masters; so many, indeed, that Bartolozzi, who was doing some professional work for a friend of Gresse's, unfortunately offended with the engraver, who, Italian-like, was hasty, and Gresse harping on the subject of *style*, he exclaimed, 'Cot-dam, Mister Gresse, hold your tongue; you have copy so many masters, you have not left no style at all.' * * * *

"Gainsborough, as is sufficiently known, was an enthusiastic admirer of music; and though certainly no musician, yet his love for sweet sounds was such, that he had tried his native skill upon almost every instrument. He was too capricious to sit to study any one methodically, though having a nice ear, he could perform an air on the fiddle, the guitar, the harpsichord, or the flute. Under Fischer, his son-in-law, he did take a few lessons upon the hautboy, or clarionet, I forget which; but made nothing of it. He, however, could modulate to a certain degree on a keyed instrument, and used frequently to chant any rodomontade that was uppermost, accompanying himself with the chords on my mother's pianoforte. Bach, who had a true German share of dry humour, used to sit and endure his miserable attempts, and, laughing in his sleeve, exclaim, 'Bravo!' whilst Gainsborough, not at all abashed at his irony, would proceed, labouring hard at any particular key, be it major or be it minor, and drolly exclaim, 'Now for Purcell's chant; now a specimen of old Bird.' 'Dat is debilish fine,' cried Bach. 'Now for a touch of Kent, and old Henry Lawes,' added Gainsborough; when Bach, his patience worn out, would cry, 'Now dat is too pad; dere is no law, by goles! why the gompany is to listen to your murder of all these ancient gombosers;' when, getting up from his seat, he would run his finger rattling along all the keys, and, pushing the painter from his seat, would sit himself in his place, and flourish voluntaries as though he was inspired. Once Bach called upon him in Pall-Mall, and going straight to his painting-room, he found him fagging hard at the bassoon, an instrument that requires the wind of a forge-bellows to fill. Gainsborough's cheeks were puffed, and his face was round and red as the harvest moon. Bach stood astounded. 'Pote it away, man, pote it away; do you want to burst yourself like the frog in the fable? De defil! it is only fit for the lungs of a country black-schmidt.' 'Nay, now!' exclaimed Gainsborough; 'it is the richest bass in the world. Now do listen again.' 'Listen,' added Bach, 'mine friendt, I did listen at your door in the passage, and py all the powers above, as I hobe to be saved, it is just for all the vorld as the veritable praying (braying) of a jackass.' 'D—n it!' exclaimed Gainsborough, 'why you have no ear, man; no more than an adder. Come, then, (taking the clarionet)'—'Baw, baw!' exclaimed the musician, 'vorse and vorse; no more of your *canarding*, 'tis as a duck; by Gar! 'tis vorse as a goose!' Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, the composer, so celebrated for his canzonets, must not be forgotten, as another exception to this observation, however. This distinguished musician was almost as fond of painting as Gainsborough was of music; and, as I have heard, was no mean performer with the pallet and pencils."

[To be continued.]

The Fairy Mythology. 12mo. 2 vols. Ainsworth.

We have already noticed, though far too briefly for their great variety and merits, these volumes, illustrative of so many curious superstitions; and we can only refer to them again at this time, when a perfect copy of the publication is before us, for the sake of calling attention to the admirable designs by W. H. Brooke, which at once adorn the stories and exemplify their wonders. The inexhaustible fancy of the artist has absolutely opened a new fairy land to us. Elves are made visible in every possible form in which we have read of or imagined them: in their fights, their frolics, their mysteries, their occupations, their amusements, their gambols, and their pranks. Their multitude is incredible; and we are sure that the characteristic and spirited manner in which Mr. Brooke has represented them, will raise still higher his already very high reputation for invention and execution. They are not only *multum* but *magnum in parvo*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, January 25, 1828.

An action was brought the other day against a number of hackney-coachmen, who conspired to make the masters take a less price for their coaches *per diem*. The prosecutors maintained that the jarveys were servants, or workmen, and liable to the laws against conspiring for the reduction of wages: but the court decided that the hackney-coachmen were principal tenants of the buildings called hackney coaches, and therefore not liable to the laws against combination: the consequence of this was, that the next day three-fourths of the principal tenants were so drunk as to put the lives of the under-tenants in danger. The minister of finance has now nothing more to do than rate hackney coaches with the taxes on houses and windows. The police would have been ungrateful, if it had not protected the coachmen on this occasion, as it gains a large sum annually by clothing them,—it not being permitted to any driver of a hackney coach or cabriolet to buy his own clothes: the police supplies them, and receives five sous per day in payment. What would a London jarvy say to this?

The new ministry has signalised its first acts by impressing on the tribunals a system of lenity touching the liberty of the press. Under the late ministry, a M. de Senancourt was sentenced to a heavy fine and long imprisonment, for a work on Religious Traditions, in which he spoke with the utmost respect of Christ as a great moralist, but denied his divinity. The author appealed; and on Tuesday the former conviction was quashed, and the defendant discharged without costs.

By the laws of the University of Paris, no person can keep a school without a license from the University, which also ordains the course of studies and the books to be used in the seminaries. The Jesuits, and the Brothers of Christian Doctrine, maintained their exemption from the University laws: they appointed their own teachers, and selected their own school books, many of which were prohibited by the University, as instilling religious doctrines contrary to those of the Gallican church. One of the first acts of the new minister of justice has been to appoint a Committee to inquire into these abuses; and as nearly all the members of the commission are professed enemies of the Jesuits, there can be little doubt that the course of education prescribed by the University will be generally adopted, and the professors in the religious seminaries subjected to the same regulations, as to capacity and morals, as the others. This is the severest blow that has yet been struck at the religious institutions, and is expected to be followed by others still more severe. The taking public instruction out of the hands of the clergy, and the control of the minister for ecclesiastical affairs, is a strong measure, and must produce important effects. It is understood to have originated with the Dauphin.

The English company performed last night at the Théâtre François, for the benefit of *Batiste l'aîné*. The curiosity was so great, that the public began to assemble at the doors of the theatre at eleven o'clock in the morning: the house was, as the French say, as full as an

age. The performances were Jane Shore, by the English company; an act of Cinderella, from the Italian Opera; and a new piece, in three acts, by the actors of the Théâtre François. In Cinderella, Mlle. Sontag performed;—her singing brought down thunders of applause: with a compass of voice equal to Madame Catalani, she has the art of reaching the feelings by exquisite strokes of nature. Jane Shore went off with éclat; Miss Smithson and Mr. Abbott were loudly applauded.

As to the French piece, though supported by the strength of the house, including Mlle. Mars, it was utterly condemned.

Two translations, and two English editions, of the Chronicles of the Canongate have been printed at Paris. The translation published by M. Gosselin is remarkable for its fidelity and spirit.

A Correspondent from Lisbon, of the 18th ult., says, "notwithstanding our disturbed political economy, Mr. Webb is pursuing mineralogical and botanical researches here with some ardour. Lord Porchester is also here, pursuing his inquiries; but whether literary or political, or both, I cannot tell."

Heidelberg, January 16, 1828.

Mr. Wiss, a nephew of the poet Campbell, has lately obtained the authority of government to establish a course of English Lectures in this University. He began by criticisms on Hamlet, and had a numerous audience. It is probably the first time that an attempt has been made in Germany to employ the English tongue for the purposes of public university lectures; and is evidence of the influence of the language and literature of Great Britain among our Teutonic neighbours.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Friday, in last week, the first evening meeting of this Institution was held, and the assemblage was numerous and distinguished. The rooms were lighted with gas from resin, which was very brilliant. Mr. Brande delivered the lecture, on the important subject of quinine, which he proposes to call *quinia*:—the alterations and changes in chemical names are very puzzling, and we wish some definite general system could be adopted. In conclusion, the lecturer dwelt with justifiable complacency on the progress and prospects of the Institution, which is indeed in a state of prosperity very gratifying to the lovers of science. He alluded also to the death of one of its earliest supporters, Mr. Daniel Moore, who has bequeathed 1000*l.* to it, besides about 6000*l.*, as we are told, to its various officers.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.

The sun's place in the heavens this day (2d inst.) is in the back of Capricornus, and the position of the earth relative to the sun is in the constellation Cancer, 13 deg. west of Regulus in Leo. As the earth proceeds in its course, its inclined axis turns more and more of the northern regions to the sun, a considerable portion of the arctic circle being towards the end of the north in the enlightened hemisphere.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter, in Libra	9	7	55
● New Moon, in Capricornus	14	22	45
☽ First Quarter, in Taurus	22	2	33

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Libra	7	22	0
Mars in Scorpio	9	5	18
Mercury in Aquarius	18	16	30
Venus in Pisces	17	6	30
Saturn in Gemini	25	12	15

2 d. 19 h. 15 m.—Mercury in his superior conjunction.

As the beautiful planet Venus recedes from the sun, and advances towards the earth, the breadth and brightness of the disc increase. The proportion of these to each other are, on this day, as follows:—

Illuminated part	10·54197
Dark part	1·45803

8 d. 12 h.—Mars in conjunction with the bright star in the head of the Scorpion, after which it will hasten to mingle its kindred rays with the red star Antares, or Cor Scorpii. Mars is a conspicuous object in the south-east, rising two hours after midnight.

2 d. 15 h. 30 m.—Jupiter in quadrature. This planet is constantly presenting a variety of interesting phenomena, whether we contemplate the eclipses of the satellites, their ever-varying configurations, or the changes that are observable in the belts of the primary. The belts of Jupiter vary both in number and figure; sometimes four dark and two bright ones are observed, that are continuous and parallel, and occasionally the whole disc is covered with small, curved, interrupted lines, which are seen to expand and contract alternately, to unite, and sometimes to separate from each other. In these belts there are frequently seen bright and dark spots, which have an unequal motion of revolution; from whence it is inferred, that these are not permanent on the planet itself, but connected with its atmosphere. During observation, a dark belt on the northern part of the disc has received a sudden augmentation of size, and a southern one became partly extinguished, yet afterwards increasing into a continuous belt. Besides these changes, (which indicate the existence of such powerful agents to which we have nothing analogous on our planet,) there are other peculiarities which throw a mystery about the physical arrangements of Jupiter: the spot from whence his diurnal motion was deduced suddenly disappeared in the year 1708, and was not seen during a period of five years, when it again became visible in the same place, and of the same form as before. From hence it may be supposed that the disappearance was not caused by any convulsion of the planet, but from atmospherical phenomena, most probably influenced by the attraction of the satellites and the swiftness of the planet's rotation, from both of which causes it is generally admitted that the clouds of Jupiter are drawn into belts about him, in strata parallel to his equatorial regions.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	2	17	12	13
	11	13	33	57
	18	15	27	25
	25	17	20	54
Second satellite	10	16	16	26
Third Satellite	3	14	54	52
	10	16	41	56

Saturn passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
7	9	40	13	9	16
19	8	51	26	8	27

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Jan. 26.—On Tuesday last the following degree was conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. F. Nolan, Exeter College.

On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity (by accumulation).—Rev. C. T. Griffith, Wadham College, Master of Warminster School.

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. E. Nolan, Exeter College.

Doctor in Medicine.—G. H. Neve, Magdalen Hall (incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin).

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. B. Sowerby, University College, Grand Compounder; H. E. Head, Rev. C. W. Woodhouse, St. Mary Hall; J. N. Walsh, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—D. Smith, W. L. Brown, H. Sanders, R. Seymour, F. E. Paget, Students, P. H. Nind, Hon. F. C. Amherst, J. R. Wood, J. Cox, Christ Church; J. G. Griffith, Fellow, St. John's College; F. Maude, H. N. Goddard, G. Leigh, Brasennose College; J. P. Read, Exeter College.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION.

It is intimated to us, that the lectures for the season at the Russell Institution have just commenced; and that the following are the subjects, the names of the several lecturers, and the order in which they are to be delivered:

1st. *On Elocution*, by B. H. Smart, Esq. Professor; eight lectures.

2d. *On Music*, by Saml. Wesley, Esq., Professor; six lectures.

3d. *On Astronomy*, illustrated by transparent scenery, &c., by John Wallis, Esq.; six lectures.

4th. *On Periodical Literature and Popular Education*, by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A.; eight lectures.

The first lecture was delivered on Monday evening, by Mr. Smart, whose rhetorical powers are so well known. He commenced the subject (Elocution) with a discussion on the connexion of poetry and eloquence; and after arguing, that they derived their effect from the same source, he illustrated the whole by very effective readings from Julius Cæsar. Mr. Smart concluded the lecture by reciting a comic piece, which produced a due influence on the risible muscles of his numerous and respectable audience. The Committee of management of this Institution appear to have provided a meritorious intellectual treat for the members.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A second glance at the Gallery enables us to add to our list of the distinguished contributors to its adornment which we gave in our last. Brockedon has a large picture in the high class of art; Lance, an extraordinary display of peacocks, with the daw in borrowed plumes; old Laporte, a Wilson-like landscape; Clater, merry Christmas gambols; Drummond, also familiar life, better than usual; Webster, (a name new to us,) two small subjects, both clever, one of them of great promise in the same line; Partridge, a lady and child, of considerable beauty; Fraser, natural and pleasing; and Lewis and many others, all enriching the collection, and adding to the value and effect of this popular Exhibition of our Native School.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Album Lithographique de 1828. A Paris. Engelmann and Co.

The London Lithographic Album for 1828. London. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co.

It has long been our intention to enter on the subject of lithography more extensively than by offering occasional remarks on the detached specimens which, from time to time, come under our notice. An opportunity is now presented to us, on introducing the rival French and English Lithographic Albums, published by the Paris and London houses of Engelmann and Co., and we gladly avail ourselves of it.

We rejoice, in the first place, to find, that the cause which mainly retarded the progress of lithography in this country, namely, the want of competent printers, no longer exists; and if proof be required, we confidently refer to the *London Lithographic Album*, executed by English artists, and entirely printed in our metropolis. When a drawing, made by the most experienced hand, and in the most careful manner, could in an instant be destroyed by the ignorance or carelessness of a printer, how was it to be expected that artists should risk any finished production with unskilful workmen? If the artist remonstrated with the blundering printer, he was invariably told the fault was his—he had breathed upon the stone—he had touched it—his mode of working was too light to hold; and a thousand similar unfounded reasons were always forthcoming to cover the printer's neglect in having injured or destroyed the drawing, as was generally the case, by an improper use of aqua fortis.

This has caused the popular notion that lithography was inapplicable to subjects where minute execution and careful detail were required; but that such opinion is erroneous, the works before us afford ample proof.

That a prejudice should exist against lithography, even amongst those interested in its advancement, problematical as it may seem, can be easily accounted for. The want of competent printers rendered the art, when employed by publishers, more expensive than copper-plate engraving, and far less satisfactory in every point of view. If an artist undertook the risk of ensuring a publisher 750 impressions of his drawings, it was customary for him to charge from three to four times more than what he ought to have done, because he calculated on having to make each drawing that number of times, in consequence of "printers' accidents," as breaking the stone, or biting out the chalk, were termed. Frequently the artist had to repeat each subject double the number of times he had reckoned on, and was, therefore, an absolute loser by his own arrangement with the publisher to receive four times the value of the work produced. We know of many instances of this nature. The publisher had usually as much reason to complain as the artist, whose reputation was also injured by the damage done to his drawing in printing. The impressions were generally so unequal, that several hundreds were of necessity often taken above the number required, thus increasing the expense considerably beyond what it ought to have been. Yet we have never heard of an instance in which a lithographic printer acknowledged himself ignorant of his art, or honestly confessed himself in fault.

Artists and publishers naturally became not merely dissatisfied, but disgusted, at such conduct; and who, that fairly views the subject, can blame them? It has often surprised us that no legal action has been brought against some of our many blundering lithographic printers for the loss of a drawing or drawings spoiled by their ignorance of the art which they profess. We fancy, any lawyer who understood the case could soon state the matter to the satisfaction of a jury. Certainly, as publishers, we should refuse to account for spoiled impressions—at least beyond a fair proportion.

The settlement of a branch of Messrs. Engelmann's house in London about two years since, however, in some measure produced a change of feeling favourable to lithography. Mr. Coindet, the partner to whom the conduct of the establishment here was intrusted, proceeded by purchasing from various artists their drawings on the stone. Feeling confidence in being provided with competent printers, he thus took all risk of failure in the printing from the artist; and we are now presented with the result in the *London Lithographic Album*,—a work which, we venture to predict, will advance the reputation of Messrs. Engelmann and Co. as printers, as well as that of their art.

The French *Album*—a strange misnomer, by the way—contains fourteen prints, of which the best decidedly is *Le Nœud de Gaze*, by Mansion, on stone by Weber. It is impossible to conceive any thing more simply beautiful than this head, and there is a clearness and calmness in the execution that leave nothing to be wished for. The landscapes, which, in the words of Wordsworth, may say "we are seven," vie with each other in beauty, and we really know not which to prefer—*Vue de la Montagne des Bains à Lacques*, by Robert; *Aqueduc Romain*, by Villeneuve; *Bièvre*, by Bichebois; or *Beaucaire*, by Deroy. The figure subjects are more ambitious, and less happy. Of the three architectural drawings, two are by Schmit. *La Chartreuse*, in the pen-and-ink manner for which that artist is so justly celebrated, is a work of extraordinary power and beauty of execution. *Le Pélerinage*, by the same, in chalk, is much inferior. The *Vision Romantique*, by Arnout, though carefully executed, appears to us an absurd flutter of lovers' hearts, glass windows, and gravestones. On the whole, as prints—and we have shewn of what importance it is to view lithographic productions as such—we conceive that the artists' drawings have been faithfully transmitted to us; the subjects, taken altogether, are agreeable; and the work an exceedingly pleasing one, either for the drawing-room table or portfolio.

The *London Lithographic Album* we consider decidedly superior to its French rival, although it contains two or three inferior drawings, totally unworthy of the company in which they appear. Having said so much, it is our more satisfactory task to point out the merits of this collection.

The *Lake Windermere*, by William Westall, is, perhaps, one of the most delicate lithographs which this clever artist has ever produced, at the same time that it possesses considerable strength in the foreground. An exquisite harmony pervades the whole of this beautiful scene; and we have seldom seen what painters, we believe, term "aërial perspective" better preserved. There is a clever *View of York*, by Nicholson, which, though less minutely executed, carries with it that noble breadth of effect for which all his works are valuable. *Durham*, by F. Nash, presents, topographically speaking, a good view of the place, under a well-managed effect of light and shade. *Buckingham Palace*, by W. Gauci, is a clever drawing, extremely careful in its details, and microscopically faultless in texture. *A View in the North Aisle of Westminster Abbey*, by Mackenzie, although we understand it is his first work on stone, is equal to any thing that can be wished for in architecture, and may fearlessly stand a comparison with the very best continental productions. The remaining ten subjects are figure and portrait. Three of these are by Mr. Lane, who has been recently elected an A.R.A., and with whose talents as a lithographic draftsman the public are well acquainted. His *Le Chapeau Noir*, from a painting by Chalon, contains too much decided black and white to please us, although we are aware that this is a fault not unlikely to render the print in question the most popular in the collection. We, however, infinitely prefer Mr. Lane's own graceful and luxurious design of *an Eastern Beauty*, or his sterner *Bedouin Arab*. Mr. Childs, the pupil, we understand, of Mr. Lane, has executed, in a manner not unworthy of his master—and this is high praise—two subjects after Corbould, from Lord Byron's *Corsair* and *Giaour*. But to a young artist named Fairland our strongest commendations are due, for his *Drowsy Messenger*, after Farrier. This print is worth the price of the whole collection; and we question if, as a print, any thing finer can be produced upon copper.

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams. No. X. London, Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, A. Black.

A WORTHY successor of the Numbers of which we have already spoken with well-deserved praise. Our favourite plate in this Number is "the Promontory of Sunium, from the Sea." It is really wonderful that so powerful and magnificent an effect can be produced within so small a compass. The view of "Cardamoula, the ancient Cardamyle," a city as ancient as the days of Homer, is very picturesque and beautiful.

The Duke of York.—Mr. Parker has just published a Medal of his late R. H. the Commander-in-Chief, of the same description with his series of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Canning, and Sir Walter Scott. It is a bold and decided likeness of the deceased prince; and the reverse, a female figure holding a scroll inscribed, "*To Great Men.*" In our impression, the face of this figure is ill struck, or the die imperfect: in either case, care should be taken to remedy the blemish.

IT gives us great pleasure to state, that the Emperor of Russia, in a manner equally honourable to the sovereign and to the artist, has presented Mr. Martin with a diamond ring, in token of his approbation of Mr. Martin's engravings. We understand that the two small prints, the "Ascent of Elijah," and the "Temptation in the Wilderness," noticed in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*, although only just published, were among Mr. Martin's earliest experiments in engraving on steel.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

By Mrs. Godwin.

Before the discovery of America by Columbus, among many tokens indicative of the existence of another continent, Dr. Robertson mentions the following:—"Canes of an enormous size had been seen floating upon the waves, which resembled those described by Ptolemy as productions peculiar to the East Indies. After a course of westerly winds, trees torn up by the roots were often driven upon the coasts of the Azores; and at one time the dead bodies of two men with singular features, resembling neither the inhabitants of Europe nor Africa, were cast ashore there."

Ye Dead of an unknown distant land,
What do ye here on our sea-girt strand?
Have the wild waves torn you from your home
In a world like ours, or do ye come
From Ocean's cavern'd bed?

Is the hope of the venturous seaman true,
That points to a far coast's shadowy blue,
O'er pathless seas, whose billows lie
Dark as the shores of futurity?
Awake, and say, ye Dead!

We have seen the tall majestic cane
Borne prostrate on the heaving main;
And trees, up-rent by the western blast,
The rolling tides on our isles have cast,—
These shew of verdant bowers.

But ye, though your features bear no trace
Of kindred with our fairer race,
Ye tell us of breathing sentient forms
Haunting those groves o'er the ocean's storms—
Of human griefs like ours.

Awake, awake !—But those dusk forms lay
Cold silent things in the sun's warm ray,
Wound in the coils of their long black hair,
In death's dark, dreamless slumber there;
Unwitting that strange men o'er them bent
The gaze of inquiring wonderment:
Nor saw they that isle of their exiled graves,
Nor heard they the hoarse assassin waves
Booming along in their sullen pride,
As the deep sea called back her rebellious tide.

Ye are mute—still mute—but ye are here,
Sad tokens of some existent sphere,
Where never bark of our ancient world
Triumphantly her white sails hath furl'd,
Nor seen her pennons stream.

The voices that told in days of yore
Of another clime, a far distant shore—
The light of science that then was viewed
As a phantom lamp, by fools pursued,
Is now no more a dream.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

POPULAR CUSTOMS, &c. IN FRANCE.

NO. XI.

Manners, Customs, &c. of the People of the Loire-Inférieure.

What chiefly contributes to maintain the harmony of a family, (says our *ungallant* French writer,) is the universally acknowledged superiority of the male over the female sex. In the churches, the men alone approach the sanctuary, and the women remain in the further part of the building.

Evening Parties.—In the winter, after supper, which is taken at the close of the day, the *veillées*, or evening parties, commence. At this time the different families visit each other, and work together: the men seated on two forms placed on each side of the fire-place, occupy themselves in cutting articles in wood, repairing their agricultural instruments, making baskets, or polishing rods and distaffs for the young girls. The women spin, and, with the children, who sit round the hearth, listen attentively to the conversation. If any one of the family can read, he consults the almanack and its predictions, or relates some wonderful stories published by charlatans, or chanters of miracles at fairs. They commonly talk on some subject which is not suggested by what most interests them—agriculture, but by superstition. Hence they learn what particular devotions they are to pay to the saint who watches over and takes care of the bees; to him who preserves them from hail, or procures rain for them; to what Calvary in the canton they are to carry an egg boiled hard, a little bread, and a piece of money; at what fountain they must drink to cure themselves of the fever, or to prevent other diseases; they also learn what old woman will predict the best luck to them, or where the man lives who cures disorders of the eyes by a consecrated grain of wheat: they farther learn what are the real torments of hell, the sufferings of limbo, the delights of paradise, and how numerous and powerful are the sorcerers. The time of miracles and fairies has not yet passed away from these villages. One of the company, who is now speaking to his attentive auditory, knew a man who sold himself to the devil: he has seen a ghost, and crossed himself to drive it away; he has carried for two or three miles a hobgoblin who leaped upon his shoulders; and, to sum up all, he has lost some of his cattle, because a sorcerer, disguised like a beggar, was refused alms by him, and in resentment bewitched his stable.

Dress.—Every canton offers some variety in the dress of the peasants, which it would be almost endless to enumerate: as the *costume guerandais* is not worn in any other part of France, we will describe it. The women wear caps, narrow and plaited towards the bottom, with lappets tied under the chin, which afterwards spread over the breast, or fly over the shoulders. They part their hair in the front, and dress it with a flat cord or string. A lace collar, a plaited neckerchief, a white, violet, or red gown, with large sleeves, the stays being laced with four or five rows of riband; a black or violet-coloured petticoat, edged with velvet; a silk sash, embroidered with gold or silver flowers, named *livrée;* and red stockings, with clocks of another colour, and slippers, complete the dress of a female of the little town of Batz.

The men wear very wide breeches, full of puckers or plaits, and two or three white and blue waistcoats, placed one over the other; in addition to these they have a linen under-waistcoat, and a round hat, with the sides a little turned up.

Blue is the favourite colour: the dress of the women, as in almost all parts of the ancient Basse-Bretagne, is rendered very gay by the intermixture of galloons and ribands embroidered with gold. The women, as well as the men, on festival days, put on short mantles or cloaks, with collars, which very much resemble those worn by the Spaniards and the Bearnese.

Marriages.—In some places, when the husband does not intend to live in his father-in-law's house, he goes on the evening before the wedding, attended by his relations and friends, to ask for the bride's furniture (often her whole dowry), which is carried to his home with much ceremony. The bride is torn from the arms of her mother, and escorted by her companions, after the cart containing her goods, all the while shedding tears; and it is only by force that she is made to put her foot over the door-sill of her new habitation.

Dancing.—The country folks dance at all the fairs, in the farm-houses, and after the vintage; in short, wherever the young people meet together, they are sure to have a dance.

The Black Wedding of Bas-Poitou.

In the marshes of Bas-Poitou there still exists a singular custom, which may be traced to the feasts and ceremonies of the Egyptians and other people of the highest antiquity. The country of Bas-Poitou is subject to annual inundations; and from autumn to spring, the inhabitants can neither leave their houses nor return to them, but in small flat-bottomed boats, which the least gust of wind will upset: these punts, as they may be called, are made of a few planks nailed together, stopped, and pitched, and are much less safe and ingenious in their construction than the justly admired canoes of the savages, hollowed out of the branch of a single tree. Wood is extremely scarce in this part of the country; and as it is very difficult, and often impossible, to convey it hither, the ingenuity of the inhabitants has been taxed to find a substitute for it in a fuel by which they may keep themselves warm in the winter, and prepare their food throughout the year. From time immemorial, the inhabitants of these marshes have had their peculiar fuel: it consists of the dung of their animals dried and prepared, which supplies the place of wood. During the year, they take care to pile up this dung in the pastures, and to make heaps of it near their houses. About the time of the feast of St. John, the grand manufacture of this simple fuel takes place, and the event is celebrated with universal rejoicing—with the keeping of what is called the *Black Wedding.* Several families, men, women, children, masters, men-servants, and maid-servants, meet together, in different parts, to make the dung into fuel: they moisten it with water, and employ the oxen to break and tread it; straw is cut up and mixed with it, to give it a consistency; they next form it into cakes, and spread it out in the pastures and by the sides of their houses to dry: they afterwards put it up in piles, and burn it in the same manner as turf, and it answers every purpose of that useful fuel. The produce of this black wedding might be supposed to emit a disagreeable odour, and to be otherwise unpleasant to the inhabitants; but long practice has enabled the women to manage it so skilfully, that with the addition of some small wood and a little straw, a bright good fire is made, without much smoke or smell. The days which are devoted to the preparation of the dung are considered festival days throughout the country. The people occupy themselves with alacrity and cheerfulness in this important manufacture; and their labour, which is frequently extended to a late hour in the evening, is sweetened by recreation: it is always followed by the song and the dance, and the toils of the day are washed down by copious draughts of wine. The rich people and the great land-holders invite their friends and neighbours to this wedding: it is a season devoted to joy and equality. These meetings and rural fêtes are called the black weddings, either on account of the peculiar occupation in which the peasants are engaged, because they put on their dirtiest and worst clothes,—or on account of the rejoicings being carried on in the night. Whatever may be the origin of the name, it is quite as appropriate as that of the *green day* given to feasts held in the spring, at which nothing was eaten that was not peculiar to the season.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday last the inimitable Pasta appeared, for the first time this season, in *Tancredi.* The pit was full before the rising of the curtain, and the boxes exhibited a pretty fair sprinkling of fashion for the time of year. The lady's reception was not so warm as we could have wished; but the visitors of the King's Theatre are much too well bred to be enthusiastic. The popular recitativo and aria, "O Patria," &c. were executed in her most bewitching manner, as were also the two delicious duets with Curioni and Caradori, in the prison scene; but her great triumph was in the air introduced by her into the third act. She was in capital voice, and her action, as usual, most eloquent and graceful. Caradori, the gentle, romantic Caradori, sang and looked sweeter and lovelier than ever. Curioni does not improve: he was sadly out in the trio which precedes the finale. The quintetto in the first act was better sung than we ever heard it,—for which we are indebted to Pellegrini, who is exceedingly valuable in concerted pieces; but a most deplorable-looking personage in armour!

Zelmira was revived on Tuesday evening, and Madame Pasta the star of the performance. Curioni was as cold and as delectable as ever. Porto's fine voice is a great advantage to the concerted pieces, and fills the void which was so much felt last season. Brambilla pleased us better than ever she did before, and, as if

inspired by her great mistress, sung and acted with great animation. Pellegrini gave his part correctly; which is far more than can be said for Torri,* who hardly sang two lines in tune the whole evening.

It has been asserted that Pasta is about to repeat all her old characters during the present season. This is not the fact. Several new operas are in preparation, in which she will very shortly appear. We hope Pesarone will join her, and that the idea of Sontag is not abandoned.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday evening, the long-talked-of *Edward the Black Prince*, compounded by "Frederick Reynolds, Esq." from *William* Shirley's† tragedy of that name, Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Philaster, or Love lies a-Bleeding*, and *Bonduca*,—was produced at this theatre, interspersed with music by Mr. Bishop. Mr. Reynolds is well known as a wag of the first water; and we have no doubt he has had a hearty laugh in his sleeve at the hoax he has succeeded in playing on the manager of Drury Lane, in inducing him to bring forward this extraordinary compound as "an *historical* play." But his love of fun has really carried him a little too far on this occasion; for, not contented with the success of his trick, he absolutely ventured a hit at it in the second act of his medley, where he makes a groom take the label from the neck of a Tokay bottle, and hang it round that of a bottle of horse-medicine, which he palms off as the imperial beverage on a simple country girl. The allusion was too gross not to be instantly felt by the audience, who gave pretty significant tokens of their application of it, and sympathised deeply with the unfortunate soldier, who, deceived by the *title*, got a mouthful of the nauseous mixture, in lieu of the delicious draught he had fondly anticipated. As the manager, after sleeping upon it a night or two, will doubtless spare the public a repetition of the dose, we shall say no more about it, except that, from the specimen Mr. Reynolds favoured us with of his composition on Monday night, we suspect him to be the author of the line which appeared in the bill on Tuesday morning—"The *historical* play of Edward the Black Prince, *adapted for representation by Frederick Reynolds, Esq.* (!) having been *successfully received*, will be repeated on Monday evening next." What is meant by a piece being "*received successfully*?" But, setting aside its unintelligible English, we object to the whole line; as, in our opinion, the play, in its present state, is any thing but *adapted* for representation. The actors did their best for the piece—the singers their worst.

We eagerly turn from the task of recording failure, to the pleasure of announcing success. A new farce was produced here on Thursday evening called the *Haunted Inn*. It is written by Mr. Peake, the most original and eccentric of modern playwrights. We have neither space nor time to describe the plot, which is not, however, very intricate. Suffice it to say, the farce is full of fun, and was admirably acted by Liston, Jones, Mathews, and Mrs. Orger. A little curtailment in the second act, and the omission of some very venerable puns, will no doubt ensure it a considerable run. We are provoked with Mr. Peake for introducing, as he too frequently does, the stale jokes of other people, as his own are infinitely superior to any he condescends to borrow.

The pantomime at this theatre, we observe, has been *prodigiously* improved since its commencement. A number of new and laughable tricks have been introduced. The machinery works to admiration; and not only the pantomimic characters, but also the rope-dancers, posture-makers, &c. &c., display such feats as seem indeed to be extra-natural. Old and young sit out these representations; and from being at first one of the most dubious, we may say that *Cock Robin* has been made one of the most popular pieces of its kind.

The first Oratorio for the present season took place at this house on Wednesday, and was well attended. Pasta was in fine voice; and Feron exerted herself to the utmost. Braham gave Luther's hymn most admirably. Miss Love, since she has taken to wear the inexpressibles, appears to try if she cannot render her voice as coarse, unmusical, and as disagreeable, as possible. Of the two *débuts* we are glad to be able to speak favourably. Miss Atkinson, who has, or rather will have, a good voice, when it is more matured, sung with simplicity and taste; but it is almost a pity she has been brought out so young. At present her organ is not strong enough to fill the theatre. Mr. Martin has also a sweet voice, and gave "Lord, remember David," well. When we have heard him in something besides sacred music, we shall be better able to judge of his capabilities.

COVENT GARDEN.

The *Serf*, after four nights' acting, has been laid on the shelf, "in consequence (as the bills state) of Mr. Young's provincial engagements." This seems to us to be a great hardship upon the author, and one of the evils of the *starring* system. Mr. Young's engagements being perfectly well known to the management before the play was brought out, we should like to know why, if the piece were worth producing at all, it should be produced at a time when, however successful, it could only be played four nights? A letter in the *Times* newspaper states, that the play itself is a translation from a German drama, called *Isidor and Olga*.

The comedy announced for representation on Tuesday next, at this theatre, entitled *the Merchant's Wedding, or London Frolics in* 1638, is from the pen of the successful reviver of Rowley's *Woman never Vext*, and founded principally on another play of that author. It is a sort of "old Life in London;" and affords, we have heard, a lively picture of the mad freaks, fashions, and amusements of the "Toms and Jerrys" during the reign of Charles the First.

French Play.—The performances this week have been as varied and as successful as before. In *L'Artiste*, on Monday, we observed that much of the drollery and broad humour about John Bull and Epsom Races, &c., as enacted at Paris, were omitted. This is perhaps a piece of delicacy on the part of the foreign performers; but we think we may assure them that nothing would be better relished, or excite more laughter in London, than the restoration of this whimsical and good-natured caricature.—We have received a letter, complaining bitterly of the bad French which is daily put forth in the bills of this establishment. We agree with our correspondent, that it is not the thing; and beg leave to call the attention of Messrs. Cloup and Pelissié to the circumstance: but while the bills of our own Theatres Royal exhibit such startling contempt for the King's English, grammar, and orthography, we must not be too hard upon our entertaining visitors. "Des loges *privées*" is certainly an *equivocal* expression; and the direction, "Que les voitures, en arrivant à la porte du théâtre, et en revenant pour leur compagnie, *devront avoir la tête des chevaux tournée vers Catherine-street, &c.*" any thing but French.

VARIETIES.

Senegal.—The Geographical Society of Paris are in expectation of receiving some very interesting details respecting the Upper Senegal, from M. Prosper Gérardin, who lately returned to Africa. M. Muller, who resided for a long time in Egypt, and who accompanied M. Pacho in his travels in Cyrenaica, is also gone to Senegal, to act as a secretary and an interpreter.

Earthquake.—The shock of an *earthquake* (if such term can properly apply to that *aquatic* city) was experienced at Venice on the 15th of January. The undulations were from south to north-east; the weather tempestuous; and after the shock a remarkable noise was heard in the air.

Mechanics.—A Mr. Cooper, of the state of Vermont, in North America, has invented a machine, reported to be of very extraordinary power, of which he has constructed and exhibited a model. This model is a cylinder, eight inches long, and eight inches in diameter, with a winch, the two extremities of which are attached to a pivot. Four men are able, by its aid, to throw, unceasingly, a column of water, three quarters of an inch in diameter, 120 feet in a horizontal line, and above 90 perpendicularly. It is said that this machine is constructed on an entirely new principle; and that it will soon be generally substituted for common pumps and fire-engines.

Preserving Eggs.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Perhaps you were not aware, when you inserted the notice of some experiments on keeping eggs, that thousands are preserved yearly, or, as it is technically called, pickled, by pastry-cooks, &c. The principle upon which they are pickled is, to slack some lime a few days before it is wanted, and when there is no heat left in it, it is fit for use; then put alternate layers of the lime and eggs into a tub, or any thing else, till full: the eggs ought not to touch one another: a little water should be kept on the top, to prevent the lime from becoming too hard. H.

Madder.—Numerous experiments have recently been made by some French chemists, to ascertain the colouring principles of madder. In a memoir lately addressed by them to the Académie des Sciences, they state that those principles are two,—the one *rouge*, the other *rose*; to which latter they give the name of "purpurin." We avail ourselves of this opportunity to observe, that we have recently seen several preparations of madder, by Mr. Field, of Isleworth, (a gentleman of great chemical knowledge, who has devoted many years to the improvement of colours), which far surpass in beauty and variety of tint, and which are said much to exceed in permanence, any madders hitherto produced.

* Yet the opera was postponed owing to the illness of some illustrious obscure for whom he became the substitute!

† This gentleman must not be confounded with *James* Shirley, who is to him "Hyperion to a satyr." *Edward the Black Prince* was printed in 1750. It is far from a good play, though not so bad as Mr. Reynolds has made it. *Philaster* is an exquisite play, and might of itself have made an interesting musical drama. The characters of Euphrasia, called *Bellario*, (the *Julio* of Mr. Reynolds's concoction,) and *Philaster*, whose language has been put into the mouth of *Ribemont*, are beautifully drawn. The former is supposed to have afforded Shakespeare the hint for his *Viola* in *Twelfth Night*, which was produced five or six years afterwards.

The Parisian Poor.—Of 21,033 persons who were buried last year at Paris, the funeral expenses of only 4,999 were paid by their families. The remainder were buried by public and private charity. It is calculated that above a fifth of the population of Paris are born, and that about a third die, in hospitals.

Missouri.—Mr. Smith, a trader in furs in Upper Missouri, has discovered a country hitherto unknown, situated to the south-west of the great salt lake, and to the west of the Rocky Mountains.

Amalfi.—Few places have undergone greater vicissitudes than Amalfi, the name of which, however, the invention of the mariner's compass,* and the discovery of the Pandects, will immortalise. Amalfi was founded about six hundred years before Christ. In the first instance it was governed by annual prefects. By degrees its importance and its territory increased with the riches acquired by its inhabitants in commerce. It was erected into a republic, of which an elective duke was the chief, and was placed under the protection of the emperors of the East. Its laws were adopted by all the nations of Italy in their maritime transactions. Its money was as generally circulated in the Levant as piastres now are. Its harbour became the rendezvous of ships of all countries. The republic successfully maintained several wars, especially with the Arabs. In Palestine the Amalfians created the order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. During the period of their power they conquered the province of Salerno. About a century afterwards they were themselves conquered by Count Robert, who left them a part of their privileges. In 1095, however, they revolted; and in vain did the Norman count, at the head of his troops and of 20,000 Sarasens, his allies, lay siege to their town: he was compelled to raise it. The Emperor Lothaire was more successful. Having invaded Italy, he sent a fleet of the Pisans, his allies, with forty-six galleys before Amalfi. The town was taken, and lost at once its wealth and its freedom. It was then that the Pandects, which a merchant of Amalfi had brought from the Levant, were found. The Pisans required only this precious volume as the reward of their enterprise. Lothaire granted it to them, and therefore it was that for three centuries it bore the title of the Pisan Pandects. The republic was a few years after incorporated in the domain of Roger, and from that period its history has been unimportant. The traveller who now sees only two or three fishing-boats, a few scattered and dismal houses, and a small hotel, can scarcely believe that he beholds the Amalfi which was thus described by a Latin poet who wrote about the end of the eleventh century:

"Urbs hæc dives opum populoque; referta videtur,
Nulla magis locuples, argento, vestibus, auro,
Partibus innumeris; ac plurimus urbe morantur
Nauta, maris cœlique vias aperire peritus.
Huc et Alexandri diversa feruntur ab urbe
Regis et Antiochi; hæc fœta plurima transit:
Hic Arabes, Indi, Siculi noscuntur et Afri:
Hæc gens est totum proprè nobilitata per orbem,
Et mercanda ferens, et amans mercata referre."
Guglielmi apuuli histor. poema de reb. Norman. lib. iii.

Silk.—At a late meeting of the New York branch of the Linnean Society, Dr. Pascalis communicated the introduction and divisions of his work on the growth and culture of silk. His treatise embraces not only the old and natural method of rearing silk-worms, but also the lately improved artificial system, by which the crops of the silk have been quadrupled. He takes upon himself the solution of a problem, by proving that the silk-worm is a perfectly electrical insect, and can be managed under this *datum* without much fear of failure, so as to obtain its valuable produce.—The subject is one of great importance, and we look with interest to the completion and publication of the doctor's treatise; the divisions of which will be as follows: 1. Natural history of the mulberry tree, and its mode of cultivation. 2. Selection of the seeds or eggs of the silk-worm: instructions for hatching the same. 3. Distribution of the insects in boxes or mats, and over litter: of the condition of the nurseries for rearing them. 4. Description of the silk-worm (*Bombyx mori*), its anatomy: physiological observations on its life and functions. 5. Peculiar habits and wants of the silk-worm. 6. Theory on the temperature and purity of the air required for the silk-worm: of the use of artificial heat and fires of faggots or light blaze: the silk-worm an electrical insect. 7. Of its different ages, growth, and moultings. 8. Condition of the nurseries in the last age of the silk-worm: preparation of the brush-wood. 9. Various diseases of the silk-worm requiring strict notice: its mounting or spinning the ball or cocoon. 10. Life and metamorphosis of the bombyx into a chrysalis and phalæna. 11. Of gathering, fleecing, and unwinding the silk cocoons. 12. Life of the phalæna or moth; its laying and fecundating of the eggs: mode of keeping the same.—*Canfield's Lottery Argus.*

Glasgow Piety.—The Northern newspapers teem just now with a grand theological and religious quarrel, which has arisen in the enlightened town of Glasgow respecting a *painted* window which some heathen Scots architect had taken upon him to *insert* in a new kirk which he built there. The weavers swear it is an abomination—and the poor architect is likely to meet with a mason's fate—to be stoned. This contention reminds us of the worthy old Christian lady's exclamation against organs—we believe she was from Baillie Nicol Jarvie's quarter—"Heaven help me! (quoth she, on hearing that profane engine in the South), Heaven help me! and maun I live amang a people wha find it necessaire to worship the Lord through the means o' machinery?"

Apt Quotation.—A few days since, a gentleman of independent fortune, who had been induced to purchase some Spanish securities, was rallied, in a social party, upon the success of his speculation; but some one observed, that, from his known affluence, if the money was eventually sunk, he would hardly be sensible of the loss: this he acknowledged; and added, "I might appropriate some words used upon a grave and very different occasion, in wishing that all of you who have been amusing yourselves at my expense, 'were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds.*'"

Irish Wit.—The response to Sir W. Scott in a late Gazette is not perhaps superior to one made, as it is told, to Surgeon Abernethy. In repairing the street in which he resides, it happened, lately, that the paving-stones were accumulated near his door. The doctor, in anger, remonstrated with a paddy-labourer on the occasion; and the following dialogue ensued:—*Dr. A.* Why, the d—l, have you laid your rubbish opposite my door, where so many carriages are daily stopping? *Pat.* Fait, your honour, it must be laid somewhere, till the strait is minded.—*Dr.* It may be so, but it must not be laid there.—*Pat.* Where can I putt it, then, your honour? (with a significant puzzler of a look).—*Dr.* Put it in h—ll, and be, &c. &c. if you like. *Pat.* May-be, I'd better put it in heaven, your honour; it would be more out of your honour's way!!!

* Attributed to an Amalfian of the name of Gaetano Gioja.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new Annual, to be entitled the New Year's Gift, edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts, will, we understand, be published by Messrs. Longman in the course of the present year.

Mr. Ballantyne, in his well-conducted Edinburgh Journal, states (on authority), that only *two*, not three, religious discourses, as we were informed (*Literary Gazette*, 575), were written by Sir Walter Scott about two years ago; and he adds, truly, as we were always aware, that they were written "as an act of kindness towards a young friend engaged in theological studies; and without any intention whatever of their appearing before the public in print. Circumstances, however, which are applicable only to the gentleman for whom the discourses were composed, have induced the author to consent to their publication at this time."

Legends of the Lakes are announced by Mr. Crofton Croker.

Among our curiosities in literature, we have received from America the first No. of the *Hesperus*, a journal something on the plan of our own, published at Pittsburgh, which but a few years since was a distant desert!

Preparing for publication, a History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain and Portugal, from the Spanish of Condé, by M. Marles. Translated from the French.

Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems, by George Woods, jun.—are announced.

Egypt.—The prospectus has been circulated of a French Journal, to be published at Alexandria, and to be called "L'Echo des Pyramides." It seems, however, that some difficulty has been experienced in obtaining the pasha's consent to the undertaking.

In the Press.—Plans, Details, Views, &c. of the Great Hall of the Royal Palace of Ithaca, measured and delineated by H. Dunnage and C. Laver, Architects; with an Essay, Historical and Descriptive.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Coming Out, and the Field of the Forty Footsteps, by J. and A. M. Porter, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.—Reece's Medical Guide, 15th edit. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Tour through the United States and Canada, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Revolt of the Bees, 2d edit., 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Mangin's Life of Jean Bart, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Scard's Sermons for Schools, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Trevor on the Laws of the Customs, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—The Old Irish Knight, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—The Parliamentary Review, 1826-7, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Mitchell's Dendralogia, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Taylor's Recess of Historical Proof, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Northcote's Fables, crown 8vo. 16*s.*; large, 1*l.* 6*s.* bds.; Plates only, India proofs, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Berens's Sermons on Sickness, &c. 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Sayings and Doings, 3d series, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Angelo's Reminiscences, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Peckston's Chart of the Patriarchs, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Omnipresence of the Deity, by R. Montgomery, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Blaquiere's Letters from Greece in 1827, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Craig's Practical Sermons, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828

January,	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday.. 24	From 40.	to	50.	30.30	to	30.2
Friday 25	— 47.	—	52.	30.15	—	30.0
Saturday .. 26	— 37.	—	47.	30.11	—	30.2
Sunday.... 27	— 40.	—	53.	30.25	—	30.2
Monday .. 28	— 30.	—	41.	30.33	—	30.3
Tuesday .. 29	— 33.	—	44.	30.15	—	30.1
Wednesday 30	— 30.	—	45.	30.05	—	29.9

Prevailing wind S.W.

Generally clear; a little rain on the 29th.

Rain fallen, ·075 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude.....51° 37′ 22″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The length to which our first two Reviews of works n yet before the public have led us (and we hope to the gra fication of our readers), obliges us to postpone till o next several novelties prepared for this Number:—amo which are the very pleasing Tales of the West; the ve laughable Punch and Judy; and other subjects of prese interest.

We acknowledge the subscription, from Lancashire, Ten Guineas per annum to the plan for publishing val able works of ancient Eastern History, which we ha handed to Mr. Huttman, the Secretary to the Committ We take this opportunity of again earnestly recommen ing this interesting and important undertaking to t patronage of every lover of literature.

We are sorry to negative the claim of *Idalia.*

S. M., though musical, has no precise point to reco mend the Armada.

Barbara Wilton is received,—approved; the Fire W shipper is not remembered as a chosen, or, indeed, at a

My Album shall be looked for.

We are sadly at a loss about Alpha.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall. The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists will be opened on Monday next, February the [illegible], and continue open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY, PALL MALL EAST. The Society of British Artists will receive the Works of Art in the various Departments of Painting, (in Oil and Water Colours,) Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, intended for their ensuing Exhibition, on Monday the 3d, and Tuesday the 4th of March next.

JOSEPH CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
20, Charing Cross.

FOREIGN LITERATURE. A Person of unexceptionable Character and Connexions, who, during a [illegible] of several Years in the first Houses on the Continent, [illegible] acquired a perfect knowledge of the Foreign Bookselling business in all its Branches, and since his return to England has [illegible], for the last Three Years, a confidential Situation in one of the most respectable Establishments of the same kind in London, is desirous of meeting with an Individual connected with, or interested in, Foreign Literature; as the Advertiser, being possessed of a small Capital, wishes to unite his means with those of another, in establishing a Concern in the above Line, under Circumstances highly advantageous and encouraging.

Communications addressed (post paid) to A. B. 12, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, will meet with immediate attention.

EDINBURGH ACADEMY. The Situation of Rector of this Academy having become Vacant by the Appointment of the Rev. John Williams, formerly of [illegible] College, Oxford, to the University of London, Candidates for this Situation are requested to give in their Applications [illegible] the 15th of February next. The Qualifications for [illegible], that the Candidate shall be an excellent Classical [illegible], and well versed in Composition, both in Prose and [illegible], and that he shall have been accustomed to Public or [illegible] Private Tuition. It will be an additional recommendation if he shall have been educated at one of the great [illegible] Schools in England, and is a Graduate of one of the [illegible] of Oxford or Cambridge. The Emoluments of the [illegible] will amount to from 800*l.* to 1000*l.* per annum, and may be [illegible] increased by keeping Boarders. The Election [illegible] place in the month of March next, although the successful Candidate will not be expected to enter on the Duties of [illegible] before the First of October next.

For further Particulars, as to the Duties, Qualifications, and [illegible] of the Rector, and the nature of the Institution [illegible] he is to superintend, Candidates may apply (personally) [illegible] Leonard Horner, Esq., 12, Upper Gower Street, London, or [illegible] to John Russell, Esq., 34, Moray Place, Edinburgh, [illegible] to the Directors of the Academy; with either of [illegible] the Application of Candidates, with proper Testimonials, [illegible].

All letters to be post-paid.

THE SPHYNX and LONDON NEWS GAZETTE. Mr. BUCKINGHAM has, on the Meeting of Parliament, changed the Plan of his Political Journal, The [illegible], instead of publishing a Number once a Week, at the [illegible], he will give Two Papers at the price of 9d. each. [illegible] will be published on Wednesday and Saturday, so as to [illegible] the two London Gazettes, so important to Country [illegible]. But the grand object of the Editor is, to give in [illegible] two Numbers such a complete Digest of the News of the [illegible] as shall supply the place of a three-times-a-week, or even [illegible] evening paper, including an Analysis of the very important Parliamentary Debates, with Comments, on an original [illegible], which shall give to his Journal a marked and singular [illegible], distinct from all other Newspapers hitherto published. [illegible] are now receiving by the Newsvenders, and by the [illegible] of the Roads.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES. The Proprietors of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates beg [illegible] inform the Public, that, at the desire of many Subscribers, the Work will in future be published in Parts. The first [illegible] appear as soon after the Opening of the ensuing Session as [illegible] shall have been matter sufficient to form a Part, consisting [illegible] 30 Pages. By this arrangement, the Debates of each [illegible] will be completed, and in the hands of the Subscribers, [illegible] fortnight after its close.

Baldwin and Cradock,
[illegible] Row.

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE. The Proprie-tors of the long-established Work respectfully announce [illegible] and the Public, that a new and improved Edition [illegible], with a new Set of Plates, engraved in a [illegible], under the superintendence of the Editor.

A new Edition of Debrett's Baronetage has [illegible] in preparation, and will speedily be published.

This day is published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXXIV. for February 1828.

[illegible] I. [illegible], a Swedish Poem, by Esais Tegner, [illegible]—II. Burning of Indian Widows—III. Hymn [illegible]—IV. Whiggism—V. Letter from a Whig [illegible] from the Peninsula, No. 2. The Battle of [illegible] Mr. Wilmot Horton and Emigration—VIII. Sen[illegible] Bills—X. The Country Banks and the [illegible], No. I.—XI. The Shepherd's Calendar, Class 9, [illegible] and Witches, by the Ettrick Shepherd—XII. [illegible], Chaps. 14 and 15, Andrew Cleaves—[illegible] a Christmas Carrol, to Miss S.—XIV. Post[illegible] in the spirit of the occasion to a Printer's Devil, [illegible] the Evening of Monday, the 21st of January, [illegible] Appointments, Promotions, &c.

[illegible] William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

This day is published,

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW. Vol. I. containing Nos. I. and II. in 8vo. price 7s. 6d. each.

Contents of No. I.—I. Condé's History of the Dominion of the Arabs in Spain—II. On the Supernatural in Fictitious Composition; Works of Hoffman—III. Dumas's History of the Campaigns from 1799 to 1814—IV. Deville's Letters on Bengal—V. Manzoni's Italian Tragedies—VI. French Books on Gastronomy—VII. Berard on the Influence of Civilisation on Public Health—VIII. Schubert's Travels in Sweden—IX. Dutrochet on Vital Motion in Animals and Vegetables—X. Rizo on Modern Greek Literature—XI. Botta's History of Italy—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. I.—List of the principal Works published on the Continent, from January to June 1827.

Contents of No. II.—I. Daru's History of Brittany—II. Life and Writings of Ernest Schultze—III. Cousin's Philosophical Fragments—IV. Balbi's Ethnographical Atlas—V. De Bausset's Memoirs of Napoleon—VI. Fraunhofer on the Refractive and Dispersive Powers of Glass, and the Achromatic Telescope—VII. Southern Germany—VIII. Von Hammer's History of the Assassins—IX. Dupin's Productive and Commercial Powers of France—X. Manzoni's Betrothed, a Romance—XI. Catholicism in Silesia—XII. Modern German Tragedy; Klingemann's Ahasuerus—XIII. Russian Literature—XIV. Delambre's History of the Astronomy of the Eighteenth Century—XV. German Pocket Books for 1828—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. II.—List of the Principal Works published on the Continent from July to October 1827.

"In continuation of what was said lately regarding the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' we are happy to inform our readers, that having seen an early copy of the first Number, we are able to speak more confidently in approbation of the work. This Number promises well; and by active exertion on the part of the Editors, we have little hesitation in saying that it will not only supply a great deficiency in our literature, but also become eminently popular. In several of the papers here presented to us, we think we can unequivocally recognise the style of those well-known and highly eminent authors, and to whom we before alluded, as being engaged in supporting the undertaking."—*Literary Gazette.*

"While it (the second Number) is essentially the same in character, it is on the whole superior (to the first No.) in ability, and more especially superior in a certain editorial digestion and arrangement, which is only to be got by experience. And though the second Number has the advantage of its predecessor, still the improvement is not the superiority of another individual, but the progression of the same. Fair competition the proprietors of this work cannot fear, for there is that industry, activity, intelligence, and ability, manifest in its concoction, which must render the task of rivalling it one of extreme difficulty, and which, in spite of rivalry, must ensure success. We felt we had reason to find a feature of fault with the conduct of the first Number, and we expressed it unhesitatingly; this may create for us some confidence, when we say that we never saw in the same bulk, a greater or more various mass of literary and scientific information."—*Atlas.*

No. III. will be published early in February.

Printed for Treuttel and Würtz, Treuttel, Jun. and Richter, Foreign Booksellers to the King, 30, Soho Square.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE for February. The Second Number of the New Volume, price Half-a-Crown, contains—I. The Game Laws—II. The Parting of Summer, by F. H.—III. Village Sketches, No. 9; The Bird-Catcher—IV. The Revenger's Tragedy—V. Travelling Particularities, No. 4; Dunkerque—VI. Mr. Field's Memoirs and Opinions of Dr. Parr—VII. The Elder's Journey—VIII. Notes for the Month: Change of the Ministry, Second Accident at the Thames Tunnel, The Claims of the Catholics, Sir George Mackenzie on Embalming, Ruin for the Pickpockets, Natural Power of Languages, a Pious Recollection, the New Bridge at Lambeth, American Intelligence, Claims of the Ushers, Compounding Felony, Public Abattoirs and Cattle Markets, The Voice of Humanity, &c. &c.—Reviews of New Books—The Theatres—Scientific and Literary Intelligence—Lists of Works Published and in Preparation——Obituary: William Grenville Graham:—Monthly Reports—Provincial Occurrences, &c. &c.

Published by G. B. Whittaker, 13, Ave Maria Lane.

By whom is also published, embellished with a Portrait of Lady Isabella Jemima Mann,

La Belle Assemblée; containing the Thirty-eighth of a Collection of Portraits of the Female Nobility, and Four full-length Female Figures of the Fashions, appropriately coloured. This elegant work is printed in royal 8vo; and consists, in addition to the Engravings, of 48 pages of Letter-press, made up of Tales, Sketches of Character, Notices of New Books, the Theatres, Exhibitions, &c. &c. Price 3s. Proof Impressions of the Portraits are published by M. Colnaghi, 23, Cockspur Street.

This day is published, price 1s. No. II. of

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE of LITERATURE, RELIGION, and PHILOSOPHY. Containing—I. The Melville Packet—II. Observations on the Colours of Flowers—III. An Examination of certain Opinions advanced in the Writings of Dr. Adam Clarke, LL.D. &c. (continued)—IV. Poetry; Navarino—V. On Prejudice in Philosophy (continued)—VI. Review: The Pelican Island, by James Montgomery, Esq.—VII. Confessions of an Infidel, Part II.—VIII. Toplady's Marginal Notes on Wesley's Testament (continued)—IX. Review: Philosophical Evidences of Christianity, by Renn Hampden (concluded)—X. On the Structure and Economy of the Glow-worm (concluded)—XI. General Notices of New Publications—XII. Literary and Scientific Intelligence—XIII. Literary Notices.

London: John Stephens, 16, City Road (to whom all Communications, post-paid, are to be addressed); Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court; Sherwood and Co. Paternoster Row; John Mason, City Road; and all Booksellers.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for February, contains, among numerous other interesting Articles,—1. Lines on revisiting the Clyde, by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—2. Sketches of the Irish Bar, No. XVII.; Farewell of Lord Manners—3. Letters from the Levant, No. III.; Smyrna; Patmos, Scio, &c.—4. Table Talk Abroad, Popular Preachers—5. The Main Chance—6. A Swiss Tour, No. II.; by the Author of "Letters from the East"—7. Points of the Compass—8. A Military Adventure in the Desert—9. Transcendental Morality—10. The Dancing and Howling Dervishes of Constantinople—11. The British Government at the Cape—12. Poetry; Eleutherochori—13. The Canadian Campaign—14. Notes of the Month; the Cabinet, Abattoirs, Lord Byron and Wordsworth, the Athenæum and the Stationers' Company, Masquerades, Thames Tunnel, the Ex-Ministers, &c. &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

This day is published, price Six Shillings,

THE FOREIGN REVIEW, and CONTINENTAL MISCELLANY, No. I.

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No. 577. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

Remarks on the Improvements now in progress in St. James's Park. By an Old Inhabitant of Pall Mall.

A PAMPHLET of eight pages, privately printed and circulated chiefly amongst the Members of the two Houses of Parliament, to whom it is humbly addressed."

Authentic and early information on the "Improvements of London" has long been a popular feature in the *Literary Gazette;* and as the pamphlet embraces much matter against which objections have been raised by many of our correspondents, we shall make a short view of its contents the vehicle for communicating our own views of the various plans now in progress and in embryo.

"That Mr. Nash (says the author) greatly embellished the town by the creation of Regent street, every one must allow; but when, having completed this, he turned to erecting palaces and curtailing, or if he will have it so, improving the parks, most persons, it is believed, in common with the writer of these lines, were disposed to view his designs with suspicion, and even with alarm. How he has performed his task in palace-building it is not necessary to stop to inquire. If Mr. Nash can persuade (it is hardly probable, though, that he can) the enlightened and tasteful ruler of these realms to inhabit a house, of which the front is flanked up by its own wings, of which the wings consist of the heaviest Dorie columns* without bases below, and of the most ornamented Corinthian above, adorned with a frieze of the most heterogeneous kind, and of which the whole is surmounted by a little cupola resembling in shape and size an egg in an egg-cup;—if he can induce him to suffer his own state apartments to look due north, and his palace to be filled with a stagnant pond, by means of which, being between that and the road in St. James's Park, the palace must be damp, and probably agueish;—if he can make us think the Arch of Constantine (which is to be placed before the palace) a model of pure taste;—if he can prevent his objecting to the neighbourhood of Pimlico, and above all to the smoke of Elliott's brewery,—no other person has a right to complain. But when, leaving these edifices, Mr. Nash proceeds to ruralise in Hyde in St. James's Park—to cut down trees—to pull down Marlborough House, where the great Duke of Marlborough lived and died—and St. James's Palace, venerable as the abode of so many of our sovereigns, and upwards within the last four years no less a sum than 40,000*l.* has been expended, to render it a fit place for his majesty to hold his levees and give his fêtes in:—when all this is commencing, the public surely has a right to inquire whether these extraordinary buildings are judicious—and whether the objects to be attained by them are such as warrant '*improvements*' of so extensive and unexpected a nature."

We shall next week shew how far the author's complaints of the new palace are to be corrected.

To the cutting down of such trees as have been removed in the *Park*, we can see no possible objection, nor, indeed, to the demolition of Marlborough House; but here we should pray Mr. Nash to pause. St. James's Palace is in itself too useful and too important a structure to be sacrificed to the acquirement of a few paltry ground-rents: to say nothing of its association with our historical recollections, though even on that account it is entitled to attention. St. James's is the last habitable remnant of an ancient metropolitan palace, and we should remember that it is coeval and rose with our reformed religion; that it was long the residence of George the Third; and, above all, that it is the birth-place of our illustrious Monarch. But without any of these considerations, it is so admirably adapted, by interior arrangement and locality, to all the purposes of state, that we question whether—if the suggestions we shall presently throw out were carried into effect—a more desirable edifice could be devised.

We are not so far gone in antiquarian bigotry as to value ugly masses because they happen to be old; but we confess that the brick tower at the entrance is, in our minds, too closely identified with the "court-end" of London to be spared; and, assured that it might, by a simple restoration, be made a beautiful feature,—we trust the powers whose province it is to regulate these matters will step in to its rescue.—But to describe our plan.

The tower stands opposite to St. James's Street, and equi-distant with the Green Park on the west side, and the extremity of Marlborough House on the east. Let this tower, and the Chapel Royal adjoining, be restored (as far as authorities can be had) to their pristine forms and decorations; and erect on the other side of the arch a corresponding building, for the accommodation of the king's guard—blending the tower, the chapel, and the guard-room, so as to appear like one edifice—the gate-house to the base or outer court. The unsightly buildings right and left should be demolished, leaving the splendid suite of state-rooms standing; to which it would be only necessary to add a room or two to the eastward, and a staircase and passage of communication, above a cloister, in front, forming a complete mask, in the style of the gate-house—*i. e.* the Tudor style—to the present blank and unseemly wall. The area so left would be about 800 feet long, and 200 feet wide—sufficiently spacious to contain all the carriages on the fullest court-days, and for reviewing the troops on royal birth-days and other festivals. At each extremity, wings could be carried down to the garden wall, of the same external character, containing the king's and queen's private apartments, the offices of the lord chamberlain, lord steward, &c. and forming three sides of a quadrangle next the Park. This quadrangle might be in a style to accord with the range of mansions now rising on the site of Carlton House. Thus should we have a state palace, distinct, as it ought to be, from the residence of the Sovereign, bearing exteriorly the stamp of our own architecture, and preserving interiorly all the convenience and grandeur which have within a few years been obtained at so much expense; and retain a semblance, as well as the name, of the "Court of St. James."

By pulling down the houses in Cleveland Row, as far back as the front of the Marquess of Stafford's mansion, a handsome communication with the Green Park could be opened, and the road continued in an easy sweep to the Arch now erecting on the south side of Piccadilly, sanctifying, in some degree, the expense which has been lavished on that (at present useless) trophy. We have been enough behind the curtain to observe, that a huge reservoir presents an insuperable bar to its becoming an entrance to his Majesty's garden.

Returning to the pamphlet—we must say that we do not concur with the author in deprecating the laying-out of the ground within the railing of St. James's Park—any change from what it was, could not fail of being an improvement;—and we think a year or two will shew that Mr. Nash has displayed some taste in the disposition of the water and shrubs. The laying-out of ground is, indeed, more than architecture, Mr. Nash's *forte.*

If any thing can reconcile us to the destruction of Carlton House Gardens, it is the judicious manner in which the ground is occupied; but we are not sure that we should advocate any farther encroachment on the Park.

That the public may see what they have escaped, we shall give the author's conclusion.

"We are now naturally led to consider 'the improvements,' by no means the least objectionable ones, which Mr. Nash contemplates on the south side of the Park.—It would appear, indeed, that it is on this side the greatest encroachments upon public property are designed. All that large space, which is now vacant, and forms part of the Park on the east side of St. James's Street, is to be occupied with buildings, stables behind, and rows of tall houses in front; and the encroachment is to be continued on towards Storey's Gate. If Mr. Nash goes on as he has begun, encroaching every year, we may hope soon to see St. James's Park no wider than a street. This indeed may very easily be supposed to be his ultimate object, when it is remembered that one of his original and most favourite plans was to make a straight street down the middle of St. James's Park, where the water now is, from the Horse Guards to Buckingham House. There is, however, still time for the public to express their opinion with regard to farther encroachment. Carlton House Garden, it is true, is gone; but the Garden of Marlborough House, and that of St. James's, with the Palace, may still be saved; as well as the open spaces on the south side of the Park. If the wishes of the people are strongly expressed upon the subject

* Compare after a fine example of the Doric [illegible] intrinsic beauty almost redeems their [illegible]—*L. G.*

—if petitions are presented to Parliament—if the periodical press will lend its powerful aid—and, above all, if the *anti-Nashional* feeling appear unanimous, 'the lungs of London' may yet be preserved,—if not in their pristine state of health, at least not materially impaired by the quackeries to which they have of late been subject."*—We are glad to see that the question of improvements has already been mooted in the House of Commons; and shall, as we have stated, return to it in our next.

The White Hoods; an Historical Romance. By Anna Eliza Bray, late Mrs. C. Stothard, Author of De Foix, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE question of the benefit or otherwise of historical novels is one on which, though much may be said on both sides, but one decision can be made. A well-written romance of this kind calls attention, and throws an interest round a period whose manners, incidents, &c. must be faithfully depicted; for the writer of the present day is well aware of the necessity of accurate statements. The general reader will be amused and inevitably instructed; and many will be prompted to seek for further information. The *White Hoods* will, we think, stand very high in its class. There is a most interesting story, some spirited sketches of character, and most faithful pictures of the times: we must let our readers judge for themselves. What would many a modern tourist give for such an animated sketch as follows!—

"The houses in Ghent were lofty, and exhibited that style of structure so peculiar to the Gothic ages, wherein taste and stability became united. Their material often consisted of small bricks of a fine texture, and of a gray colour, which were so well put together, and so well combined with the various ornaments of the edifices, that they could scarcely be considered inferior to stone. The cathedral of St. Bavon, then newly finished, exhibited all the magnificence that wealth and talent could supply as an offering to the superstitions of the Romish church; whilst the towers and gray walls of St. Nicholas looked even then venerable from their antiquity. The communication from one street to another was facilitated by a number of swing bridges, boats, and small craft. The town was entirely walled throughout the whole of its vast circumference; and so strong were these defences, that even at the present time the remains of these walls and towers seem impregnable to the beholder. All was busy, all in motion; every thing bespoke the thriving activity of commercial wealth. Here were seen vessels unloading the wool transported from England, or the timber from Norway. There a Spanish galleon, so heavily laden that her gunwale was almost under water, brought the rich wines of Andalusia, and ingots of gold and silver, to the universal mart. The gay pendants of the light Italian felucca streamed in the air, as the pilot stood at the helm, and thought, as he passed down the many canals of Ghent, how great was their inferiority to the channels of his own city, that rose from the bosom of the Adriatic; whilst, as the doge proceeded to claim the latter as his bride, her white and marble domes looked as if they were formed for the palaces of Neptune, and the sea-nymphs of his train. Whilst the Venetian thus carolled his lively song, the Frenchman talked, laughed, and danced upon the deck of his vessel, as if his spirits, light, sparkling, and brisk as the wines of his native country, must necessarily find a vent, or would burst by an excited fermentation. Here the heavy Dutchman calculated the value of his butter and cheese, and the difference of the exchange, whether it were now in favour of the Holland gelder or of the Flemish 'old crown.' The Dane looked surly and drank brandy, as he unloaded his stores of dried stockfish, hides, and furs; and the Englishman cursed the Flemings for cowardly rascals, who could never find spirit enough to quarrel with any country but their own. In one of the streets of Ghent, near the market-place, stood a house of more than ordinary beauty in its structure. It was ascended by a flight of steps that terminated beneath a vaulted porch, having two lateral apertures or arches, richly decorated with Gothic carvings in stone. Above the oaken door it sheltered, stood within a niche the image of the Virgin Mary, formed of wood, painted and gilt, and holding the model of a ship in her hands. Underneath was this inscription, emblazoned in golden letters, in the Flemish tongue:—'Sir Simon de Bête, knight, master of the very worshipful the company of goldsmiths, and burgomaster of Ghent, caused me to be made, in honour of our blessed Lady the Virgin Mary, in memory of her great delivery of his good ship the Cockatrice, when laden with ingots of gold, and in peril of the waters: for which service, I am but one of these three hundred images vowed by the worshipful Sir Simon to our Lady of deliverance, whereof that in gold stands in the church of the Holy Virgin of this town.'"

Now though we will not break in upon the story, yet we must give the portrait of the heroine.

"Anna was seated in an apartment of her father's house in Ghent, which John Lyon had exclusively appropriated for his daughter, and which in our times would be called by a lady her boudoir. Her lute and rebec lay upon a table, near which a few manuscript volumes, that formed her library, were placed within a fine cabinet of Indian manufacture. These volumes consisted of the lives of some of the most eminent Catholic saints, a book of songs, virelays, and roundelays, a few of the Italian poets, (for Anna was not ignorant of their language,) and a little illuminated book, which she prized more than all the rest, as it contained the songs and poems of a friend who had written them out for her, and had caused the work to be thus illustrated to enhance the value of the gift. A crucifix, with a missal lying near its base, was seen in a small recess of the chamber; and a frame containing a piece of tapestry, upon which the taste and industry of the fair Anna was exercised, stood near the grated window. The lovely mistress of the chamber sat in a thoughtful posture, with her arm that supported her head resting upon the table, and in her hand she held a letter, which just been reading with attention. A attired in a gown of black velvet, em with gold, yet simple in its fashion. only the tight sleeves as low as t without the encumbrance of those hanging ones, which sometimes se ladies for the purpose of a pocket, as part of ornamental dress. The gown, to her shape, and terminating just a bosom, left the neck bare, whose transparent hue was finely contraste deep rich black of the velvet. Her hai in front, turned up, and bound togeth back of the head, (whose form was seen by this simple fashion,) was cove thin veil of silver tissue, and encircle fillet or chaplet of pearls. * *

"Such was the casket in which pleased Heaven to place the rare jew mind. Anna was naturally good hearted, and tender, with a more dinary share of timidity, which had b tered by the secluded manner of her ed But what might have been deemed an tage to most females in early life—e clusion, with her perhaps had been pre since it had fostered not only her timid an uncommonly imaginative turn of mi as all persons endowed with that finer of the soul are invariably prone to rom the *beau ideal* of things, her imaginati corrected by an intercourse with the (which is perhaps the most certain against the charming dreams it create led her to expect human life and its ev be modelled after the manner in wh vivid conception had presented them mind; where romance had thrown arou an existence all sunshine, beauty, a nocence. She suspected no one of gui thought no one capable of treachery, a most unconscious of the motive, she rea look upon the world and all things in it her fancy had delighted to portray."

We cannot close our notice of these v without recommending those who are i to make good our first assertion—of amu often leading to a desire for informat turn from the novelist's pleasant page masterly article* on *L'Histoire des D Bourgoyne*, where young Von Artaveld gress is traced, and which will shew th use our fair authoress has made of her m

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Punch and Judy; with Illustrations drau engraved by George Cruikshank; acc nied by the Dialogue of the Puppet-sho Account of its Origin, and of Puppet in England. 8vo. pp. 111. London, Prowett.

THE neglect with which the hero c volume has for centuries been treated b of literature may readily be accounte Throughout the whole of his adventuro changeable career, he no where evince slightest regard for letters or their profe and the dispensers of fame and immo have seldom failed, in the course of al tory, to requite such brainless folly by holding from the offender that meed for he has toiled and sweated in the field, or gled on the throne of power. How man sars are unknown to posterity, in conseq of their thinking that hard knocks and vicissitudes, and a high and stirring were sufficient to make them talked of

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* On this subject we have the following letter, which we select from many others, as it relates to arrangements of considerable interest.

Sir,—There is no subject that interests me more in the *Literary Gazette* than "London Improvements:"—allow me then to commend the idea thrown out by your correspondent, a Friend to Improvement, for transferring the pillars at Carlton House to opposite the Horse Guards to support his proposed temple, instead of the roof to the fountain at Waterloo Place. But my chief object in troubling you is, to propose that, whether the fountain be covered or not, instead of flowing in an unvarying stream or jet, it be made to assume a series of forms, by passing through variously shaped nozzles, to be applied by unseen and self-acting mechanism, so as to take the form of a pine, a Chinese umbrella, a plane, a globe, in succession, till the whole of the nozzles are gone through. Nothing of this is new, farther than in its application as a pleasing novelty to town ornament; and from the great head of water in that low situation, I hope so good an opportunity will not be allowed to pass without putting it in practice. The additional expense would probably not exceed 160*l.*, and no great skill in contrivance would be required. I might probably have shewn how it could be managed, if I were not fearful of intruding.—D. E.

* In the first Number of the *Foreign Review*, wh noticed a fortnight ago.—*Ed.*

after?—their memories have passed away into the deepest shadow of oblivion. But not so the warrior, the statesman, or the monarch, who to his martial exploits, his sagacious devices, or his splendid rule, has superadded the name of encourager, lover, or patron of literature. For him the torch of glory is made to burn for ever, by the grateful feelings of the recorder of events, the son of song, and the sage of learning, whom he has cherished and protected. The Goth and the Vandal perish, and leave no memory behind; but the enlightened being who possesses the taste and sense to link his character to futurity by cultivating the arts of refinement and wisdom, descends to after-generations with an effulgence that heightens still as Time devours the space between.

Punch—brave, soldierly, resolute, a conqueror in every combat—has, in consequence of his total disregard of literature, been justly disregarded. The same, to a certain degree, must be the fate of a Napoleon or a Wellington—as either, when their whole lives come to be calmly investigated, shall be found deserving or wanting in what is so essential to true greatness; and we should desire no better hint to the latter, now that he has assumed a station where his election must be made, than that he should see Punch performed in front of Apsley House, read this late and tardy history of his victories, and apply the moral. We will be bound for him, that he would determine, on the instant, to make his patronage of learning as conspicuous as his doings in war.

But we must apologise for this episode, wrung from us by our attachment to our country at this curious crisis; and devote ourselves to the more immediate consideration of the important work before us.

Punch, though a fellow of wood, is, after all, a fair representative of human nature; he has his foibles and his good qualities, his vices and his virtues, his crimes and his contritions. He is indeed a thorough man of the world—selfish, as all men are,—and reckless of the results to others, when he desires to remove any obstacle which stands in the way of his own gratification. Punch does not like to be thwarted: who does? Punch hates to be dog-bitten, hen-pecked, opposed, physicked, imprisoned, hanged, be-devilled: is there aught unnatural in this? It may be that his mood is hasty, that he is too violent and pugnacious, and that he has a Turkish disregard of mortality: but then his buoyancy of spirit, his boldness, and his wit, are not these redeeming points which shed a lustre over even his worst faults? Punch is certainly not a very moral personage; but then, was there ever one more free from hypocrisy? and profligacy is, beyond compare, the lesser sin of the two.

It is not, however, the plan of the *Literary Gazette* to elaborate its subjects. We find the world a wise world, that would rather have intelligence than sage reflections upon common places, (very old ideas ground into young ones by young writers,) and, sooth to say, a world that would rather be pleased than guided—rather tickled than goaded. And so we, and Punch, fall into its humour; and consider a stroke of the pen, as Punch does a stroke of his cudgel, a mode of correcting an evil, far superior to a homily or a war. "If preachee, preachee; and if floggy, floggy; but no preachee and floggy too,"—is a divine moral, and not confined to the sea-service. We do not remember to have met with one person who loved either; and, certes, we have met with fewer than one who could tolerate both. Therefore it is that we limit our inflictions to a few and very slight stripes: if properly laid on, they produce excellent effects; and really we would rather do no good at all, than do it through the fear of argumentation, the treadmill, and the hangman,—powerful but ineffectual engines.

The Introduction, of seventy-two pages, to the actual performances of Signor Punch, in the volume before us, is an extremely clever and ingenious paper; so clever, that it leaves no room for the critic to show-off his smartness; and so ingenious, that it leaves him nothing to tell of the origin of the hero in Italy, of his family and connexions, of his first appearance in England, of the nature of his acts, or of aught appertaining to so illustrious a subject. It is wisely remarked, that "the contrast between the neglect Mr. Punch has experienced, and the industry employed in collecting particulars relating to other performers of far less reputation, is remarkable." This is a sly hit at our Auto-Reminiscencers; and demonstrates that the biographers of Punch, as Dr. Johnson said of Punch himself, have no feelings. They, however, seem to have a high admiration of their theme, for they thus grandiloquently declare:—"Those incidents of his life which our hero has chosen to make known are of course not omitted; but, in our details and observations, we have spoken of him only in his public capacity,—as an actor of first-rate talents, and of the most extensive celebrity."

The original family name of this renowned personage was probably *Pulcinella:* he himself came into existence at Acerra, an ancient city at a short distance from Naples, about the end, it is supposed, of the fifteenth century. His early history might therefore have been a *fifteener* (vide Roxburghe Club, passim); as his far and wide adventures since make him second only to the Wandering Jew. Indeed, it is doubted by men of eminent acumen, who have investigated the question with all the diligence its importance deserved, whether Punch is not a branch of a much more ancient race than the Italians pretend. "The discovery, in the year 1727, of a bronze statue of a mime, called by the Romans *Maccus*, has led some antiquaries to the conclusion, that he was, in fact, Pulcinella under a different name, but with the same attributes, and among them a hump-back and a large nose. But (adds our author) that the figure was meant for Maccus at all, seems mere speculation; and that Pulcinella and Maccus had any thing in common but hump and nose, is at least as questionable. The Vice, as he was called, of the ancient Moralities, was common, we apprehend, to the early theatrical representations of most countries: his business was to relieve the weightier part of the performance by his ridiculous actions, jests, and buffooneries. He was unquestionably the original of the clown, or fool, of the old English Drama; and we think the conjecture is at least plausible, that he was the original also of Harlequin and his near relative Pulcinella. The chief appendage of the Vice was a gilt wooden sword, and this also belonged to the old clown or fool, not only in England but abroad." Why Punch is endowed with his extraordinary voice, why he has a hump on his back and a balancing protuberance on his belly, why he has a large nose and a manly leg, we have not time at present to inquire: the interest of these subjects is too great to allow of their being adequately discussed in a whole year's *Literary Gazettes!* The annexed memoranda may, however, deserve notice.

"In Germany he is known by the name of *Hans Wurst* among the lower orders; the literal translation of which is our Jack Pudding; *Hans* being John or Jack, and *Wurst*, a sausage or pudding. * * *

"In Holland, about ten years ago, we were present at one of the performances of Punch, (there called *Toonelgek*, 'stage fool,' or 'buffoon,') in which a number of other characters peculiar to the country, and among them a burgomaster and a Friesland peasant, were introduced. * * *

"The current joke (at what date it originated seems uncertain) of Punch popping his head from behind the side curtain, and addressing the patriarch in his ark, while the floods were pouring down, with 'hazy weather, Master Noah,' proves that, at one period, the adventures of the hero of comparatively modern exhibitions of the kind were combined with stories selected from the Bible. * *

"We find frequent mention of him in the Tatler; and even the classical Addison does not scruple, in the Spectator, to introduce a regular criticism upon one of the performances of Punch. * * *

"That the dress and appearance of Punch in 1731 were as nearly as possible like what they now are, will be seen by the following popular song, extracted from Vol. VI. of the Musical Miscellany, printed in that year. In other respects it is a curious production, and, perhaps, was sung by Punch himself, in one of his entertainments. It is inserted under the title of *Punchinello.*

Trade's awry, so am I,
As well as some folks that are greater;
But by the peace we at present enjoy,
We hope to be richer and straighter.
Bribery must be laid aside,
To somebody's mortification:
He that is guilty, O let him be tried,
And exposed for a rogue to the nation.
I'm that little fellow
Called Punchinello,
Much beauty I carry about me;
I'm witty and pretty,
And come to delight ye;
You cannot be merry without me.

My cap is like a sugar-loaf,
And round my collar I wear a ruff;
I'd strip and shew you my shape in buff,
But fear the ladies would flout me.
My rising back and distorted breast,
Whene'er I shew 'em, become a jest;
And, all in all, I am one of the best,—
So nobody need doubt me.

Æsop was a monstrous slave,
And waited at Xanthus's table;
Yet he was always a comical knave,
And an excellent dab at a fable.
So when I presume to shew
My shape, I am just such another;
By my sweet looks and good humour I know,
You must take me for him or his brother.
The fair and the comely
May think me but homely,
Because I am tawny and crooked;
But he that by nature
Is taller and straighter,
May happen to prove a blockhead.

But I, fair ladies, am full as wise
As he that tickles your ears with lies,
And thinks he pleases your charming eyes
With a rat-tail wig and a cockade:
I mean the bully that never fought,
Yet dresses himself in a scarlet coat,
Without a commission—not worth a groat—
But struts with an empty pocket."

"At various periods, the adventures of Punch have been differently represented and misrepresented, and innovations have been introduced, to suit the taste and to meet the events of the day. One attempt of this sort was made in Fielding's time, in consequence of the extreme popularity of the *Provoked Husband.* He complains, (*Tom Jones*, book xii. chap. 5,) that a puppet-show, witnessed by his hero, included 'the fine and serious part' of the comedy we have named. He then pro-

ceeds, from the mouth of Jones, to shew its inferiority to the old exhibition of Punch and his wife, (whom he miscalls *Joan*, by some strange forgetfulness, although her name has been *Judy*, as the lawyers say, 'from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,') which gives some offence to 'the dancer of wires,' who fancied, as he might do very reasonably, that 'people rose from his little drama as much improved as they could do from the great.' Of later years, we have witnessed several singular interpolations. After the battle of the Nile, Lord Nelson figured on one of the street-stages, and held a dialogue with Punch, in which he endeavoured to persuade him, as a brave fellow, to go on board his ship, and assist in fighting the French: 'Come, Punch, my boy, (said the naval hero,) I'll make you a captain or a commodore, if you like it.' 'But I don't like it, (replied the puppet-show hero); I shall be drowned.' 'Never fear that, (answered Nelson); he that is born to be hanged, you know, is sure not to be drowned.' During one of the elections for Westminster, Sir F. Burdett received equal honour, and was represented kissing Judy and the child, and soliciting Mr. Punch for his vote. At a country fair, we once saw a donkey-race represented by puppets with a great deal of spirit; and we need hardly add, that Mr. Punch (though not always the most expert horseman) rode the winner, but was cheated out of the prize. Within the last twenty years, at various times, we have observed characters inserted from popular performances at our theatres. Some of our readers may recollect a conference between Blue Beard and Punch, on the mutually interesting topic of a plurality of wives; and Morgiana from the *Forty Thieves*, and Grimaldi from *Mother Goose*, have danced together before us. While this work has been in a course of preparation, we had the satisfaction of being present at an interview between Punch and a person no less distinguished than Paul Pry, in which the latter received severe chastisement for 'intruding,' while the former was enjoying the delightful converse of one of his female acquaintances."

Our author, among many other able historical and critical observations, suggests that Punch is a compound of Richard the Third and Sir John Falstaff; but we think he has been seduced into this hypothesis (as many grave and able men have been into other theories) by mere appearances: the crook-back of the one, and the paunch of the other, have misled his better judgment. But we must now come to the performances of the Tragical Comedy, or Comical Tragedy, of Punch and Judy, of which we have here the best version, (as orally delivered by an aged native of Italy, called Piccini, who has perambulated Great Britain with his puppet-show for a period of fifty years,)—"the best version" which we ever heard or read.

Punch's entry, squeaks, and bows, having, as they invariably do, put his audience into good humour, he speaks his prologue:

"Ladies and gentlemen, pray how you do?
If you all happy, me all happy too.
Stop and hear my pretty littel play:
If me make you laugh, me need not make you pay."*
[*Exit.*

His first song, to the tune of *Malbroug s'en vat en guerre*, leads naturally to an interview with his wife Judy;—but the impertinent dog Toby thrusts his bow-wow scene between. The provocation which he gives to Mr. Punch, in return for his civility, and his finally seizing him by, a gentleman's tender part, the nose—induces the tragic incident with which the play begins, viz. the destruction not only of Toby but his master, Scaramouch, whose head, not being a very good one, but a sore loss to him, is knocked off by the exasperated Punch.

The pretty domestic interview beween the conqueror and his wife is a relief to this catastrophe.

"*Enter Judy.* Well, here I am! what do you want, now I'm come? *Punch.* [Aside.] What a pretty creature! An't she one beauty? —*Judy.* What do you want, I say? *Punch.* A kiss! a pretty kiss! [Kisses her, while she hits him a slap on the face.]—*Judy.* Take that, then: how do you like my kisses? Will you have another? *Punch.* No; one at a time, one at a time, my sweet pretty wife. [Aside.] She always is so playful.—Where's the child? Fetch me the child, Judy, my dear. [Exit Judy.]—*Punch* [*solus*]. There's one wife for you! What a precious darling creature! She go to fetch our child."

Alas! there is nothing perfect, nothing certain in family relations; and children are very often the causes of quarrel between papas and mammas. So it unfortunately happens in this instance; and the lamentable deaths of Judy and her baby are the result. Upon this occasion, Punch, like other men of the world, shews himself to be very hard-hearted.—"[Perceiving that she does not move] There, get up, Judy, my dear; I won't hit you any more. None of your sham-Abram. This is only your fun. Have you got the headach? Why, you're only asleep. Get up, I say.—Well, then, get down. [Tosses the body down with the end of his stick.] He, he, he! [Laughing.] To lose a wife is to got a fortune.* [Sings.]

'Who'd be plagued with a wife
That could set himself free
With a rope or a knife,
Or a good stick, like me?'"

The inhumanity of this conduct is speedily explained by the appearance on the stage of pretty Polly, the Guiccioli of this drama. She is well received by the public, and as much admired by some as the latter was for a while by the *liberal* family of Hunt; but as we were never admitted into the privacy and confidence of either, we have nothing to betray about them, and shall hold our tongues. About this period a kind of supernatural warning is administered to the hero:—

"Act II. Scene I.—[Enter a figure dressed like a courtier, who sings a slow air, and moves to it with great gravity and solemnity. He first takes off his hat on the right of the theatre, and then on the left, and carries it in his hand. He then stops in the centre: the music ceases, and suddenly his throat begins to elongate, and his head gradually rises until his neck is taller than all the rest of his body. After pausing for some time, the head sinks again; and, as soon as it has descended to its natural place, the figure *exit.*†]"

Unmoved by this solemn apparition, the fearless and reckless Punch pursues his wild career. He rides abroad, meets an accident, ca doctor, and after a quarrel, slays him. In he is a Bobadil in reality: "Twenty mor them too," is no jest with him! The s who will not suffer Punch to ring his be the old blind beggar, next figure on the but now the plot thickens. A constal proaches, to apprehend Punch for murd is knocked off. Then "enters an office cocked hat, and a long pig-tail. *Office* your noise, my fine fellow. *Punch.* I sh *Officer.* I am an officer. *Punch.* Very did I say you wern't?—*Officer.* You n with me: you killed your wife and *Punch.* They were my own, I suppose. had a right to do what I liked with t *Officer.* We shall see that: I'm come you up. *Punch.* And I'm going to ta down. [Punch knocks him down, and and dances as before.]" In the midst foolish exultation, the civil power, con of the officer, constable, and Jack Ketc in upon him, overpower him, and lodge prison. On his release thence, his hangi hangman and his killing the devil, the affecting, melancholy, and sublime chara the events, and the pathos of the descri prevent us from dilating;—the force of bears away the mind of the beholder rapid a whirl, the imagination is so e and the feelings so over-Punched, tha impossible to do justice to the theme. must drop the curtain.

The Illustrations of this book are wo George Cruikshank.* All the scenes a to Nature, to Punch, and to Puppet There are, besides, some tail-pieces, humorously designed; and we have doubt but that this Punch and Judy o rature and the Fine Arts will become pular as the Punch and Judy of the inin Drama.

Tales of the West. By the Author of "I from the East." 2 vols. 12mo. L 1828. H. Colburn.

THESE are two volumes of beautiful written in language the most elegant narratives of extreme interest, yet simp natural—such events as daily and hourly but which ask the hand of a master to them. The scenes in these pages are Cornwall,—a country differing as muc the rest of England, as climate, externa we must here add, internal varieties can effect: all these local details are as they are curious, and are here deli with a picturesque and observing eye. *maine*, in the first tale, is a powerfully con character, and shews what the author in the analysis of feeling and action: two are of romantic adventure; others fined and home attraction. *Wesley a Disciple* has been published before, and of superior merit. The *Legend of Pac* the least effective in the book—the fin of the *materiél* has been wiredrawn. haps the fault to which the author leans of diffuseness, and its bad effects are evid the weakening this otherwise affecting As a sample, however, the *Miner* will su limits best, though extracts alone will s do it justice.

"At the foot of a hill that descende long slope into a ravine, through which stream, whose red and discoloured hue w rived from the metal that had mingled w lived in a poor cottage two brothers of the

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* "This rivals in brevity, and exceeds in point, the Player's prologue in *Hamlet*. It is not the only instance in the following pages in which Shakespeare has been outdone."

* "The English proverb is, 'He that loses his wife and sixpence, loses a tester.' It is put into the mouth of Sancho, in Act II. of Durfey's *Don Quixote*, Part I."

† "This scene is peculiar to Piccini, and he defies all the other exhibitors of puppet-shows in England to make the figure take off the hat with one hand. This is the true reason for its introduction; and it not easy to see in what way it relates to Mr. Punch and his adventures, unless as he is now in the midst of his career of vice and crime, the stretching of the neck is to be taken as an awful forewarning of the danger of the same kind the hero is likely to incur under the hands of Jack Ketch."

* There are about a score of them; and, when co they are *superbe*.

of Gilbert, who supported themselves by daily labour in an adjoining mine. Each day and night alternately they had several miles to traverse to their place of occupation, and their steps were retraced as duly as the sun rise or set bade them finish their short but severe labour. Poorly as they now lived and fed, they were the last of a rather old family, that could at least boast of having possessed for several generations a good and ancient-looking house, situated beside the same stream that ran close to the young men's hovel, and at no great distance. They had indeed been bred up delicately: only a few years since they had lived in that building, indulged in every wish that idleness and plenty could prompt. The father, however, lived too fast and free for his income; he was a fox-hunter; and hounds and horses, and the frequent substantial dinners he gave, with the unlimited freedom of the bottle, were parts of the expenses that ate up by degrees his good property. The greater part of his estates were mortgaged; and when he died, the mansion itself was seized to help to pay his debts, and the two sons were turned out almost friendless on the world. It might well be said friendless, for of the many who had feasted at their father's board, not one took a kind or effectual interest in their condition, and they saw that they must either earn their living by the sweat of their brow, or starve. They were now advancing into manhood, and the manager of the large copper-mine on the distant hill, when addressed by them in an humble tone for employment, gazed doubtingly on their delicate features and hands, all unused to toil. Their handsome clothes, and hats with a broad band of gold lace (such was the fashion with the squire's sons of the day), were doffed, and they were simply and meanly clad. Employment was instantly assigned them, and with some feeling of sympathy, the same wages given as to hardier men; nor was it long ere the brothers learned, though with difficulty, to earn them. They were obliged to descend during six out of the twenty-four hours some hundred fathoms deep;—at first with a dizzy head and a trembling heart, clinging to ladders fixed to the perpendicular sides of the shaft with one hand, and carrying a lighted candle with the other. They bore the chilling and constant damps and moisture so far beneath the surface; wielded the heavy pick-axe and shovel without ceasing, amidst a sometimes close and stifling air; where a few small lights only relieved the grave-like darkness of the place. They succeeded, however; and a few months had scarcely passed ere it was difficult to discover, in the bronzed features, hardy looks, and active limbs of the labourers, the two young and luxurious descendants of one of the chief families in the parish. It was not all hardness and suffering; they tasted, for the first time, perhaps, in their lives, the sweetness of a meal purchased by their own exertions, and the delicious flavour that keen hunger gives to the plain repast. The cellar of their father's house, well stocked with wines, they might not enter again, nor sit down at his rich and well-spread table; but their gains were now sufficient to enable them to provide occasionally a good substantial repast, cheered with the best ale the neighbourhood afforded; and when the Sabbath came, this was always the case. It was in truth a day of rest to the two unfortunate men; and they enjoyed it exquisitely. They set out in the morning along a pleasant path that led to Gwinear church, whose gray tower, on the hill, might be seen at a considerable distance around:—in the churchyard they met a few of their acquaintances, for few they were who now took notice of them, save those of a lower degree! The magnates of the land, who had hunted with their father, and drunk his wine, passed them with a cold nod, or perhaps stopped a moment to inquire into their prospects, and commend their industry; but there were some, who had tasted, as dependants, of the fatness of their home, who remembered them in the day of their distress, and that with a grateful and even respectful feeling. After the service was over, they returned to their dwelling, and sat down to their plentiful board, with a comforted and elated spirit. We are creatures of habit, whether of good or ill, of sorrow or of joy; and in two or three years their condition sat almost as easily on the two young men, as if they had never known a better one. Often, indeed, at first, had they used to cast a wistful eye toward the ancient building, which they had always regarded as their own: it was full in view from their cottage, and the large trees, that had sheltered the front, having been lately cut down by the creditors for sale, the well-known walls were thrown bleakly open: then they sat and talked sadly of former days and pleasures, when care was a stranger; and on passing sometimes beside the place, in the way to their daily toil, they stopped, as if by a mutual impulse, cast on it a long and melancholy look, and saw that the rank weeds overspread the garden, that the pond was filled up, and that the spacious dwelling was let in small portions, to low tenants, whose noisy and squalid families made a common area of the whole. * *

"One night the brothers were busy at their work at the bottom of the mine, where the ground they had taken lay at a depth of more than a hundred fathoms. They were talking with great glee of their prospects; and that if the present run of luck should last for a year longer, hoped to be able to purchase back again the old family dwelling, dilapidated as it was, and live there once more. The elder brother was obliged to go above ground, to ask advice of one of the captains, respecting some new appearance in the lode, and said he should return again shortly. With his small candle, he mounted quickly by the ladders, a perilous ascent to a stranger's foot, and the staves too are sometimes rotten and frail. He had delivered the message he wished, and had descended some distance on his return, when part of the earth, as sometimes happens, at the edge of the shaft loosened, and a large stone falling, struck the unfortunate miner from his ladder. He plunged instantly to the bottom. The other, hearing the rush and fall of a heavy substance, ran to the spot, and by his glimmering light beheld the mangled form and features of his brother. He had been dashed to pieces by the shock! and the younger Gilbert, kneeling beside him, filled the place with his cries, which no one heard, for they had been quite alone, and in a remote part of the mine. His first impulse was to ascend, and attempt to carry the body to the surface; but seeing that all aid was now a mockery, he lifted, and bore it to the spot he had just left, and there sat down beside it. The perished man was his only friend and relative: the single companion of his life through distress and prosperity; they had borne contempt and neglect—had mourned and hoped, together; and he called on his brother's name in wild and earnest accents, and looked, and looked again, on his broken form and lifeless features. There was something fearful and horrible in the silence that was around, and in the echoes of the arched caverns and hollow avenues that returned his brother's name on his ear. The candles that still burned there (his companion's had been extinguished in the fall), rendered dimly visible the damp sides and roof of the place. With the superstition of his province, he placed one light at the head, and another at the feet of the body; and this arrangement rendered the scene still more ghastly. Gilbert sat a little apart, nearly shrouded in the darkness, and gazed (he could not withdraw his gaze,) on the form on which the sickly light fell."

We believe the author of this work is a Mr. Carne, whose *Letters from the East* have been so deservedly popular.

Poems. By Thomas Gent. 12mo. pp. 191. London, 1828. T. Cadell; W. Sams.

SOME of the little poems in this volume have been so popular as to ensure their new companions a ready welcome—of which indeed they are well worthy. Many truly poetical ideas are very gracefully expressed; and a sweet and natural vein of feeling is often enlivened by the more playful efforts of a gayer hour. Of the former class is the following poem; while the next wakes a lighter chord.

"The Heliotrope.

There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turn'd with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled,
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower!"

"Black Eyes and Blue.

Blue eyes and jet
Fell out one morn;
Azure cried, in a pet,
'Away, dark scorn!
We are brilliant and blue
As the waves of the sea:'
'And as cold, and untrue,
And as changeable, ye.'

'We are born of the sky,
Of a summer night,
When first stars lie
In a bed of blue light.'
'From the cloudy zone
Round the setting sun,
Like an angel's throne
Are our glories won.'

'Pretty ladies, hold,'
Cupid said to the eyes;
'For beauties that scold
Are seldom wise:
'Tis not colour I seek,
Love's fires to impart—
Give me eyes that can speak
From the depths of the heart.'"

We cannot but think the Preface will be dwelt upon with kindliest sympathy, such as makes our nature's better part: it is devoted to the memory of an affectionate and excellent wife, whose recent loss Mr. Gent appears to feel in all its bitterness. Death is indeed terrible when it involves such separations.

Travels through Sicily and the Lipari Islands in the Month of December 1824. By a Naval Officer. 8vo. pp. 367. London, 1827. Flint.

THIS is not a tour after our idea of what a tour ought to be. It is a guide-book, a road book, a book for historical or antiquarian reference,—but of little general amusement or information. Open the work where you will, you meet with a passage about Hamilcar or Hannibal, Hiero or Dionysius; and every battle and siege of every place and city in Sicily is given apropos to the mere mention of its name, and with a dryness of detail which admits no zest to accompany the author during his journey. The opening lines are singularly infeli-

citous; and with such a stumble at the threshold, we could hardly anticipate a good work. This affectation of fine writing is dissipated, however, as we advance, and the volume improves as it proceeds.

"A lovely bright morning, ushered in by the golden rays of the glorious orb of day, and the soothing zephyrs of a southern clime, bespoke the most promising auspices of a favourable passage to the fruitful shores of Sicily, whither my friend and self had a long time looked forward with secret feelings of enthusiasm, and peculiar sensations of delight, to explore."

The writer, after this display of eloquence, becomes more a matter-of-fact man, and indulges but little in the flowery style, to which he does not appear very well adapted; but still his work, from its constant reference to every event connected with the towns and villages of Sicily which the last two or three thousand years have produced, becomes tedious. To a traveller in the island it may be pleasing to know that at one time he is on the site of some famous Roman or Carthaginian carnage,—and, at another, that the few stones he sees are the sole remains of some once magnificent temple; but to give the particulars of all these conflicts, and to describe the paintings and statues which have existed in the lost edifices, is making rather too free with the time and patience both of traveller and reader. The work will have its utility for those who visit these classic spots, and will make an excellent guide for the tourist who becomes sufficiently acquainted with its contents to winnow the wheat from the chaff, and to make use of the local information which it affords, separated from the heap of unimportant facts which envelop it.

We give the following as rather favourable specimens of the style as well as substance of the work.

"With the fame of Syracuse alluring the imagination, and the temples of Agrigentum rearing their massive columns in our mind's eye, together with many other interesting sites of antiquity that hung like the spell of enchantment round our necks, we experienced a sort of yearning to set out in quest of their sacred remains, and consequently made active preparations for our departure on the following morning. The preparations necessary for a journey in Sicily are of no unimportant nature; since the traveller cannot, as in England, jump into a coach in the morning, and after traversing a distance of a hundred miles before seven o'clock in the evening, find himself in the quiet possession of a comfortable inn, a clean bed, and a salutary meal. The roads there, very unlike the paths of human beings, are little better than goat-tracks, and do not offer much choice as to the means of travelling, which are limited to riding on mules or in the lettiga, a vehicle perfectly resembling a rude species of Brighton or Cheltenham fly, suspended like a sedan chair between two poles, on the backs of a couple of mules, one behind, the other before. The motion is irregular and disagreeable beyond description, attended at the same time with considerable danger of upsetting, if not driven with the greatest care over craggy and uneven ground, and particularly along the edges of precipices, where a false step would hurl the whole establishment into the plain below, in spite of the surefootedness of the beasts that usually bear them. Therefore, after due consideration, we determined on hiring mules, as the more preferable and independent mode of conveyance; besides which, what is infinitely more essential to the tourist, he can uninterruptedly gaze around him, and dwell at leisure on the prospects he beholds, without the intervention of panels, dirty curtains, and the intolerable nuisance of a small window, which on the occurrence of any remarkable objects or scenery, occasions an incessant interchange of most inconvenient courtesy. * *

"The approach to Palma is strikingly romantic; vegetation is beautiful, the groves and fruit-trees pour forth their riches with oriental luxuriance. As we approached the ascent, a bare white calcareous isolated hill, called Mount Calvary, towered above this beautiful verdure to our left, usurped by a lonely church and convent of Benedictines. Its solitary site and barren earth accord well with the vows of its devoted inhabitants, and it forms not an uninteresting object in contrast with the surrounding scene. Beneath it, by the road side, embosomed in a rock overhung with wood, a copious fountain displayed to us the charms of an almost naked group of washerwomen. They were neither specimens of Albano's playful sylvan nymphs sporting at the fountain of Tivoli, nor of the beguiling charms of Tasso's Damascan daughter; but the very extreme of female degradation and debasement, filthy, ragged to nudity, with dirty, tanned hides, haggard-looking, and more disgusting than the lowest order of black tribes I ever saw on the shores of Africa. Such is the characteristic picture of the softer sex amongst the lower classes of Sicilians, little calculated for rustic elegance, neither to excite admiration in the other sex, nor to put the moral habits of foreign travellers to the test."

The views are very pretty and well executed. For the costumes we cannot say so much. We suspect "a Captain Bold," *not* of Halifax, to be the author.

The Birth-Day; with other Tales. By Elizabeth Frances Dagley, Authoress of Fairy Favours, &c. 12mo. pp. 270. London, 1828. J. Bulcock.

HERE is the very book to come out at this season: nothing like beginning the year well; and many a little pair of eyes will sparkle at the pretty gift which this volume will make for our juvenile readers. Amusing, with variety in its amusement—well written, yet simple in style, and conveying those practical lessons an interesting story may so judiciously convey,—we have very cordial praise to bestow on pages well worthy of the author of *Fairy Favours*. How useful a hint, in the present system of over-education, may be drawn from the following scenes!

"'Hide and seek' was soon decided upon, and the children had just entered into the spirit of the game when a servant came with a summons for Isabella, as some of the company had expressed a wish for music. The little Herberts looked rather disconcerted at this interruption of their amusement. 'You need not come,' said Isabella, affecting to treat her cousins like children much younger than herself; 'you can stay in the garden till I return.' But Mary and Louisa Herbert, though they were fond of play, knew how to behave with propriety, and accordingly returned with their cousins to the drawing-room, where Isabella was immediately placed at the instrument, to the great satisfaction of her mother. Mrs. Mortimer, though she had been anxiously desirous of displaying her daughter's proficiency, had yet found it very difficult to procure an opportunity for that purpose; for although, in the course of conversation, music was talked of, and though every one present knew that little Miss Mortimer was said to be making progress in that science, yet nobody thou desiring to hear her play; and Mrs. Mo at last was obliged to directly ask her sis law whether she would not like to he proficiency her niece had made? The pany, of course, all took the hint, and ap most desirous of hearing the young lad and Mrs. Mortimer's wishes were now plished in seeing her child the object of g attention. Still she experienced some n cation; for though the mother would listened with satisfaction for any len time to her daughter's performance, th not the case with her visiters, some of began to whisper, and, from whisperin into pretty brisk conversation. Other were too polite to talk, could hardly sup yawn; and many were anxiously watchi clouds, as if meditating an excuse for dep In short, before Isabella had got throug the music with which the company wer treated, Mrs. Mortimer could not hel ceiving that they were heartily tired entertainment, and accordingly her da was dismissed from the instrument much than had been intended. * *

"When Isabella had been there a wee time allotted for her visit, Mr. Herbert to town, to request that his niece might some time longer; and, as Bell wrote mother, at the same time, saying how she was in the society of her cousins, Mrs timer could not deny her request. She that her brother disliked Miss Loftus, a not approve her plan of education; bu thought that even he must confess his nie credit to her instruction. 'I hope, bro said Mrs. Mortimer, who was always ea hear her daughter praised, 'I hope yo Bell improved; I certainly think she has abilities.' 'Indeed she has,' replied Mr. bert; 'she is a very clever intelligent and has, I think, an excellent capacity.' Mortimer was delighted with this acknow ment of her brother. 'I know,' said 'that, at one time, you thought my gi no ear for music.' 'To say the truth, replied Mr. Herbert, 'I am exactly of the opinion now, and must own that I am nished at her proficiency and execution science for which I am convinced she h taste; and I cannot but regret the tim pains she bestows on a pursuit which never be a real source of pleasure to 'Really!' said Mrs. Mortimer, surprise mortified, 'I cannot imagine what you George, nor why you think Bell has no for music. I suppose, indeed, that whil is at your house she does not practise qu much as she does at home.' 'Oh, no,' res Mr. Herbert, 'I do not draw my conclu from any such thing: on the contrary, assure you, Bell never fails to devote hours, every morning, to practise, whic sits down to as to a task. If we have com then my niece will play with much anim and pleasure; but she will never touch th strument when there is no one to listen; though I must give her credit for the per rance she has bestowed, I am sorry it has given to an accomplishment which is on be displayed to others, and will never pr resource to herself."

The whole story from which we make extracts is particularly well told; and, a others which earn merited praise, we mention *Proposing and Disposing*, and *Sp* even though, where all deserve well, it is a what invidious to particularise. The vo

is very prettily embellished, and dedicated to Mrs. Hemans, in that spirit of appreciation and homage which she so well deserves. Miss Dagley's *Fairy Favours* met with more favour from us in the length of our review; but we have no hesitation in saying that this added volume must raise her still higher in the class of amiable instructresses, at once full of invention (the imagination of their Parnassus) and of moral usefulness. Fancy and precept go hand in hand: and the Birth-day ought to have many happy Returns.

The British Almanac; published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. pp. 60. London, 1828. Baldwin and Cradock.

"THE almanacs most in demand," says the Introduction to the work, the name of which stands at the head of the present notice, "are remarkable for the mixture of ignorance and imposture which they contain, with much useful matter; and it is not very creditable either to those who prepare, or to those who buy them, that their circulation should be so extensive, and that the worst by far are those chiefly used by the people. The conductors of the work now presented to the public, wish to disseminate all the information usually contained in an almanac, with other useful notices of the same description, and some matter of a more general nature and of higher value. The oldest almanacs are those of Moore and Partridge, which have survived their authors above a century, and continue to be published as their works. These works profess, in the plainest terms, to foretell the weather, even to a day; stating that on one day there will be rain, on another snow, and on a third thunder. They also prophesy as to political events with nearly equal confidence, though not quite so distinctly. Thus, one says, that at a particular time 'there will arrive good news from Cadiz, Scotland, and Naples;' and another tells you, that, about such a date, 'a great minister will be impeached,' or 'a dignitary of the church driven from his preferment.' Nor are they free from party politics: one gives intimations, and even prints, of a nature calculated to set different religious sects in conflict; and another dates the year as the 150th from the '*Horrid Popish Jacobite Plot*'—thus keeping alive, for the purpose of exciting religious animosity, the memory of transactions which are a disgrace to the character of this country, and the worst blot upon the history of its law,—affirming as real, crimes in a great degree imaginary,—and grossly mistaking even the notions respecting that plot which prevailed at the time. Some parts of these almanacs are not marked by much regard to decency; but there are others, also grossly circulated, which are utterly obscene, and could never be admitted into any decent house, had not habit, unfortunately, reconciled the community to such things, as well as to the absurdities of their astrology. From every thing of this description the present work is carefully purified. Its conductors pretend not to foretell the weather, because the science of meteorology is far too imperfect to furnish the means of any calculations, beyond very general inferences, from the course of past seasons to the probable aspect of the future. They profess no knowledge of future political events, because these depend upon the thoughts and actions of men, and are utterly unconnected with the movements of the heavenly bodies, upon which the ignorance and superstition of dark ages fancied them to hinge. The place of such vain and hurtful, because misleading, speculations, will be supplied by pure and useful information; and the whole quantity of matter in this almanac will be increased to nearly twice that of the old ones, in order to afford further room for conveying instruction upon important subjects."

It is well known that the almanacs (nearly thirty in number) which have for a long series of years issued from the press in this country, and of which it is said that above half a million of copies are annually sold, have been published by the Stationers' Company. Undoubtedly, no candid man, who has inspected these publications, can hesitate to acknowledge that many of them contain much absurdity, and that a few of them are, in some degree, liable to a graver imputation; although we really think that the latter point has been insisted upon, in the introduction which has just been quoted, much beyond what the case required. In a notice, however, which appeared a short time ago in a new periodical work, and which notice was simultaneous with the appearance of the *British Almanac* itself, not only were the objectionable parts of the pre-existing almanacs pointed out with more than adequate reprehension, not only was the *British Almanac* praised as it deserves to be, for its freedom from silliness and impurity, but the poor Stationers' Company was attacked with the utmost coarseness and asperity. Nor was that attack confined to the Company in its corporate capacity: the names of the officers of the Company for the last year were specified,—avowedly for the gross and unjustifiable purpose of casting personal odium on individuals, some of whom we know to be, and all of whom we believe to be, of the most highly respectable character. The uncalled-for violence of these remarks naturally excited indignation on the part of those against whom they were levelled; and an elaborate defence of their conduct, drawn up, as it is reported, by a gentleman distinguished for his mathematical and other attainments, occupied several columns of a morning paper. Impartiality, however, compels us to say, that although this defence successfully exposes the unwarrantable mode and tone of the attack, it is by no means satisfactory with respect to the question itself. The writer of it cannot deny that several of the almanacs published by the Stationers' Company are deformed by the introduction of a good deal of nonsense; and his extenuation of the continued publication of such nonsense is, to say the least of it, very extraordinary. It is, in effect, that without such nonsense the almanacs would not sell; and, therefore, that profit is considered the only criterion of propriety. "That you may learn," he observes, "how inflexibly the vulgar resist an infringement upon their tastes, allow me to inform you that, about thirty years ago, the Stationers' Company, at the recommendation of Dr. Hutton, printed, and attempted to circulate, Wing's Sheet Almanac, without the appendage of 'the dominion of the moon over man's body.' The result was, that their copies were returned simultaneously from the booksellers in every part of the kingdom; and they were compelled to print a new edition, in which head, face, neck, arms, throat, &c. were each assigned its proper place." The insufficiency of such an apology is self-evident, and needs not a single comment from us. It must be added, however, that the writer to whom we have alluded proceeds to charge the compilers of the *British Almanac* with having pillaged the almanacs of the Stationers' Company; which almanacs it is the usage to publish in the month of November, in anticipation of the commencement of the year. "That the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," he remarks, "should, *after* the Stationers' Company have published their almanacs, avail themselves freely and unreservedly of the most valuable matter contained in those publications; transcribing into every month of their calendar *whole columns*, the result of original computations, and no where else to be found, is a measure, the moral and legal propriety of which may very seriously be questioned." This is a heavy accusation; to a certain extent it seems to be well founded; and we own that such unacknowledged plunder of a contemporary and rival, especially when aggravated at the very moment of its commission by hostile and intemperate comment, appears to us to be at least as censurable as the offence of the other party, which, after all that we have felt it our duty to say respecting it, goes little farther than to expose some credulous farmer to be tempted, by fallacious prognostications of the weather, to mow on the eve of a thunder-storm, or to afford to some lovely girl, whose sensibility may have been peculiarly excited on a genial day in spring, the supposed means of proving, by a reference to the "planetary influences," that

"Her stars are more in fault than she."

It is, nevertheless, but just towards the *British Almanac* to state, in conclusion, that however acquired, it contains much general and valuable information; and that some of its original features, especially the rational directions with regard to health, and the brief but pithy moral precepts, which are scattered through its pages, are calculated to be extensively beneficial.

Beaumont's Travels in Buenos Ayres, &c.

[Concluded from p. 27.]

WE proceed to the concluding extracts from, and remarks on, this volume, which want of room obliged us to postpone. The audience of the young writer with Rivadavia is a spirited sketch, and not without a few smart touches at the principal figure.

"At the hour appointed (says Mr. B.) I punctually attended the president, whom I had the misfortune of being introduced to in London, and of knowing by his acts in Buenos Ayres. On presenting myself at his excellency's residence in the fort, his *aid-de-camp* in full uniform received me. I gave him my card, and was desired to wait in the ante-room till his excellency was at liberty; this I did for nearly an hour, during which time the gentleman in uniform was very earnest in endeavouring to ascertain the extent of my observations while at Monte Video. Word was at last brought that his excellency was at liberty: my interrogator immediately disappeared in great haste, and after a quarter of an hour's absence, returned and led me into the audience-chamber, where I was left alone to await the entrance of the president; but expecting only to see Mr. Rivadavia, whom I had so frequently shook by the hand in London, and joked with at my father's table, I did not feel, as perhaps I ought to have done, the awfulness of the presence! The silvery tinkling of a little bell in the adjoining room arrested my attention, when, lo! the door opened with solemn slowness, and discovered the president of the Argentine Republic, gravely advancing, and with an air so dignified that it was almost overpowering. The student, in the 'Devil on Two Sticks,' could not have been more surprised at the breaking of the phial, than I was at what I saw. Every

little particular relating to a great man is generally interesting to the public; it may, therefore, not be impertinent to give a short description of his excellency's person and appearance. Don Bernardino Rivadavia seems to be between forty and fifty years of age, about five feet in height, and much about that measure in circumference; his countenance is dark, but not unpleasing, it denotes acuteness, and, with his features, appears to belong to the ancient race which formerly sojourned at Jerusalem: his coat is green, buttoned *à la Napoleon;* his small clothes, if such they can be called, are fastened at the knee with silver buckles, and the short remainder of his person is clad in silk hose, dress shoes, and silver buckles; his whole appearance is not very unlike the caricature portraits of Napoleon: indeed, it is said, he is very fond of imitating that once great personage in such things as are within his reach, such as the cut or colour of a coat, or the inflation of an address. His excellency slowly advanced toward me, with his hands clenched behind him; whether this, too, was done in imitation of the great well-known, or to gain something of a counterpoise to the weight and bulk which he bore before him, or to guard his hand from the unhallowed touch of familiarity, it might be equally difficult and immaterial to determine; but his excellency slowly advanced, and with a formal patronising air, at once made known to me that Mr. Rivadavia in London, and Don Bernardino Rivadavia, president of the Argentine Republic, were not to be considered as one and the same person. After our few formal salutations were over, I hastened to express to his excellency the grievous disappointment which the friends of his country, in England, must feel at the falsification of their just expectations. I took the liberty of reminding him of the promises of powerful aid, and national gratitude, which had been lavished upon us in England, to induce us to advance our capital and our cares in the work of promoting emigration to their shores. I pointed out to him the misapplication of the money and stores which we had sent out, for the aid of such emigrants as chose to settle on our land. I stated to him, that I could procure no account from the agent who, under Dons Lezica and De Castro, had the charge of the stores, and had also, I believed, great part of the money; nor from the Dons themselves; and I asked him to assist me in procuring from these persons some account at least, and to aid me in rescuing the wreck of our property from their grasp. I also hoped that he would cause his emigration committee to repay our advances for the passage of the emigrants, according to the advertised offers, and the contract of Don Lezica. For it was always considered very doubtful whether the emigrants would choose to stop at the rural settlement: it was apprehended that the high wages and other attractions at Buenos Ayres, would cause them to prefer the city; and the instructions sent out were, that if they did so, they might be indulged; when the government was to be called upon to pay their passage-money, according to their public offer, and the assurance in Don Lezica's contract, to the extent of 200 families. The submission of these topics was frequently interrupted, or only replied to by his excellency asking, with provoking coolness, 'How are the ladies?'—'I hope your mother is well'—'Your father has been very unhappy in this business.' When, however, his stock of kind inquiries was exhausted, he pleaded his numerous engagements, and begged of me to speak with the ministers—the ministers would speak with him—and so we should speak together. He then went to the adjoining room, and rung his little silver bell; when he re-entered, he was accompanied by Mr. Oliveira, secretary to the minister Aguero, to whom he introduced me, telling him to do every thing in his power to forward my interest; but, although this gentleman always behaved with great personal civility, neither from him, the president, nor any other member of the government, could I procure the least iota of assistance or redress."

The author goes on to charge the government with many extraordinary and absurd acts of bad faith; such as imposing upon him, imprisoning him, &c. &c.; and the following anecdote will prove that it is not a desirable thing to be in such hands:—

"A dry well, about thirty feet deep, was pointed out to me, in relation to which my companion, an inhabitant of the town, told me the following history:—Some few years ago, an opulent Portuguese came over from the Banda Oriental to Arroyo de la China, in order to effect extensive purchases of cattle. He brought with him, for the purpose, a large supply of gold ounces (doublons). The then commandante of the city, by a due exertion of that inquisitorial vigilance so necessary in a person holding his office, ascertained these facts, and, in order to shew due attention to so acceptable a visitor, invited him to his house, made much of him, and walked with him about the town and its suburbs. The commandante, who previously had never been guilty of displaying any wealth, on a sudden surprised his neighbours by an unwonted exhibition of gold ounces. Such a sudden rise of fortune excited the wonder of the townsmen, for in that country, very unlike our own, riches are rare; and the means of acquiring any moderate portion of them, honestly, visible to every body: 'still the wonder grew,' and remained unsatisfied. Another wonder was, what had become of his dear friend the Portuguese; they were no longer seen walking together. Many of the townsmen, as well as the commandante, had had their eye upon the Portuguese and his gold ounces, and longed to draw him within their affectionate embraces; but the Portuguese gentleman had disappeared abruptly, nobody knew whither or how. In a short time, however, some one looking into this well, saw the body of the Portuguese, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Suspicion immediately fell on the commandante; circumstances transpired which established his guilt beyond the possibility of doubt. He was sent to Bajada, the then capital of the province, near Santa Fé, where he was tried, cast, and condemned to be shot; but one of those revolutions, which have of late years been so frequent in this country, arrested the arm of justice, and set the murderer free: he not only escaped from punishment, but was enabled to return to Arroyo de la China, where he was appointed to an office of great power, and under this power it was our misfortune to fall. After hearing this tale, I felt grateful that I had not been murdered as well as plundered; and was more eager than ever to be afloat. On my return to the town, I found the passports completed; little time was lost in getting on board. Our rudder and sails were restored; a good stock of provisions, brandy, máte, &c. was laid in; and after a captivity of twenty days, we were enabled to escape from the clutches of the gypsy rulers of this misgoverned province."

We must now, however, finish with a few of Mr. Beaumont's general observations.

"No sooner, however, did the r men of Europe reach their hands, former professions of the governn disregarded, and their course of po changed. Schemes of distant conq projected, and war was raised agains rounding states and the aboriginal in to enforce submission to a general go of which Buenos Ayres was to be In this vain-glorious enterprise, destined for domestic improvement squandered away, and the emigrants required to change their plough-sl swords, and their reaping-hooks in The provinces which, by pacific might have formed a federal union wi Ayres equally beneficial to all, have verted into declared enemies. The of Paraguay and Santa Fé have b troops of Buenos Ayres sent to red and the other provinces will endeav the same if attacked. This war h the hollowness of the union of t South American provinces. In poi no two of them are now either po morally united. Buenos Ayres, in carrying on the war with Brazil singl for the adjoining province of Entre contributed little more than in suffe I believe, no other province than Me sent any contingent in support of The provinces generally are neither gether by the bonds of love nor fear. in the nature of scattered settleme vast wilderness of South America, in wants of the scanty inhabitants of e few, and so easily supplied among t that they are independent of each ot of the provinces consist of little more town in each, with a number of ca around it, leaving extensive waste them and other provinces, which occupied only by wild animals or Indians. During the government o niards, these detached settlements in subjection by one uniform govern vading the whole of them, by one g litary force, and by habitual submi during the war of independence, kept united by the external press Spanish armies from the opposite c the necessity of mutual co-operatio sistance. But the military gover Spain having disappeared, and th pressure of adverse arms having c necessity of union among the pro disappeared also. On the contrary, resistance to control has arisen, and t detached settlements have now ta separate stands in isolated independe

From these quotations it will b that there is a good deal more in t whence they are taken which deserv tention of England. As for the au some ebullitions pardonable enough especially under the circumstances he was placed, and a rather unfinis we consider his work to do him credit.

Angelo's Reminiscences. 2 vols Colburn.

[Concluding notice.]

We must end as we have begun an with this work—select its anecdotes.

"*The two Thompsons*, bachelors, and music-sellers, who so long resid north side of St. Paul's, were great the Queen's Arms concerts. At thi the favourite old songs, set to mu

printed on a sheet, price three half-pence. They were publishers, too; and those who sought in vain elsewhere for any popular song, catch, glee, or cantata of past time, might almost certainly procure it there. One of the brothers was remarkable for his taciturnity, and the other for his everlasting loquacity. 'He is always talking,' said Michael Arne, 'excepting when he is whistling;' both of which operations, it would seem, he performed through the nose. He was a most obliging man, though hasty as a Welshman, and hot as an Hibernian, when played upon; which he was cruelly subject to be, by the wags who knew of his eccentricities. His voice, from some natural impediment, gave utterance to his thoughts as though he spoke through the reed of a clarionet. His manner of squeaking, indeed, was not unlike the oratory of Punch. Knowing his desire to accommodate his customers, for he would untie a hundred parcels of music to sell a three-half-penny song, the mischievous young men of the city would go to inquire for some piece that had no existence but in their roguish imaginations. 'Pray, Mr. Thompson, do you happen to have a song—I do not exactly recollect its title—but—it is a hunting song?—I wish to purchase it to send to my aunt in the country.' 'Can you not remember the title, sir?' 'No, Mr. Thompson, I have forgotten.' 'Should you know the tune, sir?' 'I think I should;' when the good-natured music-seller would look about on his shelves, and, whilst unpacking a miscellaneous collection, would hum—'The dusky night ides ound e skies—and usher in e mor-or-orn,' then whistling the remainder of the air, he would ask, 'Is that it, sir?' 'No, Mister Thompson.' 'No trouble, sir—I'll endeavour to think of another.' 'When Auoah peeps at er dawn o day, er ounds begin to ky-i-i-it' Is at like er tune, sir?' 'No, Mister Thompson;' and so on, whistling and singing by turns; when it not unfrequently happened that the mischievous sparks, betraying their hoax by laughing, Thompson, discovering their intention, would let fly a volley of execrations, and, at the same time, a half ream of songs at their heads, when the young dogs would run for their lives.—There was another Thompson, who used to take a part in the concerts at the Queen's-arms, Newgate-street, who, strange as the coincidence may appear, was not only a music-seller, but also spoke and sang like that comical fellow Punch. This worthy, who was an excellent musician, and was organist to St. Michael's, Cornhill, kept a music shop under Exeter-'Change. He, though no relation, made a friendly triumvirate with the two Thompsons of St. Paul's, and they used frequently to take a mutton-chop together, at the late well-known chop-house in Bow Churchyard. This was the favourite resort of some of the most remarkable characters among the old citizens of the last century. It was here that the first-named Thompson created so much mirth, by his misnomer, in ordering two pork chops, for two poached eggs; a tale which was thus dramatised by George Saville Carey, and related by him to the amusement of the guests at many a tavern dinner. Thompson one evening, taking his usual seat, at the corner table by the fire, after reading the Public Ledger, called to the waiter, who happened to be a new comer on that day, 'Waiter, bring me two *postach*.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the waiter, and carrying the order to the cook, returned to spread the table-cloth. Other guests had already called for various viands, and the greater part were at their respective suppers. In his turn, Thompson was served with two nicely cooked pork-steaks. 'Wha the devin do you mean, sirrah! I ordered two *postach*,' (meaning two poached eggs). 'Well, sir,' said the new waiter, rather flippantly, 'there are two pork-steaks.' 'Confound er impurence! Do I not speak plain English? I told er, two—post—ach; send her master, o-o, puppy, o!' The master came, when Thompson, not perceiving that all the company were convulsed with laughter, had the man brought before him, and commenced an examination as follows: 'O-o, puppy, o! Do o know a cock from a hen?—Well, sir, what is a cock's wife?' 'Why, a hen, sir.' Well, and what is er chiltern of a cock and a hen? (answering himself) Why ickens, sir. And what are ickens, sir, before they are ickens, you arrant foon!' (fool) 'O! why eggs, sir,' replied the waiter. 'Eggs, sir! en post me two ickens, sir, before ey are ickens, you ass!'"

Whitfield and Westley.—"With regard to Mr. Whitfield and this dramatic Proteus, (Tate Wilkinson,) who having been one of the sect denominated Whitfieldites, and a constant listener to his pulpit oratory, he could touch him off to the life. Foote saw the preacher but once. Tate (the wolf in sheep's clothing) was one of his disciples. That Whitfield was a man of talent there can be no doubt; he frequently addressed his auditory with energy, feeling, and pathos; but, as Foote used to say, 'like the cow, after giving a good pailful of milk, he was apt to kick it down again;' or, in other words, that good sense which, at one period of his discourse, would please the most gravely orthodox, would be suddenly succeeded by such extravagant ravings and pious rodomontade, that its effect reversed the line of Goldsmith which refers to the pious parson Primrose:—

'And those who came to scoff—remained to pray;'

for many who went with the serious intention to benefit by Whitfield's pious exhortations, on listening to the freedom, not to say levity, with which he handled Scripture, and the indecorous familiarity with which he frequently spoke of sacred things, thinking the preacher more of the zany than the priest, quitted the tabernacle in disgust. The portrait of this reverend gent. was thus sketched by the pen of the mimic. He describes him as the first actor in his walk, and not without humour, here—and—there. His dialect was not only 'very particular,' he says, but certainly very affected. *Lurd* instead of Lord, and *Gud*, as the other pronunciation of the deity. One of his favourite texts was—*May we all work the harder*, continues the wag, which text he illustrated thus:—'There was a poor woman, and she was a long while before she was converted: she was three score years and ten.—Yes she was; she was three score years and ten. 'Sir, (says she, to the good man that converted her,) sir, (says she,) I am three score years and ten. I have been a long time about it; but, sir, (says she,) I will work the harder:—yes, sir, (says she,) I will work the harder!' And O! may you all—all—all—like that dear, good woman—all work the harder! What, (looking down from his desk in a sudden rhapsody,) what—you young ones! You are some of you twelve, some fourteen years of age, yet you do not think of going to hell! What! twelve and fourteen years of age, and not think of going to hell! O ye little brats, you!' And then he shook his white wig, and growled exactly like my performance of Squintum, says the wicked actor. And so it seems it was—for the portrait was scarcely a caricature likeness of the master, drawn by a disciple of his own school. Whitfield proceeded—at least so says the mimic—'You go to plays—and what do you see there? Why, if you will not tell me, I will tell you what you see there. When you see the players on the stage, you see the devil's children grinning at you! When you go to the play-house, I suppose you go in ruffles—I wonder whether Paul wore ruffles? No; there were no ruffles in Paul's days. I am told that people say I *bawl*—well I allow it, I *do* bawl, and I *will* bawl—I will not be a velvet-mouthed preacher. I *will not* speak the word of *Gud* in a drowsy manner, like your church preachers—your *steeple-house* preachers—I'll tell you a story. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the last age, was acquainted with Betterton the player. You all have heard of Betterton. One day the Archbishop of Canterbury said to Betterton the player, 'Pray inform me, Mr. Betterton, what is the reason you actors on the stage can affect your congregation with things imaginary as if they were real; while we of the church speak of things real, which our congregations only receive as if they were imaginary?' 'Why, my lord archbishop, (says Betterton the player,) the reason is very plain. We actors on the stage speak of things imaginary as if they were real, and you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary.' Therefore, I will bawl,' said Whitfield, 'I will bawl—I will not be a velvet-mouthed preacher.' His contemporary labourer in the vineyard, a man of parts also, used commonly to address his auditors in the same whimsical strain, as though he and his pious colleague would really interpret serious texts in a merry mood. '*If ye be merry—sing psalms*, and why not hymns?' quoth Whitfield, which begot that *divine mirth*, which, whatever might be its operation upon the pious ignorant, nevertheless, was too likely, in spite of decorum, to set all sensible persons upon the titter. Singing sacred hymns to the airs of Bacchanalian songs and Scottish reels, is divine mirth indeed! The said Mr. Westley, as well as Whitfield, notwithstanding their having received an university education, became field-preachers. That the intentions of those celebrated holders-forth were pious, there is no apparent reason for doubting—that they were learned in the sacred Scriptures there can be no doubt at all; and few, perhaps, will be found to dispute what has been asserted, namely, that they were men of good understanding; but there can be no slander in asserting, that, however they might boast of *grace*, they were not abounding in *taste*. The following, *to wit*:—'When I was at college,' said this rival of Whitfield, 'when I was at college, I was fond of the *devil's pops* (cards), and every Saturday I was one at a party at whist—not only of an afternoon, but an evening. After this I became acquainted with the Lord. On my first acquaintance I used to talk with him once a week, then every day, then twice a-day; then, on better acquaintance, as our intimacy increased, he appointed a meeting every four hours. Now, my dear friends! if you think there is no harm in the devil's pops, play with them. So with other things, hunting the hare, and going to assemblies, there staying till two or three o'clock, and dancing,' as the pious old gentleman delicately expressed it, 'belly to belly, and back to back.' Why, if you think there is no harm in these things, go—and do as you list. But better to get into conversation with the Lord.' It surely cannot surprise, that preaching of this 'cast and character,' even

admitting that the audacious mimic quoted 'not always upon oath,' exposed such in-door and out-of-door holders-forth, as fair game to those who had procured a license from Wit to sport in the field of Satire."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Uncle Peregrine's Heiress. By Ann of Swansea. 3 vols. Newman and Co.

CONTAINING the usual ingredients: a titled and handsome hero—an outrageously beautiful heroine, who suffers all kinds of undeserved misfortunes—a few convenient deaths and happy marriages;—such, young ladies, are the contents of these volumes. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that we are somewhat past the age of these things.

The Honey Bee; its Natural History, Physiology, and Management. By Edward Bevan, M.D. 12mo. pp. 404. London, 1827. Baldwin and Cradock.

WE fear that the ingenious author of this interesting work will think us *drones* for having so long allowed it to lie unnoticed on our table. We assure him, however, that (except in one point) we are good hard *workers;* and that we have been prevented from introducing it to the attention of our readers only by the *swarm* of other publications. There is scarcely any subject of more curious and entertaining contemplation than the bee; and Dr. Bevan has here presented to the world, in a concise but perspicuous shape, all that has hitherto been known with respect to the character, habits, and management of that most sagacious and extraordinary insect; adding numerous and valuable original remarks, which have been suggested to him by his own observation and experience. He appears to us to have completely succeeded in his object of "affording a popular view of the present state of apiarian knowledge, historical, physiological, and practical;" and we strongly recommend his volume to all admirers of the inexhaustible wonders of nature.

Miller's Chart of the Administration, from the Accession of George III. to the 1st February, 1828. London, J. Miller.

ON the face of a sheet of paper, by a simple and clear columnar arrangement, we have here presented to us, at one glance, the component parts of every Administration or *Cabinet* to whom our Government has been confided for sixty-seven years. The dates are affixed, and every change is obvious at first sight. Need we add, that the utility of the Chart and its readiness for reference are great recommendations to the public? The idea of giving so much information, by a design in this form, is ingenious, and deserves to be rewarded.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Feb. 1.

THE French are gradually imitating English methods of publication. After exclamations long and loud against advertisments being admitted into the newspapers, save literary paragraphs, all the journals now admit advertisements, even those of quack doctors, with the pronoun *we*, to give greater effect to the dose. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* were railed against for their lumbering size and infrequency of publication,—and there are now no fewer than four published under similar forms: *La Revue Américaine, la Revue Britannique, la Revue Trimestrielle*, quarterly—and *la Revue Française* every two months:—they are all far, very far, behind their English models; for they are principally written by unfledged authors, whose educations can scarcely be called terminated, and whose judgments are not yet mature: but they all give *promises of hope;* and in a few years we shall, no doubt, find them less dogmatical and dictatorial, more enlarged in their views, and more sound in their decisions.

A French *Literary Gazette* has been for some time projected, in imitation of the London; but the immense mass of materials, and their variety, frighten the parties. A Frenchman is a great stickler for method; he must do every thing by rule, and in what he calls a classical manner: hence most of their Literary Journals are special; and in order for a person to be *au courant* of what passes in the literary and scientific world, the arts, &c., he must subscribe to at least twenty different Monthly Journals.—When mentioning French Journals, we may hint at the cause of the small numbers printed of many of them:—the irregularity of publication. There is a fixed day for their appearance, but it is never kept: and a Periodical which ought to appear on the 1st, very frequently does not come out until the 10th, 15th, or even 29th. If they keep to time within a week, they consider it a marvellous effort of regularity; whereas, in England, if the papers are not ready to the hour, they may shut up shop at once. Sometimes, indeed, the French make up for the delay in a singular manner; for instance, the *Asiatic Journal*, for January 1828, was published three weeks before the number for December 1827. This is what M. Azais would call *a compensation.*

Animal Magnetism is making proselytes here, and the 3d Number of its "*Propagator*" is a strong matter.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION.—A series of evening *Conversazione* commenced here last Wednesday; and the meeting was very numerously attended. New inventions, and specimens of improvements, were exhibited; and a lecture delivered by Mr. Partington, of which we shall speak in our next.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Feb. 2.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred in congregation:—

Masters of Arts.—Hon. and Rev. R. F. King, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounder; Rev. T. Hughes, Jesus College; Rev. J. Bond, Wadham College; J. Hill, Brasennose College; Rev. J. L. Capper, Rev. G. Jeans, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Tanner, Queen's College; Viscount Holmesdale, H. S. Markham, H. P. A. Bentinck, S. R. Cartwright, Christ Church; T. L. Wheeler, Scholar, W. Milliner, Worcester College; R. J. Gould, St. Alban Hall; T. J. Birch, G. Roots, Brasennose College; H. V. Shortland, Lord Crewe's Exhibitioner, Lincoln College; E. P. Smith, Pembroke College; N. Goldsmid, Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 1.—Dr. Smith's annual prizes of £25 each, to the two best proficients in mathematics and natural philosophy among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Friday last adjudged to Mr. C. Perry, of Trinity College, and Mr. J. Baily, of St. John's College, the first and second Wranglers.

THE Society of Antiquaries of Scotland met on Monday night, when William Henry Murray, Esq. and Captain R. R. Trotter, proposed as fellows, and Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, proposed as a corresponding member, were duly elected. The following papers were then read:—1. Notices regarding the site of Macbeth's castle at Inverness, by Mr. Anderson, Assistant Secretary. 2. An inquiry into the probability of a tradition connected with the library and furniture of James IV. King of Scotland, and of these having been carried off after the battle of Flodden, and set up at Speke Hall, county of Lancaster; with several beautiful drawings of the interior and elevation of Speke Hall, by William Robert Wharton, Esq. F.A.S. London.—*Edinburgh Saturday Post.*

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

HAVING spoken generally of the present Exhibition at the British Gallery, we proceed to make a few remarks on some of the most prominent of its features.

No. 1. *Presentation of an English Roman Catholic Family* to Pius VII., containing Portraits of Cardinal Gonsalvi, Riccia Maestro di Camera, Canova, Gibson, Rioppenhausen, and others.* J. P. Davis.—There are few greater difficulties in the art of painting, than to give to a group of portraits the air of an historical composition. It must have cost Mr. Davis much study and pains to conquer that difficulty as he has conquered it in this large and elaborate work. His anxiety to carry the principles on which he proceeded into colour, as well as into form, has probably been the cause of his adopting a general tone, which is certainly too subdued; and which perhaps appears the more so, in consequence of the neighbourhood of gayer hues.

No. 50. *Amphitrite.* W. Hilton, R.A.—There is classical feeling, and more than classical purity, in every thing that comes from Mr. Hilton's accomplished pencil. This is a sweet and elegant composition, and would make an excellent *pendant* to the "Europa" by the same artist, which was so distinguished an ornament of the gallery of that true and lamented friend of British genius, the late Lord de Tabley.

No. 5. "*Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.*" No. 19. *Cupid intercedes for Psyche.* W. Etty, A.R.A.—We own that, generally speaking, we think Mr. Etty more successful in pictures of this size than in those of greater magnitude. Both these little productions are very attractive, especially in colour. Mr. Etty communicates an admirable texture to his flesh—leaving off at the line, so nice and difficult to hit, where too great looseness ends, and too great hardness begins. His drawing is occasionally careless; we say "careless," because it is impossible that an artist who has for so many years, and so unremittingly, studied the living model, can err in that respect from want of knowledge. Let Mr. Etty also beware of voluptuousness: it is one of the most unpardonable sins against taste.

No. 314. *The Ducal Palace, Venice.* R. P. Bonington.—If it possessed a little more sumniness of effect, this fine picture might challenge comparison with the best of Canaletti's works. It has all the truth of the camera-obscura. The execution is masterly; not only in the buildings, water, &c. but also in the figures, which are numerous, and to which, by a few bold and well-placed touches, Mr. Bonington has given a character and an expression rarely to be seen in the productions of this branch of the arts.

No. 131. *Wreckers off Fort Rouge; Calais in the distance.* C. Stanfield.—Mr. Stanfield has for some years been making rapid advances in his profession; and may now be justly considered as taking his place in the first ranks of

* We believe that of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

it. His pictures have always some striking quality about them; something which arrests the eye of a spectator as it wanders over the walls of a gallery, and compels him to approach and admire. The composition, both of lines and of chiaro-scuro in this spirited work, is most skilfully managed. While we were looking at it, we were annoyed by hearing a Cockney-critic at our elbow censuring the colour of the "*water*." Now, every body who has, at any period of his life, been on terms of intimacy with the sea, well knows the variety of hues which, in different moods, its waves can assume; and that among those hues, that which Mr. Stanfield has chosen for his great mass of half-tint is not the one which the least frequently recurs.—Perhaps a little less "making-out" in the boat, and in the objects of the middle-distance, might have been advantageous to the general effect.

No. 329. *Who'll serve the King?* R. Farrier.—The class of subjects to which Mr. Farrier seems for some time to have pretty generally devoted himself, must be one of great interest and amusement. What objects of contemplation can be more entertaining and delightful than the occupations and sports of "innocent little men and women," as Dr. Johnson so happily called children? Mr. Farrier's "Tragedy" must be fresh in the recollection of the public. The present picture is as excellent in its way. Nothing can be finer than the gay, swaggering air of the urchin who is endeavouring, by the offer of a new brass button, to enlist a poor little fellow, who appears half alarmed, and yet half tempted, to join the infantile band,—marching up in "most admired disorder," and with shouts of merriment, which are all but audible.

No. 399. *The vain Jackdaw stripped of his stolen plumes.* G. Lance.—The execution of this picture is most curious and extraordinary. Never have we beheld any thing like it since the days when the free flourishes of Tomkins or of Ashby used to captivate our boyish fancies, in the copies of which our own pothooks and hangers were the miserable imitations. We have in our time seen a little of the *mécanique* of the art of painting; but we are at a loss to conceive the means which have enabled Mr. Lance thus firmly, yet delicately, to tilt over his canvass. The singular character of the execution, however, is far from being the sole attraction of this picture: it has other and much higher claims to attention. The colouring is gorgeous, and yet is so skilfully managed as to be devoid of glare. But it is in expression that its chief beauty lies. The shame and apprehension of the denuded daw, and the contempt and indignation of the proud peacocks, are so admirably represented, that, recollecting also as we do (and who does not?) Mr. Lance's affecting picture of "the Wounded Heron," in the last Exhibition of British Artists in Suffolk Street, we would really advise him to adopt a plan similar to that of Mr. Chalon, and give the world a series of works illustrative of "the Passions of Birds." The gamut, from the tenderness of the dove to the ferocity of the vulture, would be abundantly extensive; and Professor Wilson might perhaps be persuaded to write such another magnificent critique on the series, as that which was published in Blackwood last year on "Selby's Ornithology."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Passes of the Alps, No. V. By William Brockedon.

THE present Number of this highly interesting publication illustrates the Pass of the Great Saint Bernard, of which Mr. Brockedon justly observes, that "there is no passage of the Alps which affords to the traveller greater pleasure, either in the enjoyment or the recollection of his journey to Italy; for, besides the wildness of this Alpine pass, and the beauty of the valley of Aosta, through which the road to Turin continues after it leaves the mountains,—the kind reception which he experiences from the religious community at the hospice on the summit of the Saint Bernard, is remembered as long as he can be grateful for the devotion which induces these excellent men to offer to the traveller their welcome, and spread for him their hospitality in the wilderness." Of the subjects of this Number, we were most struck with "The Lake of the Great Saint Bernard, from the Hospice," (in which are introduced two of the invaluable and well-known dogs of Saint Bernard); "The Descent from the Great Saint Bernard, on the side of Italy;" and "The Chateau of St. Germain, from the Defile of Mont Jovet." The first vignette, the view of the "Hospice" itself, is also very beautiful.

NORTHERN SOCIETY.—We take much pleasure in announcing that at a meeting of the Directors of the Northern Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, held a few days since, it was resolved that the gallery should be opened early in May this year, for the exhibition and sale of pictures by living artists. It is not easy for us to convey a knowledge of the advantages which the fine arts have derived in the North of England from the establishment and exertions of this Institution, nor, consequently, how much entitled it is to the support of British artists. Before the Society had excited general attention towards painting and sculpture in this place, the most wealthy and respectable of the inhabitants were almost indifferent to such subjects. Within the last fifteen or twenty years, during which time frequent exhibitions in the town have cultivated a taste for pictures and the sister art, a choice, if not a large, collection of works of merit has become the necessary appendage of affluence. The example set by Leeds has also been followed by other places in the North, until most of the principal towns now boast their annual display of paintings. We need not point out the benefits thus conferred on artists generally, or remind them how extensively a love for the productions of the pencil and the chisel has been thereby diffused, and, what is more german to the matter, what a wide and profitable *market* has been thus opened.—*From a Correspondent at Leeds.*

The *Sheffield Mercury*, mentioning the Leeds Exhibition, adds:—"Several other places have now their annual display of works of art; and it would surprise us, were such an institution begun in Sheffield, if it did not find warm and generous supporters.

Works of art are at present collecting for an exhibition of painting and sculpture in Dumfries. Amongst the specimens already sent in, are paintings by Nasmyth, Wilson, Nicholson, Watson, Ewbank, Howe, Harvey, Gilfillan, Geikie, Simson, Kidd, Bonnar, Lees, Allan, Johnston, Northcote, Ward, Fradelle, Hofland, Glover, Richardson, Parker, Landseer, Good, Nutter, Sheffield, Green, Dobson, &c. &c. Sculptures by Chantry, Thorvaldson, Canova, Gott, Smith, Ritchie, Henning, Dunbar, &c. &c.—*Edinburgh Saturday Post.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LAMENT FOR CHIVALRY.

ALAS! the days of Chivalry are fled!
The brilliant tournament exists no more!
Our loves are cold and dull as ice or lead,
And courting is a most enormous bore!

In those good "olden times," a "ladye bright"
Might sit within her turret or her bower,
While lovers sang and played without all night,
And deemed themselves rewarded by a flower.

Yet, if one favoured swain would persevere,
In despite of her haughty scorn and laugh,
Perchance she threw him, with the closing year,
An old odd glove, or else a worn-out scarf.

And he a thousand oaths of love would swear,
As, in an ecstacy, he caught the prize;
Then would he gallop off, the Lord knows where,
Telling another thousand monstrous lies—

All picturing her matchless beauty, which
He might discern, I ween, not much about,
Seeing he could but see her 'cross the ditch,
As she between the lattice peeped out.

Off then, away he'd ride o'er sea and land,
And dragons fell and mighty giants smite,
With the tough spear he carried in his hand:
And all to prove himself her own true knight.

Meanwhile, a thousand more, as wild as he,
Were all employed about the self-same thing;
And when each had rode hard for his "ladye,"
They all came back and met within a ring.

Where all the men who were entitled "syr"
Appeared with martial air and haughty frown,
Bearing "long poles, each other up to stir,"*
And, in the stir up, thrust each other down.

And then they gallopp'd round with dire intent,
Each knight resolved another's pride to humble;
And laughter rang around the tournament
As oft as any of them had a tumble.

And when, perchance, some ill-starred wight might die,
The victim of a stout unlucky poke,
Mayhap some fair one wiped one beauteous eye,
The rest smiled calmly on the deadly joke.

Soon then the lady, whose grim stalwart swain
Had got the strongest horse and toughest pole,
Bedeck'd him kneeling with a golden chain,
And plighted troth before the motley whole.

Then trumpets sounded, bullocks whole were drest, [were seen;
Priests with shorn heads and lengthy beards
'Mid clamorous shouts the happy pair were blest,
For Chivalry won Beauty's chosen queen.

And when fair daughters bloom'd like beauteous flowers,
To bless the gallant knight and stately dame,
They shut them up within their lonely towers,
That squires might fight for them and win them fame.

But maidens now from hall and park are brought,
Like Covent Garden flowers, in lots, to town:
No more by prowess in the lists 'tis sought—
Beauty's the purchase of the wealthiest clown!

Alas! the days of Chivalry are fled!
The brilliant tournament exists no more!
Men now are cold and dull as ice or lead,
And even courtship is a dreadful bore!

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* See Lady Morgan's chivalric defiance to the knights of the inky plume.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Here's a Health, Bonnie Scotland, to Thee! Ballad. The Poetry by W. H. Freeman, Esq. Composed by A. Lee. A. Lee.

THIS is a beautiful air; but it ought to have been acknowledged that it is taken, almost note for note, from the delightful *old* Scots song of *Auld* Rob Morris.

Recitativo Preghiera e Rondo. The Words from the Italian Drama "Safio," by T. J. Mathias, Esq. Composed by Ersilia Cianchettini. S. Chapell.

THIS fine composition, though it does not charm us so much as *O Dafni*, does great honour to the talents of the fair musician. In a former notice of this lady, we doubted that a female possessed the skill and ability which her music displayed; and, most ungallantly, hinted a suspicion of masculine help. We are now ready to retract this doubt, and award Miss C. still higher praise.

The Favourite Christmas Hymn, Adeste Fidelis, Harmonised for Four Voices; with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte. By Vincent Novello.

THOUGH this is not a novelty to those who attend places of Roman Catholic worship, where it is very regularly performed at Christmas, yet its high deserts induce us to recommend it for general practice. The hymn is, indeed, beautifully harmonised; and the effect it produces is at once touching and elevating.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

TUESDAY gratified us with Madame Pasta in Rossini's delightful opera *Otello*. Affecting and exquisite as was the entire performance of the character of *Desdemona* by this gifted individual, it was reserved for the last scene, and the power and pathos of its situations, to call forth and concentrate all the energies of her genius. Nothing could exceed in natural beauty and truth her transitions from hope to fear—from supplication to virtuous and kindling scorn (who can forget the magical "*sono innocente?*")—from indignation to despair, utter and annihilating. The effect of her last frenzied look, blinded by her dishevelled hair, her fruitless and bewildered flight, will not be readily obliterated from the mind. Indeed we look upon the last act to be the very finest performance of which even Pasta is capable. This, perhaps, is *the* time to hear this lady in the fullest perfection; her voice (unimpaired and unexhausted by the nightly fatigue of private parties, concerts, and the ten thousand rackets into which, as the season advances, the pursuit of gain leads her) is fuller, clearer, and more divested of that huskiness and roughness which, though not disagreeable, is felt to be a fault. Curioni's *Otello** was exceedingly spirited and effective. He threw more dash and vigour into the character than we deemed him capable of; and, withal, looked prepossessingly tawny. Torri preserved his respectability, but did not attempt to improve upon it; and Deville (pronounced of the Satanic School by Lord Alvanley) did marvels for a man so small. Castelli continues as insignificant as ever. Pato—of whom the before-mentioned wit once said, that he must have half of Velluti's voice as well as his own—was agreeably base and diapasonic.

A new ballet followed, sentimentally entitled *Phillis et Mélibée, ou l'Amour Constant.*—This piece abounds too much in *pas seuls, pirouettes*, and all the *et-ceteras* of dancing, to please us. We desiderate a good, showy, half-spectacle representation, full of Olympian divinities, clouds, action, and so forth—of course introducing groupings and single dances, but not absolutely, as in the present instance, composed of them. Besides, this is an imposition, and should never have been produced, except as a *divertissement*—not occupying in representation more than a quarter of the time usually allotted to a grand ballet. The individual dancing, *en masse*, was worthy of laudation—particular parts, of reprehension—to wit, Boisgerard, who, in the most absurd costume we ever beheld (an old peasant in a ridiculous tunic), stamped about and bent his back in a manner quite wonderful to behold. The head-dress of Copère was incomprehensible, and looked like frosted basket-work. Brocard was *beautifully* attired, and *beautiful* to see.

We have some objections to offer, before concluding, and shall first enter our protest against the abominable thunder, which, in addition to its interrupting and marring the effect of one of Pasta's loveliest songs, excited universal consternation amongst the young ladies and elderly gentlemen in the pit. We object to the stupid interdiction about going behind the scenes, and the fines and penalties thereby incurred. We object to the stalls in the pit, for reasons hereafter to be offered. We object to Brambilla looking handsome in the boxes, when she ought to be delighting us with her voice;—and, finally, we object to our own objections.

Pesariné *will* appear in a week or two, when the "*roses*" will bloom. It is now said (Friday), that Tuesday, the 14th, is the appointed day.

The *Crociato* is in rehearsal for the appearance of Pasta, and a new divertisement for a pupil of Anatole.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Tuesday, the *Merchant's Wedding, or London Frolics* in 1638, founded chiefly on *Jasper Mayne's City Match*, and *Rowley's Match at Midnight*, was produced at this theatre, and met with complete and deserved success. Of the talents of Mr. Planché, to whom we are indebted for this sterling and amusing comedy, it is only necessary to say, that they enable him, almost invariably, to combine the perfect development of character with striking dramatic incidents and stage effects of the most attractive order. Nor are his poetical additions to the rich brocade of our older writers among the least of his merits; they form a consistent part of the web, and are so judiciously blended with the original colours and embroidery, that it is impossible, without a thorough remembrance of the ancients, to distinguish where they end, and where their modern associate begins. Thus, on the first night of performance, when we listened to the lively scene between *Plotwell* and *Aurelia*, in the third act, we were aware that some of the dialogue was familiar to us; but it was not till we had consulted Prowett's capital edition of Old Plays,* that we discovered how much we owed to Mr. Planché, and how much to Greene's *Tu Quoque*, or the *City Gallant*. This may be best accounted for, by accor Mr. P. that praise which is peculiarl adopting the very style of his prototy imitating it so closely as to leave no between the junction of the old and terials. The same art is obvious in the bed-chamber scene, where the *hint* taken from Rowley's play above allu but the whole is wrought up to its fu of admirable yet modest *équivoque*, by of the author, and by (if we remember the introduction of passages from a courtship in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, *Spendall* and the *Widow*. This sort dent, however, was common to the d its revival in England;—it agreed w manners of the age,* and therefore a ately makes a distinguished feature in a p that age, as now re-produced in the *Me Wedding*. The same verisimilitude oc the ludicrous showing of *Timothy S* (Keeley) as a fish; a thing not to be at, as it is in perfect keeping in a play ing to exhibit London Frolics in 163 our writers of that period (Shakespeare cepted—see *Caliban* passim) abound wi sions to a hoax of this description; and to have been the constant practice of ro gallants, when they caught a *gudgeon* him drunk and exhibit him as *one*. national curiosity, for which, even more enlightened days, we are notorious repaid them abundantly for their trick situation, therefore, which is from play, has not only the merit of being humorous and laughable, but also of b illustration of the manners of the time.

Having offered these few prelimina marks, which rather relate to the lit and history of the stage, than to the very clever adaptation,—we have only brief" in our notice of this novel-antique. wealthy old merchants (Farren and Blan to try the prudence of the nephew of t and son of the other (Kemble and Keel out on a journey, and have it reported th are drowned. The youngsters *instant* mence a life of dissipation; and their tav ventures with *Quartfield* (Bartley), a ing pseudo-soldier, *Salewit* (Meadows), poet, and their companions, run throu early acts. The incensed elders retur denounce their hopeful heirs: *Wa* (Farren) resolves to marry, in order to herit his nephew; and the plot thicken the devoted rakes. The nephew, ho rescues himself, by imposing on his through the means of a sham marriag Puritan (Mrs. Chatterley), who imme throws off the mask, and turns licentiou travagant and domineering. He also succ carrying off *by stratagem* (as she has, in th of that day, declared she will only be stratagem,) *Aurelia*, the rich heiress Chester). The mock wife is his sister, united to a gallant officer, *Lieutenant tine*; and *Timothy*, first hoaxed as more severely hoaxed in the conclusion b

* The characters of *Otello, Roderigo*, and *Iago*, here filled by Curioni, Torri, and Deville, were originally composed for Garcia, David, and Cicimara. This may in some measure account for the continental celebrity of this opera; but even here, such is the wonderful power of Pasta, almost unsupported, she has rendered it popular.

* Mr. Prowett's edition of Dodsley, in 12 vols., recently finished, is one of the most useful and valuable dramatic works of the age.

* Perhaps we should not say that the strat thus forcing a lady to accept a husband, by the losing her reputation, has been confined to the before last. On the contrary, a similar story is the Duc de Richelieu, and another of some Bath or Cheltenham, not many years ago. He himself in *robe de chambre*, &c. at his mistre room window, was seen and talked of, and th made in consequence. *Somebody* else, *someo* fortune hunting, had a whole pack of hound field brought early beneath a window under like stances; and appearing in a nightcap, where his was not to be looked for, also attained his objec anecdote goes), by thrusting out his head, and with a yawn, "You may take back the dogs, fo cannot hunt this morning!!"

made one flesh with *Dorcas* (Mrs. J. Hughes), Aurelia's maid, whom he espouses instead of her mistress.—Such is the broad outline of the comedy, without entering upon details. There is an unceasing bustle of business, so that the piece never flags for a moment; and the rapid succession of extremely comic events moults no feather in the acting. Farren, in the old Usurer, is very great. His last scene of distraction with his transformed wife, is the triumph of acting. It is a sufficient eulogy to observe, that he never did any thing better on the stage. Kemble, in the Nephew, is the pink of gallants—gay, spirited, and effective: the stratagem scene in the bed-room is a masterly performance. Keeley, too, in the silly would-be swaggerer, either when elected *Corporal Calveshead*, or when metamorphosed into a strange fish, is wonderfully diverting, and keeps the audience in constant laughter. Blanchard, always at the top of what he has to do, has not so much in this piece as could be wished; but what he has, tells well among the rest. Bartley, in the Low-country Squire, is another star in the constellation; but, perhaps, we should reserve this pretty phrase for the ladies, Miss Chester, Mrs. Chatterley, and Mrs. J. Hughes, who exert themselves with infinite success to promote the general interest and humour of the scene. Inferior parts, assigned to Serle, Meadows, Diddear, J. Isaacs, Mrs. Weston, and others, are most respectably filled; and houses crowded every night bear witness to the extensive popularity which has been so rapidly established by the *Merchant's Wedding*. We have only to add, that the dresses and scenery are (according to good Covent Garden usage) elegant and correct. Old St. Paul's, from Holborn Bridge, by William Grieve, is a fine painting. The venerable Cathedral had, some years before the era of the play, lost its spire; and we notice it as a proof of sound taste, that the circumstance has been attended to by the artist."

VARIETIES.

French Academy.—A vacancy in the French Academy has just been occasioned by the death of M. François-de-Neufchâteau.

Italy.—There are, at the foot of the Alps, on the German side, but on the soil of Italy, certain villages, the inhabitants of which speak a peculiar language, and retain usages very different from those of the surrounding population. Learned persons and geographers have long sought in vain the origin of these people. Some have supposed that they were descended from the Rhœtian races, from the Cimbri, from the Ligurians, or from the Germans. Count Giovellari, of Trent, has published a dissertation on the subject, in which he maintains, with much appearance of probability, that they were a colony from Swabia.

Romeo and Juliet.—What is called a literal translation of *Romeo and Juliet* into French verse, has been published at Paris.

Gymnastics.—Germany was the birth-place of modern gymnastics. A schoolmaster, of the name of Salzmann, first introduced them in his course of education, and about forty years ago published a work which is still held in some estimation. After him, the celebrated Jahn adopted them as the basis of a political association, the object of which was the moral and physical regeneration of Germany: but his projects displeased the Prussian Government, who ordered the suspension of the exercises, with a taste for which he had inspired the youth of Berlin.

Regnar Lodbrook.—The death-song of the Danish king Regnar Lodbrook, who, having been taken prisoner by the English, was thrown into a tower filled with serpents and venomous animals, and is supposed to have expired in the year 817, in the most dreadful torments, singing this wild and funereal song, has been published at Copenhagen by M. Rafn, who has collated his copy with various manuscripts, added French and Latin translations, and accompanied the work with philological notes. This song is considered one of the most ancient productions of Icelandic literature.

Among the curious minerals lately discovered at the Haytor iron mine, Devon, are some garnets of a deep crimson hue, more than half an inch in diameter, and dodecahedron chrysoberyls of an inch diameter from the extremities of the acute angles; also some native granular gold: all which are now in the possession of Mr. S. Woolmer.—*Provincial Paper.*

East Indian Varnishes.—Some very interesting notices of the varnish and varnish-trees of India occur in the last Number of the Edinburgh Journal of Science. The Sylhet varnish consists of two parts of the juice of the *bhela* (the *seme-carpus anacardium*, the tree which bears the marking nuts of India), and one part of the juice of the *jowar*. The articles varnished with it at Sylhet are of the most beautiful glossy black; and it seems equally fitted for varnishing iron, leather, paper, wood, or stone. It has a sort of whitish-gray colour when first taken out of the bottle; but in a few minutes it becomes perfectly black by exposure to the air. In the temperature of this country it is too thick to be laid on alone; but it may be rendered more fluid by heat. In this case, however, it is clammy, and seems to dry very slowly. When diluted with spirits of turpentine, it dries more rapidly; but still with less rapidity than is desirable.—The *tsi-tsi*, or varnish of Rangoon, is less known than the Sylhet varnish. It is probably made from the juice of the bhela alone. It appears to have the same general properties as the Sylhet varnish, but dries more rapidly. The varnish from the *kheeso*, or varnish-tree, may be the same as the Rangoon varnish, but it is at present considered to be different. The kheeso grows particularly in Kubboo, a valley on the banks of the Ningtee, between Munnipore and the Birman empire. It attains to such a large size, that it affords planks upwards of three feet in breadth; and in appearance and grain it is very like mahogany. A similar tree is found in great plenty and perfection at Martaban. A poisonous vapour exhales from several of these varnishes, especially from that of Sylhet, and is apt to produce over the whole skin inflammations, swellings, itchiness, and pustules; as if the body had been stung by an infinite number of wasps. It is, however, never mortal; and the effect goes off in a few days.

Bull.—Our esteemed contemporary, Sylvanus Urban, has made the following superb bull. In a memoir, he says:—"At one time, on this occasion, Lieutenant Sackville had to defend himself against the combined attack of four horsemen, and owed his life *to the skill in fencing* which he had acquired at the Naval College at Portsmouth. His antagonists were all *shot dead* on the spot."

French Bulls.—A lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back; but the servant could not overtake him."—Another wrote to her lover, *Viens demain de bonne heure; c'est le mien* (*bonheur*) *de te voir.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Preparing for the press, the Ledger of Notorious Rakes, selected from their own Confessions, &c. By Barnabas Pry.

In the course of the season Mr. Ainsworth will publish a Translation of the Camp of Wallenstein, by Lord Francis Leveson Gower. This is a somewhat difficult undertaking, but we trust to the high talents of the accomplished Translator.

Mr. John Johnstone, Editor of Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, will shortly publish Specimens of the Lyrical, Descriptive, and Narrative Poets of Great Britain, from Chaucer to the Present Day.

The Rev. Alexander Stewart, Author of the History of Scotland, announces Elements of Geography, for the Use of Schools or of Private Students, on an entirely new plan.

Herodotus.—An interesting work has recently been published at Berlin, from the pen of M. Heyse, in which several disputed questions respecting the life and travels of Herodotus are very ably and modestly treated. M. Heyse considers the period of the birth of the great historian to have occurred in the first year of the 74th Olympiad, 484 years before Christ, and six years after the battle of Marathon. The father of Herodotus was Lyxes, his mother was Rhæo or Dryo, and among his relations was the epic poet Panyasis. After discussing the point at some length, and qualifying various former assertions on the subject, M. Heyse gives it as his opinion that Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games, in the 81st Olympiad; but that at that time it consisted merely of fragments. Twelve years afterwards, in the 84th Olympiad, Herodotus went to Thurium with a colony. He was then forty years old; and he completed his history, in that town, in the first year of the 93d Olympiad. He must therefore have been more than eighty when he died, at Thurium. M. Heyse thinks that Herodotus was never married. As for his travels, he visited Asia, Crète, Cyprus, Phœnicia, Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Media. In Africa, he went over Egypt; but did not penetrate into the interior of Lybia. The author affirms that he was at Cyrene, but doubts his having been at Carthage. Finally, in Europe, Herodotus travelled in Thrace, Macedonia, Italy, and, probably, Sicily; but the precise epoch of any of his journeys and voyages cannot be ascertained.

We ought to have mentioned in our last week's notice of Mrs. A. Watts's projected Annual, that it was intended for the rising generation of children of smaller growth. It seems our want of precision has betrayed some readers into the droll confusion of fancying that a rival to the Souvenir was about to be started in no less near a quarter than the Editor's own wife!

In the Press.—Christian Experience; or, a Guide to the Perplexed, by Robert Phillips.—The Balance of Criminality; or, Mental Error compared with Immoral Conduct; addressed to Young Doubters, by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Ongar.—A Widowed Missionary's Journal, by Keturah Jeffreys.—Torpidiana; or, an Inquiry into the Literary Pretensions of the Officers and Members of the Council of the Society of Antiquaries, from the Year 1815, &c.—The Author of the Morning and Evening Sacrifice is far advanced with the printing of a new work, entitled Farewell to Time; or, last Views of Life, and Prospects of Immortality; intended as a Companion to the former work.—Mary Harland; or, the Journey to London; a Tale of Humble Life, by a Lady.—By the Editor of the Mirror, a closely printed pocket volume, entitled Arcana of Science and Art for 1828; being the Popular Discoveries and Improvements of the past Year; abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies and other Scientific Journals, British and Foreign.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Cooper on Hernia, new edit. by C. A. Key, large folio, 5*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Simond's Travels in Italy and Sicily, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Scott on Diseases of the Joints, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Kerigan's Navigation Tables, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Punch and Judy, by Cruikshank, p. 8vo. 9*s.*; coloured, 12*s.*; India proofs, 15*s.* bds.—Wright's Commentaries on Newton's Principia, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Lowndes's Modern Greek Lexicon, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Mitchell's Sketches of Agriculture, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

January.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday	31	From 29. to 50.	29.95 to 29.91
February.			
Friday	1	— 30. — 50.	29.86 — 30.02
Saturday	2	— 40. — 43.	30.06 — 30.07
Sunday	3	— 35. — 49.	30.30 — 30.37
Monday	4	— 33. — 47.	30.19 — Stat.
Tuesday	5	— 44. — 52.	30.12 — 30.06
Wednesday	6	— 44. — 51.	30.02 — 29.96

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 1st and 3d instant, generally cloudy and mizzling rain.

Rain fallen, ·35 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alpha will find a letter, as requested, at our Office.

We are personally obliged to a Constant Subscriber at Hampstead, but cannot, editorially, avail ourselves of his humorous enclosure.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall. The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

NORTHERN SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of the FINE ARTS.
The Gallery of the Northern Society will be opened early in May, for the Exhibition and Sale of Pictures by Living Artists. Due notice will be given of the time when Works of Art will be received.

F. T. BILLAM, Secretary.
Committee-Room, Leeds, Jan. 21st, 1828.
⁂ Letters to be addressed—"The Secretary of the Northern Society, Committee Room, Leeds."

MEETING of PARLIAMENT. As the present State of the Ministry must awaken the utmost anxiety in the minds of all political readers, and lead them at this moment to look for the amplest intelligence, combined with the most free and fearless discussion in their newspapers, Mr. Buckingham, the Editor of the Sphynx, in order to render his journal a more powerful organ of opinion, and a more comprehensive newspaper, has determined to enlarge its plan, and instead of publishing a Number once a Week, at the price of 1s., will in future give Two Papers at the price of 9d. each. They will be published on Wednesday and Saturday, so as to comprise the two London Gazettes, so important to Country Residents. As each Number will contain sixteen large quarto pages, the editor will be able to give in his two Numbers such a complete Digest of the News of the Week, (including the leading Articles of other journals,) as shall supply the place of a three-times-a-week, or even a daily evening paper. In addition to these advantages, the Sphynx, from peculiar sources of information open to the editor, will be enabled frequently to communicate exclusive intelligence to its readers, and it will contain what no other paper in England has ever yet attempted—a running Commentary, by way of notes, on the Parliamentary Debates, exposing the errors, mistatements, and fallacies of the several speakers, as they occur; thus making the reader as it were a party to the debate, by giving him the ready repartee of one present in the house, and speaking freely that which would be likely to pass in the mind of any independent and unbiassed auditor in that Assembly.

Orders for the Sphynx, London News-Gazette, the cheapest and most comprehensive Paper that any Country Resident can possess, will be received by all Newsmen, and by the Clerks of the Roads, and no delay should take place in their transmission.

Published for the Proprietors, by W. Lewer, at the Office, No. 147, Strand, near Somerset House.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, from Calcutta to Bombay. By the late Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THE work having been already justly and deservedly recommended to the public by the *Quarterly Review*, which, from circumstances, had access to an earlier copy than we could look for, our task of introducing it is rendered comparatively light; for we agree entirely with the Editor of that widely read Journal: the lack in our libraries of books relative to India (the most extraordinary *Province* in the world's history) is astonishing; the quality of the greater number that have been produced is determined by the fact of their having been written by persons who went so young to the East, as to have lost the perceptions which render accounts of foreign countries most valuable; and the jealousy of the natives has prevented the full development which might have been expected from the nature and extent of the intercourse. But Bishop Heber, in age, in intelligence, in previous acquirements, and in character, was well fitted to overcome most of these difficulties, and to see India with a new, observant, and philosophical eye. And it is this which has made the volumes before us so product. The mass of interesting matter which they contain; the ease of their style; and the fresh, unstudied outpourings of the highly cultivated mind, which they display throughout, are, indeed, rare charms in our book-making age. All that we have to do is to avoid, as much as we can, the repetition of quotations which have run from the *Quarterly* through so many other channels of public information, as to be already familiar to the generality of readers. At all events, this week, our examination shall be short; and as the extracts in the *Quarterly* are principally from the (first half of the) first volume, we shall make our briefer notice from the second, and from that portion of it which relates to the Rajpoots.

At the palace of Jyepoor (says the author in his Journal) "we were shewn five or six elephants in training for a fight. Each was separately kept in a small paved court, with a little litter, but very dirty. They were all what is called 'musst,' that is, fed on stimulating substances to make them furious; and indeed in their eyes, their gaping mouths, and the constant motion of their trunks, signs of fear and restlessness. Their mohouts seemed to approach them with great caution; and on hearing a step, they turned round as far as their chains would allow, and lashed fiercely with their trunks. I was moved and disgusted at the sight of so noble creatures thus maddened and diseased by the absurd cruelty of man, in order that they might for his diversion inflict death pain and injuries on each other. Two of them were very large, and all sleek and opulent."

In the presentation to the Nawab, "some dancing-girls came in, whose performances differed in no respect from those which I had seen at Bullumghur. Some very common-looking shawls, a turban, necklace, &c. were now brought in as presents from the Rannee to me, which were followed by two horses and an elephant, of which she also requested my acceptance. I looked round on Colonel Raper in some embarrassment, which he relieved by telling me that all was done according to rule, and that I should not be much the richer, nor the Rannee the poorer, for what passed that day. I of course, however, expressed my thanks to the Mouchtar in as good Hindoostanee as I was able. Mutual wishes were expressed for health, happiness, and a continuance of friendship between the company and the court of Jyepoor; and after embracing all the ministers a second time, we took our leave, mounted our elephants, and returned to the residency, the Rannee's presents going in procession before us. Of these presents it appeared that the elephant was lame, and so vicious that few people ventured to go near him. One of the horses was a very pretty black, but he also turned out as lame as a cat; while the other horse was in poor condition, and at least, as my people declared, thirty years old. Colonel Raper said, however, that these animals would do more than cover the fees which it would be proper to pay the Rannee's servants, and which the Company, according to the usual practice, would discharge for me. In fact the native powers understand perfectly well that presents of any great value are, on these occasions, thrown away. They have it published in the 'Acbars,' or native newspapers, that such or such a distinguished personage came to pay his respects at the court of Jyepoor, and that the Rannee testified her pleasure at his arrival, by the gift of an elephant, two beautiful horses, and two trays of ornaments and shawls; and thus the ends are answered of making known the rank of the visitant, of setting forth the Rannee's liberality, and above all, of hinting to her subjects and neighbours the good terms she is on with the British government. But all these objects they are, of course, glad to obtain at as slight an expense as possible. * * *

"The Rajas of Jyepoor were for a long time the most wealthy and powerful of all the Rajpoot states. Their territory is still the largest, and their revenue used to be reckoned at a crore of rupees (at the present rate of exchange, less than a million pounds sterling) annually." The Mahratta conquests have reduced them greatly.

At Umeer, the ancient capital, the Bishop, among other sights, visited the temple. "I went," he says, "through a dark low arch into a small court, where, to my surprise, the first object which met my eyes was a pool of blood on the pavement, by which a naked man stood with a bloody sword in his hand. The scenes through which we had passed were so romantic, that my fancy had almost been wound up to expect an adventure, and I felt, I confess, for an instant my hand instinctively clench more firmly a heavy Hindoostanee whip I had with me, the but-end of which would, as a last resource, have been no despicable weapon. The guide, however, at the same instant, cautioned me against treading in the blood, and told me that a goat was sacrificed here every morning. In fact, a second glance shewed me the headless body of the poor animal lying before the steps of a small shrine, apparently of Kali. The brahmin was officiating and tinkling his bell; but it was plain to see, from the embarrassment of our guide, that we had intruded at an unlucky moment, and we therefore merely cast our eyes round the court, without going nearer to the altar and its mysteries. The guide told us, in our way back, that the tradition was, that, in ancient times, a man was sacrificed here every day; that the custom had been laid aside till Jye Singh had a frightful dream, in which the destroying power appeared to him, and asked him why her image was suffered to be dry? The Raja, afraid to disobey, and reluctant to fulfil the requisition to its ancient extent of horror, took counsel, and substituted a goat for the human victim, with which the

> Dark goddess of the azure flood,
> Whose robes are wet with infant tears,
> Scull-chaplet wearer, whom the blood
> Of man delights three thousand years,

was graciously pleased to be contented. * *

"In the course of our homeward ride, Colonel Raper told me that he had had unpleasant news from the palace. The Rannee, the night before, without trial, or without so much as assigning a reason, murdered one of her female attendants, — a woman who bore a fair character, was possessed of considerable wealth, and believed, till lately, to stand high in her mistress's confidence and good graces. Her wealth was supposed to be her only crime. A great alarm had in consequence been excited in the zennana and in the city; and eight other women, chiefly wives and concubines of the late Raja, believed themselves also marked out for destruction. This atrocity had been perpetrated by the Rannee's own order and in her presence; but Colonel Raper said, if the Mouchtar had been himself any thing but a mere ruffian, he would never allow such practices to go on, nor would such an order have been executed had he been a likely person to resent it. With this story on my mind, it was with any thing rather than a pleasurable sensation, that I received in the course of the morning a present of fruit, sweetmeats, and flowers, with the Ma-jee's best wishes for my safe journey, her assurance that her people had arranged every thing for my comfort on the road, and her hope that our friendship might long continue! I sent back my grateful acknowledgments, which was no more than her due, for the kindness and hospitality she had shewn me, and an assurance of my prayers, though I did not add, for her amendment. I found to-day that her attentions had not been confined to me personally, but that she had sent an excellent dinner of sweetmeats, ghee, rice, kid, flour, and other Hindoostanee delicies,

sufficient, as they told me, for 100 men, to be divided amongst my servants and escort."

The death of a Soubahdar, who led his escort, is related in the beautifully simple way which lends a grace to every thing in these volumes; and the Bishop proceeds to make some general remarks on the Rajpoots.

"I was prepared to expect a much greater simplicity and homeliness of manner in the Rajpoots and tribes of central India, than in those who had been subjects of the Mogul empire, and, even at the court of Jyepoor, I was struck with the absence of that sort of polish which had been apparent at Lucknow and Delhi. The Hindoos seem every where, when left to themselves and under their own sovereigns, a people of simple tastes and tempers, inclined to frugality, and indifferent to show and form. The subjects of even the greatest Maharatta prince sit down without scruple in his presence; and no trace is to be found in their conversation of those adulatory terms which the Mussulmans introduced into the northern and eastern provinces. Europeans, too, are very little known here; and I heard the children continually calling out to us as we passed through the villages, 'Feringee, ne Feringee!' It was whimsical, however, and in apparent contrast with this plainness of speech, that the term 'Maharaja,' or sovereign, is applied by them to almost every superior."

At Hirsowlee, "we were amused by the sight of a splendid nuptial procession, on account of the betrothal of the son of a neighbouring Raja to the daughter of a Thakoor. The little boy passed on an elephant, with a long array of kettle-drums, trumpets, and standards before him, as well as a very handsome palanqueen, in which two brothers, still younger than himself, were conveyed. In his passage through the streets of the town, fire-works were let off at intervals, and all the roofs of the houses, as well as the ramparts of the fort, were covered with spectators. The townspeople were very civil in securing us a good place, and seemed pleased with the interest which I felt in the show, and with my wishing the little bridegroom 'good luck.' They told me that he was to be taken for that evening to the house of his new father-in-law, where the ceremony of affiancing took place; but that he and the little girl were to remain for some years with their respective parents, when the second and real marriage would be celebrated."

"A 'Bhât' or bard came to ask a gratuity. I desired him first to give a specimen of his art; on which he repeated some lines of so pure Hindoo, that I could make out little or nothing except 'Bhadrinâth,' 'Duccun,' and other words expressive of immense extent, and of the different parts of the compass: the poetry was in praise of the vast conquests of the British. He only repeated a very few lines, and seemed unwilling to go on; on which one of the bystanders, a Dâk peon, reproached him for his idleness, and rattled off twenty lines of the same language in high style and with much animation, as a sort of challenge to an Amœbean contest. He spoke so rapidly, that I caught even less of his meaning than of the bard's before; but the measure struck me as very nearly approaching to the hexameter. The bard rejoined with considerable vehemence; and I perceived that, like the correspondent contests of the shepherds in Theocritus and Virgil, the present trial of skill would soon degenerate into a scolding match, and therefore dismissed both parties (according to the good old custom of Daphnis and other similar arbiters) giving each a small gratuity. The Bhâts are a sacred order all through Rajpootana. Their race was especially created by Mahadeo, for the purpose of guarding his sacred bull; but they lost this honourable office through their cowardice. The god had a pet lion also; and as the favourite animals were kept in the same apartment, the bull was eaten almost every day, in spite of all the noise which the Bhâts could make; greatly to the grief of Siva, and to the increase of his trouble, since he had to create a new bull in the room of every one which fell a victim to the ferocity of his companion. Under these circumstances, the deity formed a new race of men, the Charuns, of equal piety and tuneful powers, but more courageous than the Bhâts, and made them the wardens of his menagerie. The Bhâts, however, still retained their functions of singing the praises of gods and heroes; and, as the hereditary guardians of history and pedigree, are held in higher estimation than even the brahmins themselves among the haughty and fierce nobles of Rajpootana. In the yet wilder districts to the south-west, the more warlike Charun, however, take their place in popular reverence. A few years back, it was usual for merchants or travellers going through Malwah and Guzerât, to hire a Charun to protect them; and the sanctity of his name was generally sufficient. If robbers appeared, he stepped forwards, waving his long white garments, and denouncing, in verse, infamy and disgrace on all who should injure travellers under the protection of the holy minstrel of Siva. If this failed, he stabbed himself with his dagger, generally in the left arm, declaring that his blood was on their heads; and if all failed, he was bound in honour to stab himself to the heart—a catastrophe of which there was little danger, since the violent death of such a person was enough to devote the whole land to barrenness, and all who occasioned it to an everlasting abode in Padalon. The Bhâts protect nobody; but to kill or beat one of them would be regarded as very disgraceful and ill-omened; and presuming on this immunity, and on the importance attached to that sort of renown which it confers, they are said often to extort money from their wealthy neighbours by promises of spreading their great name, and threats of making them infamous and even of blasting their prospects. A wealthy merchant in Indore, some years since, had a quarrel with one of these men, who made a clay image, which he called after the merchant's name, and daily in the bazar and in the different temples addressed it with bitter and reproachful language, intermixed with the most frightful curses which an angry poet could invent. There was no redress; and the merchant, though a man of great power and influence at court, was advised to bribe him into silence; this he refused to do, and the matter went on for several months, till a number of the merchant's friends subscribed a considerable sum, of which, with much submission and joined hands, they entreated the Bhât to accept. 'Alas!' was his answer, 'why was not this done before? Had I been conciliated in time, your friend might yet have prospered. But now, though I shall be silent henceforth, I have already said too much against him; and when did the imprecations of a bard, so long persisted in, fall to the ground unaccomplished?' The merchant, as it happened, was really overtaken by some severe calamities; and the popular faith in the powers of the minstrel character is now more than ever confirmed."

With these very imperfect examples, taken almost without choice from some thirty pages, all equally delightful (for in truth the reading of this Journal is *fascinating*), we leave Bishop Heber's volumes to the public taste.

Mount Calvary, &c., written in Cornish (as it may be conjectured) some Centuries past; interpreted, in the English Tongue, in the Year 1682, *by John Keigwin, Gent.* Edited by Davies Gilbert, Esq., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 98. London, Nichols and Son; and Simpkin and Marshall: Truro, Tregonning: Penzance, Vigurs.

The Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood; written in Cornish in 1611, *by William Jordan; with a Translation by J. Keigwin, &c.* Edited by Davies Gilbert, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 237. Same Publishers.

THESE volumes, for which we are indebted to the public spirit of the President of the Royal Society, are particularly valuable as *preserves* of the ancient, and now almost extinct, language of Cornwall. The first presents us with, apparently, a very ancient and comparatively pure dialect of the Celtic or Gaelic; for it is very sparingly mixed with Saxon or Danish terms:* the last seems to be a translation into Cornish, of the assigned date, 1611, the idiom consequently much more recent, and the admixture of Saxon words far greater. Specimens of the ancient and modern Cornish are also added to this volume.

But though we cannot pass referring to these publications for their merits on etymological and lexicographical grounds, it is not our purpose to enter into any disquisition on the subject of the language in which they are written. *Taw Tavas* (be silent, Tongue) is now too applicable to that language, to render it expedient for us to make it or ourselves *Tavas Tavas*;† and we shall rather proceed to examine what is curious in these poems as compositions of antiquity, and examples of the rude manner in which the thoughts of our ancestors were expressed.

Mount Calvary is, perhaps, too sacred a theme for the sort of illustration which we intend; and we shall, therefore, with regard to that poem, simply quote two or three verses, to shew how the sufferings of Christ were exaggerated and minutely dwelt upon, in order to excite the compassion of the people, and build their adoration on their sympathies.

"In trethe avel tus fol garlont spern a ve dythygtys
Ha dre haga husill ol war y ben ave gorris
May tho squardlijs a dro ol y ben y oys o scollijs
Hag in o fest luhas tol gans an dreyn a ve tellys.

Gans den scyntyll a wothye me a glewas leverell
An arlont y the denne war y ben gans kymmys nell
Ma leth an dreyn ha croppye then neupynyon dre an tell
Henno payn a vear bytye ese Christ ow cothewell.

---

* A Mr. W. Scawen, who wrote soon after the Restoration, has (among others) the following singular remarks on the Cornish of this MS.:—"For the pronunciation, the Cornish is not to be gutturally pronounced as the Welsh for the most part is, nor mutteringly as the Armorick, nor whiningly as the Irish (which two latter qualities seem to have been contracted from their servitudes), but must be lively and manly spoken, like other primitive tongues. 2. For the innocency of it, what is most remarkable is, that it hath a most excellent defective qualification in it peculiar to itself; for whereas all other tongues abound in execrable oaths, the old Cornish have none at all, not so much as reproachful terms. The word that comes nearest to an oath with them is, Areire, Arelaree, which is Mary, Mary, spoken by way of wonder. The next good defective qualification is, that there are no great titles in it, which nutricule Tyrannidis. 3. For the wisdom, Proverbs (which contain usually the wisdom of a nation) they have had, but we cannot find them in any great plenty. Yet some there are worthy observing." We add two—

"Cows nebas, cows da, hada veth cowsas arta.
Speak little, speak well, and well will be spoken again.

Nyn ges goon heb lagas, na kei hebs scovern.
There is no down without eye, nor hedge without ears."

† To call one Tavas Tavas, or Tongue Tongue, is a great reproach in Cornish.

Among them, like men feolish, a garland of thorns was fram'd,
And by their counsell all on his head it was put,
Y' was torn all abt his head, his blood was spilt,
And in it quickly many holes with ye prickles were holed.
By a man learned that knew, I heard say,
Ye garland they drew on his head with so much strength,
Y' came ye prickles and grosped to ye brains through ye holes,
This was payn of much pity was Christ feeling.

* * * *

Ya venyn da a welas dello Jesus dystryplis
Pytet mear askemeras rag y vos mar veyll dygtis
Va queth tek hy a drylyas a dro thotho desympys
Ha warnans hy an quathas rag gwythe na ve stervys

A women good saw so Jesus stripped,
Pity much took her because he was so vilely used,
A cloth fayr she wrapped abt him immediately,
And on him shee kept it to hinder that not he took cold."

But the story of the *Creation* is more replete with phraseology, which, from the nature of the subject, admits of a lighter mood in treating of its singularities. Of its author, William Jordan, we are sorry to say, that nothing can now be ascertained, except that he lived at Helston. He must have been a clever fellow (for we will not boggle at a letter); and his solemn drama, in the style of the Old Moralities, is not unworthy of being compared with the incomparable opera of Punch Review in our last *Gazette*. Indeed, in some points, we consider the Cornish to possess advantages over the Italian drama: but it is difficult to determine, where such excellence prevails in each. We must trust to our analysis for further light.

Act I. comprehends the creation and the fall of the angels. The Omnipotent has gone to create the earth; and Lucifer immediately sets up the standard of revolt in heaven.

"*Lucifer.* But, I say, all angels of heaven,
Hearken to me now;
Believe that I am a prince strong,
And also to you very affectionate,
Small and great.
Lucifer is my name;
My companions are thin,
Noble in heaven here;
You know well this,
That I am better than the Father.
I am the lanthorn of heaven, I wist,
Like to fire shining,
More resplendent than the Trinity;
This you bear me witness of,
That I am a prince most glorious.
All with gold glittering
I am, without doubt in the case,
More resplendent than the sun bright,
You may together see
That I am certainly at all times.

* * * *

I command on every side
All that is in heaven to worship me.
Angels all, you have heard.
What say you to me now?
Thus am I not a great pullet?*
Answer all, every one,—
You know what I am."

This address, which, very likely, suggested many sublime images to Milton, is received nearly in the same way as in that old blind schoolmaster's Paradise Lost: some angels side with the speaker, and others oppose him.

"Michael, prince of chivalry,
And the angels of the nine orders,"

are commanded to

"Drive the rebels quickly
Below the earth with maids and boys,
To hell, an ugly dwelling;
There dwelling in pains
And great wailings at all times,
In very certainty for ever."

The mention of "maids and boys" before the creation of the world, is a sort of Homeric nod; but we must not be too particular. Let us go to Act II., which embraces the said creation and the fall of man. Adam's first exclamation on seeing Eve is a curiosity: it runs thus:—

"A, A, A, my good Lord,
Woman she shall be named;
Of my body was she made,
Eve, of a rib thou wert made,
Wherefore thou art blessed."

A stage direction leads us to Adam's next speech:—"Let fishes of all sorts, birds, and beasts, as oxen, kyne, sheep, and such like, appear;" and our general parent thus performs his task:

"I will name them cow and bull;
All the cattle feeding,
Their names let them take.
Horse and mare, and ass,
Dog, and cat, and rats,
Divers kinds of serpents.
I will give names to the fishes,
To breams, gurnards, congers,
I will reckon them distinct."

Upon this the editor very quaintly observes: "I doubt there is something wanting here, none of the birds being named." There seems indeed to be more extensive omissions; but, perhaps, all was kept right and full by the accompaniment of the stage directions, which order "a fine serpent made with a virgin's face, and yellow hair on her head. Let the serpent appear, and also geese and hens."

Lucifer again appears, and tells us—

"I have had a cruel fall
To the pit of hell out of heaven."

And this he is resolved to revenge on the new creation. He soliloquises, speaking against the man:

"All in his body so very seemly,
I cannot bear this.
Envious I am against him,
I will devise some gin
To deceive him if I can.

* * * *

He is appointed
Warden over all Paradise;
At this I am grieved
To see him exalted,
And I brought to low estate.
To this there is made
A woman, is named Eve,
Fashioned from his rib was she,
Marvellous fair above every thing,
But her wit is but brittle.
I will, if I can,
Seek some way to tempt her,
As I am a subtle fellow.
Now this Adam is lording
Like a duke in Paradise;
And I a sneaker here."

This soliloquy is very like one of Punch's; and we evidently see that Lucifer was the earliest Don Juan. He describes the serpent into which he proposes to enter.

"It is wondrous faced,
To a fair virgin very like.
Subtle it is with this,
Beyond beast or worm in the world;
Into this I will enter,
And this worm to Paradise,
I will go without fail.
Since she knows not to speak one jot,*
I will rule her as I will;
And before I go from thence,
To Adam and to Eve
I will do some mischief.
Torpen, a Devil. Do in this manner, I thee pray,
As thou art a wily devil,
Without doubt in the case.
If thou dost this, honoured
Thou shalt be for ever,
And chief ruler over us."

Thus encouraged, he enters into the serpent, and pays (unconsciously, we suspect) a fine compliment to the fair sex.

"My voice is all changed,
Like to a maiden in earnest;
I shall not be discovered
That there is *in me falsehood;*
Subtle enough for Eve I am, I believe."

The serpent is now "singing in the tree," and Eve approaches: their dialogue is somewhat long, and we can only give tastes of its quality.

"*Serpent.* Good it falls, doubt no danger
Upon my honesty, good woman;
Otherwise I should work deceit,
And should sin a very great sin,
And I ought to be well punished.
Eve. You have said the truth, good man,
This would be an ugly thing;
There is in me longing great
To know what thing it is,
In a short time your errand tell me, I pray."

The deceiver piques her curiosity, and she most earnestly desires to know how she is to reach the promised boons.

"In that it would be seen plainly
That I should rule very gaily,
And be stately like a goddess.
I pray thee, tell me how?
I can hold no longer;
I shall surely faint,
Except thou tell it to me
By and by.
Woman's wit is brittle,
And I am not over subtle;
Tell me, before you stop,
I pray thee, the news."

This most woman-like longing for "rule very gaily," and "to be stately like a goddess," is exactly the temper to which the Devil wished to bring poor Eve; and he communicates his secret of the forbidden fruit. The conversation is extremely characteristic.

"*Serpent.* Be silent, be silent, Eve, be not a fool;
Thou wilt not hearken to thy good;
I will for this that thou shalt howl,
My counsel if thou dost deny.
I am not contented with thee.
If I did not thee love,
I would not counsel thee
To have a bargain so great made.
Eve. If I could find out this to be true,
I would follow thy desire,
Because thou dost come from heaven.
Serpent. You have spoken true, good woman,
No need to thee there is to mistrust;
From Heaven came none but good men;
I am one of that very sort.
Give you a part to your husband,
Or the voyage is not worth the while.
Eve. I will not be so greedy
To keep all myself;
Adam surely above every thing
I do love, or God forbid,
To keep without his share.
Serpent. I will reach the bough,
Take the fruit from it.
Eve. I will most certainly,
I can no longer forbear,
But I must taste of it.
Serpent. Never take any doubt,
Thou mayest be very merry,
With thy eyes abroad
Thou wilt see every thing here;

* * * *

Doubt not this,
Eve, I have told it thee.
If I did not love thee,
I would not for any thing
So high to have thee exalted.
Eve. Much thanks to thee, sir,
In giving me counsel so stout,
To thee I will kearken,
And, by God, there is to me no doubt
To taste this same apple."

In persuading honest Adam to eat a bit, his dear spouse tells him, "it will turn to him to profit *more than a thousand pounds*"! and thus tempted, it is no wonder that he should yield. But the taste is bitter, and the evil is immediately detected: he exclaims—

"Ah! out, out upon thee, Eve,
I may curse it;
Fallen are we to a great mischief,
And by thee for taking it.
This was an ugly bargain,
Eve, I do tell thee;
Little enough will be the gain,
When that with thee is cast up the account:
Cursed be thy stomach."

To this she replies scoffingly and menacingly:

"Ay, thou art a wise man,
Thou wilt not hearken unto me;
If I have not my desire,
Never will I be seen here;
I shall be ashamed to be once seen.
The angel that was in the tree
Spoke to me plain words,
And I believe them.
Sir, in few words,
Taste thou part of the apple,
Or my love thou shalt lose.
See, take this fair apple,
Or surely between thee and thy wife,
The love shall utterly fail,
If thou wilt not eat of it."

* "It is a common expression in Cornwall to call a great man, a great *polsat;* perhaps from *pol*, a head, or top."

* Either an emblem of, or in reality the first *good woman:* and notwithstanding *that*, the origin of all ill!

And here we are ashamed to copy the most ungallant note, which no less an authority than the President of the Royal Society has appended to this passage. "How well (says he) do her daughters imitate her to this day—and her sons, Adam!"

It is well that no women are admitted to be *Fellows* of the R. S.; if they were, we doubt much that the President would be able to stand out the year's honour to which he was only so lately elected. He had much better eat his apple and hold his tongue. But we continue the development of the Drama. Adam, in his lament, asks—

"Who shall bring me some clothes?"

And the archangel Michael, "in heaven," answers—

"Adam, here are clothes, and for Eve, to cover you;
Make haste, let them be worn.
Make haste through the door,
For here you cannot dwell."

This regular ejectment* concludes the second act; and the third shews us the birth of Cain and Abel, the murder of the latter, the banishment of Cain, and the birth of Seth. Eve's apology for her transgression is capital in its (feminine) way.

"I knew not what I did,
So many fair words it told me;
Hereby, on my soul,
I supposed it an angel of heaven
Was sent to me.
Sir, although I were hanged,
His flattering was so glorious,
I knew not how to do otherwise,
By my loyal truth."

Adam, however, (again Homer nods,) curses the hour when he was *born*; and his melting help-mate tenderly confesses—

"This hall is not Paradise; ah! it is not, Adam, it is not!
Changed it is; there were flowers, and fair fruits by our side.
Thereon when I look,
Changed is our rule now,
Alas! by hearkening to that worm."

The incidents now follow rapidly: Abel and Cain are bidden by Adam to offer their sacrifices; the former of beasts, and the latter of the fruits of the earth. Abel declares he will make his oblation faithfully; and the real character of Cain comes out in the following rejoinder:—

"To burn will not I
The corn, nor the fruits, seriously;
Peace, Abel, thou art a dolthead,
I will gather briars and thorns,
And dry cow-dung, to burn without regret,
And will make a great cloud of smoke."

We are afraid that many an equally false offering has since been made by his descendants professing better things; but we are not drawing morals. Abel endeavours to persuade him to a more pious course; for which he is told to "be hanged," as a "frothy fool;" and his brother in his rage proceeds:

"For strivifig surely against me,
I will strike thee, rogue, rascal,
That thou fall to thy backside.
Take this, thou villanous weed, on thy jaw with the bone of the jaw."

To comprehend this last line, we must quote the direction: "Let a jaw-bone be ready. Abel is strucken with a jaw-bone, and dieth."

We do not wish to dwell on this tragical part of the scene. Cain is banished, and on setting out makes a tolerable bull for that early period of the world:

"I will, *before I stop, go from hence*;"

and so he does, never repenting of the fatal act he had committed, but always speaking most disrespectfully of his murdered brother, as thus:

"Art thou dead, thou hoarsen churl?
I will not be controlled,
He is now rid out of the world;
I would he were hid
In some hole of the hedge.
The fellow would burn
Our corn in earnest.
I could not bear this.
To God there is no want at all
To have our goods,
I know that.
My father, although he be angry
When he hear the news
That he is killed; me he loves; I shall not be seized at all.
See where he is cast
Into the ditch, to be rotten.
To me is no grief at all in the world,
By my hand though he be slain,
As I am a rough dealer."

Rough enough! Even when his wife Calmana reproaches him with the deed, he answers—

"Tittle, tattle, the wind of a cat;
There is no sorrow to me yet,
On account of this same act;"

and is quite angry at being brought into so much trouble "for killing Abel the Jolthead"!!

The fourth act contains the deaths of Cain and Adam. Cain is shot by Lamech, one of his own descendants, and, as he lets us into the secret himself, "a worse man" than his grandsire. His confessions to this effect are whimsical enough—

"And sure I am the first
That ever yet had two wives.
And maidens in sufficient plenty
There are to me, I am not dainty,
I can find them when I will,
Nor do I spare of them
In any wise one that is handsome.
But I am wondrous troubled,
Scarce do I see one glimpse;—
What the devil shall be done?
I know not on my soul,
Nor yet can I find help.
The pleasure that is to me in the world
Is with the bow to shoot."

And accordingly he does shoot Cain, who is partially concealed in a bush, and who, being all covered with hair, from living in the woods like a beast, he mistakes for "a bullock," "a lion," or a great "he-goat." The directions are—"When Cain is strucken, let blood appear, and let him tumble: Lamech cometh to him, and fighteth him:" which we dare say was extremely interesting and edifying to audiences centuries ago. Lamech, to augment the pathetic, slays the servant who persuaded him to shoot.

"For this thou shalt be slain,
Thou false foul thief;
Struck out are thy brains.
Servant. Out, alas! I am dead,
And my head broken very crusily,
You see it."

This "You see it" occurs often; and was no doubt addressed to the spectators, that they might be satisfied of the exact performance of every important incident. The Don *Juanism* of this scene also is worthy of note.

"*1st Devil.* Here is Cain the villain dead,
Let us come to fetch him away to pains,
And the homicide Lamech with him.
2d Devil. Come, thou accursed soul,
Thy brother thou didst kill,
Abel, who was a just man.
In fire thou shalt burn,
And this same homicide surely
In hell, you wicked fowls.
1st Devil. In this pit you shall dwell
With me on the lower side,
And shall burn in heat of fire."

Adam's death is not so horrible. Finding his hour approach, he despatches Seth to Paradise. "There he vieweth all things, and seeth two trees, and in the one tree sitteth Mary the Virgin, and in her arms lying her son Jesus, in the top of the Tree of Life; and in the other tree the Serpent caused Eve to eat the apple." An angel bids him take three kernels from an apple of the Tree of Life, and when his father dies to put one in his mouth and one in each nostril; promising that at the end of 5,500 years a tree shall spring from them, out of which Adam shall distil the *oyl of mercy*, to relieved from limbo or purgatory, and admitted into heaven. Of this limbo the description is singular.

"*1st Devil.* Companions, in you ready,
Ye devils every one;
Adam is dead;
Come to fetch him away to the kitchen,
To the deep pit on the lower side.
Lucifer. No, no, we must not do so,
It is otherwise ordained for him;
In limbo, on the higher side,
There he shall dwell;
So it is ordained by the Father.
Thou dost know, in our hell
There are mansions without a lie;
Some there are of the devils
That came out of heaven bright
With me, bearing great rule.
Of the churl Adam, the dwelling
Shall be on the higher side,
In one of these cloisters,
Where he shall not one jot rejoice,
But in great darkness there.
And the greatest pain shall have
His son Cayne; in great pains
He shall dwell to eternity;
There he is on the lower side,
In a deep pit burning.
2d Devil. Wherefore shall not the churl A
In the like manner be tormented?
I will make the crooked heaven
To be more hardly imprisoned,
If I can once reach him, because he b
the commandment.
Lucifer. I will tell thee the cause;
Although Adam did a very great sin,
He found for it sharp sorrow;
And God to him did remit
His displeasure and his great anger;
But in this manner did not Cain act."

Of the fifth act, and the doings of En Noah, Tubal-Cain, &c. &c. we have only to say that it is as remarkable a specime the feelings of the age when this Drama written, and the manner of expressing t as the four preceding. Both volumes we sider to be extremely curious, and worth attention: we are not acquainted with thing precisely like them in any porti ancient literature.

* Previous to this, the stage direction is—"Let Lucifer come out of the serpent (the serpent remaining in the tree), and let him creep on his belly to hell." His speech at the time is:

"I will begin to creep
And slide upon the ground along.
To my own shape within me
You see me here turned,
A bad pullet and great,
But I may be glad;
The sinners Adam and Eve
To hell shall come to me,
And their issue for ever."

Researches into the Causes, Nature, and T ment of the more prevalent Diseases of I and of Warm Climates generally; illus with Cases, Post Mortem Examination numerous Coloured Engravings of I Structures. By James Annesley, F the Madras Medical Establishment, & Vol. I. 4to. London, 1828. Longm Co.

THIS is undoubtedly the most splendi which has ever issued from the medic of this country, and reflects uncommon on the zeal, talents, and industry of its We are pleased at observing that it is b out under the liberal patronage of the of Directors of the India Company. I act, this eminent body will most ess promote the knowledge of their medical in India, and consequently the interest European community generally in that

the globe. They will also contribute materially to the advancement of medical science in this country and throughout the enlightened world; for whatever tends to advance one branch of professional knowledge reflects light upon its other departments also. Besides, it should be recollected that the diseases of warm climates very nearly approximate to those of cold countries during warm seasons and during occasional atmospheric vicissitudes, and only differ from them in subordinate circumstances, which are fully elucidated in the work now before us. Since the nature and treatment of intertropical diseases should engage the attention of the professional part of the community of this country in a very marked manner; and the more so, when the number of invalids continually returning from our numerous colonies, and subject to these diseases, is taken into consideration.

Mr. Annesley is already favourably known to the medical profession by his masterly delineation of the nature and treatment of the epidemic cholera, and by his Sketches of Indian diseases generally. In his present undertaking he enters more in detail upon the consideration of the most prevalent and fatal maladies of India and warm climates generally; and inquires, with great intelligence and powers of research, into their causes, their nature, and the modes of treatment necessary to their cure. How far he has been prepared for the present important work by an extensive and diversified experience, and by a close investigation of the nature of disease in its various relations, may be inferred from the following extract from his preface:—

"During the greater part of twenty-five years' practice, in which his opportunities of acquiring professional experience were unusually extensive, over almost every part of India—under all circumstances and situations of intertropical service,—in charge of large general hospitals at fixed stations,—in field hospitals on actual service,—in regimental hospitals, moving over various countries, and through different climates,—amongst Europeans as well as natives,—and among men, women, and children, in all classes of the community, public and private—the author took notes of the symptoms, progress, and treatment, of the diseases which came under his superintendence. These notes were carefully preserved, and arranged, with suitable indices appended to them, for the convenience of reference; so that he could readily refer, when occasion required, to the daily and early reports of the state and treatment of each individual case under his charge, at any period from 1811 to 1824. The author considered these reports valuable, inasmuch as they furnished a faithful and copious history of the numerous cases which came before him, particularly those which presented features of interest, and in which the effects of particular remedies were tried, or certain modes of treatment pursued. He also presumed to think, that the value of these cases was not diminished by the circumstances of their having chiefly occurred in public hospitals of which he had the charge, and of their progress having been frequently watched, and some of them treated, by experienced and intelligent medical officers who served under him at the time. Nor will their value, he trusts, be impaired by their containing observations on the state of the patient, the nature of the disease, and the treatment adopted, noted at the bed-side of the patient, and at the time the impressions were made upon his mind. In India, the medical practitioner has every possible opportunity of investigating disease by *post mortem* examinations, and of connecting the symptoms and treatment with those morbid changes which take place in its course. To this subject the author has always paid especial attention: but the great difficulty of describing morbid structures, and the impossibility of preserving the natural appearances in the way morbid preparations are usually made, led him to cause drawings to be executed of the more interesting and remarkable changes produced upon the internal organs by the diseases he was called upon to treat. Circumstances placed in his power the means of accomplishing this object, and he fully availed himself of them. *Post mortem* examinations necessarily take place in warm climates soon after death, and before the capillary circulation in the internal organs has undergone that change which is experienced after a few hours, or before the blood has returned from the minute arteries into the venous trunks. Thus, the warmth of the climate has indirectly enabled him, it may be presumed, to give a more correct delineation of the appearance of diseased structure than could otherwise have been obtained. The knowledge unfolded by this circumstance induced him to follow up the indications to which it pointed; and as an early examination of the subject of disease after death appeared necessary to accurate ideas as to the more minute changes and finer shades of disorder, impressed upon the different internal viscera during life, it was never neglected when it could be practised with propriety."

The author's exposition of the causes, nature, and treatment of the diseases which came before him, in the very extensive and diversified field in which he has laboured so long and so successfully, is philosophical, systematic, and eminently luminous. He *first* gives a sketch of the functions of those organs which generally suffer after migration from a cold to a warm climate, in order that the reader may the better comprehend the manner in which the causes of disease operate upon them, as well as the nature of the maladies which the causes produce. This forms the first or preliminary part into which he divides his work. We should be doing our readers, as well as the author, injustice, if we were to pass without notice the following interesting and philosophical observations:—

"The diseases of warm climates are also those of temperate countries during very hot seasons, more particularly in situations the nature of which approaches to that generally observable within the tropics; they are, in short, the prevalent diseases of other climates rendered more intense by more powerful causes, and these more continued in their action, and much more prolonged, and hence their effects become more marked than elsewhere. From this it is apparent, that the practitioner in temperate regions, if he wish to extend his knowledge of disease generally, or if he even be desirous of becoming acquainted with the forms which disorders assume at particular seasons, which are occasionally coming around, should not overlook the study of those derangements because they are more frequently met with within the tropics, and because they have received the too limited appellation of intertropical diseases. That these derangements of the human frame are more frequently met with in warm climates, and less so in temperate countries, is merely the result of the general order of nature as regards the animal economy, and the human economy more particularly. The finer shades of conformation and constitution, it should be further remarked, are such as to adapt man to the circumstances and vicissitudes of the country in which Providence has ordained him to exist. This conformation is chiefly the result of the influences which have continued to operate on the parents; and the effect at last becomes conformable with the general character of the causes producing it. The European is constituted in a manner the best suited to the climate which he inhabits; and a similar conformation of the system of man to the circumstances of the country, may be traced in every part of the globe. When, however, man migrates from the climate which contributed to generate the peculiarities of his frame, to one which is remarkably different from that to which he is assimilated, then disorders of various kinds and grades may be expected. Those organs which changes and peculiarities of climate chiefly affect, soon become deranged in their functions; and when they continue disordered for any time, additional disease is generated in many of the other organs of the frame, especially in those which are more intimately allied in function to them. What is here inferred, *à priori*, is evident in practice, particularly upon an intimate view of the succession of the phenomena of disease. But the climate, and the circumstances more intimately connected with the climate and the soil, or vicissitudes of temperature and of season, are not to be considered as the sole causes of disorder, for diseased actions proceed not always from these; and when they do apparently derive their origin from thence, other causes frequently co-operate with them in producing the effect. The modes of living, the diet and regimen of the individual, whose frame and constitution are unassimilated to the country, are generally as fertile causes of disease as those which relate to the climate, inasmuch as they are but ill adapted to the nature of the change which he has experienced, and to the peculiarities of his system, under the circumstances in which he has been recently placed; and these latter combine with the former class of causes in producing diseases which, but for this combination, might have never been occasioned. The individual who is, as it were, transplanted from the air and soil from which he has been, in a measure, formed, and in which he has longer vegetated, into those with respect to which he is quite an exotic,—instead of adopting the diet and regimen suited to the new circumstances into which he is placed, more generally pursues both the one and the other, according as the custom of those around him, or his own morbid appetites, seduce him. Although continually operated upon by causes, of whose influence his system is the more susceptible, the more recently he has undergone the change; although even the air which he breathes tends, at the same time that it animates, to modify his constitution to the new circumstances in which it is placed, and to generate disease in the process of transformation which is being affected; yet he more generally lives on as if he were entirely independent both of it and of the substances which he receives into his stomach; and, instead of adapting, in some degree, his diet and regimen to the climate in which he is placed, he is seduced by the sensations of his palate and his pleasures, which, when indulged in, occasion that condition of the system which, if not amounting to actual disease, is generally productive of it, under the most favourable circumstances of climate; and more especially during warm states of the at-

mosphere, and when it is loaded by moisture, terrestrial effluvia, and other causes of disorder."

The accurate views of the operations of nature, and the scientific spirit displayed in the above well-written passage, will be appreciated by every professional and well-informed reader, and be an earnest of the treasures, in a medical and scientific point of view, which the work contains.

In the chapter upon the functions of the organs which generally suffer after change of residence from a cold to a warm climate, the operations of the liver have assigned to them, as may be expected, a very conspicuous place. And here the author supports the views previously promulgated by Dr. Copland, that the office of the liver is not limited to the secretion of bile, but that it also performs an assimilating function upon the chyle conveyed into the blood which circulates through it. As this opinion seems to be the result of observation and experience, and is interesting, not only to our medical, but also to a great proportion of our general readers, we shall adduce Mr. Annesley's concluding remarks respecting it.

"Viewing, therefore, the blood carried into the liver by the vena portæ as containing a considerable portion of absorbed materials, some of them of a more or less heterogeneous description, others of them more or less animalised, — facts sufficiently proved by observation and experiment, — it cannot be considered as stretching the inference beyond what the laws of the animal economy seem to warrant, if we conclude that these materials are assimilated with the blood during their circulation in the liver, and that, in addition to secretion, this organ performs an assimilating function. Notwithstanding the importance, to the pathologist and practitioner, of ascertaining, as far as is in his power, the real extent of function which the liver performs, it seems to have been utterly neglected. This has been owing to the belief, which was long entertained, as to the absorption of the chyle and other materials from the digestive canal. This function being long supposed to reside in the lacteals alone, and it being considered that the only route by which fluids of any description could reach the blood from the stomach and intestines, was by the thoracic duct, the lungs were considered as the only assimilating organ, and no part of this latter operation was imputed to the liver, although every consideration derived from its situation and comparative anatomy seemed to point to it as an important instrument of the process. Dr. Copland, in his Physiological Notes already referred to, is the only writer with whom we are acquainted who has considered this subject in its proper light. He states that, 'It seems most probable, reasoning from the facts ascertained respecting absorption, that the blood which circulates in the vena portæ being that which is possessed of the venous characters in the highest degree, and which, moreover, has a considerable portion of new materials— the products of digestion and absorption— poured into it before it reaches the liver, undergoes there those changes which are necessary to a perfect assimilation of these materials, and to the future offices which the blood itself has to perform in the animal economy; and that, in the course of, or in addition to, these changes, the blood of the vena portæ has certain of its elements eliminated from it, the elimination of which is requisite, not only to the accomplishment of these changes, but also to the production of the secretion which performs certain important offices in the process of digestion.'"

Passing by numerous parts of great interest to the professional and purely scientific part of the community, we arrive at the author's exposition of "the causes chiefly productive of diseases in warm climates, particularly in India." This very long chapter, which is divided into several sections, will be read with great interest and satisfaction by all who have been in warm countries, and particularly by those destined to visit them. He enters upon the consideration "of those causes of disease in hot climates which proceed from the situation, soil, and vegetation of a country," with the following spirited exordium: —

"Of all the numerous causes of disease to which the human species is liable in warm climates, those which are now about to be considered are the most important; and they will require from us an investigation full in proportion to the extent and variety of the effects which they produce. When the obvious and intimate relations subsisting between the earth's surface and human species, for whom its beauties and its deformities are destined by Providence, — between man and the soil on which he moves, the productions of the earth which surround and feed him, and the air which he is constantly inhaling into his body, — the conditions of these agents, as far as they can be recognised by sensible properties, or inferred from their manifest effects, become matters of immense interest in medical science, and of surpassing importance, in philosophical, civil, and political points of view. The conditions of the atmosphere resulting from the states of, and the changes taking place within and upon, the soil covering the torrid and temperate zones of the globe, are not only the chief and immediate sources, on the one hand, of the strength and perfection of the mental and corporeal constitution of man; and, on the other, of the diseases which harass him, stunting his physical and moral growth, or sweeping him from amongst living animals, of which he is the head and master; but are also the most productive, although the more remote causes of national character — of advancement in all the arts, sciences, and refinements of life in some countries, and of moral and physical debasement in others. In one, their beneficent operation may be traced in the freedom, prosperity, and greatness of its inhabitants; in another, their noxious influences are manifest in the degenerate and debased condition of the species, whose wants, habits, enjoyments, and desires, seldom surpass those of the higher animals. In short, the constitutions of the atmosphere derived from soil and situation, according to their nature, are not only the productive sources of disease, but also the chief spring of the perfection of the human frame, and of its degeneracy — the influential causes of the various degrees of human science presented to us in the different kingdoms of the world — of the freedom and greatness of nations, and of their enslaved and degraded conditions — of the rise and downfall of empires. They should equally interest the scientific physician, the philosopher, the enlightened legislator, and the arbiters of the fates of nations."

We have at present stated enough to shew the scope and interest of this most splendid work—a work, the execution of which, although printed in the first style of the art by Moyes, and illustrated by the first Engraver of diseased structures in this country, is greatly surpassed by the value of the materials of which it is composed: it is indeed an excellent system of medicine for the intertropical practitioner, luminously arranged, and rich in pathological facts and therapeutical precepts, illustrated in the most candid and able manner.

A Selection of Popular National Airs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments. No. VI. By H. R. Bishop. The Words by Thomas Moore, Esq. London, 1828. J. Power.

This pleasing publication attracts us by a double title — Poetry and Music. For the present, though Mr. Bishop has performed his part very much to our taste and gratification, we shall confine ourselves to the literary division. There are eleven simple, and two harmonized airs in this Number, — Old English, Italian, Spanish, Florentine, Indian, French, Austrian, and Hindostanee. They are consequently as various as they are delightful; and to enable our readers to feel how entirely they are both, we make the following selection. The first is to an old English tune; and the middle verse observable for one of the author's happy similes.

"Hope comes again, to this heart long a stranger—
Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
But hush, gentle siren, for ah there's less danger
In still suffering on, than in hoping again.

Long, long in sorrow too deep for repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain;
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring me but pain.

Fly, then, ye visions, that hope would shed o'er me—
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies, not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
But, ah, in forgetting how once I was blest!"

Our second specimen is Indian, and also includes a pretty and natural simile.

"Like one, who doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure,
When home, at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasures
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down—
That shore to which he hasted—
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, through many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.
Like him, alas! I see that ray
Of hope before me perish,
And one dark minute sweep away
What took whole years to cherish."

Our next is a tender ditty, and the softene despair well expressed: the music is French.

"Fear not that, while around thee,
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile thou seekst no more.
No, dead and cold for ever,
Let our past love remain;
Once gone, its spirit never
Shall haunt thy rest again.

Fear not that, while around thee,
Life's varied blessings pour,
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
Whose smile now charms no more.

May the new ties that bind thee,
Far sweeter, happier prove,
Nor e'er of me remind thee,
But by their truth and love.
Think how, asleep or waking,
Thy image haunts me yet;
But how this heart is breaking,
For thy own peace forget.
Fear not," &c.

The two concluding songs, the first Fre and the last Italian, are given as a conti of original thoughts, in a graver tone, w the playfulness of "How shall I woo?"— before inserting them, we have only to not that two designs, engraved from Stothard, to the popular attractions of this popular lection, which will soon adorn every draw and music-room in the empire.

"If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our ey
First win our hearts, for there thine empire lies:
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne—
Her right divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose, with all her pride, be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
Maidens unloved, like flowers in darkness thrown,
Wait but that light which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Ah, trust them not, they'll fade from year to year:
Wouldst thou still have them shine as first they shone,
Go fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone."

"If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou thinkst I talk too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou sayst I speak too boldly.
Between these two unequal fires,
Why doom me thus to hover?
I'm a friend if such thy heart requires,
If more thou seekst, a lover.
Which shall it be?
How shall I woo?
Fair one, choose between the two.

Though the wings of Love will brightly play,
When first he comes to woo thee;
There's a chance that he may fly away
As fast as he flies to thee:
While Friendship, though on foot she come,
No flights of fancy trying,
Will therefore oft be found at home,
When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be?
How shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

But if neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see (to please thee) whether
We may not learn some precious art
To mix their charms together—
One feeling still more sweet to form
From two so sweet already—
A Friendship that, like Love, is warm,
A Love, like Friendship, steady.
Thus let it be,
Thus let me woo;
Dearest, thus we'll join the two."

Plan, Sections, and Elevations, of an Abattoir at Paris; with Considerations for their adoption in London. By James Hakewill, Architect. 4to. pp. 11. London, 1828. Carpenter and Son; Hurst and Chance; and the Author.

No one can have resided in this vast metropolis for any length of time without having had his attention frequently and painfully called to the various and crying evils that attend upon the mode in which our markets are supplied with animal food. From the entrance of the unhappy beasts into the suburbs of the town, to the display of the meat on the butchers' stalls, the whole system requires revision and amendment. The removal, however, of Smithfield market, and the erection of extensive slaughter-houses in situations suitable to their purpose, are two of the prominent measures which it seems indispensable to adopt.

"They manage these matters better in France." Mr. Hakewill gives the following account, translated from Bruyère, their director, of the Abattoirs of Paris:—

"The name of butchery is generally given to establishments where many butchers slaughter the animals intended for consumption, prepare the meat, and expose it for sale. With the ancients, the slaughter-house and the place of sale were separate. This separation likewise exists in some large modern cities, where they designate the former as the Abattoir, or slaughter-house, and the latter as the butcher's shop. In ancient Rome they had formed, for the purchase and sale of oxen, companies or colleges of butchers, who confided to their substitutes the care of slaughtering the animals, and of preparing them for the use of the public. These butchers, at first spread over different parts of the town, were afterwards collected in one quarter, where other provisions were sold. Under the reign of Nero the great market or butchery was one of the most magnificent ornaments of the city; and the memory of it has been transmitted to posterity by a medal. The police of the Romans extended to Gaul, and particularly to Paris, where, from time immemorial, there existed a company, composed of a certain number of families, charged with the purchase of beasts and the sale of their meat. Meat being, after bread, the first article of necessary consumption, it is most important for the health of the public that the cattle should be in a healthy state when brought to the slaughter-house; that the meat should be prepared with great cleanliness and nicety, and that it should be exposed in a pure and proper state for sale. To the attainment of all these objects, an active superintendence is required, which can only be exercised in vast public establishments. Governments that have been desirous of preserving the health of their cities, have placed the butcheries at their extremities. An order of Charles IX., of the 15th of February, 1567, had consecrated this principle with us. In some places they have been placed in vast enclosures adorned with fountains, to ensure freshness and cleanliness; but in other places, where, nevertheless, the police is very active, and in other respects good, the butcheries are situated in narrow and ill-aired streets, and the meat often approaches to putridity before it is delivered to the purchaser. Public Abattoirs may be regarded, not solely with respect to the safety and health of the inhabitants of a city, but as a means of preparing more easily divers animal substances useful in the arts and manufactures. The manufactures of glue, size, Prussian blue, neat's-foot oil, &c. &c., are extremely advantageous, and can only be carried on in cities which supply in large quantities the necessary ingredients. Paris offered, till lately, in many much-frequented streets, the spectacle of slaughtering-houses and melting-houses joined to the shops of retail butchers. Streams of blood and heaps of offal infected the air and offended every sense. The continual passage of animals impeded the general circulation of the city; and the oxen, often over-heated by severe driving, escaped from their conductors, spreading terror and distraction around them. These very serious inconveniences had for a long time excited the solicitude of the administration. Several companies of capitalists, who felt this state of things, obtained plans for Abattoirs, and offered to charge themselves with the execution. At length, by a decree of the 9th of February, 1810, five public Abattoirs were ordered to be erected at the expense of the city of Paris. Five architects were charged with their execution, and met under the order of the minister of the interior in commission; at the head of which was the vice-president of the Council of Buildings, and to which the secretary of the same council and M. Combault, a master butcher, were added. In the first sitting of the 14th October, 1810, the commissioners adopted a programme (prospectus). This programme was the work of M. Combault, whose long experience was confidently relied upon. M. Gauché, one of the architects named by the minister, was charged with the formation of the first plans, as well as the general arrangements, conformable to the prospectus, and intended to accompany it. He acquitted himself as might be expected from his deserved reputation. These plans comprehended all the buildings which should compose a public Abattoir. Their disposition, from which very little deviation has been made, is largely traced; all the buildings were isolated, and surrounded by wide streets and squares; and it may be truly said, that in that respect nothing was omitted that could be desirable. In other respects, it seems that the prospectus, although drawn up by one of the trade, carries the mark of an individual opinion. One may believe that there existed an after-thought, and that it was contemplated as possible, that a company might be charged with the general speculation. This idea (if it existed) was contrary to the promise made to the butchers to allow them to enjoy in the public Abattoirs the same liberty as in their private establishments; and it might have influenced some of their dispositions. On the other side, the butchers, whose habits and interests were apparently opposed to the new establishments appeared to avoid taking any part in the proposed arrangements, hoping that their completion, which demanded a considerable expenditure, would never arrive. The situations were, however, fixed upon, the ground purchased, and one of the Abattoirs, that of Montmartre, was already begun, when, in January 1811, I was appointed to the direction of them. The five Abattoirs of Paris are placed—

Abattoir du Roule.—At the extremity of the Rue de Miromênil, near the Barrière of Montceaux.

—— *de Villejuif.*—Boulevard de l'Hôpital, near the Barrière d'Italie.

—— *de Grenelle.*—Place de Bretieul, at the junction of the avenues of l'Ecole Militaire and the Invalids.

—— *de Menilmontant.*—Between the Rue des Amandiers and de Menilmontant.

—— *de Montmartre.*—At the upper extremity of the Rue Rochechouart, near the barrière of the same name.

"The size of these Abattoirs has been calculated for the wants of the quarters they are destined to serve. Those of Roule and Villejuif, which are nearly alike, contain each thirty-two slaughter-rooms; that of Grenelle, forty-eight; and those of Menilmontant and Montmartre, each sixty-four; in all, two hundred and forty. This number is much below that of the master butchers; but several of them employ others; and there are some slaughter-rooms which are common to two butchers, where their trade is not large. The cattle-sheds or stables have the same external dimension as the corps of slaughtering-rooms. Besides these arrangements, in each of the Abattoirs are melting-houses, for the preparation of tallow. Reservoirs and pipes furnish water in abundance to all parts of the establishment, enclosed courts for the refuse, stables and sheds for the service of the butchers, public privies, open pens for the oxen, and apartments for the officers of the establishment. Tripe houses have since been added, which it was the original intention to exclude. We have only to regret that the council was deprived of the information which the butchers themselves might have given, if the spirit which animated them had allowed them to have a unanimous opinion upon the advantages of which each part of the establishment was susceptible. *The commission experienced, and I experienced myself, how difficult it is to combat the spirit of routine, and the interests of individuals.* The Abattoirs of Paris will remain, however, for a long time, the finest edifices of the kind in Europe, or in the whole world. They have been formed from no previously approved model, but will themselves serve as such,—adopting, at the same time, such alterations as experience may direct. The architects who were charged with the execution of these Abattoirs, were Petit-Radel, Leloir, Gisors, Heppe, and Poidevin. I shall now enter into some details concerning them.

"*Slaughter-rooms.*—The Abattoirs of Paris

contain two or four corps of slaughter-rooms, each composed of two buildings separated by a court. The slaughter-rooms, formed by partition walls of freestone, have each 5 metres (16 ft. 3 in.) in width, and 10 metres (32 ft. 6 in.) in length, from centre to centre of pilaster; and each of them has two entrances, one from the court, by which the animal is introduced, and one from the exterior, for the removal of the meat. Each slaughter-room is supplied with water, and a sink placed a little below the level of the pavement. A rack-wheel and pulleys is fixed against the wall for lifting the animal, and a framing composed of two pieces placed horizontally, at the height of 2 metres 30 centimetres (6 ft. 10 in.) fixed in the wall at one end, and carried at the other by a cross-piece. From this framing, seven or eight oxen may be suspended by the means of movable rails; and iron brackets fixed against the wall, serve to support the calves and sheep. These slaughter-rooms, as well as the court of communication, are built of stone, the joints are carefully stopped with a mastic of iron filings, that no offensive matter may lodge therein. The ceilings are plastered, for the greater cleanliness. Small openings are made at the bottom of the doors, for the circulation of air; and the roofs have a projection of about three metres (9 ft. 9 in.) beyond the exterior walls, affording the double advantage of guaranteeing the slaughter-rooms from the heat of the sun, and protecting the butchers from the weather while working in the court-yard.

"*Ox-stalls and Sheep-pens.*—The days on which the animals arrive at Paris are seldom the days on which they are killed. It is therefore necessary to have places to receive them. These buildings, of the most simple form and construction, have about 9 metres (29 ft. 3 in.) in width, on the inside. Large stone arches supply the place of girders, and support the joists of the flooring of the upper rooms. A second range of arches supplies the place of principals for the roof, and receives the purlines. The upper floor is partitioned into as many divisions as there are slaughter-rooms, that each butcher may secure his own forage; and each building is supplied with a very large cistern."

The expenses that would attend the formation of a similar establishment in London, and the inducements to that formation, are thus stated by Mr. Hakewill:

"The average quantity of ground employed for an Abattoir is about six acres. The value of which, if freehold, will be (in ground not offering any particular advantages to builders) about £1,200. This space would give accommodation to fifty slaughter-rooms, a tripery, and melting-house. I estimate the expense of the buildings, and the enclosure of the same by a wall, at about £20,000, making a total of £21,200. To give an adequate return for such an expenditure, I calculate—

Fifty Slaughter-rooms, at 25*l.* per annum	1250
Tripery	100
Melting-house	100
	1450

"At this low rate of rent giving an adequate interest to the public for the expense of the outlay.

"A few words may now be addressed to the butchers themselves, upon a plan which would produce so material an alteration in their habits, and which may, at first sight, seem to affect their interest. But if it should appear that the plan affects their interests only by procuring for them a diminution of their expense, (besides the additional comfort of removing from their own habitations the very disagreeable part of their business), I am certain that their prejudices would speedily give way, as they have at Paris, *where the butchers universally acknowledge, that were they now allowed a choice between the old system (that is our present one) and the Abattoirs, they would prefer the latter.* The butcher who slaughters even sheep at his own habitation, can expect to let no part of his house but to a very inferior description of lodgers, making a diminution of his income from that source, more than equivalent to the expense of a slaughter-room (should he even rent one to himself); and his business being considered a nuisance, he is consequently obliged to pay a high premium to obtain a situation in frequented and well-inhabited parts of the town. This expense would no longer weigh upon his trade. The butchers' shops in Paris are objects of admiration for their extreme cleanliness. The high polish of their brass scales and weights, and the whiteness of the linen which they universally hang behind their meat, leave the London butchers' shops far behind them. The trade, therefore, is with them no nuisance. Again; where the butcher has a greater trade, and slaughters oxen as well as smaller animals, he is obliged, for the former service, to rent stabling, and convert it for his purpose. This he cannot obtain for less than thirty or forty pounds per annum; or if he should have taken a house, for the advantage of a mews and stabling behind it, his rent is proportionably increased, and he is encumbered with a larger house than he can occupy, or for which he can procure respectable tenants. The removal of Smithfield market by the competent authorities, I conceive to be the least troublesome part of the arrangement. The city might have the control over, and might, and indeed ought, to continue to receive the same dues at the new markets as they do at present; and the value of the area of Smithfield would surely more than purchase the space required for the four new markets on the spots pointed out. In summing up, therefore, the advantages of the plans I have now the honour of laying before the public, I may, I imagine, safely declare that they may be carried into execution without sacrifice of private interest; without oppression to any class of people; without violation of property; without destruction of any vested rights; and that the comparatively small outlay of little more than two hundred thousand pounds (returning an ample interest,) would create a monument to do honour to the age, and add another to the splendid improvements of the reign of George the Fourth."

Three plans and sections of the Abattoir of Roule close the work.

Most cordially do we hope that the Society which has lately been formed for the purpose of endeavouring to obtain the correction of the great existing abuses connected with this highly important subject, may be successful in its efforts; and that it may be able to persuade parliament of the necessity of that legislative interference, without which all private attempts at remedy must be comparatively unavailing. We need not comment on one of the most dangerous and offensive evils belonging to the present system; namely, the driving of furious animals through the crowded streets of the metropolis. The inconveniences and fatal accidents which weekly mark this barbarous usage, ought long since to have led to its being abated, as an intolerable nuisance.*

* The French is the only metropolis in the world which has at its gates a lake, thirty feet deep, and four acres in extent, annually fed by about 1,800,000 square feet of stercoraceous matter. It is the only metropolis in the world which has at its gates a pestilent charnel-house, which receives every year, upon the average, the carcasses of 12,700 horses; forming a mass of animal matter 11,280,000 pounds in weight. Infectious and hideous as these *cloaques* and *voirie* are, they are the source of several useful fabrics, on which various branches of industry and commerce depend. A large portion of the vegetables and fruits consumed in Paris owes its growth and luxuriance to the animal dung furnished from Montfaucon. The voirie of that place annually supplies the tanneries of the capital with above 10,000 horses' skins; it annually yields a million of pounds of bones, which are either ground for the purpose of manuring the earth, or carbonised for the use of sugar-refiners. Hence, also, proceed the elementary matter of Prussian blue, the sal ammoniac of smelling-bottles, the strong glue which binds together the parts of piano-fortes and violins, the fans of the ladies, and sometimes even their elegant combs. It is well known that more than one kind of the delicate fish which delights the palates of the Parisian epicures, is previously fattened on the worms generated by the putrefactions in the voirie of Montfaucon! A work has lately been published in Paris, the object of which is, to point out the means of getting rid of all the inconveniences, and at the same time retaining all the advantages, of these enormous and disgusting receptacles of impurity.

La Divina Comedia di Dante Alighieri; con Comento Analitico di Gabriele Rossetti. In Sei Volumi: Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 556. Londra, J. Murray.

When the first volume of this interesting work appeared, two years ago, it was noticed in the *Literary Gazette* (No. 468, Jan. 7, 1826,) by one of the most accomplished Italian scholars of the age, with praises and indications of its merits and importance, to which we beg leave to refer. The further Signor Rossetti proceeds, the more conclusive does the conviction become, that he has at last discovered the true key to the hidden sense of the *Inferno*, after the meaning of that extraordinary poem had lain five hundred years in darkness and mystery.

Following some useful preliminary matter and curious diagrams, the second volume of Signor Rossetti's Exposition, recently published, takes up the poem of Dante where it was broken off in Vol. I., namely, at Canto XII., with which he pursues the same course as in his former inquiry, to the end of Canto XXXIV. The Notes and Reflections are equally ingenious and convincing; and no one can rise from the perusal of these pages without feeling that, if Dante himself could be recalled to life, he must sanction the opinions of his able Critic. We would say that Rossetti has perhaps, occasionally, found out beauties never intended by the writer; for it is far easier to supply a meaning than to create a thought or imagination: still, however, this will in no degree detract from the value of his work, which we consider to be one of the most important in the whole circle of the Italian tongue. We look with much expectation to the prosecution of this inquiry through the other productions of Dante; and, in the interim, need hardly recommend these two volumes to every admirer of polite literature.

The Imperial School Grammar of the English Language. By George Granville. Part I. 12mo. pp. 105. Devonport, R. Williams; London, G. B. Whittaker.

A Key to the above.

Small as this work is, it appears to us to be, as far as it has hitherto gone, of a very practically useful character. The definitions of the parts of speech are simple and intelligible. We are much pleased with the illustration of that great difficulty in grammar, the proper application of the subjunctive mood. The parsing *formulæ*, also, seem exceedingly well calculated to facilitate the student's progress. There are a few oversights, which struck us in glancing

over the book; but which, we dare say, Mr. Granville will correct in a second edition. For instance, in pages 26 and 27, he spells "befall, forestall, foretell," "befal, forestal, foretel;" comprehending them in a catalogue of the verbs which double their final consonant in the past tense and participles; and that, (which is rather curious,) after having justly, though courteously, remarked, in page 22, on Dr. Johnson's inconsistency with respect to the orthography of this identical set of words. In the fourteenth of the first class of parsing lessons, the adjective is improperly used for the adverb:—"Virtue shines brightest in her native lovely form;" instead of "Virtue shines most brightly," &c. In page 37, "The word *that* may be used either in relation to persons or things," is careless composition on the part of a grammarian, who, we have no doubt, knows as well as we know, that it ought to be, "The word *that* may be used in relation either to persons or to things." But these are trifles, and would be entirely undeserving of notice, except in a treatise in which perfect accuracy is so desirable. Upon the whole, we repeat that we think very favourably of Mr. Granville's little work.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

We noticed in our last, the commencement of evening parties at this Institution, similar to those which have so materially improved the condition and prospects of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. They have begun auspiciously; nearly five hundred persons were present. Tea and other refreshments were provided at an early hour, and the doors of the library thrown open at seven o'clock, for the display (as we mentioned) of a large collection of novel inventions, and specimens of improvements in the arts and manufactures.

At eight o'clock the company adjourned to the Theatre, when a lecture was delivered by Mr. Partington, the subject of which will be best explained by a brief report of his introductory observations.

"The printed notice put forth by the board of management," observed Mr. Partington, "will sufficiently explain their objects in establishing a *conversazione* within these walls; and the announcement of this intention has, I am happy to say, been received by the proprietors with the greatest possible satisfaction,—a fact, indeed, sufficiently attested by the numerous and highly respectable auditory who now surround the lecture-table. The subject which is this evening to engage our attention, has been happily suggested by your Committee of management as peculiarly adapted for our examination, both from its novelty and importance. Many of my auditory have, no doubt, seen a small tube furnished with a disc of paper: they may have seen it, probably, resist every effort to expel the movable disc from the tube against which it is laid. The little apparatus we have been examining, hardly appears of sufficient importance to warrant our devoting an evening to its examination; but those who recollect the origin of the great Newton's investigations relative to the laws of gravitation, will readily admit, that the fall of an apple from the tree that supported it, scarcely appears to afford a more favourable subject for a scientific explanation, than the philosophical toy we have examined. The construction of this little apparatus originated with M. Clerment, who, being engaged in pursuing some experimental researches relative to the escape of high pressure steam from a boiler, found that the escape of the steam was, to a certain extent, impeded by the adhesion of the safety-valve. On examining the valve, he found that it would move with the most perfect freedom till the steam acquired a high expansive force; and that then, in opposition to all that might have been expected, it was actually held nearly in contact with the plate on which it usually rested. Pursuing his investigations, he found that a similar effect resulted from the escape of air from a small furnace."

Mr. Partington then, by a variety of novel and striking experiments, fully explained the real cause of this singular phenomenon, and concluded his lecture in nearly the following words:—

"A pleasing duty now remains, prior to closing our notice of M. Clerment's apparatus. It is to congratulate the managers and proprietors of this Institution, on the success that has attended the present novel attempt of increasing the usefulness of our establishment, by increasing its means of imparting useful knowledge. The design, as you well know, originated with the Royal Society, nearly two centuries back; but their efforts were of a very different character. At the meetings, which were generally attended by the very *élite* of its members, we find discussions 'on grafting teeth, and making the teeth of one man grow in the mouth of another,' occupying the place of rational investigation; and when we look for 'an account of the present undertakings, studies, and labours of the ingenious in many considerable parts of the world,' we find in place of so useful a report, some ridiculous disquisition 'on the probability of horns taking root in the earth, and vegetating like a tree.' In modern times, however, we are more especially indebted to the Royal Institution for having set us so good an example. Need I add, that we have not been sluggards in the race? and I trust that we shall go on with perseverance in the great and good work, till knowledge shall cover this goodly land, even as the waters of the ocean cover the beds of the great deep."

Amongst the numerous visitors were Colonel Colby, Mr. Pepys, Dr. Birkbeck, and several members of the different learned Societies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's New General Atlas. Parts III. and IV. In our No. 570 we announced the second Part of this excellent publication; and repeated our praise of the manner in which it followed up the execution of the first Part. Proceeding with regularity, taste, and care, two other Parts of similar merit are now before us. Part III. contains Greece, a difficult country to lay down with the clearness which distinguishes Mr. Hall's style, but which, in spite of its many mountains, is beautiful and distinct;—South Italy, with Sardinia; and the Austrian Empire. Part IV. has the Netherlands, Europe, and Turkey in Europe: the whole engraved in an admirable manner, so as to be just what maps ought to be for easy and pleasant reference.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Feb. 9.—On Tuesday the Rev. E. Hawkins, M.A. Provost of Oriel College, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor in Divinity.

On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—E. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Peel, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Rev. C. A. Thurlow, Balliol College; H. Browne, Lincoln College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Osborne, Oriel College, Grand Compounder; W. Severne, Queen's College; C. J. C. Bulteel, J. Vaughan, Balliol College; T. D. Spiers, University College; W. H. Griffith, T. C. Owen, Jesus College; W. P. Perry, Wadham College; A. L. L. Kaye, W. A. Price, G. Barton, Brasenose College; C. Forster, J. Guard, Oriel College; H. Le Mesurier, New College; T. Lewin, T. Cornishwaite, Trinity College.

Cambridge, Feb. 8.—On Wednesday last, George Biddell Airy, Esq. M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, was unanimously elected Plumian Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy, in the room of the late Robert Woodhouse, Esq. M.A. F.R.S.

At a congregation on the same day, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—J. T. Matthews, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. Thompson, Trinity College; Rev. F. J. Spitta, St. John's College.

Honorary Masters of Arts.—H. Fitzroy, Esq. Trinity College; Hon. R. Le Poer Trench, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Civil Law.—J. H. Bayford, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Raine, H. Wood, Trinity College; J. Mossop, St. John's College.

The Oriental Translations.—We regret to find, by a letter we have just received from one of the most zealous of the promoters of this great design, that a severe attack of gout has unfortunately deprived the Committee, for the time, of the presence and aid of Sir Gore Ouseley. This "untoward" circumstance has rendered it expedient to postpone the General Meeting of the subscribers which was appointed for the twenty-first. We trust, however, that the delay will be very temporary; and that we shall shortly have to announce the operations of this high literary undertaking as being in full and rapid progress.

State of the Public Libraries in Paris.

Bibliothèque du Roi, printed vols.	500,000
MSS.	100,000
Medals, &c.	120,000
Prints	1,500,000
de Monsieur, books	170,000
MSS.	6,000
de St. Geneviève, printed vols.	110,000
MSS.	2,000
du Magasin, printed vols.	93,000
MSS.	4,000
de la Ville, printed vols.	42,000
Permission is requisite to visit the following—	
Bibliothèque de l'Institut, vols.	70,000
Cabinet du Roi	50,000
Cour de Cassation	30,000
Ecole de Médecine	30,000
Chambre des Députés	30,000
Collége Louis le Grand	30,000
Invalides	25,000
Ecole Polytechnique	24,000
Tribunal de Premier Instance	20,000
Séminaire de St. Sulpice	17,000
Affaires Etrangères	15,000
la Marine	12,000
Archives du Royaume	10,000
Chambre des Pairs	10,000
Ministère de l'Intérieur	10,000
au Dépôt de Cartes de la Guerre	10,000
Préfecture de Police	8,000
Ministère de la Justice	8,000
Dépôt Central de l'Artillerie	6,000
Ecole Royale des Mines	6,000
Ecole Royale de Musique et Déclamation	5,000
Ecole Royale des Ponts et Chaussées	4,000
Ministère de la Guerre	4,000
Musée Royal	3,000
Imprimerie Royale	3,000
Observation	2,000
Ministère de la Marine	1,500
Hôpital des Quinze-Vingts (blind Hospital!!)	1,300
Mission Etrangère	1,200
Cabinet du Roi, aux Thuileries	unknown
Ordre des Avocats	Idem

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 102. *The Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero.* E. Delacroix.—Our memory does not immediately furnish us with the name or the former works of this artist; but after seeing this admirable specimen of his talents, we cannot easily forget him. It is in a noble and

elevated style of art; and is no less Venetian in its composition and execution than it is in its story.

No. 142. *Psittica.* Mrs. W. Carpenter.—It has for some years been our pleasant and invariable task to bestow high encomiums on the performances of this lady; and the example now under our notice well sustains the admiration we have always expressed. The subject which Mrs. Carpenter has chosen has called forth the most brilliant and powerful efforts of her pencil, both in colouring and in effect: but as "we are nothing if not critical," we must be permitted to say that we think the shadows of the flesh are occasionally a little too cold. The attention and success with which Mrs. Carpenter has studied the execution of Sir Joshua, is finely apparent in No. 183, *The Children in the Wood;*—though perhaps the sentiment of the picture is scarcely in accordance with the simplicity of the story on which it is founded.

No. 26. *La Fatiguée.* A. Geddes.—This is one of the proofs of the success of the British School of Art when brought into competition with the first-rate performances of the Flemish painters. The visitors of the British Gallery cannot fail to remember the *Interior*, by De Hooge, which hung nearly in the same place during the exhibition of his Majesty's collection. Without servile copying or imitation, Mr. Geddes has in this picture produced a similar effect. The subject is altogether original, and originally treated; and the tones of colour on the various accessories are in deceptive keeping, with the brightest light.

No. 200. *The Pope's Villa at Albano, Italy.* John Laporte.—Our earliest recollections (no short period) are of this artist and his works; and the freshness and vigour of his pencil in this fine performance perfectly astonish us. It strongly resembles Wilson, (we mean the great Richard,) but is free from the ruggedness of handling which appeared in some of that eminent artist's later productions. The scene is one of such beautiful tranquillity, that it can hardly fail to communicate its soothing character to the mind of the contemplative spectator.

No. 195. *Deer fallen from a Precipice.* Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.—Whatever may be the subject treated by this able artist, he always renders it highly interesting, not only by his firm and masterly style of execution, but also by the sentiment which he invariably infuses into it. Who can look upon this beautiful and noble animal, parted for ever from its native heath, and about to become the prey of the fierce and expectant raven or kite, without commiserating its disastrous fate?

No. 123. *Landscape; Moonlight.* T. C. Hofland.—Of all the varied effects of light upon landscape, that of the moon in her brightness is perhaps the best calculated to elevate and tranquillise the mind. Her mild lustre is shed impartially on the palace and on the cottage, and may be said to level all distinctions. Touched with her silver pencil, the humblest shrub may furnish as sweet a tone, and as picturesque a form, to the artist, as the stateliest tree of the forest. In this composition, as well as in No. 440 (a similar subject), Mr. Hofland has displayed, if possible, more than his usual skill. The reflected light on the water is dazzlingly deceptive.

No. 290. *Beech Trees in Penshurst Park; painted from Nature.* F. R. Lee.—We have on a former occasion had to mention the landscapes of this artist as of a character truly admirable for style and execution. The fidelity of his tones is quite delightful. Mr. Lee is not one of those who carry pre-conceived and exclusive opinions and systems into what they are pleased to call their "studies from nature." He exhibits the truth, "and nothing but the truth."

No. 443. *A Committee of Taste.* T. Webster.—We hardly know which most to admire, the sly whimsicality of the title, or the skill of the artist in the representation of the juvenile drama. The expression of the girl looking up for her share of the stolen sweets, is inimitable. Nor is the companion to this pleasing picture (No. 446, *the Cottage Diorama*) less distinguished for its interest and excellence. It strikes us, however, that the window through which the light is cast upon the little group has too much the appearance of a framed picture.

No. 197. *The refreshing Pinch.* T. Clater.—This performance, and No. 199, *Country Comforts*, by the same artist, are purely English, both in costume and in character; but in chiaroscuro, and fidelity of imitation, they may vie with many admired pictures of the Flemish school. No. 291, *Reluctance*, and No. 293, *Intrusion*, also by Mr. Clater, are in a similar style of execution, and shew the way in which country courtship may be brought to a happy issue, when the "reluctance" of a father does not operate on other and more interested parties. The same artist has two other subjects of cabinet size and high finish; but they are hung too low for convenient inspection. These are, No. 275, *The Cobbler;* and No. 276, *The Oyster-Girl.*

No. 326. *Pears.* A. J. Oliver, A.R.A.—This, and several other productions by Mr. Oliver of a similar nature, appear to be in point of fidelity of character every way entitled to the attention of all who regard truth in the representation of natural objects; but, unfortunately, they are placed almost entirely out of sight.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Designs for Villas, on a Moderate Scale of Expense; adapted to the Vicinity of the Metropolis, or Large Towns. No. I. By J. G. Jackson. London, 1828. J. Carpenter.

From a first Number of these plans, perspectives, and elevations (to be completed in six Numbers), we are not enabled to offer any decisive opinion. We are not much struck with the Villa here designed; of which, prettiness may be called the characteristic.

The British Preserve. By S. Howitt. No. I. T. Griffiths.

This is the first Number of a work, in quarto, to be completed in nine monthly Numbers, from a series of thirty-six drawings, including forty-seven different quadrupeds and birds, usually hunted and shot in Great Britain; the whole designed from nature, and engraved in aquafortis, by S. Howitt. Mr. Howitt's talents in this department of the arts are well known; and judging from the present specimen, which comprehends "Fallow-deer, Heron, Partridge, and Woodcock," the work promises to be very interesting, not only to the sportsman, but to the lover of natural history generally. The birds and animals are drawn and etched with great truth and precision; and the back-grounds exhibit their various haunts with much of picturesque effect.

Devils at Play—Published by R. Newton—As works of art, are poor Devils!

James Northcote, Esq., in his Eighty-Second Year. Engraved by T. Wright, after a Drawing by A. Wivell.

A very characteristic resemblance of this veteran in art, whose Fables, just published, have given a fresh interest to his venerable name. It is a stippled engraving; and has all the softness and delicacy of a Caroline Watson.

The Spoilt Child. Engraved by G. H. Phillips, from a Picture by M. W. Sharp. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

If every family in which the subject of this entertaining print is to be found, were to purchase a copy of it, the sale would be very extensive.—Without meaning, in the slightest degree, to undervalue Mr. Phillips's talents, we must observe that we do not think mezzotinto a suitable style of engraving for this class of works.

Action in the Bay of Navarino. Painted and Engraved by W. Daniell, R.A. Ackermann.

The original of this print, which at the present moment must be peculiarly attractive, is now exhibiting in the Gallery of the British Institution. It is, we presume, a sketch for a larger and more studied picture.

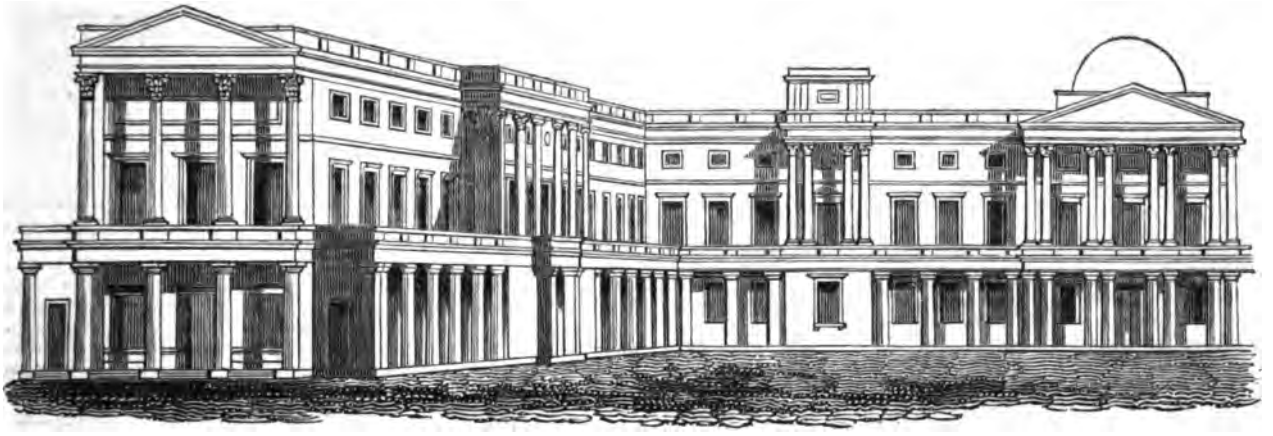
The Dancing Bear. Engraved by Henry Meyer, from a Picture by W. F. Witherington. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

We well recollect admiring in the Exhibition at Somerset House the very pleasing proof of Mr. Witherington's powers as an artist, from which this print has been taken. The execution of the plate is of a mixed character; the flesh and sky being stippled, and the other parts being engraved in line. This is a combination which, however skilfully managed, is seldom, or never, perfectly satisfactory.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

In our last we promised to give some further information upon a subject of very general interest, namely, the Improvements of the Metropolis. Of these improvements, one of the most, if not *the* most prominent, is unquestionably the New Palace erecting for the reception of His Majesty. Against this, in its present form, there appears to have been a common feeling of dislike throughout; at least we have heard no other expression, either in the various circles of society, or in those periodical publications which occasionally deliver opinions upon such matters. That these sentiments, according, no doubt, with the good taste of the King, have reached the royal ear, we have reason to conclude, from the command which has just been given to demolish the most obnoxious parts of the newly raised building. Indeed it was from a conviction that they never could be allowed to stand and disfigure the capital, that we were induced to abstain, till now, from fulfilling a promise made to our readers to give them an engraving of the principal front.

Having now, however, obtained from very high authority sufficient information to enable us to display the Palace *as it is to be* we hasten, with pleasure, to acquit ourselves of that promise. From this Plan it will be observed, that the awkward and unsightly wings are to be deprived of their present absurd terminations, and to be raised to an equal elevation with the rest of the Palace. The same orders of architecture are to be continue



round the three sides of the quadrangle* (the fourth being formed by the Triumphal Arch); and thus, it appears, that instead of the low corridors running from the main building to the two wings, there will be the two sides of the quadrangle, as already noticed, of uniform height with the centre. How the rooms so created are to be appropriated, is yet to be determined: there is undoubtedly sufficient cause for their number being increased beyond the original plan; for in reality, the Palace, with all its bulk, (so scant were the accommodations,) could only be reckoned a bachelor's house.

We wish, with all these additions and improvements of "the King's Palace," we could entertain a hope that (even in spite of its bad situation) it could be rendered worthy of the acknowledged taste of the Monarch, and the liberality of a great people. But looking at what is to be allowed to stand, and the design of what is to be added, — the innumerable apertures, the trifling masses, the mixture of Grecian and Roman Architecture, and other incongruities; — we must confess that we can expect nothing as the result but a very common-place *building*.

The snow has prevented us from extending our observations upon the Parks; but we shall return to them at a fitting opportunity: and in the meantime refer to our print for a complete idea of the alterations about to be made in the Palace.

* We need hardly notice that we have only thought it necessary to engrave one of the wing-sides: the other is exactly similar.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHANGE.

THY features do not wear the light
They wore in happier days;
Though still there may be much to love,
There's little left to praise.

The rose has faded from thy cheek—
There's scarce a blush left now;
And there's a dark and weary sign
Upon thine altered brow.

Thy raven hair is dashed with gray,
Thine eyes are dim with tears;
And care, before thy youth is past,
Has done the work of years.

Beautiful wreck! for still thy face,
Though changed, is very fair—
Like beauty's moonlight, left to shew
Her morning sun was there.—

Come, here are friends and festival,
Recall thine early smile—
And wear yon wreath, whose glad red rose
Will lend its bloom awhile.

Come, take thy lute, and sing again
The song you used to sing—
The bird-like song:—See, though unused,
The lute has every string.

What! doth thy hand forget the lute—
Thy brow reject the wreath?
Alas! whate'er the change above,
There's more of change beneath!

The smile may come, the smile may go,
The blush shine and depart;
But farewell when their sense is quench'd
Within the breaking heart.

And such is thine: 'tis vain to seek
The shades of past delight:
Fling down the wreath, and break the lute—
They mock our souls to-night.

L. E. L.

THE LEGACY OF THE LUTE.

COME, take the lute—the lute I loved,
'Tis all I have to offer thee;
And may it be less fatal gift
Than it has ever been to me.

My sigh yet lingers on the strings,
The strings I have not heart to break:
Wilt thou not, dearest! keep the lute
For my—for the departed's sake?

But pray thee do not wake that lute;
Leave it upon the cypress tree:
I would have crushed its charmed chords,
But they so oft were strung to thee.

The minstrel-lute! oh, touch it not,
Or weary destiny is thine;
Thy life a twilight's haunted dream—
Thou, victim at an idol's shrine.

Thy breath but lives on others' lips—
Thy hope, a thing beyond the grave—
Thy heart, bare to the vulture's beak—
Thyself, a bound and barter'd slave.

And yet a dangerous charm o'er all,
A bright but ignis-fatuus flame,
Luring thee with a show of power,
Dazzling thee with a blaze of fame.

It is to waste on careless hearts
The throbbing music of thine own;
To speak love's burning words, yet be
Alone—ay, utterly alone.

I sought to fling my laurel wreath
Away upon the autumn wind:
In vain,—'twas like those poison'd crowns
Thou mayst not from the brow unbind.

Predestined from my birth to feed
On dreams, yet watch those dreams depart;
To bear through life—to feel in death—
A burning and a broken heart.

Then hang it on the cypress bough,
The minstrel-lute I leave to thee;
And be it only for the wind
To wake its mournful dirge for me.

I pray thee, dearest one! forget
All that can link my thought with fame;
I'd have thee but recall those songs
Whose only music was thy name.

L. E. L.

BIOGRAPHY.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB, the only daughter of the Earl of Besborough, was born Nov. 13, 1785. Her character very early developed itself—wild and impatient of restraint, rapid in impulses, generous, and kind of heart,—these were the first traits of her nature, and they continued to the last. In 1805, her marriage with the Hon. William Lamb, then the second, now the eldest surviving son of Lord Melbourne, took place. On her subsequent entrance into the world, the singularity as well as the grace of her manners, the rank of her own connexions, and the talent of her husband's, soon made Lady Caroline Lamb one of the most celebrated *dames du château* of the day. That day was remarkable for the literary *début* of Lord Byron. Much has been written and much said respecting the intimacy that subsisted between Lady Caroline and that remarkable person; but it is not amidst gossip that we are to look for truth. "The world," says an acute writer of the present day, "is very lenient to the mistresses of poets;" and perhaps not without *justice;* for their attachments have something of excuse not only in their object but in their origin, and arise from imagination, not depravity. It was nearly three years before the intimacy between Lord Byron and Lady Caroline was utterly broken off. The latter never entirely recovered it. Those who knew her well, will painfully remember the bitterness of reproach and the despondency of reflection to which, after that period, she was, notwithstanding her constitutional spirits, perpetually subjected. Glenarvon was written immediately after this rupture: though the most faulty, it is the most eloquent of all her works. Subsequently appeared Graham Hamilton, a book of a very different nature. Its design was suggested to her by Ugo Foscolo. "Write a book," said he, "which will offend nobody: women can-

not afford to shock." It is composed with more care and more simplicity than Glenarvon, and contains some beautiful verses,—the best the authoress ever wrote,—beginning with—

"If thou couldst know what 'tis to weep,"* &c.

Lady Caroline's third and favourite novel was Ada Reis. Full of a latent and personal satire very imperfectly understood, it has seemed the most obscure, and proved, notwithstanding its originality, the least popular of her works. Besides these three tales, Lady Caroline was the authoress of many others never published, and of various trifling pieces of poetry of unequal merit. For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Brocket Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding with Mr. Lamb, she met, just by the park gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded. Some of her medical attendants imputed her fits, certainly of great incoherence and long continuance, to partial insanity. At this supposition she was invariably and bitterly indignant. Whatever be the cause, it is certain from that time that her conduct and habits materially changed; and, about three years since, a separation took place between her and Mr. Lamb, who continued, however, frequently to visit, and, to the day of her death, to correspond with her. It is, perhaps, just to both parties to add, that Lady Caroline constantly spoke of her husband in the highest and most affectionate terms of admiration and respect.

The next event in her life was its last. Some months since, the disease† to which she fell a victim manifested itself. She removed to town for medical assistance. Aware of her danger, she shewed neither impatience nor dismay; and the philosophy, which, though none knew better in theory, had proved so ineffectual in life, seemed at last to effect its triumph in death. There are many yet living who drew from the opening years of this gifted and warm-hearted Being hopes which her maturity was not fated to realise. To them it will be some consolation to reflect, that her end at least was what the best of us might envy, and the harshest of us approve.

In person, Lady Caroline Lamb was small, slight, and, in earlier life, perfectly formed; but her countenance had no other beauty than expression—that charm it possessed to a singular degree: her eyes were dark, but her hair and complexion fair: her manners, though somewhat eccentric, and apparently, not really, affected, had a fascination which it is difficult for any who never encountered their effect to conceive. Perhaps, however, they were more attractive to those beneath her than to her equals; for as their chief merit was their kindness and endearment, so their chief deficiency was a want of that quiet and composed dignity which is the most orthodox requisite in the manners of what we term, par emphasis, *society*. Her character it is difficult to analyse, because, owing to the extreme susceptibility of her imagination, and the unhesitating and rapid manner in which she followed its impulses, her conduct was one perpetual kaleidoscope of changes. Like her namesake in the admirable story of Cousin William, she had no principles to guide her passions; her intents "halted in a wide sea of wax"—the one had no rudder, the other no port. To the poor she was invariably charitable—she was more: in spite of her ordinary thoughtlessness of self, for them she had consideration as well as generosity, and delicacy no less than relief. For her friends she had a ready and active love; for her enemies no hatred: never perhaps was there a human being who had less malevolence; as all her errors hurt only herself, so against herself only were levelled her accusation and reproach.

Her literary works can convey no idea of the particular order of her conversational talents, though they can of their general extent; for her writings are all more or less wild and enthusiastic, and breathing of melancholy and romance: but her ordinary conversation was playful and animated, pregnant with humour and vivacity, and remarkable for the *common sense* of the opinions it expressed. Lady Caroline was indeed one of those persons who can be much wiser for others than for themselves; and she who disdained all worldly advice was the most judicious of worldly advisers. The friend of Byron, Wellington, and De Stael—intimately known at the various periods of her life to the most illustrious names of France, Italy, and England—her anecdotes could not fail to be as interesting as the inferences she drew from them were sagacious and acute. For the rest, it is a favourite antithesis in the cant morality of the day to oppose the value of a good heart to that of a calculating head. Never was there a being with a better heart than the one whose character we have just sketched: from what single misfortune or what single error did it ever preserve its possessor? The world does not want good hearts, but regulated minds—not uncertain impulses, but virtuous principles. Rightly cultivate the head, and the heart will take care of itself; for knowledge is the parent of good, not good of knowledge. We are told in Scripture that it was the *wise men* of the East who followed the star which led them to their God. X. X.

* These verses have been erroneously attributed to Mrs. Jordan.

† Dropsy.

DRAMA.

THERE has been no particular novelty at the Theatres Royal since our last: the *Critic* and Peake's new farce are drawing money at Drury Lane; and the new comedy of the *Merchant's Wedding* is rapidly establishing itself in public favour at Covent Garden. At this latter theatre, a young lady made her first appearance in London on Monday evening, in the character of *Belvidera*; and when we have said that, we have said all there is to say upon the subject, except that we cannot for the life of us understand the object of these thousand-and-one appearances of young ladies, who never can be expected by the managements to make a second. The pantomimes are, alas, for us young folks! vanishing at both houses; and Kean is again "in arms, and eager for the fray." At the Adelphi a burletta has been produced, founded on the language and incidents of Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, with equivocal success. An entertainment on the same subject is in preparation at Drury Lane. Several of the Minors have produced new pieces—and we hope with the success they deserve.

We have heard that Madame Ronzi di Begnis is engaged at Covent Garden; and a treaty either almost or entirely concluded with Miss Stephens.

FRENCH PLAY.

La Somnambule Villageoise, a vaudeville, in three acts, founded on the celebrated ballet of that name at the Académie de Musique, was produced here last Wednesday evening with great success. It was admirably acted throughout, and the concerted music most creditably executed. Perlet's performance of *Le Roux*, particularly his sentimental air in the second act, was exceedingly diverting. Mdlle. Lemery gave the difficult part of *Thérèse* with infinite grace, truth, and pathos. The characters of *Edmon*, *Madame Gervais*, *Mère Michaud*, and the *Colonel*, were exceedingly well sustained by Alfred, Mdlle. Boquet, and the Daudels. M. Daudel particularly, by his spirited acting and singing of the couplet—"Je suis soldat! J'en jure sur l'honneur," drew down warm and merited applause. We have no doubt it will be a favourite with the English public. A translation by Mr. Moncrief, in which Miss Kelly is to play *La Somnambule*, is in rehearsal at Covent Garden.

VARIETIES.

New Zealand.—It seems that the efforts of the English missionaries in New Zealand have proved wholly unsuccessful. The natives, always at war, and of a naturally ferocious disposition, are deaf to their persuasions, and continue the horrible practice of cannibalism.

Henry Neele, Esq.—It is with very painful emotions that we record the death of this individual, who fell by his own hand. He was a man of considerable talents, and wrote some sweet poetry.

French Academy.—At a recent sitting of the Académie des Sciences, the election took place of a corresponding member in the chemical department of the Academy. There were seven candidates; among whom were Mr. Thomson, of Glasgow, and Mr. William Brande, of London. M. Arfwedson, of Stockholm, had the majority of votes.

Education.—A singular and very instructive result may be drawn from a comparison between the Northern and the Southern departments of France, with reference, in the first place, to the state of education, and in the second place, to the success of every description of industry. In 1820, 740,846 children were sent to school in the 32 departments of the North of France, and only 375,931 from the 54 departments of the South. What occurred in 1827? That at the exhibition, at the Louvre, of the productions of French industry, the Northern departments obtained 39 gold medals, the Southern only 10; the Northern departments 127 silver medals, the Southern only 25; the Northern departments 186 bronze medals, the Southern only 34!

Aurora Borealis.—At a late sitting of the Académie des Sciences, at Paris, M. Arago made several communications and statements tending to confirm his opinions (which have been controverted by Dr. Brewster and others) with respect to the effect on the magnetic needle produced by the Aurora Borealis, even when it is not visible on the spot, from not having passed the horizon.

Paraguay.—Bonpland, the celebrated French botanist, still remains a prisoner in Paraguay. Feeling the impossibility of his return to Europe during the life-time of Dr. Francia, he determined to make the best of it, and, it appears, has realised a considerable fortune by agriculture.

Lightning.—Some extraordinary effects of lightning occurred lately in the ship New York, on her passage from New York to London. A conductor attached to the mainmast was melted, and fell in drops into the sea. An excellent chronometer was so deranged that it

gained 34 minutes in the voyage; the cause of which was discovered on the arrival of the vessel in London; when it appeared that all the parts of the instrument had acquired so strong a magnetic power, that its general movement depended very sensibly on the position in which it was placed. But the most singular operation of the lightning was the following. There was a passenger on board very old and corpulent, whose legs were so paralyzed that for three years he had not walked half a mile, and who, since his embarkation had not been able even to stand. After the discharge of the lightning, which passed close to the place where this poor cripple was lying, every body was astonished to see him rise, pace up and down the deck, and walk about for a long time, as if nothing had ever ailed him. At first his head was a little affected; but that soon went off, while the benefit which he had experienced in his limbs remained. He continued to use them freely during the passage, and on the arrival of the ship in port, he walked with ease to the place of his residence.

The Tourmalin.—A fact has been discovered respecting this stone (the ancient *lyncurium*), which may have an important effect on the atomic philosophy. While the tourmalin is only of a certain length, it is electrical by being heated and cooled; as the length increases, that capability diminishes, until it ceases entirely. If the inverse of this law takes place, the atoms of the tourmalin must acquire considerable electrical polarity by the slightest changes of temperature.

The Crocodile.—"As the crocodile feeds in the Nile," says Herodotus, "the inside of his mouth is always lined with *bdella*. All birds, one alone excepted, fly from the crocodile; but that bird, the *trochilos*, on the contrary, flies to him with eagerness, and renders him a great service; for every time that the crocodile lands to rest himself, and stretches himself out, with open jaws, the *trochilos* enters his mouth, which it clears of the *bdella* that it finds there. The crocodile is grateful, and never does any injury to the little bird from which he receives so good an office." Although this statement is confirmed by Aristotle, Pliny, and other ancient writers, it has been very generally discredited in modern times. Recent inquiries, however, shew that in this, as in most of his relations, the father of history is justified by the fact. The term "bdella" has hitherto been translated "leech." It seems, however, that it is a kind of gnat, myriads of which insects swarm on the banks of the Nile, and attack the crocodile when he comes to repose on the sand. His mouth is not so hermetically closed but that they can enter; which they do in such numbers, that the interior of his palate, which is naturally of a bright yellow, appears covered with a darkish brown crust. The insects strike their trunks into the orifices of the glands which abound in the mouth of the crocodile; and the tongue of the crocodile being immovable, he cannot get rid of them. It is then that the *trochilos*, a kind of little ring-plover, which pursues the gnats every where, hastens to his relief, and dislodges his troublesome enemies; and that without any danger to itself; the crocodile always taking care, when he is about to shut his mouth, to make certain movements which warn the bird to fly away.

Intoxication.—The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum,—and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelvemonth's punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, at an auction, &c. the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the drunken person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies while drunk, is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquor to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison, and detained until sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. Half of these fines goes to the informers (who are generally police officers), the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a-year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.—[*Condensed from a recent Swedish work.*]

Mr. Peel.—A foreigner perambulating the streets of London would have strong reason to believe that Mr. Peel was one of the most odious and unpopular ministers that ever existed. In almost every book-shop window is to be seen a placard or paper thus ominously inscribed: "*Peel's Criminal Acts.*"

Oxford Wit!—A correspondent in a late *Oxford Herald*, very properly signing himself "John," anticipates ludicrous examples of the difference of education between the London and Oxford Universities. At the former he says:—"One night, my garret, three doors off the Seven Dials, had caught fire, and I was almost scorched to death before the engines came. 'Ho!' says my tutor, next day, 'when they did come, you must have taken a proper lesson in *hide-roast-attics*.' In the same way he illustrated a cat's back in the dark, to make sparks, and then held a looking-glass before her, to frighten her, and shew us the principle of *cat-hop-tricks*. Now where shall I find any thing equal to this in Oxford? For my part, I think that severe-looking *statute* at Charing-Cross (which, by the by, Mr. Brougham once gave me as an instance of a *Centaur of gravity*) would look well enough there opposite your Herald Office."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among the most interesting literary news of the week, we hear with pleasure that Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray have soldered all differences upon the subject, and clubbed their Byroniana together,—so that Moore's Life of the noble Bard, rich indeed from two such collections of materials, may be looked for next spring.

The Second Series of Chronicles of the Canongate, in three volumes, is so nearly ready, that we may venture to announce it as *soon* forthcoming.

Sir Walter Scott, as if to shew us how many and how various are the subjects which have occupied his inquiring mind, has also a volume of Practical Essays on Gardening and Planting, which will be published by Murray next winter. The visiters to Abbotsford are aware that the author has added considerable practice to theory in this respect.

Miss Edgeworth, we rejoice to learn, has far advanced in a novel called Taking for Granted. It seems very long to us since her delightful pen contributed to the public edification and entertainment.

Some time since, we announced that Dr. Maginn was engaged in preparing for publication, Tales from the Talmud; and we have since that announcement been amused at the various paragraphs which our notice has called forth, and which the learned gentleman, if he has seen them, will of course treat with the contempt they merit. In one of these, Dr. Maginn is stated to be known to the public as the Sir Morgan O'Dogherty of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a compliment or calumny which we have before heard. On this we will merely remark, that there are, we believe, few contributors to *Blackwood*, always excepting the sentimental Δ, who have not written under that signature, except also, probably, Doctor Maginn! To any Irishman it must be evident that the majority of the articles bearing the name of O'Dogherty are not even written by a native of the Green Isle. The utter ignorance of the best known localities of Dublin, indeed of every part of Ireland mentioned, will satisfy any competent judge (and we stake our critical reputation on the correctness of the assertion), that Ensign and Adjutant Morgan O'Dogherty is the creation of a Scotch or English brain, and has received his "local habitation and name" from a Scotch or English pen. O'Dogherty's humour, moreover, is his own, and not that of his pretended country. Another paragraph respecting Dr. Maginn, which professes to expose quackery, states his ignorance of the Hebrew, and adds, that he is translating the Tales of the Talmud from the Spanish. The *ignorance* of the Reviewer of Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales, &c. in the Quarterly, is too absurd! In addition, we have good reason to believe that Dr. Maginn is not a Spanish scholar. So much for the correct information of contemporary paragraphs.

The Author of Plain Instructions for Executors, Administrators, &c. has nearly ready, Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, Lodging-House Keepers and Lodgers, with a Summary of the Law of Distress, &c.

Mr. Arrowsmith announces a Comparative Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography, from Original Authorities, and on a new plan. The work is to be accompanied by a set of Skeleton Outlines.

A Portrait of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, from a Bust by Chantrey, is about to be published.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, to mark in an especial manner his patronage of the revival of the ancient drama, has given Mr. Planché permission to dedicate the Merchant's Wedding to him.

The First Number of a literary work, entitled the Harronian, and edited by a Harrow Boy, is announced:—among other Articles, it promises Sketches of Contempories in the years 1825-6-7.

In the Press.—The Cypress Wreath, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, Author of Astarte, Hours at Home, &c. &c.—Second Edition of Hamilton's East India Gazetteer, to the end of 1827, enlarged, and with Maps.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The White Hoods, an Historical Romance, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols. p. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Socrates, a Dramatic Poem, by H. M. Grover, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Smith's Wealth of Nations, enlarged by J. R. M'Cullock, 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Moral Biography for Youth, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Irving's Life of Columbus, 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Partington's Manual of Philosophy, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Gregory's Life of Dr. Good, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Barrington's Naturalist's Journal, oblong 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Burke's Works, Vols. XV. XVI., with General Index, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Hampden's Sermons, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dagley's (Miss) Birthday, and other Tales, 12mo. 6*s.*—Lyon's Mexico, 2 vols. fcp. 16*s.* bds.—Kenrick's Greek Exercises, Part I. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Wilson's Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, from the Sanscrit, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

February.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 7	From 42. to 49.	29.92 to 29.82
Friday 8	— 37. — 48.	29.82 — 29.70
Saturday .. 9	— 35. — 40.	29.60 — 29.68
Sunday.... 10	— 32. — 36.	29.70 — 29.69
Monday .. 11	— 29. — 37.	29.49 — 29.70
Tuesday .. 12	— 27. — 32.	29.89 — 29.96
Wednesday 13	— 27. — 34.	30.02 — Stat.

Prevailing wind N.

Except the 8th and 10th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain; a heavy fall of snow during the evening of the 10th and morning of the 11th, and continued generally throughout the 11th and 12th.

Rain fallen, ·275 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tailbote's Tear must, we fear, fall to the ground.

Mr. Ainsworth requests us to contradict the paragraph, as unauthorised, which appeared respecting Lord Francis Leveson Gower's Translation of Wallenstein's Camp.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

NORTHERN SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGEMENT of the FINE ARTS.

The Gallery of the Northern Society will be opened early in May, for the Exhibition and Sale of Pictures by Living Artists. Due notice will be given of the time when Works of Art will be received.

F. T. BILLAM, Secretary.

Committee-Room, Leeds, Jan. 21st, 1828.

*** Letters to be addressed—"The Secretary of the Northern Society, Committee Room, Leeds."

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No. 579. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Military Reflections on Turkey. By Baron Von Valentini, Major-General in the Prussian Service. 8vo. pp. 102. London, 1828. C. and J. Rivington.

This very apposite and well-timed production is translated by a Military Officer from the 3d volume of Baron Von Valentini's Treatise on the Art of War; a work, we believe, of high reputation upon the continent, as the author is a commander of much experience and considerable distinction. Indeed, we are informed by the preface, that "the most striking and interesting feature in the wars of the Turks is the singularity of their movements, their tactics, and general military character; of which a correct conception may be formed from the description given by the baron, whose experience, derived from actual service in Turkey, has enabled him to note down and distinguish facts relative to the national character, the peculiar features of the country, and the peculiarities of the Ottomans in a military point of view; and it is upon this [illegible], and his perfect knowledge of the [illegible], that the baron has founded his [illegible] on the future [illegible] of Turkey. This con[illegible] to suit [illegible] of the last Turkish wars, which [illegible] certainly possess little, or no attraction [illegible] generality of readers, and which, be[illegible] would have required several illustrative [illegible], and have thus considerably delayed the [illegible] of the more interesting selection [illegible] original work. Though these pages [illegible] more particularly to military [illegible], this presumed they will be found not de[illegible] of interest in a political point of view. If [illegible] views be correct, it is evident [illegible] whole of Turkey in Europe, and of a [illegible] portion of Asia, may become an [illegible] to Russia, provided adequate means [illegible] into the field, and her armies be [illegible] with energy and skill: but these [illegible] also necessarily indicate both the [illegible] the strong points of the Turks, and [illegible] enable us to conclude, in some [illegible], upon the measures which it might be [illegible] to adopt for [illegible] a diver[illegible] of the latter, should a well-con[illegible] policy of Western Europe require that [illegible] Porte be upheld and maintained, [illegible] against any farther extension to[illegible] the growth of the already overgrown [illegible]."

[illegible] preliminary, we, who are neither [illegible] judges of the art of war, must do [illegible] to possess our readers with what ap[illegible] to be the most important points in [illegible]'s inquiry; and if we fail in con[illegible] to the conquest of Constanti[illegible] only what many abler leaders have [illegible]. It is curious, however, in the [illegible], that the Prussian writer fur[illegible] a speech more remarkable comment on the phrase "ancient allies," as applied in our King's speech to Turkey, than is to be discovered in all our late parliamentary disquisitions on those words. "A peace with the Turks (says he) is, in reality, nothing more than a truce concluded for a certain number of years; and however futile this distinction may appear at first sight, it possesses, nevertheless, a deep meaning. The followers of Mahomet are bound, in conformity to the precepts of that prophet and those of Osman, the founder of the Turkish empire, to carry on a continual war with the nations which do not share in their belief. The crescent, a significant emblem, must extend itself over the whole terrestrial globe. All must acknowledge it or submit to it. Hence the Turks have never denied, as Christian conquerors have done, that the possession of towns and provinces, which the fate of war had given them, was only a *point d'appui* for marching with greater security to new conquests; and it is to the religious observation of this national law that we must attribute their aggrandisement—as we must also their decline, to the laxity of principles which took place at a later period."

One of the great defences of Constantinople seems hitherto to have been the extraordinary ravages which disease makes on hostile armies in Turkey. "If (observes Baron V.) we are fortunate enough not to be attacked by the plague in the countries of the Lower Danube, we cannot escape other evils. The heat of the climate, the burning aridity of the day, the dew, and the coolness of the nights, besides the privation of wholesome water, the springs failing, and the rivulets almost dried up; all these causes combined produce dysentery, intermittent and putrid fever, and fill the hospitals with crowds of sick, who quickly perish. The losses which the Austrian army, in its last war against the Turks, experienced, through these diseases, are incredible. The Russian troops likewise have always suffered more from this scourge than from the arms of the enemy, but never in the same proportion as the Germans." The difference of their food is assigned as the probable cause of this; and also the difference of clothing,—the Russians being better protected from the effects of climate than the finer-dressed Austrian. It is suggested, that rations of vinegar might be advantageously given to soldiers engaged in a campaign of this kind. For some of the foregoing and other reasons, the Baron goes on to say—

"Russia is the most formidable enemy of the Turks, not only from her actual superiority, but from the opinion generally entertained among that people. In conformity with an ancient prophecy, the Turks consider it as doomed by their immutable destiny, that they will be driven out of Europe by a neighbouring people, whom they believe to be the Russians, and whose sovereign will enter their capital in triumph. The idea of returning, at some future period, to Asia, whence they came, is tolerably familiar to the most enlightened among them; and they even appear to consider their establishment in Europe as nothing more than an encampment. We may therefore easily conceive that they do not enter the field against Russia with that joyful ardour which is inspired by a presentiment of victory. The great disadvantage of their relative position with Russia appears from the fact, that since the time of Peter the Great, they have never been the aggressors in any war with that power."

After discussing sundry military matters, such as the formation of squares, the use of artillery and cavalry, &c. the Baron observes:—"Since the only superiority which the Turks may still retain over us in the field consists in the use of the sword, it is natural enough that they should always seek out our cavalry, and charge it in preference to our batteries and squares. The cavalry should, therefore, never be left exposed, entirely by itself, to such an attack, but always have its front and flanks protected by the fire from the batteries and squares."

And again—"The use of the sabre is founded partly on the quality of the weapon itself, and partly on their what may be termed *national* dexterity in handling it. The Turkish sabre, which is wrought out of fine iron wire, in the hand of one of our powerful labourers, would perhaps break to pieces like glass at the first blow. The Turk, on the contrary, who gives rather a *put* than a blow, makes it penetrate through helmet, cuirass, &c. and separates in a moment the head or the limbs from the body. Hence we seldom hear of *slight* wounds in an action of cavalry with Turks. It is a well-known fact in the Russian army, that a colonel, who was in front of his regiment, seeing the Spahis make an unexpected attack upon him, drew his sabre, and was going to command his men to do the same, when, at the first word *draw*, his head was severed from his body. The highly tempered Turkish sabres will fetch a price of from ten to a hundred ducats, even when they are not of fine metal. But, as Scanderbeg said, such a sabre only produces its effect when in the hand of him who knows how to use it. It is related, that at the storming of Ismael, a brave foreigner, who served as a volunteer in the Russian army, and who was most actively engaged in the *mêlée*, broke in pieces several Turkish sabres, and constantly armed himself with a fresh one, taken from the Turks who were slain. The substance from which these valuable sabres are wrought is called *taban*, and they are proved to be genuine when they admit of being written upon with a ducat or any other piece of fine gold."

The next subject of interest of which the Baron treats is the Theatre of War, chiefly from the Pruth and Danube to the Dardanelles and sea of Marmora.* Without entering upon

* Here we may acknowledge the great assistance in understanding the subject which we have derived from the last No. of Sidney Hall's New Atlas: by means of his Map of Turkey in Europe, we have followed the author in every step—even better than on his own abridged Map and Plan.

the details, we may shortly state, that the streams which fall into the Danube present great obstacles to an invading force; and that the badness of the few roads, and the mountainous nature of the country (both on the route by Nissa and Sophia, and on that by Shumla), between the Danube and Adrianople, also interpose many difficulties in the way of an approach to the capital of the Ottoman Porte. But, on the other hand, the knowledge of the art of war, the supply and management of large armies, the system of advancing without regard to fortresses or places in the rear, which can be controlled by divisions left for that purpose, have made wonderful progress among the European powers; while among the Turks they have either been stationary or have retrograded. "It is evident, (says the author) from a review of the last war between the Porte and Russia, that the Turks of the present day only differ from those we have described in the preceding chapter, in so far as they have retrograded still more than their predecessors; and that much of what we learn of their present contest with the Greek insurgents, and of what a not distant future seems to promise, may be attributed to this degeneracy. * * * In general, the defence of towns is the only part of the art of war in which the Turks still maintain their ancient national bravery. * * * Their actual luxury in point of arms, will always render an assault one of great bloodshed and danger. Every Turk, when properly armed, carries with him, besides his musket, at least one pair of pistols, a sabre, and a long and somewhat curved dagger or knife, (the inward curve having the sharp edge) called a *kinschal*, which he uses principally in cutting off heads. This weapon, which is about two feet long, is not unlike the Roman short sword; and at the brilliant era of the Ottomans, it may have been proved not less formidable in the *melée* than was the latter, with which the legions subdued the world. Hence it is very evident that, in scaling a rampart, the European soldier, with his musket and fixed bayonet, is placed under great disadvantage against an enemy so well armed both for attack and defence. With regard to the art of fortification among the Turks, little can be said in its praise. They have no idea of a regular system either of bastions or of lines, of outworks and covered ways, nor of conforming the height of the works to the nature of the ground in front." In other respects: "As a proof of their utter ignorance of the art of war, we need only advert to their sending cavalry where infantry alone can be of service; for instance, into a wood in their front, as the grand vizier did at Shumla, where they even fired upon it with their pistols. Their infantry is only an accessory, and serves to receive their cavalry upon its falling back, after having made a charge. At Shumla, the janissaries would certainly not have moved out of the camp, if the thickness of the bushes, among which it was quite impossible that cavalry could act, had not rendered their doing so a matter of necessity. What is said by an experienced officer, who was for a long time employed against the Turks, of their attacks, and of the composition of their army, seems to be well founded: 'Foremost in the fight come the brave and the infuriated, who, without any reflection, rush upon the enemy; then follow the prudent, who first see how the affair is likely to turn out; and lastly, the rabble, who do nothing but plunder the dead, and cut off heads after a victory—but who, in case of a defeat, are the first to take flight.' * * The manner in which the Turks carry on their operations, in conformity with their cautious system, is as follows: they select upon the road, along which they wish to advance, an advantageous post, and entrench themselves; then they call in reinforcements, and wait to be attacked. If they are not attacked, they advance again, after a lapse of time, to another favourable post, which they never fail to entrench, even though they should only occupy it for one night. But they remain for days, and even weeks, in deliberation whether to advance further. If, however, time is allowed them, they are sure to approach so near, and place themselves in such a manner, as to offer considerable annoyance; and we are finally compelled to attack them in their own entrenchments."

Having now, by condensation and juxtaposition, placed the able author's principal general views of Turkish warfare before the public, we are sure we shall be excused from entering upon a task for which we confess our unfitness,—that of offering any opinion upon his proposed strategical operations for the invasion and conquest of Turkey. Suffice it to state, that he considers Shumla (about 227 miles from the capital, on the ordinary road taken by couriers and travellers to Constantinople,) to be the gate of the Balkan mountains, and the Thermopylæ of the Turks. Here the vizier has always fixed his camp, and beyond it the Russians have never penetrated. "Should a Russian army (he continues, after describing the road between Shumla and Adrianople,) design to carry on, with vigour, a war of invasion into the heart of the Ottoman empire, there is no doubt that it would choose this road as its line of operations. It is obvious, however, that it would be previously necessary to beat, or turn by manœuvring, the Turkish army, which we must always expect to find posted at Shumla. The Russian general, Kaminsky, failed in both attempts in the campaign of 1810. The latter, however, would certainly be attended with much greater chance of success, if, while the main army menaced the Turks in front, and took advantage of every favourable opportunity for attack or annoyance, another corps were to cross the Danube at Nicopoli or Rutschuk, and march, by Tirnowa, directly upon Adrianople. Upon this road across the Balkan, which, though actually existing, is very rarely used, all that the army would have to encounter would be natural obstacles, which, with the assistance of some hundreds of pioneers attached, the advanced guard might be easily overcome." For many reasons, "the spring (April, for there is no pasturage before), and the commencement of summer, are the most convenient time for a vigorous campaign in this country."

Having got to Adrianople, a strong division of reserve must be there maintained—"to organise the country in rear of the army, and to occupy with detachments the towns of Philippopolis, Lofscha, Sophia, &c. either by force of arms or pacific negotiations; in both of which the most valuable assistance might be expected from the numerous Greek population in these places, and from the co-operation of the Servians." And, adds our apparently competent authority, "with regard to the force necessary to be employed in a similar invasion, I am of opinion that less importance is to be attached to the numerical strength of the army destined to enter the campaign, than to the keeping it constantly in a complete state. The maximum of fifty thousand men in open field of battle, fixed by Montecuculi, as already mentioned, ought to suffice at the present day, the more especially as the Turks no longer bring such large armies into the field as they used to do; and the modern organisation of European troops, of which a well-instructed infantry constitutes the principal force, renders the contrast still more favourable for the Christians. In order that the principal army may, upon the day of battle, have its 50,000 men assembled at one point, we must add to this number 30,000 more, for the detached corps upon the coast and the reserve division, which makes altogether 80,000 men. The corps operating upon Adrianople ought to amount to 30,000 men, besides a division as an advanced guard, and another as a reserve; altogether about 60,000 men; whence the total force to be employed in crossing the Balkan would be 140,000 men. In order, however, to secure the rear, and to observe, and gradually capture, those places on the Danube of which the Turks may still be in possession, 60,000 men more will be required, which, as soon as these places are taken, will follow as an army of reserve,—and firmly establish, and even restore, should it at any time be lost, the communication with the main army operating in front. With these 200,000 men, whose number must be recompleted before the end of the campaign, there can be no doubt that an active general, superior to the prejudices of former times, will accomplish the conquest of Turkey in Europe, if not in the first, certainly in the second campaign. * * *

"The road which leads directly to the heart of the empire is always the shortest and the best; whence the one to Constantinople ought to be preferred to a more circuitous one, even though the latter should seem to lead with a greater degree of certainty to the conquest of the Ottomans. At the same time, the idea naturally presents itself, that previously to the attack upon Constantinople, a landing should be effected in Asia Minor,—a measure strictly conformable to military principles, since it would prevent the escape of the grand seignor into that country with his treasures, which ought to serve as an indemnity for the expenses of the war.* When, therefore, the army advances upon the capital by Adrianople, the flotilla, which has co-operated in a parallel direction along the coast, will pass over to the Asiatic side, and disembark troops wherever it may be found practicable; and the first occupation of these will be to secure the landing-place by suitable entrenchments. A sufficient number of ships of war, equipped in the ports of the Black Sea, must of course make good the entrance into the Bosphorus, and protect the landing. Though the defence of the coasts is represented as being badly organised by the Turks, still the outlet from the Black Sea is said to be the best defended. But the most recent descriptions only mention the two old castles, Rumili-Hissar and Anadoli-Hissar, constructed under Mahomet II., the one upon the European, and the other upon the Asiatic coast. These castles could not inflict much injury upon the ships of war, and might easily be silenced by the superior fire of the latter; and all the coast-batteries would soon be turned by the troops, after a sufficient number had been landed. * * *

"But a most important object will be to

* "Although well-informed travellers assert that the extent of these treasures is a mere fable, still the well-attested extraordinary wealth of the greater part of the pashas and other satraps of the Turkish empire, leads us to conclude, with good reason, that the riches of the sultan must be in a far greater proportion. He is the heir to all these grandees, who are only to consider the property they actually possess as a loan during life."

the possession of Scutari, a large and magnificent suburb, if it may be so called, of Constantinople, situated on the Asiatic coast, immediately opposite the Seraglio: built in the form of an amphitheatre, surrounded by heights, the approach to which is open, running out into a narrow point, completely commanded the moment it is invested, unprovided with walls, and, from its vast extent, not easily encompassed with a solid rampart, it would present a easy conquest, notwithstanding its 70,000 inhabitants, of whom the greater part are true Moslems. The Russian flag would soon be seen waving over the towers or the ruins of Scutari, and Constantinople would tremble."

Constantinople itself is considered as incapable of formidable resistance. We need not follow the author farther. He speaks of a military colonization of Asia Minor; of taking possession of Smyrna as the base of ulterior operations; and, finally, of driving the Turks to their original native country—the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris.

What may be contemplated by all or any of the Powers of Europe, it is not for us to guess; but we presume that the idea of a war to this extent has hardly, as yet, been entertained. This, nevertheless, important as this moment is, think as much plans as Baron Von Valentini proposes, and to such results as he argues upon as possible and probable: and we have only done our duty in reporting them as intelligibly as we could, for the consideration of the British nation;—at all events, there is much information to be gathered from the work itself.

Daniel O'Rourke; an, Rhymes of a Pantomime, founded on that Story. By T. Crofton Croker, Esq. 1828. Ainsworth.

THE story of *Daniel O'Rourke* we have ever looked upon as an admirable one for a pantomime. It has every capability; and, properly produced, would, we doubt not, exceed in attraction that most popular of these exhibitions, *Peter Green*. During our Christmas visits to the great theatres, on the appearance of harlequin and his motley associates, we always felt inclined to ask, with Mr. D'Israeli, "Why are harlequins made here privileged to cost so much, to do so little, and to repeat that little so often?" The following is, we believe, a correct estimate of the expenses of "getting up" the Christmas pantomimes this year:—

Covent Garden	1000
Drury Lane	1000
Surrey	500
Astley's	200
Olympic	150
Sadler's Wells	100
West London	100
	£3050

And to what does this enormous sum annually amount?—The same tricks and the same jokes—dull, stale, and unprofitable. To our mind, Dan O'Rourke, rearing and rioting in his most racy Irish humour, is a superb character for pantomime. His adventures are wild and wonderful in the extreme:—now soaring through heaven—now parleying with "the Man in the Moon himself"—now having a little chat with a flock of geese;—in short, in his journey to and from the moon is sufficient to form a most whimsical introduction, without additional embellishment.

The Moon, too, has ever been a truly fertile source for pantomimic fancies. Indeed, we remember an excellent pantomime founded on the nursery legend which concludes with—

"The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon,
To ask his way to Norwich."

On the peculiar merits of this composition we cannot at present dwell; but a song in it, which seems to have suggested to Lord Byron the idea of one of his most admired Hebrew Melodies, struck us as not being contemptible:—

"The Moon-man came down like a cheesemonger bold,
And his red gills were glowing with purple and gold,
And the warts on his nose were such warts as might be
When the blue-ruin roll'd down his throat like a sea.
Like the leaves of a cabbage, a cabbage that's red"—

and so on—for we unfortunately forget the rest.

The pantomime of which we have now the poetry—or as Mr. Croker modestly calls it, "the rhymes"—before us, was, a year or two since, execrably performed at the Adelphi, and met with but indifferent success—a conclusion which might have been easily predicted. *That* was evidently not the house for experiments of this kind; but let them be tried at either of the great theatres, and we shall see reputation in the result. But we must return from these speculations to the pleasant little work before us, which has been reprinted uniformly with the Irish Fairy Legends.

Mr. Croker prefaces his work with an agreeable history of the story of Daniel O'Rourke, which, however, is not satisfactory to us. We doubt if any legend could in so short a space of time as half a century, become so widely diffused as that of Daniel O'Rourke. Mr. Croker, previous to his account of its origin, offers the following remarks:—

"That a very intimate acquaintance with both the literature and music of Italy was cultivated from the beginning to nearly the close of the last century in Ireland, is sufficiently proved by the Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, the works of Mr. Walker, &c.; and it may not be saying too much to add, that the Italian language was at that period more familiarly known, and, consequently, the works of Italian writers were more the subject of ordinary conversation, among a certain circle in Dublin, than they ever have been among any corresponding circle in London. When this is kept in mind, Daniel O'Rourke, who on his eagle sits—

"——— as stiff
As Sir Astolpho on his Hippogriff,"

may appear to be only a free and jocular Irish parody on Ariosto. My friend, Mr. Prior, in the second edition of his *Life* of Burke, has attributed—I know not on what authority—the invention of Daniel O'Rourke to a Mr. Doyle, a surgeon, who moved in the very pleasant and intellectual society of Dublin some seventy years since. Whether he was the author or not, can now only be matter for conjecture; but there is a traditionary story of his introduction to Quin, who had expressed a wish to see a specimen of an Irish peasant, which supports Mr. Prior's assertion. Doyle, dressed in the proper costume of the character which he had assumed, was brought in to a merry party, where Quin, in the full tide of humour, reigned paramount, according to his custom. The mock rustic acted his part with becoming awkwardness; but bandied jest for jest with 'the huge leviathan.' 'You're a droll fellow, my man,' at last said Quin—'you remind me of a story I once heard;' and Quin told it accordingly, to the delight of the company. 'Well then,' said Doyle, 'your honour reminds me of another, and——' How the connexion was brought about, is not related; but Doyle told the story of Daniel O'Rourke, which was received with shouts of laughter; and it is needless to say the deception was not carried on much longer."

The pantomime opens with some pretty fairy verses. The scene is a waterfall, across which is seen a rainbow. Puck invokes "fair Lady Foam-bell" from her "spray shower" dwelling; and then informs her ladyship, that their queen has determined to hold a court of moonlight revelry at Glendalough, whose

"Ruin'd walls and round tower gray
Shall wonder at beings so bright and gay."

Foam-bell, in reply, hints that the spot has been incautiously chosen; and informs Puck, that her fairy companion, Rose-dew, had observed a tipsy party in the valley, one of whom—

"A drunken dog,
By far the drunkenest fellow in the parish,"

went staggering towards the spot appointed for their meeting. This drunken dog proves to be no other than Daniel O'Rourke.

Puck answers the fears of Lady Foam-bell with—

"Poh! never mind, he'll flounder in the marish;
Thence, whole and bog-dried, he, my jolly fairies,
Will be fish'd up, this time some hundred years,
To set your musty chemists by the ears,
And puzzle all your humdrum antiquaries!
That piece of whisky-steeped earth
Shall not, I warrant, mar our mirth!"

Dan, in the next scene, makes his appearance in a state of glorious *civilation*.

"*Enter* Daniel O'Rourke, *with bottle in his hand, singing.*

Air—*The Last Rose of Summer.*

"'Tis the last sup of whisky
Left here all alone!
All the rest of the bottle
Is cleaned out and gone—(*pauses*).
I'll not leave thee, thou lone drop!
'Twould be mighty unkind,
Since the rest I have swallow'd,
To leave thee behind—(*drinks*).

Dan. By all that's bad, I'm thinking
That I've been drinking;
For all the ground
Is turning round,
And every star is winking!—

And then what's this?—I thought that I most truly
Knew every inch of sod round Ballyhooly;
But now I find that—an unlucky dog!
I've lost myself in this unruly bog,
And cannot jog
A single step—but stick just like a log,
O Hulla—Hulla-goane!
Bad luck to you, above all bogs that ever yet were known!
But grief's no good—I'll sit upon this stone.

(*Sings*) Good liquor—good liquor
Makes the heart to beat quicker,
And the blood to flow thicker,
Good liquor, good liquor,

From black jack of leather,
Cow-horn, cup, or mether,
Let good men drink together
Their liquor, their liquor.

Though foot and tongue falter,
Poh! why should I palter?
For all shrinkers a halter!
No liquor, no liquor!

They who leave it behind 'em,
A rope's end may find 'em;
So I'll drink, and not mind 'em,
My liquor, my liquor.
(*Sits; and lifts the bottle to his lips.*)

My bottle's out—the times are rather odd,
The moon is reeling, and the mountains nod!—
(*Sings himself to sleep.*)"

The fairies now appear, and commence an indignant search for the wretch who has polluted their mystic circle. Dan is discovered, and is only saved from the torments which are debated, by the friendship of a jolly and congenial sprite, Master Cluricaune, who manifests his good-fellowship by undertaking to lead Dan a dance which he will long remember, and

"will make
Such an impression upon his brain,"

that he will never wander more within the hallowed precincts of a fairy ring. To this proposition the queen assents—

"Do as you will,
We trip to the hill,
Where the moon is bright, and the winds are still;

Where our feast is spread
On the mushroom's head,
And the heather is soft, and springs to our tread."

The fairies and their queen vanish, and Cluricaune becomes

"Beaked, wattled, spurred,
A goodly bird,
An Eagle, as you see—the fowl of Jupiter."

The scene which follows is too rich not to be given entire.

(*The Eagle puts his claw upon* Dan, *who still remains asleep.*)

"Wake! wake! I come to wake you!
Dan. (*in sleep*) Judy, 'tis mighty *cold*.
The devil take you—
Where has the quilt and blanket *rolled?*
Eagle. Daniel O'Rourke!
Dan. (*rousing*) Oh, fire and thunder!
Eagle. Daniel O'Rourke!
Dan. (*sitting up*) Oh wonder! wonder!
Eagle. Daniel O'Rourke! This is our call the third;
Answer—or, by our sacred royal word,
We'll make you feel the Ire of Jove's great bird!
Dan. Why, please your glory, this is the first minute
I heard a bird talk like a Christian man:
And sure, the deuce is in it,
If 'twould not bother wiser heads than Dan.
Eagle. What brings you here?
Dan. Why, by my word, I think
It was the drink. (*Scratching his head.*)
Eagle. Although your conduct's very base,
Yet I must pity still your case;
For, see, the stone on which you sit begins to sink.
(*Stone sinks a little.*)
Dan. Oh, turf, 'tis true—oh dear! oh dear!
DUET. Air—'*The Young May Moon.*'
Eagle. The harvest moon is beaming, Dan;
'Tis time to give over dreaming, Dan;
Jump on my back—and I'm off in a crack,
As fast as a steamboat, steaming, Dan.
Dan. I thank you, sir; but I never heard
Of riding a-horseback upon a bird;
Yet, oh hone, hulla-goane!—this sinking stone
Is a mighty bad seat, upon my word!
Eagle. My honest Dan, your wisest plan
Is just to let me fly you home.
Dan. Good Mister Eagle, you do inveigle
Myself upon your back to roam!
(Dan *gets on Eagle's back—Eagle begins to fly.*)"

They arrive at the moon, beguiling their journey through "cloud-land," as Coleridge calls it, with some amusing conversation. And here the Eagle, in rather an authoritative tone, insists upon Dan's dismounting. Dan remonstrates, but in vain; and the Eagle soars away with a monstrous laugh, "after advising him to call out the Old Man in the Moon."

"*Dan.* Oh murder! murder! murder! what a place—
Devil a drop to drink, or bit to eat is!
I heard 'twas made of cheese—that's not the case.
(*Looks down*)
Oh, such a height! not bigger than potatoes
Is cows, and men, and pigs, and other Christians,
All walking underneath me in the distance!
Well, will I rap?—I need not care a curse
Whatever happens—sure it can't be worse! (*raps*)
(*Enter* Man in the Moon, *opening a door in the Moon.*)
DUET. Air—'*Paddy O'Rafferty.*'
M. of M.
What is the cause of this knocking and rapping here?
That is a thing that but seldom doth happen here.
Oh, Mister Daniel O'Rourke, my man, is it you?
What brings you here?
Dan.
Why, your honour, to visit you!
M. of M.
Oh, you thief, you rogue, you rapparee!
I'm as glad just to see you as Paddeen O'Rafferty.
Dan.
Sure, then, I knew you'd not scorn a poor wanderer,
Brought by an eagle up from the earth yonder here!
M. of M.
Give us your hand, for the world is a flatterer,
If the Man in the Moon's not a jolly old batterer!
Dan.
Oh, you thief, you rogue, you rapparee,
'Tis myself is first cousin to Paddeen O'Rafferty!
(*Exit* Dan *and* Man in the Moon *by the door in the Moon.*)"

And now we come to a jewel of a scene—to the interior of the moon "itself!" But it is quite unfair to extend our extracts, as the book "itself" only consists of thirty pages.

Mr. Crofton Croker and Mr. Brooke seem to have become possessed of the magic key to Oberon's Palace, where it is evident they are frequent visitors. We are glad to see them go hand in hand; and we have come to this conclusion, that nobody ought to write about fairies but the one, and nobody depict them but the other.

The copper etching which illustrates Daniel O'Rourke in his pantomimic form, although the plate is rather *overbit*, is, on the whole, first-rate, and exhibits a union of Brooke's best points—the fanciful and the humorous. There we have the hero asleep on a stone in the bog—innumerable elves disturbing his slumbers, in every fantastic shape and form—some pinching him, others liberating his shoe from the mud, others engaged in the examination of his bottle; while Cluricaune, on one side, a jolly imp, seated on a barrel, holds converse with the sylph-like and lightsome fairy queen, surrounded by her graceful attendants.

Good readers, buy *Daniel O'Rourke*, and bind it up with your copy of the *Irish Fairy Legends*.

Journal of a Residence and Tour in Mexico in the Year 1826: *with some Account of the Mines in that Country.* By Captain G. F. Lyon, R.N. F.R.S. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

WE have a long string of praises to bestow upon this publication; for we like its form, we like its price,* we like its temper, we like its intelligence, we like its style, and, in short, we like it entirely. It is a lively and pleasant picture of a very interesting country, by a traveller whose powers of entertainment are inexhaustible; and, like Captain Andrews's narrative of a similar mission, it throws much light upon a subject of considerable commercial importance to Great Britain. Yet the author tells us, with the modesty which belongs to genuine merit—"the following Journal pretends to nothing more than an account of my personal adventures during a residence of eight months in various parts of that country. Although it does not contain matter of much importance, it is a faithful narrative of what I saw; and I trust it will be found to give a fair representation of the state of the republic, and to add in some degree to the very small stock of information which exists respecting the people and general appearance of that portion of the New World. I have farther to regret, that my materials, already too scanty, were rendered more so by the loss of many papers, and the greater part of my collections, in the wreck of the Panthea, in which I returned to England."

We have no doubt but that this loss was severely felt by Captain Lyon, and that the unlucky destruction of his stores of antiquities, natural history, and other valuable objects, is a public misfortune: but we will say that the readers of the present narrative will not miss any thing; nor would the most sharp-sighted discover by its deficiencies that the author had met with so severe and trying an accident.

We will, in setting out, briefly trace his course; for the temptation to extract is so strong, that we shall hardly be able to return to the route when once we begin to lose ourselves in these episodes. Captain L. arrived at Tampico; thence ascended the River Panuco, to the village of that name, and Tanjuco: he returned by the River St. Juan to Tampico. His next journey was over-land to San Luis Potosi; from San Luis to the village of Veta Grande of Zacatecas, where one set of the mines is situated; next to the city of Zacatecas and to Bolaños, where are the principal mines belonging to the English Company of the Real del Monte and Bolaños,* with descriptions of which, and the surrounding district and natives, the first volume terminates. The second volume has the travels from Bolaños to Guadalaxara, through a very unsettled territory; and thence all across the country by Valladolid, the Ozumatalan and Tlalpuhaxua mines, Toluca and Lerma, to Mexico. Leaving Mexico, he visited the Real del Monte; and proceeding to San Juan de Ulua, reimbarked, and left New Spain for Old England.

This extensive, and, in many places, little-trodden route furnished to the observant eye and far-travelled mind of Captain Lyon (familiar alike with the interior of Africa and the Arctic Circle) an abundant harvest of useful and curious materials; and we (though willing to render as ample an account as we can of his performance) can give but an imperfect idea of their variety and value. We shall, however, do as much as our limits allow; and that without farther preface.

Having anchored in the River Panuco, the captain of the vessel (the Perseverance) and Captain Lyon gained the good graces of the captain of the fort and the custom-house officer, by presents of wine, cakes, and cigars, to their families and themselves, and were permitted to ascend in a boat to the town of Pueblo Viejo, where the commandant resided.

"Night (says the writer) soon closed on us, and we rowed for above two hours against a strong current, up a stream of half a mile in width. The sound of our oars aroused the large cranes, herons, egrets, and innumerable other birds, from their rest, and they fluttered in blind confusion across the surface of the stream; while myriads of fire-flies were flitting amongst the dark mangroves, which dipped their closely woven branches in the water. Tree-frogs and crickets which abound here, almost deafened us with their shrill, thrilling notes; and, to add to the delightful novelty of my first evening in America, we were hailed in our own language from an invisible boat, by a gentleman who, suspecting us to be strangers, offered to pilot us to the town. We soon reached the house of Mr. Robertson, the American consul, to whom we were consigned, and met with a most kind reception. Seeing that we were tired, hungry and wet with the heavy night-dew, he obligingly supplied all our wants, and provided us with beds in his office;—but sleep was quite out of the question. Dogs, pigs, and restless cocks, which began crowing at midnight, would in themselves have been sufficient to banish rest from a stranger; but at about 1 A.M. the 11th, a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, set in with great fury, and in a few minutes actual rivers were rushing through the town."

What a change to our countrymen from the shores of England! The scenery near is not less striking and picturesque.

"A party of us (says Captain L. soon after

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* Mr. Murray appears, of late, to have struck out a new course, and we will venture to predict that he will find it a profitable one. He is still, no doubt, under the necessity of completing high-priced quartos, which are to match with or complete preceding publications; but he does not seem inclined to go into the system of book-making at cost which is certainly injurious to the real interests of literature, and even of *the Trade*. This book (which would have made a decent three-guineas worth), Malcolm's Persia, Lord Byron's Poems in four volumes at 18s., and Captain Parry's three preceding Voyages in five small volumes, are a sign of this, and also of the publisher's sense and discrimination.

* Of these Mining Companies Captain L. was appointed one of the Commissioners, and went out with a large party of the artificers intended to work them, January 1826.

visited some islands in the centre of Tampico Lake, at about seven miles' distance from Pueblo Viejo. On rounding the first small woody islet, we glided from the effects of a fresh 'norte' or norther, which was blowing, into a smooth sheltered pool thickly overhung with mangrove and other trees, on which were sitting hundreds of cranes, egrets, rose-coloured spoonbills, brown and blue herons, and various other birds, all as thickly crowded as the tenants of our English rookeries. In shooting our specimens, we alarmed two very large alligators, which could not reach the lake but by walking along an extensive sand-bank; and we were thus enabled to observe them in their clumsy progress, which can very rarely be the case, as they are usually found lying so close to the water's edge, that they reach it by one spring. From the small island, on which we procured many hatsful of eggs, we proceeded to another, on the north side of which were innumerable nests of cranes and the rosate spoonbill, each containing two or three nearly fledged young ones. The mangroves are so closely woven together at this place, that there is little difficulty in climbing amongst them, and even walking on their tops. We consequently scrambled about to admire the pink clusters of little spoonbills and the pure white down of the young cranes, all as large as barn-door fowls, and offering the most beautiful contrast imaginable to the deep shining green of the leaves amongst which they were sheltered. Having completed our collection, we returned home, and I carried with me a couple of young spoonbills, which soon grew so tame as to come at my call and follow me wherever I chose: but these beautiful creatures died when put on ship-board for a passage to England."

But before we go on with these picturesque descriptions, we have to notice the reception met with by our countrymen. At Pueblo, "the commandant (we quote Captain L.'s naive remarks) obligingly assured me that 'every thing he had was at my disposal;' the alcalde begged me 'to believe that he was my servant;' and the chief of the customs having 'kissed my hand, and entreated that I would lay my commands on him,' then proceeded to throw some impediments in my way. Mr. Robertson very kindly hired a windowless room for me in one of the most respectable houses in the place, the mistress of which was better known by the name of the Gachupina (a term of reproach applied to European Spaniards) than by her proper appellation of Doña Francesca. This lady, who had the reputation of being rich and cleanly, was quite distressed at not having time to whiten my room; but two Indian girls were instantly set to work to wash the earthen floor and make me comfortable. My landlady was all politeness, and I clearly saw that she entertained no mean opinion of her own good breeding and address. She was generally allowed to be one of the most respectable ladies of Tampico; and although a certain Don Antonio, who assisted in taking care of her shop and her fair self, was by no means her husband, she piqued herself on her irreproachable character, and the high estimation in which she was held on account of her wealth. Her age might have been about forty-five; her person was fat; and when in her morning costume, which consisted of a shift tied round the waist with a string, and with a cigar in her mouth, her whole figure was particularly attractive. This charming person and I formed an interesting picture every morning at about six o'clock, as she stood leaning over a little wicket which kept the pigs, dogs, cats, and poultry, from coming out of the yard into my room. While we cosily smoked the cigars with which she favoured me, I drew in lessons of Spanish, by conversing with her, and listening to constantly repeated assurances that she was an 'old Spaniard' and a woman of sense, although, in common with nearly all the native ladies of the place, she did not possess the accomplishments of reading and writing. * * *

"At the new town of Las Tamaulipas (about three miles to the northward of Pueblo Viejo, and in a different state), I experienced great difficulties with the custom-house officers, who would do nothing towards clearing the vessel. Their only working hours at any time were from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., after which period no entreaties could induce them to move. Even in the very small portion of the day set apart for business, if a cock-fight was to be held, if gambling engaged them, or if they were lazy, duty was very quietly deferred until the morrow, when in all probability the same excuse would be again offered; and as in this land of liberty and equality, scolding these people would only make them worse, patience is the best policy, and is one of the greatest blessings which a traveller in the republic of Mexico can possess."

Having sent to the Real del Monte his charge, of whom he seems to have been tolerably tired* (having, perhaps, more of the Captain R.N. than of the Agent Mining Co. in his sensible composition), our unburdened author proceeded up the river to Tampico and Tanjuco, &c., as we have before stated. At the former, he visited a gambling-table, where Francesca, his landlady,—a person of such respectability, that she walked to it in great state, with the author and a friend on each side, and, "preceded by her three servant-maids, one of whom was in her Indian dress, and had charge of the cigars for her mistress,"—was soon in full play, "having elbowed some ragged women off the only bench in the place." Here, "fine ladies with mock jewels, and women of all shades and colours, with every variety of men, crowded thickly round their favourite game; and my landlady having succeeded in getting the balls into her own hands, became entirely occupied in throwing them with such gestures or turns of the arm as in her opinion would insure success. Before leaving the Plaza, where Francesca remained playing until nearly daylight, I made my way through the crowd to take a last peep at her; and saw a fellow to whom I had paid a real in the morning for sweeping before my door, and who was almost in rags, standing opposite my fair friend, acting as banker to the table, at which I suppose he had been successful. He had squeezed a real into his ear 'para Fortuna,' and ventured his dollars at every turn with the most perfect *sang froid*. The apparent indifference to losses, and apathy when successful, is very remarkable with all classes of Mexicans: but they gamble so incessantly, that I should conceive all excitement in this dangerous passion must be deadened, and that the love of play at last becomes a disorder rather than an amusement. I have frequently seen a couple of poor porters, who had not a farthing of money, sit gravely down in the dust with a greasy pack of cards, and anxiously stake their respective stocks of paper cigars, until one or the other became bankrupt."

But, indeed, in many other respects the Mexicans are a remarkable and blinded people. Farther up the country, we have the following details on various points which illustrate their manners, feelings, and state of ignorance in respect to the most important circumstances which occupy mankind. Of their medical, religious, and legal qualifications, three short extracts will speak volumes: we must confess they seem to be equally astute with these three learned professions.

1. At San Luis Potosi, a physician "was called to the assistance of a poor labourer with a ruptured blood-vessel. Ice was the only remedy known to stop the flow of blood, and none could be obtained until a priest should be sent for to confess the sufferer before he died. What then was to be done?—it was but too certain that the man would soon expire, unless means were found to arrest the effusion. The physician therefore had no resource but to sew up the poor wretch's mouth and nostrils; but even before the host could be sent for, the miserable creature was, very naturally, suffocated."

2. In the church of San Francisco, in the same enlightened place—"on the walls were hung a series of pictures descriptive of the life and actions of San Francisco. The saint is hungry, and our Saviour is seen sitting at table with and helping him to the viands, while an angel brings him water to quench his thirst. He is represented, after his death, as sitting on the left hand of the Almighty, who is pictured as an aged man, having on his right the Redeemer and the Virgin Mary. Some of the supposed miracles and conferences with the Divinity are beyond all description blasphemous; and the friars informed me,—at the same time triumphantly pointing to a painting of the event,—that the saint had procured from God's own mouth the entire pardon of the sins of the world, as fully as was granted to Christ himself; but that the *Pope* of the age in which San Francisco lived, would not confirm the grant, and that mankind in consequence had been left in their blindness and sin!"*

Our legal example must be from Zacatecas.

3. "Business obliged me to ride to the city on this day, to demand justice against a defaulter to the Company; and when the offender had confessed himself a rogue, and bound himself to pay over the large sum of which he had robbed us,—the judge, thief, plaintiff, and master of the house where the affair was canvassed, with some friends of the parties, sat down very quietly and sociably to dinner together!"

Here, for the present, we must conclude; but we shall with great pleasure return to our analysis of this most agreeable publication.

* "Only those (he tells us, feelingly enough,) who have been shut up for two months with a set of mechanics who imagine themselves too good lawyers to be controlled, can at all enter into my feelings on this occasion. Indeed, when it is considered, how different is the confinement on board a vessel and the want of occupation, from their usual habits of life, it is to be expected that the charge of superintendence of these people is attended with much trouble."

* Here Capt. L. lost his faithful servant Marriot; and the event affords another illustration of Mexican character: the narrative is touching. "In closing the eyes of poor Marriot I lost an invaluable servant and friend, who had followed my good and ill fortunes for six successive years. He had been with me in the brightest as well as the most gloomy days of my existence; and the services on which we had been engaged together equally attached the master and the servant. In this land of bigotry the poor fellow would have been denied a grave, had I not, when he was dead, sent for a priest, who, however, on arriving, turned unfeelingly to me, exclaiming, 'Umph! he has died without confession—his soul is lost, and it will be needless for me to see him.' Yet my having called in a priest was sufficient declaration that the deceased was a Catholic; and by the kind assistance of Mr. Dall, I found no difficulty in having him interred in the Campo Santo with the ceremonies of the Catholic church. On Sunday evening (June 4), Mr. Dall and two other American gentlemen joined our little procession, carrying candles; and I saw my poor departed servant buried with proper decency."

One Hundred Fables, Original and Selected. By James Northcote, R.A., &c. &c. Embellished with Two Hundred and Eighty Engravings on Wood. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1828. G. Lawford.

ALTHOUGH, from their invention by Æsop, or rather by Hesiod, fables have been, at all times and in all countries, a favourite mode of communicating instruction to the young, we confess that we have frequently had our doubts with regard to their beneficial tendency in that respect. The very fiction on which they are founded,—the ascribing to beasts, and birds, and reptiles, not merely human speech, but human passions and human reason,—is calculated to confound and mislead the infant mind; incapable as it must be of distinguishing between what is required in narratives of fact, and what is permitted in creations of fancy. Add to this, that the moral of a fable is not always sound; and that the morals of different fables are frequently contradictory.—In the case of "children of a larger growth," however, these objections (at least some of them) are not equally applicable; and a brief and forcible apologue may frequently convey a lesson more effectively than any grave and elaborate didactic composition; and with a much better chance of being remembered.

Mr. Northcote observes, that his chief inducement in making the present collection was the amusement and employment it afforded him, in the way of his profession as a painter, in sketching designs for each fable.—Many of these designs are highly ingenious, and possess great merit. They are engraved on wood by some of our best artists in that line; and are, generally speaking, executed with much skill. If, occasionally, there may appear in them a little want of clearness, a little adhesion of one part to another, it is most likely that these deficiencies are attributable to the impracticability, even with the utmost care and attention, of giving to the impressions from blocks when printed in the page with type, the same beauty which they exhibit when printed by themselves.—The ornamental letter at the beginning, and the vignette at the end of every fable, are the invention of Mr. William Harvey, whom Mr. Northcote justly calls "one of the most distinguished artists in his profession." Most of them are admirable; and the adaptation of the vignettes to the respective fables which precede them, is in many instances singularly happy. Mr. Harvey also, it seems, made the drawings on the wood, from Mr. Northcote's designs, for the prints at the head of every fable.

Of the Fables themselves, some are derived from foreign sources; but the greater number are of Mr. Northcote's own invention. Mr. Northcote evinces in them considerable sagacity and discrimination; although sometimes, perhaps, the view which he takes of human nature may be liable to the imputation of being rather cynical. The following extracts will shew that his diction is generally perspicuous and unaffected; though we must except the beginning of the fable of the Lion and the Ape, which is the very reverse.

"*The Hunted Fox.*—An active young fox, who was exceedingly notorious for his depredations on the poultry in his neighbourhood, was once discovered in the fact, and so closely pursued by the enraged peasants, whose property he had invaded, that he did not escape without several severe blows and wounds, of which he made grievous complaint and great outcry when he arrived among his companions, declaring, at the same time, that he neither knew nor could imagine who they were that had thus cruelly assaulted him. A grave old fox who heard him, replied, that as he declared he could not conceive who they were who had so roughly treated him, he must of necessity be liable to one of these two odious accusations, either of which would be sufficient to exclude him from being an object of pity: that of having offended so many as to be confounded by the number of his enemies, or that of forgetting those to whom he had done injuries worthy of resentment.—*Application.* We too often meet with men who very much resemble the fox in this fable, who, from a violent partiality to themselves and their own interests, can with great facility gloss over their meanest actions, which are soon dismissed from their memories, leaving no more impression than if they had been written on the surface of the water; whilst, on the contrary, the slightest injuries done them, fix in their minds like inscriptions written with a pen of iron on a rock. But our actions in our own view are like the last syllables of words, which every man makes rhyme to what he thinks fit."

"*The vain Glow-Worm.*—A certain glow-worm had long been the object of admiration amongst his humble acquaintance, the insects of the hedge where he made a figure; and every night would condescend to illumine them with the splendour of his light, and in return received the homage of his reptile court with a most gracious air of affected condescension. On one occasion a small-waisted flatterer obtruded himself on his notice, by observing, 'that his humility was wonderful, and advised him by all means to make himself more public, and to shine in a more exalted circle, that the great world might become the witnesses of such attractions!' 'No, no,' replied the grovelling-spirited glow-worm, 'that is not to my taste; for, between ourselves, my great delight is to be in company where I can preside, and be regarded as a wonder—no matter though it be from their inferiority or ignorance. Whereas, if I associate with those of higher endowments, I shall feel my pride mortified, and appear, even to myself, to be no better than a poor worm.'—*Application.* There are certain dispositions of the mind that incline men to a base and vulgar ambition, a desire of shining at any rate; and therefore they seek out for such companions only, as are confessedly their inferiors, where no improvement can be gained, where flattery and admiration are received by them with pleasure, although offered by the meanest of mortals; and preferred before the counsel of the wise, or the admonition of the good. But such egotists must ever remain in all their errors. Instruction gives them pain, because it lessens their self-importance; nor can they bear the shock of feeling themselves surpassed, and from that mean motive shun such opportunities as might render them fit for the highest society; for he who would become a master, must first submit to the humble station of a pupil. None are so empty as those who are full of themselves."

"*The Lion and the Ape.*—An old lion had long been despotic sovereign of the forest, and of course accustomed to the abject homage of every inferior animal in it, as is common in courts, each trying to out-do his companions in servility;—when a pert malicious ape, who wished to give his powerful master some pain, and yet escape his rage, as he well knew it was as much as his life was worth to offend him openly, therefore sought how he might artfully mortify him under the mask of friendship, but keep out of the scrape himself, and at the same time insidiously cause the ruin of his competitors for court favour. With this intent he lost no opportunity of obtaining private conferences with the lion, and on all occasions was busy to inform him of what, he said, he had heard against his character and disposition, from those whom the lion had taken to be his best friends—saying, the fox had accused him of tyranny—the horse had complained he was blood-thirsty—the bull that he was selfish and cruel—and the stag, that he knew not what mercy was. At length the lion, no longer able to suffer this artful and malignant harangue, furiously replied: 'Thinkest thou, base and pitiful traitor, thus to abuse me to my face, in attributing all those crimes to me; and that thou canst escape my vengeance by saying they are the remarks of my good and faithful subjects? No, foolish animal, take thy death for thy officious pains, and thus become of some use to others by the terror of thy example.' So saying, he instantly crushed him to pieces.—*Application.* There are some artful gossips, who take a malicious delight in tormenting their intimates, by relating every idle rumour which they have heard against them; and, under a pretence of pure friendship, accompanied with the pride of offering good advice, conclude they shall escape the odium of giving pain, which they deserve to incur: but the triumphs of those petty tyrants, notwithstanding all their art, turn out at last to their own hurt; for their visits are soon found to forbode our vexation, and at length we shun them as we shun disease. Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own face."

"*The Congregation of Pious Animals.*—Once upon a time it is said that an extraordinary fit of piety influenced the animal creation to offer up their grateful acknowledgments to Jupiter for the various gifts and endowments he had bestowed upon them; and when assembled, some of the most forward of them, with much seeming humility and thankfulness, professed the deepest sense of the peculiar happy talents and dispositions with which they vainly thought they were blessed. The peacock returned thanks for the exquisite sweetness of his voice—the hog for his love of cleanliness—the viper for his harmless disposition—the cuckoo for the pleasing variety of his musical notes—and the goose for the gracefulness of her carriage; and so on. Jupiter accepted this commendable act of duty, in return for real blessings that they undoubtedly did enjoy; but at the same time informed them, that their being so very *particular* as to specify those endowments was quite unnecessary, as the *particular* gifts which each of them had to boast of, were best known to himself, who gave them.—*Application.* It frequently happens, that nature, in her freaks, makes men so perverse, as to pride themselves highly in thinking they possess those talents (in) which every one else can see they are deficient. Even in our acts of piety, we ought to be well aware of vanity and self-opinion, and not arrogantly imagine that we have greater claims to Heaven's promised favour than many of our neighbours, notwithstanding the appearance of things to our own partial and flattering perception."

Bishop Heber's Journal.
(Second Notice.)

IT is not our wont, amidst the multiplicity of publications on subjects which continually rise up and claim our attention, to drug our readers even with the best things. But, do what we may, we can only indicate, certainly neither illustrate nor discuss, the great beauties of

these volumes. Were we in ill humour with ourselves or the world, we think a half hour of Bishop Heber's page would reconcile us to either. There is a suavity, a kindness, a fine human sympathy, in every syllable he breathes, which elevates our species; and instead of having our bosoms filled with such painful and loathing emotions as the writings of a Hunt or a Hazlitt excite, we derive from such publications as this, and Lord Collingwood's *Memoirs*, a pleasure of the purest kind. We must continue our extracts.

The Bishop met in his course the Rajpoot Rajah of Bunsira. "He was splendidly dressed, with a very glittering turban, a shield slung on his back, and a remarkably elegant sword and dagger in his sash. His horse was led by two grooms tolerably well clothed; the attire of his silver-stick and standard bearers, and other servants, was not in very good repair, and his own cane was carried by a naked boy of about fourteen. He was an elderly man, and had lost many of his teeth, which made it very difficult for me to understand him. This does not seem a usual infirmity in India; but the rajah's red eyes and sugar emaciated countenance sufficiently proved him to be an opium-eater. * * It is, fortunately, the custom in this part of the world for persons of very high rank to converse only through the medium of a confidential servant; and I gladly made use of this etiquette, using the dak jemaatdar, whose Hindoostanee I understood pretty well, as the channel of communication with the muttering old rajpoot. The effect, however, of this procedure was abundantly ludicrous. 'Tell the Rajah Sahib that I am happy to meet him, and hope he is in good health;' thus rendered: 'The Lord Sahib *desires* that he is happy to see your worship, and hopes you are in good health.' 'Tell the Lord Sahib that I am in very good health, thanks to his arrival and provision, and that I hope he is well;' rendered, 'The Rajah Sahib makes representation that he is very well, thanks to Hunter's arrival,' &c. In this way we talked on various subjects in our way to the bungalow."

A new mode of fishing is soon after described:—"The fish were the inhabitants of a large pool close to the castle hill, which appeared, in the rains, to cover about eighty acres, being then supplied from the Bunass river. It usually retained its water all the year, but this cool season had already brought it very low, and in a month more they calculated that it would be quite dry. Accordingly, all hands were now at work to catch the fish while they were yet alive; and people from the whole country round about had assembled either for this purpose, or to purchase them, a very large 'mess' being to be had for a single pice. Captain Gerard, an engineer officer who met me here, went to see the chase, and said it was very curious. The fish were pursued in the shallow muddy water with sticks, spears, and hands, in all directions; but there was little execution done, till four Bheels, in the service of the Oodeypoor government made their appearance. The rabble were then driven away; and these savages, with their bows and arrows, made in a few hours that havoc among the fish which produced such plenty in the camp,—singling out the largest, and striking them with as much certainty as if they had been sheep in a fold. * * Their bows were of split bamboos, very simply made, but strong and elastic, more so, I think, than those of buffalo-horn, which are generally used in Hindostan. They were about four feet six inches long, and formed like those of Europe. The arrows were also of bamboo, with an iron head coarsely made, and a long single barb. Those intended for striking fish had this head so contrived as to slip off from the shaft when the fish was struck, but to remain connected with it by a long line, on the principle of the harpoon. The shaft, in consequence, remained as a float on the water, and not only contributed to weary out the animal, but shewed his pursuer which way he fled, and thus enabled him to seize it."

At Bheelwara the Bishop met Captain Gerard, and gives a characteristic sketch of that gentleman.

"Captain Gerard I found, under a very modest exterior, a man of great science and information; he was one of the persons most concerned in the measurement and exploring of the Himalaya mountains, had been in Ladak, and repeatedly beyond the Chinese frontier, though repelled each time, after penetrating a few miles, by the Tartar cavalry. He had himself ascended to the height of 19,600 feet, or 400 higher than Humboldt had ever climbed amid the Andes; and the latter part of his ascent, for about two miles, was on an inclined plane of 42, a nearer approach to the perpendicular than Humboldt conceived it possible to climb for any distance together. Nothing, he said, could exceed the care with which Major Hodgson, Mr. Fraser, and himself, had ascertained the altitude of the hills."

Of the native princes in central India, the Ranah of Oodeypoor is a remarkable specimen.

"He has a large extent of territory, and, in ordinary years, a singularly fertile one, were these people to cultivate it. But he was quite ruined and beggared by Bapoo Sindia and Juwaheed Khân. Half his revenues at least are mortgaged to shroffs and money-lenders, and his people are pitiably racked in order to pay the exorbitant interest of his debts. It has been the misfortune of his family to have been the oldest and purest in India; to be descended in a right line from the Sun without any debasing mixture, having resisted all attempts of the emperors of Delhi to effect an intermarriage of the houses, and reckoning, I believe, in their pedigree, one or two Avatars of the Deity. In consequence, they have been generally half mad with pride, perpetually marrying among themselves, fond of show and magnificence beyond their means or the usual custom of Hindoo sovereigns, and very remarkably deficient in knowledge and intelligence. The present Ranah adds to all these advantages a great fondness for opium."

The following notices an interesting fact in an interesting manner:—

"In our way back through the town, a man begged of me, saying that he was blind. On my calling him, however, he came forwards so readily to the torches, and saw, I thought, so clearly, that I asked him what he meant by telling me such a lie. He answered that he was night-blind ('rat unda'), and I, not understanding the phrase, and having been a good deal worried during the day with beggars, for the whole fort is a swarm of nothing else, said, peevishly, 'darkness is the time for sleep, not for seeing.' The people laughed as at a good thing; but I was much mortified afterwards to find that it was an unfeeling retort. The disease of night-blindness, that is, of requiring the full light of day to see, is very common, Dr. Smith said, among the lower classes in India; and to some professions of men, such as soldiers, very inconvenient. The sepoys ascribe it to bad and insufficient food; and it is said to be always most prevalent in a scarcity. It seems to be the same disorder of the eyes with which people are afflicted who live on damaged or inferior rice, in itself a food of very little nourishment, and probably arises from a weakness of the digestive powers. I was grieved to think I had insulted a man who might be in distress."

Soon after, the traveller encounters some drunkards, and relates:—

"I had seen very few drunken men in India before, but the time of 'Hoolee' is now coming on, which is the Hindoo carnival, and in which the people of central India more particularly indulge in all kinds of riot and festivity. The sepoys of my guard have begun to assail the women whom they pass on their march with singing and indecent language,—a thing seldom practised at other times. This is also the season for pelting each other with red powder, as we have seen practised in Calcutta."

In his progress, the Bishop saw something of the people called Bheels, now in a very low estate, though unquestionably the possessors of the country before the Rajpoots. He tells us:

"On our first approaching the Bheel villages, a man ran from the nearest hut to the top of a hill, and gave a shrill shout or scream, which we heard repeated from the furthest hamlet in sight, and again from two others which we could not see. I asked the meaning of this, and my suwarrs assured me that these were their signals to give the alarm of our coming, our numbers, and that we had horse with us. By this means they knew at once whether it was advisable to attack us, to fly, or to remain quiet,—while if there were any of them of their number who had particular reasons for avoiding an interview with the troops and magistrates of the lowlands, they had thus fair warning given them to keep out of the way. This sounds like a description of Rob Roy's country; but these poor Bheels are far less formidable enemies than the old Macgregors. In the afternoon we walked up to one of the nearest hills, where were some huts of this unfortunate nation. They were all shut up; and an old man who came to meet us, said that they were empty. He himself, and a young man, who was, he said, his nephew, remained alone in the place: all the rest were with their cattle in the jungle. Dr. Smith, who has an excellent ear, and knows Hindoostanee well, was able to converse with these people more readily than any of our party, and said that it was chiefly in accent and tone that their language differed from the dialect usually spoken in Malwah. They speak in a drawling sort of recitative, which Dr. Smith imitated, and found them catch his meaning much better than they otherwise could. The old man said that they had suffered much from want of rain, that their crops had been very scanty, that there was little pasture left for their cattle; and, what was worst of all, they expected the pools of the neighbouring nullah to dry up before the end of the hot weather. When that happened, he said, with much resignation, 'they must go down to Doongurpoor, or some other place where there was water, and do as well as they could.' Both the men were evidently in fear, and even trembled; they shewed an anxiety that we should not go near their huts, and were unwilling to trust themselves with us as far as our tents, though they perfectly understood my promise that they should have something to eat. I pressed the young man to shoot one of his arrows at a mark, but he had only two with him, and he looked at us all round as if he feared we wanted to make

him part with his means of defence. I succeeded, however, in re-assuring him; he shot at, and hit a tree about 100 yards off; and on my praising his skill, let fly his other arrow, which went straight enough, but struck the ground near the root. He held his bow and arrow in the English manner, differently from the Hindoostanees, who place the arrow on what we should call the wrong side, and draw the string with the thumb: his arrows were not ill-made, but his bow was what a 'British bowman' would call a very slight one. The applause which he received, and the security which he now felt, made him familiar. He sat on the ground, to shew us the manner in which his countrymen shoot from amid the long grass, holding the bow with their feet, and volunteered aiming at different objects, till I told him there was no need of more trials."

We conclude, for the present, with a curious accident.

"From Kalingera is about seven miles more of jungle to Tambresra, a village near which our tents were pitched under the shade of some fine trees, and near a cistern which still contained a little water. The situation was very beautiful, but made less agreeable than it might have been by an unlucky accident. Our little flock of sheep and goats were resting after their march under a spreading tree, when a monkey, who had come down to steal the shepherd's breakfast, and was driven back by him, in his hurried flight among the branches stumbled on a bee's nest which hung suspended in the air, and not only got himself well stung, but brought out the whole swarm in fury against the poor unoffending animals beneath. Most of them were severely stung, and bleated pitifully; but it was curious to observe the different conduct between the sheep and the goats. The former crowded all together, burying their noses in the sand, but with no apparent notion of flight or resistance, the latter ran off as fast as they could for shelter among our tents, pressing in for security as so many dogs would have done. They brought, however, such a swarm of their pursuers adhering to their coats and following them close, that their coming was very little to be desired, and we were forced to refuse them the hospitality which they would otherwise have received. Indeed, as it was, my tent was filled for a short time with bees; and several of the people were stung. We had good reason, however, to be thankful that they were the sheep and goats which were attacked, and not the horses; had the latter been the case, the consequence might have been very serious. From what I saw on this occasion, I do not think the sting of the common Indian bee so severe as that of the European."

Among the various qualities of this amiable and highly gifted person, was that of being an accomplished artist. These volumes are illustrated by a number of beautiful prints, chiefly from drawings by the Bishop, although the subjects of a few of them have been contributed by Mrs. Heber, who appears to have been closely assimilated to her excellent husband in character and taste. Mr. Finden has evidently exerted all his talents on the occasion: "The Ghât between Calcutta and Barrackpoor, "the View in the Deccan," "Janghera," "Umeer," "the Entrance to the Cave of Elephanta," and others, are admirable specimens of the art.

Narrative of an Attempt to Reach the North Pole, in Boats fitted for the purpose, and attached to H. M. S. Hecla, in the Year 1827. *Under the Command of Capt. W. E. Parry, R.N. F.R.S., &c. Illustrated by Plates and Charts, and published by Authority of H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral.* 4to. pp. 229. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THOUGH it is extremely gratifying to read the details of this gallant adventure, from the pen of its brave and enterprising commander, we have such good cause to be satisfied with the accounts of it which have, from time to time, appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, that in truth we can exhibit little of novelty to our readers after the perusal of this volume. By referring to pages 185, 233, 507, 649, 665, 747, and 844 of our Journal for 1827, it will be found that all the leading events of this Expedition, from the hour of its sailing to the day of its return, have been accurately and amply described, from such sources of intelligence as we will venture to say no other periodical publication ever possessed. Having indulged our vanity by this boast, it would be a waste of our much-wanted room to repeat any of the statements contained in these papers—in which the dates of the ship's sailing and arriving,—the dates of the boats' leaving, of their progress northward and coming back; the particulars of a fresh-water lake on the ice, of a phenomenon of six fog-bows, of the southward drift of the ice, of the distance travelled, of the uncommon fall of rain, of the survey of Wavgatz Strait, and even of the seals and bears killed and cooked, have all been faithfully recorded. It must, however, be pleasant to readers to see how finely and how modestly Captain Parry tells his own tale; and we select a passage well adapted for that purpose.

"Our plan of travelling (he says, speaking of the journey over the ice after leaving the Hecla) being nearly the same throughout this excursion, after we first entered upon the ice, I may at once give some account of our usual mode of proceeding. It was my intention to travel wholly at night and to rest by day, there being, of course, constant daylight in these regions during the summer season. The advantages of this plan, which was occasionally deranged by circumstances, consisted, first, in our avoiding the intense and oppressive glare from the snow during the time of the sun's greatest altitude, so as to prevent, in some degree, the painful inflammation in the eyes called 'snow-blindness,' which is common in all snowy countries. We also thus enjoyed greater warmth during the hours of rest, and had a better chance of drying our clothes; besides which, no small advantage was derived from the snow being harder at night for travelling. The only disadvantage of this plan was, that the fogs were somewhat more frequent and more thick by night than by day, though even in this respect there was less difference than might have been supposed; the temperature during the twenty-four hours undergoing but little variation. This travelling by night, and sleeping by day, so completely inverted the natural order of things, that it was difficult to persuade ourselves of the reality. Even the officers and myself, who were all furnished with pocket-chronometers, could not always bear in mind at what part of the twenty-four hours we had arrived; and there were several of the men who declared, and I believe truly, that they never knew night from day during the whole excursion. When we rose in the evening, we commenced our day by prayers, after which we took off our fu sleeping-dresses, and put on those for travel ling; the former being made of camblet, line with racoon-skin, and the latter of strong blu box-cloth. We made a point of always puttin on the same stockings and boots for travellin in, whether they had dried during the day c not; and I believe it was only in five or si instances, at the most, that they were not eithe still wet or hard-frozen. This, indeed, was no consequence, beyond the discomfort of fir putting them on in this state, as they were su to be thoroughly wet in a quarter of an ho after commencing our journey; while, on t other hand, it was of vital importance to ke dry things for sleeping in. Being 'rigged' f travelling, we breakfasted upon warm coo and biscuit, and after stowing the things the boats and on the sledges, so as to secu them as much as possible from wet, we set on our day's journey, and usually travell from five to five and a half hours, then stopp an hour to dine, and again travelled four, fi or even six hours, according to circumstanc After this we halted for the night, as we call it, though it was usually early in the mornin selecting the largest surface of ice we happen to be near for hauling the boats on, in order avoid the danger of its breaking up by comi in contact with other masses, and also to pr vent drift as much as possible. The boats we placed close alongside each other, with th sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared o of them, and the sails, supported by the ba boo masts and three paddles, placed over the as awnings, an entrance being left at the bo Every man then immediately put on d stockings and fur boots, after which we about the necessary repairs of boats, sledg or clothes; and, after serving the provisio for the succeeding day, we went to supp Most of the officers and men then smok their pipes, which served to dry the boats a awnings very much, and usually raised temperature of our lodgings 10 or 15 deg. T part of the twenty-four hours was ofte time, and the only one, of real enjoyment us; the men told their stories, and 'fou all their battles o'er again,' and the labour the day, unsuccessful as they too often we were forgotten. A regular watch was set dur our resting-time, to look out for bears or the ice breaking up round us, as well as to att to the drying of the clothes, each man al nately taking this duty for one hour. then concluded our day with prayers, having put on our fur dresses, lay down sleep, with a degree of comfort which perh few persons would imagine possible under s circumstances: our chief inconvenience be that we were somewhat pinched for room, therefore obliged to stow rather closer than quite agreeable. The temperature, while slept, was usually from 36 to 45 deg., acc ing to the state of the external atmosph but on one or two occasions, in calm and w weather, it rose as high as 60 to 66 d obliging us to throw off a part of our fur d After we had slept seven hours, the man pointed to boil the cocoa roused us, whe was ready, by the sound of a bugle, whe commenced our day in the manner before scribed. Our allowance of provisions for man per day was as follows:—

Biscuit	10 ounces.
Pemmican	9 do.
Sweetened Cocoa Powder	1 do. to make one
Rum	1 gill.
Tobacco	3 ounces per week

Our fuel consisted entirely of spirits of w of which two pints formed our daily al

ance, the cocoa being cooked in an iron boiler over a shallow iron lamp with seven wicks,—a simple apparatus which answered our purpose remarkably well. We usually found one pint of the spirits of wine sufficient for preparing our breakfast; that is, for heating twenty-eight pints of water, though it always commenced from the temperature of 32 deg. If the weather was calm and fair, this quantity of fuel brought it to the boiling point in about an hour and a quarter; but more generally the wicks began to go out before it had reached 200 deg. This, however, made a very comfortable meal to persons situated as we were. Such, with very little variation, was our regular routine during the whole of this excursion."

Again, speaking of one day: "the fog dispersing before noon, we had another clear and fine day, but, as usual, paid dear for this comfort by the increased softness of the snow and the oppressive glare reflected from it. Setting out at half past seven in the evening, we found the sun more distressing to the eyes than we had ever yet had it, bidding defiance to our crape veils and wire-gauze eye-shades; but a more effectual screen was afforded by the sun becoming clouded about nine, P.M. Our way still lay over small loose masses, to which we were now so accustomed as scarcely to expect any other; for it was evident enough that we were not improving in this respect as we advanced northwards. At half-past nine we came to a very difficult crossing among the loose ice, which, however, we were encouraged to attempt by seeing a floe of some magnitude beyond it. We had to convey the sledges and provisions one way, and to haul the boats over by another. One of the masses over which the boats came began to roll about while one of them was upon it, giving us reason to apprehend its upsetting, which must have been attended with some very serious consequence; fortunately, however, it retained its equilibrium long enough to allow us to get the boat past it in safety, not without several of the men falling overboard in consequence of the long jumps we had to make, and the edges breaking with their weight."

These quotations speak the character of the volume, where the most persevering and noble conduct, under the severest privations, is depicted throughout with the same simplicity. The following, respecting red snow, is new to us:—

August 2d.—"In the course of this day's journey we met with a quantity of snow, tinged, to the depth of several inches, with some red colouring matter, of which a portion was preserved in a bottle for future examination. This circumstance recalled to our recollection our having frequently before, in the course of this journey, remarked that the loaded sledges, in passing over hard snow, left upon it a light rose-coloured tint, which at the time we attributed to the colouring matter being pressed out of the birch of which they were made. To-day, however, we observed that the runners of the boats, and even our own footsteps, exhibited the same appearance; and on watching it more narrowly afterwards, we found the same effect to be produced, in a greater or less degree, by heavy pressure on almost all the ice over which we passed, though a magnifying-glass could detect nothing to give it this tinge. The colour of the red snow which we bottled, and which only occurred in two or three spots, appeared somewhat different from this, being rather of a salmon than a rose colour; but both were so striking as to be the subject of constant remark."

But though, from the nature of this Expedition, it was meagre of striking incident, the chart and appendix of scientific tables render it a valuable accession to our stock of knowledge. It was, indeed, necessary in order to complete the subject of these remarkable voyages, in which the efforts of England and Englishmen have been such as became the high naval station of the country and the high intellectual character of the people.

The plates illustrative of the work have been exquisitely engraved by Finden, and are very curious and interesting. The powerful contrast which in high latitudes always exists between the deep gloom of the sky, and the dazzling splendour of the land and ice, is admirably expressed. Of this, "the Boats hauled up for the night," affords a striking example. "The Boats off Walden Island in a snow-storm," besides being inimitably executed, is a most fearful exhibition of one of the perils to which our brave and persevering countrymen were exposed in the course of their adventurous enterprise.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Proceedings of the Expedition to Explore the Northern Coast of Africa, from Tripoly eastward, in 1821 *and* 2; *comprehending an Account of the Greater Syrtis and Cyrenaica, and of the Ancient Cities composing the Pentapolis.* By Captain F. W. Beechey, R.N. F.R.S., and H. W. Beechey, Esq. F.S.A. 4to. pp. 620. London, J. Murray.

This sterling volume has at last issued from the press, and fulfils all the expectations we entertained of it, from some acquaintance with its progress. At page 405 of our last year's *Literary Gazette* will be found an interesting extract on the subject of the Gardens of the Hesperides, which is a fair specimen of the work; and we regret that we cannot this week go further into its contents. Suffice it to observe, that it is replete with intelligence of the highest literary cast; and that its classical inquiries, its scientific illustrations, and its fine-arts' embellishments, are all equally to the honour of its authors.

The Merchant's Wedding; or, London Frolics in 1638, *&c.* By J. R. Planché. Pp. 79. London, 1828. J. Cumberland.

This comedy, extremely well arranged inasmuch as relates to its ancient parts, and extremely well written inasmuch as relates to its modern additions, has just been published, with a dedication, by permission, to the Lord High Admiral. Its success at Covent Garden renders it unnecessary for us to *say* more in its praise as a drama; the patronage under which it appears *says* enough for its propriety and merit; and *we* have only to *say*, that it is as neatly got up in the printer's as in the theatrical phrase.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Captain Franklin.—We are informed that Captain Franklin will make another journey to the northern coast of America, in order to complete his survey, by traversing the space left between him and Captain Beechey, as described in the *Literary Gazette* of last year (see No. 547, *et seq.*).

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Friday evening in last week, Mr. Faraday delivered one of the most popular lectures which we ever heard, on Phonics. His illustrations of the resonance of sound were full of interest; and some very remarkable facts were demonstrated by experiments at once new, delightful, and extraordinary. We trust to be enabled to render a detailed account of this Lecture, which was appropriately concluded by a performance on the Jew's-harp by Mr. Eülenstein, of whose wonderful power over this simple, but with him exquisite and comprehensive instrument, we have frequently spoken in the *Literary Gazette.*

ASTRONOMY.

New, Lost, and Variable Stars.—Notwithstanding the attention of the mind of man has been in all ages ardently bending its intellectual powers in researches amidst the celestial regions, and of late years aided by the exquisite instruments which have enlarged the sphere of the fixed stars beyond all that could be conceived, it must be admitted that, notwithstanding these vast acquirements, we are but on the very threshold of the science of astronomy; and the conviction is pressed home to the mind, that ere its flight be unfettered, and capable of expatiating through the vast range of the universe, the spirit must be released from its present enthralment, and arrayed in the vestments of immortality.

What is it we contemplate when we fix our eyes on the brightest of the starry train? a glittering point, concerning which, we only know that the body which sends forth such a stream of radiance is inconceivably too remote to borrow its lustre from the sun of our system, or from any other sun; for, of necessity, such a glorious orb, if existing, would be visible: we believe the star we thus behold, to be itself a sun,— the fount of light, the soul and centre of revolving worlds: we know that, as far as human ingenuity has contrived instruments, the distance of this shining body is beyond computation; though such is the minuteness of modern instrumental graduation, that angles, formerly considered to be insensible, are now measured with the greatest accuracy. Where calculation fails, imagination takes up the wondrous consideration, and in vain attempts to date the period when this bright orb first shone forth in pristine beauty; and as we are ignorant of its origin, we are equally so of the period when the hand that moulded the orb shall return it to its original nothingness. When we survey the glorious host, "stars densely thronging still," we cannot suppose them merely twinkling lights to garnish the blue vault of heaven—to afford speculation to the philosopher — to excite the admiration, and add to the delight of man. Returning from the vast survey, we must confess that all these glittering gems, which are displayed in the celestial arches, are enshrined in mysterious obscurity: we see, admire, and speculate; but the soul falls prostrate in attempting to unravel these material wonders, which are as inexplicable as infinite space or eternal duration. We judge there are new creations, pure and beautiful, from the sudden appearance of new stars; unless we may suppose that their light, after having traversed space myriads of years, has just reached our earth: we may conclude from the disappearance of others, that the awful mandate has been issued forth, and brilliant systems have been blotted from the ample page of the universe.

Among some which have been recently seen in the heavens, and are called *New Stars*, are those in the following constellations:—Lacerta, Perseus, Boötes, Hydra, Monoceros, Cepheus, &c.; and of those which have been termed *Lost Stars*, are three in Hercules, and others in Cancer, Perseus, Pisces, Orion, and Coma

Berenices. A very remarkable star appeared in the year 1604, near the right foot of Serpentarius; it surpassed Jupiter in magnitude, and its brilliancy exceeded that of every other star: when near the horizon it shone with a white light; but in every other situation it assumed alternately the varying colours of the rainbow. It gradually diminished in splendour till about October 1605, when it disappeared, and has not been seen since.

There is also another class of stars in the heavens which afford considerable speculation to the philosopher. These are the *Variable Stars*, which having attained a certain maximum of brilliancy, by degrees suffer a diminution of it, in some instances so as to vanish entirely, and re-appear, increasing to their former splendour; and this variation occupying a limited portion of time. Many have been the hypotheses to account for this periodical change: the solar spots sanction the idea that these stars are suns, having very large spots on their orbs, which, by their rotation, are alternately turned from and towards our system. Others have considered the phenomenon sufficiently explained, by supposing large planets circulating round the stars, which, when in conjunction, intercept the light. Another opinion is, that their exceedingly swift rotation generates a very oblate spheroid; and consequently when the plane which passes through the axis of the spheroid is turned towards our earth, the light appears at its minimum; and when its equatorial diameter is similarly posited, its maximum of brightness occurs. This shifting of the planes is accounted for from the action of immense planetary masses, whose orbits are considerably inclined. We have something analogous to this in the nutation of the earth's axis, which is caused by the inclination of the moon's orbit, and the obliquity of the ecliptic. The number of stars ascertained to be variable is fifteen, and those suspected to be so, thirty-seven: the most remarkable of the former are—

	Varying Magnitude.	Period of Variation. D.	H.	M.	S.
Algol in Perseus	2d to 4th	2	20	40	50
β Lyræ	3 to 4.5	6	9	0	0
η Antinoi	3 to 4.5	7	4	15	0
A Star in Sobieski's shield	5 to 7.8	62 days.			

δ Cephei is subject to a periodic variation of 5 days, 8 hrs. 37 min. 30 sec. in the following order:—It continues at its greatest brightness about 1 day, 13 hrs.; it gradually declines in 1 day, 18 hrs.; is at its greatest obscuration about 1 day, 12 hrs.; and increases in 13 hrs.: its maximum and minimum of brightness is that between the third and fourth, and between the fourth and fifth magnitudes.

In the years 1783, 1784, 1785, Pollux in Gemini was observed to be considerably brighter than Castor; in Flamstead's time, the reverse was the case, he making Castor of the first, and Pollux of the second magnitude.

On these mysterious points (the appearance and disappearance of some stars, and the gradual decrease and augmentation of light in others) it is highly probable, that not only the present age, but future generations, will continue to remain in obscurity: every particular connected with the fixed stars so nearly approaches to infinity, that nothing short of Infinite Wisdom can direct the intellectual powers in the development of its sublimities.

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Feb. 16.—In a convocation, holden on Thursday last, the thanks of the University were voted to the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, for the liberal mark of his attention in offering a Writership (belonging to his patronage in the Hon. East India Company's Service) as a prize for competition among the Junior Members of the University; and at the same time it was agreed that his offer of the Writership be accepted.

The same day the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. F. A. Sterky, Student of Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Reade, Grand Compounder, H. D. Serrell, P. Poore, Queen's College; G. Ross, Lincoln College; W. M. Leir, Wadham College; J. Whalley, Brasennose College; H. D. Wickham, Exeter College.

FINE ARTS.

Royal Academy.—We record with pleasure that W. Etty, Esq. has been elected a Royal Academician in the room of the late Mr. Flaxman. His efforts in the highest branches of art seem to us to have entitled him peculiarly to become the successor of that distinguished genius.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 479. *Smugglers Alarmed.* H. P. Parker.—Artists, as well as writers, have their favourite topics; and although those subjects may not always fall in with the taste of the public, or of that part of the public likely to become purchasers of pictures or books, they may still serve to shew how far, and in what way, the talents employed on them might be more profitably directed. The materials, whether principal or accessory, which belong to such subjects as that which Mr. Parker has here chosen, are always highly picturesque, partaking in their character and circumstances of the bold and the romantic. In the performance under our notice we consider the artist as having very successfully attained his object; and as having given to his work, both in conception and in execution, a high degree of interest.

No. 411. *Holy Family.* James Bethell.—This picture belongs to a high class of art; and the artist has displayed his talents to great advantage in the several qualities of composition, colouring, and execution.

No. 364. *Titian in his Study.* R. T. Bone.—This is a variety in the style of this able artist's pencil, combining in its chiaroscuro much of the character of Rembrandt, and in the tone of its colouring much of the character of Titian. No. 89. *Les Adieux*; No. 90. *Relaxation*; and No. 93. *The Meeting*; are painted with Mr. R. T. Bone's usual gaiety and taste. They are gems in their way, although we think they would be improved by a little more finish.

No. 388. *View on the River Tamar, at Ensleigh, in the Grounds of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.* F. C. Lewis.—The lovers of solitude and of solitary scenes will look with calm and complacent delight on this interesting view; for its loneliness is not the loneliness of the desert—the spectator is not here "out of humanity's reach;"—mingled with the grandeur of rocks and the intricacies of foliage, is the freshness of cultivation. The deep tone and transparency of the still water, and the introduction of the heron and other water-fowl, are in excellent keeping with the scene.

No. 188. *Balfour of Barley in the Hayloft, hearing Claverhouse's Cavalry in pursuit of him.* Andrew Morton.—The interest excited by the well-drawn scenes and characters in the Waverley Novels, has called forth many an effort on the part of our artists to embody those scenes and characters on the canvass; a task of no ordinary difficulty, requiring, as it does, an individuality of expression which the living model alone can furnish. Mr. Morton has been very successful. The bold but wary covenanter, listening to the sound of impending danger, is well imagined. It is not the listening of fear—scarcely that of apprehension; but it is the listening of a man who, however desirous of eluding his foe, has, nevertheless, made up his mind to meet whatever peril may present itself. The listening in No. 405. *Captain Dalgetty listening to the Sermon in the Chapel at Inverary*, by the same artist, is of a very different nature, but is quite appropriate to the character. We think Mr. Morton's *Don Quixote and Sancho* (No. 328) is too much crowded and sprinkled with accessories, which, in a great measure, destroy the breadth that he has so well preserved in his other performances.

No. 404. *A Gondolier, sketched at Venice.* J. F. Lewis.—There seems to be something in the nature of Venetian costume and scenery which invariably induces all those who treat such subjects to impart to them a tone of colouring correspondent with that which pervades what is known by the name of "The Venetian School." Mr. Lewis's Gondolier is a broadly and spiritedly painted specimen of that bold and picturesquely clad character.

No. 348. *Mandeville saved from fanatical Assassins.* W. Thomas.—The height at which this picture is placed prevents us from judging of its merits in point of execution; but its composition and character seem to evince considerable talent in the artist for historical and similar subjects.

No. 94. *Castle of Indolence.* F. P. Stephanoff.—This can be considered only as a sketch. Being well assured of Mr. Stephanoff's capacity to produce something more worthy of his powers from this beautiful and descriptive poem of the author of the "Seasons," (abounding as it does with the most striking and splendid varieties of scenery and character,) we cannot omit the opportunity of recommending it to the more particular notice and study of so distinguished an artist.

No. 33. *The Parting of Hector and Andromache.* Douglas Guest.—The arrangement of half-length groups is attended with considerable difficulty; but in the present instance the artist has accomplished the arrangement of his figures in such a way as to present a clever and classic composition.

No. 376. *Reading the Fifth Act of the Manuscript.* Theodore Lane.—Our acquaintance with the works of this artist commenced with his "An hour before the Duel;" in the conception and execution of which we considered him highly successful. We do not mean by this remark to imply that the present performance is a failure; yet, although the subject certainly admits of humour, the humour appears to us to be in this instance overcharged, and to approach closely to caricature. Neither do we think that the scene,—a wretched garret,—is judicious and appropriate; for, although the "Calamities of Authors" are not, and probably never will be, at an end, they generally, by some means or other, contrive in the present day to carry on the war in more comfortable habitations. Our principal objection, however, to the interior chosen is, that its form by no means assists the composition. Mr. Lane's other performance, No. 129. *Too many Cooks spoil the Broth*, whatever merit it may possess in colouring, effect, and execution, is one on which we cannot dwell for a moment. Cruelty, whether inflicted by man or by brute, is a very unfit subject for mirth.

No. 6. *The Young Draught Players.* No. 11. *The Dancing Dog.* Wm. Gill.—This young

artist maintains the high reputation of his pencil for truth of character and fidelity of representation. In speaking of some of Mr. Gill's former works, we noticed what appeared to us to be the too great obscurity of his backgrounds. In the present instances he seems to have availed himself of the hint.

No. 12. *The Whist Party.* No. 18. "*List, ye Landsmen, all to me.*" John Knight.—Mr. Knight possesses talents of no ordinary rank as a painter of subjects in familiar life. There is a fluency of pencil, a mellowness of tone, and a chiaroscuro truly Flemish, in his pictures, which give them great value. Still, however, he seems to us to want more of the individuality, and consequently of the variety, of nature, both in his figures and in his accessories.

No. 132. *A Study, in a Vandyke Dress.* H. Wyatt.—Of its kind, we do not think that there is a finer picture in the present Exhibition. With the exception of Dobson, none of Vandyke's imitators have been more successful.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Interior of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London. Painted by John Harwood; engraved by William Woolnoth. Published by John Harwood.

With no pretension to higher qualities than simplicity and clearness, this is a bold, luminous, and well-engraved representation of a portion of our noble metropolitan cathedral. The introduction of the procession of the installation of the present Bishop of Winchester to the deanery of St. Paul's is very appropriate.

The Pug-idiots. Time!!! Engraved by C. Turner, from a picture by J. Bristow. Colnaghi.

Mr. Turner has done full justice to the merits of the whimsical original; a notice of which has already appeared in the *Literary Gazette*. The expression of the various parties is admirably preserved; and in no instance more so than in the anxious phiz of one of the seconds of the vanquished combatant, who seems to have himself lost an "ogle" in some fray of a similar nature.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SHIP OF HEAVEN.

A Dream.

'Tis day—but sun or sky
No human eye may see;
Like a mighty shroud the heavy air
Hangs dim and drearily.

'Tis day—yet on the rock
The falcon sits forlorn,
Expecting, cold and restlessly,
The coming of the morn.

A ray, as of the sun,
Flashes along the deep;
And, hark! dull whispers of the blast,
Through the old forest sweep.

Yet all looks calm, as lull'd
By some magician's wand:
It is no sun that lights the deep—
No blast that sweeps the land!

Like mountains that have been
By ancient tempests riven,
Opens in wild sublimity
The lofty arch of heaven!

The giant clouds dissolve
Mysteriously away—
As darkness melts to radiance,
Before the power of day.

Innumerable beams
Of variegated light
Burst from that everlasting sphere
Upon my tranced sight!

Temples of living fire,
Mild as the lunar ray—
Fountains that overflow with stars,
Shine up the open way.

Suddenly from the vault,
Like lightning when storms rave,
A bow of atmospheric hues
Spans the vast heaven and wave!

A Ship!—a heavenly Ship!
Her sails are clouds of snow,
Fine as we've seen the moon shine through
On pleasant eves below.

From the miraculous cleft
She takes her beauteous flight—
Now launching on the tide of air,
Speeds down the waves of light!

Gushes the trumpet's breath
With organ melody:
And at the sound, ten thousand shapes
Spring from the groaning sea!

The sea gives up its dead!
Its brave, its honour'd dead!
Their thronging footsteps press the deck,
But soundless is their tread.

The aged and wither'd brow—
The stately and the fair—
The warrior-knight and lowly hind—
The prince and slave—meet there!

They gaze on me with eyes
That evermore dilate,
As if with the thin gelid air
Engrossed! incorporate!

Their forms glide like star-rays
Upon a rapid stream;
Pale, shadowy, changeful,—still in all
Identical they seem!

Again the Ship of Heaven
Her wondrous path doth take;
Silently she moves o'er the sea—
Her vast stern leaves no wake!

Vain is my wish to move;
A ponderous column, bound
With demon-chains upon my breast,
Confines me to the ground.

Vain is my hope to speak;
Language denies the power
To tell the bitter agony—
The terror of this hour.

'Tis past!.....back to my heart
The fever'd blood springs now,
And the illusions of dark sleep
Fast leave my aching brow.

C. Swain.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. HENRY NEELE.

"He claims some record on the roll of Fame,
And Rumour for a season learns his name,
And Sorrow knows the prison where he lies—
Mortality's cold signet on him set."

Neele: Sonnet, 1826.

Henry Neele, son of the late respectable map and heraldic engraver, was born January 29, 1798, at the house of his father in the Strand. His parents soon afterwards settled at Kentish Town, where Henry was sent to school as a daily border. The academy wherein he imbibed all the instruction he possessed previous to his entrance into life, did not offer much towards the attainment of a liberal education. The writer of this slight sketch, Mr. Neele's contemporary (although his senior), recollects making many a willing, though painful effort, to encounter Greek, but all in vain—(such was the barbarous system pursued there); and passing through, *as the phrase was*, the best Latin poets, without being taught to scan, or dreaming that there was the slightest difference betwixt Latin poetry and prose. The French language (a solitary exception) was taught grammatically by an able, zealous, and conscientious *emigré*, who, previous to the French revolution, possessed the right of grinding all the corn in his *seigneuriage*, and who continued his occupation in grinding the seeds of knowledge into the sullen capacities of his pupils. Henry Neele, therefore, left school, possessing, as Dr. Johnson would say, little Latin, and scarcely any Greek, but capable of reading and enjoying the best French writers. He added afterwards, by his own unassisted efforts, some acquaintance with Italian literature. If, at this font of learning, Greek and Latin were partially imbibed, the "well" of English poetry or prose was wholly "undefiled" by students' lips. There prevailed an absurd notion, that English was best taught through the medium of the Latin Grammar; and Lindley Murray was voted useless. The theme—that ordinary resource for puzzling a juvenile brain—would have equally puzzled the master's; and whatever other sins were committed in the sacred groves around, the sin of poesy was not among the number. The only delinquent, within the writer's memory, was Neele. He displayed no extraordinary application to study, no talent for mathematical or other science,—but he evinced an early inclination for poetry; and he wrote, at that period, unnoticed but not unnoticing, verses which would bear a comparison with those of the most precocious poet on record. His genius was purely lyrical, and Collins was his chief model. The Ode to Enthusiasm (the earliest of his printed poems) contains more natural images, and natural expression, than are ordinarily found in the productions of a boy of fifteen. Neele's father, a man of fair natural talents, had the discernment to perceive, and the good taste to encourage, his son's genius. The Odes and other Poems, published in 1817, were printed at his expense.

On quitting school, Mr. Neele was articled to an attorney; and though at times he "penned a stanza when he should engross," he nevertheless, we believe, did not neglect the opportunities afforded of obtaining experience in his profession. At a later period, he practised as a solicitor in Great Blenheim Street.

In 1821, the Odes and Poems were reprinted, with a frontispiece, and attracted much notice from Dr. Drake and other critics of repute. Our author then began to be sought after by booksellers, and became a regular contributor to Magazines, Forget-Me-Not, &c. &c.

The great success that had attended the Dramatic Scenes of Barry Cornwall gave rise to the composition of Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous, published in 1823. Mr. Neele had evidently no talent for dramatic poetry. His Dramatic Sketches contain many beautiful images, and much pure and excellent sentiment; but the personages rather improvise than converse. They are efforts of the mind or the imagination,—but not effusions of the heart. Other and greater imitators of this style have failed. Helidon Hill does no credit to the Author of Waverley; and we recollect to have read an avowal of Lord Byron's, that, with all his ambition, he felt he could not succeed as a dramatist. He coquetted with the town in the publication of his Dramas, and was less sore that they had been forced

on the stage than that they had been condemned by a mixed audience.

The Miscellaneous Poems in this second volume are written with more attempt at polish than his earlier productions, but are very beautiful specimens of his genius, especially the Songs. We have a melancholy pleasure in transcribing the following from the Fragments, which close the volume:—

"That which makes women vain, has taught my heart
A deeper lesson; and my weary spirit
Looks on this painted clay, but as the night garb
Which the soul wears while slumbering here on earth,
And, at its waking, gladly throws aside,
For brighter ornaments."

If our author could not excel in dramatic poetry, he had a keen perception of dramatic excellence in others. He studied minutely the productions of (what is termed) the Elizabethan age, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare. He pleased himself with composing a series of Lectures on the works of the great Bard, and undertook (in 1819) a pilgrimage to his shrine. His *compagnon de voyage* (Mr. Britton, the antiquary,) read one of those lectures, at the Town Hall of Stratford, to a numerous audience; and the produce of the tickets (about ten pounds) was presented to a public charity at Stratford. Mr. Britton possesses the MS. of these Lectures. Poured forth with rapidity and apparent carelessness, they are yet acute, discriminative, and eloquent: they abound in illustration, and display considerable powers of humour. Mr. Neele shewed on this, as on other occasions, that the cultivation of poetical talent is no impediment to the acquisition of a nervous and perspicuous style in prose composition.

In the winter of 1826 Mr. Neele completed a series of Lectures on the English Poets, from Chaucer to the present period. These Lectures he read at the Russell, and afterwards at the Western Institution. They are described by one who heard them as "displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of the great subjects of his criticism." The public prints mentioned them in terms of approbation; and profit, as well as praise, accrued to our author by this undertaking.

At the commencement of the present year appeared his Romance of History, in three vols. dedicated to the King. This production greatly enhanced Mr. Neele's fame as a writer of a higher order than the mere contributor to periodical publications. The object of the author was to prove, as his motto stated, that

"Truth is strange—
Stranger than fiction;"

and that tomes of romance need not alone be ransacked for the marvellous in incident. His compilation embraces tales of every age from the Conquest to the Reformation, extracted from the chronicles and more obscure sources of historical information. As a book of instruction, it is invaluable to readers who cannot be persuaded to sit down to the perusal of history in a legitimate form; for each tale is preceded by a chronological summary of the events referred to, arranged in a brief and accurate form. The narratives themselves are highly attractive, teeming with interest, and interspersed with lively and characteristic dialogue. The idea was a happy one, and capable of almost boundless extent. The early history of France, of Spain, of Italy, would have furnished fresh materials, and the excitement would have been renewed at every recurrence to the novel habits of a fresh people. The author had begun to avail himself of this advantage: he had commenced a second series of Romances, founded on the history of France. Known and appreciated, he was beginning to rear his head as a lion of the day. His Poetical Works had been collected, in two vols. with a portrait; but, alas!

"Scarce had their fame been whispered round,
Before its shrill and mournful sound
Was whistling o'er (his) tomb:
Scarce did the laurel 'gin to grow
Around (his) early honoured brow,
Before its grateful bloom
Was changed to cypress, sear and brown,
Whose garlands mock the head they crown."
Neele's Odes.

The unfortunate subject of our memoir was found dead in his bed, on Thursday the 7th instant, with too certain tokens of self-destruction. He had exhibited symptoms of derangement the day previous. It is neither our purpose nor our wish to inquire into the cause of this aberration of intellect. The most probable is, incessant application to studious pursuits preying upon a system nervous even to irritability.

"Ah! noblest minds
Sink soonest into ruin, like a tree
That with the weight of its own golden fruitage
Is bent down to the dust."
H. N. (*The Mourner*, 1820.)

Mr. Neele was short in stature—of appearance rather humble and unprepossessing; but his large expanse of forehead and the fire of his eye betokened mind and imagination; and whatever unfavourable impressions were occasioned by his first address were speedily effaced by the intelligence and good-humour which a few minutes' conversation with him elicited. His manners were bland and affable; his disposition free, open, and generous. He was naturally of a convivial turn, and enjoyed the society of men of kindred talent. That enjoyment, perhaps, brought with it indulgence of another kind. It is easy for "fat, contented ignorance" to sneer at such failings; but the candid and ingenuous inquirer, estimating the strain of intellect which produces works that render men immortal, can readily comprehend that the relaxation of such gifted beings may not always be adapted to the sober simplicity of sages. The life of a man of letters is by no means an enviable one. "I persuade no man," says Owen Feltham, "to make meditation his life's whole business. *We have bodies as well as souls.*" Happy, if "the mind too finely wrought," which

"Preys on itself, and is o'erpowered by thought,"

can find alleviation in the momentary folly of the table, and sink not in despair, nor fly to the refuge of a premature grave.*

'T. S. M.

* We are under obligation to a friend for the foregoing sketch; and should have been sorry that the unfortunate subject of it had gone to his untimely grave without some such memorial of him in our page. Of the amenity of his disposition and the kindness of his heart, we had ourselves many opportunities of judging; and we felt accordingly the dismal catastrophe which closed his mortal career. We are afraid to think that the idea of self-destruction must have been long familiar to his imagination; yet it seems to have influenced several of his poetical effusions. So long ago as in Mr. Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not for 1826, the following composition from his pen appeared; and though it was ably responded to by the Editor in the same volume, it is painful to reflect on the state of morbid sensibility which must have inspired it:—

"Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that winter's storms subdue,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is ocean's lot;
But Man lies down and rises not:
Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay.

Vessels but to havens steer;
Paths denote a resting near;
Rivers flow into the main;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;
The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone:
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their bound'ries burst,
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;
Dew, descending on the hills,
Life in Nature's veins instils;
Show'rs, that on the parch'd meads fall,
Their faded loveliness recall;
Man alone sheds tears of pain,
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!"

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

If the present management of the King's Theatre can boast of nothing else, it can at least boast of activity and variety. Six different operas in nearly as many nights! Quite an *era* in op-*era* anna's. The *Roses*, not drawing, are to be withdrawn, and to be succeeded by the *Clemenza*, for the *début* of Madame Schutz, on Tuesday. The scores of several new operas have been written for.

The *Roses*, a pleasing opera, contains music of an agreeable but monotonous and unsatisfactory character, which we are well content to hear once, but would not care to have repeated: it is not sufficing. To be sure, it brings forward Pasta, but even *she* cannot turn all dross to gold. No; it deserves the fate it has met with. Caradori, whose indisposition we had to lament the first time of the representation of the new opera, sang with exquisite taste and true feminine grace and feeling.

The ballets continue unchanged. By the way, we regret that our inadvertence in not carrying our *lorgnette* with us on a former occasion led us into mistaking another individual for *Boisgerard*, (a favourite of ours,) whom we rebuked for faults uncommitted by him. Who the old peasant is, we know not, neither care, seeing that his performance was execrable.

DRURY LANE.

A musical entertainment, in three acts, called *Juan's Early Days*, and founded on the first six cantos of Lord Byron's wild but splendid poem, was produced here on Monday evening. The principal incidents are, of course, Juan's intrigue with Julia; his shipwreck on a Greek island; his amour with the "young Haide;" his being "sold to slavery;" and his introduction to the seraglio of the sultan. As Lord Byron himself might have found some difficulty in ultimately disposing of his "amusing vagabond," it would be unfair, perhaps, to require a satisfactory conclusion at the hands of Mr. Milner; though we fear parliament may be inclined to question whether the rowing of an English man-of-war's boat through the Dardanelles, and pouring a volley of musket-shot into the grand signior's private apartments, be in strict accordance with the treaty of the 6th of July. We understand, that upon the first night of performance, some little disapprobation was manifested at the curtain's suddenly falling upon this "untoward event;" but upon the evening we saw it (Thursday), the piece, as well as the pieces, went off without opposition. Of the writing, we cannot say much; but, with the exception of the last scene, the drama is not badly constructed. Miss Love plays the amorous Don with much vivacity, and sings the snatches of old and new airs (the latter, by the way, exceedingly pretty) with great sweetness and spirit. Mrs. Orger and Harley make the most of two very poor parts; and Ellen Tree (we cannot, for the life of us, spoil the name by putting "Miss" to it), looked the very, unsophisticated, "beloved and fair Haide," of the noble poet's imagination. Webster was

amusing, in a weak copy of Mungo. Mrs. Gessin, Mrs. C. Jones, Mr. J. Russel, Mr. Brown, and the rest of the performers, did all that could be done with the slight materials entrusted to them; for, with the exception of *Don Juan*, no character has twenty lines to sing or say in the whole piece. *Juan's Early Days*, like its rival at the Adelphi, may last a dozen nights—but we do not think much longer.

Next week, Mr. Price, we hear, intends bringing out the *Poor Gentleman*, with a very strong cast of the parts, as the commencement of a series of revived comedies belonging to our later school, supported with similar power. On the present occasion, with Mathews, Jones, Liston, Dowton, Cooper, Mrs. Davison (as *Lucretia Maotab*), and the pretty Ellen Tree, as the heroine, there can be no doubt of a prosperous issue.

COVENT GARDEN.

"HARRY to Harry, and Horse to Horse!" Mr. Milner rushes over Waterloo Bridge, to "Drury Lane"—and Mr. Moncrieff gallops over Blackfriars, to "Covent Garden." The champion of the Coburg flings down his gauntlet, in the shape of an "operatic extravaganza;" and he of the Surrey answers the challenge, by the production of what the bills call "an entertainment." *The Somnambulist, or the Phantom of the Village*, is a translation of *La Somnambule Villageoise*,—a notice of which appeared in our last *Gazette*. Done into very equivocal English, and deprived of its pretty music, the somewhat improbable, but elegant and interesting French vaudeville becomes a dull, common-place melo-drama, rendered bearable only by the powerful acting of Miss Kelly, and the irresistible humour of Keeley. Mrs. Davenport, Miss Goward, Wrench, and Meadows, have nothing to do that is worthy of them; and Mr. Diddear, unfortunately, has much more to do than he manages to do well. We have a word of advice to give this gentleman, which we hope he will take in the way we really mean it—kindly. With more than ordinary qualifications for filling a highly respectable situation on the London boards, Mr. Diddear, if he does not immediately perceive and correct his fault, will sink into the very lowest business, "never to rise again." His performance of *Edmund Beauchamp* was the most tiresome, prosing piece of work we ever had the misfortune to witness: he drawled and mouthed alternately, till we really trembled for the jaws of our neighbours. For Heaven's sake, let him amend this, while he may, or abandon the stage at once for the conventicle. It can, surely, be no difficulty for a man who possesses a good and tolerably powerful voice, to use it a little more briskly. Let him "speak the speech trippingly upon the tongue;" for, certainly, as he mouths it at present, were we to write a play, we should, like Hamlet, "rather that the town-crier should speak our words." We repeat, if he does not alter this, and instantly, nothing can save him. The acting of the other performers obtained a favourable reception for the piece, and will, perhaps, ensure it a tolerable run.

The Oratorio selection, announced for last night at Covent Garden (too late for us), boasted great strength. Pasta, Paton, and Braham, grace the vocal list.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Bartley also commenced his Astronomical Lectures. These deservedly popular and very useful entertainments will lose none of their attractions by being given in the beautiful theatre as altered by the taste of Mr. Beazley for the French Plays.

VARIETIES.

Wire-Bridge.—A suspension wire-bridge has been constructed over the Charente, at Jarnac, a small town in the west of France.

Cantharides.—The insect in which the highest degree of the blistering quality exists is a species of coleoptera, of the genus mylaber; very nearly that which has received from Linnæus the name of the plant on the flower of which it is to be found—the endive. From certain passages in Pliny, it appears that this is precisely the species to which the Romans gave the name of *cantharis*, borrowed from the Greek. Dioscorides establishes the same fact.

French Expedition.—We are sorry to state that accounts have been received from the French expedition under the command of Capt. Durville, dated at Tonga-Tabou, one of the Friendly Islands, by which it appears that the Astrolabe has been nearly wrecked by a violent tempest, which drove her on the rocks. Although she was got off, it was with the loss of most of her anchors and cables; and she is in so shattered a state, that great apprehensions are entertained for her safety in that sea of coral shoals.

Monument to Mr. Canning.—Nearly ten thousand pounds having been subscribed, almost without an effort on the part of the originators of this truly national design, a meeting of the subscribers was held a few days ago, at which it was determined to appoint a Committee of Management for carrying it into execution. Many of the highest names in Great Britain adorn this grateful list; and it seems to us now only necessary to convoke a public meeting to take the sense of the country on what is due to the memory of our lost and lamented *Patriot* Minister.

English Manufactures.—In some branches of trade it would appear either that erroneous notions prevail amongst us, or that we are unacquainted with the component details, though they, in fact, constitute more of the value of our intercourse with foreign nations than the finished commodities. Thus, we believe that the mass of *French* watches are virtually manufactured in England, and that Glasgow and Manchester supply a vast quantity of the goods which are sold as home-made in the low countries. We are led to these remarks by having just seen, at Mr. Lewis's, in St. James's Street, a magnificent service of plate, made in London, for Paris. Here, then, is an export of the price of some five or six thousand pounds, and of an article which we had no idea was *sent* across the channel: on the contrary, we thought that not only jewellery, but a large amount of knick-knacks, in gold and silver, were all *brought* from France to England. It is pleasing to find that there are some reciprocities. With regard to this superb service itself, it is to be seen by others, as by ourselves, at the manufacturer's, and is well worth an inspection for its splendour and beauty.

Landed Estates in Heaven.—The charter of the foundation of the Abbey of Signy, in Champagne, states, in express terms, that St. Bernard promised as many acres in heaven as should be given on earth to the abbey.

Theatrical Stars.—One of these great modern constellations, the other evening, in the green-room, said to a poor *ill-starred* author—"*Entre nous*, don't you think *tip-top* histrionic *talent*, like mine, is badly paid at 30*l.* a night?" "Certainly," replied the irritated play-wright; "for consider your *medical* expenses." "My medical expenses!" exclaimed Roscius. "Ay; *entre nous*," rejoined young Sir Fretful, "consider the colds and agues caught by playing to *empty houses!*"

A Compliment.—A Frenchman who had learnt English wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to Lady R., whose dress was fawn-coloured, and that of her daughter pink,—"Milady, your daughter is the *pink* of beauty." "Ah, Monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter." "No, madam, I only do speak the truth, and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the pink, and your ladyship the *drab* of fashion"!! It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend his *sottise*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Banim has in preparation a new Irish novel, called the Croppy, or Orange and Green.

Mrs. Jameson has also a new novel nearly ready; the name, we believe, Duraxni.

The Pleasant History of Frier Rush will form the Twelfth Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms's Series of Early Prose Romances.

A Series of Forty-Eight Plates of Shipping and Craft, accurately Drawn from the Objects, and Etched by Edward William Cooke, under the superintendence of George Cooke, is preparing for publication.

In the Press.—Tales for My Young Friends, translated from the French of M. Bouilly.—No. I. of a Series of Etchings, entitled Odds and Ends, from the Portfolio of a Young Artist.—Annotations on the Apocalypse, &c. and a Vindication of it from the Objections of the late Professor J. D. Michaelis, by John Chappel Woodhouse, D.D. Dean of Lichfield and Coventry.—The Impious Feast, a Poem, by Robert Landor.—A New Edition of Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.—Conversations, chiefly on the Religious Sentiments expressed in Madame de Stael's Germany, by Mary Ann Kelty.—The Naturalist's Journal, by the Hon. Daines Barrington.—A Brief Inquiry into the Prospects of the Christian Church, in connexion with the Second Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel.—Sermons, by the Rev. James Proctor, A.M.—Researches in South Africa, by the Rev. John Philip, D.D. Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, &c.—The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans, with an Introduction, Paraphrase, and Notes, by C. H. Terrot, A.M.—A Translation of Condé's History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain and Portugal,—from the French of M. de Marle.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are informed that the Variety in our last, entitled *Intoxication in Sweden*, is not, strictly speaking, from a Swedish work, but from a German one of Travels in Sweden, by Mr. Schubert; which was reviewed in No. I. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The rhyme of *rings* with *begins* is fatal to the Elves' Dance.

The declared purpose of Turkey to wage a desperate war against her assailants, will give an additional interest this week to our first article of Review.

For various strong reasons, we are induced to defer our further remarks on the Architectural and other Improvements of the Metropolis.

The notice of Mr. Berry's Heraldry, sent as a literary paragraph, is a long advertisement.

Somebody, whose address is 150, Borough, must sign a name which we can read, if that somebody expects an answer.

We have learned that the ungallant and quaint notes in pp. 33 and 61 of the Creation of the World, attributed in our last Number to the Editor (as well as all the other notes), are not his, but that they are copied from Mr. Jordan's MS. of 1611.

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"A general reproach against Quarterly Reviews is, that they notice but a very small number of books; this fault, which is in some degree excusable in the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Reviews, since they have such powerful auxiliaries in monthly and weekly publications, would be a serious defect in a work which is intended to make us acquainted with foreign literature. The editor of the 'Foreign Review' has been fully aware of this; and the principal difference between his work and the 'Foreign Quarterly' is, that in the former we find, after a succession of long reviews, by skilful writers, short notices of books, in addition to a list of the most important works printed on the Continent. This is certainly an improvement, which must obtain for the work before us a preference over its rival. From the superior style in which it is written, it must necessarily reckon among its contributors some of the first English and Foreign literati of the day."—*Literary Chronicle.*

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Kuzzilbash: a Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

WHAT next will yield material for the novelist? or who next will come forward in that character? *Tout en huile, tout en huile:* that which was once a treatise, is now a tale;—the abstruse point of divinity leads to a *dénouement*, and the religious novel comes forth a sermon without a text;—the philosopher broaches his system and his metaphysics side by side with an unhappy attachment;—the antiquary reviews his black-letter modernised, and must have a heroine, if it were but to dress her accurately in the costume of the times;—and the traveller gathers his romantic scenes, his wild adventures, but says, with Lord Byron, "I want a hero:"—this last is a case in point. The work now before us is one that some ten years ago would have appeared as a handsome quarto, probably with maps and views, its author's name at full length on the title-page, followed by divers initials of divers learned societies, and anticipating all the honours of gilt letters and morocco binding in the dark oaken book-cases of the nobility and gentry:—now, its destiny is utterly altered; the quarto appears as three little volumes—the author preserves *l'incognito*, and the Tale of Khorasan looks more anxiously to the circulating library than to any other. This system has, like most others, its advantage and disadvantage: *its advantage*, that many who read at first but for amusement, retain both the taste and the information they have thus acquired; and that, moreover, much of useful and interesting matter thus attracts attention which would otherwise have remained neglected:—*its disadvantage*, that numbers are thus forced into the beaten track of the public favour, or rather market, who have not one requisite for the journey, but often with abilities whose other employment would have reflected credit on their possessor. This is far, however, from being the case with our present candidate: there is a wild interest about the hero well suited to the wild scenes through which he passes; and the story of his early love for Shireen is beautifully told. Still, to speak of it merely as a novel, it is faulty: it is, in reality, two stories, which would have been much better apart,—they break in too much upon one another:—secondly, the supernatural agency is very badly managed,—it does nothing which mere human aid could not have done as well; and though the hero is a fine young fellow, we see nothing in his case to merit a direct interposition of Providence. There is also another apparition, which would be the better for a why and wherefore. But here any thing like objection ends; and most cordial praise have we to bestow on hundreds of spirited sketches, beautiful descriptions, new lights thrown on manners and customs, in countries none but a most enterprising traveller could have reached:—but let some of these speak for themselves. Ismael, when a child, is carried off by a band of plunderers, after they have destroyed his home:—"Here were multitudes of the savage Toorkomans, whom I had been taught to hate, if not to fear, clad in coarse wrapping-gowns, scarcely girded round their bodies, and their huge rough caps, with their wild broad features and little angular eyes, lighted up with uncouth joy, all clamorously congratulating their countrymen on their good fortune in capturing or destroying so many of us poor Kuzzilbashes: and the women, with their flat Calmuck faces set off by enormous head-dresses hung all over with gold or silver coins, their hair in long plaits, hanging behind and on either side the head, twisted with silver bells and buttons, came running in their loose flowing shifts to meet their husbands or sons, and screaming out inquiries as to the booty they had brought."—"The wicker walls of his den, covered with black felt, were hung with all the trash and litter peculiar to a Toorkomán tent: old pack-saddles and camel's furniture; leathern bags for holding milk and churning butter; cooking-pots, broken wooden-platters; a drum made of a hollowed wooden block, covered with a piece of sheepskin; bags of dried curds and of wool, bladders filled with tallow and with butter, old boots and piles of sheepskins, lay heaped in every corner, soliciting attention in the semi-obscurity of the place; while from the ends of the wooden wicker-work of the walls hung sheepskin jackets, fur caps, women's shifts and head-dresses, tattered trowsers, bows and arrows, swords and spears, in all imaginable confusion. Already, too, had part of the plunder of our village mingled with it; and shawls, turbans, caps, silken shirts and trowsers, cloaks and slippers, with calleeoons and metal platters, basins and ewers, bits of broken looking-glass, ornamented boxes, and many other things of the kind, were now subjected to a very curious scrutiny by one part of the women and children, while some of the female menials of the family were employed in working carpets in a loom at one end of the tent, and others laboured at shaking the milk in a leathern bag to extract the butter from it."

But their situation is one the poet or painter would have chosen.

"In one place, the river, which sometimes was hardly visible among the reeds, took a sweep beneath a shoulder of the bank rather higher than the rest, and swelled out into a little lake; a white sandy beach of twenty or thirty yards in length bounded its waters at the foot of this bank, which rose above it, covered with green turf. Nearly in the centre of this beach, a spring of clear cold water, which took its rise some hundred yards off, under a rock, fell into the lake. So tempting a spot had not been neglected in days of yore: the spring, from its source to the margin of the lake, had been enclosed within a garden, which, to judge by its remains, must have belonged to some powerful prince. One tradition attributed it to Afrasiab,—another, with more probability, referred it to the time of the first Caliphs. Much care had, at all events, been taken to embellish the garden; canals, with stone cisterns, had once adorned it, and fountains might be traced, which scattered the pure waters of the stream around to cool the air. A great many stumps, for the most part quite decayed, but some of which still threw out a few sickly shoots, proved that groves of orange, pomegranate, and other fruit-trees, once flourished here, and long slender runners of the vine still crept among the tangled weeds. Just upon the edge of the bank, the little stream, after filling a canal, had been trained to fall over an artificial cascade of stone, the sides of which had been adorned with ornaments of the same; but the canal was almost obliterated, and the stone over which the water rushed was broken, and had fallen in such a manner as to confine the stream still more. A rude spout of stone had been placed so as to collect it in the basin below, and to enable the women to fill their water-vessels more easily. A huge old sycamore tree, once the chief ornament of the garden, grew on one side and overshadowed the basin; and a vine, which had rooted itself among the broken stones, formed a still closer covering, protecting the water from the rays of the sun, so as to render it always cool and refreshing. It was a delicious spot, and had become the favourite rendezvous of the whole aoul: the women came morning and evening to fill their [illegible] the elders of the men met to smoke their calleeoons under the shade; and the youths to talk over their exploits performed or anticipated, to play at games of chance, and listen to the tales of a kissago, or to gossip with the women; the children sported below upon the green bank, or threw themselves into the sparkling waters of the little lake at its foot."

The next scene of oriental luxury is a good contrast to the foregoing.

"I perceived that I was in a small apartment, exquisitely fitted up with all that could contribute to comfort and to luxury. The roof was painted with flowers of azure and gold; richly flowered hangings of felt and silk covered the greater part of the walls: and the shelves and recesses were filled with china and other ornamental toys. Carpets of the most brilliant colours covered the floor, and along the top and sides of the room were spread the thickest and softest numuds of Kermaun. A brilliant fire of wood, blazing in a handsome recess, diffused at once a delightful fragrance and a genial heat through the apartment;—and several silver lamps, and candlesticks bearing waxen tapers, shed a light equal to that of noon-day. But it was not immediately that these particulars could be observed, for my whole faculties were at first engrossed by one object; and that was a lady of majestic mien and richly dressed, who sat leaning upon a silken cushion, at the upper end of the apartment. * * She was tall and elegantly formed; the cypress waist of the poets was well illustrated by her figure and her gait. A vest of green velvet, embroidered with gold, and lined with fur, was confined

about her waist by an orange-coloured shawl; while another of rich crimson, and of ample dimensions, floated around her person, and fell in graceful folds almost to her feet. A black silk veil, falling from her large turban, half-hid and half-displayed a face which left the gazer no power of dwelling on lesser beauties. The black-pencilled brow rose over an eye full and dark as the antelope's, but piercing and commanding like the eagle's; while a cheek, vying in its hue with the blossom of the pomegranate, gave earnest of all the loveliness which was yet concealed. * * She clapped her hands three times, upon which a private door opened, and three or four female slaves entered, bearing trays covered with the choicest dishes. Our appetites were courted by the most delicately-seasoned kabaubs and stews, omelettes, creams, and sweetmeats; and the richest sherbets of pomegranates, of limes and of cinnamon, flavoured with rose-water, mantled in china basins, to quench our thirst. Fatimah, with the sweetest smile, now invited me to sit by herself, and helped me with her own hand to the choicest morsels, first tasting them to give them an additional relish. I in my turn, when I found a dish of surpassing flavour, entreated her to accept of a portion from my hand, placing it myself upon the cake of bread before her."

One very characteristic anecdote, and we have done.

"There was a certain person, an affshar of his own tribe, who had risen by his own valour and merit from the station of a common groom to be a dehbashee in Nader's guard. In a hot engagement with the Toorkomans, a dehbashee who, as is customary in some corps, carried a small flag on the point of his spear, happened to be killed, and his men, overpowered by numbers, were retreating, leaving this banner in the hands of their enemies. This person, at that time a common soldier, calling out to his comrades to stand firm, rushed alone against the advancing Toorkomans, and made such good use of his sword, that he not only forced them to give back, and gave time for his own friends to rally and come on, but he recovered the flag and bore it off in triumph; and Nader, pleased with his zeal and courage, immediately gave him a right to carry the trophy he had so gallantly won. This man, accompanied by a few soldiers, was sent by his highness to receive the contribution of a certain village, with strict orders to communicate with no one but the ketkhodah, and not to remain in the place longer than might be required for the performance of his errand. Unhappily for himself, the dehbashee was not insensible to the comforts of good cheer, and liked good wine better than a pious Mussulmaun should do. The ketkhodah, in hopes of contriving to relieve himself of a part of the contribution, prevailed on the officer to wait and partake of a good lamb pillaw, while the money and other articles should be collected; but the latter, not choosing to expose his trespass to the eyes of his men, sent them to wait his arrival at a certain place, where he promised soon to join them. The pillaw was excellent: a merry fellow, one of the villagers, dropped in, with one or two more, and told some capital stories; and their host, closing the doors with mysterious caution, produced a large carboy of excellent Nishapore wine. Whether the dehbashee was more than commonly thirsty, or the wine more than usually potent, or whether the ketkhodah had drugged it for the purpose, was never discovered; but the former soon lost his senses, and did not recover them until the morning of the next day, when he had some difficulty in recollecting where he was, and what his errand had been. The ketkhodah now found little difficulty in making his own terms; for the dehbashee was confused, ashamed, and, in some degree, in his power. His despair was completed, when, on reaching the place of appointment, he found none of his party there. They had remained, as desired, until late at night, when, confounded at the protracted absence of their chief, and supposing that he must have missed his way in the darkness, they returned to head-quarters, where they were still more astonished to find he had not yet arrived. After musing for a while, the poor fellow resolved to go at once to the general, and tell him the whole affair, without attempting any excuse. 'Let him do what he will with me,' said he, mentally; 'it is better than skulking or telling a lie about it, or than being at the mercy of a knave like the ketkhodah.' So to his highness he went, and found him in bad humour enough; for the fact of his absence, and the arrival of his men without their officer, had just been reported. 'How!—does the fellow dare to appear in our presence?' growled Nader, with a terrible frown; 'take him, and bastinado him soundly, and strip him of his armour, and turn him out of camp.' 'Very good, your highness,' replied the man; 'but you may as well listen to your slave's report, and take the money he has brought from the village; the grain and other things have already been delivered.' 'Say on, fellow,' replied Nader; 'but, if you prevaricate in the smallest degree, it shall be worse for you.' 'Your slave is a plain man,' said the dehbashee, 'and will tell the truth exactly: do with him afterwards as may seem good to your highness.' He told his tale: its simplicity sufficiently vouched for its correctness, and the gloom on the general's visage diminished. 'Well, you great, drunken fool! and so my orders are to be disobeyed, your duty neglected, and the public service to go to the devil, that you may stuff that hide of yours with lamb pillaw and wine! How is discipline to be maintained at this rate? You cannot be pardoned; nor can I trust you any longer.' 'Your slave did not expect to be pardoned; but he never thought of leaving your highness's service. Had I been content to do so, and thought but of saving myself, I needed not to have returned to your presence. I had a good horse, and money enough; my arm and my sword would always have won me service; nor was I far from the frontier, which, once passed, I was safe enough. All this was in my power, on the one hand, and punishment in view upon the other, if I remained; yet I returned to the feet of your highness. Of my trustworthiness your highness can judge, by recollecting how often I have neglected my duty; and when you want a stout arm to strike a strong blow, perhaps you may remember Assad Allee Mehtur.' With these words he turned, and nodding to the Nassukchee near him, said, 'Come on! I am ready.' 'Hear that ghorumsaug now,' said Nader, with a half-pleased, half-sarcastic laugh; 'he thinks we cannot win a battle without his help! After all, the rascal is a good soldier. Hark! you, Assad Allee; you have forgotten your duty, disobeyed orders, and neglected the public service: were you my own brother, so flagrant a breach of discipline should not go unpunished; but you shall not want an opportunity to redeem your character. Before long, Insh-allah! we shall come to blows with these accursed Koords—may their fathers roast in hell!—let me then see you bear yourself as you once did, and we shall try what can be done for you—till then you are deprived of your office as dehbashee:—go!' The promised opportunity was soon obtained, and Assad Allee was not the man to neglect it. When the engagement began, he rode up to his highness, and kept his eye upon him. A furious charge was made upon the left by a well-mounted and chosen body of Koords. 'Now is your time,' exclaimed Nader, pointing to the breach which they had made in our line—'Bere!—there is your chance!' 'Be-Chushm!' answered Assad Allee, and clapping stirrups to his horse's flanks, and shouting aloud, he dashed among the assailants. His strength and impetuosity produced an immediate effect: the foremost of the Koords, already checked in their career by the resistance they had met with at first, were overthrown with violence, and their fall embarrassed those behind; the line recovered from their momentary confusion, and Assad Allee succeeded in securing two heads at his saddle-bow. He had cut down a third from his horse, and was endeavouring to make sure of this additional trophy, when the Koords rallying in their turn, closed their ranks around him, and shut him out from view of his companions. Every one now believed him to be lost, and even Nader, who had kept his eye upon him, was hastily roaring out to spur to his assistance, when the throng of Koords once more opened out, and Assad Allee galloped through the gap, cutting furiously to the right and left, in possession of his three heads, but bleeding in streams from a desperate gash across the face, and severe cuts upon his left arm and thigh. Still holding on his course, he never drew bridle till he reached the point where Nader stood, surrounded by his officers, when, instantly dismounting, he laid the gory heads at his master's feet, and sank on the ground there himself, quite exhausted by loss of blood. 'I think I was right in keeping that fellow in my service,' said he significantly to Caleb Allee Beg, who was close to him: 'let him be carefully looked after; by the beard of Allee! he is worth it all.' When Assad Allee recovered of his wounds, he was made a Sudeval, with the rank of beg; and not very long after, rose to the command of five hundred men."

We must point out to particular attention Ismael's encounter with Ibrahim; the battle with the Affghauns, in the third vol.; the whole of the history of Shireen;—and we think nothing more will be necessary to convince every reader how justly merited are our very high encomiums on the author of the Kuzilbash.

Letters from the Continent. By the Rev. Weever Walter, M.A. 8vo. pp. 307. Edinburgh, 1828, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

We wish we could have given this work unmixed commendation. It is a volume written with plain good sense, unpretending in its manner, and generally accurate in its details; and, though not evidencing much depth of research, is yet amusing enough for such light reading as it professes to be. The road is, as usual, one which in these days all our *Peregrines* frequent; and therefore little new can be said or expected upon it. Happy is he who can give to the world a few personal observations, without extracting at the rate of two pages out of three from Reichard and Eberl. We venture to assert, that if we might dip our fingers into the carriage-pocket of any one, no matter which, of our countrymen's vehicles rolling over the Swiss mountains, or along the Italian plains,

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Collegiate Church, the Free Grammar School, and Chetham's Hospital, Manchester. 4to. Part I. London, Ainsworth. Manchester, Agnew and Zanetti.

THE first Part of this interesting publication has just been laid before us; and we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most beautiful specimens we have met with of provincial typography and ornament. The designs by which it is accompanied, and, especially, a sweet drawing of the reading-room in the Chetham library, in which we remember once to have lingered a pleasing half hour, and a fine copy of the fine old head of Humphrey Chetham, founder of the institution, are exquisitely engraved by Mr. Charles Pye.

We shall not at this moment enter into any critical remarks upon the literary portion of this work; but suspend our judgment till it assumes a more perfect and complete form. The introduction, comprising the history of the collegiate church, is from the pen of the able and intelligent Dr. Hibbert. The publishers appear to have made other arrangements; but we had hoped to have received a history of the Free Grammar School from Dr. Smith, the present head master,—a gentleman not more remarkable for his high classical and literary attainments, than for his distinguished urbanity and kindness. The Doctor, we have reason to believe, has much curious and valuable *matériel* connected with the school history in his possession.

The town publisher of this work is, we observe, Mr. Ainsworth: being himself a Manchester man, his house is a very proper and natural depôt for all its literary "*goods*;" and if all are equally as *good* as the present, we need not wish him a better occupation than the town agency.

Pugin and Le Keux's Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy. No. IV. The Literary Part by John Britton, F.S.A.

NEXT to the Architectural Antiquities of our own country, those of Normandy are now of paramount interest. This work is not only admirable for its graphic beauties, but highly instructive to the professional architect, the antiquary, and the amateur. It is, in fact, what it professes to be—an illustration of Norman Architecture.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. G. Canning; with a Memoir of his Life. By R. Therry, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. 6 vols. 8vo. Ridgway.

WE can only notice the publication of this important work. Upon the Memoir we shall have some remarks to offer; and, in the mean time, recommend the edition of Mr. Canning's brilliant, splendid, and statesman-like Speeches as the noblest literary memorial that can be preserved of him, till his life shall be written from competent authority, and his private correspondence given to the world. It will then be felt, more than by all the eloquence ever uttered, how good a man, how firm a patriot, and how great a minister, England lost in George Canning.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW SETTLEMENT: FERNANDO PO: JOURNAL.

Maidstone Bay, Fernando Po, Nov. 17, 1827.

WE arrived here on Saturday, the 27th Oct. and anchored at 4 P. M. in Maidstone Bay (so named by Commodore Bullen), where we found that our transport (Diadem) and schooner (Horatio) had anchored a few hours before us. On our approach to the island every one was delighted with its beautiful appearance, as well as with the scenery surrounding us in our anchorage. We had hardly brought up, when Lieut. Woodman, agent to the transport, came aboard in his boat; followed by four canoes with a number of natives, who had already been trafficking with the Diadem. They, however, approached us with great caution, and shewed much timidity during their barter with us. Fearing to lay their canoes alongside, they would only come stern on, with a man in the bow to manage their commerce. Nothing could induce them to trust themselves on board, though every endeavour was made to persuade them. They pointed to their Fetiche, implying that they were forbidden. They willingly exchanged yams and some fishing lines, two stranded and made of grass or the fibres of the palm-tree, for our iron hoops, of which a piece four inches in length and two in breadth would purchase four or five yams, varying from six to twelve pounds weight. The iron, as we afterwards found, was manufactured into two-edged knives, rudely secured in a short wooden handle, and carried in the left armlet, close up to the shoulder. The natives were fine middle-sized athletic men, with an agreeable expression of countenance; and their bodies daubed over with a pigment of red ochre and palm oil. Some few of them used a yellow paint. The canoes were from 15 to 30 feet long, carrying from three to twelve persons. The report of the muskets fired at sunset appeared to alarm them very much, as they shoved off immediately, hoisted sail, and took leave of us for the night. This sail is a kind of matting, made of split rattan, in form of an oblong square, the longest side perpendicular. Many of them have also a staff erected in the bow, with feathers at the top.

Oct. 28th.—This morning it rained heavily till nine or ten o'clock; notwithstanding which, canoes came off in great numbers, bringing, in addition to their yams and fishing lines, fowls, palm wine in calabashes, a few skins of monkeys and snakes, and small circular boxes, neatly woven, of split cane, &c. The natives approached with more confidence, and some ventured on board, not however without evident signs of fear. Captain Harrison conducted a boy of about twelve years of age over the ship, and in the gun-room the officers made him examine a variety of articles. A looking-glass, and the ringing of a bell, seemed to create the greatest astonishment in him, as they did in one of his countrymen. This day Captain Owen landed in several places in the bay. Lieut. Robinson also went ashore to take sights for comparing chronometers. Several natives with yams came near the spot he had chosen for his operations, but were afraid to approach him whilst some of his men with muskets stood near, as was evident from their making signs to them to lay their arms down. In order to inspire confidence, he ordered his men to comply with this request, while he and Mr. Jeffery (who accompanied him) advanced towards them. Notwithstanding he had his sword by his side, they were not alarmed: however, they were armed with their spears. All their anxiety now appeared to be confined to the sale of their yams. They made signs that they had brought them from a great distance, and feigned to be much fatigued by it, and therefore disappointed that he had not the means of purchasing them.

Monday, 29th.—The canoes this day visited us in greater number than yesterday, the natives appearing to gain more confidence; indeed, so much as to become troublesome, and difficult to be kept off the ships' sides. At seven this morning we left our anchorage in Bullen's Cove, and proceeded to the other side of the bay, nearer the Adelaide Islets, which are close to Point William: our boats went for wood and water, and, instead of meeting with any obstruction, were assisted by the natives.

Tuesday, 30th.—Heavy rain great part of the day. The senior lieutenant went ashore at six o'clock, with a party of 100 kroomen and other black labourers, to cut a path through the jungle on Point William. Mem.—I went ashore soon after noon at Barracouta, accompanied by Mr. Merrison and the interpreter Anderson, to invite the supposed king, whom they called Kookoolakoo, but whom we have since reason to think is only the chief of a tribe: he was inclined to come on board, but the chiefs and natives surrounding him opposed his inclination; however, he promised to visit us the following day.

Wednesday, 31st.—Captain Owen was away yesterday and to-day examining the bay to the eastward. The same party as before were employed clearing away on Point William, which is supposed to be the most eligible site for the intended establishment. The steam vessel, African, anchored here at eleven P. M., bringing with her two vessels under Brazilian colours, which Lieutenant Badgley had boarded and detained, under the strongest suspicions of their being concerned in the slave trade. Having, as I have already mentioned, been on shore yesterday, to parley with the king on the beach, and invite him on board, through the medium of our interpreter, Anderson, a black soldier belonging to the African corps, we took our leave of him, with the promise that he would come on board at an early hour this morning. In consequence of that understanding, Captain Owen sent Anderson ashore, to pass the night at the king's house, and to accompany him aboard. Accordingly the supposed king, his brother, and five or six chiefs, accompanied by the interpreter, came aboard in a canoe about nine o'clock this morning. They entered the ship without displaying much timidity; we immediately conducted them to the captain's cabin, there we entertained them with wine and biscuit; and they sent for calabashes of palm wine from their canoe. They seemed to drink our wine and eat our biscuit with some relish, after we had, by their own desire, set them the example; and we also, in compliment to them, drank some of their palm wine. We observed that some of them mixed palm wine with the Madeira. From the king to the lowest of his attendants they were dressed in a most fanciful savage taste. In the first place, their whole bodies were completely besmeared with a pigment composed of red clay and palm oil—with the exception of his majesty, whose distinguishing colour, like that of the imperial family of China, was yellow. Their heads were dressed with long small curls, hanging down behind, well daubed with red ochre and oil, the hair on the fore part of the head being divided on either side in curls, so as to hang down behind the ears, and leave the fore part of the head entirely exposed. The forehead is generally round, and appears to be shaven about an inch or two back,—the heads of the youths being shaven close round, leaving the crown unshaven. In some instances six or eight strings of beads were adjusted with much

care over the fore part of the head, separately conducted behind the ears; the end of each string generally touching the shoulders, and the band of beads representing curls. Their hat has a low crown and narrow brim, made of split rattan, not very closely worked, and ornamented with leaves, bones of monkeys and other animals, and a few white and sometimes red feathers; the latter appear to be dyed in the blood of some animal; it is secured to a tuft of hair on the middle of the head by a skewer passing through both to the opposite side. They wore necklaces, armlets, bracelets, and a girdle, which latter rests on the hips and supports the only covering they wear, which is in front, (except his majesty, who had, besides his anterior covering, a posterior one, composed of the same materials, viz. the skin of some animal,) over which they wore a bunch of herbage. The girdle consists either of a string of the vertebræ of snakes, or of beads of some hard berry; the armlets, anklets, and bracelets, were for the most part composed of the same materials. During their entertainment in the cabin, the band was ordered to play on the quarter-deck, and they appeared much gratified with the music. From the captain's cabin we conducted them along the main deck, and shewed them the horses, asses, oxen, pigs, &c. They were much struck with the horses and pigs; but the cow, and particularly her tail, appeared to afford them the greatest delight, each of them handling it in succession, pulling the hairs out, and shaking it with every mark of the highest degree of astonishment and pleasure. After making the tour of the main deck, we took them to the quarter-deck, where the band played for their amusement, which appeared to gratify them exceedingly, as they were not satisfied till they went into the midst of them. The king's brother was, indeed, so much enraptured, that he could not refrain from displaying his savage steps and uncouth gestures to the tune:—"So played Orpheus, and so danced the brutes." Thinking that we had indulged them enough in this amusement, we commenced the most difficult part of our endeavours to conciliate them, that of satisfying them with presents: we first commenced with his yellow majesty, whom we presented with the whole length of a large iron hoop, which had been straightened for the occasion; then to the brother we gave half the quantity, and about a foot to each of the chiefs or attendants; and, in addition to the hoop, we presented his majesty with half a dozen fish-hooks. There was some little squabble during this arrangement, which, however, was happily concluded, pretty much to their satisfaction; and they left the ship apparently in very good humour with us, and well pleased with the result of their visit. We have omitted to observe, that the king, as well as the other chiefs, was anxious to rub his long beard with those who possessed one. They shewed evident satisfaction upon chairs being given them to sit on; and we have since observed, that in their own huts, they all sit upon (logs) blocks of wood. This is different from the usual custom of the Africans, who squat down on their haunches or their heels.

Thursday, Nov. 1st.—Cloudy in the forepart of the day, and heavy rain in the afternoon: disappointed in going ashore to visit the chiefs.

Friday, 2d.—Cloudy, with rain at times. Went ashore with Messrs. Galler and Morrison, the interpreter Anderson, and my servant, to make some arrangements with the king and his chiefs respecting the establishment of a market near our settlement. Immediately after our landing we were surrounded by the natives, by whom we were more mildly handled than we had been on our preceding visit. However, they did not forget to importune us for iron hoop, as before, from the oldest man and woman to the youngest boy and girl; and if we took notice of any one, it appeared to them that a present would follow, — for they became more earnest in their importunities. On not finding the king and his chiefs on the beach, we desired Anderson to send for them, which he did. However, we waited more than two hours before his majesty condescended to appear. Mr. Galler, in the mean time, occupied himself with shooting at monkeys, which appeared to amuse the natives very much, as they constantly pointed out the objects of his search, and raised a loud laugh when he fired and missed. The king and his chiefs having arrived, we explained the object of our visit, which they heard with great attention: they anxiously made a proposal for our mutual good understanding, which was, that if any of their people troubled us by committing any breach of good faith, they requested we would communicate it to the chiefs, and they would take care that the delinquents should be punished—and, *vice versâ*, if any of our people committed any improper acts towards them, that they would represent it to our chiefs. After an earnest discussion among themselves, we all agreed to the various proposals on both sides, by drinking palm wine together, and exchanging presents—giving his majesty an axe, for which he returned a fowl. We now proposed to accompany him to his village, to which he at first shewed great willingness to accede, and took me by the hand as if to conduct me; but instead of walking, as we had expected, through the woods, he kept inclining to the beach where our boats were lying. We then thought he was going to take us along shore, and land at a place where there was another and a much shorter path to his village; yet, when we proposed to him to enter a boat, he held back, and positively declined, saying, that his house was not good enough, and that he had nothing in it to entertain us with—not being prepared to receive us. However, as we were predetermined to go, and our interpreter knew the way, we proceeded, with Mr. Jeffery and Captain Smith in addition to our former party. We thought the king had good reason for not wishing us to proceed, for certainly neither his hut nor the road to it were calculated for a visit of ceremony or pleasure. The path was extremely slippery, with many pools of water and roots of trees to impede our progress, besides a very thick jungle, and myriads of ants and other insects tormenting us on the way. His majesty's hut was merely a thatched roof, the eaves of which were not three feet from the ground, which was supported by pillars, and only one end of it protected from the weather. The furniture is composed of an inclined plane of wood, only five feet in length, on which they repose—the pillow being a round log, three or four inches in diameter, resting on two wooden brackets; logs of wood are substitutes for stools; along their rude beams a number of calabashes was hung. The king's brother had taken care to arrive before us, and received us with much good humour, regreting only that he had nothing to regale us with; however, in a short time a calabash of stale palm wine was brought in, which, after tasting himself (according to the African custom), to prove that it was not poisonous, he presented to us. After resting ourselves for a short time, we returned by the same road and went on board.—All spare hands ashore, as yesterday, clearing the ground of wood, &c. Having found a better approach for ascending Point William on the eastern side, from its being a much more gentle acclivity, a large party were employed to clear away the brushwood and timber, for the purpose of making a broad road the whole way up to our intended establishment.

Saturday, 3d.—A very fine warm day.—Working parties ashore as yesterday. Shifted our birth still nearer to Point William and Adelaide Islands, for the greater convenience of landing our working party and stores. The Steamer and Prizes also left their anchorage in the bay, and moored in Clarence Cove. Not a single canoe was seen on the water, and but very few natives on the shore, until the afternoon of this day, and then but a small number only made their appearance. Our interpreter said they were engaged in burying a chief; but we suspected that there had been an assemblage of the tribes, to discuss the subjects of our arrival and intention of forming a settlement.

Sunday, 4th.—Cloudy in the morning, rain in the middle of the day. About 10 o'clock A. M. some chiefs came aboard, in a very large canoe, from a bay to the eastward, and were introduced to the captain while at breakfast. A native boy had been previously in the cabin, eating rice, fish, yams, &c. When they entered, they all sat down on chairs with much apparent satisfaction: the captain made them a few presents of knives, small looking-glasses, &c., which gave them so much delight, that they began clapping their hands and singing short sentences in a high tone of voice, bowing their heads frequently during the time. Anderson informed us they were singing our praises, for their words implied, "truly you are come to do us good." They were entertained with palm wine, Madeira, biscuit, fish, yams, &c. We have observed that they always prefer palm wine and yams to every thing else, which, we learn, is what they are most accustomed to live on. The three European women whom we have on board were introduced to them, and seemed to engage their attention very much. They remained on board about two hours, and then returned to the eastward.

Monday, 5th.—Anderson, our interpreter, returned to the ship about three this afternoon, (having been absent two days,) in a large canoe pulling seventeen paddles, accompanied by the same chiefs that visited us yesterday, with the addition of the king's* son; but before they came alongside the ship, they pulled quite round us, singing most loudly and merrily. They were taken into the captain's cabin, where they were entertained until he came on board, which he soon did, and, before he dismissed them, made a present to each; but the principal chief happening to fix his eye upon an axe, shewed so much eagerness to possess it, that he appeared to have entirely forgotten the presents he had previously received;—the captain, however, being determined not to gratify his greediness, but at the same time being desirous to turn it to advantage in promoting our friendly intercourse, promised him he would present it to the king when he saw him. A tornado came on in the afternoon, which drove most of the canoes away from us; but the chiefs remained on board till it was over, and then left us, with the understanding that the captain would pay the king a visit on Wednesday next.

Tuesday, 6th.—A wet morning and fine day; a number of canoes alongside, and many

* These kings are but heads of tribes, we believe.

"V. That it is the duty of the legislature to deal with the monopoly—to revise the powers intrusted to the confederated companies—and to devise means for placing the supply of water to this great metropolis on a sure and lasting foundation."

The first of these allegations involves so self-evident a truth, that we think Mr. Wright might have spared himself the trouble which he has taken to collect authorities in confirmation of it.

In support of the second allegation, Mr. Wright refers to the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons which sat in the months of February and March 1821, on the supply of water to the metropolis, by which it appears, that although the principle of the Acts of Parliament under which the several water companies were instituted, was to encourage competition, from which alone a perfect security can be had for a good, cheap, and plentiful supply, the companies in question, towards the close of the year 1817, arranged a scheme for partitioning the town, and establishing a close monopoly; which scheme was carried into effect at Christmas by the simultaneous retiring from each allotted district of all the companies previously employed, except the individual company which was henceforward to be left in exclusive possession of the field.

With reference to the third allegation, it appears that the Grand Junction Company established themselves in 1810; at which time they promised to supply their customers, on moderate terms, with abundance of water "drawn from two large filtering reservoirs, situated at Paddington, the main supply to which was derived from the rivers Colne and Brent, and from an immense reservoir of nearly a hundred acres, fed by the streams of the vale of Ruislip;" but that, as soon as the monopoly already alluded to was formed, they began to diminish the quantity of their water, and increase their rates of service; and in 1820, without any intimation to their customers, changed the source whence their water was drawn from Paddington to a spot in the Thames, at the foot of Chelsea Hospital, and close to the Great Ranelagh common sewer. The consequence of course was, that the water furnished by them became exceedingly impure and offensive. Specimens of it having been submitted by Mr. Wright to Mr. Joyce, Dr. William Lambe, Mr. Thomas, Dr. Hooper, Mr. Brodie, Dr. Paris, Mr. Keate, Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Turner, Dr. Hume, Dr. Macmichael, Dr. Robert Bree, and Dr. James Johnson,—these eminent persons concurred in declaring it to be loaded with decayed vegetable matter, and other substances which rendered it equally injurious to health, and unfit for domestic purposes. Their letters are inserted at length in Mr. Wright's memoir; the following, from Dr. Hooper, will give some idea of their general tendency.

"*Saville Row, February* 12, 1827.

"Sir,—I lament I have not had it in my power to acknowledge the receipt of, and to answer, your letter before. I beg to inform you, that I have been aware of the very impure nature of the water supplied by the Grand Junction Company, ever since it came to my house. At one time, it was not only filthy in appearance, but had an unwholesome smell. Until my supply of water came from the Grand Junction Company, that which I had was excellent; but now scarcely a week passes, that I am not presented with a leech; a shrimp-like skipping insect, near an inch in length; a small, red, delicate worm, which I believe is the *lumbrious fluviatilis*, or some other animalcula; and the water is mostly opaline, muddy, or otherwise impure. That the daily use of impure water has a tendency to produce, or is a cause of many diseases, there cannot be any doubt; and it is a question of much importance, whether such matters in the stomach do not greatly contribute to the production of that state of faulty digestion, and impurity of blood, of which the inhabitants of this and other large cities are constantly complaining.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) "R. HOOPER."

The fourth allegation goes to affect, besides the Grand Junction company, the Chelsea company, and all the companies which supply the Borough of Southwark and Lambeth. It seems that there are at present nearly a hundred and forty common sewers daily and nightly disgorging their horrid contents in the very direction in which some of the companies draw up the supply of water for half the inhabitants of the metropolis! In fact, the whole river Thames, from Chelsea to the Tower, is neither more nor less than one enormous common sewer—the *Cloaca Maxima* of London—containing the impurities of a million of human beings, and forming a mass of filth, pollution, and putridity, in a state of constant agitation to and fro, such as never before was or could be collected together in so small a space. Mr. Wright details numerous instances of the injurious consequences resulting from this aggregation of filthy and even poisonous matter.

The fifth and last allegation of the petitioners is as self-evident as the first. There can be no doubt that "Parliament," as Mr. Wright observes, "is perfectly competent to deal with the monopoly, to revise the powers granted to the several companies, and, upon proof of bad faith with the public, to revoke all their rights and privileges." What means should be adopted of ensuring to the metropolis a cheap and abundant supply of pure and wholesome water remains to be determined. We are inclined to agree with a writer in a respectable evening paper, who says, "This is one of the cases to which the benefits of competition, on which so much stress is justly laid in other kinds of business, do not apply. Company after company may be formed, in the hope of creating competition; but the number that can exist with any hope of success, is so small, and the obstacles to the establishment of new ones so great, that, from obvious regard to its own interests, each new company, which begins in the character of a competitor, ends by becoming a member of the existing combination. We shall not yet hazard an opinion, whether the supply of water ought to be put under the management of the government, or a special commission of the inhabitants; but it is evident that a monopoly and combination may, under the present system, annoy the people *to any extent*, and that there will be no security afforded by the formation of a new company, having itself all the seeds of abuse, which have germinated in the former ones."

It has been said, that to bring the purest water to London from a distance of thirteen or fourteen miles, would require the outlay of a million of money. Mr. Wright thinks that half that sum would be sufficient. "Be it, however, a million," he justly adds, "would not the overthrow of a grinding monopoly of an element of life, and the 'establishment,' in the words of the petitioners, 'of a supply of pure and wholesome water, on a sure and lasting foundation,' be cheaply purchased at any price? We expend a million on a bridge to carry us over the Thames, and more than a fourth part of a million on a Tunnel to carry us under it; but we submit to the disgrace of drinking the water of that very river in a state of pollution, and hesitate to move up to a purer source!"

The commissioners to whom the consideration of this most deeply important matter has been referred, will, we trust, take some decisive steps for relieving the inhabitants of this vast metropolis from the intolerable evil and nuisance under which they at present labour. Public rewards ought to be offered to induce engineers and other scientific men to come forward with plans on the subject.

We cannot close our notice of Mr. Wright's highly interesting and valuable memoir, without expressing our admiration of the sagacity, firmness, and perseverance, which that gentleman has exhibited throughout the business. Few men have deserved so well of their fellow-citizens.

Captain and Mr. Beechey's Travels in Northern Africa. 4to. Murray.

In our last No. we briefly characterised this valuable publication, which will be received with satisfaction into every good library, where the nature of its discussions, the lights it throws upon classical learning and interesting antiquities,* and the beauty of its pictorial illustrations, will be duly appreciated. For our parts, having afforded one extract of considerable length, investigating a topic of much historical and poetical interest, (the Gardens of the Hesperides,) and having generally described the great merits of the volume, we do not consider it needful, in the way of example, to enter upon any of the many other memorable questions of which the authors treat, in the full and ample manner commanded by their importance. It must suffice for us to indicate the further claims of the work to universal favour, by only a few of the more brief and miscellaneous notices.

The travellers took their route from Tripoly to the great Syrtis,† that extensive lake or marsh described by Strabo, which they crossed, and arrived at Mukhtár, the boundary of the districts of Syrt and Barka. From Mukhtár they went to Bengazi, and there passed the rainy season, from January till March. After some other excursions, they next visited Teuchira (in Barka) and Ptolemeta, from the latter journeyed to Merge, and from Merge to Cyrene, founded by a Lacedæmonian colony; and as these parts furnish the most attractive details, we shall make our selections from them. Near Ptolemeta, (which seems to have flourished in the era of Cleopatra and Ptolemy Philometor, Arsinoe, and Berenice,) "among the trees which clothe the sides of the mountains, are many handsome stone sarcophagi of Greek and Roman workmanship, all of which, however (says the writer), we found had been opened; and among them seats of the same material were occasionally observed to have been placed, as if the spirits of the dead loved to linger about the spot which had so much delighted them when living. We should willingly have devoted a great portion of our time to the same pleasing occupation, and have passed whole days in wandering among the tombs, in making plans and drawings of them, and searching for

* Herodotus, Arrian, Theophrastus, Athenæus, Strabo, Pliny, Procopius, Ptolemy, Lucan, Sallust, Scylax, Servius, Leo Africanus, Edrisi, Abulfeda, Mela, &c. &c. are all brought to bear upon these inquiries.

† A dreary and insipid swamp: only one tree was seen in a space of more than four hundred miles!!

inscriptions; but fate had not decreed us so agreeable a lounge, and after securing in our portfolios some of the principal objects of the place, we set out without further delay for Cyrene, which we had determined (as our time was now limited) should form the chief object of inquiry. * *

"There is no place on the coast of Northern Africa, between Ptolemeta and Tripoly, which can at all be compared with the former of these places, for beauty, convenience, and security of position—Lebda alone excepted. * *

"The greater part of the town, on our first visits to it, was thickly overgrown with wild marigolds and camomile, to a height of four and five feet, and patches of corn were here and there observable growing equally within the city walls. The solitude of the place was at the same time unbroken by animals of any description, if we except a small number of jackals and hyænas, which strayed down after sunset in search of water, and a few owls and bats which started out from the ruins as we disturbed them by our near and unexpected approach. Appeals of this kind are always irresistible; and the contrast which presented itself between the silence and desolation which characterised the city of Ptolemeta when we visited it, and the busy scene which a spectator of its former wealth and magnificence would have witnessed under the Ptolemies and the Cæsars, afforded a striking, and, we must say, a melancholy example of the uncertainty of all human greatness."

At Teuchira, the most *ancient antiquities* appear to be buried in the sands; and those that are perceptible above ground do not boast of any particular interest.

Between Ptolemeta and Merge, the Bedouin Arabs welcomed the travellers through their truly Arcadian district* with patriarchal simplicity and hospitality. The temptation of a short sojourn, however, they were obliged to resist; for, says the page (389), "it often happens that pleasure and duty are disagreeably inconsistent with each other."

"It was to the *rus in urbe* that our destiny called us—to the πολὶς Ελληνις πάλαιον ονομα και σεμνον—νυν απορος, και κατηφης, και μεγα ερειπιον! as Cyrene is pathetically described by Synesius; and we are sorry to say that the term *rus in urbe* may now be well applied to this once beautiful city with even more correctness than to Ptolemeta, which we have already described as covered with vegetation, and presenting the appearance of a solitary grass-grown tract of country, rather than of a once populous town. Cattle feed every where among the ruins of Cyrene, and its whole aspect is infinitely more rural than civic."

Proceeding on the way from Merge to Cyrene, (now called Grenna by the Arabs,) it is stated—"The road, after crossing the plain, leads over a rugged hill in which it has been cut; and we soon found, from the deep and continued marks of chariot-wheels, that we were following an ancient track. * *

"It may here be proper to mention, that, on the day after our departure from Merge, we observed a plant, about three feet in height, very much resembling the hemlock, or, more properly speaking perhaps, the daucus, or wild carrot. We were told that it was usually fatal to the camels who ate of it, and that its juice, if applied to the flesh, would fester any part where there was the slightest excoriation. This plant had much more resemblance to the silphium of ancient times (as it is expressed on the coins of Cyrene) than any which we had hitherto seen, although its stem is much more slender than that which is there represented, and the blossoms (for it has several) more open. In some parts of the route from Merge to Cyrene we lost sight of this plant altogether, while at others we found it in considerable quantities, growing chiefly wherever there was pasturage. Immediately about Cyrene we observed it in great abundance, and soon ceased, from its frequent occurrence, to pay any particular attention to it. It is extremely probable that the plant here mentioned is the laserpitium or silphium in such repute among the ancients.—It appears to have sprung up in the grass or pasture-lands, as the plant we have mentioned above also does, and the sheep are reported to have been so fond of it, that whenever they smelt it they would run to the place, and after eating the flower, would scratch up the root and devour it with the same avidity. The effects of eating silphium (according to Pliny) were manifested in sheep by their falling asleep, and in goats by sneezing. In the time of Pliny, silphium (or laserpitium) had become so scarce in the market, that a single stalk of it was presented to the Emperor Nero as a present (no doubt) of extraordinary value; and Strabo tells us, that the barbarous tribes who frequented the country about the Cyrenaica had nearly exterminated the plant altogether (in an irruption which they made on some hostile occasion) by pulling it designedly up by the roots,—from which we may infer that the destruction of the silphium was considered as a material injury to Cyrene. We have already mentioned, in our account of the Syrtis, (on the authority of the same writer,) that the silphium, and the liquor which was extracted from it, formed material articles of a contraband trade at Charax, where they were exchanged with the Carthaginians for wine." The stem was an article of food; and "we find both the extract and the plant very decidedly mentioned in the bill of fare of the Persian monarchs, as given by Polyænus (Stratagemata, lib. iv.) and which was discovered by Alexander the Great, engraved on a brazen column in the royal palace. What the extract of the silphium was like, we will not pretend to say; but the stem and the root appear to have been eaten much in the same way that we eat celery, (which, indeed, it very much resembles,) either stewed or boiled."*

The juice or liquor extracted from the plant, and called *laser*, was a drug, (a soporific, like laudanum or hemlock) so famous for its medicinal qualities, that it was sold in the smallest quantities, and at immense prices.

But we must (to make room for other novelties of the season) defer our further review of this subject till next Saturday.

* The natives are, however, terribly infested with a cutaneous disease, which has very ungraciously obtained a Scots musical name: not the bagpipe.

* "Among a great many other articles, consumed every day at the dinner and supper of the Persian kings, as enumerated in the list we have quoted, we find four hundred sheep, one hundred oxen, thirty horses, three hundred lambs, thirty stags or gazelles, four hundred fatted geese, three hundred pigeons, and six hundred other birds of various kinds! So much solid food was not, however, cooked without a proportionate seasoning; and we find a talent weight (say sixty-five pounds) of garlic among the numerous other condiments employed on these occasions. The Macedonians in the suite of Alexander, while they expressed their astonishment at its profusion, applauded the magnificence of the royal table, and the good taste of the Persian monarchs. But the ardent son of Philip (though by no means a friend to abstinence) was prudent enough to discourage, on this occasion, the commendation of luxuries so superfluous and expensive, and ordered the column to be taken down, observing at the same time that so prodigious a meal was unnecessary, that such excess of indulgence and prodigality could scarcely fail to produce timidity and effeminacy, and that they who had dined or supped so enormously must necessarily afford an easy victory to their opponents."

The Mirror of Parliament. Parts I. and II. Edited by J. H. Barrow, Esq. of Gray's Inn. Winchester and Varnham.

A gentleman more competent to conduct a publication of this kind than Mr. Barrow, could hardly, we believe, be found; and the two Parts which have been sent to us prove at once his laborious assiduity and well-concerted means. Whether the plan be good, or not, remains to be seen. For our own tastes, we think there is more than enough of parliamentary debates in the least reported of the daily newspapers; and we fancy an able digest of them would be very acceptable to the general public. But instead of this, they are usually abbreviated by *lacunæ*,—and become legislative hop-skip-and-jumps. On the other *hand*, when short *hand* is employed, and we can be gratified with every word spoken and heard, what an intolerable bore it is! If a man could endure, like the patriarchs of old, for half a dozen centuries, he must be fond of reading indeed were he to peruse half the common-place, the verbiage, and the nonsense, delivered in either House. And an evil consequence it is likely to be of Mr. Barrow's perfection of parliamentary reporting, that every self-imagined Demosthenes or Cicero will be encouraged to exhibit himself, so as to enjoy the honours of being printed at full measure, by this new imperial *Winchester Bushel*. We have recently seen the adjustment of sundry long speeches calculated in the newspapers—so many lines in so many hours; so many words uttered in such a time; so much in the columns of—and—and—published at such an hour in the morning, &c. &c.!! as if quantity had superseded the quondam virtue of quality in public speaking, and reports thereof. This mode of setting on fools to prate has had a lamentable effect, not in Parliament (for to say so would be a breach of privilege), but in common councils, and common halls, and common every things, and vestries, and law courts, and parish meetings, and dinner parties, and missionary assemblies, and bible societies, and corporations, and schools, and executions (for to be hanged without addressing as many words to the audience as the Ordinary has time to hear, would be disgraceful), and, in short, wheresoever a greater number than two meet together. The sound of every man's own voice was always music in his own ears; and now that the stimulus of gratifying his eyes also by seeing what he gabbles printed is superadded, there is no restraint which is strong enough to check the babbling propensity. Although, like Romeo, "he speaks and says nothing," it is afflicting to others to find that he has been supposed to utter intelligible sounds, and, under the doctoring of a clever reporter, even sense. By this sort of Laputan elaboration, we have a sort of poor daily bread made from chaff: but would it not be better to let the chaff fly, and give us only the corn, the grains, the sterling stuff?

To members of Parliament, however, and to all persons concerned in parliamentary proceedings, we presume this new publication must be of great value. Were it but for its record of private business alone, it must be a desideratum to them: and private business more often involves public considerations too, than the generality of people are aware. As the design is yet young, we will not animadvert on the imperfections which we perceive in it: the care bestowed is evidently great, and the result must be ultimately commensurate.

we should there find (from the manufactory of Mr. Leigh in the Strand) the solid foundations, and half the superstructures, of nearly all the modern tours published relating to these countries. It is only in such works as "the Diary of an Invalid," the "Two-Hundred-and-Nine Days," Mr. Russell's "Tour," or in that of some kindred mind, that we can find familiar objects described in elegant language, and every-day occurrences related with spirit and enlivened by apposite remarks and sparkling wit.

This book, without pretending to the high rank of those we have named, might, nevertheless, have been one step farther towards the exceptions we admire, merely from its good tone of common sense. We are not hurried through all the classical names and classical reflections which every little village seems invariably to excite, nor are we favoured with all the schoolboy quotations that refer to these spots. But, unfortunately, the work is miserably disfigured by continual blunders in nomenclature and foreign languages: these are found in nearly as many pages as the opportunities for making them are afforded—and are of such frequent occurrence, and so persisted in by repetition, as to forbid us from considering them to be mere errors of the press. A number of specks in a work of this small size become absolute blots: the

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus

will not apply to a few "Letters from the Continent;" and want of care or want of knowledge has "written strange defeatures on its face." But to our more pleasing duty.

Let us take our readers to a lovely scene—the falls of the Rhine near Schaffhausen—(a sight, by the way, well worth the run over this spring to such of our idle countrymen as can spare three weeks and three ten-pound notes, and are at a loss what to do with their time and money).

"Following, as far as the nature of the ground would admit, the banks of the river, which here rushes along with tremendous rapidity over its rocky and much-inclined bed, we soon came within hearing of the thundering roar of the cataract, even when we were nearly two miles distant from it; and on approaching nearer, though it was impossible to see the fall itself, a dense cloud of spray, soaring above it, indicated its situation with sufficient precision. At length, following a winding path which led gradually upwards from the river, we entered the court-yard of the castle of Lauffen, which crowns a rocky eminence immediately overlooking the cataract. Left very much to ourselves, we rambled about the shrubbery which surrounds the castle, in search of the most favourable position from whence to catch a full view of that which was already so palpable to our ears as actually to unfit those delicate organs from receiving any other sound. We were not long in finding a neat summer-house, built on a projecting platform, and from its windows we had a most complete view of it. Sitting there at our ease, and free from the annoying explanations of a cicerone, which, to be heard, must have been uttered with a voice of thunder, we gave ourselves wholly up to a silent contemplation of the agitated scene beneath. For some distance previous to shooting over the edge of the precipice, the water flows in an almost unruffled stream, but with inconceivable rapidity, down the smooth surface of a very inclined plane of rock. On reaching the edge, it appears for an instant to pause, and then, with a tremendous bound, rushes into the abyss beneath, where is a scene of confusion which baffles description. While contemplating this imposing picture, exhibited in all the circumstances of reality, my mind insensibly fell into the following train of reflection. Such is the career of many a man who devotes himself to a life of dissipation. On first entering the path of vice, the stings of conscience occasionally ruffle the evenness of his course: when this inward monitor has ceased to strive with him, his life, for a brief space perhaps, assumes the appearance of a smooth and rapid current of unmixed pleasure. But vice has not yet established undivided authority over his mind, and in order to make him her sure victim, prepares for him some atrocious crime, some damning outrage on the laws of society, by the commission of which he becomes her future slave. The smooth and unruffled nature of his course has deprived him of the habit of reflection; yet for a moment he is horror-struck at the appalling step which he is incited to take; he pauses, perhaps feels a momentary inclination to recede—but it is too late, the difficulty of returning to the path of virtue appears to his bewildered imagination to be insurmountable; despair takes possession of his mind, and he rushes furious into the lowest depths of vice."

While residing at Pisa, the author says—

"We are frequent visitors at Livorno (whose name we have barbarised into Leghorn), where we go to lay in supplies of colonial produce and money; both of these commodities being to be obtained on much more reasonable terms there than at Pisa. To redeem it from the general character of sea-port towns, which too commonly consist of a great number of houses crowded into the smallest possible space, it has a fine square, and is traversed in its whole length by a broad and handsome street; which, at exchange hours, exhibits a bustling and animated scene, presenting such motley and varied groups of men as are to be met with no where but in the precincts of the Mediterranean. The Algerine is easily distinguished by his fiery eye, glistening from under long and shaggy eyebrows, which are overshadowed by the folds of a many-coloured turban, his prominent aquiline nose, and a slight curl of the upper lip—all indicative of great vivacity and courage. The Greek, with a less swarthy countenance, has the same fiery eye and vivacity of expression,—unclouded, however, by that air of fierceness which distinguishes the native of the coast of Barbary. The dress of the latter cannot fail to put the beholder in mind of some merciless corsair whom he has met with in the course of his reading; generally consisting of a short jacket, apparently quilted, so as to be almost bullet-proof, a belt garnished with pistols and a dirk, loose small-clothes, and boots turning up at the toe: he is, besides, generally short in stature, and strong of limb in inverse proportion. Great richness of attire distinguishes the merchants of Alexandria and the Levant; and, altogether, mixed as they are with the plainly and unclassically dressed Europeans, form a striking and interesting picture."

After a visit to the great tun of Heidelberg, which is kept in the old castle there, Mr. Walter remarks—"that the cellars are not the least remarkable part of the building. The counts palatine, who had them constructed, must have been great consumers of hock, if all the vast tuns they contain were annually filled with that excellent juice of the grape: indeed, in support of my supposition, close to the great tun is the figure of a jolly-looking man, whom tradition asserts to have taken fifteen bottles daily to his own share. The great tun is, I suspect, small when compared with many of the porter-butts which may be seen in London. Its diameter is 24 feet, and its length 33 feet; it has long been empty, and is now exhibited only as a memorial of good old times."

We may mention, *en passant*, that these "vast tuns," which thus excite the author's attention, are now merely the stock in trade, for sale, of a cooper, who keeps his warehouse in the cellar—and have no connexion with the hock-consuming palatines to whom the author alludes.

After what we have above said respecting the writer's defaults, we should hardly do our duty were we not to give some examples. In what book, then, could Mr. Walter have found such words as "apprové—en rout—coup d'œuil—disagrémens—campaigne—bassi rellevi—or fuorescenti? Where can he have travelled to have seen such places as Nimuegen, Rastat, the Vallais, the Mount Anvert, or Tourtomagne?* By what computation of imaginary coins has he discovered that six millions of francs amount to forty thousand pounds (p. 12)? And though this reckoning shocked us much, yet we were horror-struck at finding Napoleon's splendid road over the Simplon *does not exceed* an elevation of two feet and a half in six (p. 109),—we recalled to our mind the hair-breadth escape we must have had in ascending and descending this dreadful precipice for upwards of forty miles: but turning to our own "reminiscences" on the subject, we were happy to find that at the time we crossed it, the ascent was only six inches and a half in two yards. Perhaps the most ludicrous mistake into which the author falls, (and which is persisted in wherever the name occurs,) is, that he styles the noble glacier at Chamouni the *Mère de Glace*: possibly because it is the *parent* of the little river Arveiron, which *issues* from its base.

We laugh, and with reason, at the havoc which our continental neighbours make with our language, when they attempt to introduce it in their works; but surely this should make our own countrymen doubly cautious when they, too, venture to interlard their volumes with French or Italian phrases, even if they are common-place like those which Mr. Walter has sported.

Should this work reach a second edition, to which its intrinsic merit may well entitle it, it would be well to submit the "hard words" to the superintendence of some gentleman who has had a slight acquaintance with Chambaud and Veneroni.

Mornings in Spring; or, Retrospections, Biographical, Critical, and Historical. By Nathan Drake, Author of Essays on Periodical Literature, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THE fruits of cultivated leisure, employed by a naturally elegant mind, are now before us; and the result is such as will do credit to the writer, and prove amusing to the careless, but most attractive to the reflective, reader. The name of Sir Philip Sydney stamps its own interest on the pages which bear it; one of those gifted beings whom even envy assails not:—evil may be attempted when hopeless, but not when impossible. With a life whose romantic excellence was sealed by such death as the poet would desire for his hero—where the courage of the soldier and that of the philosopher relieved each other—where life's last act was one of self-denying

* Perhaps to these may be added Brig and the Whaal,

humanity,—no marvel such a record is a favourite subject with the biographer: we elevate ourselves while thus elevating human nature. The next portion of these volumes contains a variety of poetical criticisms, all dictated by the same refined feeling; and also an account of the Cliffords of Craven—a family whose romantic legends are, we think, treasures indeed for the novelist. Perhaps the history of Henry Clifford, whose father's name is familiar to every reader of Shakespeare, and whose own destiny has been the subject of a beautiful poem by Wordsworth, will be as interesting an extract as we can select for our readers. After Lord Clifford's death at the battle of Towton, the white rose became paramount in England.

"In the meantime it became necessary to conceal the son and heir of one who had rendered himself more than commonly obnoxious to the reigning family, not only by his prowess in the field against them, but by his ferocious slaughter of the young Earl of Rutland. Banishment, imprisonment, or death, would certainly have been the fate of the child, had he been discovered; but, fortunately for him, he possessed, in the love, activity, and resources of his affectionate mother, a sufficient protection against the impending danger; for, at the age of seven years, he was clothed in the habit, and placed in the condition, of a shepherd's boy at Londesborough, where his mother then chiefly resided. In this sequestered spot, confided to the care of peasants, whose wives had been servants in his father's family, and, as attendants on the nurse who had given him suck, familiar to him from his infancy, he the more readily submitted to his hard lot; more especially, as they took care to impress upon his mind the conviction, that his life depended upon his being perfectly resigned to a state of poverty and humiliation. It was whilst thus occupied at Londesborough, and when he had reached his fourteenth year, that his mother's father, Henry Bromflete, Lord Vesey, died; an event which giving rise to a report at the court of Edward the Fourth that his daughter's two sons were alive, their mother was closely examined on the subject. From her answers, which satisfied for a time her inquirers, and lulled their suspicions asleep, it appears, that immediately after the death of her lord, she had sent both her sons to the sea-side, with an intention of embarking them for the Low Countries; but only Richard, the younger, had passed over to the continent, where he died shortly afterwards, whilst Henry was secretly re-conveyed to Londesborough. With an equivocation, therefore, readily to be pardoned in a mother thus trembling for the safety of her only child, she declared that she had given orders for their conveyance beyond seas, for the purpose of their education, and that she knew not whether they were dead or alive. About this time, or at least before the twelfth of Edward the Fourth—for a charter or deed of arbitration of this period mentions their union—Lady Clifford married her second husband, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, knight, of Threlkeld in Cumberland, a man of unblemished honour and integrity, and who seems to have been equally solicitous with his wife to save and protect young Henry Clifford from the malice of his enemies. When, therefore, as was soon afterwards the case, a murmur of his being in existence and concealment was revived, and his increasing years rendered his danger every day more imminent, they sent him, with the peasantry and their families, to whose society he had been habituated, to Threlkeld in Cumberland, to be brought up simply as a shepherd; and at this place, under the vigilant eye of his father-in-law's kindred, or on the borders of Scotland, where it was necessary he should sometimes retreat, and where Sir Lancelot hired land for the convenience of the shepherds who accompanied him, he was frequently, though very secretly, visited both by the good knight and his affectionate mother. In this lowly disguise, bred up in forests and mountain fastnesses, the child of nature, and inured to every privation, did Henry Lord Clifford pass twenty-five of those years which are usually esteemed the best and fairest of our lives. Yet, though deprived of the honours and the luxuries to which the nobility of his house should have entitled him, he was more than compensated by higher and better gifts; for his heart was uncorrupted and his integrity unassailed. He possessed, we are told, a strong natural understanding, and an amiable and contemplative disposition: in one thing only was he unfortunate; for, under the apprehension that any show of learning might lead to the detection of his birth, his education was so entirely neglected, that he could neither write nor read; and it was only after his restoration to the honours and possessions of his family, that he was taught to write his name. He wanted not, however, the pleasures which health, activity, and conscious innocence, could bestow; nor, if what I have now to bring forward be correct, did he want, during this his long period of enforced concealment, those consolations which spring from the tenderest of all affections—from the interchange of faithful and enduring love. There is reason, indeed, to conclude that the exquisitely pathetic ballad entitled 'The Nut-brown Maid,' was founded on what really had occurred between this young nobleman and the object of his attachment, during the latter part of his seclusion in the Fells of Cumberland."

At the age of thirty-two he was restored to his rank; "and, on reaching Skipton in Craven, he fixed upon the neighbouring forest of Barden as the place of his retreat. In this romantic tract, which had from the time of the Romilies formed part of the honour and fee of Skipton, there were six lodges for the accommodation of the keepers and the protection of the deer; and in one of these, called Barden Tower, which he greatly improved and enlarged, adding to its other conveniences that of a chapel, did Lord Clifford take up his residence, preferring it to the splendour and parade which almost necessarily awaited him in his larger houses. Here, with the object of his early choice, the beautiful and affectionate daughter of Sir John St. John, the heroine of the ballad of the Nut-brown Maid, Lord Clifford found the happiness he was in search of. Though uneducated, and aware of his deficiencies—a consciousness which, at the period of his elevation, had for a time depressed his spirits—he possessed a vigour of mind and rectitude of principle which prevented him from becoming a prey to vicious or luxurious habits. If, in his shepherd state, no portion of scholastic learning had fallen to his share, he had imbibed what may assuredly be considered as some of Heaven's choicest gifts—an enthusiastic love of nature, a taste for natural history and philosophy, and, above all, a spirit of sincere devotion. With acquisitions such as these, we can no longer be surprised that, despising the vanities of wealth and rank, he preferred the beautiful seclusion of Barden to the pomp and splendour of Skipton or of Brougham Castle; especially when we learn that this retreat was in the immediate vicinity of Bolton Abbey, from an intercourse with the canons of which he hoped more effectually to prosecute both his religious and philosophical pursuits."

While on the subject of biography, we cannot but remark how usefully literary leisure may be employed on such subjects: all the lessons deduced from it are practical ones; and nothing can so much excite man to do, as the setting forth what man has already done.

Memoirs addressed to the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty, in pursuance of the Addresses of both Houses of Parliament, to inquire into the State of the Supply of Water to the Metropolis. By J. Wright. 1828.

THERE are few subjects of greater importance to the public than the means of obtaining a pure and wholesome supply of water. It seems that, about two years ago, the attention of Mr. Wright was called to the shocking quality of the water furnished to the western portion of the metropolis by the Grand Junction Company; and that, after much inquiry, he, in March last, published a little pamphlet called *The Dolphin*, which so strongly excited attention, that a public meeting was called to take the matter into consideration. The result of that meeting was a petition to Parliament; and, eventually, in consequence of an address to his Majesty from both Houses, a commission was appointed by the crown to inquire into the supply of water to the whole metropolis. The commissioners are at present pursuing this important investigation; and Mr. Wright's memoir comprehends the facts which he has collected, and the observations which appear to him necessary for their illustration.

The allegations of the petitioners are:—

"I. That a constant supply of pure and wholesome water is essential to the health and comfort of the inhabitants of this great and thickly-peopled metropolis.

"II. That, although the principle of the Acts of Parliament, under which the several companies supplying the metropolis with water were established, was to encourage competition, an arrangement was entered into, about the year 1817, between five of the said companies, by which all competition was put an end to, and a monopoly of a necessary of life was virtually established.

"III. That the Grand Junction Waterworks Company, having engaged to supply their customers with water of the purest and most wholesome quality, at a comparatively small charge, have not only exacted a greatly increased rate, but have changed the source of their supply to a spot in the Thames, at the foot of Chelsea Hospital, and nearly adjoining to the mouth of the Great Ranelagh common sewer: and that they now furnish to those customers water, which has been pronounced, by professional men of the first eminence, to be a filthy fluid, loaded with decayed vegetable matter, and other substances equally deleterious to health, and unfit for domestic purposes.

"IV. That the water taken up from the river Thames, between Chelsea Hospital and London Bridge, for the use of the inhabitants of the metropolis, being charged with the contents of more than a hundred and thirty public common sewers; with the drainings from dung-hills and lay-stalls, the refuse of hospitals, slaughter-houses, colour, lead, gas, and soap-works, drug-mills, and manufactories; and with all sorts of decomposed animal and vegetable substances, rendering the said water offensive, and destructive to health, ought no longer to be taken up, by any of the companies, from so foul a source.

VARIETIES.

Steam-Vessels.—The advantages derived from steam navigation in the late war with the Burmese, have not been forgotten in India. Two steam-vessels are at present building in the dock-yard of Calcutta, from plans and designs by Sir Robert Sepping, each of which is to have two forty-horse power engines. It is expected that their speed will be extraordinary.

The Rev. Edward Foster, A.M. Chaplain to the British Embassy at Paris, editor of a new edition of the Arabian Nights, Jarvis's Quixote, Hamilton's Tales, the British Gallery of Pictures, and author of several works of merit, died at Paris on Monday the 18th February. He leaves a widow and three unmarried daughters to bewail his loss.

Among recent deaths of literary persons, we have to notice that of the Margravine of Anspach, at Naples, on the 13th of January. She produced several dramatic entertainments, and furnished materials for her own curious biography.

Delpini, the celebrated clown, died lately in London, at an advanced age; and Mazurier, the famous representative of the monkey, at Paris, aged thirty.

Ultramarine.—It has been reported to the Académie des Sciences, that a M. Tunel has discovered the means of making an artificial ultramarine, which is finer and more brilliant than the natural; and which he can afford to sell at less than half the price of the natural. The process is a secret.

Acoustics.—Every body knows, that if a filament of India rubber be drawn out by a force applied to both ends, it becomes attenuated in exact proportion to its elongation; so that, although a change of form, no change of volume takes place; but it gains in one respect what it loses in another. It seems natural to suppose that the same would be the case with a metallic string. Such, however, is not the fact. If a metallic string be moderately drawn out, the diminution of its diameter will be found to be less than it would be were its attenuation exactly equivalent to its elongation: whence it may be inferred that a sensible void is produced between the particles of which the metallic string is composed.

Algiers.—It appears by no means improbable, that existing circumstances may lead to the final liberation of the Mediterranean from the ravages of the Algerines and other barbarous nations of Africa. The combined squadrons of the three great maritime powers of Europe having completed their object as regarded Greece, may perhaps do that which Pompey formerly accomplished with a much less imposing force, and against much more numerous enemies. There is nothing at present to prevent the founding of European colonies on the coasts of Africa, and in Mount Atlas, in order to drive the barbarians back into the deserts of the interior, which alone they ought to be permitted to inhabit. The trade of the Mediterranean might then be carried to the greatest possible height; the ancient Libya, the kingdom of Massinissa, the territory of Carthage, &c. would resume their fertility, and the celebrated cities of former times would rise again out of their ruins. These immense benefits, for which Africa would one day be as grateful as Europe, would cost the European powers much less than a single campaign of the wars which they make upon one another!—*Foreign Journal.*

French Industry.—The Society for the Encouragement of National Industry in France exhibits great and laudable activity. A number of medals and other rewards have lately been distributed to various agriculturists, manufacturers, &c. and prizes of different amount are offered for the productions and inventions of the present year: among others, 2000 francs for the fabrication of bricks, tiles, &c. by machinery; 1000 francs for a machine to shave the hair off the skins employed in hat-making; 2000 francs for an isinglass or other substance capable of clarifying beer; 6000 francs for a factitious ultramarine; 3000 francs for the fabrication of paper from the bark of the *morus papyrifera*; 2,400 francs for a new method of silvering looking-glasses; 1,500 francs for the improvement of the materials employed in copper-plate engraving; 5000 francs for the desiccation of meats; 600 francs for a mill for cleansing buck-wheat; various prizes for the construction of simple instruments for extracting sugar from beet-root; for the importation into France, and the cultivation, of plants useful in agriculture, manufactures, and the arts, &c. &c. The amount of the prizes offered is 122,500 francs.

A Simple Remedy for the Hiccough.—Take about a tea-cupful of cold water at nine sips, and the involuntary sob will cease.—*Canfield's Lottery Argus.*

To Make the Teeth White.—A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will make the teeth white as snow.—*Idem.*

Archæology.—It appears, that excavations made during the last year in that ancient part of the town of Limes, in the arrondissement of Dieppe, vulgarly known by the name of Cæsar's Camp, have furnished new proofs that those remains are of the greatest antiquity, and belong to the time of the Belgians,—that warlike people, represented by Cæsar as the least civilised and the most formidable of the nations who inhabited the Gaulic countries, into which he carried the Roman arms and laws. Several curious antiquities, especially a cinerary urn, fourteen inches by eight, have been discovered during these excavations. The ruins of a Gallo-Roman village have also been found, between Bracquemont and Graincourt.

"*Two New Inventions*, by either of which, it is presumed, a man of enterprise might speedily accumulate a princely fortune," have been offered to us through a printed paper, the contents of which, (as we are not likely to attain the desired fortunate end) we liberally communicate to the world at large. The first invention is "*A Method of Instantaneous Communication, over land, by day or night, between any Towns, at whatever Distance.*" The instrument, it seems, consists of two small boxes, connected with each other by rods of a peculiar kind, (not electric, magnetic, or galvanic) and so constructed, that the precise words of any piece of reading or writing may be communicated from box to box; and that any conversation may be held on any subject, and in any language, with the utmost facility and correctness!!

The second offer is, "*The Secret of constructing a New Machine of very great Power, called the Hydrodynamic Engine, for suddenly producing immense Pressure, which Pressure may either be continued, or instantly removed, at option.*"—"By it" (says the inventor) "a small quantity of liquid is made to exert an astonishing force, which is easily manageable, and perfectly free from danger. This force (being intermittent if required) can impart motion to every species of machinery, at an expense the most trifling. Fire is not employed,—nor is any more liquid requisite than that used at first,—and yet the power can be increased to equal the strength of any number of horses. The sum expected for each secret is five hundred pounds down, and five thousand pounds more within twelve months after the purchaser takes out his patent.

Want.

Name not the name, though but in jest,
As you'd avoid a plague—a pest:—
"I want!" the import yet unknown,
Will turn your auditor to stone. D.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A splendid production has just issued from the French press of M. Sautelet: it is a Translation of Goëthe's celebrated tragedy of Faustus, in folio, with seventeen capital lithographics from the pencil of M. Delacroix,—a young artist for whose reputation, both as regards manner and composition, this work will do much.

Messrs. Westley and Davis have announced for publication, towards the close of the year, the first volume of an Annual, intended expressly for children, and to be entitled the Evergreen. It is stated that it will be conducted by a lady, with the assistance of distinguished literary individuals and eminent artists.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing the first of a series of volumes under the title of the Anniversary; or, Poetry and Prose for 1829. The work will, under the superintendence of Mr. Sharpe, be illustrated with engravings from the most celebrated pictures of the British school.

Camoens.—Her Majesty the Archduchess, Duchess of Parma, has just presented a gold snuff-box to M. Antoine Briccolani, as a testimony of the satisfaction with which she received from him a copy of his beautiful translation into Italian verse (*ottave rima*) of Camoens' Lusiad.

In the Press.—A Private Journal of a Voyage to the Pacific Ocean, and a Residence in the Sandwich Islands from 1822 to 1825, by C. S. Stewart, late American Missionary at the Sandwich Islands; with an Introduction and occasional Notes by the Rev. W. Ellis.—Gomez Arias, or the Moors of the Alpujarras, a Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio.—The Americans as they are; exemplified in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi, &c. By the Author of "Austria as it is."—The Sailor, and other Poems; some in the Scottish dialect. By William Gibson.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Parkes's Court of Chancery, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Drew's Principles of Self Knowledge, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* bds.—Sketch of Mexico in 1824-5-6, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Warren on Nature and Properties of Animals, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Fyfe's Elements of Chemistry, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Edmonston on the Cow-Pox, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Buchanan on the Organ of Hearing, royal 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Heber's Journey through India, 2 vols. 4to. 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Blunt's Veracity of the Gospels, crown 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Le Bas on the Miracles, crown 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Discourse on the Objects of Science, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Mant's Notices of the Apostles, 8vo. 13*s.* bds.—Scholefield's Æschylus, 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—Drake's Mornings in Spring, 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Chart of Ecclesiastical History, 7*s.* on sheet; 14*s.* on roller.—History of George Godfrey, 3 v. p. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Italy as it is, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Smith's (Rev. Pye) Four Discourses, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Payne's Elements of Science, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Hinton and Cox's First Steps, 12mo. 2*s.* bds.—Daniel O'Rourke, or Rhymes of a Pantomime, 12mo. 1*s.* sewed.—Laurence's Poetical Primer, 18mo. 3*s.* hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

February.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 14	From 27. to 36.	29.73 to 29.44
Friday ···· 15	—— 25. — 38.	29.56 — 29.72
Saturday ·· 16	—— 26. — 40.	29.76 — 29.80
Sunday···· 17	—— 24. — 38.	29.71 — 29.63
Monday ·· 18	—— 20. — 39.	29.40 — 29.28
Tuesday ·· 19	—— 30. — 44.	29.26 — 29.28
Wednesday 20	—— 31. — 48.	29.30 — 29.16

Prevailing wind S.E. and S.W.

Except the 14th, generally clear; a heavy storm of hail and rain on the 18th.

Rain fallen, ·96 of an inch.

February.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 21	From 36. to 48.	29.04 to 28.96
Friday ···· 22	—— 35. — 47.	28.94 — 29.10
Saturday ·· 23	—— 37. — 43.	29.24 — 29.46
Sunday···· 24	—— 33. — 48.	29.66 — 29.76
Monday ·· 25	—— 45. — 53.	29.76 — 29.86
Tuesday ·· 26	—— 45. — 55.	29.92 — 29.95
Wednesday 27	—— 45. — 54.	30.00 — 30.14

Prevailing wind, N. and S.W.

Generally cloudy; a little rain on the 23d and 25th.

Rain fallen ·2 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES M. ADAMS.

Latitude····· 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The length of our intelligence from Africa has obliged us this week to abridge and postpone a good deal: that interesting correspondence will, nevertheless, occupy two pages more in our next *Gazette*—combined with other novelties too late for the present.

S. G. is unworthy of a place.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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London: Published by Moon, Boys, and Graves (Successors to Hurst, Robinson, and Co.), 6, Pall Mall; and by F. G. Moon, 20, Threadneedle Street.

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This day is published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXXVI. for March 1828.

Contents:—1. Passages in the Life of Francis Flagstaffe, Esq. late Major in his Majesty's Service—II. The Broken Lute, by F. H.—III. Wintry Landscape, by Delta—IV. Toilette of a Hebrew Lady, exhibited in Six Scenes—V. Chapters on Churchyards. Chap. 16. Andrew Cleaves, concluded—VI. Connor M'Loughlin. A Tale of the Lower Shannon—VII. Whig Retrenchment, and Plan for the Reduction of the National Debt—VIII. The Ninth Report on Education in Ireland—IX. Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries. By Leigh Hunt.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. III. is published this day.

30, Soho Square, Saturday, 23d Feb.

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE of LITERATURE, RELIGION, and PHILOSOPHY; No. III. for March, (price 1s.) among other interesting and important papers, contains Sketches from the University of Edinburgh; [illegible] Dramatic Sketch of the Humanis Class Room, and the [illegible] Reading the Latin Classics in that University—Con[illegible] Infidel, No. III.—Review of Dr. Adam Clarke's [illegible] (continued)—"Lord Byron and his Contemporaries"—[illegible] Life of a Scottish Soldier"—A Letter to the King—[illegible] of Mr. Wesley—Draughts from the Antique, No. I. [illegible] Structure and Economy of the Death Watch—A run[illegible] on Men and Things—Critical Notices of seve[illegible] interesting Publications—Literary and Philosophi[illegible] List of New Works, &c. &c.

[illegible] Stephens, 16, City Road; Simpkin and Mar[illegible] Court; John Mason, City Road; and all Book[illegible]

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Published by Treuttel and Würtz, Treuttel Jun. and Richter, 30, Soho Square.

Of whom may be had,

Numbers I. and II.

Number IV. will appear in May.

IN the LONDON MEDICAL and PHYSICAL JOURNAL, published on the 1st March,—which contains Original Papers, Hospital Reports, Critical Analyses of New Books, Collectanea and Medical Intelligence, &c.—was given a full Account of the Trial against the Editor of the "Lancet" for a Libel, taken by a Short-hand writer purposely for the above Journal.

John Souter, 73, St. Paul's.

Just published, No. III. of

THE JURIST; or, Quarterly Journal of Jurisprudence and Legislation.

Contents: 1. Early Proceedings in Chancery—2. The Object of Punishment—3. Medical Jurisprudence—4. Certainty of English Law—5. Civil and Criminal Justice in the West Indies—6. American Law—7. Equitable Jurisdiction—8. State of Crime in England and France.

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No. II. Contents: 1. Military Law—2. Grand Juries—3. The Roman Law in the Middle Ages—4. Corporation and Test Acts—5. Abolition of the Code Napoleon in the Rhenish Provinces—6. The Game Laws—7. Dramatic Censorship—8. Insolvent Debtors' Court, and Rules of the King's Bench Prison—9. Parliamentary Proceedings—10. Proceedings before Magistrates.

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sors had been elected, from among candidates of great acknowledged abilities; that the plan of a botanical garden had been abandoned; and that of a subscription amounting to 71,205*l.* (on Dec. 31st), 58,115*l.* 12*s.* had been expended, leaving a balance of above 13,000*l.* in the treasury. A voluntary subscription was opened for the erection of an hospital, rather than that the funds of the University should be diminished for that needful appendage. Upon the whole, the affairs of the University appear to be as presperous as its friends could desire.

TURKEY.

AT the present moment every thing that relates to Turkey is peculiarly interesting. The following is the substance of a paper in the First Number of the New Asiatic Journal (published under the auspices of the Asiatic Society of Paris,) containing some novel and curious information with respect to the manners and the literature of that singular empire.

M. Schulz, a professor of the University of Giessen, and a member of the French Asiatic Society, left Paris in the middle of the summer of 1826, for the purpose of making a literary journey in Asia, and particularly with reference to the Persian empire. The varied and solid knowledge of this young man affords great reason to hope that his undertaking will be productive of an ample harvest of new and valuable observations on the languages, the literature, the antiquities, the geography, and the history of the oriental nations. During his stay at Constantinople, he addressed several letters to a friend in Paris. It appears that, among other things, M. Schulz had endeavoured, but in vain, to procure exact catalogues of the manuscripts contained in the various libraries of Constantinople. The moment was not favourable; the Turkish government showed itself more suspicious than ever of Europeans. Not long before, a *firman* had prohibited all the booksellers of Constantinople from selling to non-Mussulmans any Arabic, Persian, or Turkish manuscripts. The dragoman of the French embassy having requested leave for M. Schulz to visit the mosques, to which it is known the greater portion of the libraries are attached, the Reis Effendi refused the required permission, observing, that the Porte was not in the habit of granting it, except to ambassadors alone. At last, however, the young traveller, having become acquainted with various learned persons, ulemas, and others, from whom he experienced the greatest politeness and kindness, obtained by their advice and recommendation the means of entering and examining at his leisure the finest and richest of those establishments. M. Schulz expresses himself full of gratitude for the attention and respect paid him in his visits to the libraries. "It is utterly absurd," he adds, "to believe that the population of Constantinople are as intolerant and fanatical as they are described to be in various European journals; which one cannot read here without indignation at the misrepresentations they contain respecting this capital, and, above all, respecting what has been passing here for some years."—He thinks it difficult to say how many libraries there are in the vast circumference of Constantinople. Many are almost unknown, which are nevertheless as rich in valuable works as the most celebrated. M. Schulz names thirty libraries, most of them very considerable, which he had visited when he wrote. It would have taken him many months merely to copy the catalogues of all the manuscripts in them; he therefore directed his attention solely to the historians. He met in that class with most valuable works—works of which not even the names are known in Europe, or which have been generally thought lost. Limiting his efforts in this way, he had been able to draw up a large catalogue, in the Turkish language, of the historical and geographical books in sixteen of the principal libraries of Constantinople; which catalogue is now in the possession of his Parisian friend. In the mean while, M. Schulz made extracts from four historians, the names of which he believes have not yet reached Europe. These authors are, *Ibn-Alathir*, *Ibn-Alasakir*, *Ibn-Aladim*, and *Ibn-Khaldoun*. The first, according to M. Schulz, is one of the good Arabian historians, and enjoys a high reputation in the East. As for the works of *Ibn-Asakir* and *Ibn-Adim*, on Damascus and Aleppo, "they are," he observes, "quite colossal productions. It is difficult to conceive how one single man could, not compose, but merely copy, a work so gigantic as that of *Ibn-Asakir*, which forms eleven folio volumes, consisting, according to a calculation far from being exaggerated, of from twenty to twenty-two thousand folio pages of very small writing; that is to say, of a million of lines and of from fifty to sixty millions of letters." But the manuscript which has more particularly occupied M. Schulz during his stay at Constantinople is the great work of *Ibn-Khaldoun*, which M. Hammer had said did not exist in any of the libraries of that city. M. Schulz fortunately found it in several folio volumes.—M. Schulz has sent to his friend in Paris several useful Armenian books, and some Persepolitan intaglios, one of which, beautifully executed, exhibits the remarkable union of Greek characters of a very antique form, much anterior to the age of Alexander, with the figure of a winged lion, similar to that which appears on the large basrelievos of Persepolis.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 265. *The Chosen Rose.* Mrs. Pearson.—The energy of Michael Angelo's mind, leading him to sculpture and fresco, induced him to contemn the practice of painting in oil, and to declare that it was fit only for women. By others, on the contrary, it has been considered as too difficult and complicated an attainment for a female hand. Such exclusive notions make no part of our system. It is with pride and pleasure that we see many of our fair countrywomen engaged in the pursuit of art, by the means which are now generally acknowledged to be the most powerful and the most lasting. The lady, the name whose performance stands at the head of these remarks, has, at various periods, evinced talents of a very superior kind; and we feel assured that *The Chosen Rose* will not diminish her reputation in the eye of the judicious and candid critic.

No. 483. *May Morning, vide Akenside's Poems.* John Wood.—If we do not consider this as among the best of Mr. Wood's productions, it has nevertheless sufficient claim to attention, as being of a high imaginative character, and exhibiting much beautiful and appropriate colouring. It might have been advantageous to its elucidation to have quoted the passage in Akenside.—No. *The Contrast, a Study*—by the same artist—is the means of forming an estimate of his powers, should he think proper to enter the lists of the severer competition of historical composition.

No. 324. *Queen Elizabeth and Lady Paget.* H. Fradelle.—The pencil of this artist has on former occasions been successfully employed on incidents connected with the history and reign of Elizabeth; but the subject which he has selected on the present occasion seems to us to have but little interest for a picture. The composition is not of a character to recommend the work; but the colouring and the execution, in this, as well as in all Mr. Fradelle's productions, are highly beautiful, and perfectly adapted to cabinet pictures.

No. 161. *Admiration.* T. S. Good.—The models and casts which have here called forth the efforts of this artist have better claims to attention, and have created more interest, than any thing of a similar kind presented to the public on the board of an itinerant dealer. We are not, however, inclined to give more credit to the management and execution of *Admiration*, than what belongs to the mere deceptive in art,—for which Mr. Good has on so many occasions displayed no ordinary talent. His pictures always remind us of the name of a stage-coach which runs between Stamford and London, called "Truth and Daylight." It must be observed, however, that there is refined truth as well as homely truth. In art there is the truth of Rembrandt, the truth of Titian, the truth of Claude, &c.—A picture may have too much light as well as too much obscurity: judgment and taste alone can determine the proper medium.

No. 45. *Musidora.* John Boaden.—A few years back, the performances of this able artist were invariably placed in an elevated situation in the gallery; yet there was always a charm in them sufficient to obtain our notice. In their present more favourable position we can speak more particularly, both to their merits and to what may in some degree be deemed their defects. The character and expression of Mr. Boaden's *Musidora* do not accord with our notion of what was intended by the poet. Instead of the retiring consciousness of the fair and timid creature of Thomson's imagination, we have a sparkling animation of quite another sort of being—beautiful indeed, but not with the beauty of Musidora. The sudden angle made by the upper and lower arm, takes from that grace of form which ought never to be lost sight of in subjects of this kind.—No. 59. *Edwin*—by the same artist—has, as well as the foregoing performance, much to recommend it in point of clearness of colour and facility of execution; but again, we do not consider this (any more than some other pictures that have been painted of the same subject) the Edwin of Beattie. It by no means follows that, because Edwin was "no vulgar boy," he is to have the air of "a young gentleman."—No. 107. *A Welsh Peasant*; and No. 279. *A Boy in a Vandyke Dress*, are perfectly in character, and are admirable specimens of Mr. Boaden's versatile talents.

No. 71. *A Domestic Scene.* A. Geddes.—A book or a picture must have a name; and an appropriate title, either to the one or to the other, is frequently very influential. In the arts, it is manifest that many performances are first painted, and afterwards christened. It is probable that this was the case in the work under our notice. After all, it is the quality of the picture that must stamp its value; provided the subject does not offend against propriety. The *Domestic Scene* of Mr. Geddes is entitled to great praise, both for its execution and for its effect: in the latter particular it would not discredit the pencil of Rembrandt.

No. 70. *Domestic Employment.* J. Z. Bell.—

We have here an elegant display of refined female character and occupation, which, combined with the interior and accessories, makes a very pleasing composition. If it does not express any powerful sentiment, or excite any very remarkable emotion, the firmness and harmony with which it is painted, and its other good qualities, must recommend this picture to the attention of the lovers and encouragers of the fine arts.

No. 484. *A Water-Mill at Ventnor.* Miss H. Gouldsmith.—In the landscape department of painting, Miss Gouldsmith is inferior in talent to few of the male professors of that branch of the arts. Her judicious choice of the picturesque, and the mellow tone of her colouring, always remind us strongly of the qualities which distinguished the Flemish school. To be imbued with a taste for the beauties of the Flemish masters, and to a certain extent to imitate them, is desirable; but especial care should be taken never to lose sight of that truth and that individuality which the study of nature alone can give.

No. 152. *Trouse Hall, Norwich; painted on the spot.* A. Stannard.—We think this work also partakes more of the Flemish style of the art than legitimately belongs to a picture "painted on the spot." Its elaborate finish must necessarily have required considerable time in the execution; and the character of our climate is much too variable to have enabled the artist, day after day, to paint from the same hue of atmosphere, and the same effect of chiaroscuro. Be that as it may, the excellence of the performance, however it may have been achieved, is an abundantly sufficient passport to regard.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BOYHOOD.

"Oh, once again who would not be a boy?"—*Byron.*

The dreams of early youth,
How beautiful they are!—how full of joy—
When fancy looks like truth,
And life shews not a taint of sin's alloy.

When every heart appears
The temple of high thought and noble deed—
When our most bitter tears
Fall o'er some melancholy page we read.

The summer morn's fresh hours,
Her thousand woodland songs—her glorious hues:—
Oh! life's so full of flowers,
The difficulty *then* is where to choose!

The wonderful blue sky—
Its cloudy palaces, its gorgeous fanes—
The rainbow tints which lie
Like distant golden seas near purple plains,—
These never shine again
As once they shone upon our raptured gaze:
The clouds which may remain
Paint *other visions* than in those sweet days!

In hours thus pure—sublime—
Dreams we would *make* realities: life seems
So changed in after-time,
That we would *wish* realities were dreams!

C. Swain.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Tuesday Pasta superb throughout—especially in *Di Tanti*, with her ever novel and delightful. The same evening brought forward another novelty, in the shape of a revived ballet, *Le Sicchin, ou L'Amour Peintre*, decidedly the prettiest and most attractive of the season: it was very successful. Mdlle. Albert, the débutante, is a very graceful and promising dancer; and will doubtless be eminent hereafter, when her figure and strength mature. Her form is at present as slight as a sylph's—a little too thin for tastes terrestrial as our own. The plot is very pleasant. We have a couple of old papas deceived by lovers; all very natural and amusing. A castanet dance was executed with great spirit, and scarce received the applause it merited.

The house was brilliantly attended (by far the best of the season hitherto); and in the foremost row of the pit we observed Mr. Thomas Moore, Rogers, Lord Spencer, and several other "noticeable" persons. Much novelty is in preparation, of which we shall give due notice.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Thursday, a new musical farce, from the pen of Mr. Morton, called *The Invincibles*, was produced at this theatre, with most complete and most deserved success. Mr. M. seems to have used a high-pressure steam-engine on this occasion; for he has condensed an uncommon quantity of fun, merriment, and wit, into an entertainment which is only too short. We have seen nothing so good nor so amusing for long while: Fawcett, Power, and Vestris, have capital characters: Wood sings sweetly: the thing is, altogether, a hit; and not like the Dey of Algiers, if he comes here to look for our women, "the Day after the Fair."

ADELPHI.

Presumptive Evidence is the name of a new drama at the Adelphi. It is taken from the Card-Drawer, one of the tales from those of the Munster Festivals, and admirably adapted for the stage by Mr. Buckstone. The mixture of Irish humour with the crime has an extraordinary effect; and is so powerful, that laughing and weeping, in a strangely quick succession, alternate throughout the audience. It was curious, too, to observe, that the refined and the illiterate seemed equally touched by this striking composition of the ludicrous and pathetic. Mr. Yates has a simple part, which she plays with exquisite feeling: Yates is almost terrible: a ruffianly murder; T. P. Cooke, as always incomparable in the honest sailor, who is convicted (on presumptive evidence) of the assassination; Mr. Benson Hill, an excellent landlord; and Mrs. Daly, the perfection of a whered and ragged Hibernian Sibyl. This is piece for all ranks, and will be one of the most attractive ever brought out even at this fortunate theatre.

NEW BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

This theatre only opened on Monday, and fell during rehearsal on Thursday—burying Mr. Maurice, one of the proprietors, and eight or ten performers and other persons connected with it, in the ruins. Of this dreadful accident the full particulars are hardly yet ascertained; but seven corpses have already been dug up.

ORATORIOS.

On Wednesday Handel's *Messiah* was given at Drury Lane, and with great effect. The leading of M. T. Cooke, the splendid singing of Braham, the highly cultivated powers of Paston, and the sweetness of Caradori, formed the prominent beauties in this grand performance of sacred music.

FRENCH PLAYS.

The French Plays are going on well, but not quite as well as they deserve, and as we could wish them. Some dissatisfaction has lately evinced itself amongst the subscribers, who were either expecting too much themselves, or were led to expect rather more by others. We trust, however, that the fashionable world will make due allowances for the obstacles the management has to encounter. Great French actors are not to be had over for the asking—nor even for the paying. There are ties which bind them to their theatres, and (as they no doubt would loftily express it) "to their nation!" which are not generally known in this country. Regular *congés* are very unwillingly given by the directors, particularly for England; and without one, the appearance of the performer on a foreign stage, though not at that moment under any particular engagement, would forfeit his claim to the pension which is allowed to those who have passed a certain number of years in the service of the public. As the principal Parisian theatres are open all the year round, it must be obvious to every body, that the formation of a complete and very superior French company in London must be a work of much time and difficulty, even if it be possible. The subjoined paragraphs from our Paris Correspondent, will throw farther light on this point.

Mademoiselle Cinti (Madame Damouroux) received 25,000 francs from the French, and 10,000 francs from the Italian opera. The directors of the French opera, fearing her voice might be injured by too much fatigue, insisted on her giving up the Italian opera, and refused to allow her any indemnity. On this, the fair warbler took the huff, and set off to her husband at Brussels. She had been there only a few days, when a deputation from the managers was sent after her. She now resolved to make her own terms: and to induce her to come back, the opera engaged to give her 40,000 francs instead of 25,000, and 200 every night she performed; and this without singing at the Italian opera. She is decidedly the best French singer on the stage: she knows all the resources of her art, and manages them so admirably, that they seem the inspirations of nature, to which an elegance of manner and her personal charms greatly contribute. She wished to get an engagement at the opera for her husband; but in this she did not succeed.

A grand question has just been decided as to the power of the directors of the theatres over the actors. M. de Rochefocauld has detained Madame Mainville Fodor two years against her consent. The theatres being under the control of government, and the grand opera, the comic opera, the Italian opera, the théâtre François, and the Odéon, being placed under the authority of the Viscount Sosthenes de la Rochefocauld, who has the charge of the Fine Arts, the royal theatres, &c. he considered he had a right to transplant actors from one theatre to another without their consent,—to forbid them playing save at the theatre he thought fit,—to compel them to remain and perform against their consent; and, in short, to treat them something like slaves. Madame Fodor was not so fortunate as Cinti, and had recourse to the tribunals, which, after two years, have decided in her favour, and proved that performers do not cease to be citizens, and are entitled to equal justice with all classes of his majesty's subjects. This decision has broken the viscount's sceptre in his hand; and it is believed he will instantly retire, to avoid the humiliations which must arise from the various actors, who will now assert their rights, of which they have been so long arbitrarily deprived.

natives on board all the forenoon. About noon, an axe was discovered, by the master-at-arms, in the possession of one of the natives on board, who had secreted it under a piece of canvass, which he had picked up and tied round him as an apron. When it was taken from him, he ran down the ship's side into a canoe, and passed over several others to get into his own; but he was arrested on his way, and a violent discussion arose among the chiefs alongside relative to his punishment, the transaction having been immediately made known to his countrymen. Captain Owen, to shew his displeasure at this theft, ordered them all out of the ship, and the canoes to shove off; when another loud dispute took place among them, and the culprit was attacked from several canoes with their paddles, and a boy, in the same canoe with himself, inflicted several severe wounds, one on the right side of the head, another on the left temple, a third on the right shoulder, and a fourth on the breast. Notwithstanding his hurts, some of which were severe, he was compelled to jump overboard to wash off the blood which was streaming down his body, before they would permit him to pass to his own canoe; having reached it, he assisted his comrades in pulling towards the shore, evidently for the purpose of evading the indignation of the whole party: however, a number of canoes immediately followed him, apparently menacing his destruction. They landed near our market, and, conducting the culprit a short distance from the beach, were immediately surrounded by an immense crowd of his countrymen,—when Mr. Jeffery having penetrated to the centre, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of this assembly, they immediately secured him, and tied one of his hands to that of the bleeding prisoner, which caused no small alarm to that gentleman, who began to think these wounds had been inflicted by some of our people, and that they meant to retaliate upon him: fortunately, he saw one of our soldiers passing, who gave the alarm to the camp, and a small party of soldiers, with Captain Harrison, came to his assistance. By this time he had loosened his hand from the prisoner's, and the natives appeared satisfied now that there were more of our people to witness the punishment of their countryman for his offence against us, and they tied him by the hands and head, with his back to a tree, to await the award of his crime. After some parley among the chiefs and a man whom we supposed to be a priest, one of the former marched up very coolly towards the prisoner, with his knife in his hand, (while the rest of the chiefs and natives assembled were on their knees) and was about to cut his throat, when Captain Harrison and Mr. Jeffery prevented the execution of the deed, by taking his arm away, and making signs that our chief was near. Captain Owen was luckily coming on shore; he soon landed, and went directly into the centre of the assemblage: after a little explanation with the chiefs, by signs only, Captain Owen made them understand that he did not wish to have the prisoner so severely punished, and therefore took him by the hand and conducted him clear of the crowd, thus liberating him from the sanguinary vengeance of his own people. Singular to observe, the prisoner did not shew the least symptom of fear during the whole process of this investigation or his confinement, nor did he at all shrink from the blows when they were inflicted.* We were greatly surprised to-day, by finding a demi-John in the woods at the back of our little encampment, as it certainly indicates that Europeans have visited the place before, if it does not afford reason for supposing that the Spaniards had their settlement on the same point. Mr. Galler, the purser, shot two monkeys on Point William yesterday, which the kroomen skinned and cooked. Mr. Galler partook of one of them, dressed as an Irish stew, substituting yams for potatoes, which he mentioned as being an excellent dish.

Wednesday, 7th.—Very fine weather: at nine A. M. Anderson came on board with two chiefs, to say that the king was waiting on the beach for our boat to fetch him off. At eleven the captain took them with him, and three boats, viz. gig, pinnace, and jolly boat, with the surgeon, purser, captain's clerk, myself, the band, a sergeant, and six marines, with presents for the king, his chiefs, and others. We landed in a small cove three miles to the eastward of the ship (since called King Cove), and were conducted by the chiefs to a small open space in the woods, about a hundred yards from the rocky landing-place, where the natives have placed a great many stones in the water, leaving a channel for only one canoe to land at a time. When the captain was seated, a small ram and several calabashes of palm wine were placed before him. After waiting about an hour, the king came, and Captain Owen ordered a red cloak to be put on him, and a velvet hat; but as he could not conveniently take his own hat off, the velvet one was placed over the crown of his, and pierced by the same bone that secured his own hat to the head, by running it through his hair.* The appearance of these presents, but more particularly of the iron, had so intoxicated the uncontrollable feelings of the savages, whose passions were so much excited by it, that the good order which had previously been observed could no longer be maintained; and they pressed in on all sides, with such a clatter of tongues that the firing of cannon would have been relief to our ears, compared to the savage and vociferous clamour of these wild beings: however, it is but right to do them justice—notwithstanding all this confusion, they did not lay violent hands on any person or article, that we observed. We noticed that the king gave away many small pieces of iron to a few, which, by leading each one to hope that he might be the next selected to receive a token of royal favour, perhaps kept them from laying violent hands on any thing themselves, and thereby more effectually securing his own presents. We retired to the beach, and embarked during the confusion, the whole crowd following us to the shore, and many even into the water. On a rough calculation, it is supposed there were at least two thousand natives assembled. The women were kept separate from the men, and in the back ground: Mr. Galler went and spoke to some of them, but they shewed great timidity, though the men put some of the young women's hands into his in a very mild and friendly manner.—On returning towards the ship, I landed, in company with Messrs. Galler and Jeffery, at New-Market beach, and walked up to our settlement of Clarence on Point William. Mr. J. purchased a mackarel and two other fish out of a canoe. In the course of this day's operations, the party employed clearing away the jungle found the Indian-rubber tree, both red and white cam [?] wood, and a whet-stone. I partook of a deer that was killed on Point William.

* We have seen many of the natives that have lost one hand, and some few who have lost both: one that came to the ship, without hands, assisted his comrades by pulling his own paddle.

* The supposed king wore a pair of ram's horns in the fore part of his hat.

EXTRACT FROM ANOTHER LETTER.

Fernando Po, Nov. 17.

CAPTAIN OWEN is indefatigable in his exertions to get forward this little colony; and he is most ably assisted by Captain Harrison. It was on our arrival covered with a great many large trees and a very thick jungle of underwood: most of the latter has been cleared away, and many of the former cut down; it seems a pity, for it is some of the finest wood in the world. On the cleared ground there are already many huts built, tents erected, forges set, saw-pits dug, &c. &c.

Mr. Park, the son of Mungo Park, and a new African traveller, left Accra 29th Sept. 1827;—went to Mampong, Aquapim, where he arrived 2d Oct.;—5th, to Acrapong, chief town of Aquapim; left it on the 10th for Aquamba, and arrived there on the 16th Oct.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION: FEBRUARY 15.

IN our last Number we very briefly alluded to Mr. Faraday's admirable lecture on Phonics, on the evening of the 15th, and promised to exert ourselves to furnish as correct an epitome as we could of that, with the delivery of which we, in common with every hearer, were so extremely gratified. We have now the pleasure of communicating the prominent principles so clearly laid down and so beautifully illustrated by this able lecturer.

When a body, as a bell or glass, vibrates with a certain velocity, it causes undulations in the atmosphere, which, upon reaching the auditory nerves, produce the sensation of *sound*. When a second body is present, which can vibrate with the same velocity as the first, it frequently assumes the vibratory state, and becomes a source of sound; and this effect is distinguished as *resonance*, or the *reciprocation of sound*. The well-known and very curious experiment made by Dr. Wallis's pupils, Messrs. Noble and Pigott, in 1673, of the vibration of a string, when another tuned in unison with it is made to vibrate, is a striking illustration of the effect.

The effect of reciprocation may take place by undulation, transmitted through air, fluids, or solids. The reciprocation of a tambourine to the voice, of the crown of a hat to certain notes from an orchestra, of articles of furniture to sounds of an instrument—are common cases, in which the effect is produced through the medium of the air. Instances where it takes place by transmission through solid materials are readily supplied by making a tuning-fork vibrate, and placing it in contact with a door or table, or other surface which will admit of vibration, or by referring to a stringed instrument. The fork or the string is the original source of vibration; but the audible sound is produced by the reciprocation of the door or table, or by the sounding-board and other parts of the instrument, which are put into vibration by motion communicated through the solid materials.

Having explained the nature of reciprocation, the principal object of the evening was then taken up—namely, the reciprocation of columns of air. A column of air, when made to vibrate properly, is a source of sound as effectual as a string a plate of metal, or a glass bell. This is easily proved by a flute, an organ pipe, or any wind intrument. These columns of air may also be made to reciprocate to other sonorous bodies, when their vibrations accord with those of the latter. This was strikingly shewn by holding a vibrating tuning-fork to the embouchoir of a flute, applying the fingers

so as to stop the holes in the manner necessary to produce different notes: the moment the flute was stopped so as to produce the same note with the tuning-fork, it instantly produced a clear, full sound, though in all other positions nothing could be heard. Thus the flute was made to speak without any air being blown through it, and solely by reciprocation. The same effect was produced by bringing tuning-forks to the mouths of bottles which had been selected as containing columns of air vibrating in unison with the forks, or even by bringing a tuning-fork before the aperture of the mouth, and adjusting the latter until the air within it could reciprocate to the fork, when instantly a clear sound was produced. Mr. Wheatstone, to whom Mr. Faraday acknowledged his obligation for all the matter of this lecture, has devised an instrument, to be constructed upon the principle of the reciprocation of columns of air, and to be called a Terpaiphone.

If several sounds are produced, as happens, indeed, when a plate of metal is struck, or when two tuning-forks are made to vibrate at once, a column of air will reciprocate only those sounds with which it is in accordance. Two tuning-forks, A and C, and two bottles which could reciprocate one to each, were taken, when *both* forks were made to vibrate, and then brought to the mouth of the bottle reciprocating to A, only the sound A could be heard; but being taken to the other bottle, the sound A was no longer audible, but C was the sound produced. Upon this principle was explained the nature of the musical instrument from Java called the ginder, two or three of which were upon the table by favour of Lady Raffles. The instrument consists of metallic plates, supported by their nodal points, and arranged as in the harmonica; but under each is placed an upright bamboo, containing a column of air, arranged so as to reciprocate to the lowest note produced by the plate when struck. If the aperture of the bamboo be covered with pasteboard, and the plate above struck, certain ringing sounds are heard; but on removing the pasteboard, an additional deep, full tone is produced by the reciprocation of the column of air in the tube. No instrument has been constructed as yet in Europe upon this principle.

It was then stated, that a vibrating body will cause a volume of air to sound, not only when its vibrations are isochronous with those of the former, but also when there are any multiple of them: to illustrate which, the pistor of a syringe was moved, until the column of air between it and the open extremity was of such length as to produce C, when made to vibrate, and this sound was then produced by bringing a vibrating C tuning-fork to the mouth of the syringe. The column was ther shortened, by moving the piston, until it produced the next C above when made to vibrate; and then, upon using the same tuning-fork as before, not its own sound, but the octave above, was produced by the reciprocation of the column of air. Upon this law and fact was founded the explanation of the guimbard, or Jew's-harp. The tongue of this instrument, then, made to vibrate, produces a very low sound; but if it be placed before a cavity containing a column of air, which vibrates much faster, but in the proportion of any simple multiple, then it produces other higher sounds dependent upon the reciprocation of that portion of air. Now, the bulk of air in the mouth can be altered in its form, size, and other circumstances, so as to produce, by reciprocation, many different sounds; and these are the sounds belonging to the Jew's-harp. After explaining the nature of the instrument, by reference to several experiments, its great capability and beauty were proved to the fullest extent by the delightful performance of M. Eulenstein.

Upon the whole, we again express our opinion, that a more delightful lecture—accompanied by striking experiments, and tending to demonstrate new and curious facts in the theory of music,—was never delivered to a popular or scientific assembly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

General Atlas, &c. No. V. By Sidney Hall. In our last *Gazette* we took occasion to state how much we were indebted to the preceding No. of this excellent work, for enabling us accurately to trace the movements of Baron Von Valentini, so interesting at a moment when every point he touches is likely to become a station of war between Europe and Turkey; and it is curious that, to the last-published No. which has just reached us, we have the same obligations to confess, as an illustration of the Travels of Captain Lyon in Mexico, which we are in the midst of reviewing. No. V. has North Italy, Switzerland, and Mexico: the first two, as well done as might be,—the last possessing some high claims to notice. Of Mexican geography it must be allowed that we have heretofore only known its deficiencies: the broad outline was, perhaps, observed; but the details were (and are) very defective. Under the direction of Col. Bourne, an engineer officer, who has resided many years in the country, and who has recently returned to England, a multitude of errors have been rectified in this map; and, as far as his extensive experience (being employed by the government in geographical surveys) goes, it has been so amended as to render it by far the most perfect map of Mexico in publication. Much, no doubt, must yet be done to make this country sufficiently known; and we may well complain of its geography, when we still see its second city, Guadalaxa, placed on the Rio Grande—and yet read in Captain Lyon that the river is some leagues distant from the town.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MARCH.

20 d. 2 h. 47 m.—The Sun enters Aries, according to the fixed zodiac, his true place among the stars being in the constellation Pisces. The inhabitants of the equatorial regions have this day a vertical sun, while those of the arctic and antarctic regions have an equal distribution of light and heat.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
O Full Moon in Leo	1	6	53
C Last Quarter, in Ophiuchus	8	17	18
● New Moon, in Pisces . . .	15	9	38
☽ First Quarter, in Gemini .	22	22	2
O Full Moon in Virgo . . .	30	22	18

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Libra	6	5	0
Mars in Ophiuchus	8	14	5
Mercury in Pisces	15	15	30
Venus in Aries	18	8	40
Saturn in Gemini	20	19	20

Mercury will this day (1st inst.) be at his greatest elongation, and visible after sunset, should the atmosphere prove favourable. 17 d. 18 h. 15 m. in his inferior conjunction, and passes three degrees and a half to the north of the Sun: both this planet and Venus have been seen when in this position, exhibiting a delicate crescent of light.

Venus now sheds a trembling flood of radiance on the evening landscape, every and plant of which is prompt to obey the s mons of the spring. So intense is the ligh this evening star, that her course may easily traced, from her rising to her sett by the unassisted eye. This phenomenon the shining of a star in the day-time sometimes occasioned alarms in minds have regarded the unusual, because u served, sight, as the precursor of some hamity. This was the case in the tim Dr. Halley, the celebrated astronomer, had to allay the minds of the metropol city, by explaining the cause. 2 d. 19 Venus will make a very close appulse Piscium, a small double star in the ecli the largest of the two stars of which composed being white, and the smallest bluish white: the planet will be to the s The eclipse of a star by a planet, or of one planet eclipsing another, is a phen non of very rare occurrence; these conj tions have, however, happened, and carefully noted. In the year 241 before Christian era, a star in Cancer was ecli by Jupiter; January 9th, 1591, Mars ecli Jupiter; and 3d October the same year, V eclipsed Mars. In 1596, Venus conceale a short time the star Regulus; also in 1 Venus occulted Mercury; and in 1716, planet Jupiter eclipsed Castor in Gemini.

5 d. 1 h. 15 m.—Mars in quadrature, appearing with his greatest gibbosity. defect of a circular form occurs with al superior planets, when similarly placed tive to the earth, but is only perceptible this planet on account of its proximity. M when in quadrature, appears gibbous eighth of his diameter, and Jupiter only hundredth of his,—a defect too small to b tected with the best telescope, as his disc only subtends an angle of 30 seconds.

Jupiter, rising before midnight, will divide the empire of the starry canopy Venus: as the latter disappears below western horizon, the appearance of the mer may be anticipated in the opposite p

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S
First satellite	5	13	42	54
	12	15	36	24
	21	11	58	23
	28	13	52	1
Second satellite	6	13	11	21
	13	15	44	25
Third satellite	17	12	29	54
	17	14	38	41
	24	16	27	34

14th day—Saturn stationary in Ge forming a triangle with Castor and Polla

Deptford. J. T.

LITERARY AND LEARNED

Cambridge, Feb. 22.—The Norrisian prize is ad to the Rev. W. M. Mayers, of Catharine Hall: t ject—*The proofs of a General Judgment to come, advantages of the knowledge revealed to mankind c ing it.*

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the fo gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Bach Arts:—F. Arkwright, G. P. Jenner, Trinity C E. H. Outram, T. H. Noel Hill, W. Moore, St. College; T. Halsted, Trinity Hall; W. H. Smith, College.

The London University.—A g meeting of the subscribers to this imp Institution was held on Wednesday at masons' Hall; Lord Auckland in the chai very favourable report of its progress wa by the Secretary; and it appeared, in the of some discussion, that the building was completed, so as to promise the active comm ment of the system of instruction, lecture &c. in October next; that most of the p

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A Theatre destroyed at Rome by fire may be, just now, an appropriate extract.

"Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. * * All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava. * * *

"The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smokes that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs, in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest; a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible.—He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man."

There is an equally forcible and superb picture of a lion-fight before Nero: but a conflict between pirates and a Roman squadron may be a more diversified example of style and graphic power.

"The Roman squadron, with that precaution which was the essential principle of their matchless discipline, were drawn up in order of battle, though they could have had no expectation of being attacked on such a night. But the roar of the wind buried every other sound, and we stole round the promontory unheard. The short period of this silent navigation was one of the keenest anxiety. All but those necessary for the working of the vessel were lying on their faces; we feared lest the very drawing of our breath might give the alarm; not a limb was moved, and, like a galley of the dead, we floated on, filled with destruction. We

were yet at some distance from the twinkling lights that shewed the prefect's trireme; when, on glancing round, I perceived a dark object on the water, and pointed it out to the captain. He looked, but looked in vain. 'Some lurking spy,' said he, 'that was born to pay for his knowledge.' With a sailor's promptitude, he caught up a lamp, and swung it overboard. It fell beside the object, a small boat as black as the waves themselves. 'Now for the sentinel,' were his words, as he plunged into the sea. The act was rapid as thought. I heard a struggle, a groan, and the boat floated empty beside me on the next billow. But there was no time for search. We were within an oar's length of the anchorage. To communicate the loss of their captain, (and what could human struggle do among the mountain waves of that sea?) might be to dispirit the crew, and ruin the enterprise. I took the command upon myself, and gave the word to fall on. A storm of fire, as strange to the enemy as if it had risen from the bottom of the sea, was instantly poured on the advanced ships. The surprise was total. The crews, exhausted by the night, were chiefly asleep. The troops on board were helpless, on decks covered with the spray, and among shrouds and sails falling down in burning fragments on their heads. Our shouts gave them the idea of being attacked by overwhelming numbers; and, after a short dispute, we cleared the whole outer line of every sailor and soldier. The whole was soon a pile of flame, a sea volcano, that lighted sky, sea, and shore. Yet only half our work was done. The enemy were now fully awake, and no man could despise Roman preparation. I ordered a fire-galley to be run in between the leading ships; but she was caught half-way by a chain, and turned round, scattering flame among ourselves. The boats were then lowered, and our most desperate fellows sent to cut out, or board. But the crowded decks drove them back, and the Roman pike was an over-match for our short falchions. For a while we were forced to content ourselves with the distant exchange of lances and arrows. The affair became critical; the enemy were still three times our force; they were unmooring; and our only chance of destroying them was at anchor. I called the crew forward, and proposed that we should run the galley close on the prefect's ship, set them both on fire, and, in the confusion, carry the remaining vessels. But sailors, if as bold, are as capricious as their element. Our partial repulse had already disheartened them. I was met by murmurs and clamours for the captain. The clamours rose into open charges that I had, to get the command, thrown him overboard. I was alone. Jubal, worn out with fatigue and illness, was lying at my feet, more requiring defence than able to afford it. The crowd were growing furious against the stranger. I felt that all depended on the moment, and leaped from the poop into the midst of the mutineers. 'Fools!' I exclaimed, 'what could I get by making away with your captain? I have no wish for your command. I have no want of your help. I disdain you:—bold as lions over the table; tame as sheep, on the deck; I leave you to be butchered by the Romans. Let the brave follow me, if such there be among you.' A shallop that had returned with the defeated boarders lay by the galley's side. I seized a torch. Eight or ten, roused by my taunts, followed me into the boat. We pulled right for the Roman centre. Every man had a torch in one hand, and an oar in the other. We shot along the waters, a flying mass of flame; and while both fleets were gazing on us in astonishment, rushed under the poop of the commander's trireme. The fire soon rolled up her tarry sides, and ran along the cordage. But the defence was desperate, and lances rained upon us. Half of us were disabled in the first discharge; the shallop was battered with huge stones; and I felt that she was sinking. 'One trial more, brave comrades, one glorious attempt more! The boat must go down; and unless we would go along with it, we must board.' I leaped forward, and clung to the chains. My example was followed. The boat went down; and this sight, which was just discoverable by the livid flame of the vessel, raised a roar of triumph among the enemy. But to climb up the tall sides of the trireme was beyond our skill; and we remained dashed by the heavy waves as she rose and fell. Our only alternatives now were to be piked, drowned, or burned. The flame was already rapidly advancing. Showers of sparkles fell upon our heads; the clamps and iron-work were growing hot to the touch; the smoke was rolling over us in suffocating volumes. I was giving up all for lost, when a mountainous billow swept the vessel's stern round, and I saw a blaze burst out from the shore. The Roman tents were on flame! Consternation seized the crews thus attacked on all sides, and, uncertain of the number of the assailants, they began to desert the ships, and, by boats or swimming, make for various points of the land. The sight re-animated me. I climbed up the side of the trireme, torch in hand, and with my haggard countenance, made still wilder by the wild work of the night, looked a formidable apparition to men already harassed out of all courage. They plunged overboard, and I was monarch of the finest war galley on the coast of Syria. But my kingdom was without subjects. None of my own crew had followed me. I saw the pirate vessels bearing down to complete the destruction of the fleet; and hailed them, but they all swept far wide of the trireme. The fire had taken too fast hold of her to make approach safe. I now began to feel my situation. The first triumph was past, and I found myself deserted. The deed of devastation was in the mean while rapidly going on. I saw the Roman ships successively boarded, almost without resistance, and in a blaze. The conflagration rose in sheets and spires to the heavens, and coloured the waters to an immeasurable extent with the deepest dye of gore. I heard the victorious shouts, and mine rose spontaneously along with them. In every vessel burned, in every torch flung, I rejoiced in a new blow to the tyrants of Judea. But my thoughts were soon fearfully brought home. The fire reached the cables; the trireme, plunging and tossing like a living creature in its last agony, burst away from her anchors: the wind was off the shore; a gust, strong as the blow of a battering-ram, struck her; and, on the back of a huge refluent wave, she shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire."

With these, hardly chosen, examples, we must rest for the present; for, whatever are its merits, *Salathiel* is not a production from which it is easy for the reviewer to make any extracts which can afford a just idea of its character.

The Americans as they are; described in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi. By the Author of Austria as it is. Post 8vo. pp. 218. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

BROTHER JONATHAN (says the author) is neither so bad as John Bull supposes him to be, nor so faultless as he fancies himself: *medium tenuere beati.* As he (a foreigner of distinction, we are assured) is a sort of arbitrator or middleman, and assumes to hold the balance with an even hand,—it will at least amuse, if it does not instruct us, to look at a few of his opinions; and we are sure that no one who perused our recent review of his volume dedicated to an account of the old governments of Europe, will doubt his possession of acuteness and sagacity to paint, with an able pencil, the new state of things in America. The narrative commences with Cincinnati; leaves Ohio, and proceeds through Kentucky; takes a keel-boat journey from Louisville to Trinity; visits Owen's and Birkbeck's settlements; and falls down the Mississippi to New Orleans, with various digressions into the Illinois, Tennessee, Arkansas, Natchez, Louisiana generally, and New Orleans particularly. There is much information in a small compass, without verbosity; the style is pleasant; and the work altogether of an agreeable and superior character. Respecting the grand political features of America, according to the author's judgment, we shall give only one example.

"A party, existing since the revolution, and extending its ramifications over the whole United States, is now growing into importance; and, guided by the principles of European diplomacy, is rooting itself deeper and deeper, drawing within its ranks the wealthy, the enlightened, the dissatisfied; thus adding every day to its strength. We see, in short, the principle of monarchy developing itself in the United States; and though it is not attempted to establish it by means of a revolution, which would infallibly fail, there is a design to bring it about by that cunning, cautious, and, I may add, American way, which must eventually succeed—unless the spirit of freedom be sufficiently powerful to neutralise the subtle poison in its progress, or to triumph over its revolutionary results. There have occurred many changes in the United States within the last ten years. The present rulers have succeeded in so amalgamating opinions, that, whatever may be said to the contrary, only two parties are now in existence. These are the monarchists, who would become governors—and the republicans, who would not be governed. The object proposed in the following pages has been to exhibit to the eyes of the European world the real state of American affairs, divested of prejudice and all party spirit. Adams, on the whole, is a favourite with Great Britain. The empire, however, has no reason to admire him; should his plans succeed, the cost to Great Britain would be the loss of her last possession in North America. But as long as the American republic continues united, this unwieldy mass of twenty-four states can never become dangerous. Of the different orders of society there is yet little to be said; but they are developing themselves, as fast as wealth, ambition, luxury, and the sciences, on the one side—poverty, ignorance, and indirect oppression on the other, will permit them."

In Kentucky, however, if we contemplate the picture of that state, as drawn by this writer, there seems as yet to be no development of civilization; but, on the contrary, a retrograde into a condition worse than absolute barbarism. Here are bits of his sketches.

"The road from Bigbonellick is, for the distance of ten miles, dreary, and the country barren. I arrived late at a farm house of rather a better appearance, where I intended to stop the night. The first night's lodging convinced me but too plainly that the in-

ans of this state, justly called in New York, half horse and half alligator, had not yet assumed a milder character. The farmer, or rather planter, was absent with his wife; and his brother, who took care of the farm, was at a horse-race; an old man, however, with his daughter, answered my application for a lodging in the affirmative. I was supping upon slices of bacon, roasted corn bread, and some milk, when the brother of the farmer returned from the races with his neighbour. Both had led horses besides those on which they rode. Before dismounting they discharged their pistols. Each of the Kentuckians had a pistol in his girdle, and a poniard in the breast-pocket. Before resuming my supper, I was pressed to take a dram. With a quart bottle in one hand, and with the other drawing the remains of tobacco from his mouth, in rather a nauseous manner, the host drank for half a minute out of the bottle; then took from the slave the can with water, and handed the bottle to me, the mouth of which had assumed, from the remains of the tobacco, a brownish colour. The Kentuckian looked displeased when I wiped the bottle. I, however, took no notice of him, but presented it, after having drunk, to his friend. We sat down. 'How far are you come to-day?' asked the landlord. 'From Cincinnati.' 'You don't live in Cincinnati, I guess, do you?' 'No, sir.' 'And where do you live?' 'In Pennsylvania.' 'A fine distance!' exclaimed my host, 'I like the people of Pennsylvania better than those G—d d—d Yankees, but still they are no Kentuckians.' I gave my full and hearty assent. 'The Kentuckians,' continued my landlord, 'are astonishingly mighty people; they are the very first people on earth!' 'Yes, sir.' 'They are immensely great, and wonderfully powerful people; an't they?' 'Yes, sir.' 'They are ten thousand times superior to any nation on earth.' 'Yes, sir.' 'How do you like Kentucky?' 'Very well, sir; I travelled through it four years ago.' 'G—d d—n my s—l to e——l d—n!' roared he. 'The Pennsylvanians have not a square mile of land in their state equal to our poor lands. Bill,' turning now to his neighbour on the left, 'Bill has been mauled in a mighty fine style. G—d d—n, him, he bleeded like a hog.' 'Yes,' replied the neighbour, 'Sam has stabbed exceedingly well, I presume. Bill has to wait four weeks before he may be on his legs again, if he will be still. G—d d—n! but to tell Isaac, his horse, which he thinks so much of, is a poor beast compared with his—and so give him the lie. I would have knocked him down, come what might out of it. But Dick and John!'—and now these two fellows broke out into roaring fits of horse-laughter. 'How his eyes rolled, he looked quite as squire Toms, when lying all night over the bottle; I guess he never will be able to set his eyes a-right.' 'He has lost one,' said the neighbour; 'the one is quite out of its socket, and Joe was obliged to carry him home.' 'Why, the seconds are wonderfully lovely fellows, I warrant you; they did not spoil the sport with interfering.' 'Yes, they bore John an old grudge.' 'Oh, certainly—it was a mighty fine sport; I would not for the world have missed it. G—d d—n! Dick is a fine gouger—the second turn—John thrust both thumbs in his eyes.—I presume you have races in Pennsylvania?' turning to me. 'Yes, sir.' 'And fightings and gougings?' 'No, sir.' With an expressive look towards his neighbour, he continued: 'Well, the Pennsylvanians are a quiet, religious sort of people; they don't kill any thing but their hogs, and prefer giving their money to their parsons.' The evening passed in these and similar conversations, of which the above are mere specimens; and it was eleven o'clock before the interesting pair separated."

Next day, "I was allowed to take my breakfast, when some yells and hallooing called us to the door. A troop of horsemen were passing. Two of the party had each a negro slave running before him, secured by a rope fastened to an iron collar. A tremendous horsewhip reminded them at intervals to quicken their pace. The bloody backs and necks of these wretches bespoke a too frequent application of the lash. The third negro had, however, the hardest lot. The rope of his collar was fastened to the saddle-string of the third horseman, and the miserable creature had thus no alternative left, but to keep an equal pace with the trotting horse, or to be dragged through ditches, thorns, and copsewood. His feet and legs, all covered with blood, exhibited a dreadful spectacle. The three slaves had run away two days before, dreading transportation to Mississippi or Louisiana. 'Look here,' said Mrs. Forth, calling her black girls, 'what is done with the bad negroes, who run away from their good masters!' With an indifference, and a laughing countenance, which clearly shewed how accustomed these poor children were to the like scenes, they expressed their sentiments at this disgusting conduct. * *

"Kentucky is, without the least exaggeration, one of the finest districts on the face of the earth. The climate is equal to that of the south of France; fruits of every kind arrive at the highest perfection; and it would be difficult to quit this country did not the character of the inhabitants lessen one's regret at leaving it."

All but the spirit of man is divine.

"The inhabitants consist chiefly of emigrants from Virginia, and North and South Carolina, and of descendants from back-wood settlers—a proud, fierce, and overbearing set of people. They established themselves under a state of continual warfare with the Indians, who took their revenge by communicating to their vanquishers their cruel and implacable spirit. This, indeed, is their principal feature. A Kentuckian will wait three or four weeks in the woods for the moment of satiating his revenge; and he seldom or never forgives. The men are of an athletic form, and there may be found amongst them many models of truly masculine beauty. The number of inhabitants is now 57,000, including 15,000 slaves. Planters are among the most respectable class, and form the mass of the population. Lawyers are next, or equal to them, in rank, no less than the merchants and manufacturers. Physicians and ministers are a degree lower; and last of all are those mechanics and farmers not possessed of slaves. These are not treated better than the slaves themselves. The constitution inclines towards federalism, landed property being required to qualify a man for a public station. Ministers, of whatever form of worship, are wholly excluded from public offices. Kentucky is not a country that could be recommended to new settlers: slavery—insecure titles to land—the division of the courts of justice into two parts, furiously opposed to each other—an executive, whose present chief is a disgrace to his station, and whose son would be hung in chains had he been in Great Britain—the worst paper currency, &c., are serious warnings to every lover of peace and tranquillity. We abstain from further particulars, as our purpose is to give a characteristic description of the Union, which would assuredly not gain by a faithful representation of the state of things in this country during the last ten years. The Desha family, the emetic scene, the proceedings of the legislature and of the courts of justice, Sharp's death, &c., are facts which belong rather to the history of the tomahawk savages than to that of a civilised state. Passions must work with double power and effect, where wealth and arbitrary sway over a herd of slaves, and a warfare of thirty years with savages, have sown the seeds of the most lawless arrogance, and an untameable spirit of revenge. * * *

"These people are the horror of all creoles, who, when they wish to describe the highest degree of barbarity, designate it by the name of Kentuckian:" and, adds the author, very naively, "the worst of it is, that the creoles, who are far from being eminent scholars, comprehend the whole north under the appellation of Kentucky."

This is said at Natchez, where the ruffianly conduct of Kentuckian travellers had forced the once hospitable planters to shut their doors against all strangers; and no wonder a journey here overland is in bad odour, for "it is rendered disagreeable by the wretchedness of the roads, and the still worse condition of the generality of inns. This evil has been occasioned by the former hospitality of the French creoles. Any one calling at a plantation was sure of a welcome reception. This hospitality has ceased, and the most respectable traveller is now likely to have the door shut in his face, owing to the misconduct of the Kentuckians. It was the practice of these gentlemen to call on their rambles at these plantations, where plenty of rum and brandy, with other accommodations, could be had for nothing. They behaved with an arrogance and presumption almost incredible, not unfrequently calling the creoles in their own houses French dogs; and knocking them down if they presumed to shew the least displeasure." But, in fact, throughout the whole south, where slavery exists in a far worse form than in the north, the demoralised and degraded condition of the population presents a wretched spectacle to the philanthropist.*

Of Mr. Owen's settlement, the author, we regret to see, speaks very disparagingly; but he states that grand plans are in prospect.

"The time of the members is divided between working, reading, and dancing. A ball is given every day, and is regularly attended by the community. Divine service, or worship of any kind, is entirely excluded; in lieu of it, moreover, a ball is given on Sunday. The children are summoned to school by beat of drum. A newspaper is published, chiefly treating of their own affairs, and of the entertainments, and the social regulations of the community, amounting to about 500 members, of both sexes, composed almost exclusively of adventurers of every nation, who expect joyful days. The settlement has not improved since the purchase, and there appeared to exist the greatest disorder and uncleanliness. This community has since been dissolved, as was to have

* At Cincinnati, however, as they have got (a mighty particular compliment to us, we reckon!) a *Literary Gazette*, we trust they will not only improve in that city, but in the surrounding districts. "The prevailing manners (observes the author) of society at Cincinnati, are those peculiar to larger cities, without the formalities and mannerism of the eastern sea-ports. Freedom of thought prevails in a high degree, and toleration is exercised without limitation. The women are considered very handsome; their deportment is free from pride; but simple and unassuming as they appear, they evince a high taste for literary and mental accomplishments. The *Literary Gazette* owes its origin to their united efforts"!!!

been expected. The Scotchman seems to have a very high notion of the power of egotism. He is certainly not wrong in this point; but if he intends to give still greater strength to a spirit which already works with too much effect in the Union, it may be feared that he will soon snap the cords of society asunder. According to his notions, and those of his people, all the legislators of ancient and modern times, religious as well as political, were either fools or impostors, who went in quest of prosperity on a mistaken principle, which he is now about to correct. Scotchmen, it is known, are sometimes liable to adopt strange notions, in which they always deem themselves infallible. I am acquainted with an honourable president of the quarter-sessions, who, as a true Swedenborghian, is fully convinced that he will preside again as judge in the other world, and that the German farmers will be there the same fools they are here, whom he may continue to cheat out of their property. Great Britain has no cause to envy the United States this acquisition. We stayed at this place about two hours, crossed the Wabash, and took the road to Shawneetown, through part of Mr. Birkbeck's settlement. The country is highly cultivated, and the difference between the steady Englishman of the Illinois side, and the rabble of Owen's settlement, is clearly seen in the style and character of the improvements carried on."

Louisiana is very appositely compared, for soil, climate, river, &c. &c. to ancient Egypt; and much good advice is given to emigrants and settlers: but we cannot enter into these matters. Suffice it to add a few brief notices of its capital, New Orleans, and one other extract, wherewith to conclude this paper.

"Americans from other parts of the Union may be considered as constituting about three-eighths of the present population of the state, and of New Orleans. Brother Jonathan is to be found in all parts of the Union, and, properly speaking, no where at home. After having settled in one place, at the distance of 1000 miles from his late residence, cleared lands, reared houses, farms, &c., he leaves his spot as soon as a better chance seems to offer itself. He is an adventurer, who would as soon remove to Mexico, or New South Wales, provided he could 'make money' by the change. * *

"The emigrant French are numerous in New Orleans. Among them are many very respectable merchants, some lawyers, physicians, &c.; the greater part, however, consists of adventurers, hair-dressers, dancing-masters, performers, musicians, and the like. The French are of all men the least valuable acquisition for a new state. Of a lavish and wanton temper, they spend their time in trifles, which are of no importance to any but themselves. Dancing, fighting, riding, and love-making, are the daily occupation of these people. Their influence on a new and unsettled state, whose inhabitants have no correct opinion of true politeness and manners, is far from being advantageous. Without either religion, morality, or even education, they pretend to be the leaders of the *bon ton*, because they came from Paris; and they in general succeed. As for religion and principles, except a sort of *point d'honneur*, they are certainly a most contemptible set, and greatly contribute to promote immorality. There are a great number of Germans in New Orleans. These people, without being possessed of the smallest resources, embarked eight or ten years ago, and after having lost one half, or three parts of their comrades during the passage, they were sold as white slaves, or as they are called, Redemptioners, the moment of their arrival. Thus mixed with the negroes in the same kind of labour, they experience no more consideration than the latter; and their conduct certainly deserves no better treatment. Those who did not escape, were driven away by their masters for their immoderate drinking; and all, with few exceptions, were glad to get rid of such dregs. The watchmen and lamp-lighters are Germans; and hundreds of these people fell victims to the fever, between the years 1814 and 1822. The rest of the white population consists of English, Irish, Spaniards, and some Italians, amongst whom are several respectable houses. The free people of colour consist of emancipated slaves; but chiefly of the offspring of an intercourse between the whites and blacks,—the cause of which is to be sought in the nature of the climate, where sensual passions are so easily excited. Of these descendants, the females in particular are very handsome, and generally destined for the gratification of the wealthier class of the French and the creoles, as their mothers had been before them. The American seldom or never indulges in such unrestrained pleasures. He usually marries early, and remains faithful to his wife. Of a more steady and religious turn, he pays strict attention to decorum and appearances, with certain isolated exceptions, of course; but in general he is more solicitous and careful of his public character than the Frenchman or foreigner, who has seldom any reputation to lose. The negroes form the lowest class. There are certainly found some amongst them who are entitled to praise for their honesty and fidelity towards their masters; but thousands, on the other hand, will exhibit the vicious nature of a debased and slavish character. There is no doubt, that a malignant and cruel disposition characterises, more or less, this black race. Whether it be inborn, or the result of slavery, I leave to others to decide. * * *

"There is not a place in the Union where religion is so little attended to as in New Orleans. For a population of 40,000 inhabitants, it has only four churches; Philadelphia, with 120,000 inhabitants, reckons upwards of eighty; New York upwards of sixty. The city of Pittsburgh, with a population of 10,000 souls, has ten churches, far superior to those in New Orleans. * * *

"Of the two theatres, the American is open during five, and the French during eight months in the year. The American theatre has the advantage of becoming more and more national and popular, although at present it is only resorted to by the lower class of the American population; boatmen, Kentuckians, Mississippi traders, and backwoods-men of every description. The pieces are execrably performed. The late Charles Von Weber would not have been much delighted at witnessing the performance of his Der Freyschütz, here metamorphosed into the wild huntsmen of Bohemia. Six violins, which played any thing but music, and some voices far from being human, performed the opera, which was applauded: the Kentuckians expressed their satisfaction in a hurrah, which made the very walls tremble. The interior of the theatre has still a mean appearance. The curtain consists of two sail-cloths; and the horrible smell of whisky and tobacco is a sufficient drawback for any person who would attempt to frequent this place of amusement."

So much for New Orleans: our last quotation describes a curious and useful natural production.

"A traveller who first visits the valley of the Mississippi is led to believe that the waters of this immense river rise above the trees along its banks, leaving the branches covered with weeds and mud when they retire to their bed. It is Spanish moss or Tellandsea which presents that appearance to the traveller. It is firmly rooted in the apertures of the bark, and hangs down from the trees, not unlike long rough beards. This plant has a yellow blossom, and a pod containing the seed. It is found along the coast of the Mississippi, from St. Helena to below New Orleans, and is universally applied to all those purposes for which curled hair is used in the north. It is gathered from the trees with long hooks, afterwards put into water for a few days, in order to rot the outer part, and then dried. The substance obtained by this simple process is a fine black fibre resembling horse-hair. A mattress stuffed in this manner may serve for a year, if not wetted; it then becomes dusty, and requires that the moss should be taken out, beaten, and the mattress filled again, by which means it becomes more elastic than it was before."

We need say nothing more to recommend this volume to the public: it deserves to be popular.

Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., Member in the Parliaments of Oliver and Richard Cromwell, from 1656 *to* 1659: *from the original Autograph MS.; with an Introduction, containing an Account of the Parliament of* 1654, *from the Journal of Guibon Goddard, Esq., M.P.* Edited and illustrated with Notes, Historical and Biographical, by John Towill Rutt. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THAT the editor shews himself to be a stanch republican throughout in his "Notes, historical and biographical," (and he should have added, political,) is, perhaps, no drawback on a publication of this kind; but still we could have wished that less display of hatred to kings had been made; for though it may not interfere with the integrity of the original manuscripts, it certainly disfigures the modern portion of the work. But with Mr. Rutt's politics we will have nothing to do. The more important object of his labours, and that for which the public will thank him, is thus stated in the preface:

"During six years of the period I have described, England and its dependencies were governed by the family of Cromwell. To those years, especially to preserve and illustrate what can now be recovered of their parliamentary history, these volumes are devoted. I could not, however, have contemplated such an extent, when first preparing for the press the curious manuscript which has formed the principal part of this publication. The parliamentary diary is ascertained, by various internal evidences, which will occur to the attentive reader to have been written, in the House of Commons, by Thomas Burton, Esq. M.P. for Westmoreland. It is now first printed from his original note-books, which came, a few years since, into the possession of Mr. Upcot, of the London Institution (together with the lately published Correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon), and will be found to supply, to a considerable extent, the want of all parliamentary debates during the protectorates."

The introduction is of equal value, and consists of 122 pages from the MS. of Guibon Goddard, relative to the parliamentary pro-

ceedings of 1654; and 70 pages more obtained from the Journals (from Dec. 18th, 1654, to Dec. 3d, 1656), so as to connect Goddard's diary with that of Burton.*

The selections we are about to produce from these volumes shall be such as will throw light upon interesting points of history, and curious illustrations of manners, at a period, respecting which, though much has been written, there is, nevertheless, a great deal still to be made known, as is abundantly proved by this very valuable publication. The slight paragraphs which run through it will often be found to tell us more of an age of cant and hypocrisy than the longest essays or discussions. Facts, however small and apparently trivial, are worth a whole host of conjectures. We have called the Protectorate an age of cant, and of hypocrisy too, the vilest of guilt, though it be the tribute which vice pays to virtue. We exemplify this: the first Cromwellian parliament of 1653 (met July 5).

"*7th.*—Resolved, that no person shall be employed, or admitted into the service of this house, but such as the house shall be first satisfied of his real godliness." (Such a resolution would thin the house now sitting, we guess.)

"*Monday*, 11*th.*—The house spent this day in seeking the Lord, in a special manner, for counsel, and a blessing on the proceedings of parliament. * * *

"Ordered, that a Bible be provided for the service of the house."

The second parliament met Sept. 3d, 1654, and a fast was appointed.

"*Tuesday*, 5*th.*—The house met, and first called over all their members, and then the defaulters, of which there were not above threescore of such as were returned. After that, they fell, according to order, to make their committees; the first of which was that of privileges, which, being made, and their names read, some occasion was taken by some members to tell us that, until that time, they had not so much as heard the name of my lord protector within those walls, and intimating as if there had been some reflections upon the government, which, although it were an occasion not so well taken, nor so seasonable at that time, yet, being a matter conceived necessary in order to a right understanding at first, especially in that which they conceived to be a foundation, and not to be denied; they, therefore, (from court, especially, and from the soldiery and lawyers,) pressed hard, that the government, or instrument of government, might be speedily taken into consideration, and some return made to my lord protector of thankfulness for his late speech. The debate concerning those things held until three of the clock, the other part affirming the motion was out of order, in regard by the ancient orders, committees, especially their general committees of privileges, which concern the being, and of religion, grievances, and courts of justice, which concern the well-being of the parliament, ought, in the first place, to have been settled. And, in truth, it was thought a little too precipitate, in regard it was in the infancy of the parliament, before the house was full, or the members come up, to propose a thing of that weight, which, probably, was the greatest which could fall before us in judgment. And, besides, it was to anticipate the fast, and in a manner to mock God, that, having appointed that solemnity on purpose to seek God's direction and counsel in these weighty affairs of the nation, which should come before us, especially in the establishment of them upon sure foundations, we should first lay the main foundation without him, and then ask his counsel. Notwithstanding, it was voted in the affirmative, both that the question should be put for putting of the question; and that the government should be the first business should be taken into consideration the next morning."

The mingling of fanaticism with the grossest of worldly pursuits was never more obvious and disgusting: but we proceed with our miscellaneous extracts.

"*November* 1654.—The officers of the army met at St. James's, to keep a day of praying together. * * *

"*Monday*, 6*th.*—A bill was brought in for the ejecting scandalous, ignorant, and insufficient ministers and school-masters, and read the first time."

Monday, 27*th.*—"Resolved, that the persons who shall be elected to serve in parliament, shall be such, and none other than such, as are persons of known integrity, fearing God, and of good conversation, and being of the age of twenty-one years; and not such as are disabled by the act of the 17th of King Charles, entituled, 'An act for disenabling all persons in holy orders to exercise any temporal jurisdiction or authority; nor such as are public ministers, or public preachers of the gospel; nor such as are guilty of any of the offences mentioned in an act of Parliament, bearing date August 9, 1650, entituled, 'An act against several atheistical, blasphemous, and execrable opinions, derogatory to the honour of God, and destructive of human society;' nor common scoffer, nor reviler of religion; or of any person or persons for professing thereof: no person that hath married or shall marry a wife of the Popish religion; or hath trained or shall train up his child or children, or any other child or children under his tuition or government, in the Popish religion; or that shall permit or suffer such child or children to be trained up in the said religion; or that hath given, or shall give his consent, that his son or daughter shall marry any of that religion: no person that shall deny the Scriptures to be the word of God, or the sacraments, prayer, magistracy, and ministry, to be the ordinances of God; no common profaner of the Lord's day, nor profane swearer or curser; no drunkard, or haunter of taverns, ale-houses, or brothel-houses; none that shall hereafter drink healths,* or be guilty of adultery, fornication, or extortion, perjury, forgery, or bribery."

Dec. 30*th.*—"The house being informed, that one Theauro John, in the lobby, without the door of the parliament, did there draw his sword, and struck at divers persons, and ran with his sword against the door of the house. He was, by order of the house, brought to the bar; where, being demanded by Mr. Speaker what his name was, answered, Theauro John. Being asked why he came hither? saith, he fired his tent, and the people were ready to stone him, because he burnt the Bible, which he acknowledgeth he did; saith, it is letters, not life; and he drew his sword, because the man jostled him at the door: saith, he burnt the Bible, because the people say it is the word of God, and it is not; it deceived him. And saith he burnt the sword, and pistols, and Bible, because they are the gods of England. He did it not of himself. And being asked, who bid him do it, saith, God; and thereupon was commanded to withdraw.—Resolved, that the said Theauro John be committed to the Gate-house, Westminster, in order to a further proceeding against him, both for drawing his sword at the parliament door, and for burning the Bible; and affirming that the same is not the word of God; and that there be a charge given to the keeper to take notice of any persons as shall resort to him.—Resolved, that it be referred to a committee to examine him, and to present to the house their opinion what is fit to be done in respect of both these offences."

"*Whitlock* says: '*Dec.* 30*th.* A quaker came to the door of the parliament, and drawing his sword, fell to slashing those near him, and knocked at the door aloud; he was laid hold on and committed to prison.' (*Memorials*, p. 592.)—It has been justly observed, on this passage, that 'according to the account given of this man in the journals, his principles seem not to quadrate altogether with those of the present quakers.' (*Parl. Hist.* xx. 402.)"

Monday, 15*th.*—"Resolved, that none shall stay above in the chamber during the time of prayers in the house; and that, immediately before prayers, the sergeant do go up and require all the members to come down."

While inserting the following, we are tempted to ask if there be any thing new under the sun? or how have we changed from our progenitors 170 years ago? The Court of Chancery is very *cavalierly* cashiered by the *Puritans*.

August 1653.—"*Friday*, 5*th.* The house, according to former order, took into consideration the business of the Court of Chancery.—Resolved, that the High Court of Chancery of England shall be forthwith taken away. That it be referred to the committee of the law to prepare a bill for this purpose, and report it to the house. That it be referred to the same committee, to consider how the causes now depending in Chancery may be determined; and, likewise, a provision for the determining in future matters of equity, and putting in order other matters of law, which are within the jurisdiction of that court; and forthwith to bring in a bill for that purpose."

Sept. 1656.—"Ordered, that a committee be appointed, to consider of the abuses in ale-houses, tippling-houses, inns, and taverns, tobacco-shops, and strong-water houses, and of gaming-houses, and of justices of the peace

* A note of dates may here be observed. Cromwell, in April 1653, dispersed the parliament by his famous act of military violence, taking away the bawble! In July he summoned about 140 persons, who formed his first legislative assembly or parliament (if it can be so called), which sat (Mr. Rous speaker) to December 12; and of which a brief account is given by Mr. Rutt, from the Journals of the House. Oliver's second parliament, Mr. Lenthal speaker, met on Sunday, September 3d, 1654, and Mr. Goddard's notes detail its proceedings till December 18th in the same year. It was summarily dissolved by the Protector in January, having sat five months. The third Oliverian parliament to which Mr. Burton belonged, met 17th September, 1656, sat to June 26th, 1657, (p. 314, Rutt, vol. ii.) adjourned to January 20th, 1657, (when the House of Peers was recreated), and, the Commons being found more intractable than ever, was hastily dissolved before it was a fortnight old, on the 4th of February (which stormy session concludes Rutt, vol. ii.) Oliver died on the 3d September following. On the 27th of January, 1658-9, Richard's parliament met, and was dissolved 22d April following: this session occupies vols. 3 and 4 of Rutt.

* "'The drinking of healths' seems now to have been chiefly, if not entirely, confined to convivial meetings of the cavaliers; and employed to express their disaffection to the powers in possession, and their designs to promote that object of their longing desires, 'the blessed restitution.' See vol. iii. p. 184, *note* * *ad fin.*

"*Waller*, (too accomplished a flatterer to continue, long, any thing but a royalist,) in his apology 'for drinking of healths,' thus concludes:

'Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,
Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.'"

being brewers, or maltsters, or farmers, or officers of the excise, or others, in undue granting licenses; and to revise the laws touching ale-houses, and those made against drunkenness, and to reduce the same into one bill, with such additions or alterations as are necessary to supply the defects in them. That the abuse in gold and silver lace, wearing silks and fine linen, and other excess in apparel, be referred to the grand committee for trade. That it be referred to the committee last named, to take into consideration the matter now in debate, touching undecent fashions; to prepare a bill for the redress thereof, and report it to the house. * * * That it be referred to a committee to consider of the abuses in the excessive prices of wines; and the corrupting and mixture of wines; and the measure by which they are sold; and to prepare a bill for redress of the evils therein."

(To be continued.)

Personal Narrative of the "Irish Rebellion" of 1798. By C. Hamilton Teeling. 8vo. pp. 265. London, 1828. Colburn.

The author having shared the honours of the Rebellion of 1798, has here given us his account of some of its atrocious scenes. Coming from the pen of one to whom, as he says, in a dedication to his wife and children, the enemies of his country have left nothing but this mark of his remembrance, it is not wonderful that it should be highly coloured, and in the most exaggerated Hibernian style. It is indeed to be taken not *cum grano*, but with a bushel, of salt. Still, however, the horrors which ravaged Ireland and shocked humanity at this distressing period had but too much of reality in them; and whether they proceeded from a barbarous people or an exasperated soldiery, let us pray that the like may never again deform the face of that fair and wretched country.

Mr. Teeling belonged to Ulster, and early in life excited the suspicions of government by his connexion with the United Irish Societies. He was arrested, lodged in prison, and confined for upwards of a year; but was released soon enough to join "the people" in arms in 1798. He paints Lord Camden as an odious exterminator of the Irish; Lord Cornwallis as a crafty and cruel minister; Mr. Forster as a cold-blooded ruffian; and Lord Castlereagh, not only as an United Irishman, but as uniting every vice under heaven—*nullâ virtute redemptum*. On the contrary, all the rebel leaders are *heroes* of the most *heroic* and romantic description: language fails under the attempt to trace their glorious brows, and pure eyes, and patriotic bosoms, and lofty bearings, and magnanimous honour, and dauntless hearts, and stainless patriotism, and "all that sort of thing." We never in our lives read of such a band of immortal fellows,—all souls, but with prodigious fine bodies; such enthusiasm, such courage, such conduct, such misfortunes. However, we will leave their portraits, and pick out a few of Mr. Teeling's most characteristic touches, as examples of a work which, if it does not gain entire credit, may interest the mind for an hour or two, any day in the year 1828.

Government being diligently at work in stirring up the patient Irish people to revolt, by acts of murder and oppression, our author, as we have noticed, was committed to gaol. Ten carriages with prisoners are sent under escort to Dublin, and we are told:

"It was midnight when we arrived at the town of Newry; our carriages were drawn up in front of the principal hotel. A small squadron of dragoons only remained with us, while the main body retired to feed their horses, after a long and fatiguing march. The garrison of the town had not been apprised of our approach, and no relief was in readiness. The prisoners wanted refreshment, but none was allowed them. It was here that the generous feelings of our fair countrywomen were portrayed in native colouring. The young and lovely daughters of the *maître d'hotel* hastened to present us with refreshments. This was opposed by the guards; but while they refused admission within their lines, they durst not raise their hands against female innocence and beauty. Two of these interesting girls approached my carriage; this they could only effect through the hazardous expedient of passing under the cavalry horses, which evinced more gentleness than their riders. They extended their arms with difficulty, and pressed me to partake of the refreshments which they presented; while I, in admiration of their heroic courage, forgot the privations which they came to relieve, and inhaled the sweeter delight which the presence of virtue and loveliness affords. Heroic countrywomen! if courage had been wanting to animate our cause, your example would have taught us firmness."

"For a considerable time" (it is afterwards said, and the statement is curious, as it relates to the mutiny at the Nore),—for a considerable time no material change took place in our situation; as our prison became too crowded, it was occasionally relieved by the removal of its surplus numbers to the prison ships and military provosts. Many were sent to pine and perish in the distant colonies of Britain, several to work the mines or augment the armies of her Prussian ally; and (fatal infatuation!) others were compelled to enter the British fleet, which in a short time after, under the direction of the unfortunate Parker, taught an awful lesson to ministers, which threatened the extinction of their naval power."

Of the prison scenes the following specimen will suffice as an example.

"The Irish troops were removed, and, as we termed them, the veteran 'Swiss battalion' appointed in their stead: this augured no good to the prisoners. Fresh restrictions were imposed, and the nocturnal domiciliary visit afforded a gratifying source of entertainment to the refined taste of the *humane and virtuous Carhampton*. In one of those excursions in which none but the gloomy and tyrannic soul could take delight, our several apartments were entered in succession by the commander-in-chief, accompanied by two officers of his staff, a brutal turnkey, and four soldiers with fixed bayonets. Aroused at the dead hour of the night by this most unlooked-for and unwelcome intrusion; the fell visage of the turnkey with a dark lantern in his hand; the presence of soldiers under arms, and the horrid grimace of a countenance the most repelling I ever beheld;—all conspired to fill my soul with terror:—and the act of assassination presented itself to my mind as already commenced. I sprung from my pallet, and, under the influence of horror bordering on despair, determined not to surrender my life without a struggle, and unconscious of whom I assailed, my hand had already grasped at the throat of the noble commander-in-chief. What a specimen of the puerile employment of the man, to whose courage and guidance was committed the protection of the state, and that state hourly threatened by invasion from abroad, and tottering from dissensions at home! Whether a feeling of compassion or a sense of shame operated on the mind of this distinguished commander, was not the subject of my inquiry—my person was uninjured and my terrors allayed. 'Pray, sir, how long have you been confined?' 'Since September, 96.' 'A long imprisonment.' 'A painful one,' was my reply. 'You are Mr. ——?' 'And you, I presume, are my Lord Carhampton.' 'Ha! You know me then;—good night, sir.' 'Good night, my lord,' and I resumed my pallet. The apartment in the corridor adjoining to mine was occupied by my friend Nelson, and to this his lordship directed his next visit. The unbarring of the heavy doors, and the hollow sound produced by the tread of feet, had alarmed many of the prisoners, and Nelson was up and dressed when the guardian of Ireland's safety entered his apartment. 'You are late up,' said his lordship, in a hasty and irritated tone of voice. 'Rather early, I think, my lord,' said Nelson, 'for it is not yet sunrise.' 'Pray, sir, do you know me?' 'Oh perfectly,' replied Nelson. 'Allow me, sir, to ask you where or when you have known me for I cannot recollect that I have ever had the honour of your acquaintance.' 'I had the honour to be reviewed by your lordship in the first battalion of Irish volunteers, when the light cavalry, on the plains of Broughshane—' 'Stop, sir, stop; those days are gone by—they are not fit subjects for prison reflections; go to bed, sir, and dream of something else than Irish volunteers.' The commander looked stern,—Nelson frowned,—the soldiers exchanged significant glances,—and his lordship proceeded to the next apartment. In this were lodged two characters of inestimable worth, the Rev. Sinclair Kelburne, and the celebrated physician Doctor Crawford; good and benevolent men, but of a warmth of disposition which a vexatious imprisonment had rather increased than diminished. They were unacquainted with the person of the gallant commander-in-chief, but perfectly familiar with the notorious of his exploits. 'What, gentlemen, up so early?' '*Up*,' replied his reverence, 'the captain, is the order of the day.' 'Then, sir, I recommend you to be down,' said his lordship with a stern countenance, and pointing to a chair. 'I cannot think of sitting down, sir, while you are standing; allow me, captain, to hand you a chair.' 'No!' exclaimed his lordship, with the utmost scorn and apparent contempt, 'No, sir; I shall never sit in company with traitors.' '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*' whispered the worthy divine; but roused at the word traitor, and unable to restrain the honest indignation of his soul, 'Traitor!' exclaimed, and bending his dark brow on the pallid countenance of the commander-in-chief he pronounced in a solemn and emphatic tone, 'No! on the sincerity of an Irishman and the faith of a Christian, there is not a Jacobin within our walls.' There are times when the most profligate and abandoned vice, though covered with the mantle of authority and shielded by power, will shrink in the presence of virtue, and flee from the conscious superiority which they have neither the strength nor the courage to resist. This was even so with the noble chief. The hint divine struck the chord which vibrated to the heart, and conscience flashed conviction on the mind, while the chastening hand was unconscious of the wound it had given. In haste to retire, his lordship's attention was arrested by a small volume which he perceived in the worthy doctor's hand. 'What has been the subject of your study, sir?' 'Locke on Government

was the reply. 'A bad book for a prison,' rejoined his lordship. 'Then carry it to head-quarters, sir,' said the doctor, presenting the book with a sarcastic smile. Prudence should have suggested by this time to his lordship the propriety of returning, for so far he had encountered nothing in the prison flattering to his vanity or agreeable to his taste; he was fretted and chagrined, and his temper, naturally splenetic, was not improved by recent occurrences. But something was still wanting to gratify that low and vitiated feeling, which is the inseparable companion of the mean and vulgar mind: the circumstance soon presented itself. At the extremity of the corridor was one of those apartments designated a common hall. Here a number of young men were confined, who had only arrived in prison the preceding day, and waited the convenience of the jailer to be distributed as circumstances or his caprice might direct. Many and curious were the interrogatives of the noble commander, and not less curious and pertinent the replies. There was something which struck the mind of the sagacious chief, as peculiarly treasonable, in the appearance and deportment of these young men; they were of robust and nervous frame, bold in aspect, with all that gay and lively sensibility so peculiar to their country; they were, in fact, Irishmen. The perils of their situation seemed to have produced no alarm in their minds; and though disposed to courtesy, they were neither daunted nor awed by the presence of the illustrious commander and the companions of his midnight rounds. 'Why are so many of these people at large?' observed his lordship, addressing the jailer, and eyeing the prisoners with a peculiar glance of distrust. '*At large!*' re-echoed the gay and lively Gordon, 'and if this be enlargement, what the devil are your ideas of restriction?' 'Silence,' cried the petulant commander, 'or you shall learn manners in the dungeon.' 'That's a logical argument,' said Gordon, though in a less audible tone of voice, 'I deny the premises.' The good-humoured merriment of Gordon caused a general smile amongst his companions, which was returned by a dark and menacing frown on the part of the chief. It is possible, however, that the scene might have terminated here, had not his lordship observed a small knot of green ribbon attached to a light foraging cap, which at once associated in his mind the treacherous field of Aughrim with the modern days of Irish union. Ungovernable in his anger, he demanded in a stern and menacing tone, to whom it belonged, and who had dared to intrude this emblem of sedition within the sanctuary of the walls. 'It is mine,' said Gordon, advancing with a bold and manly front; and placing the cap on one of the finest-formed heads in nature, with a look of conscious superiority and manly pride, he reiterated, '*It is mine.*' Passion had nearly suspended the organs of speech, but the motion of the head and the action of the eye were perfectly intelligible; and the commander's wishes were already anticipated by the prompt authority of the jailer. Fetters and the dungeon presented no terrors to the manly breast, while a virtuous sympathy bespoke the generous feeling which animated every soul, and all eagerly demanded to participate in the perilous distinction of their intrepid associate. 'Let them be indulged,' exclaimed the humane commander of his majesty's forces. His lordship viewed the operation of ironing the prisoners with a cold and malignant composure, while they, with cheerful heart and animated voice, sung aloud a popular air of the day, and again and again rejoined in the chorus,

'Though we to the dungeon go,
Where patriots dwelt before,
Yet in the cell, or on the sod,
We're Paddies evermore.'

To the notes of which, the clank of the chains, in their slow and solemn march through the long-vaulted windings of the prison, afforded a plaintive but not inharmonious accompaniment."

"The spy and informer (he continues) have always found encouragement in the bloody annals of Ireland's distress; but in the present period there was a systematic arrangement of villany and fraud, which gave importance to the situation of those detestable monsters; and by identifying them in some degree with the government of the day, raised them to a rank and importance in the political scale, in proportion to the sanguinary duties, which none but the most infamous and abandoned could be found to perform. Hence the life of the most respectable individual was not a moment secure, when personal resentment or political intrigue, had marked him the victim of suspicion or revenge. These hired monsters and traffickers in human blood lived under the countenance and protection of power, and assumed an authority and importance which was but too often and too fatally felt. Depraved by nature, and familiarised to the most appalling scenes of distress, they sinned with impunity against every law human and divine, and were regarded with that horror by their fellow-men, which, were it possible to form the idea, the virtuous soul might be supposed to feel, should it come in contact with the damned. Those reckless ruffians, who rioted on the unhallowed hire of perjury and blood, fabricated plots, feigned conspiracies, and in the hour of Ireland's distress, perpetrated more misery than was even inflicted by the sword. Families were made desolate, and whole districts laid waste, while the informer and the executioner walked hand in hand; and from the infamous testimony of the most depraved and abandoned of men, virtue and innocence found no appeal. Oh! if ever horror appalled the human heart, it was on the exhibition of a scene the most revolting to human nature. The informer had singled out his victim, and the executioner had performed his office; the head had been severed from the lifeless trunk, —but another object was to undergo the disgusting operation; it was the body of a comely youth, which the afflicted mother, after its suspension, had received into her arms. She had borne his death with the fortitude which Christian resignation imparts, but fell senseless at the mutilation of her darling child — while the unfeeling executioner, with the most hardened composure, in extricating the body from the mother's lifeless grasp, placed the knife, reeking with the blood of his former victim, in a horizontal position across his mouth, and grinned the most hellish smile of self-approbation at the adroitness with which he performed his brutal office."

From these extracts the tone of this publication will readily be seen; and we will not harass our readers with the narrative how Wexford rose and fell, how Leinster fought and failed, how Ulster attacked and was beaten, and how Down got up and down. We have observed that all the leaders were perfect heroes; but must defer our illustrations till next week.

History of George Godfrey. Written by Himself. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

Two descriptions of fiction have, for a considerable period, been very much in fashion: the one affecting to picture the manners and events of former ages; the other professing to delineate the peculiarities of existing high life. *George Godfrey* belongs to neither class. It is a specimen of auto-biography, in which the supposed writer passes through a variety of those scenes which, perhaps, the great majority of readers will recognise as real life. It seems to have been the author's purpose to produce a series of sketch-book-like delineations, in connexion with a tale of interest.

The history opens with the death of the hero's father, and the consequent affliction of his mother, who, it seems, on that occasion excelled in hysterics: George says, "he thinks he never saw any thing better of the kind," but admits that he may be partial. The widow, however, soon listens to a new matrimonial overture; but prudently resolves not to decide without first consulting her late husband's relations. They unanimously condemn the proposed match, and give very strong reasons for so doing: she thanked them for their advice, "and on the following Tuesday became the wife of Mr. Mason." That gentleman had partly courted the mamma by caressing the child (George); but he did not think it necessary afterwards to study the "extraordinary sensibility" which he had been accustomed to admire. This caused George to experience some disappointment.

"We had been about a week at my father-in-law's, when my mother being to go out one day, I insisted upon going with her. She said, 'No, my love, not to-day.' I would not be refused; and began, as was

'My custom always of an afternoon—'

and, indeed, I may say of a morning too, to cry. My mother mildly remonstrated, and Mr. Mason said I could not go. This made no impression on me. In my mind, the thing was decided; and so I continued to roar, to use a popular simile, 'like a town bull.' 'Don't cry, my love,' said my mother; and then addressing herself to my father-in-law, she remarked, with great solicitude—'it will break his little heart not to take him; what can I do with the pretty creature?' 'O!' said Mr. Mason, 'leave the pretty creature to me; he will soon be pacified.' My mother bestowed a gracious smile on my father-in-law, and said, 'Well, my dear, I know you can pacify him sooner than any one;' and, admonishing me to be 'good,' she actually made her exit. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I saw my mother going without me, after I had so strongly intimated my resolution to accompany her. This refractory conduct seemed to call for an extraordinary effort, and I strained my pipes more than before. Mr. Mason advanced, as I supposed, in pursuance of his promise to my mother, 'to pacify the pretty creature.' I prepared to repel his soothing efforts with the utmost determination; but I might have spared myself the trouble, for, without uttering a word, he gave me a slap on one side of my head, which made me bound across the room with the velocity of a ball, from the stroke of a cricket-bat. My breath failed me for some moments; but I soon collected all my strength, and screamed louder than ever. A slap on the other side of my head, the exact fellow to the one whose receipt I was acknowledging, requited this display of my vocal ability, while Mr. Mason thundered—'Stop your noise, you ugly young dog; there's something for yourself, (repeating the slaps,) which

you can't eat, nor drink, nor put into your pocket.' The tone of Mr. Mason's voice, his look, and manner, satisfied me that he was well disposed to be liberal of such presents; and I became, in an instant, as mute as a mouse. But bent upon revenge, I sulked, and determined to eat no dinner. He was good enough not to thwart me in this, and allowed me to fast as long as I pleased. Though I soon came round so far as to feed again, I was by no means reconciled to my father-in-law; for, as Mr. Mason had been accustomed to say, 'I was *a child of extraordinary sensibility*,' and he had *hurt my feelings*."

As George grows up he meets with somewhat rough treatment. His wealthy relations affect to patronise, but only insult while pretending to serve, and give him little or nothing but advice. The attempts made to put him forth in the world introduce him to various scenes, and incidentally bring him into many awkward scrapes. These are made the vehicles of satirical description; and a number of characters are depicted, which it may not be difficult to recognise. A laudable action brings the hero before a magistrate; and the mode of dispensing justice in a police-office is farcically displayed, and followed up by a quiz on some newspaper style of reporting examinations at Bow-street, &c.

George next becomes the assistant of an auctioneer, and afterwards an auctioneer himself; and in these characters he makes us acquainted with the system of *bidding* and *nodding* at sales, and with the *knock*-outs which succeed. This connexion takes him to the Stock Exchange; and we have the following flattering description of the gentry who infest Capel Court:—

"I found myself in such company as I had never seen before. Gay sparks, with their hats placed on one side, and their hands in their breeches' pockets, walked up and down, with a magnificent strut, whistling most harmoniously, or occasionally humming an Italian air. Several grave personages stood in close consultation, scowling on all who approached, and seeming, I thought, to reprehend my intrusion. Some lads, whose faces announced their Hebrew origin, and whose miscellaneous finery was finely emblematical of rag-fair, passed in and out between the two sets of persons I have noticed; and, besides these, there attended a strangely varied rabble, exhibiting, in all sorts of forms and ages, dirty habiliments, calamitous poverty, and grim-visaged villany. It was curious to me, to hear with what apparent intelligence these ragamuffins discussed all the concerns of the nation. Every wretch was a statesman, and each could explain, not only all that had been hinted at in parliament, but all that was at that moment passing in the bosom of the chancellor of the exchequer. Mixed with this crowd, I ought to remark, there were a few individuals who had some visible means of getting a livelihood. These sold oranges and walking sticks, live carp and terrier puppies; and one made a considerable display of property in the shape of almond cakes, raspberry tarts, and mutton pies."

The course of events connects him intimately with some of the bubble companies; and the impudence, roguery, and beggary of the phil-Hellenists and other schemers, are here but too correctly delineated. To forward one of these, he is sent to Napoli di Romania; and this brings before us some of the scenes, peculiarities, and horrors of Greece. In the Morea he meets with Mr. Haversham, in a character on whom the stormy, romantic interest of the tale hinges. In this character some of the eccentricities of a very celebrated individual are pictured. He is represented as a proud recluse, living in splendid retirement. The murder of his wife had been charged against him. Though acquitted by a jury, he was condemned by the public; and resentment of injustice made him disdainfully avoid that society from which he sustained such wrong.

George Godfrey, exposed to numerous vicissitudes, becomes in the course of his career an inmate of the magnificent and mysterious retreat of this Mr. Haversham; and here something like the departed glories of Fonthill are brought to our view. Subsequently, the hero inhabits a very different edifice, namely, his Majesty's gaol of Newgate. There the author exhibits a multitude of the canting quacks, who try to make a felon's sufferings a source of celebrity or profit to themselves.

The melancholy and appalling ceremonial of an execution is very exactly given, most certainly by an eye-witness; but the hero, reprieved at the last moment, next makes his appearance in New South Wales. This removal brings a new set of images before us; and sketches of Sydney, the Australian capital, and its inhabitants, collected with much care, next diversify the page. To these succeed the gloomy haunts and ferocious habits of that desperate set of wretches known by the name of Bush Rangers, (a subject dreary and terrific enough for any romance,) with whom, on the banks of Hunter's River, George Godfrey is associated.

We have no wish to trace the history to its end; for novel-reading, like virtue, ought to be its own reward. We shall therefore only add, that, of the lower and familiar walks of life, the author has given very vivid, and we dare say very accurate pictures; that one or two faults might be found—but that there is a superabundance of cleverness and amusement.

We should, perhaps, notice that a Key to *George Godfrey* has been promulgated on a separate sheet. Among its indications are the following, which we add, having been obliged to be so very meagre in our illustrative extracts.

"In Dr. Fudge we recognise a well-known character, who is always hovering about condemned malefactors, to collect their last words for the embellishment of his sermons. There is a good deal of burlesque about the picture, but "many a true word is spoken in jest."—The character of Sir Benjamin Bray hits off, with sufficient accuracy to prevent mistake, the awkward obsequiousness of a remarkable individual. His overbearing insolence, and facetious merriment at the expense of misfortune, are strongly characteristic.—The impudence and avarice of Mr. Peter Claptrap, will remind the reader of a certain exploded wholesale bubble-monger.—To make a finished villain, the author seems to have collected the most brilliant exploits of certain individuals known to the town, and to have brought all their odious qualities together in the compound shape of an accomplished attorney."

Journal Asiatique. Number LXII. Paris. Published by the Asiatic Society.

THIS interesting monthly journal carefully collects a number of historical fragments which would otherwise be lost; and publishes important documents connected with oriental literature. The present Number contains a very curious article on the history of the wars of the Crusades, under the reign of Bibars, a sultan of Egypt, derived from Arabic authors, translated by M. Reinaud. This Bibars successively seized Jaffa, Antioch, and several castles occupied by the Templars; and burnt and put to the sword all in the environs of St. Jean d'Acre. He received deputies from Conradin and Charles of Anjou; promised much, and performed nothing. The letter that he wrote to Bohemond, the prince of Antioch, to announce to him that he had taken possession of his capital, is a model of Mussulman pleasantry; a little gross, but perfectly original. The chronicles from which M. Reinaud has derived his materials are the more interesting, as, without them, the events of that epoch would be almost unknown—as the Latin authors of the time say nothing of most of them. A paper on the employment of Mussulman mercenaries in the Christian armies, states, that Mainfroy had them among his troops when he made war upon Charles of Anjou; that they afterwards established themselves at Luceria, in Sicily; and that they were not definitively expelled from Italy until the fourteenth century. This paper was contributed by Lieutenant-Colonel Fitz-Clarence.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

Selections from Shakespeare. By Benjamin Oakley, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. 182. London, 1828. Longman and Co.; J. Richardson; Black, Young, and Young.

DEDICATED, with great delicacy and good taste, to Mrs. Siddons, this very neat volume of beauties, selected from the inexhaustible mine of Shakespeare, claims our warm praise. The judgment of the selector has made it a rope of pearls, a treasury of gems, or, shall we not rather say, with reference to the *divine* genius of the original, a galaxy of thick-studded and brilliant stars, which delight the sight and soul. We owe thanks to Mr. Oakley for this handsome and delightful volume.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW SETTLEMENT: FERNANDO PO.

[Journal continued.]

THURSDAY, Nov. 8th.—A very fine, hot day. Captain Owen sent a youth on shore to stop a few days with one of the chiefs, to become acquainted with their language, if possible. The captain fixed upon a spot for the site of his intended house, near which stands a deserted native village; and named the ground which is clearing away for a garden, Paradise, and changed that of Glover's Stairs to Jacob's Ladder—this is a flight of stairs one hundred and fifty in number, built since our arrival by Mr. Glover and his crew of English artificers.

Friday, Nov. 9th.—Much distant thunder during the night, and heavy rain in the morning, which went off for about three hours, and recommenced at two P. M., with some strong puffs of wind: about four it cleared up again. Foo-foo is made from boiled yams beat up in a mortar. Scarcely a canoe or native to be seen throughout the day.

Saturday, Nov. 10th.—Weather extremely fine. A very few canoes or natives were seen to-day, and none came to the ship, which has occasioned us to suspect that some of our proceedings have not pleased them; and in the afternoon this suspicion was confirmed by a deputation of seven chiefs coming to Mr. Jeffery at Newmarket to complain of our men cutting down the palm trees for the leaves to roof their huts with; they also complained of the frequent firing of muskets. In reply to the latter we gave them to understand it was only the officers shooting at the monkeys; and, to confirm it, very opportunely the purser happened to come up at the time with a man carrying a large monkey which he had shot, and also a very

small deer. This did not appear to satisfy them,—for they shook their heads, and made signs to us that we should cut down their palm trees, which would prevent them getting the wine; destroy their woods, and carry our firing farther into the country. Captain Harrison wished to settle these points; and to convince them that it was not our intention to do so, he took them up just beyond where the men were then clearing: he then placed a quantity of iron upon the ground, and offered by signs that he would give them all the iron for the land that was within the line of that boundary: which they made it appear they understood, by each placing a stick at equal distances from each other in that line—Mr. Jeffery marked a tree. All parties seeming satisfied, we returned to Newmarket, sat down in a row, and drank palm wine together, by way of clenching the bargain. Returned on board at six—embarking from the beach at the foot of Jacob's Ladder, which only wants eight steps to complete it.

Sunday, 10th.—Rained from midnight to eight A. M.—fine the rest of the day. At half-past one divine service was performed by the captain, when four natives attended, and behaved with great decorum; they also made signs out of the port to their countrymen in canoes near the ship to keep quiet.

Monday, 12th.—Very fine weather. A numerous deputation of chiefs came gaily dressed to our camp at Clarence, to settle the affair definitively concerning the land which we had purchased on Saturday. Captain Owen went with them to the boundary line, and entered into a more particular and satisfactory explanation, by marking a number of trees on the boundary line, and promising them more presents;—after which he brought four of them aboard, and concluded the whole business of the transfer by giving them their presents, and drinking palm wine. This affair seems to have restored the confidence of the natives in us, as they had been very shy of us for the two or three last days—but they have returned to-day in great numbers, and of both sexes.

Tuesday, Nov. 13th.—An additional proof of their confidence was shewn this evening by a man and a boy insisting on coming on board to sleep; perhaps the expectation of a present was their principal inducement; however, I never met with or read of more tractable and good-tempered savages than these appeared to be—for even when they are most troublesome, we can always lead them in the direction we wish by taking hold of their hand, or even of a finger. I am sorry I have not time at present to give you any farther illustrations of their character or description of the country—in fact, we have not been here long enough to enable us to give you a minute account of either.*

Thursday, Nov. 15th.—The chiefs brought the young man back to-day whom the captain had put under their charge to pass a week with them. Some bricks were landed to fit our forge up. When the natives found out how they could sharpen their knives, they shewed the most earnest desire to possess them; but iron is their idol, which they appear to worship for its usefulness—pieces of iron hoop, knives, and hatchets, are what they most covet—they turn their noses up at razors or scissors, when they can get the former—three inches of old iron-hoop is more valuable to them than the best razor with which you can present them. Of clothes they know not the use; the women having no more covering than the men.

Friday, Nov. 16th.—The natives to-day have been in such crowds within our lines, that we have taken up the stakes that enclosed our late market place, meaning to hold it without the boundary line—partly the fault of our people, some of whom will sell their tools—partly the fault of the natives, who are very eager to purchase them. You can get a sheep for an axe; from two to four fowls for three or four inches of iron-hoop; and from eight to a dozen yams for the same quantity of iron, or two or three calabashes of palm wine, each holding about one gallon, for the same, &c. &c.

* Another powerful reason is, that we are not acquainted with their language, and have but a very bad interpreter.

We last week anticipated that this Journal would have run to a greater length; but have found that we could compress all that was of public interest within our foregoing limits, which represent the new colony to us as fairly and fully established upon this important island. It is not, indeed, that a place of only sixty miles in circumference, however fertile and productive, can be an object of very great consequence to British policy; but in a humane and moral point of view, we know of no settlement to which so much can be attached as to Fernando Po. By its position it commands nearly all the abominable traffic in slaves; and no possession could be found on the face of the earth so well calculated to control and eradicate that unnatural commerce. All the adjacent parts of the Continent, from Benin to Biafra, &c., are the head-quarters and nurses of the trade; and hardly a vessel can sail in or out without being exposed to the observation of our new colony. We look for most beneficial and gratifying results from this circumstance.

With regard to other matters connected with our preceding narrative of the Expedition, we have merely to mention, that the amputation of hands, noticed by our correspondent among the natives, is the punishment of adultery. It will be recollected, that when Captain Owen sailed, we stated that Mr. Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, was a companion of his voyage: that interesting person, we learn, was in good health and spirits, waiting for an opportunity to proceed to Angola.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GARDENING IN FRANCE.

The Horticultural Society of Paris lately applied to the prefect of police to be furnished with regular official details of the state of the Paris markets, with which he complied, by ordering the clerks of the fruit and flower markets to communicate to the Society an account of all the plants, roots, flowers, vegetables, and fruits, brought to market, with their wholesale prices.

These articles may be thought of sufficient interest to merit a regular place in the *Literary Gazette*, as the detail will establish points of comparison as to the influence of climate and different modes of culture, so interesting to the natural philosopher, besides containing a list of all the commodities used in a French kitchen. A French cook is indebted for his delicious sauces entirely to the produce of the kitchen garden. Ginger, cayenne pepper, and the host of hot exotics which in England render the palate a fiery furnace, are wholly excluded from French cookery. Wine, oil, butter, and *bouillon* (stock), form the bases of all soups and gravies; which are flavoured with herbs from the garden. French cookery may therefore be pronounced extremely healthy, instead of the reverse, as is supposed in England. These lists will, it is hoped, also lead to the cultivation, upon a large scale, in England, of several vegetables and herbs at present entirely neglected; such, for instance, as *raiponce* (rampion) and *bourrache* (borage) for salads. By paying attention to these objects, and suppressing mustard, our tables would soon present those delicious salads which are at present only found in France.

Mercurial of the Mean Prices, &c. of the Produce of Horticulture at the Paris Markets in January 1826.

Species.	Quantity.	Highest Price.	Lowest Price.	Mean Price.
		f. c.	f. c.	f. c.
FRUITS.				
Chestnuts	100 lb.	12 50	11 50	12
Nuts	..	20	19	19 50
APPLES.				
Calville	per 100	45	5	25
Châtaignes	..	10	6	8
Golden rennet	..	15	7	11
Gray ditto	..	8	5	6 50
Canada ditto	..	30	15	22 50
Api	..	12	3	7 50
PEARS.				
Bonchrétien	..	40	15	27 50
Chaumontel	..	10	6	8
Martin-sec	..	20	10	15
St. Germain	..	60	12	36
Colmar	..	15	8	11 50
Catillac	..	10	6	8
Barberries	100 lbs.	30	20	25
Fontainebleau Grapes	lb.	2	1	1 50
VEGETABLES.				
Carrots	100 bunch.	44	4	24
Turnips des Vertus / Ditto long	..	8	5	6 50
Ditto, de Freneuse	bag	3	50	2 75
Parsneps	100 bunch.	12	5	8 50
Salsifis / Scorsonera	bunch	50	15	32
Beet-root	basket	70	55	60
Radishes	bunch	40	20	30
Ditto, black	13	1 80	90	1 35
Rampion	basket	4 50	3	3 75
Potatoes, august	hectolitre	4 50	4	4 25
Ditto, Dutch	..	7	4	5 50
Ditto, Vittelotte	..	7	5	6
Topinambours	boisseau	75	70	72
Onions	100 bunch.	14	4	9
Garlic	26 bunch.	2	75	1 35
Echalotes	boisseau	1 75	60	1 15
Chives	bunch	20	10	15
Leeks	100 bunch.	40	2	21
Cardoons	bunch	2	1 50	1 75
Cardoon Beet	..	25	20	22
Celery	..	30	20	25
Rhubarb (monks')	100	25	20	22 50
Sorrel	packet	1	75	90
Spinach	..	30	25	28
Goose-foot (chenopodium)	bunch	10		
Lettuce, winter	packet	50	30	40
Ditto, cabbage	..	50		
Endive	100	6	3	4 50
Escharol	12	2 15	1 75	2
Wild endive	bunch	15	13	14
Common salad	packet	60	30	45
Cresses	12	40	30	35
Parsley	bunch	30	25	27
Chervil	packet	40	30	35
Thyme	bunch	15	10	12
Basilic	..	15	10	12
Rosemary	..	40	30	35
Savory	..	15	10	12
Borage	..	20	5	12
Cabbage, common	100	25 5	3	14
Ditto, flower	10	10	5	7 50
Broccoli	bunch	2		
Giroumons	each	1 50	50	75
Water melon	..	30	25	27
Piment	bunch	30	20	25
Lentiles	hectolitre &	36	30	33
Green peas	..	58	48	53
French beans	..	42	36	39
Ditto, de Saissons	..	62	60	61
Mushrooms	little bask.	25	15	20

As this is the season for sowing most of the culinary articles, gentlemen and gardeners are requested to sow all the kinds mentioned above: in future papers their uses may be explained, and English cookery thus make a rapid advance.

State of the Paris Flower-market in the month of January.—Amongst the shrubs exposed for sale at the flower-market were remarked:—the pittosporum sinense in flower, the mimosa longifolia, several varieties of camellia, orange trees in flower, the mespilus hyracantha, privet,

a great number of pines, cypresses, thurgas, &c. the cratægus glabra, many phyllica ericoides (Cape heaths), erica alba, viburnum-tinus, chrysanthemums, the Daphnis Indica, and the dauphin (a charming variety, due to the ingenious method of M. Fion), myrtles, jasmines, lilacs, Chinese roses, all in pots, the latter in full flower.

The herbaceous plants in flower were, mignonette, double violets, peony officinale, common hyacinths, ranunculi, primula sinensis, &c.

Of fruit and forest trees there were a great variety pulled up by the roots, as apple, pear, cherry, apricot, peach, currant, black ditto, raspberries, vines, &c.—white acacias, parasols, poplars of all kinds, ash, base trefoil (cytisus), maple, elm, sycamore, walnut, plantain, birch, linden, japan varnish, arbre de Judée, laurier, cerise, &c. Of pines—laricis, Scotch, lord, epicœas, thurgas, cypress, and a great many shrubs in flower, and honeysuckles sold by the hundred.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

At this Institution on Friday evening (22d Feb.), Mr. Cowper gave a short account of the recent improvements in the art of printing.

He noticed the improvement in the common press by the late Lord Stanhope, and also gave a sketch of the art of stereotype, the practice of which was successfully revived by his lordship. A new mode of printing music, invented by Mr. C., was also described, and some specimens were exhibited, possessing the useful quality of legibility combined with neatness of execution. He then proceeded to the description of the steam-printing machinery lately introduced, and exhibited, by means of some simple diagrams, the first *suggestion* of printing by machinery by Mr. W. Nicholson in his very comprehensive patent;—the first *practice* of printing by machinery by Mr. Kœnig;—the almost coeval invention of Messrs. Donkin and Bacon;—and, lastly, the successful inventions of himself and Mr. Applegath. About sixty machines have been constructed in their joint patents, for printing books, bank notes, newspapers, &c. the construction being varied according to circumstances. They have just erected the machine by which the Times newspaper is now printed, which throws off 4000 sheets per hour printed on one side. This machine necessarily consists of more parts than their machines for printing books: it was shewn to consist of four printing cylinders, made to rise to let the form of type pass, and to fall when they are required to give the impression: they are supplied with paper by four lads, the sheets after receiving the impression passing into the hands of other four lads.

In a former Number of the *Literary Gazette* there appeared an exact representation of the printing machine erected by Messrs. Applegath and Cowper for Mr. Bensley: by some inadvertence it was called "Bensley's Machine"—and the mistake has unfortunately been copied into the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

On Friday evening, last week, Mr. Ainger exhibited a drawing illustrative of the accident at the Brunswick Theatre; and on Tuesday entered more minutely into the subject, in his lecture on architecture; but as this distressing event is undergoing a painful legal discussion, we pause upon it for a while.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, March 1.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity (by accumulation.)—The Rev. J. W. Geere, St. Edmund Hall.

Masters of Arts.—C. D. G. Jephson, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; W. Hodgson, Wadham College, Grand Compounder; Rev. J. Cox, St. Mary Hall; J. B. Cobham, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Bingham, Worcester College; the Right Hon. Viscount Fitzharris, Oriel College; C. Neate, Scholar, Lincoln College; R. Spry, Wadham College.

On Tuesday last the Rev. Philip Wynter, B.D. Fellow of St. John's College, was elected President of that Society, in the room of the Rev. M. Marlow, D.D. deceased.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 214. *The Chancel of the Church of St. Rombauld, Tirlemont.* D. Roberts. — If we have not hitherto spoken of this beautiful and attractive performance, it has been from the true Epicurean taste of wishing to reserve it for a *bonne-bouche*, and not, we hope, from any insensibility to its merits. After all, we can only say of it, that in our opinion it takes place of every other production of its class. In subjects like these, who but must prefer the firm and facile, but intelligent execution of our artists, to all the patient and elaborate detail of the Flemish pencil? It is as the superiority of mind to matter.

No. 218. *A Greek Girl.* Geo. S. Newton.—As in most of this able artist's works, he has infused enough of taste and sentiment and romance into this sweet little picture, without losing sight of the individual model. By the by, with respect to the latter, although evidently beautiful, we think its too frequent introduction into Mr. Newton's performances is productive of a sameness, which it would be judicious to avoid. A painter should not have a lover's constancy.

No. 447. *A View in Rotterdam, off the Steïger, taken from the Rystuin.* Chas. Deane.—Without the advantages of hill and dale, the rocky precipice, or the verdant valley, Holland has, perhaps, presented to the picturesque eye as many charms as more varied and romantic countries. There is a combination of objects, in the buildings, the water, the costume, associated as they all are with the commerce, the wealth, and the apparent comforts of the people, that generally renders subjects of this kind interesting. Mr. Deane has selected his point of view with great judgment and taste; and though the execution is not equal throughout, he has produced a very clever and attractive composition.

No. 27. *Twickenham, from the Meadows.* Geo. Hilditch. — We select this from other performances by the same artist, as uniting, in a great degree, the various qualities of his style and pencil. The effect of the silvery and tempered light is beautiful. Mr. Hilditch has very happily displayed the familiar, yet picturesque forms, which have in so many instances called forth the talents of our best artists, in representing a scene that may not improperly be called the British Tempe.

No. 232. *Maternal Solicitude.* Rob. Edmonstone.—Subjects of this kind, when treated with skill, either by the artist or by the writer, never fail to excite the best feelings of the human heart. In the present instance, Mr. Edmonstone has been very successful, both in the sentiment and in the execution of his picture.

No. 237. *The Rustic Wreath.* W. F. Witherington. — A print from this beautiful and sparkling little gem has already appeared in one of the annual publications at present so much in vogue, and which have elicited so much talent both in our painters and in our engravers. Among the most attractive of their various illustrations may be placed "The Rustic Wreath."

No. 122. *Nursery-Maid.* S. Drummond, A. R. A.— In our earlier notices of the British Gallery, we adverted to the improvement of this artist in his familiar and domestic subjects. This picture ought to have been called "The Interior of a Cow-house;" for the nursery-maid is, in our opinion, improperly introduced, and is at best but an accessory. The merit of the performance lies in the Flemish-like character of the place, with its accompaniments of pots, pans, &c.—all which are cleverly painted; and over the whole a chiaroscuro has been thrown highly creditable to the talents of Mr. Drummond.

No. 258. *A Tinker.* Alex. Fraser.—The costume and accompaniments of a tinker, like those of a Dutch boor, are almost always picturesque. Like the Dutch boor also, the man of metal is ever ready for his glass or his tankard; and Mr. Fraser has here represented his hero in the indulgence of his bibacious inclinations; probably to shew his own skill in painting the transparent liquor. Be that as it may, we have an interesting group, and a village scene, perfectly in character. It strikes us, that the perspective of the retiring line of cottages is rather too sudden and abrupt for the keeping of the picture.

No. 114. *Mortality.* H. Singleton. — We wish this cabinet-sized picture had been placed nearer to the eye. At present we can see only enough of it to raise our desire for a closer inspection. The subject is, perhaps, not one which many love to contemplate; but the pencil of taste can throw a veil over that from which we might otherwise be induced to turn with disgust.

No. 43. *The Petitioners.* A. Chisholme.—As the little picture just mentioned is placed much too high, so the present is placed much too low, to be conveniently examined. It is, however, a very clever performance. The scenery is exceedingly picturesque, and the characters are perfectly expressive of the subject and title of the work.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages. Part XXX. Harding, Lepard, and Co.

The Portraits in this Number are those of Elizabeth of York, the Queen of Henry VII.; Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II.; Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; Archibald Campbell, Duke of Argyle; and Lord High Chancellor Egerton, Viscount Brackley. With the exception of the first and last (from whose pencils unknown), the other subjects are by Lely, and rather more than usual in his mannered style; for Catherine has a lamb at her knee, and the brave Argyle is as like a lady as a Roman warrior. The biographical notices possess all Mr. Lodge's acknowledged research, acuteness, and impartiality.

Monkeyana; or, Men in Miniature. Designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Part I. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Of the merits of this whimsical publication we spoke on its first appearance. The present part is worthy of its predecessor. The "Pas de Deux" is very fine; and the "Sunshine of the Soul" the *apex* of animal comicality. In the "Duel," the notice—"rubbish must be shot here"—is Hogarthian. "Hooke Walker" we are not quite *flash* enough to understand.

Tivoli; a Composition. Engraved by E. Goodall from a Drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. Colnaghi.

This is a noble print, and does the highest honour to the English School of Art. We we

remember the original drawing, when it was exhibited a few years ago at the Royal Academy; and we are sure that the admirers of Mr. Turner's genius (of whom we profess ourselves to be among the warmest) will be highly gratified with the congenial feeling which abounds in the engraving. The well-known rocks and cascades of Tivoli form the leading features of the scene, although arranged in a manner quite new and original; the ruins of the beautiful circular temple being brought into the middle ground, whilst the profile of the tower-crowned hill, tenderly shadowed out of the sunny maze, constitutes the principal object of the distance. The foaming paths of the falling waters are also clearly indicated down the picturesque sides of the mountain.* A magnificent group of firs and other trees, relieving by their fine dark masses against the sun-lit sky, forms what painters call "the eye" of the picture; and produces a most striking and powerful effect. Some goats are straggling up the steep, which lies richly hid among banks and foliage on the left, while the centre is occupied by a shining expanse of still-water, reflecting the sun's brightness, and the beautiful masses of the surrounding objects. Two or three peasant girls are engaged in looking after the wandering goats; while the remainder of the flock lies happily basking in the heat, on the brink of the stream.—With these highly picturesque materials did Mr. Turner produce a composition truly beautiful in itself; and which has acquired additional charms from the singularly felicitous treatment it has received at the hands of Mr. Goodall, who seems to have been inspired by the genius which he has so successfully imitated.

Muscipula. Colnaghi.—A beautiful and spirited little print, in line, after Sir Joshua's characteristic and well-known picture. We regret that the absence of the engraver's name prevents us from stating to whose talents it is to be attributed.

The Toothach. Drawn on stone by Louis Haghe, from a Picture by Edward Bristowe. T. Flint.

WHAT! more monkeys! As Puff says, "Give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it." We really think the joke is almost worn thread-bare. It would, however, be unjust to the artists not to add that there is much talent shewn in this little print. The composition is very cleverly managed; and the lithographic execution is at once firm and delicate.

Picturesque Views of the English Cities. From Drawings by G. F. Robson. No. IV. J. Britton.

WE regret to say that the present is the concluding Number of this very beautiful work. Although we agree with Mr. Britton, that in the course of the publication some of the plates have been unequal to the rest, yet, upon the whole, they have done Mr. Robson, and most of the engravers, the highest credit. In the present Number, for instance, what can be more charming than the View of Durham from the south-east (effect of mid-day), by J. Le Keux; or the view of the same city from the north-west (effect of evening), by Winkles and Taylor? Mr. Britton is entitled to great praise, for the spirit with which he commenced this work, at a period which, as he truly observes, "was peculiarly inauspicious for graphic and literary publications;" and we sincerely hope, now that times are so much improved, that he will reap the full benefit of his enterprising speculation.

Delicia Sylvarum; or, Grand and Romantic Forest Scenery in England and Scotland. Drawn from Nature, and etched, by Jacob George Strutt. No. I. Published by himself.

MR. STRUTT is already very favourably known to the public by his "Sylva Britannica." The research attendant upon the performance of that work, he observes, in his introduction to the present, "brought him intimately acquainted with the sylvan scenery of his native country: and whilst delighting his fancy in the contemplation of it, he felt it impossible to resist his desire of endeavouring to perpetuate its memory in a work which should embrace the most striking varieties of the forest, and present to the public those native and unsophisticated haunts of the *Genius loci*, which have hitherto been more indebted for their 'local habitation and their name' to the vivid descriptions of the poet, than to the embodying of the painter." "Every monument of antiquity and feudal greatness; our cities, our castles, our churches, and our cathedrals; every striking locality connected with our lakes, our rivers, and our coasts,—have already, at different periods, formed the subjects of many splendid and elaborate works. Our majestic forests alone are neglected; those venerable and living antiquities of nature, with whose deep solemnities the earliest history and the most poetic period of our existence as a nation are so intimately connected." The present Number contains (besides the frontispiece) four plates; viz. "Windsor Forest," "Epping Forest," "Marlborough Forest," and "Banks of the Wye." The scenes themselves are eminently picturesque; and Mr. Strutt has drawn and etched them in a very bold and pleasing style; accompanying the plates with illustrative remarks. We hope that he will be encouraged to persevere in an undertaking which, if completed in the same spirit in which it has been commenced, will very agreeably supply a great existing deficiency in our libraries.

* By some violent operation of nature, one of these grand falls has been recently diverted from its course.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

UNRECORDED GRAVES.

THE tombs of princes, they are found
Amidst cathedral halls,
With gold and marble glistering round
The high and trophied walls;
And crown and sceptre, imaged fair,
Proclaiming proudly who lies there.

They of the red right hand, whose fame
Hath filled the wondering world,
They, too, sepulchral honours claim,
And sleep with banners furl'd—
A glorious and triumphant band—
Among the great ones of the land.

And it is well:—an empire's lord
Should fill a gorgeous grave;
They of the senate and the sword,
Let them due honours have:
Thrice holy, if a nation's love
Have ranked them with the just above.

But where are they, the nameless Dead!
Who, since the birth of Time,
Their life-blood generously have shed
In Freedom's cause sublime?
Ay, where are they?—no trophy waves
Above their unrecorded graves.

And where your martyrs, radiant Truth!
Who on the flaming pyre,
In hoary age, in blooming youth,
Have stood baptised with fire?
Their death-songs have gone up to heaven—
Where are their sacred ashes driven?

Ask we the winds—the rushing blast
Hath borne them far and wide:
Some in the forest's depths are cast,
Some on the green hill's side.
Oh that meet fruits might crown such seed,
That were a harvest rich indeed!

Your tombs, ye wanderers, who repose
'Neath Afric's burning sky,
Rejoicing even in life's drear close
For Science' sake to die,—
Say—who, to grace your exiled dust,
Hath reared funereal urn or bust?

Ye sleep amid the deserts, calm—
E'en where you gasping fell,
Beneath the obeliskal palm,
Or nigh the brackish well;
And but the camel's echoing tread
Furrows the light sand o'er your bed.

I gazed upon a field of death
Where kingdoms had been won,
What saw I? The green sod beneath—
Above, the golden sun;
While one proud chieftain bore away
The laurels of that blood-red day.

Rear, rear the cenotaph:—but no—
'Twere better thus to rest,
Like gems whose hidden glories glow
Deep, deep in nature's breast,
Than meet the cold and withering sneer
Of Envy, asking—"Who lies here?"

CATHARINE G. GODWIN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[We are indebted to a noble friend at Rome for the annexed spirited sketch of the highest society in the Eternal City.—*Ed.*]

Rome, Feb. 2.

As I have this day read an account of the ambassadors at Rome, copied from an English periodical,—some remarks upon their fêtes, as well as upon themselves, may prove acceptable. The two persons whom an Englishman would select, *par préférence*, are, the French ambassador, the Duc de Laval Montmorency, and the Portuguese ambassador, the Condé Funchal. The latter, by the name of Souza, is so well known and so much esteemed in England, that it is merely necessary to say, he appears in the present day as young, as polite, as cheerful, and as amiable, as when he did the honours of his country to the fashionable world of London. The Duc de Laval Montmorency may, in fact, be called the ambassador of England as well as of France; for his attentions to our countrymen, and more especially to our fair countrywomen, are unremitted. Youthful in manner and mind, "le premier baron Chrétien" combines the refinement of a French court with the experience of the world, and an acquaintance with foreign courts: his conversation gay, and frequently brilliant; his remarks pointed; his observations just; his tongue free from guile or venom;—such is the noble representative of the princely, polished, and dignified Charles X.

——"Do not think I flatter:
For what advancement can I gain from *him*?"

But the English nation has too long considered its rival nation in an unjust light: the more I have seen of French character, the more pleased I am with the frankness, courtesy, and hospitality of those with whom chance has placed me in contact; and, believe me, when I praise that I do it not lightly.

Enough of that, however—and now for the more substantial proofs of ambassadorial splendour. The dinners at the French palace are truly magnificent. My countrymen like good dinners and a variety and plenty of excellent wines: here they might revel in luxury. It is not surprising that a Frenchman of high rank should have the best wines of his own country: but he must have had opportunities, as the duke has had, of living for a long time at the courts of Lisbon and Madrid, in order to procure such Madeira, Sherry, and Malaga, as is seldom met with even in London. The splendid plate and or-moulu, brilliant lights, and numerous well-drilled attendants in rich liveries, give their aid in decorating and distributing the productions of the *cuisine* and *office*. But we will not dwell upon the pleasures of the epicure, but bend our steps to the ball-room, where excellent music, large apartments, and galleries blazing with light, excite the votaries of Terpsichore to display their Parisian acquirements; while refreshments, arranged with taste and elegance, invite the fair to recruit their strength and spirits. These balls, which were given weekly, were followed by a *bal costume*, where we regretted to see so many of our countrymen in their accustomed black and blue colours—black trowsers, blue coats, and nameless hats: but even they, "cold emblems of the marble age," could not dim the splendour and magnificence of the magic scene. Among the female dresses, the Greek costume was the favourite and most superb. Robes and vests of scarlet Cachemire and cloth, richly embroidered and laced with gold, and gemmed with brilliants, shone in lustre around; turbans of various tissues, with plumes of silver and gold; Albanian caps richly jewelled; Turkish and Persian shawls, and scarfs glittering in embroidery, and of every various hue—presented to the eye of the painter the richness of the Venetian combined with the noble contours and sweetness of the Roman school. The Duc de Laval Montmorency had the advantage of first displaying the charms of Rome and of the rest of Italy, and of England and France, with all the advantages of unrestrained taste; and though others may vie with, none can excel, the magnificence of that scene, where soldiers and statesmen, princes and peers, poets and painters, gazed in admiration on the brilliant beauties which nature had formed, and the taste of past and present ages combined to adorn.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

At the prolific season of the London year now commenced, when, whatever may be the dangers of foreign wars, the distraction of cabinets, the fall or rise of funds, the proceedings of parliament, the arrangements for courts and coteries, the calamities of theatres and dreadful accidents to others, and all the other great concernments of life,—there is still an immense number of persons who go about to kill time and be amused, regardless, beyond the gossip minute, of what happens to any but themselves,—at this season, we aver, it is incumbent on us to tell what new sights are to be seen in a metropolis heaving with existence, animation, curiosity, complexity, and paramount desires to produce what should be approved, and to approve what may be so produced.

Pro primo, there is about to be opened in Oxford Street a "Royal Bazar, British Diorama, and Exhibition of Works of Art;" of which, the private view falling on the day of our publication, we can only say that it is declared to be under the patronage of his Majesty; and that the invitation to us to visit is certainly in the name of a gentleman, Mr. Hamlet, eminent in society. We presume, of course, that it is entirely different from, and does not interfere with, that most admirable establishment in Soho Square, where, thanks to a superintendence which no temptation could have a chance of tempting from the strictest rules of conduct, integrity, and honour, a line of management has been invariably pursued, of incalculable advantage to the public, though divided into the opposed classes of sellers and buyers. This, the first Bazar, is, indeed, a fine example of what may be done on good and sound principles, firmly carried into practice, and, as far as business is concerned, with details of extraordinary precision and correctness: we have only to hope that the new undertaking, for other objects, may be equally well planned and governed.

In the Egyptian Hall, so fertile in novelties, a Pictorial Exhibition of great labour and considerable interest opens on Monday. It consists of some twelve pictures of French battles, &c. in Egypt, Italy, Germany, and Spain, painted by the Artillery-General Baron le Jeune, who was engaged on all these occasions, and took sketches of them at the time, which scenes he afterwards revisited, in order to complete his works with greater accuracy. Some of these paintings give us very distinct ideas of the countries and the combats. They are not only general representations of columns, squares, charges, skirmishing, &c. in woods, on plains and mountains, and all the local habitats of military slaughter; but they are full of individual episodes of actual events, portraits, and other realities, which are extremely curious and impressive. As works of art, they are partly fine, partly French; but altogether they must attract the regards of the public very strongly by their fidelity, their diversity, and their historical and particular importance.

In the adjoining room, Mr. Day has just added, from Rome, to his pure, noble, and classical collection, two wonderful specimens of Rubens. They are of heroic size, one representing the combat between Æneas and Turnus, and the other the King of Alba brought prisoner to Tullus Hostilius. The head of Turnus in the one, and the group of the unfortunate Metius, with his two conductors, in the other, beggar description: the former is perfectly appalling, and the latter has passages which belong only to the greatest master (we hardly like to put it in the plural, masters) of the arts.

Mr. Walker's Lectures on the Eidouranion, on Wednesdays and Fridays, at the King's Theatre, ought to be recommended to our young friends; some of whom, we fear, we disappointed by speaking of Mr. Bartley's Astronomical Lectures, which were abandoned, after the notice sent to us that they were to be given at the Lyceum.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Madame Schutz, who made her début on Saturday, as *Sesto*, in *La Clemenza di Tito*, was very warmly received, and bids fair to be a favourite with the public. She is from Munich, a pretty woman, an excellent actress, and a highly accomplished singer. Caradori in *Vitellia*, and Curioni in *Tito*, supported the old opera well; while Porto, Castelli, and Deville, did their best for the inferior characters. At the conclusion, the debutante was loudly called for, after the fashion of the Continent, and rewarded with great applause.

Sontag, we rejoice to learn, positively appears after Easter.

DRURY LANE.

At Drury Lane the principal novelty since our last has been the appearance of Mrs. Duff (the sister-in-law, as we understand, of Mr. T. Moore) as *Isabella*, in Southern's tragedy of that name. Her fright was, however, so excessive on Monday evening, that we cannot pretend to form a decided opinion of her abilities from so imperfect a specimen; and will therefore postpone our remarks to some more favourable opportunity.

The *Poor Gentleman*, with its host of excellent performers, has, as we anticipated, filled this house. Dowton, Jones, and Cooper, are most effective in the two *Brambles* and the *Lieutenant*; and Mrs. Davison and Miss E. Tree all we could wish in *Lucretia* and *Emily*. Liston's *Corporal Foss* is the least prominent part in the piece; and we cannot help thinking the cast would have been better if he had had Harley's country lout *Stephen Harrowby*, Harley the mercurial *Ollapod*, and Mathews the dry Corporal, instead of the latter. These seem to be more congenial to the various talents of the three admirable comedians we have named, than the characters assigned them. Nevertheless, the comedy is a great treat to the lovers of theatrical amusement.

COVENT GARDEN.

Miss Stephens has returned to Covent Garden, and was welcomed back in the most enthusiastic manner on Saturday evening by a highly fashionable audience. The *Antiquary* is one of the weakest of the series of dramas founded on the Scots novels; and the part of Isabella Wardour not particularly calculated to display the talent, either vocal or other, of the performer. Miss Stephens appeared nearly as nervous as if it had been the first time of her treading the boards; but she looked and sang as sweetly as ever; and was warmly encored in the introduced songs of "Oh no we never mention him," "Here's a health, bonny Scotland," and "John Anderson my Jo." The new farce of the *Invincibles* was repeated, amidst roars of laughter and applause. The selected music of this piece is tastefully arranged; and, what little is original, very creditable to the young composer, Mr. A. Lee.*

The Oratorios are very fully attended. On Wednesday we have a good report of a new native songstress, Miss Shireff, a pupil of Dr. Essex.

Another novelty was produced by the spirited managers of the Adelphi, on Thursday; but as we were prevented from attending, we shall beg to depart from the ordinary course of the press, and *not* criticise it.

STARS: PLAYBILLS, &c.

We have always, in common, we believe, with every friend of the Drama, reprobated the discreditable system of "starring." We have great hopes that it is nearly at an end; but, like an expiring taper, it "stinks in our nostrils." Let any person of common sense look at the bills of the two Theatres Royal for the last few days—and any comment of ours, we should imagine, would be almost superfluous.

* We have received some very indignant letters from several correspondents, charging this individual with putting his name as *composer* to various old Scotch airs. We advise him, for his own sake, to desist from this uncandid practice. It would be far better for him to be considered merely a skilful arranger, than to run the risk of being branded as a pilferer or plagiarist.

What, pray, have poor Messrs. Sherwin, Webster, &c. done, that their names are not to be in the bills of the *Poor Gentleman* in letters quite as large as those that distinguish the names of Mr. Cooper, Mr. Harley, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Ellen Tree, &c. &c.? (no offence to those ladies and gentlemen, whom we most sincerely admire); and how can the latter consent to accept so paltry a distinction at the expense of their brother performers?—What difference will exist shortly between the bills of the Coburg and Sadler's Wells, and those of the Theatres Royal? Is it at the moment when prosecutions are being instituted against the minors by the majors, that the latter should condescend to imitate their humble rivals, not only in the style of their pieces, but in the "outward and visible signs" of their "art and mystery!"

Turning from Drury Lane to Covent Garden, we perceive another mischief resulting from the same cause. The *Serf* (as we have before noticed) was shelved, after four nights' performance, "in consequence of Mr. Young's provincial engagements." The *Merchant's Wedding*, in the very height of its run and popularity, is "unavoidably postponed," in consequence of Mr. C. Kemble's absence!! Mr. Young has returned to town—but Mr. Kemble has left it;* and, consequently, the *Serf* is still in abeyance, and has slided gently out of the bill. We will not pretend to say how far these are losses to the public, who can seek its amusement elsewhere; but at any rate that question is evidently beneath the consideration of "the stars." To the authors, this practice is the extreme of cruelty and injustice; as, existing at both houses, unless they abandon writing for the regular Drama altogether, they can obtain neither redress nor revenge; and we consider this to be one great cause why distinguished authors will not attempt compositions for the stage—involving the grand question of the decline of our Drama.

* Kean at one house, and Mathews at the other, are also announced as having nearly finished their London engagements.

VARIETIES.

Copenhagen.—It has been determined by the Philosophical Society of Copenhagen, to establish courses of lectures on experimental philosophy in Copenhagen itself, and in all the principal towns of Denmark; with a view to the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and the arts; the whole to be under the superintendence of M. Oersted, who was unanimously appointed director.

The Olive-Tree.—There are on the southern borders of the Crimea two varieties of the olive-tree, which have become indigenous there. The one is pyramidal, and its fruit is perfectly oval; the branches of the other are pendent, and its fruit large, heart-shaped, and abundant. These valuable trees have resisted the injuries of centuries, and of successive nations of barbarians. In 1812, an imperial garden was formed at Nikita (Russia), into which the cultivation of these useful trees was introduced by means of cuttings or slips, which no extremity of cold has hitherto affected, although some olive-trees brought from France perished in the same garden in the winter of 1825-6.

Steel.—A discovery has, it is stated, been made in the arts in Paris, which promises to be of the highest importance. An English gentleman has succeeded in making the best sheer steel from M. Crawshay's common No. 2. iron. He asserts that by his process he is able to convert the very worst iron of any country into sheer steel. If this result be obtained from iron of an inferior quality, it may be expected that from the best iron a still superior quality of steel may be obtained, so as shortly to supersede the necessity of applying to Sweden for iron. A knife of this steel is described as of a temper to cut iron like wood, and a file to be superior to all preceding manufactures. It appears that by the new process the steel acquires a greater degree of hardness than by the former methods, while it is also much tougher, therefore highly valuable for mining operations. The gentleman is coming to England to communicate his discovery, which ought to be made generally public.

Concert.—The productive Concert given in the Guildhall of the city, for the relief of the distressed Emigrants from Spain and Italy in this country, has suggested the idea of a repetition, while the fitting-up remains, for behoof of the London National Schools. These excellent Institutions, we regret to hear, are all in condition to require benevolent aid; and as this Concert, appointed for the 27th of the month, is patronised, not only by eminent laymen, but by the highest church dignitaries,—we can have no doubt of its contributing largely to the pleasure of hearers, and to the funds of these charities.

Cure for Stammering.—Those (a correspondent assures us) who suffer under the distressing affliction of an impediment in their speech, may be effectually cured—where there is no malformation of the organs of articulation—by a *perseverance* for three or four months in the simple remedy of *reading aloud with the teeth closed*, for at least two hours in the course of each day. The recommender of this simple process adds—"I can speak with certainty of the utility of the remedy."

Chemistry.—A method, more simple than any hitherto known, has been discovered for distinguishing barytes from strontium. It consists in pouring several drops of sulphuric acid, at 66 degrees, on the oxide to be proved. A considerable disengagement of caloric is immediately produced; if this takes place without incandescence, the oxide is of strontium; if with incandescence, the oxide is of barytes.

Sir Walter Scott.—A French critic, M. Cordellier Delanoue, in a poetical epistle to Sir Walter Scott, highly complimentary in its general character, gently complains of his occasional tendency to prolonged dialogues in his works of imagination, and attributes to his example the insufferable tediousness in that respect of some of the modern romance-writers in France.

"Parfois du vieil Homère imitant le repos
Tu fais un peu long-tems bavarder tes héros,
Et jaloux d'occuper la moitié du volume,
Les entretiens sans fin s'amassent sous ta plume.

* * * *

Il est vrai que c'est grâce à ces nombreux colloques
Que des plumes sans nom, des auteurs *equivoques*,
Parviennent à fournier vingt ouvrages par an.
Jusqu'au sixième tome on conduit un roman,
En faisant converser, autant qu'il est possible,
Le tyran, l'héroine, et le geolier sensible!"

The printer of the Wasren Gazette publishes the following notice:—"Dry stove-wood wanted immediately at this office, in payment for papers.—N.B. Don't fetch logs that the *Devil* can't split."—*Canfield's Lottery Argus.*

Pun.—A gentleman was lately mentioning that he had bought Thurtell's pistols, and always kept them loaded, for protection, in his bed-room. Your motto, said a punster, should be, "Let the robber *be-Ware*."

A person inquired at a punning bookseller's, the other day, if there was any recent work on mineralogy. "I don't know," replied the *witty* bibliopole; "if there is any thing of the kind it must be Feldspar (Field's Parr)."

Placard.—A placard, for a young person missing, is just now posted over the walls about town, and in sound curiously headed thus:— LOST I. C.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Russian Poetry.—Pouchkin, one of the most original and distinguished modern poets of Russia, has lately published a poem, which he composed in 1824, called Tsigani, or the Gipsies. His object in it seems to be to contrast the manners of that wandering people with those of civilised nations; and he evidently gives the preference to the former, although the *dénouement* of his story is unfavourable to them. Pouchkin's style resembles that of Byron, whom, however, he by no means equals in power.

Chili.—In less than two months, three journals, devoted to commerce, politics, and literature, have been commenced in Chili, which the previous oppression of Spain, it was to be feared, had indisposed for such intellectual activity. The independence of this state seems perfectly fixed. Its territory now extends from Cape Horn to the desert of Atacama, and from the summit of the Andes to the sea; thus prolonging its ancient boundary, across Patagonia, to the extremity of the American continent.

Mr. W. Finden has nearly finished a whole-length print of the King, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's admired picture. Here, his Majesty being an excellent subject, we have no doubt the engraver has exercised his best abilities, and will produce a work of art worthy of the occasion and of his own high talents.

In the Press.—A Translation of Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme, by the translator of M. Jouy's Sylla.—A Comprehensive Grammar of the German Language on a New Plan, by W. Klauer Klattovsky.—A volume of Poems, by Mr. T. Pringle, which, among other compositions, will contain descriptive sketches of the wild scenery of Southern Africa, and of the character and condition of its native tribes, written during the author's residence in that country.—A new and enlarged edition of the Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Mac Nish.—A curious black-letter quiz, in the form of a Poem, entitled Epsom—a Vision, by the late Sir Fred. Morton Eden, Bart.; addressed to the Rev. John Boucher.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Public Characters for 1828, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Oakley's Selections from Shakspeare, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Bearcroft's Orthography, new edition, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sheep; Spelling, 18mo. 1*s.* sheep.—Beechey's Expedition to the Northern Coasts of Africa, 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.—Parry's Attempt to Reach the North Pole, 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Hamilton's Conic Sections, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Brigg's Letters to a Young Man in India, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Koecker on the Diseases of the Jaws, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Locke's Translation from Nichole's Essays, fcp. 5*s.* bds.—Hack's Oriental Fragments, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Kelty's Speculator and Believer, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Chitty's Statutes, Part I. royal 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Drake's Memorials of Shakspeare, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Ledyard's Life and Travels, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Julia, a Poem, by T. Noble, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—The Poetical Melange, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

February.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	28	From 51.	to 43.	30.22	to 30.25
Friday	29	—— 38.	— 54.	30.13	— 30.28
March.					
Saturday	1	—— 39.	— 53.	30.21	— 30.04
Sunday	2	—— 40.	— 48.	29.99	— 30.02
Monday	3	—— 33.	— 48.	29.96	— 29.82
Tuesday	4	—— 36.	— 51.	29.86	— 29.72
Wednesday	5	—— 54.	— 34.	29.61	— 29.71

Prevailing wind N. and N.W.

Except the 3d and 5th instant, generally cloudy: a little snow on the 5th, and a little rain on the 29th ult.

Rain fallen, ·05 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES M. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents who defer writing till late on Thursday, and even Friday, must not be disappointed if no notice is taken of their communications.

The pressure of new publications this week prevents us from concluding our respects to some of an earlier date; but we shall resume, and wind up every ravelled thread.

"The Closet" was duly received. The admission of this and many other favours is so entirely dependent upon circumstances, that we hope our correspondents in general will be satisfied with our silence, if they do not meet with insertion. A particular answer to every letter sent to us with that request, would fill a page in every No. of the *Gazette*. H. C.; Omega; Y. Z.; Publicus, &c. &c., will please to receive this.

Let S. S. S. look to our regular Weekly Notices and Advertisements.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Fine Arts.

The following splendid Prints have just been published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printsellers to the King, No. 6, Pall Mall, London.

THE SPOILT CHILD. Engraved by G. H. PHILLIPS, after a Picture by M. W. SHARP. Size, 24 inches by 19 high. Prints 15s.; proofs 25s.; before letters 31s. 6d.

2. The Dancing Bear. Beautifully engraved by H. Meyer, after a Picture by W. F. Witherington. Size, 25 inches by 20 high. Prints 21s.; proofs, India, 31s. 6d.; before letters, 42s.

3. Sir Roger de Coverly going to Church, accompanied by the "Spectator," and surrounded by his Tenantry. Engraved by H. Meyer, after Mr. Leslie's celebrated Picture. Size, 25 by 20. Prints 21s.; proofs 42s.

4. Portraits of Lady Bagot, Lady Burghersh, and Lady Fitzroy Somerset (a Group), beautifully engraved by J. Thomson, Esq. from the Original Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Size, 19 inches by 24 high. Prints 15s.; India proofs 31s. 6d.; before letters 52s. 6d.

5. Will o' the Wisp. Engraved by W. Giller, after a Painting by D. T. Egerton. Size, 17 by 14 high. Prints 10s. 6d.; proofs 18s.

6. The Death of Robin Hood. Engraved by T. Lupton, after a Picture by Thales Fielding. Size, 20 inches by 17 high. Prints 21s.; proofs 31s. 6d.

7. John Anderson my Jo. Painted and engraved by John Burnet; and forming the Third Plate of his Series of Illustrations to the Poems and Songs of Robert Burns. Size, 12 inches by 17. Prints 12s.; India proofs 21s.; before letters 31s. 6d.

Also may be had,

Tam O'Shanter, and the Cotter's Saturday Night; forming Plates I. and II. of the same Series. Price, each Print, 12s.; India proofs 21s.; before letters, 31s. 6d.

8. The Shooting Pony. Engraved by W. Raddon, after A. Cooper, R.A. Size, 9 inches by 11 high. Prints 10s. 6d.; proofs, French, 16s.; India, 21s.

9. Portrait of Mr. John Burnet, Author of "Practical Hints on Painting," &c. Engraved in the Line Manner, by Charles Fox, after a Picture by S. P. Denning. Size, 9 inches by 11 high. Prints 7s. 6d.; proofs 15s.

10. Landseer's Monkeyana; or, Men in Miniature. Part II.

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[illegible] What would have been the astonishment of the beloved apostle and [illegible] had they could have foreseen that a [illegible] would be in [illegible] angel, nor church, nor city! [illegible] city would become 'heaps, a [illegible], and a wilderness; a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither doth any son of man pass thereby!' Once it had an idolatrous temple celebrated for its magnificence as one of the wonders of the world, and the mountains of Coryssus and Prion re-echoed the shouts of ten thousand tongues, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Once it had Christian temples almost rivalling the pagan in splendour, wherein the image that fell from Jupiter lay prostrate before the cross, and as many tongues moved by the Holy Ghost made public avowal that 'Great is the Lord Jesus!' Once it had a bishop, the angel of the church, Timothy, the beloved disciple of St. John; and tradition reports that it was honoured with the last days of both these great men, and of the mother of our Lord. Some centuries passed on, and the altars of Jesus were again thrown down to make way for the delusions of Mahomet; the cross is removed from the dome of the church, and the crescent glitters in its stead; while within, the kebló is substituted for the altar. A few years more, and all may be silence in the mosque and in the church! A few unintelligible heaps of stones, with some mud cottages untenanted, are all the remains of the great city of the Ephesians! The busy hum of a mighty population is silent in death! 'Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy caulkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, are fallen.' Even the sea has retired from the scene of desolation; and a pestilential morass, covered with mud and rushes, has succeeded to the waters which brought up the ships laden with merchandise from every country. * * *

"I was at Ephesus in January 1824; the desolation was then complete: a Turk whose shed we occupied, his Arab servant, and a single Greek, composed the entire population; some Turcomans excepted, whose black tents were pitched among the ruins. The Greek revolution, and the predatory excursions of the Samiotes, in great measure accounted for this total desertion. There is still, however, a village near, probably the same which Chishull and Van Egmont mention, having four hundred Greek houses. * * *

Pergamos.—"The country immediately before entering the town was of an unpromising aspect, rocky and bare of trees, and in the winter must be very desolate, from the greater part of the low ground being covered with water. As we passed, however, under the arches of a bridge, and thence through a burial-ground, the view improved much, from the abundance of cypresses, poplars, and other trees. On entering the town, now nearly dark, I was struck by some enormously high masses of walls on the left, strongly contrasted with the diminutive houses beneath and around them. I heard, subsequently, that they are the remains of the church of the Agios Theologos, or St. John. Thursday, September 21.—I accompanied a Greek priest to his church, the only church at present in Pergamos; it lies on the ascent of the castle-hill, and is a poor shed covered with earth. Though the sun was blazing in full splendour on all the scene without, this poor church was so dark within, that even with the aid of a glimmering lamp I could not distinctly see the figures on the skreen. On one side of it another priest kept a little school of thirty scholars. I gave him a Testament. The contrast between the magnificent remains of the church of St. John which lay beneath, and this its poor representative, is as striking as between the poverty of the present state of religion among the modern Greeks, and the rich abundance of gospel light which once shone within the walls of the Agios Theologos. * *

"For a small bacshish (he adds, after other details) I was permitted to go into the bath, in which stands the celebrated vase. I had despaired of seeing it, as the bath was occupied by females during the morning, and subsequently by men: the evening, I was told, was the only time in which it could be shewn. But a little money will sometimes open the doors of any bath; and I was actually admitted while a number of females were reclining on the marble benches around the vase. Most exaggerated accounts were given by the keeper of the bath of the sums offered by English milordi for this vase; one was said to have offered forty thousand piastres, and another to fill it with sequins. * * *

"*Sardis*,—identified with the names of Crœsus, and Cyrus, and Alexander; and covering the plain with her thousands of inhabitants, and tens of thousands of men of war;—great even in the days of Augustus;—ruined by earthquakes, and restored to its importance by the munificence of Tiberius;—Christian Sardis, offering her hymns of thanksgiving for deliverance from pagan persecution, in the magnificent temples of the Virgin and Apostle;—Sardis, again fallen under the yoke of a false religion, but still retaining her numerous population, and powerful defence, only five hundred years ago:—what is Sardis now? 'Her foundations are fallen; her walls are thrown down.' 'She sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the lady of kingdoms.' 'How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!' A few mud huts, inhabited by Turkish herdsmen, and a mill or two, contain all the present population of Sardis. The only members of the church of Sardis are two Greek servants to the Turkish miller. * * *

"Of the temple of Cybele only two pillars remain at present; the Turks have recently destroyed the rest, for the sake of the lead connecting the blocks. It is impossible to behold these magnificent columns, of which 'the capital,' says Mr. Cockerell, 'appeared to me to surpass any specimen of the Ionic I had seen, in perfection of design and execution,' without being inexpressibly affected. Colonel Leake believes these remains to be antecedent to the capture of Sardis by Cyrus, and yet the columns are as perfect as if erected yesterday! The object of greatest interest to the Christian traveller are the ruins of two churches; one at the back of the mill, said to be the church of the Panagia, and ano-

[illegible] in Asia Minor seem to [illegible] journeys; and he has [illegible] of the Rev. Chaplain's la[illegible] by notes and comments.

ther in front of it, called the church of St. John. Of the former there are considerable remains, and it is almost wholly constructed with magnificent fragments of earlier edifices: it must be this to which Colonel Leake alludes, as being perhaps the only one of the Seven Churches of which there are any distinguishable remains; but there are also some remains of the church of Pergamos. Of the other, there are several stone piers, having fragments of brick arches above them, and standing east and west. When Smith wrote, a Christian church, having at the entrance several curious pillars, was appropriated to the service of the mosque. * *

"Previous to quitting Sardis, I was deeply affected by an instance of bad principle in one of the two Christians at Sardis. I was anxious to send a letter to Smyrna, and requested this man simply to forward it by one of the numerous caravans which are almost hourly passing before the mill door, and, as an inducement, offered to give him a Greek Testament. I had made the same man a present last December. He flatly and surlily refused to do it; while a Turk, who accidentally came in at the moment, voluntarily offered to convey it, and he was as good as his word."*

* It is but justice to observe, that on many occasions our author, though naturally partial to the Greeks, is obliged, by his regard for truth, to shew the superiority of the Turkish character. Thus, at the outset, he says:—"We left Smyrna at half-past three in the afternoon of Tuesday, March 28, 1826: our party consisting of Memet, a janizary of the English consulate; Melchon or Milcon, an Armenian, the proprietor of the horses, dressed as a Turk; Mustapha, a surigee; and Nicola, a Greek servant of Mr. Hartley (a church missionary who accompanied the author). We had agreed to pay nine piastres a-day for each horse, and paid a sum in advance, stated by Milcon to be sufficient, with the stipulation that we were not to be called upon to pay the balance till our return to Smyrna; a stipulation he took care to break repeatedly upon the road. In addition to a very strong firman, for which I am indebted to the most kind application of Lord Strangford, about two years ago, and which embraced the whole of Asia Minor even to Cæsarea, we had no less reason than Dr. Smith to praise the governor of Smyrna, not now a cadi, but a pasha, who behaved with 'extraordinary civility and courtesie,' in giving us a teskeray, which included every town on our intended route from Smyrna to his pashalik of Isbarta; and his principal officers were no less obliging in giving me letters of introduction for Philadelphia, Ignighioul, &c." And again at the Hermus. "The ferry-boat was destroyed; no alternative remained but to ford the river, or return to Smyrna without seeing Thyatira. It was very broad, and looked very formidable. While we were hesitating, a fine Turkish lad of eighteen came up to us, and, unsolicited, offered to be our guide. He accompanied us to the brink of the river a short way below, and pointed out the fording place. The surigee plunged in, but before he had reached a quarter of the way across, he became terrified, and returned. The young Turk instantly mounted one of the horses, and rode in before us. It was providentially not so deep or rapid as to throw the horses off their legs, though very broad, and we reached the opposite bank in safety, though sufficiently wet. We offered some money to our guide who had earned it so well, but, with a generosity which formed a most striking contrast to the conduct of the Christian at Sardis, he positively refused to take a para!" At Demish, a village, "a circumstance occurred which proved that the Turks are much better informed, at least in every thing connected with their own language and history, than we are usually disposed to allow. A splendidly dressed Turk came into the khan, to whom the others paid so much respect, that I fancied he was the aga of the place, and probably he was so. He was very anxious to tell me that he had a very curious ancient coin, and that he had sent a person to fetch it. In a short time it came, and proved to be a coin of one of the Saracenic caliphs, having on one side a Cufic inscription. He asked me if I knew what it was. I replied that it was a coin of no value; that the letters were Cufic, Eski Arab; that I could not read them, and that very few people could; that I felt quite sure nobody in Demish could read them. The Turk said, I will shew you that you are mistaken, and immediately putting the coin into the hand of an old white-bearded imaun, directed him to read it. The old man, having put on his spectacles in due form, and rubbed off the dirt, letter after letter, with his finger, began to read; and to my astonishment read every word to the perfect satisfaction of every body around him. I only remember the date 1262 or 1267, and the word Melec. I shall long remember my dessert at Demish with the appetite of a gourmand. A splendid Cassaba melon, which at Smyrna costs about two piastres, but here only ten paras, black and Burgundy grapes, and magnificent peaches!"

We pass over Thyatira as a populous place, and Laodicea as offering nothing of extraordinary contrast, beyond heaps of prostrate grandeur; and conclude these examples with a portion of the description of the last of the Seven Churches, *Philadelphia*.—"We arrived at Allah Sher, the ancient Philadelphia, at a quarter before eleven, entering the town through chasms in the old wall, but which, being built of small stones, did not appear to be much older, if so ancient, than the last days of the lower empire; the passage through the streets was filthy in the extreme, though the view of the place as we approached it was extremely beautiful, and well entitled to the appellation of the 'fair city.' I had a letter for the Motslem from Suleiman Aga, the grand customer of Smyrna; Memet carried it to him; and returned speedily with a very different expression of countenance from his sombre looks, while fasting at Ignighioul. The Motslem not only sent his cashier instantly to supply us with all the money we might need, but requested us to go to the Greek bishop's palace, who had his orders to lodge and entertain us in the best manner possible. We walked through the town and up to the hill on which formerly stood the Acropolis; the houses were mean in the extreme, and we saw nothing on the hill but some walls, evidently of much more modern date than either the times of the Roman or even the lower empire. On an adjoining hill, separated from the first by a deep fosse or a narrow ravine, were similar fragments of walls, but we observed a few rows of large square stones just appearing above the surface of the ground. The view from these elevated situations was magnificent in the extreme; highly cultivated gardens and vineyards lay at the back and sides of the town, and before it one of the most extensive and richest plains in Asia. The Turkish name, Allah Sher, 'the city of God,' reminded me of the psalmist: 'beautiful for situation is mount Zion,' &c. There is an affecting resemblance in the present condition of both these once highly favoured 'cities of God;' the glory of the temple is departed from both; and though the candlestick has never been removed from Philadelphia, yet it emits but a glimmering light, for it has long ceased to be trimmed with the pure oil of the sanctuary. We returned through a different part of the town, and though objects of much curiosity, were treated with civility, confirming Chandler's observation, that the Philadelphians are a 'civil people.' It was extremely pleasing to see a number of turtle-doves on the roofs of the houses; they were well associated with the name of Philadelphia. The storks retain possession still of the walls of the city, as well as the roofs of many of the houses."

Considering the foregoing to be the most interesting separate extracts which Mr. Arundell's volume affords, we shall not dwell long on other parts of his narrative. One of his greatest geographical achievements appears to be the having determined and explored the site of Apameia, once Celænæ, the capital of Phrygia; which is undoubtedly at Desnare, (the Dinglar of Pococke) near the source of the Mæander. To this source Mr. Arundell also penetrated on his second journey, by way of Tripolis. The account of Sagalassus,* (Aglason, quære Sadjaklu? see Lempriere) the furthest point of the route eastward and beyond Isbarta, is curious; though we cannot but think it deformed by such canting as occurs in the annexed.

"At a quarter past ten, having crossed the stream for the eighteenth time, we were among mountains covered to the base with snow. Our road lay up the steep side of a lofty mountain; the snow gave a smooth surface to the whole, except where some craggy rocks, elevated a little above the snow, proved that the ground beneath was extremely rugged and full of pits. The ascent was difficult and perilous in the extreme; my horse fell repeatedly, and the baggage horses almost at every step. Long before we were half way up, gave up all hope of being able to get the baggage horses to the top, and it was not without great labour, our poor horses falling and trembling as they plunged up to the shoulder at every step, that we reached the summit ourselves. Having rested a short time, I left my horse, and walked back again to look after the baggage. The party had just reached half way; most of the baggage, having fallen been taken from the horses, lay scattered about in all directions, half buried in the snow; and the men were completely exhausted. Notwithstanding it was the ramazan, I ventured to offer some rakee to the surigee and mustapha, which they thankfully accepted, and its effect was to stimulate them to fresh and great exertions; and ultimately, by the mercy of God, we were all safe at the summit. No more perilous day I never recollect to have passed. The ground was ornamented profusely on the top of the hill with a beautiful species of crocus: *I dug up several roots, in commemoration of His protecting and guiding hand to which we owed so much.* The fatigue we had undergone made rakee quite as medicinal to us as to our attendants; and both sufficiently re-invigorated, we began to descend the mountain at half-past twelve o'clock. On this side, having a southern aspect, the road *providentially* did not lie, but the road was narrow, winding, stony, and perpendicular. We at last arrived at the bottom, about two o'clock."

The digging up of crocus roots in honour of the Almighty, sounds to us very like fanatical profanation; and there are several other passages of the same kind in these pages, which might as well have been spared.—Aglason, or rather a mountain near it, is fertile in coins, medals, and inscriptions: of these, the author has brought several away; but the spot seems to invite a far longer abode, and more complete investigation from the antiquary. Of "what he saw," observes Mr. A. "the theatre was strongly attracted our attention, being in a state of preservation superior even to that of Laodicea and Hierapolis: I could almost see the crowds of ancient days rushing in through different portals, and impatiently taking their places. The seats, forty in number, were almost as perfect as if still in use; and a considerable portion of the proscenium and entrances was nearly as perfect. The orchestra was covered with snow, as well as a large number of stones, close to the proscenium. Under those covered, we saw a good deal of architectural ornament of excellent execution, but neither bas-relief nor inscription. We had no means of ascertaining the external dimensions, but the interior must be about ninety

* Sagalassus, otherwise called Selgessus, was one of the most important cities and most fertile districts in Pisidia. It is described by Strabo as being within Taurus, near Mylias, which district extended northward as far as those of Sagalassus and Apameia. Artemidorus, as quoted by Strabo, places Sagalassus the second in his list of cities of Pisidia, the first being Selge. In the ecclesiastical title it also holds the second place, Antioch first.

the pulpitum of the proscenium was above eighty-six. In the pulpitum was a centre door fifteen feet high and nine wide, and two smaller doors on either side, of which the nearest was eleven feet high and nine wide, but the most remote, near the ends of the caves, only five, including one of the door-posts. The distance between the pulpitum and the scene was eighteen feet. From the doors of the pulpitum were four steps to descend into the orchestra. The dramatis personæ were a solitary fox and a covey of red-legged partridges."

Before adding a very few brief quotations, illustrative of existing manners and circumstances, we will trace the outline of the routes, which extended to about 200 miles, as the crow flies, from Smyrna, but were both laborious and difficult in their circuitous run. The *first* was across the Tmolus mountain, by Metropolis, to Ephesus; thence to Inekbazar, and up the course of the Mæander by Akchay, and Nosli, to Sairikeuy (Caroura). Here Hierapolis, near the river Lycus, Laodicea, Denizli, Khonas, &c. were visited; and the traveller next proceeded by Chardak and the north of lake Anava to Deenare. The *second* route skirted the south of the Tmolus mountain, by Baindir, Demish, Kelles, and Debrent, to Tripolis. From Tripolis to Isbekti N.E.; thence S.E. by Omai and Deenare to Isbarta and Sagalassus—the return by a Salt Lake; and lastly, striking up to the north by Sardis (near the Hermus), Thyatira, Pergamos, round to Smyrna. The most northern line appears, according to the plan, to run nearly parallel to the most southern on the Mæander, at the distance of about eighty miles.

We now conclude with the promised miscellanies.

A whimsical Alarm.—After leaving Isbarta, "we retired to rest at an early hour, and in no long time I was awoke out of a sound sleep by a voice exclaiming, 'What is this? what is it?—I have hold of a man's hand, a man's hand, really a man's hand!' I was alarmed; for our apartment having no fastening to the door, it was not an impossible thing that, among the multitude of characters in the khan, some thief had crept in. The alarm was quickly given; but it was almost as quickly discovered that it was the alarmist's own hand, which he had grasped so firmly in the other as to occasion a stoppage of the circulation. Some Armenians, who slept in an adjoining apartment separated only by a very thin partition, were sadly alarmed; and we heard one of them saying his prayers for a full hour afterwards with uncommon earnestness."

Anecdote.—"A most extraordinary instance of the pertinacity with which a Greek adheres to his religion, occurred only five days ago at Denizli. A man was accused of adultery with a Turkish woman; the alternative, in such cases, is either to become a mussulman, or death. The man, though of notoriously bad character, refused to abjure Christ, received two thousand strokes of the bastinado, and, after lingering for three days in a horrible state of suffering, died; and will henceforth be held in high regard by the Greek church as a martyr."

Bread.—"During a residence of four years and a half in Asia Minor, I have never eaten such delicious bread as at Kirgagatch. It is amusing to observe the varied kinds and forms of bread which a traveller meets with even in a journey as short as mine. The common loaf and frangoli (the latter is a long roll) are to be met with generally only as you approach within four or five days of Smyrna. Further in the interior, you have large pancakes as thin as brown paper, which are eaten either folded up, or several doubled together. At Bourdour the bread was of a more singular form, very little thicker than a good English pancake, but instead of being circular, about a yard long and four inches wide."

Animals.—"The neighbourhood of Sedikeuy abounds with jackals; wild boars are also numerous; and about two years since a hyæna was killed between that village and Boujah. Lions have, I believe, never been heard of near Sedikeuy; but a lion was seen a few years ago on the road to Nymphæum, by I. J—t, Esq. Between Sedikeuy and Ephesus, wolves are frequently met with. The lynx has at times been seen in the mountains of Sedikeuy; and an enormous tiger, represented by the peasants as high as a mule, is at the present moment committing dreadful ravages among the flocks and dogs of the shepherds. Its abode is at the summit of a very lofty rock, about two miles south-east of the village. On the opposite mountain of Tartalee, the ancient Mastusia, two species of bears, a large and small one, the one reddish-brown, and the other black, are not unfrequently seen. Since the above was written, the supposed tiger which has committed such ravages has been killed, and proves to be a leopard of enormous size. It came down on the flock of an old shepherd, who, having no arms, depended for his safety on an old dog and her three young ones, not two years old. The mother commenced the attack, but the leopard placed her quietly between his forelegs; a young dog was served in the same way; but a second fixed his teeth on the eye and lip of the beast, and kept so determined a hold, that the others were liberated, and after a fierce contest succeeded in killing the leopard."

Ephemerides; or, Occasional Poems, written in Scotland and South Africa. By Thomas Pringle. 12mo. pp. 220. London, 1828. Smith, Elder, and Co.

SCOTLAND and South Africa! good universities for the young poet to take his degree,—one with its old associations of song and romance, and its pastoral beauty linked to the quiet happiness of childhood—the other rich in the untrodden paths of wild and tropical magnificence. These latter scenes give a very peculiar tone to this little volume: the Caffer, the Karroo, the music of the Coranna, are terms unfamiliar to poetry; but the desert with its sweep of sand and sky—the lonely savage with his reed now turned to a spear and now a flute—the lion and his hunter,—are not these the very *matériel* of poesy? Mr. Pringle has found them such: but he shall speak for himself.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon,—
Day dreams that departed ere manhood's noon,—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft,—
Companions of early days lost or left,—
And my Native Land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame!
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,—
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone!
And I—a lone exile remember'd of none—
My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man."

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
In fields seldom cheer'd by the dew or the rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagha's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
For she hies away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parch'd Karroo.
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never pass'd,
And the quivered Coranna, or Bechuan,
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandon'd, from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub, takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with ozier'd sides;
Where reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capt mountain,
Is found, to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart in its pensive mood,
That this—is Nature's solitude.

And here,—while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the cavern'd stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land,—
A 'still small voice' comes through the wild,
(Like a father consoling his fretful child,)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying,—'*Man is distant, but God is near!*'

We should like a bird's eye view of such a landscape as the following:—

"Spread out below, in sun and shade,
The shaggy glen lies full display'd,—
Its shelter'd nooks and sylvan bowers,
And meadows flush'd with purple flowers:
And through it, like a dragon spread,
I trace the river's tortuous bed.
And there the Chaldee willow weeps,
Drooping o'er the dangerous steeps,
Where the torrent, in his wrath,
Has rifted out a rugged path,—
Like fissure cleft by earthquake's shock,
Through mead and jungle, mound and rock:
But the swoln water's wasteful sway,
Like tyrant's rage, hath pass'd away,
Leaving alone, to prove its force,
The ravage of its frantic course.
Now o'er its shrunk and slimy bed
Rank weeds and wither'd wrack are spread,
With the faint rill just oozing through,
And vanishing again from view;
Except where, here and there, a pool
Spreads 'neath some cliff its mirror cool,
Girt by the palmite's verdant screen,
Or shaded by the rock-ash green,
Whose slender sprays above the flood
Suspend the loxia's callow brood
In cradle-nests, with porch below,
Secure from wing'd or creeping foe,
(Weasel, or hawk, or writhing snake,)
Wild waving as the breezes wake,
Like ripe fruit, hanging fair to see,
Upon the rich pomegranate tree."

There are some Sonnets of very superior merit, and some sweet songs; but our limits only allow us to add a farewell of cordial praise and good wishes to the writer.

Sophia de Lissau; or, a Portraiture of the Jews of the Nineteenth Century: being an Outline of their Religious and Domestic Habits; with Explanatory Notes. By the Author of "Elizabeth Allen; or, the Faithful Servant." 12mo. pp. 268. London, 1828. T. Gardiner and Son; Hatchard and Son; and Simpkin and Marshall.

CONSIDERED merely as a story, this little volume is exceedingly interesting; but from the

peculiar state of society it depicts, its actual details are more attractive than even its merits as a fiction. Nothing can be more extraordinary than the present situation of the Jews: here is a vast body of people living with us and among us, with whom we must be in daily intercourse; yet of whose manners, customs, &c. we know less than we do of nations from which land and sea separate us in vain. Amid the chances and changes which have swept away every vestige of classical or chivalric association; when even the very last century is so utterly forgotten, that scarce one fashion or habit remains; amid all this perpetual alteration,—the Jews alone retain almost all the customs and ceremonies of their ancestors. It would seem as if the more of difficulty is involved in the performance of a religious duty, the more certain is its performance. Considerable part of the volume is given to sketches of this kind; from them we shall proceed to make a selection.

A Jewish Funeral.—"The dying man, now nearly exhausted, repeated the confession used at this period, (repeated for them by a bystander, when the dying are either unable to articulate or insensible,) then half raising himself on his bed, he exclaimed, or rather attempted to exclaim, 'Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is One!' and expired with the sentence (so momentous in the eyes of a Jew at this awful period) imperfectly pronounced. All present then replied with a loud shout, 'The Lord he is God.' The sad and well-known sound announced to the household that all was over. They then quitted the chamber of death, leaving the now inanimate clay to the care of the men who had previously watched it while living; and, according to the Jewish custom, immediate arrangements were made for the funeral. A messenger for this purpose was sent to the synagogue of which the departed was a member, and where are deposited the bier and copper vessels invariably used in cleansing and preparing the body for interment. As dissolution had taken place at six in the evening, four the next afternoon was the time appointed for the burial. In the mean time the corpse was removed from the bed, and placed on the floor of the same chamber, with its feet towards the door;—a black cloth thrown over it;—lighted candles placed at the head;—and the two men left in charge of it until the time of preparing it for the grave. During this interval, the relatives ate no meat, nor tasted wine or spirits; all the water in the cisterns or other vessels was thrown away;* and in the movements of the household the stillness of death seemed to prevail unbroken."

"Next day, about noon, the bier and copper vessels already alluded to arrived, and soon after, a coach drew up to the door filled with respectable Jews, who came to perform the last kind offices, which they immediately proceeded to do. Laying the body on the bier, which was placed in a sloping position on a long table, they carefully washed it with warm water, handed to them in the copper pots, and finished their ablution by pouring water on the head three times, which, from the inclined position of the corpse, flowed all over it; they next dried the body with peculiar care, and combed the beard and hair with a silver comb appropriated to that use. The burial dress of the deceased was then delivered to them: it consisted of fine linen, curiously worked at the collar and hands, and a robe, girdle, and turban, which had been constantly worn on the day of atonement and festival of the new year by the departed in the synagogue worship. When clothed in these long-prepared habiliments, the garment of fringes was placed in its due form about him, and its ends twisted into certain mystic forms, a winding-sheet of fine linen enclosed the whole, and the corpse was lifted into the plain deal shell prepared for its reception; beneath the head and arms were placed small pillows stuffed with saw-dust, and the lid of the shell immediately fastened; after which it was removed to a lower apartment, and the near relatives led in to perform the ceremony of rending their garments over the deceased. An aged Jew, whose province it was, then advanced, and in audible accents renounced, in the name of his relatives, friends, and lastly, of all Israel, any farther connexion with the departed, either here or hereafter. The body was then lifted into the hearse, and followed by various friends, and by the religious societies he had formerly belonged to; and lowered into a grave, which his nearest relatives first assisted to fill, and which was then closed to open no more, as more than one corpse is never laid in the same grave. When the procession returned, a meal of eggs boiled hard, and salt, was laid before the mourners, who kindled a light of pure olive oil, which was kept burning during the seven days of close mourning, and which was lighted up on the anniversary day of death, as long as the departed had a near relative living. These seven days are observed by the family sitting on the ground, with rent garments and dishevelled hair, while their friends come to condole with them on their loss; ten Jews regularly attend morning and evening to recite prayers. The bereaved relatives wear their beards unshaved thirty complete days; and the sons of a departed Jew attend morning worship eleven months, with scrupulous exactness, to recite certain prayers deemed requisite to facilitate the entrance of the soul into final happiness."

Jewish Passover.—"The leaven having been cleared away with scrupulous care, the family ceased to eat leavened bread, or any other article of that kind, by ten in the morning of the day on which the ceremony of the Passover was to be celebrated in the evening; and Leopold, as eldest son, fasted in memory of the slaying all the first-born throughout the land of Egypt. Rabbi Colmar, in person, assisted to cleanse all the utensils and vessels of plate, china, and glass, and the wooden tables and dressers of the kitchen. All other articles for use at this festival were new, or such as had been reserved from the preceding year. The Nazarene servants were closely watched, to ascertain that they brought no leaven into the house at this period; for most strictly do the Jews of the present day observe every minutia of the Passover, and all its ceremonies, both written and traditional. Alas! the letter alone remains to them;—the glory is departed; the spirit is not discerned; the veil is on their hearts; the great Antitype of this solemn feast is hid from their eyes. In their observances they may truly be said to 'sow the wind;' the awful consequence of which is declared by the lip of infallible truth to be, that they shall 'reap the whirlwind.' Christian reader! thou who art concerned for the true peace of Jerusalem, which is indeed hid from her eyes, oh, lift up thine heart to the Most High, and join with the royal Psalmist in saying—'Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when God bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.' On the commencement of the Passover-eve, all the males of the family repaired to the synagogue; while Anna and her daughters remained at home, to prepare the chamber for the celebration of the ceremony. They decked the table, which was large enough for the whole household to surround, with a cloth of snowy whiteness, and set on it a cup for every person, and a book for each one, containing the prayers used at this time. In the centre of the table stood a large dish, on which was laid, folded in separate napkins, three very large cakes of unleavened bread, differing from those used for food, and distinguished from each other by peculiar notches, according to which they were placed to be made use of in the ceremony. On this dish was also placed bitter herbs and a cup of salt water, into which they were dipped (during the observance of these solemn rites) and eaten in remembrance of the bitter bondage of Egypt. Small balls, composed of apples, almonds, &c. pounded into a paste, were placed there, as symbolic of the bricks and mortar among which the Hebrews worked at that even memorable period. The shank-bone of a lamb roasted, was among these emblems, as a memorial of the paschal lamb, commanded by the children of Israel, and which may not be eaten as there ordered, out of the holy city. An egg roasted by fire, completed the articles set on the dish. The duteous children of Solomon Lissau next arranged a couch for their revered father to recline on, while he presided at the performance of the ceremony; and concluded their labour by placing ewers filled with water and basins and towels, that they might pour water on the hands of all who partook of the Passover, the meanest Hebrew servant not excepted, according to ancient usage; for on the night of their great deliverance there was no distinction of persons, but *all* the children of Israel were free. The Nazarene servants were commanded to keep closely in their kitchen during the ceremony, nor were they, or any one but the true seed of Abraham, allowed to witness it; indeed, on the preceding year, Anna had discharged two servants, who, by indiscreet curiosity, had been tempted to listen in the ante-chamber, and who had been caught there when the chamber door was, according to custom, set open, while the assembled family repeated the malediction contained in Psalm lxxix. 6."

Jewish Marriage.—"In the presence of these friends, Leoni and Sophia were mutually contracted to each other; and the deed was formally declared, that the marriage was to take place within six months from its date, under penalty of a heavy forfeiture of money (the amount therein specified) by the receding party. This deed having been duly signed and witnessed, the ceremony ended by breaking a cup, according to ancient usage, as a memorial of it. * * *

"The marriage ceremony is always celebrated with splendour and show by the poor, nor are the poorest among them exempt from this custom. As every guest brings a present, chiefly consisting of plate, according to the lower orders, especially, are auxious to invite as many as possible on that account, which purpose they generally hire a large room, to accommodate such a large assembly, and not unfrequently, when the wedding

* "This custom, which is invariably observed, though few Jews know its meaning, originated from an idea prevalent among the cabalistic Rabbins, that the angel of death, having executed his mission, washed his sword in the water. Similar to this superstition, is their custom of covering their cisterns at the equinox, from the belief that a drop of blood then falls from the spheres, which would deteriorate and spoil the water."

are very poor, these gifts are disposed of immediately, to defray the expense of the feast, and assist the young couple in housekeeping. A friend, on whom dependance can be placed, is stationed near the entrance of the apartment, to receive the presents of the guests, as they arrive; another writes down each person's name and their gift, which is instantly deposited in a chest; and after all invited have arrived, it is locked and put in a place of safety. If any person invited is prevented attending, this circumstance does not prevent their gifts from being regularly sent in their names; but those who are merely invited to tea and dance, are not expected to bring any present.—It may here be observed, that the Jews consider it a highly meritorious act to promote marriage, or in any way assist in its celebration; but those who are in their year of mourning for a near relative may not attend a wedding feast, nor be seen where music or cards form any part of the entertainment. Wednesday is the day on which the Jews celebrate their marriages, and a second ball on Thursday evening concludes the feast; but if either of the party have been previously married, Sunday is the day chosen, and music and dancing form no part of the entertainment. The choice of Wednesday for the above purpose still continues among the Jews; but like many other of their observances, the original cause for selecting that day has long ceased to exist, and had its origin simply because, as the Sanhedrin held its sitting on Thursday, the newly married man could immediately bring his wife before them, if he had any ground of complaint. * * *

"The nuptial canopy is composed, in general, of crimson velvet; it is square, and supported at each corner by four of the persons present; a piece of carpet is spread beneath it, and the bridegroom and bride, the rabbi, and all concerned in the ceremony, stand under it, while the contract is read, &c. It is deposited at the synagogue, and is brought to the house, where the wedding is celebrated, by the servants of the synagogue, and carried back as soon as the ceremony is over."

Both as a work of curiosity and an interesting tale, this volume is, we think, very likely to be popular; we are, therefore, doubly anxious to enter our protest against the bigotry of the sweeping condemnation at page 264. Such judgment was never meant to be pronounced by failing and finite creatures: when we are dispensers of God's justice, then may we presume to set bounds to that mercy, which they who deny it to others, ought surely not to hope for themselves.

The History of Rome, by B. G. Niebuhr. Translated by Julius Charles Hare, M.A. and Connop Thirlwall, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 556. London, 1828. J. Taylor; J. Duncan; Hessey; Hatchard: Deightons, Cambridge; and Parker, Oxford.

In No. 535 of the *Literary Gazette*, (April 21, 1827,) we spoke of the vast historical importance of Mr. Niebuhr's work, of which a translation, in two volumes, by Mr. Walter, was then just published: and whatever encomiums we bestowed at that time may now be reiterated with increased warmth and force. Not content with the fame which his first publication obtained for him, Mr. Niebuhr has only been stimulated by success to greater exertions, and has for years devoted himself to the acquisition of new truths, and the consequent improvement of his justly celebrated History of Rome. With a rare degree of candour and honesty too, he has confessed faults in his earliest performance which few eyes but his own were competent to detect: he has himself repudiated these errors, and he has given his laborious and useful life to a new edition of this work, such as he may safely rest an immortal literary reputation upon, as one of the ablest and most impartial historians of any age or country. "The end of the last century (says his preface) was the opening of a new era for Germany. Men were no longer satisfied with superficial views in any field of knowledge; vague empty words had lost their currency: but neither was the work of destruction, in which the preceding age, indignant against protracted usurpation, had taken pleasure, any longer held to be sufficient: my countrymen strove after definite and positive knowledge, like that of their forefathers; but it was after true knowledge, in the room of that imaginary knowledge which had been overthrown. We had now a literature, worthy of our nation and language: we had Lessing and Goëthe: and this literature comprised, what none had yet, a great part of the Greek and Roman, not copied, but, as it were, reproduced. For this Germany is indebted to Voss, whom our grandchildren's children and grandchildren must extol as their benefactor: with whom a new age for the knowledge of antiquity begins; inasmuch as he succeeded in eliciting out of the classical writers what they presuppose,—their notions of the earth, for instance, and of the gods, their ways of life and their household habits: and understood and interpreted Homer and Virgil as if they were our contemporaries, and only separated from us by an interval of space. His example wrought upon many: upon me, ever since my childhood, it has been enforced by personal encouragement from this old friend of my family. * * * It was," (he continues, in relating his own progress as a successor worthy of all the panegyric he bestows on Voss,)—"it was a time full of hope when the university of Berlin was opened: and the enthusiasm and delight in which months rolled away, while the contents of the first volumes of this history were digested for lectures and worked up for publication;—to have enjoyed this, and to have lived in 1813, this of itself is enough to make a man's life, notwithstanding much sad experience, a happy one. In this state of delight the meaning of many an ancient mystery disclosed itself: but yet more were overlooked: in much I erred: a still greater part was left in a disjointed condition feebly supported by proofs. For my knowledge was the unsatisfactory knowledge of one who had been self-taught, and who as yet had only been able to devote to study such hours as he could withdraw from business: and I had reached the end of my journey like a man walking in his sleep along the eaves. That these defects, and the overhasty composition of the first volume, which had compelled me to introduce repeated corrections in the sequel of the work itself, did not hinder its reception from being on the whole very favourable, is a proof that the revival of Roman history was in accord with the spirit of the age: nay, our age, it seems to me, may discern that it is immediately called by Providence to this inquiry, inasmuch as, within the eleven years since it commenced, three new and rich sources have been opened to us by the publication of Lydus, Gaius, and Cicero's Republic: whereas centuries had previously elapsed without adding any thing to our means of knowledge. To these defects of my work I was far from blind: the points attacked by those who criticised it were by no means the weak ones, but often the soundest and strongest. My being aware of these faults, and desirous to make use of the new discoveries, was the main reason which retarded the continuation: for it was necessary that, before I proceeded, the first volume should be written anew. Meanwhile, however, I was living in Italy, and living at Rome, too much taken up in gazing and receiving impressions to work with energy at books: besides, I fancied I should not be able to proceed without the happiness I had once enjoyed, at the time when the point on which the question hinged would come forward into a clear light while I was conversing with Savigny, and it was so easy for me to ask many a question, so cheering to complete the embryo thought and to try its worth. On my return to Germany I drew up the plan of the third volume, preparing the way for it by remodelling the first, and correcting the second. This new edition, in which it was my aim to make the proofs and the solutions perfect, required very extensive labours; but as all labour is lightened when new springs of activity are imparted, so this was mainly promoted by my lectures on Roman antiquities last winter. What Pyrrhus said to his Epirots—*Ye are my wings*—is the feeling of a zealous teacher toward hearers whom he loves, and whose whole souls take an interest in his discourse. Not only does the endeavour to make himself clear to them, and to utter nothing as truth which can admit of a doubt, speed his researches: the sight of them assembled before him, the immediate relation in which he stands to them, awakens a thousand thoughts during the time he is speaking: and in how very different a manner does one write down words which had previously been poured forth as the fresh thoughts prompted them! The work which I here lay before the public is, as the first glance will shew, an entirely new one, in which scarcely a few fragments of the former have been incorporated. It would have been incomparably easier to have preserved the groundwork of the first edition; I resolved on the far more difficult task, as the most expedient, which would give unity and harmony to the whole. That whole, consisting of this and the next two volumes, is the work of a man who has reached his maturity: whose powers may decline, but whose convictions are thoroughly settled, whose views cannot change: and so I wish that the former edition may be regarded as a youthful work. Our friends are often more tender-hearted toward us than we are ourselves; and perhaps one or two may regret some things that have been destroyed and cast away. More than once it was with a lingering hand that I overthrew the old edifice: but what was built on suppositions which had been found to be wrong, could not be permitted to remain; nor was it allowable to preserve it by slipping some other prop under it, so as to efface the appearance of the original foundation. The continuation, down to the term which I have now set before me, I may, if it please God and his blessing abide with me, confidently promise, although the progress may be but slow. It is the work of my life, which is to preserve my name, not unworthy of my father's: I will not lazily abandon it. * * It is with a solemn feeling that I close this preface with the words which, fifteen years ago, closed that of the first edition: the repetition of them 'brings back the images of joyous days, and much-loved shades rise up before my soul.'"

These sentences powerfully explain the au-

thor's means, his objects, and his character. They teach us to expect, what we already find in this first volume, a work of almost inestimable value: in short, a work which makes Rome and the Romans another city and another people to us. Of the translation we need only say, that it renders the German original as purely and accurately into English as has ever been accomplished by any writer. The concluding two volumes must be looked for impatiently throughout the whole civilised world.

The Parochial History of Bremhill, in the County of Wilts; &c. &c. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, A.M. 8vo. pp. 285. London, 1828. Murray.

THE title of this work by no means prepared us for such an interesting collection of historical matter, anecdotes, and antiquarian disquisitions, as its pages contain. Bremhill is a romantic parish in the deanery of Avebury, over which our highly respected author presides as vicar. By a survey of the parish itself, a reference to many curious particulars connected with it, and some acute illustrations of ancient monuments in the neighbourhood, Mr. Bowles has completed a volume which will be prized by antiquaries, and pleasing to all.

In p. 47 the following ingenious observations respecting the mounds of Marlborough, Marden, and Silbury, occur:—

"1. The Celts had their chief deity, Mercury, distinguished above all the rest; a fact ascertained from Cæsar: 'Deum maximè Mercurium colunt.' The Britons and the Celts, I need not add, are considered by Cæsar as the same. 2. The Britons had their temples of stone worship; a fact which I think could not be denied by any one who looks on Stonehenge with the passage of Diodorus in his mind. 3. It being admitted that this 'round temple' was dedicated to one of their deities, a temple still more ancient and stupendous, we might naturally conceive, would be dedicated to the more distinguished and most honoured deity. 4. What deity was this? Teutates, whom Cæsar calls Mercury. Hitherto we are on facts, and the most inevitable inferences seem to follow these facts. Cæsar says of this god among the Celts there are 'plurima simulacra.' 5. If we may naturally admit that the most ancient elaborate temple was dedicated by the Britons to *some* deity, that deity, it is equally natural to conceive, would not be the second or third in their estimation, but the *first:* it further follows that some of the ascertained circumstances which mark the worship of this deity would not be here omitted; and Livy speaks of the mound, which he calls by the name of the Tumulus of Mercury. 6. An obvious reason would occur for such an elevation being peculiarly appropriate to him. This I have endeavoured to shew from his character as messenger of Jupiter. 7. A temple dedicated to the Thunderer would be on the highest elevation. The highest elevation is near, dedicated to Tanaris; and near also appears the temple to Teutates, dedicated to the messenger of that deity, who in Britain is placed before the god he served. 8. There must be some reasons for this superiority; then let us see what facts we can produce. Will it be denied that the Druids derived their knowledge from the East, or that Mercury was derived from the great Egyptian Hermes? But if Teutates was so distinguished among the Britons as to invert the very order of the Roman divinities, on what account could it be? because from him the Britons derived their highest knowledge. 9. If Teutates and Thoth were *ab origine* the same, and the Britons worshipped him on account of their learning; what learning, may we further admit, could they derive from him which entitled him above the rest of the gods to such honours and so high a rank? That learning which Thoth taught the Egyptians, astronomy and the idea of immortality. What are Cæsar's own words respecting the first? 'Multa præterea de sideribus atque eorum motu, de mundi et terrarum magnitudine, de rerum naturâ, de deorum immortalium vi ac potestate disputant, et juventuti tradunt.' 'They argue much on the stars and their motion, of the magnitude of the world and the earth, of the nature of things, of the power of the immortal gods, and this they deliver or teach their youth.'"

In reference to Stanley Abbey, we are presented with some very sweet and pathetic lines on Lockswell spring.

"Pure fount, that, welling from this wooded hill,
Dost wander forth, as into life's wide vale,
Thou to the traveller dost tell no tale
Of other years; a lone unnoticed rill,
In thy forsaken track, unheard of men,
Making thy own wild music through the glen.

Time was when other sounds and songs arose—
When o'er the pensive scene, at evening's close
The distant bell was heard, or the full chant
At morn came sounding high and jubilant;
Or, stealing on the wilder'd pilgrim's way,
The moonlight *miserere* died away,
Like all things earthly——
Stranger, mark the spot—
No echoes of the chiding world intrude—
The structure rose, and vanish'd—solitude
Possess'd the woods again—old Time forgot,
Passing to wider spoil, its place and name.
Since then, ev'n as the clouds of yesterday,
Seven hundred years have well nigh pass'd away:
No wreck remains of all its early pride;
Like its own orisons, its fame has died.

But this pure fount, through rolling years the same,
Yet lifts its small still voice, like penitence
Or lowly pray'r. Thou, pass, admonish'd hence,
Happy, thrice happy, is, through good or ill,
Christian, thy heart respond to this forsaken rill."

At a time when the subject of the division of the tithes is exciting considerable interest, the observations of one who is well versed in the matter cannot be deemed unimportant. After remarking that, anciently, "the cathedral church was the parish church," Mr. Bowles adds, "the great and truly venerable Bede was the intimate friend of Egbert, then archbishop of York. From his advice and direction, I have no doubt, what are called the 'Constitutions of Egbert' were framed, by which the episcopal missionary was first made independent; that is to say, he was no longer paid precariously at will, but for his trouble a fourth of the tithes were given. The bishop still kept one part; one portion being set apart for the repairs; a third for the poor; and a fourth for the officiating missionary. Before I proceed, it might be proper—as so much has been made of this circumstance, which, from ignorance or malice, has been so often repeated by the enemies of the church establishment in our days, to state briefly some particulars which will, I hope, set this matter in a fair light: First—at that time tithes were the smallest part of what the priest received. Oblations of all kinds were far more productive when the priest had the consciences of almost all the rich in his hands, and when such immense estates were possessed by the convents. Secondly—the priest had no taxes of any kind to pay; no house to furnish and keep in repair or to build. Thirdly—he had no wife and children, for whose welfare, after he was dead, he must feel a husband's and a parent's anxiety. Fourthly—instruction cost him nothing, and he had no son to educate at Oxford—with such expense 'As pinches parents blue!'

"Let us then compare his situation under the present state of civil society: First—he receives no oblations, showered into his hands by superstition, and all lands which fed the poor are alienated. Secondly—not one clergyman in ten (I think I may say in twenty) has one-fourth or one-fifth of tithes at all. The clergyman visits the sick—the clergyman is at his post—the clergyman, standing between the rich and the poor, is, in remote parishes, (of course there are exceptions,) the poor man's only friend. Yet the tithes, the great tithes I mean—are paid at the highest value, in most cases to some distant lay impropriator. Between Bath and Marlborough, every living is in other hands than those of the clergyman.* Thus not only all the lands are taken away, but most of the tithes; and the clergyman might well say, give me back half you took from me, excuse me from paying poor-rates, government taxes of all kinds—keep my house in repair—educate my children—provide for my wife and children only some independent comforts when I am dead; and most cheerfully would I pay the repairs of the whole church, as I do now of the chancel and the parsonage house—keep all the sick, aged, and needy poor, give the bishop half, instead of a quarter, and pay the first fruits and tenths—'bonâ fide, ad valorem,' into the bargain! This is the proper way of meeting the objection; but, though there are so many well-informed gentlemen in the House of Commons, and many who would be inclined to answer, or glad to hear these charges answered, the obvious refutation has not been satisfactorily brought forward in that assembly."

We conclude our extracts from this various work with an account of the Moravian funeral ceremonies; of which sect there is an establishment near Bremhill.

"The garden-green before the chapel is surrounded by those invited—the neighbours of their own fraternity, old and young, and the young ladies of the school, all similarly dressed in white, with a simple black riband. As soon as the coffin is brought from the house, the officiating minister reads the opening verses of our funeral service; after which he gives out the first stanza of a hymn—

Our aged friend is gone to rest.

This is sung in unison by the young women, and the effect is very impressive. The coffin is then borne into the chapel; the clergy of the established church invited, go the next in order, then the Moravian ministers, and afterwards the congregation. A sermon is preached, and, in the same order as before, the coffin is borne to the burial-ground. The whole of this area is surrounded on one side by the women of the establishment and the young females; on the other by the minister, friends, and fraternity. The whole join in an affecting hymn, after which the coffin is deposited in the earth, and a few prayers are read. At the afternoon service in the chapel there are prayers and an appropriate anthem. The minister then gives a narrative of the life of the departed brother, and the whole is concluded by the congregation, rich and poor, taking bread together, and, what is difficult to mention with appropriate seriousness, drinking

* "Bath-Easton, Bath-ford, Box, Corsham, Chippenham, Overton, Preshute, and two churches in Marlborough, are small vicarages. Corsham is scarcely worth two hundred a-year to the vicar; but the rector, a gallant and amiable admiral, whose parish is the Atlantic or Mediterranean, Sir H. B. Neale, receives, probably, three thousand!"

tes! The place devoted to receive the last remains of those who die among the congregation is a square enclosure, to which a walk leads from the sister's house and the minister's: it is surrounded by a few firs and shrubs. The sisters are buried by themselves, and another portion of the consecrated ground is allotted to the brethren. A small, square stone is laid on the ground, the top somewhat elevated; no inscription appears except H. H. S. S. for single sister; or M. H. M. S. married sister 'departed;' or, on the brother's side, W. G. M. B. or S. B.—married or single brother 'departed.' No distinction is made between rich or poor, minister or brother."

In some parts our worthy author is a little controversial, and alludes to by-gone discussions: but he is always in good humour, and generally entertaining.

Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

We closed our first notice of this volume by observing that all Mr. Teeling's friends in the rebellion were *beautiful* heroes. *Ex. gr.* Lord E. Fitzgerald: "Young, ardent, and enterprising; enthusiastic in his love of liberty; of devoted attachment to his country, and possessing the most unbounded confidence of his countrymen in return; reared in the school of arms, and distinguished for military science, he possessed all the qualities to constitute a great and popular leader, and seemed destined by nature for the bold and daring enterprise to which an abhorrence of oppression, and the most lively sense of justice, irresistibly impelled him."

Mr. Aylmer, in Kildare, was "the bold and enterprising Aylmer. Descended from a family of high respectability and worth, still conspicuous for the virtues which distinguished their ancestors, Aylmer's example produced a powerful effect, while it gave confidence to his associates in arms: their confidence was not misplaced, and his courage and military talent proved him not undeserving of their choice."

A gentleman designated as Young Carroll. "The rising traits of manly beauty were conspicuous in his person. Not exceeding twenty years of age, he had all the deportment of riper manhood—a countenance intelligent and interesting portrayed a heart sensibly alive to all the finer feelings of honour,—brave, generous, and humane. This was the first day in which he had borne arms, and he bore them with a manly courage."

In Down the commander was Mr. Russell:—"Gentle by nature, but lofty in soul, he was enthusiastic in all his attachments; and while he bore personal privations with an heroic firmness, he felt the keenest sensibility for the misfortunes of others. A model of manly beauty, he seemed formed no less for admiration than command, and won, by the mildness of his manners and the purity of his heart, that marked distinction which was more the spontaneous offering to superior worth, than looked for or assumed by the unconscious possessor."

In Antrim "the attention of the bolder spirits was directed to the man on whose talent and firmness all could rely; this was the gallant M'Cracken, into whose breast no timid counsel ever found entrance. He promptly obeyed the call, and placed in that situation which had been so recently abandoned, he devoted his life to the hopes and security of his country. M'Cracken was possessed of all that energy of soul which is the inseparable companion of the noble mind, and marks the character of those who, in the perilous path to freedom, must too often sacrifice the softer ties of kindred and domestic attachments; his heart was formed for the enjoyment of these, but embraced the wrongs of the human race.—Lively, generous, and sincere, I met no man who bore privations with greater firmness. A short sketch has been drawn by one of his companions in arms, who survived the fatal catastrophe.—'I saw him,' said he, 'as he marched for the field; his loose, flowing locks were confined by the helm which shaded the arch of his manly brow, while his eye beamed with the fire which animated his soul, pure as the breeze from his native mountain, and generous as the floods which fertilise the valleys. The damps of the dungeon had rendered pallid his cheek, and less robust his form; but the vigour of his mind was uninjured by the tyranny of the oppressor. I saw him in the blaze of his conquest—I saw him in the chill of defeat. I witnessed his splendour in arms, and the pride of his soul in distress. Circumstances unavoidably separated us. A little time—and he was the tenant of the tomb!'"

The partiality of friendship may plead for these extravagant eulogies; but we fear history must pause upon them as but the warm effusions of a kindred spirit, magnifying the merits of those embarked with him in a bloody and unsuccessful cause,—the deeply tragic portions of which were well calculated to excite strong rather than correct feelings. But the subject is too painful to dwell much longer on, and we shall hasten our brief remaining extracts. Of the cruelties exercised towards prisoners or suspected persons, it is related and asserted to be true, that such instances as the following occurred. On a public thanksgiving, "the religious rites of the day had terminated, when the next after me in succession, the humane and kind-hearted Black, crossed the ferry. He had scarcely pressed the shore, when he was rudely seized, suspended by the neck, and though life was not extinguished, he experienced all the terrors and the pains of death. This was a species of punishment so generally practised throughout Ireland, and in which the executioner became so expert, that he prided himself in his knowledge of the extent of human suffering; distinguishing the precise point when the soul, just winged for its flight to a more peaceful world, might yet be detained, by the suspension of animal torture. Merciful Heaven! what refinement in the science of human suffering! Poor Black had given no offence—he had done no wrong—but his benevolent heart was suspected of sympathising in the miseries of his country."

After the battle of Ballynahinch, "the British never gave quarter, which accounts for the circumstance that few or no prisoners were made. Amongst those who perished on this occasion was a young and interesting female, whose fate has been so feelingly recorded in the poetic strains of our distinguished countrywoman, Miss Balfour. Many were the romantic occurrences of a similar nature at this unfortunate period, but none perhaps more deserving of our sympathy than the interesting subject of the present incident. The men of Ards were distinguished for their courage and discipline, and their division bore a full share in the disasters of the day. In this division were two young men remarkable for their early attachment and continued friendship. They were amongst the first to take up arms, and from that moment had never been separated. They fought side by side, cheering, defending, and encouraging each other, as if the success of the field solely depended on their exertions. Monroe had assigned on the 12th a separate command to each, but they entreated to be permitted to conquer or perish together. One had an only sister; she was the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of their village, where to this hour the perfection of female beauty is described as it approximates in resemblance to the fair Elizabeth Grey. She had seen her brother and his friend march to the field: she had bidden the one adieu with the fond affection of a sister, but a feeling more tender watched for the safety of the other. Every hour's absence rendered separation more painful; every moment created additional suspense. She resolved to follow her brother—her lover—to the field. The fatal morn of the 13th had not yet dawned when she reached Ednevady heights. The troops of the Union were in motion. She joined the embattled ranks. The enthusiasm of love supported her through the perils of the fight, but borne down in the retreat, she fell in the indiscriminate slaughter, while her brother and her lover perished by her side. The town of Ballynahinch was pillaged and fired. So intent were the British troops on plunder, that many fugitives escaped the slaughter to which they must otherwise have fallen victims. Subsequent courts-martial, however, afforded an ample scope for the indulgence of the sanguinary passions. The brave Monroe was one of their first victims. Two days after the battle his place of concealment was discovered; his person was soon identified; nothing further was wanting. He knew the fate that awaited him. With a quick but a firm step and undaunted composure he ascended the scaffold, evidently more desirous to meet death than to avoid it. He was executed in the thirty-first year of his age, at the front of his own house, where his wife, his mother, and sister resided. His head was severed from his body, and exhibited upon the market-house on a pike, so situated as to be the first and the last object daily before the eyes of his desolate family."

We are told the following story in a note, which laments the expatriation of Irishmen to serve in foreign armies.

"The field of Fontenoy was contested with the most obstinate courage by the allied troops of England, Hanover, &c. under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, and those of France under the veteran Marshal Saxe. The battle was long and doubtful, but the fortune of the day promised victory to the allies. The troops of France were worsted in every quarter, and the attention of the commander was now chiefly directed to the personal safety of the monarch. In this hour of discomfiture and impending ruin, the French king addressed the veteran Saxe, and eagerly inquired was there nothing left to uphold the honour of the day. 'I have yet,' replied the gallant Saxe, 'a small reserve. The Irish troops are fresh, but their numbers are few.' They were led to immediate action, and the stimulating cry of 'Cieniegeg er Louimeneigh angus er faule ne Sassinagh'* was re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful, and victory the most decisive crowned the arms of France.' 'Curse on the laws,' exclaimed the British monarch, 'which deprive me of such subjects!' I have extracted the foregoing anecdote from a journal of the cam-

* "Remember Limerick and British faith."

paigns of my maternal grand uncle, who bore a distinguished share in the honours of that day; and the following I report on the authority of his son, who served in the Irish brigade until its final departure from France in the early years of the revolution. 'We were under arms and about to march from France, after a century of military service, covered with military glory. We halted to receive the last salutations of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, in the person of monsieur his brother. The scene was an affecting one. He advanced to the front of the brigade. The officers formed a circle round him. He addressed us under evident feelings of agitation, — many were honoured by the most flattering marks of his personal attention. 'We acknowledge, gentlemen,' said he, 'the invaluable services which France, during the lengthened period of a hundred years, has received from the Irish brigade; services which we shall never forget, though totally unable to repay. Receive this standard,' (it was embroidered with the shamrock and fleur-de-lis,) 'a pledge of our remembrance, a token of our admiration and respect; and this, generous Hibernians, shall be the motto on your spotless colours,—

'1692——1792.'
'Semper et ubique fidelis.'"

A history of the gallant Irish Brigade would be a most interesting work; but we have now to conclude, which we shall do with a tragi-comic anecdote.

"A small party of a Highland regiment had been despatched from the little village of D— to search for arms. They stopped at the cabin of a peasant, and demanded entrance. Poor Pat had a cow, a rare blessing. He was in the act of cleansing its miserable hovel, with a large three-pronged fork, when he observed the soldiers around his cottage. Irishmen generally act from the first impulse; and the first impulse of Pat's mind at this moment was self-preservation. He darted from the hovel, and with the long fork in his hand, dashed through the astonished soldiers, heading his course towards a neighbouring bog, bounded by the road over which we passed. The party pursued.— Pat had gained an important point. The attention of the enemy was drawn off from his *castle*, and his little family had time to make arrangements for their safety. The pursuit was hot, but the retreat still more vigorous; the encumbrance of brogues was soon laid aside, and Pat, in his native phraseology, gained the bog in a *jiffey*. He was more fleet than his pursuers; but a stout, lengthy, brawny grenadier, as familiar with bog and mountain as the best Irishman in the province, had far outrun his companions, and every moment gaining ground in the pursuit, was just within bayonet reach, when Pat, wheeling rapidly round, charged him with his long three-pronged fork in front; the thrust was a home one, and the Highlander fell. Pat, who in all his varieties of life had never seen the Highland costume before, gazed in surprise on his fallen enemy, addressing him in his native language — 'Though eshin, lhat augus gu neineg sheighmough yut S' Dioul un daugh viegh urth er maudin um eigh sheigh, augus taught amaugh gou dugh brieshtiegh.'— 'Take that, and much good may it do you: you were in a devil of a hurry after me this morning, when you did not wait to put on your breeches."

These were the dismal times of Ireland; but let us hope that brighter are now dawning; and, in the terms of its own expressive saying, "Remember that the darkest hour of the four-and-twenty is that before day."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Resumen Historico de la Revolucion de los Estados Unidos Mejicanos, &c. Por Don Pablo de Mendibil. Londres, 1828. R. Ackermann.

THE great political interest attached to the new republics which have arisen on the dissolution of the Spanish dominion in America, seems to render some notice of every important work concerning them indispensable on our part. Under this impression, we consider ourselves bound to point the reader's attention to the publication quoted above, as one containing a comprehensive account of the origin and progress of the Mexican Revolution. The author has drawn his materials chiefly from the Cuadro Historico de la Revolucion de Mejico, by Don Carlos Maria Bustamente, which consists of a series of letters, in four volumes. That work, besides being too extensive and diffuse for general use, has become very scarce; and it is, therefore, no slight advantage for those who are desirous of obtaining correct information on the Mexican Revolution, to find all the important facts in Bustamente's details carefully collected and lucidly arranged in an octavo volume of moderate size, and illustrated with portraits of the principal Mexican commanders and leaders of the popular party. We hope the author will continue his history to the present time, and give us an account of the parties called *Yorkinos* and *Escosinos*, of which so much is said, and so little accurately known. The only certain fact seems to be, that their names indicate the sources whence the respective lodges of two classes of Freemasons have derived their institution; the former being from the Royal York Lodge in England, and the latter from the Lodges in Scotland. It happens singularly enough, that by some accident—for there is, we presume, nothing in the principles of the respective masonic lodges to cause the distinction—the Yorkinos are the violent radicals of Mexico, and the Escosinos the moderate party.

The Diagrams of Euclid's Elements of Geometry, in an embossed or tangible form. For the Use of Blind Persons, who wish to enter upon the Study of that noble Science. Part I. By the Rev. W. Taylor, Vicar of Bishop Burton. York, T. Marsh. London, W. Jay.

WE had heard of the surprising success with which the reverend author of this singular work cultivated the faculties of the blind, in the north of England, long before his ingenious invention for teaching them geometry was put into our hands. It is a very happy idea, and admirably calculated to add to the higher enjoyments of those afflicted with the loss of sight, by opening for them, in their dark state, a new and interesting source of employment and mental gratification. The plan is as simple as it is effectual; and consists of Simson's diagrams raised upon a thick paper or pasteboard, so as to be readily traced by the fingers. There is a pleasing preface, and brief directions for using this benevolent and beautiful system, which will console many heavy hearts, and lighten many a cheerless hour. The volume itself is a literary curiosity.

The Botanical Register. By Sydenham Edwards and others. Monthly. No. I. Vol. 14. Ridgway.

As we occasionally notice, in the columns of our journal, those periodical publications of science or literature which strike us as being useful, instructive, and pleasing, we make no apology for saying a few words in favour of the publication now before us. It has long been known to the public as an excellent botanical work, and is executed in a manner which, considering its small price, is highly creditable to the liberal spirit of its publishers. The Number for the present month contains, together with five other plants, a representation of the famous *Air Plant* of China, the blossoms of which, each three inches in expansion, are of a rich scarlet, and produced in bunches of extraordinary size. In the same Number we also find *Pentstemon diffusum*, *Castilleja coccinea*, beautiful, hardy, herbaceous plants; and *Prunus candicans*, or Snowy Plum, a new hardy shrub of unusual beauty. What we consider the most valuable feature of this work, and what distinguishes it peculiarly in its class, is the judicious selection of its subjects, and the constant introduction of greenhouse and hardy flowers and shrubs, in preference to those which are to be preserved only in the hot-house, of which, however, a sufficient proportion is retained to render the Register useful to all classes of readers. Thus, in the last volume, we find, of the subjects which are represented, twenty-four stove plants, twenty-three green-house plants, and thirty-eight hardy shrubs or flowers.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. With the Descriptions of Dr. Meyrick. Parts VIII. and IX. J. Skelton, Oxford.

THIS work, so interesting to the antiquary and the artist, and, indeed, to the public generally, proceeds with unabated diligence and care. The plates of the above-mentioned Numbers give a very clear and sufficient notion of the arms and pieces of armour which they are intended to represent. The illustrations contain various curious anecdotes. For instance, in describing the Allecret, which implies, in the German language, "all strength," and which was the armour of the infantry Dr. Meyrick says,—"As this was the genera costume of the Swiss, it may not be uninteresting to remark, that by putting themselve in armour, they completely changed the opinion respecting infantry." Having, during th fourteenth century, shaken off the Austria yoke, they were well aware that, to be match for the cavalry, "then considered th efficient force of armies, their mountainou district would not be sufficient without a mour. They were, therefore, the first i fantry that cased themselves in steel; a such became their renown, that all the co tinental monarchs eagerly sought their se vices. The battle of Marignano, in 151 proved that the infantry of each respecti country might be made equally effective."

Dictionary of the English Language, &c. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. London, 18 J. O. Robinson.

THIS edition of Johnson's Dictionary, "s reotyped verbatim from the last folio edit corrected by the doctor," is eminently dese ing of notice for its accuracy, the beauty its typography, and the character of its rangements. It is in one volume, of 1 pages, divided each into three columns. the preface there is an attack upon Tc which, to some justice of remark, adds jections, of the force of which it is not to allow: the more copious any dictionary

it is the better; and the strangest words are generally those at which readers wish to look for their signification. But without going into the comparison between Todd's and this edition, we may warmly recommend the present for its conveniency and excellency of form, and its cheapness in price, which renders it very eligible for all libraries and studies, where the means are moderate, and the desire for accurate information and easy reference great.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 8th, 1828.

THE dreadful accident that has occurred at the Brunswick Theatre, and the insecurity of the public, from the ignorance or negligence of individuals, calls imperiously for some legislative regulations, similar to those adopted by the French government. In France, details of every part of the plan and construction of public buildings must be previously submitted to a government architect, who examines the whole carefully, and suggests the alterations and modifications which he judges necessary for the public safety: and it is only on his written approval of the plan that the construction is permitted to be executed. Nor does his charge end here; he superintends the works as they proceed, and prevents the slightest deviation from the plan as sanctioned by him. Had such a regulation existed in England, the calamity at the Brunswick Theatre would not have happened.

The paternal care of the French government in whatever concerns the public safety and health, is admirable. In England, we hear continually of houses in a state of dilapidation falling, and entombing numerous persons in the ruins. In France there are regular inspectors, who go systematically through Paris, to ascertain the state of the houses; and whenever the slightest appearance of danger is obvious, the tenants are ordered to quit, and the place is pulled down. Private interests are never consulted, when the personal safety of the public is concerned. This *surveillance* is extended to the construction of all forges, furnaces, steam-engines, the manufactories of chemical products emitting offensive odours, &c. If a high-pressure engine be permitted in a town, one of the conditions is, that it shall be surrounded by a wall four feet thick; and the chimney must rise to a certain height above the adjoining buildings. The engine is not even permitted to be wrought, unless the boiler has been previously proved capable of supporting a power of steam four times greater than that at which it is intended to work. Besides these precautions, every boiler must be provided with a metallic plate, fusible at a small degree above the working power, that in case the safety valve should not act, or any other dangerous circumstance arise whereby the steam would become of a greater force than intended, the plate may melt, and the steam escape in abundance by the orifice.

A few months since, a dyer, near Paris, who had a high-pressure engine, was interdicted working it, on account of the insecurity of the boiler. The proprietor ordered another to be made, and invited the officers of government to witness the proof of it at the maker's: it was intended to work at two atmospheres, and perfectly resisted the force of eight atmospheres; and was, consequently, approved. The proprietor, however, thinking to be too cunning, did not send for it, but had his old boiler cut shorter and used again. The government engineers, not suspecting the trick, did not examine the boiler when putting up. The engine had not been at work two hours, when the new end of the boiler was blown off at the rivets; the steam rushed out and destroyed two houses in the rear, and the boiler itself was driven, in a contrary direction, through the engine-house, to the distance of sixty yards: though weighing above two tons, it destroyed the engine, and killed the engineer and the proprietor, who happened to be in the engine-house. This accident arising from the wilful misconduct of the proprietor, his family was ordered to grant a pension to the widow of the engineer. In like manner, if any person be maimed or killed, by being run over, the proprietor of the horse or carriage is obliged to grant an indemnity to the sufferer, or grant a pension to the parents, widow, or children of the defunct.

Last season, two persons were out shooting; the gun of one of them went off; part of the shot lodged in the face of his companion, and deprived him of one of his eyes: he brought an action for the injury, and the other party was sentenced to pay him an annuity of fifty pounds during his life. In England, there being no *malice prepense*, the matter would be regarded as an accident, and no action could be sustained; but the French laws consider wisely, that an accident is the result of negligence, and it is punished as such, as no person ought to suffer from the negligence of another.

By a recent decision of the tribunals, no foreigner can be appointed an arbitrator,—a poor compliment to the honour of other countries, and likely to produce injurious results to the property of foreigners invested in France.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION: MARCH 7.

THE observations and illustrations given by Mr. Faraday at the lecture-table this evening were supplementary to those of February 15, for an account of which we refer our readers to the *Literary Gazette* of February 23. After some preliminary statements, he proceeded to illustrate the reciprocation of a column of air, not to the vibrations of a solid sonorous body, but to another column of air thrown into a vibrating state. Two German flutes were placed side by side, and breath being given to one to produce the sound C, the other also produced the same sound, as was rendered abundantly evident by fingering it so as to fit it to produce some other sound, when the sound resulting from the vibrations of both was considerably diminished.

In reference to the explanation formerly given of the Jew's-harp, namely, that the volume of air in the mouth could reciprocate to the tongue of the instrument, when the vibrations of the former were any multiple of those of the latter, a philosophical illustration and proof of the fact were given. A long metallic tube had a piston fitted into it, which, being moved, could lengthen or shorten the efficient column of air within at pleasure. A Jew's-harp was fixed so that it could be made to vibrate before the mouth of the tube, and it was found that, under such circumstances, the column of air produced a series of sounds according as it was lengthened or shortened, a sound being produced whenever the length of the column was such that its vibrations were a multiple of those of the Jew's-harp.

The manner in which Mr. Eullenstein succeeded in producing chords with this instrument was also shewn, by making the column of air, in a flute fingered for B, reciprocate at once to two tuning-forks giving the notes A and C; but the sounds are much enfeebled in this case, from the want of accordance between the reciprocating columns and the original phonics.

A reference was then made to the phenomena of beats and the grave harmonic sounds. The beats of several tuning-forks were beautifully reciprocated by a flute; and, indeed, there is no more striking method of rendering them evident. The reciprocation of a grave harmonic, independent of its generating sounds, was also referred to, and partly illustrated; but Mr. Faraday stated, that the sudden manner in which the subject had been resumed prevented the experiments from being so complete as was intended.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain. Drawn and described by Mrs. Edward T. Bowdich. No. I. Imp. 4to. Ackermann.

WE have been much delighted with the inspection of this beautiful work, which does great credit to the amiable and accomplished lady from whose pencil and pen it has proceeded. The drawings are the most splendid and faithful representations of the kind that we have ever met with; a circumstance in a great measure attributable to their having been made immediately after the fish were caught; "for," as Mrs. Bowdich observes, "not only do the colours of many fishes change, in the course of a few minutes after death, but even the shape of the head, in many instances, undergoes an alteration; so that in the subjects preserved in our cabinets, the figure of this important part frequently differs considerably from that which it bore in its native element."

The letter-press which accompanies the drawings comprehends a scientific description of the different fishes, with anecdotes, general notices on their habits, and changes of figure and colour, times of spawning, &c. Mrs. Bowdich states, that in her classification she has been kindly assisted by Baron Cuvier, whose system she has adopted, and who has given her the nomenclature he intends using in his forthcoming great work on Ichthyology. The present Number contains "Trout," "Carp," "Roach," and "Bleak." The succeeding Numbers are to appear at moderate intervals; and it is estimated that the work will be completed in ten numbers. As all the delineations will be coloured drawings, and consequently will occupy considerable time in finishing them with due attention to accuracy, the number of copies is to be limited to fifty.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 8.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—R. W. Mackay, Brasennose College, Rev. H. D. Ryder, Oriel College, Grand Compounders; W. M. Blencowe, Oriel College; C. C. Walkey, Scholar, Worcester College; Rev. P. W. Powlett, Michel Fellow, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. W. Hope, W. R. Courtenay, Christ Church; J. Gibbs, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 8.—Thursday, C. Babbage, Esq. M.A. of Trinity College, was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, vacant by the election of G. B. Airy, Esq. to the Plumian Professorship.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. R. M. Mant, Christ College, Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Battiscombe, J. Packe, Fellows, King's College; J. H. Raven, Magdalene College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. J. Vaughan, St. John's College; Rev. W. W. Aldrich, P. S. Aldrich, Trinity Hall; Rev. W. Gunning, Christ College, Compounder.

Bachelor in Physic.—E. Darwin, Christ College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. R. Fiske, Catherine Hall; J. B. Goodwin, W. Morshead, Sidney Sussex College.

At the above congregation graces passed the senate to appoint Mr. Hughes, of Emmanuel College, and Mr. Ebden, of Trinity Hall, examiners of the junior sophs, in the place of Mr. Byam and Mr. Porter; also to confer the degree of M.A. by royal mandate on Mr. Procter, of Christ College.

The Hebrew dissertation was on Wednesday last adjudged to A. Addis, B.A. of Trinity College.

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is, *Saul at Endor*. The Vice-Chancellor has given notice, that if any poem on the above subject shall be considered by the examiners to be entitled to distinguished commendation, a premium of one hundred pounds shall be given, instead of the usual sum of forty pounds.

THE LITERARY FUND.

On Wednesday, the annual general meeting of this beneficent Institution was held at the chambers in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Lord Goderich and Lord Ellenborough were elected vice-presidents, in the room of the late Mr. Canning and Lord Radnor, and J. Cam Hobhouse, Esq. *pro* John Symmons, Esq. retired. Five vacancies in the Council, caused by deaths and by non-attendance, were filled up by the names, from the general Committee, of Messrs. George Woodfall, Owen Rees, William Jerdan, Richard Blanshard, and William Tooke: and Messrs. T. Amyot, James Duncan, A. Spottiswoode (sheriff), Rev. H. Stebbing, and John Wilson, were added to the General Committee. The registrars, treasurers, and auditors, were re-elected.

A statement of the funds, &c. of the Society shewed its flourishing condition, notwithstanding the liberal spirit in which its bounties are dispensed. — The ordinary receipts of the past year were 1156*l.*—and the extraordinary receipts 446*l*: total 1602*l.* The disbursements were 1175*l.*—or 15*l.* more than the ordinary receipts, but leaving a balance of above 430*l.* in the treasury, for the relief of literary wretchedness. To this fund, the anniversary dinner, on the second Wednesday in May, will, no doubt, make a splendid addition, as many distinguished noblemen, and persons eminent in literature, have promised to attend on that occasion. The Society has also a revenue from above 20,000*l.* in the public funds, the rents of houses, &c. &c. Legacies are often bequeathed to it by the charitable and benevolent; so that every lover of letters, and every one who feels admiration for the prodigious benefits derived by a country from a free and encouraged press, must congratulate themselves on the present prosperity and certain prospects of this Institution, the acts of which, we may safely say, are more than twice blessed.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

[*Abridged from the Calcutta Gov. Gazette of Sept.* 10.]

A meeting of the Asiatic Society was held on Wednesday; the Hon. W. B. Bayley, Esq., vice-president, in the chair, and some routine was transacted.

Mr. E. Sterling presented to the museum a number of old coins found in Malwa, bearing the impressions of the Khilji sovereigns of Mando. Several coins also were presented by Mr. Halhed, which were dug up at Sahaswan, or Saswan, a fortress built upon the ruins of a Hindu fort, destroyed by Baber early in the sixteenth century. They bear on one side the apparent outlines of a figure, and on the other the words Deva, or Mahadeva; but very rudely and indistinctly executed.

Several papers were received from Mr. Hodgson, descriptive of the written characters and classical writings of Nepal, and of the series of Bauddha teachers venerated in that country. Also a drawing and description of the celebrated column near Bettiya, on which the same characters are inscribed as those on the Lot of Firoz Shah at Delhi and on the rock in Orissa, and have baffled, hitherto, every attempt to decipher them. Some of them resemble Greek, and others Ethiopic letters: but the resemblance is too partial to admit of any satisfactory identification. The pillar in question stands near the village of Mathiya, about eleven miles W.N.W. of Bettiya, six or seven from the Gunduk river, and about thirty miles from the mountains of Nepal. The whole country, to the base of the mountains, is perfectly free from hills, or even from stones, and there are no vestiges of any building of remarkable character or extent. The pillar is circular and plain, about 50 feet high and three in diameter, and consists of a single block of granite. It has no base, and is said to extend as far below the surface as above it; an assertion that may be questioned, although it runs several feet under ground. A neat fluted capital is surmounted by a round block, which is carved on its sides with a line of geese pecking the ground, and above which rests a lion couchant. The upper jaw of the lion has been broken off; but the pillar is in every other respect entire. The inscription is carried round the shaft near the centre, and the characters are perfectly distinct. Next to the inscription, the subject that excites curiosity is the manner in which such a mass could be conveyed to this spot from a distance so considerable as that of the nearest mountains. The general character of the column is the same as many to be met with in Nepal, and the figure of the lion is precisely that of the animal as represented in the Bauddah temples of that kingdom. The Nepalese who have seen the pillar or the drawing, recognise it as a structure familiar to their religious architecture; but they do not lay any distinct claim to its erection—the history of which is utterly lost. In connexion with the literature and religion of Tibet, and, indeed, of the whole of the Bhote countries, it appears that the patronage of the Government has enabled the Hungarian traveller, M. C. de Koros, to proceed to Upper Bisahir, to prosecute his Tibetan studies for three years, in which period he engages to prepare a comprehensive grammar and vocabulary of the language, with an account of the literature and history of the country. These objects are the more desirable, as we understand Mr. De Koros considers the recent labours of Klaproth and Remusat with regard to the language and literature of Tibet as altogether erroneous. Mons. Remusat, indeed, admits the imperfectness of his materials; but Klaproth, as usual, pronounces *ex cathedrâ*, and treats the notion of any successful study of Tibetan by the English in India with ineffable contempt.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 433. *Dogs hunting Rats in a Barn.* Martin T. Ward. — This is a subject for the "Fancy," and of its kind a very legitimate one; for though we are disposed warmly to reprobate the cruelty that, under the name of sport, is frequently exercised on the nobler animals, it would be carrying sensibility to an absurd length, were we to object to the extirpation of vermin, which, if we did not destroy them, would speedily destroy us. Mr. Martin Ward has introduced some of the best qualities of the art into this spiritedly-painted picture.

No. 243. *Old Houses at Dolgelly, from a Sketch by E. V. Utterson, Esq.* Geo. Jones, R. A. — It is thus that the magic of art elevates and gives importance to objects which are of little or no value in themselves. Few have shewn more talent in the characteristic and powerful representation of scenes of this kind that the very able artist whose performance we are now considering. His style of execution is always in strict conformity to his subject.

No. 254. *Cottage Scene, with Figures; Evening.* John and Eliz. Dearman. — There is great harmony in the style of these partner-artists; and, which is still better, it is a good style; — in colouring, warm and glowing; in execution, brilliant and spirited. We have seen, elsewhere, paintings by Mr. John Dearman of great promise; and (as we understand he is a very young man) we are inclined to think that he is destined to take a high rank in the department of art in which he has chosen to display his powers.

No. 463. *Morning Prayer in the Church of Tournay.* G. R. Lewis. — This artist is the third of the name of Lewis whose performances have deservedly attracted our notice; each having merits of his own quite distinct from those of his namesakes. For instance the present picture is in style and effect singularly different from the works of either Mr. J. F. Lewis or Mr. F. C. Lewis. It possesses a solemnity of tone admirably suited to the subject, and a chiaroscuro worthy the pencil of Rembrandt.

No. 306. *Studies of the Giraffe, &c. painted for his Majesty.* R. B. Davis. — Close and accurate representations of this remarkable creature, and displaying its habits in a striking manner. Having ourselves taken considerable interest in the stranger when he landed on our shores, (insomuch as even to give his portrait in the *Literary Gazette*), we may be excused for continuing to feel an interest in his welfare. This induces us to *hint*, that though our friend the Camelopard is a very great favourite with his royal Master, he, like other favourites, does not seem to be so well respected by others about court and menagerie, to whose care his entertainment has been intrusted. As Don Miguel was *feted* by competent individuals, appointed for that purpose, we are of opinion that the precedent is good, and that the charge of the Giraffe should be assigned to some scientific person, and not be left to mere grooms. Seriously, the preservation of so rare and curious an object of natural history is worthy of attention.

No. 338. *Gamekeeper Cleaning his Gun*; and No. 363, *Gamekeeper's Return from Duck-Shooting.* H. Pidding. — We merely name these extremely clever pieces, which we had almost overlooked from their situation. They are, nevertheless, very Flemish in their character and finish, and harmonious in their tone of colour.

No. 499. *A Visit of Consolation to the Sick.* W. J. Thomson. — A Scottish scene, extremely well composed, and extremely characteristic. The sentiment is of that tender and amiable kind which appeals to every human heart. The colouring is not so good; but we think an engraving of the subject would be popular. Mr. Thomson has long been distinguished as a miniature painter of the highest class: we do not remember to have seen any thing of his in oil before.

Our limits compel us to conclude. In doing so, we can conscientiously declare, that we think the present collection exhibits taken equal, perhaps superior, to that of any former collection in the same place. In the landscape department, it is very rich and abundant; in subjects of familiar life, scarcely less so; and the paucity of historical or poetical works of an elevated character is, we have no doubt, attributable solely to the slender encouragement

ment given to productions of that nature in this country. Having pointed out some of the principal attractions* in the Gallery, it remains for the candid and judicious visitor to discover such as may have escaped our notice. If really "candid and judicious," his researches will be regulated by this "special observance," that when, among excellent qualities, he may chance to detect imperfections, he will — we will not say "give them an understanding, but no tongue," for that would be too much forbearance to expect or indeed to desire,—but, at least, he will not proclaim his discovery through a speaking-trumpet. Mild and discriminating criticism must always be beneficial; but only those who have mixed much with artists, and have had opportunities of observing the various evils and difficulties to which they are subject, can be aware how injurious is loud and unqualified condemnation; how destructive to the individual against whom it is directed; how detrimental to the cause of the fine arts generally.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Temple of Jupiter, in the Island of Ægina. Engraved by John Pye, after a Picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

In the last Number of the *Literary Gazette* we noticed a remarkably fine print after Turner, and we have now to call the attention of our readers to another, equally superb. If the publishers of the present day continue to bring out such productions as these, English engravings will speedily recover the high character they enjoyed throughout Europe some five and twenty or thirty years ago; but which the long duration of the war, (in a great measure closing the continent against us), and, still more, the wretched avarice of petty traders in this country, urging to the multiplication of cheap and inferior works, have, until lately, placed in abeyance. "The Temple of Jupiter" is from one of Mr. Turner's most finely painted and most classical compositions. The centre of the middle distance is occupied by a beautiful group of trees, assuming the most graceful and picturesque forms. A sacrificial procession is passing under them towards the Temple, which rises immediately behind in grand simplicity, and in which, through a tender and sunny haze is shed a deliciously soft and neutralising light. The extreme distance on the right is the Ægean Sea; that on the left, Athens. In the fore-ground is a fountain, at which a kneeling female is slaking her thirst. There is extraordinary power in this part of the plate and by its great depth, the aërial perspective of the more remote passages is most successfully preserved. We will not enter into an invidious comparison between the merits of "Tivoli" and those of "The Temple of Jupiter." They are both admirable works; they are so nearly of a size as to be very suitable companions; and the possessor of the one cannot possibly do better than immediately become the purchaser of the other.

The Twa Dogs. Engraved by B. P. Gibbon, from a Picture by Edwin Landseer. 1826. W. B. Tiffin; and Colnaghi and Son.

Perhaps, with the exception of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Tam O'Shanter," there is not one of Burns's productions more deservedly popular than his "Twa Dogs." Mr. Landseer seems to have entered completely into the feelings and spirit of the poet. He has most happily contrasted the graceful ease of "the gentleman and scholar" with the awkward rusticity of "the ploughman's collie;" and the conversation which, after having "wi' daffin weary grown," the canine play-fellows are holding "about the lords o' the creation," is evidently earnest and interesting, and full of sagacious and severe remark. The plate is admirably engraved.

Groups painted by Michelangiolo Buonaroti, 1508, 1511, in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Engraved from a Drawing by William Young Ottley.

This print is rendered curious and valuable by the circumstance of its representing two groups which Michael Angelo painted under the figure of the prophet Jonas; and which he afterwards obliterated, in order to make room for the upper part of the celebrated Last Judgment; unmindful, perhaps, that in so doing, he rendered imperfect his genealogical series, shewing the descent of Christ from Abraham. The authority for these groups is a drawing of the early part of the sixteenth century, in the possession of Mr. Rogers.

Anche a te, Carino! — Anche a me, Madre mia! Designed and engraved by William Young Ottley. Colnaghi.

These two fine designs are dedicated, by permission, to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The hints for them were taken from nature, at Rome, so long back as the year 1792. They possess much of the grandeur of Michael Angelo: the parts are few, and large; and the composition is constructed with great skill, and great knowledge of ancient and academic art.

National Gallery. — Our readers are aware that a series of engravings from the pictures in the National Gallery are in progress by a body of our best artists. It affords us great pleasure to learn that his Majesty, ever seizing opportunities to encourage the cultivation of the Fine Arts, has placed the royal name at the head of the list of subscriptions to this great undertaking. So patronised, it cannot fail of success.

Sculpture by Mr. Lough.—We have taken a very hasty glance at the Exhibition of the designs prepared by this highly distinguished youthful artist, in Regent Street; which is to be opened on Monday. It consists of his celebrated Milo, and group of Samson slaying the Philistines; to which he has now added a new and noble composition of Iris visiting Somnus, from Ovid—and Musidora, from Thomson's Seasons. Having already spoken of the Iris group, we have now only time to express our perfect admiration of the God of Sleep: the position of the Goddess is a very difficult one; but it is treated with all the taste which truth and nature rendered possible. The Musidora is a companion worthy of any Venus of antiquity.

Stothard.—Mr. Hobday's Gallery in Pall Mall is about to receive an interesting accession in several of Stothard's earlier and best paintings, which are, we learn, on their way from Yorkshire. The gentleman to whom they belong possesses also a numerous collection of drawings by the same masterly hand.

Copy of Raphael's Incendio di Borgo. —This work, exhibiting in Pall Mall East, is of the size of the original in the Vatican, and conveys to the beholder a fine idea of Raphael's grand production. It is done by Mr. Hollins, and does credit to his talents.

* We have particularly criticised above *seventy* pictures in this Exhibition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FREE AND FRIENDLY ADDRESS

To the Author of "Odes and Addresses to Great People," &c.

Oh Thomas Hood! thou soul of fun,
I know not one in London
Better than thee to make a pun,
Or better to be punn'd on!

Would that I knew thee!—come—reveal!
Art honest Tom, and good?
Dost thou a pun now never steal,
And turn a Robbin' Hood?

(In flow'ry dress, methinks thee Much,*
The Miller's Man); but, pshaw—
No longer I'll suspect there's such
An outlaw *in* the law!

Ah! you must have a cunning eye—
And doubtless as by instinct,
Your clients would move cautiously—
However slightly Hood-winked!

Hast thou a sister? why then ye
Might fill a convent! for ye would,
Sans other Hood-ed ones, still be
A Brother-Hood and Sister-Hood!†

And then the world would drolly pay
Thee more than poet's due,
And talking of Hood and Cowl-ey say,
Thou wert a Priest-Hood too!

Where'er I lived, I would not care,
If live near thee I could;
For thou, methinks, would be a rare
And pleasant Neighbour-Hood!

But Tom, beware! the private end
Of some who courted thee would
Be less, perhaps, to get a *friend*,
Than to get a lively-Hood!

Art married?—then in kindly moods,
May Fate send thee, at least,
Some little, hopeful, likely,-Hoods,
That thy fame may be increas'd!

Dost love a row on a lonely sea?
You ought—although 'tis dull—
Should not a Hood (like Byron) be
Attached much to a scull?

And should you e'er for heaven quit
The earth, in car o' th' sun—
(What did you say, you wicked wit?
You'd rather ride a-pun?)‡

Oh Tom! how much and oft I've longed
That then you kindly would
Leave me the Mantle that belonged
To such a funny Hood!

Sam Wildpun.

* An associate of Robin Hood's.
† And that, too, without a Superior.
‡ My master, I think, meant "upon."—*Amanuensis.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PROPHECIES.

Sir,—In your notice of Valentini's Military Reflections, you mention the prophecy of the dissolution of the Turkish empire, or at least of the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, by which it is supposed that they may be in some degree discouraged. Perhaps you will not be sorry to have a copy of this prophecy, authenticated by the Turkish original, as I find it in Sansovino's collection of Treatises relative to the history of the Turks, published about the middle of the sixteenth century.

"Our emperor will come; he will take the

kingdom of an infidel prince; he will take also a red apple, and will reduce it under his power. If before the seventh year the sword of the Christians shall not be drawn, he shall be their lord till the twelfth year: he will build houses, plant vines, enclose (furnish) gardens with hedges, beget sons. But after the twelfth year from the time he reduced the red apple under his power, the sword of the Christians will appear, which will put the Turk to flight."

The original is as follows:—

"Patissa homoz ghelur, csiaferun memle keti alur kuzualmai, alur capzeiler, iedi Vladegh keleci esikmasse on iki yladegh onlarum begli-ghider: cusi iapar, baghi diker, bahesar bayhlar, ogli kesi olur, on iki yldenssora Christianon keleci eseikar, ol Turki gheressine tuskure."

By the *red apple* the Turks understood some great and very strong city; and the prophecy was supposed to be verified in the capture of Constantinople. The periods of seven and twelve years must of course have been considered as mystic. Some supposed each year, like the jubilee, to comprehend fifty years, some a century, some 366 years.

This prophecy has not merely descended by oral tradition, but, though not found in the Koran, is recorded in works of the highest authority, and regarded with the utmost respect.

I will now give you a version of the same prophecy, translated from the Persian by Georgienltz.

"Imperator noster veniet, gentilium regnum capiet, rubrum malum caplet, subjugabit. Septem usque ad annos, ethnicorum gladius si non resurrexerit, duodecim usque ad annos in eos dominabitur, domum ædificabit, vineam plantabit, hortos sæpè muniet, et filium et filiam habebit; duodecim post annos Christianorum gladius insurget, qui et Turcam retrorsùm profligabit."

I shall conclude with another prophecy, mentioned in one of his works by Leo the philosopher, emperor of Constantinople.

"Familia flava cum competitoribus totum Ismaelum in fugam conjiciet, septemque colles possidentem cum ejus possessoribus capiet."

He mentions also a column in Constantinople, the inscription on which was explained by the patriarch to signify that the Muscovites and some other European power would take the city of Constantinople, and, after some disputes, concur in electing a Christian emperor. Leo, as you know, reigned in 886.

I am, &c. HINT.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday *Il Crociato* was produced, with Pasta in the character heretofore sustained by Velluti. There is a grand conflict carrying on just now between the partisans of these eminent musical personages; out of which some uproar arose in the course of the performance. It is, however, too late for us to enter upon particulars; the opera will no doubt be frequently repeated, and we shall do our devoirs to the new cast of parts.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW tragedy, and by Lord Porchester!—Come, thought we, here is a truly aristocratic production!—When peers flirt with poetry in this country of exclusive-ism, it should of course be with its highest orders. Marquesses must not dream of melo-dramas, viscounts should avoid vaudevilles, and barons abhor burlettas. Tragedy and comedy alone should have the entrée of the studio of a noble dramatist—in the first place, on account of the corresponding rank they hold in composition; and, secondly, because lords can afford the time to write them, and the risk of "taking nothing by their motion." Imagine a poor devil of an author, (if, by the way, there be any of that ancient tribe remaining in this truly *golden* age of literature,) consuming the midnight oil, for six months at least, over the concoction of an original tragedy or comedy; awaiting the decision of the management three more; and, admitting it to be accepted, (a very liberal admission on our parts,) standing upon the tiptoe of expectation for three more till it be produced, assuring, in the mean while, his butcher, his baker, and his tailor, that the first shilling he receives from the theatre shall be appropriated to the settlement of their "small accounts." Imagine, we say, a long year thus past; half of it entirely occupied in the construction of the piece, and the other half in dancing attendance on the managers and superintending the rehearsals, in a state of mind, too, of course, which must preclude the possibility of any thing like further composition. The night of performance at length arrives: the butcher, the baker, and the tailor, are accommodated with orders to support the piece, on the favourable reception of which their hopes of payment rest, like the world upon the tortoise. The curtain rises; the three first acts go off like—like any thing! The half-price enters, knowing nothing about what has previously occurred—one-third of the party in a state to be taken before any night constable as "drunk and disorderly," and a few who have paid their money with the express intention of "hissing the new piece *for fun!*" An unfortunate line in the mouth of a fifth-rate actor or actress excites the risibility of the pit, or draws down a coarse but humorous exclamation from the gallery; the butcher, baker, and tailor, tremble for their "small accounts;" and three pair of hard red hands are instantly set in motion,—but failing to excite a corresponding action on the part of the disinterested, succeed only in bringing down the storm which might otherwise have remained louring a little longer over the head of the unfortunate author, who having gnawed the fingers off his gloves and the mark out of his pocket-handkerchief, (from the pleasant anticipation that he must shortly accustom himself to eat any thing,) has the misery of seeing the structure, which it has cost him a year's labour and anxiety to erect, levelled to the dust, and unfeelingly trampled upon by the ignorant, the vulgar, and the inconsiderate! O ye oracles of the age! who fulminate your anathemas against the small fry of translators and adapters, inferring, with so much justice, that they *cannot* write originally, because they *do not*, let one of your patriotic body step forth, and be the Aria of some modern Pætus. Plunge the dagger into their own bosom, and then say, "It is not painful." For our own parts, we care little where the matter comes from, provided it be amusing; and if writers are not ambitious of the fame of originality, we do not see that it is our business to inspire them with the fatal passion, or to impale them upon the stake of criticism, except in cases where they have not the candour to acknowledge their obligations—the modesty to "confess and be hanged." But we had almost forgotten, that an original tragedy was awaiting our sentence. The noble author of *Don Pedro* has, as will be perceived by the bills, named most of his characters after certain princes, peers, and dames of high estate, who flourished in France and Spain about the middle of the 14th century. This, we think, was an unfortunate oversight of his lordship, as persons at all acquainted with history would be foolishly enough inclined to believe they were about to witness a representation of the most dramatic events in which such princes, &c. were the real actors. Lord Porchester, however, giving the town credit for superior sagacity, has ingeniously constructed a play, in which the truly tragical incidents of the period are either entirely avoided, or altered beyond the possibility of recognition. For instance—*Don Pedro*, or *Peter the Cruel*, king of Castile, is made to be jealous of his brother, Count Henry of Trastamar, instead of his other brother, Frederick, master of Santiago, though the truth of history might have been preserved, and no portion of dramatic interest lost by the adherence. Again, instead of availing himself of the belief that Peter, while struggling to destroy Henry, upon whom he had sprung like a tiger in the tent of the French king, was stabbed by one Rocaberti, who thus saved Henry from dipping his hands in a brother's blood, and delivered Spain from a remorseless tyrant,—his lordship has thought fit to make Peter fall in a cold-blooded single combat with Count Henry, and thereby disgusted the audience by a gratuitous exhibition of fratricide, while a catastrophe, in which poetical and real justice were so strongly and admirably blended, was ready to his hand. This is being original with a vengeance. Blanch of Bourbon and Maria de Padilla both preceded Peter to the tomb; the former being murdered by his own order, the latter dying heart-broken by his cruel treatment of her. Blanch, in the play, is, by some inexplicable means, preserved from the emissaries of Peter, to be poisoned by Maria in the last scene, à la fair Rosamond. All these deviations, however, might have been excusable in the eyes of mere playgoers, had his lordship improved upon his subject; but, unfortunately, that is far from the case. From the stirring times when England's romantic Edward, Du Guesclin, the champion of France, and Count Henry of Trastamar, surnamed *par excellence* "the Knight," filled Europe with their fame,—from a period of history teeming with dramatic materil of the most interesting nature, the author of *Don Pedro* has failed to extract a single gem—a solitary situation. Disappointed grievously, we must confess, in this respect, we have little heart to extend our remarks, which are already rather of the longest. Of the poetical merit of any piece we object to pronounce a decided opinion, till we have read it by our own fire-side—poetry on the stage being always spoken either too well or too ill to give a fair opportunity for criticism. One is either carried away by the fire of the actor, and the interest of the scene, or misled by the want of spirit and point with which a line is drawled or mouthed by some miscalled walking *gentleman*. As far as we could judge on Monday evening, the language of *Don Pedro*, without any particular claims to power or imagination, was unpretending and sensible. The best-written scene appeared to us to be that in which Henry obtains an interview with Blanch, in the disguise of a confessor—probably because it was the best-acted scene, and the only one in which there was any thing like natural interest. Macready had nothing to do; Mrs. W. Vest every thing. What could be expected from a tragedy under such circumstances? Mr. Wallack played *Raban*, a Jew, with his usual tact and spirit;

and Cooper acted the very ill-drawn character of Pedro with care and propriety. Our fair favourite, Ellen Tree, is making rapid strides in her profession: the beautiful, innocent, and suffering Blanch could not have had a better representative. We presume she finds her own dresses, as she was the only person decently or correctly attired in the whole play. The chivalry of France and Spain was the most ill-looking band of bravos that ever infested the mountains of Abruzzo. The tragedy proceeded with little interruption, (if we except some laudable hisses bestowed upon the acting of Mrs. W. West, who really gets worse and worse,) to the fall of the curtain, when it was announced, amidst much uproar, for repetition on Monday next. We imagine it will not reach a third representation.

COVENT GARDEN.

The romance of *Cymon* was produced here on Saturday, after a long repose, and charmingly played. Miss Stephens was all sweetness in *Sylvia*, Miss Goward an excellent old *Dorcas*, Mrs. Gibbs an unfaded *Fatima*, and Mrs. Vining a grand Enchantress. Duruset, as *Cymon*, performed and sung with equal spirit and taste; Evans, in *Dorus*, left us nothing to wish; and Egerton's *Merlin* and Penson's *Linco* filled up completely the merits of the piece. The *Somnambulist*, or rather Miss Kelly, continues in a high career of popular attraction. The *Invincibles* also proceed invincibly, though the severe illness of Vestris has thrown her part into the hands of Miss Goward. There could be no better substitute.

The annexed spirited and characteristic verses, written by Mr. Planché, were added to the national air of Rule Britannia, for the Covent Garden Fund anniversary of yesterday. The compliment to the royal chairman in the last, is, in our opinion, peculiarly happy and well expressed.

> And while by Royal William's hand
> Thine "ocean sword" shall wielded be,
> Low shall the despot of each hostile land
> Bow to the sultans of the sea!
> Rule Britannia, &c.
>
> Up to the skies your welcome send!—
> Give, give, your honest joy free scope!—
> For while lamented sets "the Soldier's Friend!"
> Over us dawns "the Sailor's Hope!"
> Rule Britannia, &c.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Having now seen the new interlude at this house, entitled, *The Scape Grace, or I've been hunting*, we have the pleasure of saying, that it is a light lively trifle, admirably acted by Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Hughes, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Buxton, and highly creditable to the talents of the fair translator, whose *coup d'essai* we understand it is. *Presumptive Evidence*, and *Paris and London*, complete the attractive bill of fare, which we suppose will remain unaltered during the few stock nights that are left of the season.

ORATORIO.—On Wednesday a capital selection of ancient and modern music varied the treat at Drury Lane, under Bishop's skilful management, with a strong and well-arranged orchestra. Braham was superb in "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see;" and charming in Callcott's air "The Banner should wave." Miss Paton appeared, but was too ill to sing: she vainly essayed her first song, but sank under the effort. Mr. Horncastle is sweet—we wish he would put more energy into his style. Mr. H. Taylor is correct, but exceedingly monotonous. Brambilla gave Pacini's air beautifully; and Miss Grant, in a duet with Braham, added greatly to her rising reputation. Miss Shireff in "O softly sleep my baby boy," displayed both taste and flexibility of organ; and Miss Love with her depth of voice, well managed in several pretty ballads, was loudly encored. Miss Love's principal deficiency is in enunciation: let her listen to Braham, Pasta, or Vestris, and take a lesson in this respect. Of Pasta herself we need only say that she was *glorious* in "Di piacer" and "Ah come rapida." At the close of the performances a *row* was produced in consequence of the leading singers being absent when the chorus were giving the Coronation Anthem. Mr. Bishop apologised, and brought back Taylor, Horncastle, Tinney, Miss Cawse, &c.; but this did not allay the disturbance, which continued to the end.

THE FRENCH OPERA.—The French opera has been for some time in a languishing state, on account of a want of novelty. Even Rossini's pieces, too often repeated, ceased to attract full houses. A new opera, therefore, of considerable interest was required to meet the current expenses; and *La Muette de Portici*, has come most apropos to the relief of the theatre. The subject is taken from the comic opera of *Masaniello*; and the authors of the new opera, Monsieurs Scribe and Delavigné (most French pieces are written by a company,) have availed themselves of all the interesting part of the story, and modified it to the taste and laws of *le grand opéra*. The music is by M. Aubert, and greatly increases his reputation. Two parodies are already on the stocks for the theatres of the Boulevards; and it is even said that M. Scribe is the author of one of them.

VARIETIES.

The Christian Era.—The precise period of the birth of our Saviour has frequently been the subject of discussion among chronologists; by some of whom it has been asserted that it took place four years before the vulgar era. Dr. Munter, of Copenhagen, has published a little treatise, full of erudition, in which he maintains that it occurred about six years before the vulgar era; so that the present year ought to be called 1834.

Potosi.—This town is built on unequal ground, at the foot of rocks. The air is so thin and subtle, that it is impossible to take fifty steps without experiencing a difficulty in breathing; so that visitors to the place always walk very slowly; and even the natives are not entirely exempt from the evil. The climate is exceedingly rigorous and variable. The four seasons occur on every day in summer. There are no promenades, no diversions, at Potosi. It is closely surrounded by stones and rocks. Fruit, vegetables, wood, forage, come from a distance of at least thirty leagues. According to the census of 1826, the population does not exceed 11,200; about fifty years ago it was 52,000. This shews the ravages that war has made. Potosi is a very poor place, notwithstanding its mines, which, for want of men and money to work them, are almost abandoned.—*Foreign Journal.*

Indian Customs.—The following example of self-immolation occurred lately at Gwalior, as we see from a Madras Gazette which we have just received. At Jaipur, an old Bairagi, above a hundred years of age, the head of an establishment, had assembled about seven or eight thousand mendicants of his order, whom he fed for two days: on the third, he dug a pit, in which he placed the seat of his predecessor, and delivering over his own pillow to his spiritual successor, Sivinath, he announced, in a loud voice, that this year would be agitated by public calamities; and then entering the pit, the Bairagis present, by his desire, buried him alive.

Holland.—From an investigation of the state of population in the kingdom of the Netherlands, by a Mr. A. Quetelet, containing an abridgment from the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Brussels, it results, that the proportion in the births of the males to the females is there as 1000 to 945; of the births to the marriages as 48 to 10; and the proportion of the population to the marriages as 130 to 1. At present, the Netherlands count seven great poor and work-houses, at Mons, Hoogstraten, Namur, La Cambre, Brussels, Brügge, Hooren, and Reckhiem. In the year 1821, there were 117 prisons; and the number of the persons arrested amounted in toto to 9,144.

Mr. Conway.—The *Chester Chronicle* mentions, in a paragraph, that Mr. Conway, the tragedian, who went to America a few years ago, and performed in that country with great success, was drowned on the 24th of January, while on his passage from New York to Savanna. What adds to the distressing nature of this event is, the statement that the unfortunate gentleman threw himself into the ocean in a fit of despondency. Should this fact be confirmed, we shall at a future day have the melancholy satisfaction of presenting our readers with a memoir of Mr. Conway, the measure of whose whole life was so filled up with misfortunes and disappointments, acting on a high and sensitive mind, as to be an example of much interest, and but too likely to lead to the catastrophe with which it ended.

Ease of the French Language.—An English lady of seventy-five wrote from London to her son in Paris:—"I have at length, my dear William, determined on joining you in Paris; and, as I do not wish to look like a fool on my arrival, I intend devoting three months before I start to acquire the language grammatically. Queen Elizabeth learned Latin completely, as Ascham tells us, between Christmas and Easter; and why should I not learn an easier language in the same time? Send me, therefore, directly, the best works on the language you can find."—*Answer.* "Agreeably to your request, my dear mother, I send you the best grammatical writers on French: they consist of Dufief's Grammar, 2 vols. 8vo.; Laveaux's Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to.; Laveaux's *Difficulties* of the French Language, 2 vols. 8vo., 1400 pages, double columns (I am sorry the type is so small, but there is no other); Laveaux's Synonymal Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo., same type. You see you have only to study the grammar, run over the dictionary, and get off by heart 2,800 pages of difficulties, and about 2000 of synonymous words. There are many other works of merit, but these *few* will suffice for all your purposes. Hoping ardently to see you in three months, I am your's affectionately, W. DURHAM.

Criticisms.—A *drawling* critic in the lobby the other night, made an odd meaning double by his mode of asking, "Why did Lord Porchester write Don Pedro?—*The Cruel!*" Another hoped it would be more than The Moor; and so might be much.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Wallenstein.—An article from Berlin, dated December 1827, states, that in the collection of documents and manuscripts of Director Karrig, there have been found, among other "most important papers," above Two Hundred Letters of the famous Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, which have been hitherto quite unknown. They relate to a portion of the thirty years' war, from the period of 1627 to 1634, and are addressed to various individuals and autho-

rities. Among these, there are a hundred and fifty in Wallenstein's own hand-writing, relating to the siege of Stralsund, the occupation of Mecklenburg, &c. &c. The statement adds, Mr. Karrig "will publish these letters of Wallenstein in a chronological order. The friends of history look forward with the highest expectation to the speedy appearance of these documents."

Egmont.—Letters of another historical character, who acted a part not much less important than that of Wallenstein—letters of the unfortunate Count of Egmont, who was beheaded by the Duke of Alva, in the memorable Rebellion of the Netherlands,—have been found in the Senate House (Rathhaus) of Oudenarde; and are directed partly to the governor of that city, and partly to his fellow-sufferer, Count Hoorn. According to these letters, it is said, Egmont took a much more active part in that revolution than has hitherto been thought.

Adrian Pictet has written a very interesting Treatise on the result of his Linguistic Comparison of the Names for *Sun* and *Moon* in Four Hundred Languages, which has led to some striking conclusions respecting the gradual population of the globe.

In the Press.—A Third Edition of Mr. T. K. Hervey's Australia, &c. with additional Poems, and a vignette title-page.—A new Poem, by the same author, is also in preparation.—Solitary Walks through Many Lands, by Mr. Derwent Conway, author of Tales of Ardennes, &c.—A volume of Tales and Sketches, by Jacob Ruddiman, A.M. of Mareschal College, Aberdeen.—The Dramatic Works of George Peele, the contemporary of Marlowe and Shakspeare, now first collected from rare and unique copies, edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B.A.—Uniform with the Percy Anecdotes, Public Characters, Vol. I.; comprising Portraits and Biographical and Critical Sketches of twenty-seven Distinguished Personages of the present age.—Æsop's Fables, English and Latin, interlineary, for the benefit of those who, not having a master, would learn either of these tongues, by John Locke; revised by Dr. Nuttall.—A Dissertation on the Nature and Properties of the Malvern Waters; with Remarks upon the Causes and Treatment of Scrofulous Diseases and Consumptions, by William Addison, Esq. Surgeon

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Conversations on the English Constitution, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Burne on Typhus Fever, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Bakewell's Geology, 3d edit. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Chambers's Picture of Edinburgh, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Storer's Clerkenwell, 12mo. 15s.; 8vo. India proofs, 1l. 10s. bds.—Douglas on the Advancement of Society in Knowledge, 2d edition, 8vo. 1l. 5s. bds.—Murray's Elements of Chemistry, 6th edit. 2 vols. 8vo, 1l. 5s. bds.—Crusade of Fidelis, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Bentham's Naval Essays, Part I. 8vo. 4s. sewed.—Dallaway's Manual of Heraldry, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Roy's Narrateur Français, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Dramatic Works of George Peel, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Mechanical Problems, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Jacob's Latin Reader, Part II. 12mo. 3s. 6d. shp.—Edwards' Exempla Græca Minora, 12mo. 2s. 6d. shp.—Belsham's Chronology, G. 3d and 4th, 32mo. 5s. bds.—Facciolati's Latin Dictionary, by Bailey, 2 vols. royal 4to. 6l. 16s. 6d. bds.—Pulleyn's Compendium, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Tales and Legends, by the Authors of the Odd Volume, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Turner's Southern Coast, 2 vols. royal 4to. 10l. 10s. hf.-bd.—Teeling's Irish Rebellion, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 16s. bds.—Fleming's British Animals, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Public Economy of Athens, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s. bds.—Patterson on the Athenians, 8vo. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

March.		Thermometer.		Barometer.
Thursday	6	From 27. to 40.		29.82 to 30.02
Friday	7	—— 25. — 42.		30.17 — 30.06
Saturday	8	—— 40. — 58.		29.96 — 30.14
Sunday	9	—— 45. — 54.		30.15 — Stat.
Monday	10	—— 45. — 56.		30.16 — 30.14
Tuesday	11	—— 39. — 59.		30.14 — 30.16
Wednesday	12	—— 38. — 54.		30.00 — 29.96

Prevailing wind, N.W. and S.W.
Generally clear; a little rain on the 7th.
Rain fallen ·025 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Impudent Imposition.—In the *Morning Chronicle* of the 12th inst. (and probably in other newspapers), a work is advertised, published by A. K. Newman and Co., and called "Uncle Peregrine's Heiress, by Anne of Swansea." The advertisement contains the following paragraph:—"The *Literary Gazette* of the 2d of Feb. 1828, speaking of this work, says: 'Her writings must become extremely popular; and Uncle Peregrine's Heiress may be recommended as an amusing and moral production.'" This is a gross and disgraceful falsehood. The *Literary Gazette* of the 2d of February does not mention the book at all; but the *Literary Gazette* of the 9th of February has a brief notice of it, in which it is described as a compilation of romantic trash. We have reason to believe that this is not the first fraud of the kind that has been practised on the public.

It is inconsistent with the plan of the *Literary Gazette* to give an obituary.

Poems cannot be inserted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall. The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Battle of Agincourt; and of the Expedition of Henry V. into France: to which is added, the Roll of the Men at Arms in the English Army. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. &c. 12mo. London, 1827. J. Johnson.

The Siege of Carlaverock in the XXVIII. Edward I. A.D. M.CCC.; with the Arms of the Earls, Barons, and Knights, who were present on the occasion; with a Translation, a History of the Castle, and Memoirs of the Personages commemorated by the Poet. By N. H. Nicolas, Esq. 4to. pp. 380. London, 1828. J. B. Nichols.

THE appearance of the last of these volumes, from the indefatigable pen of Mr. Nicolas, has reproached us pungently for our neglect of the first. An ancient divine said very forcibly that "hell was paved with good intentions:" good intentions, we feel, will not make a *Literary Gazette*. We have often and often put on the resolution to do some degree of justice to Mr. Nicolas's laborious researches; but something or other as constantly occurred to defeat our present purpose, and induce us to postpone the matter till next week, when we would certainly do what we ought never to have delayed. We cannot philosophically account for the fact, but every reader of reflection will acknowledge its truth, that Procrastination, the thief of time, carries his second, third, and future points, far more easily than his first. Once put a thing off, and you are likely enough to defer it, *de die in diem*, till the period of the Greek Calends: which confession and observation we here offer as an apology to the author for not having paid him the tribute of our hearty praise so early as it was fairly and fully merited by him. But his *Agincourt* was passed by, not from disregard, nor from thinking meanly of its worth: it was none of the light publications of the season, which, if that season elapse, are forgotten; on the contrary, every year, that adds antiquity to these pages, will enhance their value. Our's is such an age of amusement, that the volume of serious instruction scarcely meets its just appreciation; yet those who dwell on the eloquent delineation, the ingenious theory of the historian, should remember how much the merit rests with the antiquary. If the facts mentioned be untrue, and the statements misrepresented, the inferences drawn from them fall to the ground. Truth makes the utility of history; and few have discovered more errors, few have made dark things more plain, than Mr. Nicolas. His works should be in every English gentleman's library; and be consulted alike by readers and writers of history.

In justification of the first of the volumes before us, which is, with perfect propriety, dedicated to the King, Mr. Nicolas has cited the observation of Bishop Nicholson, "the competency of whose judgment few will have the temerity to dispute. Speaking of Henry V. in his 'Historical Library,' that learned prelate says, 'his single victory at Agencourt might have afforded matter for more volumes than (as far as I can yet learn) have been written on his whole reign.' Since that opinion was expressed, numerous historical documents of the first importance have been brought to light; and, as it will be seen by the following pages, many of them present highly valuable information on Henry's first invasion of France. But even if no other data had been found, Bishop Nicholson's remark would not be less just; for a concentration of all recorded facts relative to that expedition, was a desideratum which could only be supplied by a writer making it the sole object of his attention."

In the execution of this invaluable performance, Mr. N. tells us, "the plan of former historical works has been slightly deviated from; for, instead of merely citing the authorities for each assertion, the authorities themselves are translated and given at length in the first part of the work; to which the author has added his own narrative, deduced from such of the preceding statements as were consistent with each other and with truth."

A MS. containing a list of the peers, knights, and men at arms, who were at Agincourt, here printed, and which furnished the original idea of the work before us, was found to be incomplete. "As it cannot escape observation, that many names which are constantly associated with the battle, are not to be found in it, for instance, the Duke of York and David Gam, who, according to all historians, were there slain: Sir Richard Waller, who is said to have captured the Duke of Orleans, and in consequence to have added the prince's arms to his crest; John Woodhouse, whose reputed gallantry on that occasion has caused his descendants to assume Agincourt as their motto, together with some others, of whom there are similar traditional anecdotes, it is necessary to explain the omission, lest a doubt should thereby be excited of its authenticity. That the roll is not perfect is evident, both from its being called a '*parcel* of the names of the men that were with the king at Egyncourt;' and from the fact noticed in a former page, that the gross number of men at arms and archers, of which it professes to be composed, was more than double the amount of those who are separately noticed in that list."

In the course of examination of the different authorities, Mr. N. has introduced a variety of explanatory notes. One of these, relating to a circumstance noticed by Shakspeare, we extract. "At Corby, Henry supported the discipline of his army, by carrying into execution the punishment denounced in his proclamation against robbery and sacrilege. One of his soldiers was discovered to have stolen a pix of copper gilt, from a church in the neighbourhood, under the idea that it was gold, which he concealed in his sleeve; and on the army reaching the village, where it took up its quarters for the ensuing night, the culprit was immediately hung. But according to another writer, the moment the theft was discovered, Henry ordered them to halt; and having caused the sacred vessel to be restored, the offender was led bound through the host as a thief, and then hung on a tree, so that he might be seen as an example to the whole army. * * *

"Upon being informed of the robbery, *Titus Livius* relates, Henry commanded his host to halt until the sacrilege was expiated. He first caused the pyx to be restored to the church, and the offender was then led, bound as a thief, through the army, and afterwards hung upon a tree, that every man might behold him. As soon as he was executed, the army was commanded to proceed. Elmham adds, that he was hung upon a tree, close by the church which had been robbed. Although no one expects that Shakspeare adhered very minutely to historical facts, still, in this instance, and in another, which will be noticed, he has so closely done so, that it is impossible to resist inviting the reader's attention to the circumstance, particularly, when even the gravest of our reviews deem it necessary to point out the discrepances between 'the Author of Waverley,' and the pages of the historian.

With regard to the second work, at the head of this article, the Siege of Carlaverock, it will be found as curious and interesting as the account of the greater act of war at Agincourt. We need not remind our readers that the reign of Edward I. was a remarkable period in the history of England, and was, almost more than any other, distinguished by a number of great men, or barons, tenants of the crown by military service, to whom our constitution owes its preservation. Their particular exploits are most natural subjects of attention to the antiquary; and Mr. Nicolas has availed himself of this opportunity to confer an obligation on the historian by a very able illustration of this unique description of a Siege, of which very little account is to be found in the annals of the period. But, as he remarks, "valuable as the 'Siege of Carlaverock' is to historians and antiquaries, it is difficult to believe that the raciness of the author's descriptions, his quaint notices of the characters of the different personages, and the occasional beauty of his passages, will not possess a charm for far more general readers."

This historical poem has, it seems, been once before presented to the public, in the *Antiquarian Repertory;* but in that instance the text was found deficient in fidelity, and the translation very unsatisfactory. We are not insensible to the fascination attendant on the investigation of the primitive irregularities of language usually found in the Norman poetry, and are well aware of the difficulties it presents, which Mr. Nicolas has urged in behalf of his attempt. The time is now, however, arrived when the labours of an antiquary are well understood, and there is little fear of their not being properly appreciated.

The author of the poem, it is presumed on no slight authority, was Walter of Exeter, a friar, of whom very few particulars are known. Carew informs us, that the greater part of his

time was passed in a little cell in Cornwall, near St. Caroke, a short distance from Lostwithiel, in study and devotion; but his chief pursuit was history; "for his knowledge therein he hath obtained this character, 'quòd in historiarum cognitione non fuit ultimus;' and the part of history he was most skilled in was the lives of the saints and other great men, which induced Baldwin, his fellow-citizen, to put him upon writing the life of Guy of Warwick.' 'What more things he wrote,' Prince adds, 'he does not find; but, dying as is probable in his cell, he lieth interred near that place.'"

The text has been formed from a MS. copy of the poem by Glover, in the College of Arms, collated with a contemporary copy in the British Museum; and every variation is inserted in the notes. "With the view of rendering the volume as complete as possible, a topographical and general history of Carlaverock Castle has been prefixed to the poem; and memoirs of every individual who is noticed by the poet have been added to it."

It is in these memoirs of the baronage that Mr. Nicolas has displayed a profound knowledge of the subject he has undertaken. We are well acquainted with his "Remarks on the Seals attached to the Letter from the Barons of England to Pope Boniface VIII., in the year 1301, respecting the Sovereignty of Scotland," printed in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxi., to which he refers frequently in the course of this work; a paper in which, by extensive and laborious researches, he dissipated much of the obscurity which involved the heraldical differences of the arms of the early barons.

Heraldry, indeed, derives the most important illustration from the poem now published, which represents, in marginal decoration, the armorial bearings of above 160 barons and knights, and other curious particulars of the arms of the Maxwells, then, and now, possessors of Carlaverock Castle.

The poem begins with a circumstantial account of the general array.

"In the year of grace one thousand three hundred, on the day of Saint John, Edward held a great court at Carlisle, and commanded that in a short time all his men should prepare to go together with him against his enemies the Scots. On the appointed day the whole host was ready, and the good king, with his household, then set forward against the Scots, not in coats and surcoats, but on powerful and costly chargers; and that they might not be taken by surprise, well and securely armed. There were many rich caparisons embroidered on silks and satins; many a beautiful penon fixed to a lance; and many a banner displayed. And afar off was the noise heard of the neighing of horses: mountains and valleys were every where covered with sumpter horses and waggons with provisions, and sacks of tents and pavilions. And the days were long and fine. They proceeded by easy journeys, arranged in four squadrons; the which I will so describe to you, that not one shall be passed over. But first I will tell you of the names and arms of the companions, especially of the banners, if you will listen how."

The knights are severally described, with their qualifications, sometimes in a quaint and punning style; as, "Robert de Montalt was there, who *highly* endeavoured to acquire *high* honour. He had a banner of a blue colour, with a lion rampant of silver."

The description of the attack is curious, and not the least interesting.

"Then you might hear the tumult begin. With them were intermixed a great body of the king's followers, all of whose names if I were to repeat, and recount their brave actions, the labour would be too heavy, so many were there, and so well did they behave. Nor would this suffice without those of the retinue of the king's son, great numbers of whom came there in noble array; for many a shield newly painted and splendidly adorned, many a helmet and many a burnished hat, many a rich gambezon garnished with silk, tow, and cotton, were there to be seen, of divers forms and fashions. There I saw Ralph de Gorges, a newly-dubbed knight, fall more than once to the ground from stones and the crowd, for he was of so haughty a spirit that he would not deign to retire. He had all his harness and attire mascally of gold and azure. Those who were on the wall Robert de Tony severely harassed; for he had in his company the good Richard de Rokeley, who so well plied those within that he frequently obliged them to retreat. He had his shield painted mascally of red and ermine. Adam de la Forde mined the walls as well as he could, for his stones flew in and out as thick as rain, by which many were disabled. He bore, in clear blue, three gold lionceels rampant crowned. The good Baron of Wigtown received such blows that it was the astonishment of all that he was not stunned; for, without excepting any lord present, none shewed a more resolute or unembarrassed countenance. He bore within a bordure indented, three gold stars on sable. Many a heavy and crushing stone did he of Kirkbride receive, but he placed before him a white shield with a green cross engrailed. So stoutly was the gate of the castle assailed by him, that never did smith with his hammer strike his iron as he and his did there. Notwithstanding, there were showered upon them such huge stones, quarrels, and arrows, that with wounds and bruises they were so hurt and exhausted, that it was with very great difficulty they were able to retire."

We have an admirable eulogium of the Bishop of Durham in the course of the poem, who, however, avoided the militant in his temporal capacity.

"In all the king's wars he appeared in noble array, with a great and expensive retinue. Being well informed of the king's expedition, he sent him of his people one hundred and sixty men at arms. Arthur, in former times, with all his spells, had not so fine a present from Merlin. He sent there his ensign, which was gules with a fer de moulin of ermine."

We may here call to the remembrance of our readers, that in the early ages of Christianity the bishops went to war, and distinguished themselves as generals. At the battle of *Bouvines*, Guerin, bishop of Serles, commanded the French army jointly with the Count de St. Paul: he was armed with a club, with which he despatched the celebrated Earl of Salisbury:—"he commanded like an experienced captain, and fought like a brave soldier." In 1196, the bishop of Beauvais and his archdeacon having sallied out of the town completely armed, they were made prisoners by the English. The pope, on being informed of it, wrote to Richard I., to reproach him with his strange conduct in detaining as prisoner a bishop, his very dear son. Richard sent the bishop of Beauvais' cuirass to the pope, with this answer, *Vide utrum tunica filii tui sit, an non?* Gen. xxxvii. 32. Jacob knew the coat to be Joseph's; but the pope did not acknowledge the cuirass, and abandoned the bishop to his fate.

At the very battle of Agincourt, of which we have been treating, Jean de Montagu, archbishop of Sens, served in the army of the Duke of Orleans, completely armed: he fought with the greatest intrepidity, and was killed. As the bishops were convoked for the *ban and arriere ban*, like other seigniors, they petitioned the pope to be dispensed from military service, and consented to pay a fine in lieu thereof; but they soon had the address to get the fine remitted also.

As a specimen of the heraldical parts, we quote the description of the banner of John of Brittany.

"The arms borne by the Earl of Richmond were, checky or and azure, a bordure gules charged with lions passant gardant of the first; a quarter ermine: or, as they are blazoned in the contemporary MS., which has been so frequently referred to, 'Les armes de garine, a un quarter de ermine, od la bordure de Engleterre.' This coat presents an example of the arrangement of different arms upon the same shield before the system of quartering was adopted, which is too curious to be allowed to pass unobserved. The arms of Dreux were checky or and azure: on the marriage of that house with the heiress of Brittany, they placed the coat of that family, ermine, on a quarter; and, as a distinction, the ensigns of the subject of this memoir were surrounded by a border of England, his mother's arms."

We also extract a portion of the life of the Bishop of Durham.

"'The palatine power reached its highest elevation under the splendid pontificate of Anthony Bek. Surrounded by his officers of state, or marching at the head of his troops, in peace or war, he appeared as the military chief of a powerful and independent franchise. The court of Durham exhibited all the appendages of royalty: nobles addressed the palatine sovereign kneeling, and, instead of menial servants, knights waited in his presence chamber and at his table, bareheaded and standing. Impatient of control, whilst he asserted an oppressive superiority over the convent, and trampled on the rights of his vassals, he jealously guarded his own palatine franchise, and resisted the encroachments of the crown when they trenched on the privileges of the aristocracy. When his pride or his patriotism had provoked the displeasure of his sovereign, he met the storm with firmness; and had the fortune or the address to emerge from disgrace and difficulty with added rank and influence. His high birth gave him a natural claim to power, and he possessed every popular and splendid quality which could command obedience or excite admiration. His courage and constancy were shewn in the service of his sovereign. His liberality knew no bounds; and he regarded no expence, however enormous, when placed in competition with any object of pleasure or magnificence. Yet in the midst of apparent profusion he was too prudent ever to feel the embarrassment of want. Surrounded by habitual luxury, his personal temperance was as strict as it was singular; and his chastity was exemplary in an age of general corruption. Not less an enemy to sloth than to intemperance, his leisure was devoted either to splendid progresses from one manor to another, or to the sports of the field; and his activity and temperance preserved his faculties of mind and body vigorous under the approach of age and infirmity. In the munificence of his public works, he rivalled the greatest of his predecessors. Within the bishopric of Durham he founded the colleges of Chester and Lanchester, erected towers at Gainford and Coniscliff, and added to the buildings of Alawick and Bernard

castles. He gave Evenwood manor to the convent, and appropriated the vicarage of Morpeth to the chapel which he had founded at Auckland. In his native county of Lincoln he endowed Alvingham Priory, and built a castle at Somerton. In Kent he erected the beautiful manor-house of Eltham, whose ruins still speak the taste and magnificence of its founder. Notwithstanding the vast expenses incurred in these and other works, in his contests with the crown and with his vassals, in his foreign journeys, and in the continued and excessive charges of his household, he died wealthier than any of his predecessors, leaving immense treasures in the riches of the age: gallant horses, costly robes, rich furniture, plate, and jewels. Anthony Bek was the first prelate of Durham who was buried within the walls of the cathedral. His predecessors had been restrained from sepulture within the sacred edifice by a reverential awe for the body of the holy confessor; and on this occasion, from some motive of superstition, the corpse was not allowed to enter the doors, though a passage was broken through the wall for its reception, near the place of interment. The tomb was placed in the east transept, between the altars of St. Adrian and St. Michael, close to the holy shrine. A brass, long since destroyed, surrounded the ledge of the marble, and bore the following inscription:—

"Præsul magnanimus Antonius hic jacet imus,
Dunelmensium strenuus Patriarcha fuit, quod opimus
Annis vicenis regnabat sex et j plenis,
Mille trecentenis Christo moritur quoque denis.""

The Man of Ton. A Satire. 8vo. pp. 112. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

Sir John Paul, baronet and banker, is, we understand, answerable for this issue; which is a thing of good credit, and likely enough to continue for a while in circulation. John, the Man of Ton, was the son and heir of a worthy wealthy pair in Warwickshire, whose birth was hailed with the rejoicings usual on similar occasions. Eton had the honour of his tuition:

"But public schools, if rightly we would class 'em,
Teach any steps but Gradus ad Parnassum;"

and though

"All masters for great conjurors would pass,
Boys learn to say Amo,—while *they* amass."

So it happened with John, who gave early promise of turning out the lad of all lads, and a Warwickshire lad. Cambridge in due course follows Eton; horse-racing comes in regular rotation; and plucked in the schools, and pigeoned on the turf, the young heir is white-washed by sacrifices on the part of his fond sire. London is the next scene of his exploits, and a contrast to his rustic sports: for

"Here 'tis non-existence up to noon,
But careless health begins the day too soon.
The world's not air'd till twelve, and seldom here
Till then en papillotes the maids appear,
To let the chairs their former place resume,
Or dust with decent care the dusty room."

In London his sires are spoken of, and he is marked down for prey by the many gangs of great and small, high and low, noble and plebeian swindlers who infest the metropolis, and live upon the foolish, the uninformed, and the wealthy.

"Each lady patroness with Willis met,
Arrange in conclave deep their next new set,
And Jack's arrival adds one victim more
To the mark'd heirs, and makes up the threescore.
Lady Georgiana, in fashionable slang,
Talk of his acres, and from whom he sprang.
Active no less are Crockford's motley crew;
For Jack's a dasher, rich, aspiring—new.
'Sure,' cries Sir Job, 'he's qualified to come,
Without a ballot, for he's worth a plum!
Refused a member?—' They never did in my day,'
Sly Wimple cries, 'perhaps he'll last till Friday,'
'Nay, give the lad a chance.' 'He shall have nine
'Or sev'n.'—'He wants a mistress.'—'Give him mine.'
Now mark the storms that gather o'er his head,
Each snare is ready, and each net is spread:
So from his oozy bed a caddis late,
But now transmuted to a gaudier fate,
A May-fly now light skimming o'er the stream,
Bright as young love, and fleeting as his dream,
Lives to look gay—but ere the day lives out,
Wets his light wing, and feeds a hungry trout."

John keeps a betting-book, and an opera-dancer; and no wonder that the time quickly arrives when

"Often when alone,
He saw his heart as in a mirror shewn:
And spectres oft his fitful fancy cross'd,
Of broken promises, and honour lost;
Of good men's pity, and of bad men's sneers,
His father's anguish, and his mother's tears;
Whilst cares increasing, still his thoughts employ,
His reason asks his heart if this be joy?
But asks in vain; in magic circle bound,
He still must follow as the wheel goes round."

He had pledged his honour to his father that he would never play again; but as men of his class have no honour, it might be anticipated that he would play again, and be completely plundered. This accordingly happens. Melton Mowbray becomes the theatre of his extravagance and senselessness: Melton Mowbray, of which we say as little as can be said, when we describe it, its companionship, its vices, and its crimes, as not to be surpassed by Crockford's, or any hell in London. Equally at one or other, is it reckoned no disgrace to profane the name of friendship and rob the man who trusts you, to disregard every honest principle, to play the common sharper, to laugh at the misery and despair brought on by base arts practised on confiding folly, to plunge families into ruin, and devote many a hapless victim to disgrace, the gaol, the avenging gallows, or soul-destroying suicide. Such is Melton, which receives our hero,

"Nothing loath; surprise
His train awakes not, for these passing flies
The sun of fashion with the season brings,—
One season is enough to singe their wings.
Critics abound in Melton, and you meet
The lounging menials quizzing in the street;
Or grooms that idly crowd each stable door,
Who swagger, lie, and cheat—and do no more."

Returning, betrayed and involved in debt, to the Fashionable World of London, Jack is not the worse received by that despicable *World;* for it knew not the extent of his losses, and he still passed for a rich spendthrift.

"But still before him goes a great man's name,
And all the dowagers had heard his fame,
Who, eager for the means, forget the end:
Not what they have, inquire—but what they spend?
His hunters—hacks—his mistress—and his cook!
For twice ten thousand surely they may look.
'Girls, dress your best, here's something good to catch,
And he must want an honourable match.
Blood he has not, but then his ample cash
Will give you girls ability to dash.'

And now in conclave close are gravely met
Mammas of deep design—a tip-top set:
For now they hunt in couples, nor disdain
To play each other's game, and so they gain
For 'my sweet Emma' or 'your pretty Jane:
'Tis equal chance if either are at home,
Beaux meet the girls, and all unnoticed come.
You give a water-party—I a ball;
And you to-day—and I to-morrow call.'
But Almack's, dreadful Almack's is the place:
Night after night appears some pretty face,
And all that schemes and stratagems can do,
Is lost and ruined by that something new!
These are the underplots that wait the beaux,
And these the arts the practised matron knows.
At this same sitting, had they known the truth,—
The crippled, maimed condition of the youth,—
Post obits claimed—annuities unpaid,
And two new mortgages but newly made,—
Those crafty ladies had contrived no more,
But spurned the worthless spendthrift from the door.
Still character is money, chance is all,
And by what all men say, we stand or fall!
Thus Jack's pronounced a wealthy goose at best;
They knew the one, and fairly guess'd the rest.
* * * *
None ask the question that all parents should,
And rich stands ever in the place of good.
Friend Jack is good—for nothing—if they knew it;
And any shark that caught him soon would rue it,
Now lady Di of Greenwich talks—'and Bab
'Would be quite happy—take her in your cab."
He turns away, and quick, to get him back,
The duchess grows familiar—calls him Jack:
'Why, Jack, my Sophy has not danced to-night;
Stand up, you poking girl, you're quite a fright.'
'To waltz with you,' Miss Jumper cries, 'I came.'
'Upon my soul, I can't to-night—I'm lame.'
Thus, like an ice-berg floating in the sea,
Unthaw'd in warmer climes, as cold is he."

He is at last caught, however, but by a lady unhappily married. A summer fête on the banks of the Thames, which, for impudent immorality might readily be paralleled from the records of last season, completes this gallant intrigue. The guilty pair fly together to the Continent,—pursuit and a duel follow the elopement; and the author winds up his picture of high-life guilt and fashionable vice with true poetical justice. The Man of Ton returns from the rencontre.

"Short space sufficed to speed him from the spot,
Love lent him wings to bear him to his cot;
And his gay heart beat lightly in his breast,—
Selina's pardon seal'd—and both are blest!
How like a deer he topp'd the wall of stone
That fenced the little garden, now his own!
Like one that's saved from shipwreck, once on shore,
Reflects on perils he has pass'd, no more;
But turns to thoughts of happiness—to roam
No more, but fix his every thought on home.

Before the door he paused, but all was still,
And through the grove he heard the babbling rill;
So still he heard the ticking of the clock,
And plash of waters dripping from the rock.
'Selina still may sleep;' and on he creeps,—
He gently lifts the latch—' indeed, she sleeps:
How beautiful she looks!'—her silver skin
Shew'd every circlet of the blood within.
Loose and disturb'd her unbound hair appears,
And on her cheek the trace of recent tears.

Soft o'er her form the ling'ring zephyr plays:
'Sleep on, sweet love!'—he sat him down to gaze
Upon her closed lids, whose light divine
Shall bless him when he wakes, and brighter shine.
He moved not once, lest, startled, she should hear,
That he and happiness were both so near;
And now more near her cheek he drew, to sip—
Heaven's choicest boon—the honey on her lip;
But still he tasted not her balmy breath,—
A rival had been there—that rival—Death!

He starts convulsive from her cold embrace,
And his eye glares upon her ashy face.
'Awake, Selina!—wake, my love! my life!
'Tis Percy calls upon his love—his wife!'
And now his cries, his wailings rend the air,
And his soul speaks the language of despair.
A moment hopes he—willing to deceive
His sickening soul,—still struggles to believe
She sleeps.—'Oh! no, no, no!—she is not dead;
Comes death to deck her on her bridal bed?
Hear me, Selina! hear!—I have no wife—
No love—no friend—no hope—why have I life?"
The conflict's o'er, his veins to bursting swell,
And on the dead a lifeless load he fell.
Now thronging to his aid the rustics fly;
The gentle priest and skilful leech apply
Their tend'rest care, and long entranced he lay,
Till first a groan, and then a tear found way;
And when at length they raised him from that bed,
The light of reason had for ever fled.
A moment now he smiles—a moment weeps,
And now,—'Be still,' he says, 'be still; she sleeps!'
And then he list'ning stands, and seems to wait
With patient hope the signal of his fate.

But never comes a change, for his the doom
Of dark oblivion's everlasting gloom.
Alike to him the beams of orient day,
Or when at eve its glories fade away.
The summer's heat he feels not, nor the cold,
And in unconscious misery grows old.
Fix'd is the sum, the measure of the wo
That suff'ring nature e'er can undergo.
When horror deepens, and the shudd'ring soul
Would snatch the poniard, drain the poison'd bowl,
Indulgent Heav'n—for pains we must endure,
Fruits of our follies—wounds beyond a cure:
In mercy draws the darkest veil between
Our sense of feeling and the cureless scene!
Ears hear no plaints, and eyes with tears grow blind,
And Madness casts his pall upon the mind."

Need we remark, after these quotations, that there are considerable poetical talents, and some genuine touches of satire against the reigning foibles and vices which startle beholders among the upper circles of society, displayed in these pages?

Tales and Legends. By the Authors of the Odd Volume. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Of the Odd Volume, about a year and a half ago, we remember we spoke as of a collection of Tales, of various kinds and qualities—several very good, several of less observable merit, and several which, though well told and entertaining in the narrative, rather disappointed the reader by lame and impotent conclusions. On the whole, we opined the volume to be an excellent lounging miscellany. Such was the authors' first work, and such (to say nothing of those between*) is their last. Vol. I. contains the Three Kings, a Scots story of the time of James V.; and the Rescue, from the German of Döring. Vol. II. has seven shorter pieces of diversified character; and Vol. III. two, both Scots—the first pathetic, and the last rather humorous.

Having expressed our approbation generally of performances like the present, we may be allowed to observe, that it is one of the difficulties of the reviewing craft to convey the grounds of our judgment to the public. It is hardly possible to make satisfactory extracts from connected tales; and to find room for a whole relation (though even that could not illustrate its companion miscellanies) is equally beyond our command. All we can do, therefore, for the pleasing publication in hand, is to recommend it in bulk, though sustained by very small samples in the way of critical retail.

Aloyse, from the German of Döring, and the Danish of A. F. Elmquist, is a very pretty, natural, and affecting anecdote of Philip of Anjou, king of Spain, A.D. 1700, and a beautiful girl, the daughter of a Garde Chasse, into whose abode two strangers are driven by a storm to seek shelter. Here the flame of an unequal love is suddenly lighted up between the fair Aloyse and the youngest stranger, of whose dignity the country maiden is entirely ignorant. She accidentally discovers that the object of her heart's adoration is threatened with imminent danger, and that his apparent friend, Colonel Montejo, is his concealed enemy. To beguile the time of his guests, the honest Garde Chase gives a rural *fête*.

"Madame Gageot (his sister) went off early in the morning to Nevers, to make preparations for the entertainment; to tell all her acquaintances about the agreeable strangers, and to invite some of Aloyse's companions to spend the evening with them, that she might shew her favourite Philip with what tact she managed these matters. How the morning was passed is not known, but what occurred during the evening has been faithfully preserved by tradition. They all assembled under the large chestnut trees, which formerly stood where these nut trees have since been planted. The lovely girls, seated in a row, in their holiday clothes, with Aloyse in the midst of them, resembled a wreath of blooming flowers, which exhibited every pale and deeper tint of spring and summer's blossoms. Madame Gageot was seated at a large table covered with fruits and confections. Montejo, under pretence of sudden indisposition, retired precipitately into the house. Philip, who by his gaiety and engaging manners had quickly wound himself into the hearts of the youthful party, hastily followed him, but almost as quickly returned, bearing a small casket in his hand. He opened it, and after a short speech, he presented a gift to each of the blushing girls, saying, as he passed from one to the other, it was a remembrance of that happy evening. He placed a sparkling gem in the hair of one, put a brilliant ring upon the finger of another, and fastened a gold comb in the auburn ringlets of a third,—and before they had time to recover from their surprise, or reject his proffered gifts, they sparkled with the jewels with which he had so profusely ornamented them; and the last rays of the setting sun, which had hitherto, in this happy spot, shone only upon flowers, now fell upon these brilliant gems, and added a dazzling lustre to the wreath. Struck with astonishment, Martin Ereté, Madame Gageot, and Aloyse, gazed upon the scene. Madame, who was deeply read in fairy lore, believed she beheld some enchanter before her. Aloyse grew pale, with a mixture of grief and dismay, as she looked upon the munificent stranger. Who could this youth be, who, with such laughing and careless indifference, threw from him what appeared to her to be immeasurable riches? She felt that it would wound her to the heart, to be treated in the same manner as he had done her companions. She was shocked at the thought, but her fears were vain. He passed by her with his sparkling gifts; and when he had gone the round of the circle, he set the casket upon the ground, bent down to a bed of flowers, took from it a violet, and brought it to the gratified Aloyse. 'I well knew,' he whispered, as he presented it to her, 'that I dared not so to approach you, Aloyse. Flowers only are fit for flowers; the daughter of nature loves nature alone. Ah! Aloyse, this violet will be happy even in withering upon your bosom; but longer, much longer than its short existence, may my remembrance dwell in your heart!' Aloyse felt her heart sink within her; she received the flower with a trembling hand, and glanced anxiously around lest he might have been overheard; but her companions were too deeply engaged to attend to her. They were all busily occupied in comparing their jewels, laughing, jesting, and were so superlatively happy, that they could scarcely wait with composure for the appointed hour of separating, so impatient were they to return home to exhibit their gifts, and astonish their parents with the extraordinary tale. At length the hour of departure arrived, and they bade a grateful good night to their entertainers and the generous stranger; and with light steps they hurried home, holding fast their precious gems. This incident could not fail of causing much noise in the town. The girls were closely questioned by their parents, and they related so many particulars that had occurred at Martin Ereté's, and spoke so much of the stranger, that people did not know what to think of the matter. They were examined again and again, and they only repeated that they had received costly presents from a singularly handsome young man; but that his companion had scarcely remained long enough to throw a glance upon them. The gems were examined by a lapidary, and declared to be of great value; and as there were amongst the girls' parents some of the magistrates, and even Mons. le Maire himself, the interesting enigma quickly began to take a somewhat different character. * * *

"Aloyse had for some time past been in the habit of daily visiting a poor old woman, who lived in the village of St. Pierre, about half a mile from Martin Ereté's, and who would scarcely have been able to support a feeble and suffering existence, had she not been supported and consoled by Aloyse's tender and benevolent cares. She devotedly loved her young benefactress, and her little cottage always seemed to be lighted up when Aloyse made her appearance in it, for she was indeed as a ministering angel to her. The morning after the little festival that had been held at her father's, Aloyse set out to visit, as usual, her poor old friend, simply clad, and with her half-withered violet in her bosom. When she entered, Margaret fixed her eyes upon her with a look of so much anxiety, that she tenderly inquired if she were in want of any thing. 'No, nothing, my sweet child,' she replied, 'nothing while you are with me. I desire nothing but a crown of glory to deck thy pure brow. What now disquiets me is a dream I have had, in which you bore a part. I thought you were threatened by some danger to which I could give no name. You bent down to seize a sparkling jewel which was rolling towards an abyss; you grasped it, and as you pressed it to your bosom, it pierced you to the heart. I saw you afterwards in a magnificent chamber, where every thing shone with gold, but the gold cast a pale, ghastly shade upon your cheek; and when I observed you more closely, your bright and lovely colour was no longer there—your eyes were closed—you belonged no more to the living.' Aloyse shuddered at these words; and thoughts of the jewels of yesterday, with which they stood in so close connexion, sunk deeply into her heart. She felt the wound; but her grief was mingled with so much sweetness, that she could not know it to be a consuming poison."

Montejo is employed by Cardinal Mazarin and the Jesuits to remove the young prince, in order to pave the way to the throne of Spain for another candidate; and it is on a journey to Toulon that these adventures ensue. At this moment the king of Spain dies, and the ambassadors are on their way to Paris with his will and the Spanish crown, to lay them at the feet of the new monarch. They are to pass by the residence of the Garde Chasse; and Montejo is in despair, lest he may not induce his victim to proceed on his destination. All this, with the expression of "the daggers are sharpened," Aloyse overhears, on her way home from the charitable visit just described. "She remained for an hour immovable, and lost in deep thought. Now she clearly felt that an invincible barrier lay on her path, and that a deep, impassable gulf separated her from happiness. She was now awakened to all the depth of her love; but an inexpressible anguish mingled itself with her tenderness, for it was evident that some horrible fate was impending over that beloved one. At this fearful thought she sprung from the ground, and while she rapidly pursued her way homewards, she endeavoured to think what it was now her duty to do. 'Away he must not go. I must endeavour to detain him; he is safe with us.'" Her efforts to keep him, and defeat the purposes of Montejo, have much interest, and would make an agreeable drama. Among other things, the Maire of Nevers suspects the strangers of having obtained the jewels, so lavishly bestowed, by unlawful means; but their papers are about to procure them permission to depart. "Montejo called impatiently to Henri to lead round the horses without a moment's delay; and Madame Gageot was triumphing in the innocence of her young friend, when Aloyse, with tottering step, approached the maire, exclaiming

* The second "Odd Volume," see *L. G.* No. 537, and the Busy Bodies, No. 538—the former lauded,—the latter not.

'Allow them not to escape; I accuse them of having stolen these jewels.' A thunderbolt could not have occasioned greater astonishment and consternation than these words. She again repeated the accusation in a firmer tone. Montejo threw upon her a look of the deepest malignity, while Philip gazed at her in the utmost surprise. Martin Ereté dropt a glass of water he was about to raise to his lips; and Madame Gageot surveyed her from head to foot with angry eyes." Upon this charge they are stopped.

The news of the death of Charles II. precedes the arrival of the ambassadors, on their route to Paris, the day after the foregoing incident.

During the intervening night, Aloyse, like a guardian angel, is on the watch. Again she interferes to prevent the departure of Philip, warns him of his danger; and Montejo flies, after wounding her with his dagger.

"Philip scarcely observed the flight of his treacherous friend, for all his attention was fixed upon the beautiful bleeding girl at his feet. He raised her up, held her in his arms, and, by a thousand tender epithets and expressions, recalled her fleeting spirit. He placed her upon a seat, and quickly struck a light with the assistance of a tinder-box, and began to render her the assistance she so instantly required. He uncovered her bleeding shoulder, tore a handkerchief in two, and stanched the blood. He bent over her, endeavoured to revive her, parted her ringlets from her pale brow, and supported her sinking head. An hour she thus lay in silent bliss, her cheek resting upon that gentle princely hand. 'Oh, my Philip!' she murmured in a soft low voice; 'why have I not been wounded to death? why have I not been permitted to make thee the only sacrifice I can make thee?' He entreated her to be calm, and they now came to mutual explanations. Aloyse related every thing she had overheard in the forest; and the more Philip heard, the more indignant he became. 'Yes!' he exclaimed, 'I can well indeed believe that he would have betrayed me. He obtained my friendship and confidence only to lead me more certainly to destruction. Austria, or perhaps Spain itself, has sent him to me. * * *

"They agreed to keep every thing secret till the arrival of the Spanish ambassadors, when the duke should make himself known to them, and accompany them back to Paris. With faltering steps Aloyse now approached the door. She paused — she stretched out her arms towards him. 'Philip!' said her pale trembling lips — 'Philip! once only in this life—we meet no more — once only ——' She could not finish, but he understood her. He pressed her ardently to his bosom — one short moment she rested in anguished bliss in his embrace, then tore herself away, rushed down the steps, and threw herself upon her couch."

The ambassadors arrive, and the *dénouement* takes place. Immediately, bound by Spanish etiquette, Philip departs. "While they were occupied in despatching expresses to Madrid and elsewhere, in pursuit of the Jesuit Montejo, Philip retired into the thicket, and motioned to Martin Ereté, Madame Gageot, and Aloyse, to follow him. He took a kind farewell of the first, and begged him to come and see him in Paris. 'But what shall I say to thee,' continued he, turning to Aloyse, 'thou gentle unhappy one—what shall I say to thee, sweet Aloyse? Shall I ever repay thee thy sacrifice and thy tears? Aloyse, fare thee well! Oh, may thy heart soon regain its tranquillity, for we part for ever in this world.' She replied not, but, with deep sobs, pressed his hand to her bosom. He embraced her once more, and laying her on her father's breast, rushed from the spot. About a month after Philip's departure, Aloyse sat in a corner, and wept bitterly. Martin Ereté bent tenderly over her, and softly named Philip. 'Yes,' exclaimed she, with impetuous vehemence, 'yes, my father, I deny it not. I shall love him for ever—he has taken my life with him. Yet be calm, dear father, be calm—I shall be composed. But fulfil your promise, and let us set out for Paris instantly.' They went. * *

"Louis had already accepted for his grandson the crown of Spain, and the ambassadors were appointed to a solemn audience. The French nobles were assembled. A number of great men from the young Bourbon's different dominions, even from distant America, arranged themselves round Louis's still empty throne. The ladies of the court were also present; and at their head, the admired, the envied Madame de Maintenon. In the back-ground were several of the middle ranks, as spectators of this magnificent scene, and amongst these were Madame Gageot and Aloyse. The door of the royal cabinet was now flung open, and Louis stept proudly forth, leading his grandson by the hand, with the air and majesty of the master of the world. But, beautiful as the son of a god, led by the hand of Jupiter, walked the youthful Philip at his side. He was attired in the Spanish costume, sparkling with jewels, as if Peru had showered its diamonds upon him. The royal mantle flowed gracefully from his shoulder; the sword of Castile glittered at his side, and the feathers of Arragon waved from the diadem that bound his youthful brow. 'Spaniards, behold here is your king!' said Louis, as he looked with parental pride upon his grandson, whom he presented to them. Albufera threw himself upon his knee before Philip, whose cheek was tinged with the blush of modesty, and pressed the kiss of homage of his hand. The rest followed his example, and the ceremony had nearly concluded, when Philip's eye fell upon a pale dying countenance, that looked as if it had risen from the dead to gaze upon him. The colour suddenly fled from his cheek, for it was Aloyse's sweet mournful glance he had encountered, and it was impossible for him to conceal the emotions which overpowered him. His hand trembled in that of Louis, who said, in a low voice, 'Dost thou tremble, King of Spain?' Philip departed for Spain, and about a year after this, Aloyse went one evening as usual to visit old Margaret in St. Pierre. —'My child,' said she, as she looked upon Aloyse's pale, death-like countenance, 'have I not been right with my dream? Oh, that you had never, never known this death-bringing jewel!' 'Good mother,' replied Aloyse, in her soft voice, 'do not thus grieve over me; I am not unhappy.' But Margaret remarked such an extraordinary weakness about her, that she determined, although against her wishes, to accompany her on her way home. When they came to the forest, Aloyse felt herself overpowered by great weakness and indisposition, about the place where she had overheard Montejo's treachery. 'It was here,' said she, in a low, stifled voice: 'the tree lies there still. Let us sit down upon it, good mother.' They did so, and Aloyse seated herself beside Margaret, and laid her head upon her shoulder. The setting sun gilded the leaves with his dying rays. 'See,' whispered Aloyse, 'the sun goes down in Spain; but,' continued she, in interrupted words, 'in his America it rises up again, and in his Heaven it shines for ever!' They were her last words. She died in Margaret's arms."

We have only to *add*, that we can *add* nothing to this paper; and, therefore, the Scottish tales, the German legends, and all the rest of these compositions, ten in number, must be referred to for their own illustration.

Marly; or, a Planter's Life in Jamaica. 8vo. pp. 364. Glasgow, 1828. Griffin and Co. London, Hunt and Clarke.

THREE or four years ago, Mr. J. Stewart's View of the Past and Present State of Jamaica afforded us a mass of valuable information respecting that island: the present publication also gives us a picture of society and manners in the same quarter, but is altogether of a different and of a very familiar class. A sort of romance story is wound up in it, or rather made the vehicle for its sketches; though the latter are its chief recommendation, being apparently drawn with truth and spirit, by an actual observer of, and actor in, the scenes which he paints. Marly, a young Scotsman, and, like very many young Scotsmen, having his way to push in the wide world, lands in Jamaica in search of fortune. At first he is tormented in the flesh by what the negroes call the devil's trumpeters (the mosquito), and suffers other inconveniences of climate; but soon gets the place of a book-keeper on a plantation. Here the poor slaves are flogged and steal; steal and are flogged. Idleness and carelessness are met by the cart-whip: and very disgusting punishments are rather too minutely described. The following extract, however, at our hero's entry upon his duties, is new to us: the overseer is speaking of a theft committed in the sugar house, and he tells Marly of the grand receiving-place.

"Calibash estate is by far the largest in the island, though it cannot with propriety be said to have any express owners. I rather think every sugar proprietor is somewhat concerned in it. But be this as it may, it is from this estate the great part of the white people in the towns, and the free browns and blacks, supply themselves with the essential article of sugar. It derives its name, I believe, chiefly owing to no coopered casks being used, the substitute for which are calibashes, procured from the calibash tree, of which there are no scarcity, and in which the sugar is not only carried out of the estate, but conveyed to market and sold, according to the apparent size of the calibash, no weights or measures being used by the proprietors of this large estate. Another peculiarity attached to this estate, is, that the crop is almost uniformly disposed of on Sunday, no other day in the week being so suitable to the owners. To make a long story short, Calibash estate comprehends the whole island of Jamaica, each sugar plantation furnishing a little, some more and some less, according to circumstances. But it differs very materially in regard to good crops being produced from it with that of good crops from any single estate; for when a good crop is produced from a single estate, praise is bestowed, and promotion ensured to the planters; but if it is only supposed that at any time a good crop is taken off for Calibash estate, the planters, in place of promotion, must go and seek their bread elsewhere. Calibash estate, therefore, is furnished from the sugar purloined by the negroes, from the various plantations on which they live; and from the extent of the population which they

supply, the quantity stolen in a year must be immense. It seems, however, altogether impossible to put an entire stop to this nefarious traffic, for Calibash estate will always be supplied. But, where the white people are continually on the alert, they in a great measure are enabled to save their own sugar from being embezzled."

Upon the estate, a negro named Homer was employed in rat-catching; and when he came home in the evening, his "small deer" met with a quick sale among the other slaves. This astonished our neophyte. "He asked a negro girl who had bought part of the game, why she came to eat rats?—She exclaimed, 'Dey good nyamn for him neger, massa! Him, Sir Charles Price, good nyamn for him neger, massa! Him good as hims hens pickeniny, massa!' At this time Marly was told dinner waited, when he entered the buckra-house. Shortly after the cloth was removed, he mentioned what he had seen, and inquired if rats were in general eaten by the negroes. Being informed that they were, the overseer remarked, that he could 'perceive no reason why rats should not be good eating, though, from our education, we may entertain a disgust of them. Rats in towns are filthy feeding animals, but those fed in cane plots live upon the sugar plant, the most cleanly of all kinds of food; and why then they should not form good eating, I cannot conjecture. But as I never tried a mess of them, I am not a proper judge, and I only once saw a white man commence eating a roasted one, (he was a Frenchman) then I fell sick, and had to retire. The Frenchman afterwards declared it was excellent, and that it equalled, if it did not excel, a fine-fed tender chicken, or an excellent young rabbit. The negroes, however, who have none of these prejudices of our education to overcome, are very partial to rats, and have denominated them Sir Charles Price, thereby commemorating an event that otherwise might have descended into oblivion, as I do not at present recollect to have seen it observed in any of the authors who have written respecting this island. Sir Charles Price, it appears, was a great man in the country, at an early period after our taking it from the Spaniards. In his time, there was a small species of rat, which proved very destructive to the canes, and which was also thought to be very prolific; in addition to which, field mice were very numerous and pretty destructive. This Sir Charles Price had been told that there was a large-sized rat on the Mosquito shore, which was an enemy to every other species of rat, as well as to mice, and though equally destructive as the small one, was said to be less prolific. As a choice of two evils, we are directed to choose the lesser; therefore, to get rid of the mice and small rats which then pestered the colonists, he sent to the Mosquito shore, and had a number of the large ones imported. It answered the expectation in one respect, for it cleared the country, as it is generally supposed, of the small rats, and thinned the field mice; but it has proved equally prolific with those it has exterminated. And should you continue for any length of time a planter, you will have occasion too often to observe the immense devastation in the cane plots, caused by this destructive and widely disseminated race.'"

Another negro practice is thus mentioned.

"After shell-blow, a negro man and woman brought their daughter, a girl about sixteen years of age, who belonged to one of the field gangs, with a sad complaint to the overseer, that for some time past she had been addicted to dirt-eating (eating earth); and though they had endeavoured to persuade her to desist, by the means both of gentle and harsh treatment, they had not been able to make her abandon this abominable and pernicious propensity. On this account they had brought her for massa to put her into the stocks, in order to prevent her from having any farther opportunity of so doing in future, and which was accordingly done. She was rather a good-looking negress; but, like many others, had fallen into this detestable negro practice of eating earth,—a species of disease, which, if persisted in for any length of time, uniformly terminates in dropsy and death. She was kept in confinement for a number of days; and as this unnatural craving is considered a disease, she was properly medicined by the doctor, and fed from the white people's table, until she was dismissed."

Although our author does not describe slavery with that disgust and abhorrence which it must excite in every humane breast, yet his details tend powerfully to excite these feelings.

"One day, after the space allotted for dinner had elapsed, the overseer visited Marly and his gang, during a drizzling shower (a circumstance rather uncommon in Jamaica), when he observed the pickeniny mothers coming to the field. There might be six or eight of these mothers, who were allowed ten minutes additional to the other negroes, to come to the field in the morning, and in the afternoon. They generally, however, took a little more than the prescribed time; but on this afternoon, whether it was owing to the rain, or some other cause, which prevented them, they were considerably later, and the overseer, who had once before checked them for a similar fault, now seemed determined to make an example of them. He, therefore, without any preamble, being equally aware with Samuels, that the negroes don't like speakee and floggee too, ordered them to be laid down one after the other, when each received the gentle admonition of nine lashes. At first they were indignant at the idea of receiving punishment, saying, 'dat de Busha floggee them for him's pickeniny mummas getting pickeninies for massa,' meaning the proprietor. They were indeed very little hurt; but being indignant against the overseer for the pain which, as they conceived, he had made them unjustly suffer, they reviled him with every opprobrious epithet which the talkee talkee slang dictionary would have contained, had it been written. The overseer, though abused with this most scurrilous language, lengthened out by the true creole drawl, enough in all conscience to have provoked the patience of a Job, bore it for a short time apparently without concern; but his choler at last getting up, he hurried to his mule; the whole gang, immediately on his back being turned, joining in the usual chorus on such occasions, of—'I don't care a damn, oh!—I don't care a damn, oh!' Next morning, the overseer was with the gang as soon as Marly. He appeared as if determined to observe himself that the negroes turned out pointedly to their time, in order that he might have the work of cleaning finished in the course of the week, preparatory to commencing the planting of new canes. Unfortunately, seven or eight of Marly's people were late, and these were chiefly old men and women. As they came in, the overseer ordered them to be laid down and punished. Each of them received a dozen of lashes. Marly could not help feeling pity for these unfortunate and truly miserable creatures, the most of whom were, from their age, apparently tottering on the brink of eternity. They sang out repeatedly for mercy, but the overseer was relentless. * * * Finding that their most compassionate and importunate exclamations were unable to move his tenderness, and that the driver continued using his whip, several of them, amidst the cries under the torture of the heavy lash, exclaimed, 'No man pities him poor old neger, but massa above,' meaning God. What rendered it still more distressing to Marly, whom custom had not yet rendered callous to such sights, was the piteous aspects of the children of several of them, who were spectators of their mothers' and fathers' galling and degrading sufferings, without daring to complain. The last who was laid down, was the mother of the overseer's boy, one of the youngest of the whole. She also very naturally pleaded for mercy, and in this plea she was aided by her son, who no doubt though he was entitled to use more liberty with the Busha than the others, crying for forgiveness for his mumma. Finding that their conjoined importunities were ineffectual, he furiously sprung at the overseer, as if he would force him to comply; and before the latter was aware of his intention, his face was scratched till the blood followed. She, notwithstanding received her dozen. But, although the Busha must have pretty keenly felt the smart of the scratches on his face, and was evidently enraged; it seemed, however, that even he felt indignant at the idea of ordering a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age to be punished merely for shewing the strong and natural affection he bore to his mother, and which we, in this country, should so highly commend; he therefore instantly mounted his mule and rode off, the boy holding on as usual by the tail, cheered with the customary song of—'I don't care a damn, oh!' The overseer's anger had nearly evaporated before he reached home, and his boy only received a cuff or two on the side of the head, and an admonition to behave better in future, under the pain of being placed in the of the gangs as a field negro."

We are not of the canting or hypocritical school, which for the sake of notoriety affects touching sensibility, and, while it pursues its own worldly objects with hard avidity, labors for a character at the expense of others; we are sure that no man of right mind can peruse such an account as this without sickening at heart. No wonder that bloody reactions are of frequent occurrence,—and of murders of whites there are several horrid stories in the volume. To these, however, we prefer, as illustrations of the work, two or three characteristic and various quotations. Marly went to a sale, where "his attention was immediately directed towards three genteel well-dressed young females, exposed for sale in one lot. They were sisters, of the cast denominated Mustees, their mother having been a quadroon, and their father a white man. The handsome forms, the apparently cultivated manners, the soft and pleasing faces of the European, even more fair than numbers of our countrywomen, and the neatness, nay elegance of their dress, aided by the faint vermilion tinge which their unfortunate and exposure to all eyes forced into their complexions, caused them to form a very interesting group. There were few people in the room who did not feel pity for their lamentable lot, and it is probable, the sensations of these girls were such as to baffle description. Their father had been a respectable gentleman

they were his family by a brown woman, who had been a slave of his own. He had brought them up in a genteel manner as his recognised family, and they had been educated similarly to the free ladies in the island, the father never having considered them in the light of slaves. They had been accustomed to receive the same treatment, in every respect, as the free children of a man in somewhat opulent circumstances, so that nothing could have been more distant from their thoughts, than that ever this would be their sorrowful situation—that they were one day to be exposed in a public vendue room as slaves, and knocked down to the highest bidder. The granting of their freedom, unhappily (for their mother had died a slave), had been postponed from time to time by their father, till death removed him from this mortal stage, without the deed of manumission having been executed. His affairs were found in so embarrassed a state, that his creditors attached his whole property, and even his own children as part of his estate. The consequence was, these girls were brought to the hammer to pay their father's debts, being held to be part of his movable property. No offerers appeared, however; and though they were afterwards round different times advertised, and exposed to public auction, they would not sell. Their genteel manners, liberal education, and pleasing appearance, would have entitled them to comfortable marriages in Britain; and it was the very same reasons that prevented any one in Jamaica from making a purchase of them; because the neighbourhood would have cried shame, had they been put to any laborious or even servile employment, considering the very special situation in which they had been brought up, contrasted with the unfortunate and unexpected one in which they now stood. And as also her child not be separated, and no prospect of any sale offered, they were allowed to roam at large, in the same manner as if they had been free. * * *

"People of colour are distinguished by the names of Sambooes, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Mustees, Mustiphinies, and Quintroons or Quinteroons,—the next descent after the last, being those persons who are called white by law,* and who become to all intents and purposes white men; and as such, are entitled to all their privileges."

"It is a curious and remarkable circumstance, but not the less true, that the Maroons, by means of cow-horns, can call any one of their company by name, and also can carry on a degree of correspondence at a very considerable distance, with this rude and simple instrument, by diversifying the blasts to such a wonderful degree, as if related would be found incredible by most of mankind."

There are a number of dissertations on almost every colonial topic of interest in this volume; they are marked by good sense and plain statement, and practical, if not very enlarged views. We should consider them to be entitled to the attention of parties concerned, and of the public generally. There seems to be great room for improvements in the West India system of agriculture in particular: and upon the whole, though his remarks are of a common and rather superficial kind, we are disposed to give the author credit for actual observation, intelligence, and good intentions.

* "As some readers may wish for an explanation of these terms, the following is submitted as a correct one. A Sambroe is the nighest remove from black, being the child of a Mulattoe father and Negro woman, or vice versâ. A Mulattoe is the child of a white man by a negress. A Quadroon is the child of a Mulattoe mother, by a white father. The child of a Quadroon by a white man, is a Mustee. The child of a Mustee man by a Mustee woman is a Mustiphini. The child of a Mustiphini by a white father, is a Quintroon,—and the child of a Quintroon woman by a white is free by law. Some authors who have treated on the West India trade do not account so far; but the writer of this has seen more than one family of Quintroons by Mustiphini mothers in a state of slavery; which, of course, would not have been the case, had they been those persons called white by law."

The Omnipresence of the Deity: a Poem. By Robert Montgomery. Post 8vo. pp. 203. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London, 1828. S. Maunder.

It is little more than six weeks since (Feb. 2) we expressed our sentiments respecting the first edition of this striking poem. We viewed it as the production of youthful genius—not without imperfections, but pre-eminently redeemed by beauties of the highest order. These feelings, sanctioned as they now are by the opinion of the public, so decidedly expressed as already to have called forth another edition, we have not the slightest inclination to qualify. True genius is a rare plant; and we should be ashamed of ourselves and of our station in the literary world, if we permitted either a cold heartedness as individuals, or a cold criticalness as public writers, to rob us of that sympathy and enthusiasm which the first efforts of struggling genius are so finely calculated to inspire. Be it for any others to descry specks on the bud which is just forcing its way through the hard earth, daring existence in the open light of heaven, and promising to expand in glorious petals: be it for any others, we say, to attempt to nip this bud,—for us, we will cherish it in its infancy, and look forward with hope and pleasure to the sunshine which is to unfold its bloom. Should we be disappointed in the flower—at least we shall have the gratification of reflecting that we did not rudely crush it in its birth: and should it flourish and yield universal delight—we shall remember with no inferior joy that ours was the first breath that warmed it into life, and ours the first voice that proclaimed its fragrant blossoming.

Let us now turn shortly to this new edition, which is very obviously and greatly improved. We are not going over the ground again; but we wish particularly to direct attention to the pure, religious, and devotional principle which animates the poem, and which will make it a favourite with a very numerous class of readers of the best kind. We cite one example:—

"Though Crime entomb herself within the heart,
And veil her anguish with dissembling art;
Though 'mid the glare of day, and dazzling strife
That flutters on the shadowy stream of life,
She move as merry as the morning air,
Unmarr'd by grief, unsorrow'd by a care,—
Darkness shall bare the burden of her sin,
And fan the hell of thought that flames within!

At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on the brooding air that sleeps around;
When all the drossy feelings of the day,
Touch'd by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,—
Unhallow'd Guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal;
A sense unutt'rable within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole;
On ev'ry limb shall creeping terror come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And fancy flutter round the gulf of hell!

Not so comes Darkness to the good man's breast,
When Night brings on the holy hour of rest;
Tir'd of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed;
His spirit bosom'd on the God of all,
Peace to the hour! whate'er the night befall:
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart;
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles,
Next busy manhood battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run o'er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears!
Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose.'

With some degree of reference to our introductory remarks, rather than to its merit as superior to the other minor pieces with which the volume closes, we quote the following, on *the Pains of Genius.*

"Envy not the Poet's name,
Darken not his dawn of fame;
'Tis the guerdon of a mind
'Bove the thralls of earthly kind:
'Tis the haven for a soul
Where the storms of genius roll;
It often lights him to his doom—
A halo round an early tomb!

The whirling brain and heated brow;
Ideas that torture while they grow;
The soaring fancy over-fraught,
The burning agonies of thought;
The sleepless eye and racking head,
The airy terrors round him spread:
Or freezing smile of Apathy,
Or scowl of green-eyed Jealousy;
Or haggard Want, whose lean hands wave
Unto a cold, uncover'd grave:—
Oh! these must win a Poet's name;
Then darken not his dawn of fame."

From *London at Midnight*, another of the smaller poems, we are sorry we can find space to extract only a few passages: the whole is very fine.

"The fret and fever of the day are o'er,
And London slumbers, but with murmurs faint,
Like Ocean, when she folds her waves to sleep:
'Tis the pure hour for poetry and thought;
When passions sink, and man surveys the heavens,
And feels himself immortal.

O'er all a sad sublimity is spread—
The dimming smile of night, amid the air,
Darkly and drear, the spiry steeples rise
Like shadows of the past; the houses lie
In dismal clusters, moveless as in sleep:
And, towering far above the rest, yon dome†
Uprears, as if self-balanced in the gloom—
A spectre cowering o'er the dusky piles.

* * * *

How noiseless are the streets! a few hours gone,
And all was fierce commotion; car and hoof,
And bick'ring wheel, and crackling stone, and throats
That rang with revelry and wo—were here
Immingled in the stir of life; but now
A deadness mantles round the midnight scene:
Time, with his awful feet, has paced the world,
And frowned her myriads into sleep!—'Tis hush'd!
Save when a distant drowsy watch-call breaks
Intrusive on the calm; or rapid cars,
That roll them into silence. Beauteous look
The train of houses, yellow'd by the moon,
Whose tile-roofs slanting down amid the light,
Gleam like an azure track of waveless sea!

* * * *

The Past!—Oh! who on London stones can tread,
Nor shadow forth the spirits that have been?
An atmosphere of genius genders here
Remembrance of the past! the storied nurse,
The ancient mother of the mighty, Thou,
Unrivall'd London! sages, poets, kings,
And all the giant race of glorious fame,
Whose world-illuming minds, like quenchless stars,
Burn through the wreck of ages,—triumphed here,
Or ravished hence a beam of Fame! And now
Imagination cites these mighty dead
In dismal majesty from out the tomb!

And who shall paint the midnight scenes of life
In this vast city?—mart of human kind!
Some weary wrecks of wo are lapp'd in sleep,
And bless'd in dreams, whose day-life was a curse!
Some, heart-rack'd, roll upon a sleepless couch,
And from the heated brain create a hell
Of agonising thoughts and ghostly fears;
While Pleasure's moths, around the golden glare
Of princely halls, dance off the dull-wing'd hours:
And, oh! perchance, in some infectious cell,
Far from his home, unaided and alone,
The famished wanderer dies;—no voice to sound
Sweet comfort to his heart—no hand to smooth
His bed of death,—no beaming eye to bless
The spirit hov'ring o'er another world!

* * * *

And shall this city-queen—this peerless mass
Of pillar'd domes, and gray-worn towers sublime,
Be blotted from the world, and forests wave
Where once the second Rome was seen? Oh! say,
Will rank grass grow on England's royal streets,
And wild beasts howl where Commerce stalk'd supreme?
Alas! let Mem'ry dart her eagle-glance
Down vanish'd time, till summon'd ages rise
With ruin'd empires on their wings! Thought weeps
With patriot truth, to own a funeral day,
Heart of the universe! shall visit thee,

† St. Paul's.

When round thy wreck some lonely man shall roam,
And, sighing, say—' 'Twas here vast London stood !'

But, hark ! again the heavy bell has peal'd
Its doleful thunder through the skies : the stars
Grow pale, the moon seems weary of her course ;
And Morn begins to blossom in the east :
Then let me home, and Heaven protect my thoughts !"

Lyon's Mexico.

(Continuation: Second Notice.)

It can hardly fail, we think, to gratify our readers, if we continue to make a few additional selections which may help to shew that the very striking examples of Mexican manners, with which we last concluded, are not peculiar. At San Vicente the church " was a long mud barn, not even white-washed ; a poverty of appearance which could in no way take from its sanctity as a place of worship ; but it was filled with at least a hundred of the most horrid figures I ever saw, painted in gaudy colours, and varying in size from very small dolls to that of a half-grown person. One figure of our Saviour, with a large brown wig, was seated on a child's toy-horse, exactly of the kind which our English children play with, having straight legs, and the head and curved neck cut out of a flat board. This was by no means the worst figure to be seen :—but I will not dwell on the disgusting appearance of the monsters which met my eye ; such, in fact, that had a strange people visited this church, they would not have hesitated to consider the worshippers as idolaters. I can only say, that hitherto I have neither seen an original nor a picture of the Mexican deities at the time of the conquest more abhorrent or absurd than the idols in the Romish church of San Vicente."

At Tula (says Captain L.), " our lodging was opposite the church, at which, hearing music in the evening, I found a crowd of people with a young woman, who was bearing on her head a little dead child, dressed in coloured papers, so arranged as to represent a robe, and tied to a board by a white handkerchief. Round the body were stuck a profusion of artificial flowers ; the face was uncovered, and the little hands tied together as if in prayer. A fiddler and a man playing on a guitar accompanied the crowd to the church-door ; and the mother, having entered for a few minutes, again appeared with her child, and walked off, accompanied by her friends, to the burying-place. The father followed with another man, who assisted him with a lighted piece of wood in throwing up hand-rockets, of which he bore a large bundle under his arm. The whole ceremony was one of cheerfulness and gaiety, since all children who die young are supposed to escape purgatory, and to become ' angelitos' at once. I was informed that the burial would be followed by a fandango, in token of rejoicing that the babe had been taken from this world. —It is, doubtless, the duty of Christians to be resigned to their afflictions ; but I am sure that few English women could carry their first and only infant to its grave with smiling countenances ; and I equally can answer for the inability of the men to throw up rejoicing rockets when their first-born is taken from them."

The marriages of Guichola Indians (who live round Bolaños) are thus mentioned :— " In complexion, feature, hair, and eyes, I could trace a very great resemblance between these Indians and the Esquimaux, who are, however, somewhat shorter, and more corpulent. They are said to be a very peaceable, inoffensive race when sober ; but quite outrageous in their drunken fits, when their quarrels are very bloody. Their marriages are curiously conducted, since it is the custom for a man to take his intended wife on trial ; and if, after an indefinite time, he likes her, they are then married by a priest or friar, who once a-year goes round to perform this ceremony, and to christen, perhaps, the offspring of half the newly-married couples. Should the lady not give satisfaction, she may be returned to her parents, even if pregnant : and women who have been thus discarded, are as frequently taken again on trial, and ultimately married, as any others."

The worst Mexican vice, however, is a disregard of human life.

At San Luis, " pulque is sold at almost every corner ; and its effects on the natives are often very visible. To the abundance of this and other liquors may be attributed the frequent and sanguinary quarrels at this place, and the numerous assassinations committed, chiefly among the lower orders, who all carry knives concealed under their blanket, although the laws formally prohibit weapons. Very slight provocation is sometimes sufficient to make one man stab another ; and two murders of this kind took place in open day during my stay at San Luis. The assassin in such cases is merely confined for a few days, and then set at liberty to commit fresh enormities. Sometimes, but rarely, he is sent as a convict for two years to Vera Cruz. One of the murders before alluded to, took place in consequence of a dispute between two men of different villages, each of whom claimed for his Pueblo the merit of having sent the largest nosegay as a present to the Virgin at the feast of Corpus Christi ;—to end the matter, one very deliberately stabbed the other, wiped his knife, and was taken into custody, well knowing that in a few days he should regain his liberty. To instance still further the state of the laws in the northern parts of the republic of Mexico at this period, I may relate, that a German gentleman, some time since, was attacked on the road to Durango by a robber, who, having fired at and missed him, was instantly shot dead. The gentleman was afterwards fined 500 dollars for killing instead of taking him prisoner and bringing him to Durango, whence, after a few days confinement, he would again have been turned out upon the world."

Of Zacatecas we are told : " I am sorry that it is not in my power to say much in favour of the city of Zacatecas, which I believe was once the capital of a powerful nation (the Zapotecas), who were subjugated with great difficulty by the troops despatched by Cortez for that purpose, after the conquest of Mexico. I acknowledge a dislike to both the natives and the town, which I only entered five or six times on business ; and I had no idle time on my hands, had I been disposed to make my visits more frequently. Thrice I so far succeeded in attracting public attention as to be hooted at as a Jew ; and once had the honour of being pelted with stones. The frequent use of the knife is also a sufficient discouragement to a stranger's visiting the city. Murder is too slight a crime to merit punishment,—and during the month of May, twenty-one assassinations took place, without a single person being brought to justice."

If the natives are thus unsparing of each other, it is not to be supposed that they entertain any very great regard for their heretical visitors. On the contrary, they hold such persons as English Protestant travellers in supreme dislike. Capt. L. states :—

" *July* 9.—A party of English artificers and miners, under the charge of my friend Mr. Tindal, arrived from Real del Monte, and passed through Zacatecas at the time it was most crowded with people, who on Sundays flock from the neighbourhood to attend the market. On these occasions they generally get drunk, when they become quarrelsome, and too frequently use their knives against each other. It was an unlucky moment for strangers to appear amongst them, and they availed themselves of it to quarrel with the English and to throw stones at them :—had not a party of the city ' milicia' been sent to protect the new comers on their way to the Veta Grande, some serious consequences might have ensued. The custom-house officers having taken it into their half-tipsy heads that the baggage of the travellers contained some arms, stopped it all in the middle of the town, and Mr. Tindal and I were obliged to ride there to settle matters. By humouring the crowd, who were already ripe for mischief, we kept them in tolerably good temper ; but no sooner were our backs turned, than we were saluted with a half-merry half-saucy hiss, and they honoured our retreat with a few stones. Considerable ill-will was also manifested towards the strangers by the miners at the Veta ; and when they appeared singly, they were pelted. An attack was actually made at night on the door of the house in which they were quartered, and it was battered with stones. Four ringleaders of the assailants were taken up and imprisoned ; and on the following morning a threatening paper which had been pasted on our stable-gates and on the door of the alcalde was brought to us. * *

" The people of the mining districts have the character of being more lawless and unruly than those whose occupations are different ; and whatever may be the truth of this imputation as regards other mining states, the Zacatecanos are somewhat worse than their neighbours. I do not, however, conceive that the mining interests of foreigners can now be materially or even slightly affected by the waywardness of the operatives. Mexico is a country newly awakened from a long dream of ignorance and oppression ; and as much improvement is already observable to the residents in the country, more may naturally be anticipated, although its progress must, I conceive be slower in the state of Zacatecas than in the more central provinces, since the natives possess more bigotry and intolerance than their neighbours ; and any improvements introduced by men of a different faith from themselves will, for a period, be received with distrust, and were at first exposed to insult. It will scarcely be believed that there should exist a people in a nominally civilised country, who yet believe in Lord Monboddo's ingenious theory of tails ;* yet so it is—that the English, or, indeed, all foreigners, being considered as Jews, are supposed to be ornamented by these appendages ; and many people can be found, who firmly believe that our stirrups being placed more forward on our saddles than is the custom of the country, is to allow of our stooping a little, so as to prevent the friction of the saddle from inconveniencing the rider's tail. It is to this bigotry that the circumstances of insults, with which some of our people were received on their first arrival, are to be attributed. The prejudice of the people, influenced by the ignorant priesthood, induced them to look with jealousy upon all foreigners as heretics. This prejudice is greater in these northern states

* A nun inquired, at another place, whether the tails of heretics fell off on their conversion to the Catholic faith !!

than in the other parts of the republic, and may be attributed in a great measure to the little intercourse they have had with Europeans, and will wear off gradually with the general improvement which this country must experience. In other parts of the republic our countrymen have been well received."

To these two extracts we may add a curious and memorable English recollection. Of Tampico "it is recorded, that Admiral Drake once visited this place, and carried off all the wealth of the inhabitants, which induced them to found the village now distinguished by the name of Tampico, and situated on a rising ground, amidst the thickets, about seven miles to the southward.—The memory of this visit has been preserved in a singular way, although I have but little confidence in the authenticity of the story. The English sailors are said to have introduced to the natives, whom they plundered, the method of making grog; which name having, I suppose, been too difficult to remember, has been supplanted by that of Drake, in memory of our English admiral."

We will here give another more modern and characteristic anecdote. At San Luis Potosi our author administered a couple of pills to an old lady, who disturbed him by moaning all night, in consequence of headach; and she "very deliberately poked one up each nostril, as being nearer the seat of pain; but a little explanation procured their extraction, and ensured the transfer to her mouth."

Something farther may be gathered of the status quo in Mexico, by comparing the price of a horse with that of a bird. At Tula (Captain L. tells us), "wishing to purchase a horse, I was enabled to see the laso exercised in its utmost perfection; and the dexterity with which particular animals were selected and arrested for my inspection from the herd at full speed, was far beyond what I had expected. The whole scene was of the most amusing kind; the wild, galloping horses, the mirth and activity of the men on foot, who seemed delighted in shewing their skill, was above all things pleasing. I purchased here a very good pacing horse for *twelve dollars*, equal to 2*l.* 8*s.*"

And, again, at San Luis: "in passing through the streets, many cages of birds are seen suspended within the wooden-barred windows, of which the sinsontli, or mocking-bird, seems to be the favourite. These are very abundant in the surrounding country; yet *fifty dollars* are considered as by no means a high price for a good singer."

For the present we shall close this paper with a few selections referable to matters of natural history.

"There still exist at Panuco two Indian 'comunidades,'* amongst whom the Guastec language, to the almost total exclusion of the Spanish, is spoken. These poor people live unmixed with the whites, who amount to 1500 persons, and who may be called the fixed population. During the unhealthy months, many families come here from Tampico; and in the dry season Panuco is a kind of watering-place, to which people resort for the purpose of bathing, the river here being more free from cay-

	Families.		Souls.
* There are Tanalichok, containing .	138	=	525
Tanquinam	78	=	283
At Tanjuco, nine leagues from Panuco, and appertaining to its cure, are also	30	=	101
	246	=	909

having a total pure Indian population of 909: a fearful decrease from a nation which, according to report, once amounted to 100,000.

mans than at any other part. For such families as choose to devote a little trouble and expense to decency, small spaces are staked-off near the banks, and lightly covered with palm branches: but such niceties are not much attended to; both sexes bathe without scruple at the same time; and many of the young women swim extremely well."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Veterinarian. Nos. I. II. and III. Longman and Co.

A monthly production, dedicated to the veterinary art, and likely to do much service to it, by making its principles better known, and leading to an improved general practice of farriery. Great ignorance prevails in this useful branch; and utility and humanity have alike long called for its amelioration. We are, therefore, glad to see the subject taken up in a popular periodical form, and trust it will produce all the beneficial effects which may be expected from a skilful exposition of the diseases of valuable animals, and their best modes of alleviation and cure.

The Hebrew; a Sketch in the Nineteenth Century: with the Dream of St. Keyna. 12mo. pp. 232. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

A TALE of a religious tendency, in which the incidents are neither so peculiar, nor the style so elevated, as to demand our especial notice. In the rank of literature to which it belongs, the *Hebrew* may take its place as a pleasing and moral narrative. The *Dream* is more commendable for the inculcation of virtue than for high poetical merit.

Arran: a Poem. By the Reverend David Landsborough, Minister of Stevenston. 18mo. pp. 167. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THE writer appears to be an amiable person, and alive to the beauties of nature. His production, however, partakes too much of locality to be of very high interest in our southern parts. The title-page is adorned with a beautiful vignette, to which we see the name, "*A. Blackwood sculp.;*" and if this should happen to be any scion of the publisher's, we take the liberty of congratulating him on a very elegant and tasteful display of talent. It is one of the best things of its kind we have met with from the Modern Athens.

A Treatise on Diet, &c. By J. A. Paris, M.D. F.R.S., &c. 8vo. Underwoods.

WE have merely to notice this as a third edition of a work highly and deservedly popular. Great experience, good sense, abilities of the foremost order, and a most pleasing manner of conveying information, are Dr. Paris's striking characteristics; and that success which we, in the first instance, anticipated for his useful labours, is now largely rewarding them, and confirming the validity of our opinions.

The Spirit and Manners of the Age; a Christian and Literary Miscellany. New Series. No. I. Westley and Davies.

THE preceding Numbers of this Monthly Miscellany having accomplished a race of four (we believe, half year) volumes, the present No., under a new Editor, commences a new era. It appears to be a moral and religious publication, interspersed with articles of a more generally amusing character; and, perhaps, its greatest blemish is its name,—for it is any thing but a picture of the Spirit and Manners of the Age. *Ex. gr.:* the first article, a very pleasing one, upon *old* Christmas, by the Author of *London in the Olden Times;*—brief essays on Profaneness, on Disappointment, on Parental Example, on Dreams, and on the Superstition of Intellectual Men; an Account of a Unique Fossil, (which we cannot comprehend); the Ebenezer, a religious exhortation; an Apologue from the Talmud; and several pieces of serious poetry;—whatever they may be of their kind, have no pretensions to compose almost entirely a magazine called the *Spirit and Manners of the Age.* These matters either do not belong to the age in which we live, or are common to all periods. Of the only other papers, that on Phrenology alone belongs to our enlightened epoch; an Officer's Funeral and Tea Parties having nothing to distinguish them:—there are, however, Reviews of New Books, and Notices of the Fine Arts. In conclusion, though we have stated that this work is not consistent with its name, we beg not be misunderstood as blaming it. It is very respectable in its real character of a Religious and Literary Miscellany.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

WE have elsewhere recorded a liberal act of individual encouragement to the fine arts; and it gives us much pleasure to have to mention, in the same sheet of our annals of the memorabilia of the times, another instance of tribute from wealth to talent. Mr. Fuller, of Rosehill, (by his "familiars called Jack,") whose patronage of the Royal Institution was before very substantially shewn, has, of late, evinced the continuance of his regards in an extremely handsome and agreeable manner. He has presented a golden medal, of some ten guineas intrinsic value, to the principal persons who have distinguished themselves by chemical discoveries in connexion with this Society. Sir H. Davy, Dr. Wollaston, Mr. Hatchett, Mr. Brande, Mr. Faraday, Mr. Daniell, Mr. Children, and others, have severally received these grateful testimonies — which are from the die of Wyon, and worthy of his skill. The obverse is a fine head of the English father of true philosophy, Bacon: the reverse, a wreath of laurel, surrounding an inscription, "*For Chemical Discoveries: given by John Fuller, Member of the Royal Institution.*" — We always applaud such matters as these: as human nature is constituted, they are powerful stimulants to exertion, and the arts and the sciences should welcome them cordially.

THE City of London Literary and Scientific Institution held its half-yearly meeting at Albion Hall about three weeks ago; George Grote, jun., Esq. one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. The report read by the secretary was highly favourable. A commodious theatre for lectures has been erected in the rear of the house in Aldersgate Street, and the reading rooms, &c. have been improved, at a cost of 2000*l.*

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

MARCH 14th.—At a meeting of this date, Sir James M'Gregor, president, in the chair, the Duke of Somerset was admitted an honorary Fellow. Earl Stanhope, Sir A. Johnston, Le Comte de la Garde, Dr. John Fleming, Dr. Roupell, Dr. Dunlap, &c. were admitted Fellows. Amongst the presents were: Geographical Essays, presented by Mr. Jomard; a specimen of the Cashew apple, by Dr. Barclay, &c. The Emperors of Austria and Brazils,

having signified their desire to become honorary Fellows, were respectively elected. A communication from the King of Wurtemburg was read, stating that he had had great pleasure in giving directions for the transmission of the medicinal plants of his kingdom for the Herbarium of the Society. Mr. Frost delivered some observations on cinchona, (a splendid specimen of which was exhibited by Mr. Battley); on a resinous extract of cubebs; the essential oil of copaiba; an extract of senna and of cinchona. The president announced that the anniversary dinner would be celebrated on the 3d of May.

MAJOR LAING.—It is surprising to see the various and contradictory reports which from time to time appear in the French journals respecting Major Laing and the other English travellers in Africa. According to a recent letter received by the French Academy from M. Jomard, it seems that the two hundred pounds sterling which poor Belzoni deposited at Morocco, in order that when he arrived at Timbuctoo he might receive that sum, was paid at Timbuctoo to a white man, no doubt Major Laing, in the beginning of the year 1826; but that nothing is known with certainty of what afterwards became of the traveller. It was, however, reported, that in the course of the year 1827 a white man left Timbuctoo with a caravan returning to Morocco; but that he was assassinated on the journey; and that the crime was afterwards revealed by some of the party who had not participated in it.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 15.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Jackson, Fellow of Queen's College.

Master of Arts.—Rev. H. C. Wilson, Lincoln College.

Bachelor of Arts.—W. D. Philpot, Lincoln College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 15.—The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficients in classical learning among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Wednesday last adjudged to Mr. William Selwyn, of St. John's College, and Mr. Thomas Williamson Peile, of Trinity College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THIS Society, which is zealously pursuing many objects of great literary importance and general utility, held its anniversary meeting at the Thatched House Tavern last Saturday; the Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, President, in the chair. Though not very publicly announced, so as to collect a greater number of members, there was an attendance of nearly seventy, including Baron Falck and Count Ludolf, foreign ministers at our court, and several distinguished individuals of our own nation. At a council preceding the dinner, the annual election of officers took place; but the main business of the day consisted in the details given by Sir Alexander Johnston of the progress made by the Committee chosen to superintend the translation of Arabian, Hindu, and other MSS. This great undertaking, of which an account appeared in the *Literary Gazette* some months ago, is rapidly assuming a decided form. The Duke of Clarence patronises it very warmly; the Directors of the East India Company have subscribed a hundred guineas a year towards it; and we believe the whole subscription amounts to little short of 1000*l.* per annum. It is, indeed, a design which every literary man of affluence ought to patronise.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

As good example has long been held to be at least as efficient as the best precepts, we are inclined to fancy that we cannot more certainly serve the Fine Arts, and especially promote the interests of our Native School, than by substituting for any of our own criticisms in this No. a list of the patrons who have purchased works exhibited in the British Gallery. This is the real way to encourage the profession; and we trust that the honour of sharing in it will yet bring us another list, as long.

Subjects.	*Artists' Names.*	*Purchasers.*
Studies of the Giraffe	R. B. Davis	His Majesty.
Who'll Serve the King?	Robt. Farrier	Rev. Wm. Long.
Wreckers off Fort Rouge	C. Stanfield	Geo. Watson Taylor, M.P.
Water Mill at Ventnor	Miss Gouldsmith	The Marquess of Stafford.
A Fisherman	H. P. Parker	Ditto.
Balfour of Burley	A. Morton	Ditto.
Boy in a Vandyke Dress	John Boaden	Ditto.
Mocklin	C. R. Stanley	Earl Brownlow.
The Pope's Villa	John Laporte	Ditto.
The Chancel of St. Rombauld	D. Roberts	Lord Northwick.
Portuguese Peasants	Chas. Landseer	Lord Chas. Townshend.
Boy's Head	Mrs. Hakewill	Ditto.
A Greek Girl	G. S. Newton	Alex. Baring, Esq., M.P.
Musidora	John Boaden	Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., M.P.
Committee of Taste	T. Webster	Marq. Conyngham.
The Cottage Diorama	Ditto	Thos. Drone, Esq.
Rebecca's Visit to the Lady Rowena	Miss Ann Beaumont	Mrs. Barnard.
The White Lady guiding Lady Avenel to Dame Glendenning's	Ditto	Ditto.
The Rustic Wreath	W. F. Witherington	Geo. Morant, Esq.
A Scene in the Highlands	E. Landseer	Wm. Wells, Esq.
The Water-cress Girl	S. Drummond, A.R.A.	S. C. Hall, Esq.
Cows of the Ayrshire Breed	Jas. Ward, R.A.	Wm. Wells, Esq.
Dressing for a Masquerade	Wm. Kidd	—— Slater, Esq.
The Mother	Jno. Partridge	Dowager March. of Bute.
A Ravine at Torento	Ditto	Ditto.
View of the Piazetta, Venice	R. B. Bonnington	Robt. Vernon, Esq.
Domestic Scene	A. Geddes	Ditto.
Shipston, Morning	B. Barker	Ditto.
A Welsh Peasant	John Boaden	Ditto.
Game	Wm. Kidd	Ditto.
List, ye Landsmen all, to me	John Knight	Ditto.
Penshurst Park	F. R. Lee	Ditto.
Old Houses at Dolgelly	Geo. Jones, R.A.	Ditto.
Entrance to Loch Katrine	A. Nasmyth	—— Lennox, Esq.
Warwickshire Trout	Geo. Hilditch	Ditto.
Instruction	S. A. Hart	Robt. Hudson, Esq.
Smoking the Cobbler	Wm. Kidd	Moon, Boys, & Co.
Study from Nature	W. P. Rogers	B. Gosling, Esq.
Ditto	Ditto	W. Twopenny, Esq.
The Dancing Dog	Wm. Gill	Wm. Wells, Esq.
Fruit	George Lance	E. Dubois, Esq.
His Majesty's Frigate, Blond: two Views in different situations	G. P. Reinagle	Capt. Lord Byron.
A Fisher Boy	Alex. Fraser	Robert Williams, Esq., M.P.
The Young Draught Players	Wm. Gill	John Sharpe, Esq.
Cottages near Rochester Castle	W. P. Rogers	David Twopenny, Esq.
Deer fallen from a Precipice	E. Landseer	U. Heathcote, Esq.
Portsea Ferry	Geo. Arnald, A.R.A.	—— Lennox, Esq.
Dogs Hunting Rats in a Barn	Marten T. Ward	Ditto.
Dead Rabbit	Ditto	Ditto.
Landscape	T. R. Lee	Pattison Ellames, Esq.
View of Dalmacy, &c., Morning	Rev. J. Thompson	W. H. Vincent, Esq.
Ditto, Evening	Ditto	Ditto.
Group of Sheep, and Figures	John Dearman	—— Conran, Esq.
Landscape, Sheep, and Figures	Ditto	Ditto.
Scene on the River Erme, Devon	John Wilson	Rev. Geo. Preston.
Scene near Reigate	Ditto	Ditto.
The Menai Bridge	G. Arnald, A.R.A.	—— Provis, Esq.
Cottage Scene, with Figures	J. and E. Dearman	Lord Wm. Powlett.
Summer	E. G. Physick, jun.	—— Williams, Esq.
The Passage of the Cona, Loch Katrine	Alex. Nasmyth	Marquess of Ormond.
Fruit	S. Platt	—— Salisbury, Esq.
Ditto	Ditto	Ditto.
Venus wakes, and awakens Love	William Etty, A.R.A.	Josh. Strutt, Esq.
A Brace of Partridges	S. Taylor	John Cronya, Esq.
Smugglers alarmed.	H. P. Parker	Ditto.
The Soldier's Return	T. Webster	Ditto.
Land Storm	Miss Nasmyth	Honble. Douglas Kinnaird.
The Cobbler	T. Clater	—— Kock, Esq.
The Oyster Girl	Ditto	Ditto.
Landscape, Moonlight	T. C. Hofland	Ditto.
Gamekeepers Returning	S. J. E. Jones	Sir Geo. Phillips, Bart., M.P.
Shepherd Boy	Saml. William Reynolds, jun.	Wade Brown, Esq.
Beech Trees, from Nature	F. R. Lee	Wm. Wells, Esq.
The Opening of the Docks at Sheerness	W. J. Huggins	Geo. Rennie, Esq.
A Study from Nature	P. C. Wonder.	
The Hoarder	G. G. Bullock	W. A. White, Esq.

The foregoing sales amount altogether to about £2500; and we have now to add a gratifying fact of individual generosity. Mr. Soane the architect has most liberally presented the sum of £500 to the British Institution, as a token of his anxious desire to promote the Fine Arts. This princely donation is worthy of a person who has derived his own splendid fortune from the cultivation of the arts; and we learn with pleasure, that the governors of the Institution, to express their sense of the favour, have requested Mr. Soane to sit to Mr. Jackson for his portrait, to be preserved in the Gallery as a memorial of his munificence.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

OUR private *coup d'œil* over this Exhibition (which opens on Monday) enables us to say that it possesses a number of pictures of superior character in various walks of art. Mr. Davis has a work in the highest class—of a maniac visited by his family; and it must greatly raise his reputation. Linton has a noble classical subject;—Glover, with other natural landscapes, a splendid one of the Vale of Avoca;—E. Landseer, a perfect piece of rat-catching: the dogs are the most thorough *vermint* imaginable; and the style and colouring would do honour to any picture of any school. Stanfield and others furnish a fair proportion of clever sea and shore pieces;—Roberts some admirable old towns;—an amateur of the name of Thomson a grand Salvator-like scene of Loch Katrine;—Theodore Lane, Kidd, Gill, Knight, Inskipp, Simpson jun., &c. &c. maintain the fame of the Dutch and Flemish manner by a multitude of small but well-finished subjects of genuine humour. One portrait by J. Simpson struck us much; and Broughamm, from Lonsdale's pencil, also attracted our attention. But the rooms were in too confused a state to admit of our report being a very accurate one: we only notice the general pictures with the encomium they deserve; and have to add, that the Exhibition of this year is particularly rich in sculpture.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Improvisatrice. Drawn on stone by J. H. Lynch, from a Painting by T. Warrington, Esq. Englemann and Co.

A COUNTENANCE replete with poetical in-

spiration, and a form of great feminine grace and delicacy; the whole exhibiting a beautiful specimen of the lithographic art.

The North Elevation of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London. Measured, drawn, and engraved in the line style by G. Gladwin. Published by himself.

This is a work of exceeding difficulty and labour. The drawing appears to have been very carefully executed, every accessible part of the noble and venerable building having been measured for the purpose; and the plate is most beautifully and perspicuously engraved. It will be a highly valuable addition to the portfolio of the amateur or student of architecture.

Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists. By Richard J. Lane, A.R.A. Nos. VI. and VII. J. Dickinson.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Lane has made arrangements which will enable him to proceed rapidly with the execution of this clever work. No. VI. is "La Nuit et le Jour," (Edda, Fable 16) by G. Jones, R.A. No. VII. "Studies from Nature," by W. Collins, R.A. Although not possessing any remarkable interest in themselves, these Numbers are as successful as their predecessors in shewing the style of the masters of whose designs they are imitations.

BRITISH DIORAMA: OXFORD STREET.

This is a very interesting exhibition, and is well worth visiting. It consists of four large pictures (said, indeed, to be the four largest ever exhibited together in this country), painted by Messrs. Stanfield and Roberts; namely, the Lake of Maggiore, in Italy; the Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Wreck of an Indiaman, and Storm on the Coast; and Ruins of Tintern Abbey, by Moonlight. Our countrymen have shewn great talent in the execution of these paintings; especially of the Interior of St. George's Chapel, and the Wreck of an Indiaman; but we cannot in justice say that in *dioramic* effect they are equal to the French. This is apparently owing to some deficiency in the mechanical means of producing and varying the light, which prevents the illusion from being complete.

Diorama.—The Diorama in the Regent's Park opens on Monday with two new subjects: the private view being on the day of our publication, we can only say that these are the Interior of a Chapel and the Vale of Untersen.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

This distinguished naturalist, the first President of the Linnæan Society, died on Monday last at Norwich, his native place. From the year 1786, when he published his first medical work, almost to the hour of his death, he devoted himself with indefatigable zeal chiefly to botanical studies, but not neglecting other branches of natural history—for he wrote on Lepidopterous Insects, and other subjects connected with his principal pursuit. The productions of Sir J. Smith as an author, during the long space of forty-two years, fill a multitude of volumes, besides tracts, and contributions to scientific journals. He enriched the Philosophical Transactions, Nicholson's Journal, &c. by his pen; but the most of his detached labours were given to the Transactions of the Linnæan Society, of which he may be said to have been the founder. Besides his Translations from Linnæus and others, his leading original works are, the English Botany, in 24 volumes; the Flora Græca (in conjunction with Dr. Sibthorpe); the Flora Britannica; and a Tour on the Continent. The news of his decease was communicated to the Linnæan Society, at its meeting on Wednesday; and the members immediately retired, as a tribute of respect to their friend and president.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

AFRICA.

The country of Walo is situated on the left bank, and near the mouth of the river Senegal. The French have lately been founding establishments there for free colonial labour; the result of which may have a great influence over the whole of that part of Africa. Walo is governed by a king, who bears the title of Brak. This word has no meaning in itself. According to the negroes, it was the name of the first of their kings, and his successors have considered themselves honoured by adopting it; just as the Roman emperors took the name of Cæsar or Augustus. The order of succession to the throne is established in a very singular manner, with a view of averting the evils that spring from minorities and regencies. On the death of a Brak, his brothers succeed him in the order of their birth. When this first series is exhausted, recourse is had to the eldest son of the first, and so on. It is required of the legitimate heir that he should be neither blind nor infirm; that he should be able to ride, to shoot, &c. If he do not possess these qualifications, his right devolves to another. The ceremonies of coronation are allegorical. The new king must pass through all the conditions of society, not excepting even that of the fisherman, which is nevertheless a despised cast. The Brak goes into the water, with some of the principal fishermen, in the middle of the appointed river; and when he comes out, he holds in his hand a fish, which it is to be supposed he has caught himself, but which, in fact, has been secretly conveyed to him. It is ridiculous enough to find, at the coast of the Brak, and in the places subjected to his authority, the customs and the ceremonies which prevailed in Europe during the feudal ages. Thus, for instance, the people believe that the royal family possess the gift of curing diseases by the imposition of hands. In his travels, the Brak and his retinue are maintained and fed at the expense of the villages through which they pass; while the Griot, or musicians and buffoons, sing the praises of the monarch to the unhappy peasantry, who are thus despoiled of their sheep, milk, and poultry. The Boukanek is a confidential servant, the major-domo and prime-minister. This important post is reserved for a family, who call themselves the Brak's slaves, but who, in fact, govern him. Dignities rarely go out of the families possessing them; and every one takes the name of the province over which he hereditarily reigns. They farm out the villages and domains to vassals, who pay them annual ground-rents: these vassals sub-let divisions of districts; and the fiscal and feudal chain thus descends even to the lowest inhabitant. The seigniors, proprietors of the villages, have adopted the same order of succession as that to the crown; but a few societies of the people have shaken off this system, and have formed a kind of communities, which have their civil officers, charged with the measurement of the lands, the collection of taxes, the management of the police, and the administration of the law. The chief of this municipal magistracy is sometimes a Marabout, who assumes the title of Serin, or priest, and who obliges the people to pay tithes, which tithes are divided between the priest and a military chief appointed by the Brak. To the possession of the soil is attached the right of administering justice; and the maxim, "no land without a lord," is the basis of the common law in the country of Walo. One fact ought to excite profound reflections on the comparatively deplorable ignorance of the European population; namely, that in most of the villages of Walo, the greater portion of the negroes can read and write Arabic, which is to them a dead and learned language. The inhabitants of Walo are extremely polite. They are gay, argumentative, and fond of narratives of travels, combats, and the traditions of their country. In their assemblies by moon-light they amuse themselves with games of skill. Hospitality is a virtue by which they are particularly distinguished. Their superstition is equal to that of Europe in the ninth century. Such is the account given of these remarkable people by Baron Roger, ex-governor of the French colony of Senegal, who intends to publish an extensive philosophical and political treatise on Senegambia, to which he will add a very curious collection of negro tales and fables.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An admired Spanish Melody for the Pianoforte. By Edwin Merriott. Goulding; and D'Almaine.

This is a sweet melody, and the variations very pretty: it deserves a place in every lady's music book where grace and simplicity are prized.

Merriott's new Military Quadrilles. Published by H. Falkner.

These are also very agreeable compositions. The third is especially moving in the affairs of feet, though a little borrowed from la Dame Blanche.

The Dream on the Pillow. Words by L. E. L.; composed by T. F. Walmsley. Goulding; and D'Almaine.

The poetry of this lovely ballad deserved a better accompaniment in music than Mr. W. has succeeded in producing. We should like to see him try a new set.

Oh! would that Love. Canzonet from the German. The Words by L. E. L. (from the *Literary Gazette*); arranged by R. H. Manning, Esq. C. Vernon.

We like this much better. The poetry is equally beautiful, and the air is simple, sweet, and appropriate.

The Flower Girl. Sung by Madame Vestris; written by R. V. Hetchcock; Symphonies, &c., by E. Merriott. H. Falkner.

This air occurs in *Moore's Melodies*, where it is called the Temple of Friendship. The verse is not above the usual order assigned to modern music.

COVENT GARDEN FUND.

On Friday last week the Anniversary of this excellent charity took place at the Freemasons' Tavern; his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence was in the chair, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex on his right, and surrounded by a company of more than

300 in number. The customary loyal, benevolent, and complimentary toasts were drank; and Mr. Fawcett gave an interesting account of the origin and prosperity of the Fund; to which it was soon after announced by the royal chairman that above £1400 had been contributed on the present occasion. In the musical department, Sir George Smart presided at the piano, and a variety of delightful and amusing pieces were performed. Among others, Miss Hughes sang "Coming through the rye" from the gallery, with fine effect, and was loudly encored. Braham gave the "Shakespeare's Mulberry" in his own masterly and unequalled style,—holding in his hand a cup from the wood of this tree, so sacred to song.* Leete, Hawes, Golden, Parry, Broadhurst, Taylor, Morgan, Collier, and a strong corps of professional gentlemen of the foremost talent, added greatly to the harmony of the evening, which went off with much *éclat*.

DRAMA.

THE new tragedy of *Don Pedro* has disappeared from the Drury Lane play-bills, as we predicted, after its second representation; and an attempt to resuscitate Holcroft-Kenney's comedy of *Forget and Forgive*, in three acts, with a new title, has been unsuccessful. The experiment was made too late. Had it been pruned of its heavy scenes, and reproduced in a more condensed state, while the investigation of the Holcroft robbery and murder was exciting the public mind, and the critical inquest was sitting on the body of the deceased comedy, there is little doubt but it might have brought money for a few nights: but as it is, the town has generously followed the charitable maxim Mr. Kenney was anxious to illustrate. It has forgiven the offence, and wishes, if possible, to forget it. "Another star has gone out" at this theatre (Mr. Mathews). At Covent Garden two have re-appeared. Mr. Young and Mr. Kemble have come home,—and like the "fleecy care" of little Bo-peep, have brought "their tails behind them,"—the *queue* (as the French call the crowd at a theatre-door) having extended on Tuesday evening a considerable way down Bow Street from the pit entrance. The receipts of the house were over 700*l.* independent of a considerable sum returned on Wednesday morning to such as could not by any possibility obtain a glimpse of the stage. Is *Othello* the only play capable of being cast in this manner? We trust not; particularly as, it being "the intention of Mr. Kean to leave the stage at the end of the present season,"† he has most kindly entered into an engagement with Mr. Kemble for the next!

"Lucri bonus est odor ex re quâlibet,"

would be, we suppose, the quotation of the parties concerned.

ORATORIOS.

THE Oratorio Concerts continue to be very well attended. Mr. Bishop is indefatigable in his exertions. On Wednesday night, Mrs. Glossop, *alias* Madame Feron, made her first appearance at these performances, and delighted the audience by her articulate and highly-finished executive powers, which she displayed to peculiar advantage in Mercadante's air, with variations, "Sento brillarmi in seno." She was also excellent in Rossini's beautiful Duet, "Se tu m'ami, o mia Regina!" which she sung with Madame Pasta, who, we may truly say, is beyond all praise, being, in every thing she does, alike perfect in taste, execution, sweetness, and expression. Miss Grant also again deserves our highest commendations; she bids fair to be one of our first English singers, possessing very similar qualifications to Miss Paton. We rather regretted her singing "Charlie's drums are sounding," which is not suited to her voice, being rather of a kind adapted to music of a more classic character. Miss Shirreff sung, with great sweetness and expression, "From this lone rock," a ballad, the music composed by Dr. Essex. We think, as we have before stated, this young lady is also likely to hold a high place in public favour, her style being very good, and the sweetness of her voice quite peculiar. Miss Love, Miss Hughes, Miss H. Cawse, Mr. Braham, Messrs. Horncastle, E. Taylor, Tinney, and Robinson, were all excellent in their particular styles. Miss Love is a valuable voice in concerted pieces. Mr. Braham was splendid in the scene from *Oberon*, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight to see!" in his echo duet with Miss Grant, and the favourite song, "Here's to the year that's awa."

FRENCH THEATRE.

ON Monday the performances at this theatre consisted of a vaudeville, called *Quinze Ans d'Absence*, Destouches' three-act comedy of *La Fausse Agnes*, and the little one-act piece of *Le Comédien d'Etampes*, which, though so often represented, both here and in Tottenham-street, still continues, as it well deserves to be, a great and universal favourite. The chief attraction of the evening was the *début* of Mademoiselle Falcoz, from the Théâtre de l'Odéon,—a lady of a good height, a showy figure, and a handsome countenance; and, besides these attractive qualifications, exhibiting a very fair, if not a very considerable portion of dramatic talent. The character in which she appeared, that of *Angelique*, in the second piece, requires indeed some share of versatility, as in one portion of the comedy she has to assume the speech and manners of an idiot, and in another (the trial scene), makes a full display of the graces and accomplishments of a well-bred woman. The part, in fact, is very similar to that of *Maria* in the *Citizen*; and the scene in which the heroine disgusts her lover by the assumption of idiocy, was evidently the origin of what Murphy has given us in the farce we have alluded to. In both these situations Mademoiselle Falcoz was frequently applauded, and we have little doubt that she will prove to be a valuable acquisition in the revival of the old comedies. Perlet, who personated the rejected lover, a doggerel kind of improvising poet, was extremely entertaining. There is, we repeat, a neatness and finish about his style of acting, which many of our own comedians would do well and wisely to make their study. Monsieur and Madame St. Firmin appeared also in the course of the evening; the former, apparently, a good steady sort of person, fit for what is called the "heavy business" of the stage; and the latter, a fat, comfortable-looking, bustling body, very good in the first piece as a shrewish wife, and admirable in the second as a dignified old baroness,—both likely to be of great use to the present company. A Monsieur Alexis Louis likewise performed; but, although his name was printed in large letters, we did not perceive that he had any particular claim to the distinction. Next week some fresh importations are expected; and then, if the extraordinary and almost insufferable length of time now permitted to elapse between the representation of the different pieces be abridged, there will be nothing left to the subscribers to wish for.

Abbot, formerly of Covent Garden, is now in England, to recruit for the English theatre in Paris; and is, according to report, to perform here for a night or two. He has already played at one of the French theatres, and with great success. Macready returns with him to France, to act for a limited period.

VARIETIES.

Artificial Nitre.—A committee has been appointed by the French Academy to examine into the practicability and expediency of establishing works for the production of artificial nitre, according to a plan proposed by M. Longchamp.

The Jettatura.—This is a very popular superstition at Naples, where it holds the place of the old power of casting nativities, telling fortunes, &c. with which sorcerers and witches were formerly supposed to be invested. So strong and general is its influence, that when Ferdinand, the late king of Naples, was told of the insurrection which had just broken out in favour of the constitution of the Cortes, he exclaimed, "I knew well that some misfortune would happen to me; for when I was hunting this morning I saw a jettatore."

Thebes.—According to the Prussian general Minutoli, who has lately published some additions to his travels in Egypt,—Thebes, built on the two banks of the Nile, was divided into two prefectures; that on the east being called Thebarum Nomus; that on the west, Phlouris, or Phaturites.

The wall of the Tennis Court, near the Haymarket, fell in this week, but fortunately killed nobody: the accident, however, affords another strong hint for the consideration of the suggestions thrown out by our Paris correspondent in last *Gazette*. Surely the public safety claims some legislative protection.

Explosion.—An explosion in the Jarrow colliery, near Newcastle, within the last few days, has cost the lives of eight or ten unfortunate colliers. It is strange to remark, that, notwithstanding the invention of the safety lamp, these fatal accidents are now of as frequent occurrence as they were before its introduction.

Lithotrity.—Of thirty persons afflicted with the stone, on whom M. Civiale, a French surgeon, has operated, by means of lithotrity, since the month of April last, twenty-five have been cured, and five are still under the treatment. Among the former was a child seven years old, from whom a stone, of the size of an almond, composed of oxalate of lime, was extracted (after having been broken), at three sittings, of ten minutes each, in the course of six days. In the course of his practice, M. Civiale has extracted a bean, the beard of an ear of corn, a fragment of straw, &c., every one of which had served as the nucleus of a urinary calculus.

Natural History.—In a recent Number of the *Literary Gazette* we mentioned the tempest to which the *Astrolabe* had been unfortunately exposed, in the Southern Pacific Ocean, and the fears entertained for her safety. It appears that Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart, the two naturalists who accompanied the expedition, had previously sent to the French Academy cases containing no fewer

* Our readers may recollect that we had an engraving of it in the *Literary Gazette* of last year.

† This humbug has been regularly stated in every bill from the beginning of the season: Kean seems determined not to quit the stage, to which he bids so many eternal farewells,—and it is a pity that so popular an actor should have recourse to such trickery.

than 574 valuable specimens of natural history. In an accompanying letter they speak of the ardour for discovery which manifested itself on board, even down to the common sailors. For the interests of humanity and of science, we sincerely hope that Captain Durville may still be enabled to prosecute his voyage.

Climate.— In the course of the last year the republic of Chili was visited with obstinate and extraordinarily abundant rains, creating torrents which carried away every thing in their course, and buried vast tracts of fertile land under heaps of stones, flints, &c. Thousands of persons lost their lives; the cattle suffered prodigiously; and the worst of all is, that the very climate seems to have been considerably deteriorated. From various observations, it appears indeed to be evident, that the climate, generally, in the New World, does not exhibit the constancy and uniformity of that of the old. In the valley of Quito the temperature is several degrees lower than it was in 1740; the basin of the Mississippi is less salubrious than it was when it first received European colonies; and the Bermudas, once considered a delightful abode, are now unhealthy and disagreeable.

Improvement on Steam Navigation.—Lieutenant Andrew Skene, of the Royal Navy, has, according to statements in the newspapers, recently tried experiments, on the river, of a steam-boat impelled by a new kind of paddle-wheels, by which friction is avoided, and an immense increase of velocity attained. The same ingenious gentleman is spoken of as the inventor of an improved thermometer, the principle of which is founded on the different temperatures at which water and mercury congeal, instead of the congelation and vaporisation of water.

Progress of Education in Denmark.—At the end of the year 1823, there were established in that kingdom 507 schools on the Lancasterian system; in 1824, as many as 1,017; in 1825, 1,707; and towards the end of 1826, there were no fewer than 2,007 of these schools.— *Leipsig Journals.*

Natural History.—Dr. Ledebuhr has made a report to the senate of the University of Dorpat respecting the result of the botanical travels which he made in company with Dr. Mayer and Dr. Bunge, in 1826, by order of the Russian government, into the Altaï mountains of Siberia. The number of the species of plants which they found amounts to 1600, among which nearly 500 species were entirely unknown. They also brought home 700 species of animals. It is the professor's intention to publish an Altaian Flora.

The celebrated A. von Humboldt has been giving lectures at Berlin during the last half year, on subjects of physical geography, to an audience of 400 persons, of the first distinction and talent. The Berlin writer says, that nearly the whole of the capital had applied for admission.

Mine.—The rich iron mine of La Voulte, in the department of Ardèche, in France, which has long been unworked, is now again rendered productive by the introduction of English machinery, under the superintendence of English engineers.

Cold Injection for Anatomical Preparations.—If a mixture of varnish and vermilion have a small quantity of water mixed with it, it soon sets and becomes hard. This affords an excellent composition for anatomical injection, being very beautiful and very penetrating, (so much so, that it frequently returns by the veins,) and requiring no heat to be applied to the subject. This particular kind of injection was invented by an American anatomist of the name of Ramsay, and preserved as a valuable secret by him for the exclusive use of his dissecting room. The proportions, &c. of the ingredients will soon be attained by a few experiments.— *Companion to the Almanac.*

Cholera.—The *Calcutta Government Gazette*, after mentioning the dreadful scourge of the cholera morbus during the last season in Rajpootana, adds:—"that the whole tract from Rowa to Jubulpore has been equally afflicted, and that on a march made from Sagor to Jubulpore, not a day passed without encountering large villages wholly deserted: the survivors having fled from the pestilence which had left but few to effect their escape. In former attacks, the natives remark, women and children were scarcely ever affected; but on the present occasion neither sex nor age has afforded any exemption. The ravages of the cholera were greatest during the latter prevalence of the hot winds: its virulence was checked by the first showers of rain; and at the date of our letters, the latter part of July, had wholly disappeared. According to native superstition, the severity of this malady of late years has originated in the necessity to which the goddess Kali has been subjected to obtain human victims, through the agency of disease, since she has been deprived of those sources of supply which civil war and Pindaree inroad afforded."

Indian Newspaper: March of Intellect!!—A weekly newspaper was last month to be issued at New Echota, in the Cherokee nation, to be called "The Cherokee Phœnix." A part of the paper to be printed in the Cherokee language, according to an alphabet lately invented by a native Cherokee.

Retort.—A known coward boasted of a wound he had received in front. One present observed, "You were more fortunate than Lot's wife; she was killed for looking behind her, when *she fled.*"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is the intention of the Medico-Botanical Society of London to print their Transactions in the shape of an octavo Quarterly Journal, in conjunction with the Academy of Minute Anatomy at the London Ophthalmic Infirmary, in preference to the quarto form adopted by most societies.

The Combat of the Thirties.—A manuscript poem of the fourteenth century, recently discovered in the King's library at Paris, the subject of which is the celebrated combat in the year 1350, between thirty Breton and thirty English Knights, has lately been published at Paris, accompanied by numerous notes and illustrations.

Mr. Griffiths is preparing for publication a volume of Modern and Antique Gems, from drawings by Alkin and others, with appropriate mottos and quotations to each subject.

In the Press.—Part I. of Select Illustrations of the County of Surrey; in Lithography, from Sketches taken expressly for the Work; accompanied by Historical and Topographical Descriptions, &c., by G. F. Prosser.—Every Boy's Book; designed as a Present for Youth, and forming a complete Encyclopædia of all their Amusements, Games, &c.—The Calendar of Prophecy, by the Rev. George Stanley Faber.—By the author of the Life of Joanna Queen of Naples, the History of Italy during the Consulate and Empire of Buonaparte, translated from the Italian of Botta.—A History of the Council of Trent, compiled from the most authentic sources.—An Abridgment and Translation of Viger, Bos, Hoogeveen, and Hermann, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. J. Seager.—The Medea of Euripides, on the plan of the Hecuba, by the Rev. J. R. Major.—Illustrations, in Imperial Quarto, of the Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon, consisting of upwards of Forty Coloured Plates, illustrative of the Religious System of the Buddhoos, their Heavens, their Hells, their Good and Evil Spirits, their Moral Tales, Astronomy, and Astrology; with Descriptive Letter-press, extracted from a Cingalese Manuscript, now in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnston, late Chief-Justice of Ceylon.—The Second Volume of the Works of Arminius, translated from the Latin, with illustrative Notes, by James Nichols.—An Introduction to the Literary History of the Bible, by James Townley, D.D., author of Illustrations of Biblical Literature, &c.—The History of Ireland, Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical; with the Lives of the Stuarts: from authentic Documents in the native Irish Language, and from rare State Papers. Translated and compiled by Lieut.-Col. Keene.—A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles II. to the French Revolution, by the Editor of Madame Du Deffand's Letters, in one volume octavo.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Baron on Changes of Structure in Man, 4to. 18s. bds.—Smith's English Flora, Vol. IV. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Tales and Romances, 2d edition, 7 vols. 18mo. 2l. 9s. bds.—Blumenbach's Physiology, 4th edition, by Elliotson, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Loudon's Gardener's Magazine, Vol. III. 8vo. 14s. 6d. bds.—Aston's Pompeii and other Poems, 18mo. 5s. bds.—Pringle's Ephemerides, Occasional Poems, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Lane's Scientific Pursuits, folio, 7s.; coloured, 10s. sd.—Hakewell's Views in Jamaica, royal 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.; imperial 4to. 2l. 2s. h.-bd.—Rise, Progress, and State of Public Opinion in Great Britain, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Abernethy's Lectures on Anatomy, &c. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Bruce's Historical and Geographical Atlas, imperial 4to. 16s. h.-bd; Companion to Ditto, 12mo. 3s. 6d. canvass bds.—Bird's Dunwich, a Poem, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Valpy's Etymological Dictionary, 8vo. 13s. 6d. bds.—The Night Watch, or Tales of the Sea, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—The Man of Ton, a Satire, 8vo. 5s. 6d. sewed.—Don Pedro, a Tragedy, by Lord Porchester, 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed.—Buchanan on Emigration, 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed.—Crombie's Clavis Gymnasia, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Brougham's Speech on the State of the Law, 8vo. 5s. 6d. sewed. — Major's St. Luke, with English Notes, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Knight's Short-Hand, 8vo. 6s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

March.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday·· 13	From 36. to 62.	30.04 to 30.11
Friday···· 14	—— 41. — 63.	30.16 — 30.22
Saturday·· 15	—— 34. — 63.	30.25 — 30.28
Sunday···· 16	—— 37. — 62.	30.30 — 30.16
Monday ·· 17	—— 47. — 59.	30.10 — Stat.
Tuesday ·· 18	—— 41. — 55.	30.10 — 29.82
Wednesday 19	—— 42. — 53.	29.42 — 29.51

Wind variable, prevailing N.W. and S.W.
Generally clear; raining on the morning of the 19th.
Rain fallen ·125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude····· 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ The Editor of the *Literary Gazette* has no reason to complain of the number of packages which he unfolds and letters which he opens on Saturdays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and even Sundays. If he were ever such a glutton in that line, his appetite would be satiated. But after a hundred intimations, hints, notices to correspondents, &c. &c. &c. &c. he does feel it very hard to meet on Thursdays and Fridays with such loads of communications as would break the back of any reasonable journal or journalist, if they were not too late for use, and only early enough to distract. He again submits this appeal, at a very late hour of Thursday night (having before cleared the receipts of the forenoon), with masses before him which would have turned Hercules in despair from the Augean stables:—if they are not cleaned out, he hopes this *affecting* confession will plead his apology.

Declined—J. W.; H. P. T.; Harriet; H. C.

Of *A Free and Friendly Address to Sam Wildfun, on his similar Address to the Author of Whims and Oddities, &c.* we can only insert a specimen,—the other verses are on points too serious for jesting.

O Wildfun! I would not be thee
For a miser's store of riches;
Though thou in Hood's mantle fain would'st be,
I would not be in thy b——e!

For Hood will punish thy bold pun
That him accused of thieving;
And make thee in future a pun to shun,
By thee in a pun-cheon leaving.

Or if his honour call on thee
To meet him at Chalk Farm,
Though he feel thy wee-pun pun-gently,
He won't heed thy pun-y arm.

'Tis thou art Robbin' Hood (not he)
Of his fair fame with thy pen;
Yet thou never wilt surrounded be
By so many merry men.

No *out*-law, nor *in* the law, he is,
As thine inference thou dost draw;
But, perhaps, thy mistake arose from this,
That he's a son-in-law.

But, Sam, 'tis possible he may feel
To mercy inclined: if he should
Bear all thou hast said, he can bear a deal—
So much for hardy-Hood.

But do not thou his mantle wear—
Mind well what thou'rt about;
The prying world will lay thee bare,
And find the false-Hood out.

TIMOTHY P. HUNTER.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall. The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE ATONEMENT;—what is its real Nature, and how it is in Harmony with the Divine Attributes of perfect Unity, Immutable Love, and the Concentration of the whole Trinity in the Person of Jesus Christ;—forms the Subject of the Lecture to be delivered by the Rev. S. NOBLE, on Sunday Evening next, March 22, at the New Jerusalem Church, (late the Caledonian), Cross Street, Hatton Garden.

TO be DISPOSED of, a Printing Business, with a Newspaper long established, and of Extensive Circulation; presenting a most eligible Opportunity to any Person desirous of entering on such a Concern. Letters from Principals only, and those of the first respectability, post paid, directed for T. E. at Mr. Mariott's, Warwick Square, Newgate Street, London, will receive immediate attention.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXXIV. will be published in a few days.

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"The slight notices of foreign publications that occasionally appear in the periodical journals and newspapers having been found totally inadequate to satisfy public curiosity in regard to the extent and variety of foreign literature, the idea arose of publishing a 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' somewhat on the plan of our great Reviews, but solely devoted to foreign works—embracing a wider selection of topics, and enlivened by shorter articles, and a miscellaneous selection of literary intelligence from all parts of the continent. While, in the longer articles, the reviewers would be enabled to render all justice to the more important works, the shorter notices might apply to many productions, which, although containing matter of interest to the English reader, yet do not admit of such lengthened analysis or elaborate comment. The three Numbers before us contain many admirable articles by some of the first writers of the day—such as a Scott, and a Southey, and many others of established reputation and talent; and while, as we trust, they will long continue to make the English reader acquainted with foreign works of splendid genius and well-directed talent, we cannot but congratulate the public on the more rapid diffusion thus afforded to the elevating triumphs of intellect and the pure enjoyments of taste."—*The Verulam,* No. I.

"The active rivalry and opposition with which the 'Foreign Quarterly' has had to contend, together with the conviction we have all along entertained that one work of this description was perfectly adequate to supply the demand which the advancing state of knowledge and enlightened curiosity had created, naturally excited in our minds some apprehensions with respect to its permanency, notwithstanding its prior and superior claims to the favour and support of the public: for when two or more candidates enter the lists to compete for an indivisible prize, and when the decision is to be formed, not from the confidence and pertinacity of protestations and appeals, but from a due regard to the respective merits of the parties engaged in the contest, it is of course impossible to say beforehand, and until a fair hearing is given, which of the competitors is destined ultimately to keep the field. But, nevertheless, we are inclined to think that the point is already almost as good as settled. By the appearance of the Number before us, our fears for the durability of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' have been completely removed, and we now consider that Journal as fully and firmly established. This opinion we pronounce absolutely, and without qualification, upon the ground of its great and various merits, which are of a class and order to place it in the first rank of our Reviews, and to entitle it to equal weight and consideration with the public. Indeed, we know of no other instance of a literary journal which has risen so rapidly, or we should rather say *per saltum,* to so great literary eminence, or which, at so early a stage of its career, has enlisted so large an amount of first-rate talent in its service; and it would be grossly unjust both to the accomplished editor and the enterprising and liberal publishers not to signalise their joint exertions in achieving so much upon the very threshold, as it were, of their undertaking, and surrounded by difficulties under which persons of less energy and resources would have infallibly succumbed. 'It is not in mortals to command success;' but the *Rédacteurs* of the 'Foreign Quarterly' have done more—they have deserved it; and we have no fear that a discriminating public will be blind to their deserts. *Qui meruit palmam, ferat:*—this is somewhat hackneyed, to be sure, but not a whit the worse for the wear; and as the '*meruit*' is clearly on the side of this Journal, we doubt not that the '*ferat*' will follow as a matter of course."—"It is matter of regret that our limits oblige us to confine ourselves to such general and desultory notices; but the size of this Review, (which, by the by, has an excess of three sheets beyond the fair average of each Number,) with the multiplicity and importance of the subjects discussed, renders it impossible to pursue any other course. If our strictures, however, shall be in any degree instrumental in diffusing a knowledge of the rapid improvement which has been effected in every department of this work, highly respectable from its commencement, and now entitled to a place in the very foremost rank of periodicals—and in inducing the public to put the honesty and fairness of our strictures to the test of their own judgment, by passing from our transitory columns to its more enduring pages,—our purpose will be served; nor are we afraid that such of our readers as may be swayed by our opinions will afterwards reproach us with the recommendation we have now given.—A novel feature in the present Number is, the introduction of short critical sketches at the end of the regular reviews and disquisitions. This we regard as a decided improvement, and trust it will be persevered in."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Edinburgh Review. No. XCIII.

We are not prone to take offence at the petty attacks which rivalry may engender against the *Literary Gazette*, nor to resent more grave imputations. Uninterrupted success is the best answer to envious malignity; and a steady perseverance in exertions to maintain and improve the character of our Journal for intelligence, has generally been our only and contemptuous notice of the falsehoods attempted to be palmed on the public against us. We have laughed at the monstrous egotistical puffs of starting imitators, and quietly waited the inevitable extinction of these unparalleled constellations of literature. But when a publication of the rank of the *Edinburgh Review* adopts this dirty system of disparaging others, in order that it may exalt itself, its partisans, and parasites, it becomes us to expose the imposture, to repel the insult, and to punish the offender. We address ourselves to Mr. Jeffrey; and we charge him with gross illiberality and untruth towards the *Literary Gazette*, and with notorious quackery and puffing towards his own associates.

But before we trample down this mean and disreputable conduct, we will venture to examine a little into the claims of the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* to pronounce so dogmatically upon his contemporaries. It is not because one publishes in a quarterly-book shape, and another in a weekly sheet, that the right of depreciating belongs to the former; nor are either the merits or the influence of periodicals to be measured by such a standard. Mr. Jeffrey is much mistaken, if he flatters himself that the *Edinburgh Review* possesses the weight it once possessed with the public: on the contrary, it is felt throughout the community that its strength has departed from it, and that a volume made up of some half-dozen articles of rhetorical flourishing, and heavy essays on by-gone authors and stale political speculations, has no pretensions whatever to be considered a literary oracle, or an organ of critical judgment. Let us look, for example, at the very No. in which we are so unfairly dealt with, and we shall see nothing in the judicature that has presumed to vilify us, which should render us uneasy under its partial sentence.

The last No. of "the Edinburgh" contains no fewer than eleven reviews!—1. of Dryden's Poetry, a very new subject; 2. of several works on Dietetics, a medical essay; 3. of National Debt and Taxation, a political pamphlet; 4. of volumes respecting New South Wales; 5. of the Wakefields' Trial, an important affair truly! 6. of Pestalozzi's Education, linked to Bacon's Novum Organon, in order to introduce the puff superlative of the tracts published by Mr. Jeffrey's friends of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; 7. of the East India Stamp Act, another political pamphlet; 8. of Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, a poor, meagre notice; 9. of Emigration, politics encore; 10. of a Sermon, a work of course of high importance; and 11. of the late Ministerial Changes, another political pamphlet. Thus the Aristarchus of the age has not (with the exception of an old poet) condescended to notice one publication above a temporary character, and yet perks himself upon the pedestal of dictatorial dominion, on the authority of half-a-dozen miserable, party, and factious pamphlets, a medical lecture, a law case, a single sermon, and a voyage with convicts! And this is the mirror of the learning and science and polite literature of Great Britain!!!

In candour, we will confess that we have not been able to force ourselves to read this Review;—we question if any individual in the kingdom has done so; but we have perused enough of it to warrant an opinion that it is a compound of trite, common-place trash, and elaborate, uninteresting heaviness;—that its middle is worthy of its beginning and ending,—the first paragraph and the last being sheer nonsense, and desperate bad grammar to boot!!*

"All the talents" in the political world seems to have been but the shadow of a braggadocia, when compared with Mr. Jeffrey's assumption of all the talents in letters and criticism:

> As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
> Let no dog bark,

except the curs I keep to tend my heels, and be rewarded with sops of praise and puffery. These are clever dogs, perfect Tobys for sagacity; can read, yea, and write; and, if need be, can fetch or carry, fawn or snap. It would be well for the credit of the *Edinburgh Review* that it left the venal work to such creatures: what would not so ill befit them, is contemptible, as well as obnoxious, in it. But, not to fatigue our readers, we come to the quack article on the Diffusion of Knowledge; one of the strongest examples of the puff direct that ever disgraced the most servile journal.

"We have repeatedly (says the Puffer) called the attention of our readers to the important labours of an institution, hardly an year old, which has already shewn a vigour and skill in its operations that bid fair to place its foundation in the *very highest rank* among the events of our age"!!!—"The first great work undertaken was the series of treatises, called the '*Library of Useful Knowledge*.' 'Scarcely nine months have elapsed,' says the Report, 'since the first publication issued from the press; and at the close of the last year, a circulation of nearly 20,000 of each treatise has been established.'"—"The series of history and biography is about to be commenced; and a pledge seems to be given, that these subjects shall be handled with perfect calmness and impartiality, but with a constant adherence to the general principles of the society; that is, to the doctrines of liberty and peace. Our views on this point have already been given; and *surely so great, so useful a work, never yet has been achieved by literary men*."—"But besides the continuance of the library now publishing, another is, we find, about to appear under the society's auspices; it is termed the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, and is to comprise 'as much entertaining matter as can be given along with useful knowledge, and as much knowledge as can be conveyed in an amusing form.' We own that *our expectations are unbounded* of the good to be done by this series of works."—"The next object of the society is one of the *last import-*

---

* Here are these first and last passages. "The public voice has assigned to Dryden the first place in the second rank of our poets—no mean station in a table of intellectual precedency so rich in illustrious names. It is allowed, that, even of the few who were his superiors in genius, none has exercised a more extensive or permanent influence on the national habits of thought and expression. His life was commensurate with the period during which a great revolution in the public taste was effected; and in that revolution he played the part of Cromwell. By unscrupulously taking the lead in its wildest excesses, he obtained the absolute guidance of it. By trampling on laws, he acquired the authority of a legislator. By signalising himself as the most daring and irreverent of rebels, he raised himself to the dignity of a recognised prince. He commenced his career by the most frantic outrages. He terminated it in the repose of established sovereignty,—the author of a new code, the root of a new dynasty."

Dryden, agreeably to this brilliant effusion, held "a first place in the *second rank*;" but, nevertheless, enjoyed "*established sovereignty*" (*i. e.* see Johnson, supremacy, *highest place*, supreme power, *highest degree of excellence*): and though he had "superiors in genius," "*none*" of them has exercised a more extensive or permanent influence; and how should any of them have done so, when this second-rank sovereign was absolutely "the author of a new code, the root of a new dynasty?"—of second ranks, we suppose. We need not point out the foolish paradoxes, which the mere sound of words seems to have generated, about playing the part of a Cromwell?!, about obtaining the guidance of the revolution by taking the lead in it (which, though put among the paradoxes, is not one, but a very obvious method and conclusion),—about trampling on laws and rebelling, as steps to legislatorial power, and being recognised "a prince" (a historical fact of which we were before ignorant). These things are only nonsense; but their utter and rank absurdity is sealed by their complete contradiction in the very next sentence—where we learn, to our astonishment, that not Dryden, but circumstances, caused all these wonders which the admirable critic had just attributed to the poet: for, says he, "Of Dryden, however, as of almost every man who has been distinguished either in the literary or in the political world, it may be said, that the course which he pursued, and the effect which he produced, depended less on his personal qualities than on the circumstances in which he was placed. Those who have read history with discrimination [like myself, to wit?], know the fallacy of those panegyrics and invectives, which represent individuals as effecting great moral and intellectual revolutions, subverting established systems, and imprinting a new character on their age."

So much for the opening of the *Edinburgh Review*, and for the substance on which it has to support its tone of arrogance.† The concluding paragraph of the Number is equally felicitous, where the editor protests against the incognito of his writers being violated (as if public curiosity burnt to know whence emanated these glorious lights)—he thus expresses himself:—

"We have no great reliance on the effect of this warning: but some recent instances of extravagant and annoying blunders seemed to impose it on us as a duty to give it. Most certain it is, that those who take it upon them, every quarter, to inform the public by whom each article in our new Number is written, *can by possibility* KNOW *nothing of the matter*."

Is this English, or French ill translated into bad Scotch? The wiseacres who can by possibility know nothing of the matter, may probably know something of it!!

† In this article on Dryden, the writer, who is reported to be a *young* gentleman of talents, speaks with unmeasured volubility of "the absurdities into which the *greatest writers* have fallen," till he arose to instruct the world on the subject of "general rules for composition," and judging of others!!!

ance; the defective course of reading adopted in this country, time out of mind, for children."* —"We trust the society will take proper steps for multiplying these works in great variety, and also for setting the fashion, so to speak, of bringing them into constant use. A highly useful work, recently published by the committee, is mentioned in the next part of the report — the British Almanac." — "The *extraordinary effects* likely to follow from the great improvement introduced by the society, of applying the division of labour to literary undertakings, in a systematic manner, and on an ample scale, *fill the mind with the most pleasing ideas of the future progress of the human race.*"

Ye matchless blacking-manufacturers, ye Hunts and ye Eadys, ye makers of Macassar oil and curling fluids, ye inventors of razor strops and tooth-powders, hide your diminished heads, before this master-puffer of the age, though even yet we have not shewn you more than half his skill. It is not enough to boast thus of our own performances — to tell how many we sell in good round numbers—to announce the other marvels that are about to issue from our fertile loins—to speak of our works in such *modest terms* — and to prognosticate, that we, like so many Drydens, are to "repose in established sovereignty," the "authors of new codes and roots of new dynasties," changing the whole aspect of the literary, moral, and political world, now and for evermore. It is not enough to proclaim these facts of "the last importance;" to make it known that the school-master is abroad, birch in hand, and the march of intellect, headed by such talented personages as we are, and the spread of knowledge, and universal —— humbug. We must and will do more than all this by the hocus pocus of our entirely novel idea "of applying the division of labour to literary undertakings,"— an invention (borrowed from pin, and turned to paragraph making) utterly unheard of in the history of mankind— in fine, we are also going to patronise a weekly journal! It is to be called the Verulam, and all that have preceded it are nothing but trumpery.

"The success of some late literary journals only proves the demand for such matter, not, we fear, the capacity of their conductors adequately and worthily to supply it; the scissors being in truth the mechanical power mainly brought into play by those humble, though very useful personages. But the *Verulam* professes a higher aim, and indeed a wider scope, being devoted to science as well as learning, with the aid of finished engravings, and purporting to give some pages of common news, for the convenience of country readers. If its execution be at all commensurate to the usefulness of its plan, no undertaking can be more meritorious. Indeed, its publication may *form an era in the history of knowledge;* and, instead of sinking science to the level of newspaper discussion, may, among other valuable consequences, have the effect of raising the standard of this species of publication."

The Verulam *has* appeared, and "*may* have the effect of raising the standard" in question; but as yet its "finished engravings" have only been miserable wooden blotches, the laughing-stock of artists, and the shame of its own publishers. The very patrons of the undertaking, the committee-men of such "unbounded" promise and ridiculous performance, have disowned their mountain-born mouse as an abortion and failure. Now, with regard to this attempt at decrying the *Literary Gazette* (for it is the only literary journal that could be alluded to in the foregoing quotation), we will tell Mr. Jeffrey, that, so far from *scissors* being its principal power, there are not fifty paragraphs in a twelve-month cut from any other publication whatever, and never one without acknowledging its source. We will tell him, that the best writers of the better days of his own Review have, with hardly an exception, been considerable contributors to the *Literary Gazette*, in common with almost every author of eminence in the country. We will tell him, that there is not a single No. of ours but costs more research, and is supplied by a larger proportion of "the systematic division of labour," than any No. of the *Edinburgh Review.* We will tell him, that our circulation and influence on public opinion is beyond comparison greater than his own. And we will tell him, that our year's volume presents a pregnant, original, and honest record of the literature, the sciences, the fine arts, the manners, and amusements of the passing time,— which his long dry essays on exhausted topics, and dissections of defunct literature, do not possess.

It may be curious and not uninteresting to readers, to state analytically the contents of the quarter's *Literary Gazette*, which is finished in this No., to prove how strong and wide the combination of its contributors must be to furnish them, and how false and scandalous is the aspersion of the *Edinburgh Review.* The *Reviews* are of 10 quarto, 67 octavo, 58 duodecimo, and 18 volumes of other descriptions; in all, 153 new publications. Of every one of these the public is enabled to form a fair and just opinion. Is this "*scissor*" work, Mr. Jeffrey? — Respecting important expeditions in distant regions, six particular and original papers have appeared, giving the latest intelligence from Captain Beechey in the North Pacific, from Ava, from Fernando Po, and from other parts of Africa. Are these scissor-work, Mr. Jeffrey? such scissor-work would greatly enhance the interest of the *Edinburgh Review.* — In science, there have been six astronomical papers applicable to the period; and no fewer than sixty-five descriptions of new inventions and discoveries, — including medicine, the able lectures at the Royal Institution, the proceedings of other scientific bodies in London, Paris, India, &c., and improvements of every kind. These have been chiefly supplied by the most distinguished practical inquirers and successful experimentalists of the age; and the remainder from the best foreign journals of every nation, ransacked for the purpose. Is this your scissor-work, "in truth," Mr. Jeffrey?—In the Fine Arts, competent artists and connoisseurs have criticised above a hundred and twenty pictures and other productions in public exhibitions; and forty-eight distinct publications of engravings, &c., including a history of one branch of the art, lithography, of very considerable research and talent. The architectural improvement, or rather disfigurement, of the metropolis has been fully treated, by very intelligent professors. Is this scissor-work, Mr. Jeffrey?— To the graceful department of Original Poetry, several of the most popular living writers have contributed beautiful compositions: and in the lighter branch of Sketches of Society, there have been nine papers of various character, derived from sources to which, if it could, the *Edinburgh Review* would joyfully resort. And is this scissor-work, honest Mr. Jeffrey? —Original Correspondence, by acute and observant individuals, engaged for that purpose, has been given weekly from France, Portugal, Italy, and Germany. Are these indited by scissors, Mr. Jeffrey? — Biographies of Lady Caroline Lamb, Mr. Neele, and Sir J. Smith, have been inserted. Are these scissor-works, Mr. Jeffrey? — The Drama has been ably and spiritedly criticised, to the extent of nearly half an ordinary octavo volume. Is this scissor-work, good Mr. Jeffrey? — Notices of above twenty pieces of new music; a mass of literary intelligence of every class; many varieties, of a grave and gay cast; abundant extracts from the books reviewed, in order to justify the opinions pronounced upon them, and also to instruct and entertain readers with their most striking contents,—fill up the measure of this single quarter's *Literary Gazettes:* and we will thank Mr. Jeffrey to contrast it with his No. XCIII., and pause before he again tries falsely to vilify such exertions with the injurious appellation of scissor-work.

We wish we were at liberty to mention the names of our co-adjutors in this Periodical: their number and their eminent characters would surprise Mr. Jeffrey: suffice it, as an example, to mention, that, though not a subject of the greatest difficulty, the pens of no fewer than five authors of celebrity were employed in the *matériel* and writing of the single article which began our last No. This, we presume, looks something like the organised system of a division of labour, which Mr. Jeffrey claims as a grand discovery for his friends in the Diffusion line. How else, indeed, could matter to the amount of several volumes (from the mode of printing in columns &c.) be thus produced every three months? But this is the scissor-work of our honourable and veracious Reviewer.*

We trust it will not be thought that we have trespassed on the patience of our friends, in the exposure of this disingenuous conduct, especially as the matter is as much of public as of private concern; and we are sure it is not so dull as "The Edinburgh," on its everlasting themes of taxation, emigration, education, administration, exhumation, and all that ends in (hum)-ation. We have, indeed, little more to say, though there are yet two or three points in this Review, on which we should like briefly to touch. Let us premise, that we are quite as warm advocates as the *Edinburgh Review*, or the Committee that manages the tract publications of the London University, for the dissemination of instruction over the whole mass of the people. We are not of those who maintain the vile and foolish proposition, that ignorance is good for man: but we decidedly object to the tone of exaggeration, arrogance, and braggardism, in which the noisy apostles of Diffusion are so fond of indulging, and of which the language quoted from the *Edinburgh Review* is so ludicrous an example. What, after all, are these wholesale dealers in little books doing, or pretending to do, which Sir Richard Phillips did not try with his *Village Libraries* years ago? Their *Useful Knowledge* pamphlets already in circulation, and their *Useless Knowledge* pamphlets† which are

* This is a poser! and to guess what the writer means would puzzle a conjuror! It is, however, of the last importance, and must, we suppose, have something to do with school-books for children!

* A remarkable instance of the poor opinion entertained of the *Literary Gazette* by the *Edinburgh Review*, occurred in that northern light, No. 83, we believe, where it stole the whole observations of a short review in the *Literary Gazette*, and span them out, in the same form and order, into an article of between 30 and 40 pages on the Italian Novelists. Nor is this the only example of the sort: the *spread* of knowledge has not always originated in the *march* of the Edinburgh Reviewers' overmind, but been pillaged from our store.

† This title has been given to what they have so g

announced;* their almanacs, and their series of histories and biographies; their pap-literature for infants, and their weekly scientific newspapers ("that very important announcement," *Edinburgh Review*, p. 133, which has ended in much rubbish, adorned by a lot of daubs);—what are all these undertakings, but a sort of incorporated attempt at monopoly?—an attempt which is not unworthily propped by inordinate self-laudation, and the abuse of others. Their Almanac, mainly compiled from the Almanacs of the Stationers' Company, was thus ushered into the world, not only with prodigious panegyric upon itself, but with an attack upon the publications whence it derived its contents, and written, we are assured, by its own compiler. Their weekly Verulam was protruded under similar egotistical boastings; and the *Edinburgh Review* lent itself alike to the puff and depreciating system. Can any thing be more dishonourable than this, or more deserve the contempt, scorn, and reprobation of the public? And it seems to be too plainly, to use a common phrase, of a piece with the rest of their transactions; transactions so paltry and mean, that it will be well for the London University, if it regards character, to dissociate itself from the quackery of publishing such papers as this of the *Edinburgh*, and propounding "the emancipation of learning and genius from a degrading servitude to the children of trade, which (continues the writer, one of the committee) is a noble design, and fraught with the most lasting good to mankind. The names of the committee afford abundant security, that towards this sacred object, all its profits, be they ever so ample, will be directed." This may be the opinion of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*; but a competition in the book-trade is, to our minds, about as improper and disreputable a course as the New University can enter upon. It had better be abandoned; for neither extravagant and impudent puffing of themselves,† nor false representations respecting others, can support it. Nor is it even by seducing young artists from their employers, as in the case of the Wood-Cutters, whom the Committee prevailed upon to leave the master who recommended them to that very Committee, and set up for themselves under its auspices, that can support it. Nor is it the establishment of branch committees, reading clubs, and auxiliary committees (though "there is no town, and not many villages, that *ought* to be without them," *Edinburgh Review*, 133,)—the old plan, as we have observed of Sir R. Phillips,—it is not tricks of this fashion that can support it. Nor is it the silly, hyperbolical nonsense addressed to the lower orders that can support it. Instead of producing good, this last practice is, in an especial manner, calculated to do much evil. It goes to persuade the multitude, whose information cannot by possibility be other than shallow and imperfect, that they are the wise and the enlightened of their age. It goes to fill their minds with false and unfounded notions; to flatter them into becoming followers of these their mis-leaders, by pretending that a few hours (profitably enough) appropriated from mechanical employments, are sufficient to render them learned sages and great philosophers, equal to men who devote their too short lives to the cultivation of perhaps a single study or science, and are bound at the end to confess, with Plato, that all they have learnt only teaches them they know nothing. This is a corrupt and dangerous proceeding; and it is made despicable by the base and paltry artifices which it has been the object of this notice to expose.

Gomez Arias; or the Moors of the Alpujarras: a Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosío. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THIS work is at once a literary novelty and a literary curiosity;—a novelty, as being the first specimen we have of a Spanish historical romance,—and a curiosity, as being extremely well written in English by a native of Spain. The author, in his preface, remarks on the circumstance, that while the chronicles of other countries have been ransacked for the materials of this popular species of composition, those of Spain, so fruitful in incident and character, have been entirely neglected. To supply the deficiency he has assumed the pen, and his first essay is now before us.

The scene is laid in Grenada and the adjacent mountains; and the action relates to the last struggles by the Moors, after their conquest, and the taking of their capital by Isabella. The portrait of that queen is justly drawn; but the principal persons who figure in the story are Gomez Arias, one of the bravest of captains, though one of the most dangerous, cold-blooded, and ruthless of seducers; Theodora de Monteblanco, a beautiful type of woman's love and constancy; Don Alonso de Aguilar, the valiant Spanish commander against the Moslems; Leonor, his high-spirited daughter; El Feri and Caneri, the two Moorish leaders; and Bermudo, a renegade, pursuing only a single object in life—to wreak a bloody revenge upon Gomez Arias; to whom we may add the rather comic sketches of Roque, a Spanish valet—and Martha, a Spanish duenna.

What with tournaments, processions, battles, and skirmishes, love adventures, captivities, perils, imprisonments, accidents, and deaths,—the three volumes present a fair variety of events, paint the passions with considerable skill, and exhibit the scenery and circumstances of the age with national tact and ability. One of the chief objections to the romance, however, will be found in the hero (if such a Don Juan may be so called), who is so heartless a ruffian, that no reader can feel an interest in his fate; though it must be owned, that Don Telesforo has succeeded in working up the catastrophe in a very striking manner. But the villain is disgustingly calculating, as well as sanguinary; and his betraying the fond, confiding, and affectionate Theodora a second time into the power of the Moors, is so revolting to humanity, that we cannot help wishing to hear no more of him, except that he was specially hanged to the next tree, for the crows to dissect. Bermudo, his sworn enemy, and another Zanga, is drawn with energy; perhaps with too much individual effect, from commanding stature, thundering voice, withering looks, and the other qualifications usual in this style of person in this style of writing, which enables them to command, where no man durst murmur—and to threaten and do, where no man durst wag a finger. As we have described the last-mentioned males as the Juan and Zanga of the history, we may convey a tolerably correct notion of the heroine to our readers, by mentioning her as the Griselda of the piece.

Adhering to our general plan of not anticipating the *dénouement* of a work of this class, we shall content ourselves (and we trust shew no want of hospitality to a clever foreign author), by quoting a passage of some dry humour, and a contrast of greater gravity.

"'What is to be the wonder now?' asked Gomez Arias, as he observed his valet and confidant, Roque, approaching, with an unusual expression of gravity upon his countenance, such, indeed, as was seldom discernible in the features of the merry buffoon. 'What is it you want?' 'I wish to leave your service, señor.' 'Leave my service! Surely, Roque, you are not tired of so indulgent a master?' 'Yes, sir,' answered Roque, 'I am; and what is more, I have been so these three years—may I speak out?' 'Why,' said Don Lope, 'you never till now asked leave to be impertinent—but let me hear your complaints.' 'In the first place, you are not rich—a grievous fault.' 'How can I help that?' demanded Gomez Arias. 'Señor, you could have helped it once; but that is passed. Then you play—' 'Here's the devil preaching morality!' exclaimed his master, with a laugh. 'Oh! most conscientious Roque, what are thine objections to this amusement?' 'To the amusement in itself, none; I am only discontented with the consequences. If you gain, you very composedly enjoy the whole fruits of your success: if, on the contrary, you lose, I get more than a reasonable share of your ill humours, with which you most liberally indulge me. Now, Don Lope, I should like fair play, if play you will; to feel a little more the effect of the first, and not quite so much of the second.' 'Thou art a pleasant sort of a fool, Roque,' said Gomez Arias, as he leisurely twirled round his curling jet-black mustachios, and with much complacency eyed his fine figure in a mirror. 'Thank you, sir,' replied the valet, with a low bow; 'but be pleased to consider, that the good opinion you entertain of my talents is unfortunately no adequate compensation for the privations and numberless perils which I undergo in your service. To continue, then, the list of——' 'My faults!' interrupted his master. 'I only say of my complaints,' returned the valet: 'next to your being a gamester, what I most deprecate is, your military profession, and the fame which you have acquired by your bravery.' 'Good heavens!' cried Gomez Arias, 'why thou art precisely complaining of the qualities that most become a gentleman.' 'But I am no gentleman,' pertinently observed Roque; 'and I cannot imagine why I should be exposed to the dangers attendant on heroes, without likewise reaping their rewards.' 'I glory in being a soldier!' exclaimed Don Lope, a sudden burst of martial enthusiasm glowing on his manly countenance. 'Yes, I have laid low many of the enemies of my country; and before I die I hope often to try my good sword against those accursed and rebellious Moors of the Alpujarras.' 'All that is very fine, certainly,' said Roque; 'but do you know, señor, that I do not consider the country so much indebted to you as no doubt you most complacently imagine.' 'What!' cried the cavalier, with looks of displeasure. 'Pray be temperate, Don Lope; I do not mean to offend. You have unquestionably done great services to Spain, by ridding her of many an unbelieving Moor; but reflect, sir, that your sword has

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sadly turned the "*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*," and from which their "expectations of the good to be done are unbounded."—*E. R.* p. 129.

* And for which, by the by, they have contrived to get a capital price by hawking the scheme among "*the Children of Trade.*" This quartering on the enemy is a famous *ruse*, besides putting the money in their own pouch!

† List to the superb bathos of the following Almanac puff, where Mr. Canning's splendid declaration of the expedition to Lisbon is so wretchedly parodied. "The production of the British Almanac is a creditable proof of the vigour and promptitude which preside over the Committee's measures. They assembled in an extraordinary sitting, within a day after the state of the year's Almanacs had been made known to them. *In an hour*, the preparation of the new Almanac was in the hands of different Committees—and *in a month*, thousands of it were in the shops!"—*Ed. Rev*,

not been less fatal to Christian blood. In battle you hew down infidels to your soul's content; and in the intervals of peace, to keep you in practice, I suppose, you take no less care to send the bravest of her majesty's warriors to the grave. Now put this in the balance, and let us consider whether the country does not suffer more by your duels in peace, than she actually gains by your courage in war. But now comes the most terrible of all your peccadilloes—of all my complaints, I mean.' 'And which is that, pray?' 'The invincible propensity you have for intrigue, and the no less unfortunate attendant upon it—inconstancy.' 'Inconstancy!' exclaimed Gomez Arias. 'How should it be otherwise? Inconstancy is the very soul of love.' 'I will not attempt to argue that point with so great an adept; my remonstrances are merely limited to the results, and I can truly aver that my life in time of peace is, if possible, more miserable than in war; for what with carrying love-letters, bribing servants, attending serenades, watching the movements of venerable fathers, morose duennas, and fierce-looking brothers, I cannot enjoy a moment's rest.' 'Why, 'tis true, said Don Lope, 'my life is solely devoted to love and war.' 'I rather think it a continual war,' retorted the valet. 'It may be much to your taste, sir; but I, that am neither of so amorous a temperament, nor of so warlike a disposition, cannot enjoy the amusement so well. Instead of passing the nights quietly in bed, as good Christians should do, we employ them in parading the silent streets, putting in requisition all the established signals of love, and singing amorous songs to the tender cadences of the love-inspiring guitar. Even this I might endure with Christian resignation, were it not for the disagreeable results which generally terminate our laudable occupations. It often happens, that whilst you are dying with love, and I with fear and apprehension, we meet with persons who unfortunately are not such decided amateurs of music. Some surly, ill-disposed brother, or unsuccessful lover of the beauty, is invariably sure to come and disturb our harmony; then discord begins—swords are drawn—women scream—alguazils pounce upon us, and thus the sport goes on, till one of the *galanes* is dead or wounded, or till the alguazils are so strong as to render a prudent retreat advisable. Then by some ill fortune I am sure to be collared by the brother or the alguazils in question; and without further ceremony, by way of remunerating merit and encouraging a servant for faithfully serving his master, I am entertained with sundry hearty cudgellings, liberally bestowed on my miserable hide. When they have not left a single sound bone in my skin, they kindly permit me to go, telling me, for consolation, to thank my stars, and that another time I shall not escape so easily. With this pleasing assurance, I creep home as well as I can, and then my humane and grateful master, by way of sympathising with the misfortunes I suffer on his account, fiercely demands—'Roque! where have you been loitering, sir?' Calls me a most negligent rascal, and other names equally gratifying, and upon the recital of my tragical adventure, very coolly, and as he thinks very justly, observes—'It serves you right—'tis all your fault—why did you not watch better?' 'Roque,' said Gomez Arias, 'you have told me the same story over and over again, and I do not see the necessity of your repeating it now.' 'I beg your pardon, Don Lope Gomez Arias,' responded the valet, with most ludicrous solemnity; 'but I am firmly resolved to quit your service in good earnest: for I perceive you are bent on getting into new difficulties, and I feel no inclination to go in search of fresh adventures.' * *

"Thus far had Roque proceeded in his eloquent and moral remonstrance, when Gomez Arias turned round, took up a cane that lay near him, and walking very deliberately to his valet with the most perfect composure—'Now, Roque,' he said, 'you must allow I have listened very attentively to your prosing. I have had quite enough of your nonsense for this morning, so I beg you to close your arguments, unless you really wish that I should honour them with a most unanswerable reply.' Here, to illustrate his meaning, he very expressively shook the cane, and Roque as prudently retreated; for he knew his master strictly adhered to his word on occasions of this nature. 'With respect to your quitting my service,' continued Don Lope, 'I have no sort of objection, provided that when you part with me, you are likewise disposed to part with your ears, for I have taken such a fancy to you, my dear Roque, that I cannot possibly allow you to quit me, without leaving me behind a token of remembrance. And now,' he added in a more serious tone, 'withdraw immediately, and mind your business.' Roque made a humble bow and retired. Gomez Arias in this instance, as well as in many others, took advantage of that uncontrollable authority which strong minds generally assume over their inferiors. The valet had indeed resolved several times to leave his master, for it happened that this same Roque had no particular relish for canings and other favours of the kind which were liberally administered to him, as a remuneration for his master's achievements. Moreover, he had the nicest sense of justice, and he could not but feel the shocking impropriety of accepting a reward that was unquestionably due to his superiors. Indeed, it is but fair to add, he never acquiesced in the obligation, until it was actually forced upon him. Roque was moreover blessed with a conscience—that sort of prudential conscience which must be considered as a most valuable acquisition. He certainly was not so unreasonable as to expect a spirited nobleman to lead the life of a sequestered monk, nor could he object to his master's intrigues; but he nevertheless found it extremely objectionable that these should not be kept within the bounds of common prudence. Now, could Gomez Arias have limited his gallantries to the seduction of farmers' daughters, or debauching tradesmen's wives, Roque would most implicitly have approved of the practice, inasmuch as in this case, his master would only be asserting a sort of hereditary right attached to those of his class. But to be deceiving two ladies of distinction was really too much for the delicate feelings of the conscientious menial. Again, Roque could not urge any thing against the courage of his master; he only objected to the effects of its superabundance; for this superabundance, together with Don Lope's unusually amorous disposition, were constantly in opposition with the nicety of Roque's conscience, by reason of the difficulties they gave rise to, in the fulfilment of the natural law of self-preservation. It is an averred fact, that Roque never wilfully put himself in the way of infringing so rational a precept, and most fortunately he was endowed with a quality highly favourable to the observance thereof;—a quality which other individuals, not blessed with the same scruples, would denominate cowardice. This is not all: the valet was far from being of a romantic turn of mind; he evinced no taste whatever for moonlit scenery and nocturnal adventure; and he was vulgar enough to prefer the gross advantages of a sound slumber to all the sentimental beauties of the silvered moon and its appendages. These considerations dwelt strongly on the mind of Roque, and he had accordingly several times resolved to quit his master; but such was the dominion which Gomez Arias held over him, that the valet's resolutions fell to the ground whenever he attempted to put them in practice."

The march of the Spanish troops from Grenada, under De Aguilar, against the insurgents, supplies our more serious example.

"Previously, however, to their departure from the city, they piously bent their steps towards the cathedral, where divine service was performed with great pomp, to propitiate Heaven in favour of its servants. The archbishop delivered an eloquent oration, inculcating on the Christians their duty, and the glory of their enterprise; pointing out fame and honour to the survivors—an eternal crown to those who should fall in defence of their country and religion. The banners of the army were then blessed, and the various divisions directed their march towards the gates of Elvira, by which they were to leave the city. It was a clear and beautiful morning; no louring cloud defaced the serene brilliancy of the sky, and the sunbeams sporting on the polished helmets and glittering trappings of the army, were reflected in a thousand curious rays. The trumpets, clarions, and other martial instruments, poured their brazen voices in wild and animating strains; while the shouts of the multitude, assembled to behold the departure of the Christian soldiers, floated promiscuously along the air. The walls of the city were thronged with spectators, whilst others, more active or more interested, followed the army down the Vega. It was a scene at once splendid and interesting, to behold the army marching gallantly to the field, followed by a multitude, all unanimous in imploring the benedictions of Heaven on their brave countrymen. Amongst the dense crowd that gazed upon that martial array, what passions were called forth—how many latent affections kindled—and what sentiments of glory displayed! The magnificent pomp, and the spirit-stirring dignity of war, at the same time that it elevates the soul to deeds of heroism, fails not to awaken in the breast a corresponding sentiment of awe.—Alas! while the warrior, in all the enthusiasm of courage and self-devotion marches with eager strides to the paths of victory, perhaps of death—how many tender hearts swell high and beat fearfully for the dangers which they themselves cannot perceive! Amongst that overpowering multitude might be discerned the venerable father, lingering spark of noble fire still lurking in his dim eyes, and his withering frame receiving new energies as he gazed on the military display. A sigh of regret escapes him for the perilous and glorious scenes in which his age forbids him to bear a part. His out-stretched palms are clasped in fervent orisons to Heaven, not for the safety of his child, but that his conduct in the field may be worthy of a man and a Spaniard. There was also the affectionate spouse contemplating the marching array in silent sorrow; her eyes swimming in tears, are intensely fixed on the numerous mass of warlike spirits, where one to her dearer than all the world, was speeding from her side. On one arm, some innocen

perhaps, lay in sweet slumber, whilst another urchin, with years enough to gaze with delight upon the glorious scene, evinces his pleasure at the animating prospect, and with infantine exultation looks upwards to his mother, wondering to see her bathed in sorrow — for to his unconscious heart no cause is there for grief; and yet his tears flow because his mother weeps. Farther, perhaps, more lonely, on some high turret, on some distant eminence, striving to hide her sorrows from the eye of the world, is seen the trembling virgin, whose pure heart has received the first impression of love, and whose charmed ear has listened with fondness to the soft tale of promised bliss. Now, with restless and agitated glance, she surveys the numerous host, in the vain hope of distinguishing the dear object of all her tenderest affections, torn from her arms, to exchange her smile for scenes of bloodshed and desolation. Alas! how numerous and various are the fears that agitate her gentle breast! She may never more see him: he may sleep his last sleep on the field of horror; or he may return triumphant, but false to his vows, with a proud heart, to scorn the love of her who mourned for his absence. But women, likewise, there might be seen more high-minded and more heroic in their thoughts and feelings; some who, like Leonor de Aguilar, offered their tears at the shrine of glory and patriotism, and who, while they trembled for the life of the object of their affections, were still more anxious for his honour; some, whose passion received a spark of heavenly fire that elevated them above their kind, and who gloried in the sight as they beheld their lovers marching onward to fame and victory. Such scenes, such sensations, with others which as powerfully affect the heart, but which the pen would vainly attempt to portray, are generally attendant on a departing army. Fear, perhaps, holds its dominion in the breasts of the many and interesting beings who are left behind; but hope steals gently forward, and gilds with its bright illusion the most fearful anticipations. Meantime the soldier marches on gaily and reckless, and with a light heart he takes his farewell of those whom he is, perhaps, doomed never more to behold; and the tears that accompany his departure, tears of sympathy and affection, will soon, alas! be changed for the bitter drops of grief and despair."

Upon the whole, we trust that this Romance will meet with the success it deserves—as it certainly, from its intrinsic merits, takes a very prominent rank among the class of works to which it belongs, and is further recommended by the several adventitious circumstances to which we have already alluded.

The Atlantic Souvenir; a Christmas and New Year's Offering. Pp. 384. Philadelphia, 1828. Carey and Co. London, J. Miller.

This is a very pretty little volume, and does credit to the taste and gallantry across the Atlantic;—to their gallantry, for pages like these are inevitably associated with homage to the fairer part of the creation; to their taste, for much is displayed in the pretty poetry and pretty tales of the Atlantic Souvenir. In a literary point of view, the prose takes by far the highest rank: the story of the *Rifle* is one of great interest, and that of the *Young West Indian* would deserve a place in any Annual. The *Poet's Tale* displays talent of another kind; but perhaps a scene from the *Vacation* will be as amusing and characteristic a specimen as our limits permit. The young student who narrates his adventure is spending his time and money at Saratoga, an American watering-place.

"It was a splendid ball. The decorations were in taste, and the music I need not speak of, for who has not heard of Johnson? In speaking of beauty I must be more exclusive. Not that I was fastidious; for I was a raw *colleger*, and perfectly bewildered. I could sweep them all up with a superlative. Still, in my own astronomy, I have some dim remembrance of a distinction. I remember, for instance, a northern star, which I followed till she set. She was as tall as the Venus of the Capitol; but her proportions were exquisite, and she *wore* them with the grace of a Hebe. Her features were irregular, and might not be beautiful in marble; but the expression!—did you ever dream an angel came down to you, and told you about paradise and the peris—and do you remember the angel's face? There was another from the same quarter, with flowing hair—as airy a spirituelle as I ever saw; and another, and another—and I have no doubt they are the cause of the borealis. But this is nothing to the purpose. I danced with a lady from — no matter — I cannot be particular — but she had large dark eyes, and the longest eyelashes that ever drooped. Her forehead was low, and the black hair was parted on it as they paint the Madonna—with an expression. If any body wishes to flirt with me, let her have black hair, and a sweet forehead to part it on. She did not dance well; and if she had, it would have been out of character. I never saw a woman with rich dark eyes that did. It would be like a Magdalen painted at blind man's buff. It is a pity there is not a musical star. I am sure I was born under one. She (I did not hear her name when I was introduced, but she looked as if it was Isabella), she had a tone I shall not attempt to describe. It was low and reedy, like the death of a fine sweep on an Æolian. I have heard doves who *came near it*, and, if I understood music, I could tell you of a note in a second flute which makes me think of it; but it was irresistible. I never could withstand a sweet tone from my childhood; and if I had lived in the days of Orpheus, I am persuaded I should have walked into the wall. She said a few common-places; and I answered, like an amateur at a concert, with a nod or a monosyllable. It was a perfect spell. I am better at conversation than any thing else; but I had lost my talisman. You would have taken my speeches for the list of impersonal verbs in the grammar. She was engaged for the next cotillon, and a mere cipher of a fop led her off in the middle of a sentence. I would have given the puppy my degree for a delay of two minutes. I met her afterwards at the spring—sat opposite to her at table—met her accidentally in walks, and was very much surprised to be riding in the same direction on horseback. She was always polite, and received my apocryphal explanations with a smile that went through me like a *coup de soleil*, only more moderately. Her bewildering voice, too!—it gave the airy nothings of courtesy the power of a Maelstrom — my heart was completely swallowed up. I staid day after day, till I had far outstaid my permission. My funds were low, and Peyton's quite gone. He had been urging our departure for a week or two, and was entirely out of patience. Still I could not make up my mind to go. One morning, however, she came down in a riding-habit. I supposed she was going upon an early ride, and gave orders for a horse immediately. A moment before, I had the appetite of a New Zealander; but I hurried away to change my dress, and stood on the promenade equipped from stock to spur, as she came out from breakfast. 'Good morning! What! do you ride so early?' 'Yes—so early—and a long ride too.' 'And who goes with you?' 'I suppose the next question will be 'which way are you going?' so I'll save your catechism, and tell you at once. I go in a carriage; my companions are my father, mother, and servants; and my destination, Niagara.' 'Is it possible?—You leave us, then?' 'Just so: and now I'll excuse that rueful expression which is extremely proper and sentimental, and ask the favour of your arm, for I must make an early call at the Pavilion.' I offered my arm mechanically, but was as speechless as a college *expellée*. 'What! not a word!—no 'regrets!'—no 'painful disappointments!'—nothing about the 'shorn beam,' and the 'setting star!'' 'Miss Graham'—— and I felt as if I looked expostulatory, but could get no farther. 'Well!—Miss Graham is a good beginning—go on!' 'Seriously, Miss Graham'——I thought I should choke. 'Seriously, Mr. Halsey, you don't appear to have any thing to say. Am I to consider this a mere hiatus, or is your dying speech concluded?' 'Spare me, spare me! I'll go on directly!' 'No, I shall not spare you; for 'directly' we shall come to the Pavilion, and 'directly' I shall be very busy with my friends, and so you'll hang without a confession. Come—the speech!' 'Miss Graham—I—I—I—' 'A respectable pronoun!—Go on!' 'I'— 'What?' 'Love you!' 'Hem! quite to the point!' I had passed the Rubicon, and grew desperate. 'It is to the point, madam!—I have loved you from the first moment'—— 'Stop, stop!—be original, or I won't listen. I can read all that in Sir Charles Grandison.' 'Miss Graham, will you speak seriously?' 'Yes, sir—'seriously' we are slight acquaintances—and 'seriously' I know nothing about you—and 'seriously' you are not out of your teens—and 'seriously' we are at the Pavilion—will you walk in?' We met the ladies at the door. Miss Graham announced her departure, and after the suitable expressions of surprise and disappointment, they sent for their hats, and insisted on returning with us. It was to me a small purgatory. The ladies rallied me on my abstraction, and Miss Graham rattled away unmercifully. She 'had been here too long'—'the springs were excessively stupid'—the beaux were all bores, begging Mr. Halsey's pardon'—and she was 'delighted to go.' I tried every manœuvre to speak a word to her—but she was 'in too much of a hurry to step aside for a view'—and she 'didn't care for the dust'—and she 'always preferred a lady's arm to a gentleman's.' She left us at the door, to go to her room. On her return, the carriage was waiting. 'Come, Caroline,' shouted a bass and a cracked treble. 'Coming, sir—coming, madam,'—and she shook hands with the gay circle. I offered my arm, and under cover of a bagatelle, made a desperate offer—'Will you give me one word, Miss Graham?' 'Yes, sir—two—good bye'—and she jumped into the carriage. I think if I ever hang, I shall feel as I did when that carriage drove off."

The poetry is but mediocre; it wants originality, and, worse still, wants character; there is nothing American in it; it might as well have been written on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. The following, by James G. Percival, though one of the most graceful pieces in the book, is scarcely equal to what we should expect from him.

"*To Melmotha.*

Is it bliss to see a crowd
Gazing on thee,
Or like a gilded insect, proud
In flattery sun thee?
Is there not a dearer thing,
Than when a fop with painted wing,
Too poor to bless, too weak to sting,
Dreams he has won thee?

Is it bliss to think thy charms
Are lauded ever—
That all would rush into thy arms,
And leave thee never?
Oh! is it not a sweeter thought,
That only one thy love has sought,
And in his soul, that love is wrought
So deep it cannot sever?

Is it bliss to hear thy praise
By all repeated;
To dream a round of sunny days,
Then find thee cheated?
Oh! happier the hidden flower
Within a far secluded bower,
Whither some mind of gentle power
Has long retreated.

Is it not bliss to hear thy name
From lips so holy?
Oh! better than the transient flame,
That circles folly.
If thou art lovely, thou wilt find
Pure worship from so pure a mind,
And love that will not leave behind
One taint of melancholy."

The strong impression left on our minds by some of the exquisite plates in the recent publications in this country of a similar nature, renders it difficult for us to judge candidly and fairly of the embellishments, fourteen in number, of the *Atlantic Souvenir*. "Respectable" is a cold word; and yet the highest praise which we can afford to the best of them is that they are respectable. We speak of the engravings; for (not to mention our countrymen, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Boaden) the names of Leslie, and Newton, and Alston, by whom several of the subjects of those engravings were painted, can never be associated with ideas of mediocrity. Two of the most interesting prints in the volume are engraved by Durand, from Newton's "Dull Lecture," and Leslie's "Ann Page, Slender, and Shallow;" both of which pictures were so deservedly admired in the exhibition at Somerset House, and both of which pictures are now in the possession of a gentleman of the name of Hone, in New York. G. B. Ellis appears to be an artist of talent and versatility. Several of his engravings, from drawings by Doughty, especially the "Delaware Water-Gap" and the "Catskill Falls," are very creditable to him. His principal defect is the similarity of his execution throughout the whole plate. We advise him to study Woollett's landscapes; and, above all, to observe how that great master contrived, by increasing not only the depth but the breadth of his lines, as he advanced to the foreground, to preserve the "keeping" of his work. "Ticonderago," engraved by Maverick, from a sketch by Wall, possesses much sweetness; and "Ischia and Procida," engraved by Kearny, from a drawing by Batty, much clearness and brilliance. There is a pretty miniature copy, by Longacre, from an English print.

Burton's Diary of the Cromwell Parliament.
[Concluding notice.]

HAVING already analysed the contents of these four volumes, and given some illustrative specimens of their contents, and that analysis and exemplification being in our view sufficient to shew the nature and character of the work, we do not consider it necessary to go at great length into extracts. The importance of the Diary to history will be felt upon the single statement of its authenticity; and were we to fill whole pages with quotations, we could do no more than produce the same conviction on the minds of readers. We shall therefore be very short in our farther comments; and have only to guard against the value of the book being estimated by the extent of our Review. As well might a precise judgment of the proceedings of the House of Commons in 1656 be ascertained from the engraved frontispiece (after a picture by T. Simon), which represents both the clerks at the table *writing with their left hands!* It may be remarked, however, as a curious matter in these proceedings, that the identical borough of Queenborough, which has made so much noise within the last few weeks, producing from among its own fishermen perfect Demosthenes and Massienellos, should have occupied the Commons in 1654, when the members who attended were voted by an "*Instrument*" to several counties and places, "which, (says Goddard's Diary,) for the most part, did agree with the instrument, saving as to Queenborough. Some gentlemen of Kent being earnest to have that membership conferred, some to the county, some to Maidstone, some to the Cinque Ports, some to one place, some to another, Mr. Garland, who served for that place, suddenly and jocularly moved the speaker, that we give not any legacies before the speaker was dead. Which conceit so took with the house, as for that time Queenborough was reprieved, but was voted for the future to be dismembered, and to be added to the county."

Less trouble seems to have been taken at this era about franchises, &c. than we see now in respect to East Retford; for we find in the short ensuing paragraph—"It was moved also for Woodstock, that that might not be dismembered; but it was according as was reported. Morpeth, in Cumberland, was moved to have a member, and that one shall be taken from the county; but that was denied. The towns in Cornwall were dismembered, and a member added to Bodmin, there. The rest all passed according to the instrument."

The liberty of the press in these famed days of freedom was often disposed of in an equally summary manner. In August 1653—"Ordered, that it be referred to the Committee for the poor, and justices of the peace, to consider of and examine the breach of the privilege of parliament in new books or pamphlets; and also to consider of the abuse in printing of scurrilous ballads and pamphlets, and seditious books and papers; and to examine who were the writers, printers, and publishers thereof; and wherein the former laws are defective, to offer some farther remedy for the redress of that abuse." October—Mr. Lawrence reported "the coming forth of several scandalous and seditious pamphlets: one a paper entituled, 'A Charge of High Treason exhibited against Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, for several Treasons by him committed,' which was now read." October 1656: "Colonel Jephson acquainted the house with a book delivered at the door, in print, entituled, 'Thunder from the Throne of God against the Temples of Idols,' with an epistle in it, directed to his highness the lord protector and the parliament of England; which epistle was now read. Resolved, that Samuel Chidley be called in to the bar. And he was accordingly called in. And being come to the bar, the book was shewed him, who acknowledged he wrote the epistle; and doth own it, and all that is in it; and owns the book too, and all in it, the printer's errors excepted. Ordered, that this book, entituled, 'Thunder from the Throne of God against the Temples of Idols,' and the epistle of it, be referred to a committee, viz. to Lord Commissioner Whitlock, &c. That it be referred to the same committee to consider of a way to suppress private presses, and regulating the press, and suppressing and preventing scandalous books and pamphlets." Chidley was, as a matter of course, immediately committed; and almost every offender in this way was severely punished, not only by long imprisonments, but corporally. But, as if parliament was not rigorous enough in its vengeance, the Protector himself took the press in hand. In Oct. 1655: "The council at Whitehall ordered, that no person presume to publish in print any matter of public news or intelligence, without leave and approbation of the secretary of state." In the face of such prohibitions and dangers, it is remarkable how boldly the spirit of opposition displayed itself, and asserted the right of publishing opinions. The distribution of fanatical books at the door of the house was a common occurrence, though the inevitable consequence to the parties was the being brought on their knees, incarcerated, fined, pilloried, and even more severely visited. But Oliver, when personally concerned, was above all laws. In 1653 he forced the parliament (which would not be a mere tool in his hands) to deliver up their power to him; and the General became Protector. It was in vain that, in the autumn of 1654, "The parsons generally prayed for the parliament to strengthen their hands and enlarge their hearts; to send them that had wisdom, zeal; and them that had zeal, wisdom; but not much concerning the single person, as was observed." The single person strode forward to power; and it was impiously maintained that "Divine Providence had set a stamp and seal upon his government; the sword and present power all being of God."[18] It was added, "that my Lord Protector must not be thought that ever he would part with that power which he conceived was so fully in him. At least it was extremely convenient that we should in this comply with his highness, it being a foundation he had laid, and now not to be disputed." Parliament did nevertheless cavil at these doctrines, and was dissolved forthwith by the famous speech, an hour and a half long, (says our Diarist,) delivered by Cromwell in the Painted Chamber, Sept. 3, 1654. The member thus describes the affair:—"Going by water to Westminster, I was told that the parliament doors were locked up and guarded with soldiers, and the barges were to attend the Protector to the Painted Chamber. As I went, I saw two barges at the privy stairs. Being come to the hall, I was confirmed in what I had heard. Nevertheless, I did purpose not to take things merely upon trust, but would receive an actual repulse to confirm my faith. Accordingly, I attempted up the parliament stairs, but there was a guard of soldiers, who told me there was no passage that way; that the house was locked up, and command given to give no admittance to any. That, if I were a member, I might go into the Painted Chamber, where the Protector would presently be. The mace was taken away by Commissary-General Whalley. The speaker and all the members were walking up and down the hall, the Court of Requests, and the Painted Cham-

* The other side, in the same canting strain, argued, "That the providences of God are like a two-edged sword, which may be used both ways: and God in his providence doth often permit of that which he doth not approve: and a thief may make as good a title to every purse which he takes by the highways. That if titles be measured by the sword, the Grand Turk may make a better title than any Christian princes."

ber, expecting the Protector's coming; the passages there being likewise guarded with soldiers. The Protector coming about ten of the clock, attended with his officers, life-guard, and halberds, he took his place upon the scaffold, where it was before, and made a speech of about an hour and a half long. Wherein he did not forbear to tell us, that he did expect and hope for better fruit and effect of our last meeting in that place than he had yet found; that he perceived there was a necessity upon him to magnify, as he called it, his office. He told us a large series of the providences of God and the suffrages of the people, which were so many witnesses, evidences, and seals, of his calling to the government, and which did cause him to put a greater value upon his title so derived, than upon the broken hereditary title of any prince whatsoever. That having received his office from God and from the people, he was resolved never to part with it, until God and the people should take it from him. That it could not be expected when he told us before that we were a free parliament, that he meant it otherwise free than as it should act under that government. That those pitiful forwardnesses and peevishnesses which were abroad, he valued no more than the motes in the sun. But that the parliament should now dispute his office under whose authority we were then met, was a great astonishment to him. That he was unwilling to break privileges; but necessity had no law."

With those who recognised his authority he contrived to go on till the January following; when another Painted Chamber *jobation* finished the farce by a dissolution; which, says the editor, "left him to rule, as he was not ill-inclined, in cases unconnected with his personal interests, according to the ancient laws, under the authority of his own instrument of government; unsupported even by the semblance of a parliamentary sanction."

His speech on reassembling a parliament in Sept. 1656, is one of the most interesting documents in this work, where it is probably printed for the first time: it is too long for us to quote, but will be found at page 148 of the Introduction, Vol. I. The following is a more curious specimen of his oratory—when the hundred officers addressed him *not* to hearken to the title of king, which was offered to him in the spring of 1656-7.

"His highness returned answer presently to this effect,—that the first man that told him of it, was he, the mouth of the officers then present (meaning Colonel Mills); that, for his part, he had never been at any cabal about the same (hinting by that, the frequent cabals that were against kingship by certain officers). He said, the time was when they boggled not at the word (king), for the instrument by which the government now stands, was presented to his highness with the title (king) in it, as some there present could witness, pointing at a principal officer, then in his eye, and he refused to accept of the title. But how it comes to pass that they now startle at that title, they best knew. That, for his part, he loved the title, a feather in a hat, as little as they did. That they had made him their drudge upon all occasions; to dissolve the Long Parliament, who had contracted evil enough by long sitting; to call a parliament or convention of their naming, who met; and what did they? fly at liberty and property, insomuch as if one man had twelve cows, they held another that wanted cows ought to take share with his neighbour. Who could have said any thing was their own if they had gone on? After their dissolution, how was I pressed by you (said he) for the rooting out of the ministry; nay, rather than fail, to starve them out. A parliament was afterwards called; they sat five months; it is true we hardly heard of them in all that time. They took the instrument into debate, and they must needs be dissolved; and yet stood not the instrument in need of mending? Was not the case hard with me, to be put upon to swear to that which was so hard to be kept? Some time after that, you thought it was necessary to have major-generals; and the first rise to that motion (then was the late general insurrections) was justifiable; and you, major-generals, did your parts well. You might have gone on. Who bid you go to the house with a bill, and there receive a foil? After you had exercised this power a while, impatient were you till a parliament was called. I gave my vote against it; but you [were] confident, by your own strength and interest, to get men chosen to your heart's desire. How you have failed therein, and how much the country hath been disobliged, is well known. That it is time to come to a settlement, and lay aside arbitrary proceedings, so unacceptable to the nation. And by the proceedings of this parliament, you see they stand in need of a check or balancing power, (meaning the House of Lords, or a house so constituted,) for the case of James Naylor might happen to be your own case. By their judicial power they fall upon life and member, and doth the instrument enable me to control it?"

We will not enter more at length into these important parliamentary memoranda: they are curious, characteristic, and valuable; and shew how much alike have been the positions of public affairs and the arguments of public speakers at all times. As Solomon truly said, there is nothing new under the sun;—and the debate on the probability of a war with Holland in 1658-9, might almost, with change of name, be printed for Navarino and Turkey in 1828.—Upon a passage in Sir Arthur Haslerigge's speech on this occasion—("if you engage suddenly in a war with Holland, I think all England will be lost. When our forces are gone to the Sound, an army may be landed here, and Charles Stuart to head them," &c.)—there is the following descriptive note:—

"On his coronation as King of Scots, were 'Printed, London 1651, by I. L. Philalethes,' on a single leaf—'Old Sayings and Predictions Verified and Fulfilled touching the young King of Scotland and his gued Subjects.

'*Jockie.* I, Jockie, turn the stone of all your plots,
For none turne faster than the turne-coate Scots.
'*Presbyter.* We for our ends did make thee king, be sure,
Not to rule us; we will not that endure.
'*King.* You deep dissemblers, I know what you doe,
And, for revenge's sake, I will dissemble too.'

Then over a characteristic print is the following title: 'The Scots holding their young Kinge's Nose to the Grinstone.' Over Jockie, who is turner, are these lines:

'Come to the grinstone, Charles, 'tis now too late
To recollect 'tis Presbyterian fate.'

The Presbyter, bearded, and wearing the cloak and the then fashionable skull-cap, says, by a label proceeding from his mouth, 'Stoop, Charles!' while he holds to a grinstone the face of the royally-robed youth. Over the king are these lines:—

'You Covinant pretenders, must I bee
The subject of your Tradgie-Comedie?'

'I will conclude,' says I. L., 'with an old prophecy of a Jesuit in Henry VIIth's time, of all the kings and queens that should succeed in England: thus, *Mars*, *Puer*, *Alecto*, *Virgo*, *Vulpes*, *Leo*, *Nullus*. The English of it is this: *Mars*, the god of war, Henry VIII.; *Puer*, a boy, Edward VI.; *Alecto*, a fury, Queen Mary; *Virgo*, a maiden, Queen Elizabeth; *Vulpes*, a fox, King James; *Leo*, a lion, King Charles; *Nullus*, none.'"

When we have in His Grace the Duke of Wellington a premier of the highest military glory, it may not be inapposite to quote a paragraph or two from the discussion relative to the House of Peers, &c. set up during the Commonwealth.

Mr. Archer.—"This new House of Lords consists of swordsmen, colonels, and commanders of armies. The persons are all either military or in civil judicature. It is not fit for those that receive public moneys to have a legislature with us."

Col. Gibbons.—"The question now before us is a great-bellied question, and will not easily go down with me. I am not for laying it aside neither. It is pressed upon us, and necessity is pretended. Many absurd consequences are in that necessity. There was a Spanish don that burnt his shins by the fire, who could not be satisfied till he presently sent for a mason to pull down the chimney as a heretic, whereas he might have removed his shins more easily. I doubt we are doing so. I shall offer as an addition to the question, that this house will transact with the other house, when they are bounded and limited by this house, and not before."

Mr. Stephens.—"I can very well confide in his highness, and am glad to find one in possession who will rule according to the law, and not by the sword. If I could have the same confidence in those that sit in the other house, I should willingly consent. But I would have a government by law, and not by the sword; and I should fear it much if those men should sit. Losers must have leave to speak. They are many of them military persons. Thus they would have a military and civil sword. There are nineteen regiments of horse and foot, and divers garrisons, besides the Tower of London, all in that house; and a great part of the fleet besides. Lord lieutenants were always chosen by the country laws—by the good laws of Edward the Confessor. The great commanders, both by sea and land, and privy counsellors, were chosen by the people anciently, *in pleno foro*. This is no new doctrine. They that sit there ought to be by your election. We have found by experience the mischief of the sword. The little fingers of major-generals have I found heavier than the loins of the greatest tyrant kings that went before."

Col. West "told a long story of Adam."

They talked then of the "dead lift," as we talk now of the "dead weight:" but the analogies are too numerous to be pointed out; and we must finally take our leave of this Diary with again recommending it to public favour as a remarkable accession to our stock of historical *matériel*.

Dr. Reece's Medical Guide. 8vo. Fifteenth Edition.

WHETHER popular treatises on medicine be really advantageous to the community, is a question on which a great diversity of opinion has long existed, and on which doctors themselves disagree. Those who maintain the affirmative, argue, that if a knowledge of the causes of disease and of their remedies were generally diffused, it must not only tend to diminish the mischiefs arising from ignorance

and intemperance, but to mitigate the severer "ills which flesh is heir to," and which are the exclusive province of the physician, by subjecting to a salutary scrutiny the qualifications of the regular practitioner, and exposing all the *tromperie* of quacks and impostors. Those who are of a contrary opinion, contend that all attempts to enlighten the public on the subject of medicine operate injuriously, by tempting invalids to dose themselves until their ailments become serious, perhaps irremediable, and by imparting to them that superficial knowledge, —that "little learning," which in medical science no less than in law and in general literature, is a dangerous thing; because it renders men at once conceited and sceptical, apt to think themselves as knowing as the doctor, and to entertain towards him that mistrust which is calculated to counteract the remedy prescribed.

Whatever may be the final decision of a controversy which threatens to be of very long duration, one truth is indisputable: the people, of this country at least, have ever been disposed to receive with eagerness any compendium professing to afford instructions for the preservation of health and the removal of disease. Exposed to all the influences of a variable and capricious climate, gloomy from temperament, and enervated either by luxury or bad diet, they are habitually solicitous concerning their bodily welfare; and, in the absence of sound advice on this important subject, they will accept and act upon that which is at least questionable, if not pernicious. Without reverting to those barbarous ages when the culling of simples was regulated by the movements of the planets, and when the astrologer and the tonsor held divided sway with the leech and the chirurgeon, we need only look back to the middle or latter end of the last century, for a signal instance of this propensity, in the favour bestowed on a notable tract which old John Wesley published under the alluring title of Primitive Physic. That bundle of nostrums, now acknowledged to be creditable rather to the boldness of its author than to his abilities, at least as a *body*-curer, still retains a considerable share of popularity among his admirers. A multitude of similar instances might be adduced, some of which, the productions of empirical adventurers, are solely remarkable, as proving the extent to which delusion may be practised on human credulity.

Thus have Buchan, Mason Good, and other writers in the same line, flourished; and thus the present work has reached a fifteenth edition.

Its plan is in the first part to define the different classes of *remedies*, and explain their direct and indirect operation in a variety of cases. In the second part to establish a basis for the management of diseases, with reference not only to the age, constitution, and habits of the patient, but to the stage of the malady. Remarks on the influence of the passions of the mind in inducing and aggravating various diseases follow, and are followed by other remarks on sympathies, customs, and habits, and on the distinction between disease and disorder.

Upon these manifold subjects we are not called to deliver our opinion (especially as we get no fees); but we think we may fairly pronounce this to be a very useful Family Dispensatory, as fifteen editions, indeed, prove it to be generally esteemed.

Modern Domestic Medicine; or, a Popular Treatise on all the Diseases incident to the Human Frame, &c. &c. By Thomas J. Graham, M.D., &c. London, 1826. Printed for the Author; Simpkin and Marshall; Hatchard; and other booksellers.

SIMILAR remarks apply to this publication as to the preceding. We hear it exceedingly well spoken of by medical men, whether approving or disapproving of the principle of such works. As a guide to self-medicating, we presume it may be as safely trusted as any other; but the less people doctor themselves, we are inclined to think, the better will be their general health. It is sometimes, however, of essential use to know how to meet casualties by simple remedies or prompt action; and in this point of view these domestic instructors are valuable. A copious materia medica; a description of mineral waters; and a dissertation on baths, add much to the merits of Dr. Graham's performance.

A Living Picture of London for 1828, and a Stranger's Guide through the Streets of the Metropolis, &c. By John Bee, Esq. 18mo. pp. 312. London, 1828. W. Clarke; Sherwood and Co.; H. Fores.

THE more useful a work of this kind is likely to be, the less is it likely to be agreeable reading. No bystander is gratified by seeing a surgeon open a tumour, dissect an ulcer, or dress a sore, however skilfully he may operate; and it is much the same in laying open the putridity and corruption of this vast lazar-house metropolis. There are, indeed, some scenes which hardly bear description: yet as conveying hints to strangers, and guarding them against impositions; as instructing our most wonderfully inefficient police; and as exposing the crying evils which beset all classes of society in London,—this small volume must be esteemed valuable and curious.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 24th, 1828.

IT is the season of dissipation in this city, of which the French triumphantly say, "Il n'y a qu'un Paris." Indeed if variety of pleasure form the sum of human happiness, they have a title to the boast; for every taste finds here its home, whether it lead to arts, sciences, philosophy, balls, theatres, or gambling-houses. However strange it may appear, these three latter amusements are often neglected for the study of the three former; and sometimes a *belle dame* relinquishes her partner at the dance for the rivalship of more serious occupation. To M. Bory de St. Vincent's Natural History, and his Observations on the Analogy of the Human with other Races, may perhaps be ascribed, in some degree, the spirit of inquiry which pervades young and old; who begin to think that if, according to Solomon, "there is nothing new under the sun," there is at least much to be discovered with regard to the secrets of nature, particularly with regard to the science of analogy. A work on that subject is now treating by a very able man, and will most likely appear in summer.

Theatrical news is rare. M. de la Vigné's comedy, entitled the Princesse Aurélie, brought a crowded house on its first representation; but, notwithstanding Mlle. Mars' talents, and the loud and repeated applauses of the audience, critics have condemned the author; not, however, without some struggle between partiality and justice, as he is most deservedly a favourite artist. In this instance he trusted too much to the harmony of his verse, and forgot that on the stage this is only a secondary consideration, when compared to plot, and preserving the *natural* in character. Last night, *L'Orphéline Russe* was represented at the Gymnase: the house was full, and it met with general approbation. If we are to judge of the interest of the piece by the tears of tender ladies, we may boldly assert its merit in that respect, for pocket handkerchiefs waved in every direction. The English theatricals are awaited with impatience. Miss Smithson has left a most favourable impression on the French audience, who now cease to wonder that British Lords so frequently fall victims to our ladies of the dramatic profession. Shakespeare also is beginning to be appreciated by those who can understand him. The French no longer compare him to their Racine, but candidly allow that he has surpassed all their poets. A gentleman lately speaking of him, wondered how one body could contain such various minds, being equally grand in the horrible and in the sublime,—and in painting the human mind, greater than the greatest of any country.

M. De Lafayette has been near quitting the busy scene of life: he was seriously ill, but hopes are now entertained of his recovery. Mdme. de Genlis is also seriously indisposed: she has run a long course, and nature with her must be nearly worn out. She seldom quits her bed; but still receives her friends. As to her intellectual faculties, they seem perfectly unimpaired. She possesses a peculiar charm of manner, which becomes a striking contrast to her personal appearance, of which there exist no *beaux restes*: besides, as she considers abstinence from cleanliness, as well as from every comfort, to be a duty—no one can imagine that she could ever have been the charming being described by herself and some of her contemporaries. Snuff is the only luxury she enjoys, and not even this indulgence constantly; for whenever she swerves from the laws of self-government which she has laid down for herself, her nose pays the penance. However simple this punishment may appear to those who are unacquainted with the merits of tobacco, to her it is no small trial of forbearance. She looks eagerly at the watch, and sometimes holds it in her hand, awaiting with agitation the critical moment that she has prescribed for a cessation of penitence. She has a handsome revenue allowed her by the Duke of Orleans, but gives it almost all away to her adopted son, or in charity.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN BEECHEY'S EXPEDITION.—We have to announce, and we do so with great satisfaction, that private letters have just been received from the Blossom, which mention the arrival of the ship at San Blas, on her way to England; all the crew in good health. They add, that in consequence of the unsettled state of the interior, she is likely to be detained there for some days for a freight.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Friday the 21st, Mr. Millington delivered an able lecture on the manufacture of paper, of which we had reason to expect an epitome, that has not, however, reached us. We are therefore only enabled to say, from recollection, that the history of the early materials, stone, metallic substances, papyrus, the bark of trees, parchment, vellum, cotton, &c. &c. on which writings were anciently preserved, was interesting and full of research. The illustrations

of modern paper-making, and the immense improvements in the machinery, shewed how many great difficulties have been overcome by ingenuity and perseverance: the models were extremely beautiful and curious.

Among the useful inventions displayed in the library on a former evening, we were much struck by a model of patent metallic shutters and sun-blinds, exhibited by a Mr. Dun. For security against burglars, for readiness in opening and shutting, and for neatness, we have rarely seen any superior useful improvement on a common article of household fitting. The easy conversion of the shutter into a sun-blind, seemed to us (on the small scale here represented) to be peculiarly well managed: we presume it would succeed in windows of the usual size.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

12th day, 21 h. 17 m. 45 s.—The sun will be eclipsed, but invisible in this country; the conjunction will occur in the boundary line that separates Aries from Pisces; the moon's latitude 8 m. 30 s. north; 21 h. 24 m. the eclipse will be central on the meridian to the inhabitants of the coasts of the Red Sea, in latitude 18 deg. 26 min.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter, in Sagittarius	7	0	6
● New Moon, in Pisces . . .	13	21	18
☽ First Quarter, in Gemini .	21	17	18
○ Full Moon, in Libra . . .	29	10	44

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Jupiter in Libra	2	8	0
Mars in Sagittarius	5	12	15
Mercury in Pisces	11	18	15
1 ♉ Tauri	16	23	25
2 ♉ Tauri	16	23	56
Venus in Taurus	17	11	0
Saturn in Gemini	20	[illegible]	0
1 α Cancri	[illegible]	10	35
Jupiter in Libra	29	11	0
2 α Libra	29	15	36

14th day.—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible a short time before sunrise.

1st day.—Venus, "the evening star:" the following is the proportion of its phases:—

Illuminated part . .	8·58622
Dark part . . .	3·41378

30th day, 20 h.—Mars in conjunction with a cluster of small stars in the head of Sagittarius. 5th day, 20 h. Jupiter in conjunction with 2 α Libra, a star of the second magnitude on the ecliptic in the southern scale: the planet will be about a degree north of the star. 29th day, 10 h. 15 m.—In opposition, and nearest the earth, consequently appearing under its greatest angle of 40 sec., its least angle being 26 sec. The situation and period of the opposition of a planet are the most important for determining the elements of its orbit—its place in the starry heavens, as seen from the earth, or supposed to be seen, from the sun being then coincident, or the observed longitude, is the same as the true longitude, all calculations being referred to the sun as the centre: after the opposition, the emersions only of the satellites will be visible, the shadow of the primary having a different direction relative to the position of the earth in its orbit.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	4	15	45	58
	6	10	14	28
	13	12	8	23
	20	14	2	25
	27	15	56	31
	29	10	25	1
Second satellite	7	12	41	30
	14	15	15	26
Third satellite	29	14	25	38

Remarkable Configurations of the Satellites at 11 hours.

13th, 14th, and 20th days, respectively, all the satellites to the west of the primary. 22d. The third in the shadow, and the first, second, and fourth, to the east. 29th day. Jupiter will appear as if nearly deserted by his attendants; all the satellites, with the exception of the second, which will be to the east, will be invisible—the first and third in the shadow, and the fourth on the disc.

2d day, 23 h. 30 m.—Saturn in quadrature: the ring of this planet is gradually contracting, the relative proportion of the two axes being as 1·000 to 0·462.

21st day, 22 h.—Uranus in quadrature: this planet is advancing to a favourable position for observation; its place in the heavens may be very easily traced, being in a direct line south of the two stars in the horn of the Goat.

Those brilliant constellations which have communicated such splendour to the wintry sky, will soon be lost in the solar effulgence. Aries, by the middle of the month, will have disappeared; the brightness of Taurus will not only be diminished by its approximation to the western horizon, but nearly dissolved by the superior blaze of Venus; while the mild beauty of Pleiades will scarce pierce the twilight of the vernal eve. Orion, with its belt, will no longer glitter with that radiance, which, when aided by an atmosphere refined by frost, shone forth with increased intensity: this "sentinel of winter," as if released from its vigilance, ceases to suspend its watchful light over the sleeping nations, and hastens with its bright companion Sirius, to mingle its fainter glories with the solar beams. Rising in the east will be observed "Arcturus, with his sons;" Spica Virginis, the bright star in the hand of the Virgin; Jupiter in Libra: on the meridian, Leo Major and Leo Minor, and in the zenith Ursa Major.

Tuesday morning.—Solar spots. These, in considerable number and magnitude, are transversing the solar disc; one large spot, with a cluster of upwards of twenty-five small ones, is passing off the western limb, and others entering on the eastern side.

Deptford. J. T. B.

SYLPHIUM.—In our late notice of Beechey's Travels in Africa, we quoted at some length the passages which related to the celebrated *sylphium* of ancient writers. It may be acceptable to state, that two specimens of this interesting plant, brought to England by Captain Smyth, are both likely to prosper,—one in the possession of the Duke of Sussex, and the other in that of the Duke of Buckingham. They are skilfully tended, and very carefully watched; as they well deserve to be.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, March 22.—On the 14th the Rev. P. Wynter, President of St. John's College, was admitted to the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Pountney, Queen's College; Rev. J. Spry, Magdalen Hall; Rev. T. Hope, University College; Rev. A. Rogers, Jesus College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. Charnock, Lincoln College.

AT the Russell Institution, the Rev. Mr. Stebbing has commenced a course of lectures on the attractive topic of our Periodical Literature.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

THERE is a balance in the arts, as well as a balance in politics; and in casting our eyes generally over a well-selected assemblage of pictures, a great portion of our pleasure arises from the attention which has been paid to that balance; and from the agreeable variety, both of style and of subject, which has been thereby suggested. In private collections the judgment of the proprietor may regulate this material consideration; but it is not so in a public exhibition; for whither the public taste leads, be that taste good or bad, art will, in most instances, follow. In endeavouring, therefore, to maintain the balance where it appears likely to fail, as at present in the historical and epic departments of art, we ought to be much indebted to those artists who have the generous self-devotion to throw the weight of their talents into the scale that must otherwise "kick the beam."

No. 254. *Æneas and Achates, landing on the Coast of Africa, near to Carthage, are directed by Venus, who appears to them in the character of a Spartan Huntress.* W. Linton.—Although the foregoing remarks do not apply exclusively to this artist, the work under our consideration is an example of a class of art—the poetical, or, if we may be allowed the expression, the educated—which ought to be powerfully encouraged. Mr. Linton's picture not only possesses in an eminent degree the qualities of beauty, contrast, and variety, which recommend it as a composition; but is entitled to the highest praise for the skill of its execution. Some of the greatest difficulties of the imitative part of the art have been encountered and vanquished. We mean more particularly the freshness of the morning, and the rising vapours that slightly veil, without obscuring, the forms with which they mingle. The whole is conducted in accordance with good taste, and fully establishes Mr. Linton's powers in the more refined departments of that branch of the arts which he so successfully cultivates.

No. 214. *Portrait of H. Brougham, Esq.* J. Lonsdale.—Without intending any allusion to the splendid oratorical powers of the original, we must say that this is one of the most *speaking* portraits we ever saw. The resemblance is perfect. It is firmly and forcibly painted; and attracts as much attention in the room, as Mr. Brougham himself does when he rises to address the House of Commons.

No. 129. *The Vale of Avoca; or the Meeting of the Waters in the County of Wicklow.* J. Glover.—A grand and beautiful feature in the present exhibition. Mr. Glover's talents must always distinguish him; and we have to observe, with reference to his other works in this collection, that they appear to us to bear the marks of greater attention to variety in style and effect than at any former period of his practice. We were especially struck with the interest communicated to No. 352, *Moel Vahmer, near Mold, North Wales; seen from the house where Wilson lived and died.*

No. 149. *Stags in their Paddock, on Windsor Forest.* R. B. Davis.—There is great lightness and clearness in the style of Mr. Davis's works. The varied and picturesque forms which he has introduced into this production are very delightful. We are also much pleased with the gallant bearing of his *Royal Hunt* (No. 47); and the simplicity and contrast of No. 259, *Studies of a Mule, from South America, presented to his Majesty*, give it great value.

No. 90. *Landscape, Composition, Moonlight.* T. C. Hofland.—This fine picture belongs to the classical in art. It appears to us that the sentiment which it conveys is so much in accordance with that of a description in Beckford's Letters, that we are induced to quote the

passage. "Nothing can surpass a summer's night in Italy: a bright moon—a clear sky—a temperature the most desirable—music in the streets—and contentment every where." Substitute "groves" for "streets," and "contemplation" for "contentment;" and you have the character of this and most of Mr. Hofland's moonlights. There is a mellowness in the colouring of the present work that is very charming.

No. 144. *A Sportsman.* A. Fraser.—We have frequently had occasion to observe the advantage which our artists derive from the frequent exhibitions of the works of the old masters, by which they are enabled, without servile copying, to incorporate a portion of the excellences of the Flemish and other schools into their own works. Mr. Fraser's Sportsman is a very successful proof of this benefit. Although entirely different in composition and character, those who remember the *Card Players*, in his Majesty's collection, lately exhibited in the British Gallery, will immediately perceive what has, in point of light and effect, originated the able performance under our notice.

No. 133. *The Boudoir.* J. Inskipp.—This artist has been for some time steadily advancing towards excellence. Brilliant and varied colours undoubtedly belong to such a subject as the Boudoir; and so far they are in the present work characteristic: but these may be carried too far; and care ought to be taken not to violate good taste for the sake of attraction. No. 207, *The Tyro*, also by Mr. Inskipp, is a beautiful example of pictorial skill.

No. 22. *Church of St. Walfran, Abbeville.* D. Roberts.—To state the name of this artist, and the number and title of his picture, must be sufficient to direct the visitor to that which will always be found worthy of attention. We do not think that Mr. Roberts can carry his present style of execution beyond what it has already attained, and which is so perfectly suitable to his subjects, that we should much regret to see him change it. What we have just said of him is equally applicable to several others, whose works we have so recently noticed in our remarks on the British Gallery, that we shall abstain in the present instance from any detailed criticism on them,—as, in fact, it would savour of repetition.

Diorama in the Regent's Park.—The Diorama opened to the public on Monday last, with two new subjects, viz. the Interior of the Cloister of St. Wandrille, in Normandy, painted by M. Bouton; and the Village of Unterseen, in Switzerland, painted by M. Daguerre. In all former exhibitions at this establishment, the views of interiors have greatly excelled the out-of-door views: in the present, the advantage is decidedly on the other side. The Village of Unterseen is unquestionably the most extraordinary triumph of the dioramic art that we have yet witnessed. So magical is the effect, that it would be impossible for a spectator, not previously prepared, to suppose for a moment that he was gazing merely at a plane, variously coloured. No doubt would ever occur to his mind that he was looking into the village itself—with its rudely paved street, and its picturesque *châlets*, with their curious, overhanging roofs, surrounding galleries, and other ornaments and accompaniments. All that would surprise him would be the perfect and continued stillness of the scene; and that, on so beautiful a day, and in so lovely a neighbourhood, no human being was moving about in any direction. Description cannot give the slightest notion of this wonderful illusion; it must be seen to be appreciated. If we were not unwilling to "hint a fault," we would say, that the distance is less absolutely deceptive than the rest of the picture.—The Interior of the Cloister of St. Wandrille is also very fine, and does great credit to the talents of M. Bouton; but we do not think it equal to some of its predecessors. This is perhaps owing to the inferiority of the subject. The parts of which the composition is made up are more numerous, and therefore smaller and less interesting than in some former works of a similar character. The general gloom, however, and the occasional and partial admission of sunlight, are managed with exceeding skill. There is a plank represented in the fore-ground, over which we are hardly yet convinced that it would not be very easy to break our shins. The gentle agitation, by the breeze, of the clouds, and of the leaves between the columns, highly delights the younger portion of the spectators, and ought to be offensive to nobody; but we strongly recommend the nailing-up of the door. Its sudden opening is destitute of meaning or consequence, and diminishes rather than increases the general effect.

Exhibition of Pictures.—At the Gallery in Maddox Street, an Exhibition of a most interesting description has just been opened; consisting of some twenty *chef-d'œuvres* of great masters. Four of the magnificent frescos rescued from the palace near Venice, of which we have frequently spoken, are finely placed on the upper part of the walls, and have a surpassing effect. A large and superb landscape by Gaspar Poussin, of the highest classic style, is fitly accompanied by the famous Malmaison Claude, possessing throughout the purity of a diamond; and other pieces, hardly inferior, by that fascinating painter of nature. By the side of these are the Niobe and other landscapes by Wilson—and well do they prove his title to be called the English Claude: they are the foremost of his admirable works. A figure by Salvator, a head by Rembrandt, a group by Giorgione, a small landscape by Rubens, another by Gainsborough, a small but perfect Teniers, a Berchem, two Schalkens, an Augustino Caracci, &c. &c. render this, though not a numerous Gallery, one of the most delightful that can be visited, and a complete school in which to study the manners of all the artists we have named.

An idle report having been circulated, and reached us, that Sir William Beechey had discontinued his professional practice, we are happy to have it in our power to contradict the rumour. So far from its being founded in truth, that distinguished painter, whose works adorn so many of our royal and noble residences, besides having just finished a portrait of the Marchioness of Aylesbury, and another of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, has nearly completed a fancy picture of Flora dispensing her gifts, for the Earl of Egremont. In such a subject we shall look for another example of the artist's brilliancy of colour, and delicacy and attention to nature.

M. Gerard.—This distinguished French artist has just finished a picture, which he is about to present to the chapel of the Hospital of Maria-Theresa (founded by Madame Châteaubriand), and of which report speaks very highly. It represents St. Theresa at the moment when, in the midst of her pious prayers and meditations, the heavens open, and discover to her the God whom she has been invoking. The conception of the picture is said to be singularly happy; and the execution in M. Gérard's best style,—full of harmony, delicacy, and sweetness.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HOME OF DREAMS.

"The forms that come on the twilight's wing,
Shaped by the soul's imagining." *Praed.*

Whence do ye come, ye fairy Dreams,
That flash on our sleep with your broken gleams?
Fair mockeries of reality!
Tell me, where may your dwellings be?
Whether in brightness or gloom ye come—
Where, fickle wanderers, where is your home?

Do ye lie in the time of the sun-lit hours
Hid in the blossoms of fragrant flowers,
While the rich tint of your light wings vies
With the hues of your painted canopies—
Do you rest all day in sweet tents like these,
Till called to your work by the evening breeze?

Or are the waters your places of rest—
Float ye along on the rivulet's breast?
And are your darker shadows fraught
With gloom and strife from the ocean-storm caught?
Or are they your mystical voices that come
From the fount?—are the waters indeed your home?

Or do ye love, sweet Dreams, to shroud
Yourselves in the fleecy fold of a cloud,
And, borne in that pilotless bark on high,
To sail all day through the clear blue sky,
Catching sweet sounds and glimpses of light,
And hoarding them up for your tasks at night?

Or are ye things of another sphere,
Allowed, while we slumber, to wander here—
Spirits that flit by the couch of rest,
To whisper peace to the troubled breast?—
Perhaps, though in mercy to mortals given,
Perhaps, fair visions, your home is heaven.

"Nay—for if we were heavenly things,
We should bear no gloom on our glorious wings.
'Tis ours, when the tearful eyes are closed,
And the weary senses to sleep composed,
To lead the soul, in the silence of night,
Back to the scenes of its past delight.

We are but the memories of vanished years,
The thoughts of long-past smiles and tears—
Or else thy hopes, that form for thee
Visions of what is yet to be:
From thine own soul springs our light or our gloom—
In thine own heart thou wilt find our home."

Mary Ann Browne

Elms, Maidenhead Thicket.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THOUGHTS IN PATERNOSTER ROW.

David Hume, in his never-enough-to-be-admired Dialogues concerning Natural Religion insists, in opposition to the vulgar and superstitious notion of the world having had a maker that nothing short of actual and personal experience of the fact can justify our adopting a unphilosophical an hypothesis. Should any readers be so illiberal and bigoted as to resist the force of this argument, still they cannot but admit that the birth, education, and settlement of matter must have constituted a spectacle of such high interest, as to excite our deep lamentations at our not having been eye-witnesses thereof. Not only has the origin formation of the world been hidden from u

but its original form also; and we of these latter ages can only contemplate the five or six thousandth edition through which it has passed, with prodigious "alterations" indeed, but with comparatively few "corrections" and "improvements."

Let us, however, not repine: there is a process of creation going on within our ken—a creation as far transcending the production and arrangement of mere physical atoms, as mind transcends matter,—for does not the poet well and truly say,

"Books, we know,
Are a substantial *world*, both pure and good."

And have we not here, in the heart of our metropolis, the great manufactory where these "worlds" are fabricated? Viewed in this light, Paternoster Row becomes a theme, duly to expatiate concerning which,

"Would tire Briareus with his hundred hands."

I, therefore, who have but two, can only glance at a few scattered particulars.

Observe the names of the Row and its adjacencies: Paternoster, Ave Maria, Amen. This heathenish Latin may be thought to savour of popery, therefore let us place ourselves under the protecting shadow of Messrs. Bible-and-Crown Rivingtons, the literary midwives to half the establishment. The unpretending, unadorned appearance of the publications exhibited in their windows is a striking type and assurance of quiet and sober orthodoxy. Turn now to the neighbouring head-quarters of schism, and contrast the plain but wholesome viands of the church with the highly seasoned messes of the tabernacle: not only the pen, but the graver is enlisted in the cause of dissent, and neither tract nor treatise lacks its appropriate wood-cut and engraving; and yet this display is equalled, if not surpassed, by that of the catholic bookseller at the very next door. The witty biographer of the three brothers informs us, that Jack, notwithstanding all his efforts, was often mistaken for Peter; and truly natural may the mistake be deemed, if their persons resembled each other as much as their tenements. Many a worthy methodist has, I doubt not, found himself, before he was aware, gazing intently on St. Peter firmly seated on a rock, and vainly assailed by the waves of heresy; and many a catholic has been betrayed into contemplating a fearful portrait of the Beast with seven heads, a hieroglyphic which has lately been removed from the window, in consequence, it is said, of a malicious report, that it was a caricature of the greatest firm in the Row, with the other proprietors of the *Literary Gazette*, added to make up "the *Number*."

But this is a digression. The sacred appellations of these streets are emblematical of the close alliance which should subsist between learning and religion. Knowledge confers power, but power is twofold—it may be good, it may likewise be evil,—and infinite is the corruption which ensues when splendid talent wilfully forgets (alas, that we have seen examples in our own days!) that

"Spirits are finely touched
But to fine issues."

The Scottish Presbytery have in their late Address deplored the growth of infidelity, and attributed it, without scruple, to the diffusion of literature. But supposing that literature has been the *occasion* (it never can be the *cause*) of the scepticism which they say prevails in Scotland, may we not ask whether this evil has not been mainly owing to the notorious deficiency of the Scottish clergy themselves in erudition, owing to the very superficial theological education they receive? They have never been able to encounter infidels on their own ground. Hume, for instance, though by no means a profound scholar, was confessedly superior to nine-tenths (perhaps to the whole) of the ministers of the kirk in his time. With us, the very reverse of this has been the case: our clergy have always occupied the highest ranks in learning and science; and the consequence is, that no one in England can avow himself an infidel, and retain a decent place in literary society—for his infidelity would be instantly attributed to its true cause, ignorance.

Let knowledge, therefore, be diffused over the earth as widely as the atmosphere. But it may be perverted: undoubtedly; but are we to be deceived by the trite sophism of arguing from the abuse against the use? It is to be regretted that so many excellent men should have employed so pointless and brittle a weapon. To read some late publications, one would suppose it to be the serious opinion of not a few eminent individuals, that the increase and spreading of knowledge must be fatal to the Protestant faith and the British constitution; and that the only sure and firm-set basis on which they can rest is general ignorance. Even if the first most preposterous assertion were true, the last is decidedly erroneous; for a state of utter ignorance is by no means a state of security. Mr. Coleridge admirably observes—"a bad government, if the people be educated, will fall *by* them; if they be not educated, it will fall *with* them."*

The transition is easy from these remarks to Knight and Lacy's establishment: what a contrast between their light and slender pamphlets, and the ponderous, over-grown folios of Baynes and Ogle. Judging from the difference in size between our volumes and those of our forefathers, we might suppose ourselves stunted and degenerate. But the fact is not so; we have not lost in absolute, for we have gained in specific gravity. Our weight is as great, our bulk only less; we are not diminished, but condensed. We have learned the art of casting an aged father of the flock into a cauldron, and there transmuting him into a young and vigorous lamb. In the number, too, of our productions we completely outdo our ancestors. The fecundity of the press is inconceivable; but it must be acknowledged that many of her offspring are still-born, many die in the birth, and many survive not their infancy. It is very desirable that literary bills of mortality should be compiled; so many books published last year on such and such subjects; so many arrived at a second edition; so many at a third, &c.; and so many expired in the first—(causes of decease need not be specified, lest repeated charges of murder should be brought against the *Literary Gazette*). If correct tables upon this plan were to be drawn up for each of the last twenty years, I have no doubt that the results would approximate so nearly, as to enable us, by means of the calculus of probabilities, to compute the chance of any given work succeeding, without the slightest reference to its merits (a point upon which authors and readers sometimes differ); and thus we might upon this basis easily found a Literary Insurance Company. If any public-spirited and opulent individuals should take the hint and establish one, they cannot do less than make me a present of at least 500 shares, the premium upon which I hereby engage and bind myself immediately to accept.

We cannot, say the economists, have enough without a superfluity; and repletion is on all hands confessed to be better than starvation. On this principle I advocate the multiplication and redundancy of books, seeing they are not only, as the ancients called them, the physic of the mind, but also its food—nutriment and medicine combined; and therefore the vendors of them are cooks and apothecaries in one, or, to speak more elegantly, they unite the culinary and pharmaceutic arts. As cooks have latterly become literary characters and written books, let not this allusion be deemed disparaging; nor the former one, wherein booksellers were likened to accoucheurs—for close and apt is the similitude. "Fer opem, Juno Lucina," was the cry of the young ladies in Rome; and "Fer opem, Murray vel Longman," is the cry of the pregnant author in London. The straits to which unhappy bards were reduced in those times when publishers did not exist, may be found most ludicrously detailed in the dialogue concerning the causes of the corruption of eloquence, usually ascribed to Tacitus. The toil and trouble of an author in collecting an audience to hear him recite his production, and the immense difficulty of wringing a few sesterces out of them when the recitation was over, are very faithfully and very humorously depicted; though the writer of the dialogue by no means considers it as any joke, having probably been the suffering party himself. But conceive the plan adopted now-a-days: the bellman sent round to announce that "Sir Walter Scott intends to read a new novel at the Freemason's Tavern. Plates held at the door to receive contributions!" Thanks to the press, an author has the whole world for an audience now!

Let us once more, as the Irish orator said, return to our subject before we leave it. The termination of Paternoster Row is as replete with moral as its beginning and middle; for when you emerge from its narrow and dusky precincts into the breadth and brightness of Cheapside, and, looking to your right and left, observe the toy-shop at one corner, and the quack (I beg pardon) patent medicine warehouse at the other, you cannot fail to be powerfully reminded by these repositories of infantine and adult imbecility, that all is vanity,—excepting, of course, the essay which concludes with this admonition. A. D.

* Yet this highly gifted author talks elsewhere about "*learning* being *plebeified*, if the populace should be educated." He might just as well have said that *virtue* would be *plebeified*, if the common people were all to turn honest and temperate.

MUSIC.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THESE concerts commenced their annual series on Monday the 25th of February, upon the old plan, with mostly the old performers and old pieces. But as these things of old are eminently good, nothing disparaging is intended to be said of them, though they have not prompted our immediate notice. If it, however, be true, as has been remarked, that the enthusiasm for these performances is rather on the decline, the want of novelty just alluded to might well account for it. A complaint has also been raised against the directors, not quite unfounded, that they introduce performers and compositions which ought to be beneath the notice of such an institution. In the first of the three concerts already given, Haydn's sinfonia, No. 8, in E flat, and Beethoven's in C, delighted every ear. Madame Caradori's and Signora Brambilla's duet from *Semiramide*, "Ebbene e te," was also charmingly executed. The next we have to name, as deserving of high encomium, is Mr. Oury, for his violin concerto, composed

by Kreutzer and De Beriot. He is a native of this country, a pupil of Kreutzer, Lafont, and the late Kiesewetter. As a solo performer he appeared here for the first time, and his success was complete. His playing reminded us strongly of Kiesewetter, even in a certain trickery of bowing, in which that great master indulged.

In the second concert, on the 10th of March, the symphonies and overtures of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, were excellent; and the same must be said of Beethoven's violin quintett in C, by Messrs. Mori, Watts, Moralt, Lyon, and Lindley. Respecting Mr. J. B. Cramer's concerto on the pianoforte (strangely enough by himself *and Mozart*), there was not that unanimity of opinion which we have witnessed on former occasions. According to our judgment, he was as elegant as ever, but certainly less effective. A greater failure than the scena, "Per pietà," by Madame Klingner, a German lady, was perhaps never heard.

The third concert, on the 24th inst., opened with Beethoven's magnificent sinfonia in C minor; and the enthusiasm with which the whole audience expressed their delight, more than balanced the disappointment they had to endure from Onslow's quintett, played by Messrs. Weichsel, Watts, Oury, Lindley, and Dragonetti. Much of this disappointment is certainly to be charged to Mr. Onslow, otherwise an excellent composer; but some part of it also to Messrs. Weichsel and Dragonetti, who were occasionally out of time. Miss Childe, from the Royal Academy of Music, was deservedly received with the most encouraging applause. Madame Puzzi gave less satisfaction, especially in the trio "Cruda sorte," with Miss Childe and Mr. Braham.

The Melodists' Club.—This Musical Society, for the encouragement of native melody and ballad compositions, has announced a grand concert for next month; and also the design of giving medals for the best productions in that style which it is its object to cultivate. On Thursday next, it is stated, the Duke of Sussex will attend the ordinary monthly meeting, as a visitor. His Royal Highness's taste in music makes this compliment both an honour to the members, and an act of condescension well calculated to increase the prosperity of the Institution.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Thalia: a Selection of Favourite Pieces for the Spanish Guitar, by the most eminent Composers. Selected and Fingered by T. Eulenstein. Nos. I. to VI. W. Davis.

Mr. Eulenstein's extraordinary performances on the Guimbard, or Jew's-harp, have excited very general admiration; but though his exquisite tones and modulations of sound on that instrument shewed that his ear was fine, his taste perfect, and his skill in music great, it was not so manifest that he was a sweet composer of original pieces, as well as an elegant arranger of the ideas of others. The present publication, however, of which six monthly parts have appeared, affords abundant proof of the latter: we have never heard any selections better adapted to the guitar (of which instrument Mr. E. is an accomplished teacher), fitter for the hand of learners, or more pleasing in themselves. Their variety is at once considerable and delightful: Guiliani, Carulli, Diabelli, Dussek, and Weber, are the principal contributors; and they shine in all the changes of march, anthem, air, romance, waltz, ballad, minuet, rondo, and country dance, excellently arranged. The *Minstrel Knight*, by Dussek, is one of the prettiest things that can be imagined for the instrument and voice, and will, we are sure, become very popular.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Changes of Otellos, Tancredis, Crociatos, and occasionally Clemenzas, which have formed the chief varieties of the past season here, offer little for criticism, and our notices have consequently been brief. The silly fuss made by the partisans of Pasta and Velluti has not tempted us into the discussion of the *very important* points at issue between them: the public must, we think, be sick of the frivolous subject, which has absolutely filled many newspaper columns. The malignity of some of the many paragraphs, however, deserves reprobation; such, for instance, as one which has gone the round of the journals, announcing that "Madame Pasta will shortly appear in a new opera, *La Sposa Infidele*, composed expressly for her by Richeraud," the insinuated slander of which must disgust every candid mind.

In the dancing department there has been a very pretty divertissement produced: no grand ballet, spectacle, or ballet d'action, however, to gladden our eyes—but pure French dancing; so very French indeed, as to surpass our powers of apprehension.

Every exertion is making to produce novelty after Easter. Laporte is now at Paris concluding his treaty with the ineffable Sontag, who is to make her *début* in *La Donna del Lago*. Pasta and she are to be brought out together. De Begnis is to appear with Zuchelli. The idea of bringing over Pisarme is, we are told, abandoned.

DRURY LANE.

Obi, *or Three-fingered Jack*, has been revived here with success.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Saturday an apology was made for Mr. Kean in *Othello*, and the part was undertaken by Mr. C. Kemble, whose conception and execution of it as a whole, from beginning to end, gave the crowded audience no cause to regret their cheerful acceptation of him as a substitute. The play-bill for Thursday is a droll example of hotch-potch. It announces, in the usual way, *Othello* to be acted ("*to-morrow*"), and gives the list of the dramatis personæ,—"*Othello*, Mr. Kean; *Iago*, Mr. Young; *Cassio*, Mr. C. Kemble;" but, as if this were not sufficient, there appears on the same bill, after the characters of the farce, a reiteration of the leading part, viz.—"The public is most respectfully informed, that *Othello* will positively be repeated to-morrow. *Othello*, Mr. Kean; *Iago*, Mr. Young; *Cassio*, Mr. C. Kemble." Assurance being thus made doubly sure, it really happened that the public did not meet with any disappointment.

ORATORIOS.

On Friday last, Madame Caradori Allan graced the oratorio of the evening; and between the first and second part, Mons. Labarre played a fantasia on the harp, in which he introduced the airs, "My lodging is on the cold ground," and "St. Patrick's Day;" the variations upon which he performed with astonishing execution and spirit, particularly in "St. Patrick's Day," which he gave in true Irish style, and which was encored.

On Wednesday, Signor De Begnis was announced in the bills; but as he did not make his appearance until long after the time specified, his reception at first was far from cordial: however, Mr. Bishop having made his apology, by stating that Signor De Begnis had no intention of neglecting his duty, and that his tardiness on the present occasion was owing to some mistake, he was most enthusiastically hailed and encored in three successive pieces,—two from *Il Barbiere*, and the third, "a Composer giving directions to the Orchestra," which he sung with great spirit and animation. Madame Pasta and Mademoiselle Brambilla sang the duet of "Questo cor ti giura amore," by Rossini, exquisitely, and were encored. Mr. Braham sang, "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephtha*, with much pathos; and the popular song of "Nelson" in such a spirited style, that it was enthusiastically encored. Miss Shirreff sang the ballad of "O softly sleep, my baby boy," with her usual sweetness and expression. At the end of the first part of the performance, Monsieur Vogt, from Paris, played a fantasia on the oboe, in which the air "Sweet home" was introduced with great taste and execution.

We must not forget to mention the orchestral performances, which, generally speaking, have gone very well at these concerts: the overture to *Euryanthe* and Romberg's overture had a remarkably fine effect on Wednesday.

Grimaldi, senior, the best actor, perhaps, that ever contented himself with the name of Clown upon the English stage, bade it farewell last Monday week at Sadler's Wells. He was far superior to the best performers in his line that we ever saw; for, besides the extravagant powers of feature and muscle which are not uncommon in the tribe, he possessed a rich fund of genuine comic humour, and a ready wit to apply it. Such matters as the oyster crossed in love, were in his hands, irresistibly laughable; and we regret to hear that ill health, not years, is the cause of removing one from the dramatic scene, who has contributed so largely to the innocent amusement of the public.

VARIETIES.

Geognosy.—Professor Engelhardt, of the University of Dorpat, has lately made a geognostic journey among the Oural Mountains, during which he has examined with the greatest care the various and extensive mines of iron, copper, gold, &c. with which that lofty and extensive range of hills abounds.

Hippopotamus.—The head of one of these mighty animals, well preserved, with the skin upon it, is to be seen in St. James's Street. Though curious as an article in a museum of natural history, we are afraid it is insufficient for an exhibition. The forms of the teeth and tusks, however, by which the food is submitted to an operation like grinding, are worthy of remark.

Costume of 1828.—The First Lord of the Treasury and Premier attended the levee on Thursday, in the dress of a Colonel of the Guards, with *white duck trowsers!!*

We observe, from the *Bristol Mirror*, that a new Altar-piece has been painted by Mr. King for St. Thomas's church in that city. The subject is the conviction of St. Thomas; and the moment of time which the painter has embodied is that of the incredulous apostle expressing his belief in the identity of Christ, by the energetic exclamation of, "My Lord and my God!" The picture is very large, and contains twelve figures, arranged in three groups. "We hope," says the editor, after describing the work "that the example thus given by the vestry o

St. Thomas will influence other parishes, so that there may be no longer any cause for complaining that our city is deficient in affording encouragement to works of art."

Natural Vitrifications.—It is well known, that on the highest mountains tubes of vitrified matter have been found, the exact mode of the production of which has hitherto been undiscovered; but which natural philosophers have in general ascribed to the effects of lightning falling on a sandy soil, and melting and vitrifying the sand to a greater or less depth. All doubt on the subject is now removed, by similar tubes having been seen instantly formed in places where lightning has fallen. M. Fiedler, a young German philosopher, has collected several in Germany, which he has presented, through M. Arago, to the French Academy. They are remarkably large: one is above nineteen feet long. It is difficult to conceive how the discharge of an electrical cloud can melt and vitrify a mass of sand so dense. A similar effect could scarcely be produced by the most intense furnaces.

Monument to the Memory of George III.—A meeting of the subscribers to this monument has been summoned to the Thatched House, for next Wednesday; when it is proposed to appropriate the fund which has been realised. Though not adequate to the grand original design, it is sufficient, we understand, for an ornament to the metropolis, and a grateful tribute to our revered king.

Steelyard.—A new steelyard has been invented in France, which is said to possess greater accuracy than the description of that machine hitherto in use. One of the improvements in the new invention, is the ease with which it can be verified. The divisions, which are marked on the long arm of the beam, begin from a zero point; that is, from a point at which the travelling weight places the machine in exact equilibrium, when no weight is attached to the short arm of the beam. This enables the most ignorant persons to judge at once of the correctness of its construction.

Travels.—The celebrated traveller Edward Rüppel is on the point of setting out for Abyssinia, with the purpose of exploring those parts which have not hitherto been visited by any European. The senate of Frankfort, by an unanimous resolution, has granted him 1000 florins of annual income for the ensuing seven or eight years, as well in acknowledgment of his former services, as to enable him, agreeably to his wish, to continue his scientific travels and researches.

Russia.—The University formerly at Abo has been transferred to the new capital of Finland, Helsingfors; and is to bear the name of "Alexander's University."

Greek Coining.—There are at Hydra and Spezzia between twenty and thirty regular manufactories of false money, which are not only tolerated, but supported by the members of the government. They coin Spanish dollars, as well as paras, and all kinds of Turkish money; and this false coin is made an object of traffic with the Maltese and the Ionians, who carry it into Egypt and Turkey, there to sell it again, or to circulate it fraudulently by means of their agents.—*Foreign Journal.*

Flying.—A writer in the last Number of the Mechanic's Magazine has given a curious paper on the means of flying, through the agency of machinery. He proposes to give men the power of impelling rotatory wings, and imitating beetles, rather than birds, in their means of flight. Without the diagrams, we cannot elucidate this proposition; but as soon as we see any body taking an aerial excursion of this kind, we shall not fail to describe it accurately, for the benefit of our pedestrian and equestrian readers.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Rumours are abroad of another illustrious bonfire in the world of letters. It is said that the elegant author of many popular works had recently amused himself with writing a small volume entitled Familiar Epistles from Captain Rock to his Majesty the King; that this volume was printed; and that the whole impression (5000 copies) was put into the flames on the eve of publication, in consequence of a legal opinion signed by a certain eminent barrister and statesman, to this effect: "there is libel in every sentence, and sedition in every page:"—no, not the *whole* impression; for, strange to say, this story comes to us from Edinburgh, where our informant saw and perused a copy now in the possession of an eminent wit and critic of "the north countrie." Our friend adds, that the suppressed work is as remarkable for its wit as for its wickedness. Captain Rock's account of the breaking-up of the late cabinet excited, in particular, his highest admiration,* and *that* chapter, he says, might be, and ought to be, given to the public.

Mr. Lockhart has nearly completed his Life of Robert Burns, for Constable's Miscellany; and for those who are already in possession of the best editions of the poet's works, a small impression in octavo, in Ballantyne's best style, is also preparing. Both editions are to be embellished with a full-length portrait of Burns, engraved by Miller after Naysmith.

The proprietor of Robson's Views of English Cities has announced his intention of destroying some of the copperplates, after 800 impressions on small paper are worked. This is certainly a laudable procedure to preserve the value of the whole work, protect the property of the original subscribers, and secure the credit of the artists and proprietor.

Mr. Britton announces a continuation of this publication, or rather a new one, to illustrate the Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, consisting of Views of Castles, Bars or Gates, old Houses, Street Views, &c.

Arabic Literature.—A very complete French and Arabic Dictionary, by Ellius Bocthor, late Professor of Arabic in the Ecole Royale des Langues Orientales at Paris, is now publishing, under the patronage of Clermont Tonnère, by Coussin de Perceval. This work, it is stated, will surpass every ancient and modern Arabic Dictionary extant.

In the Press.—A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris, during the approach of the Allied Armies, and their occupancy of that city, being extracts from the Journal of an English Détenu, who made notes of every day's occurrences: also an Account of Napoleon's Journey to, Residence at, and Return from, Elba.—Knight's Modern and Antique Gems, from drawings by C. Vining, &c. with appropriate Mottos and Quotations to each subject.—The first part of the Bibliographer's Manual, being an Account of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, published in or relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the Invention of Printing; with Bibliographical and Critical Notices, Collations of the rarer articles, and the Prices at which they have sold in the present century. By William Thomas Lowndes.—The Theocratist, a monthly publication, whose object is to maintain the essential Relation which subsists between Religion and Politics.—The Boarding-school and Teacher's Directory; or the Addresses of the best London Masters in every department of Education, and of the principal Finishing and Preparatory Seminaries for Young Ladies and Gentlemen in and near the Metropolis.—Country Stories, Scenes, and Characters, forming a third series of Our Village: by Mary Russell Mitford.—Foscari, and Julian, Tragedies: by the same.—A new edition of Kitchiner's Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life.—A new edition, with additions, of a Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps, by the Rev. J. A. Cramer, M.A., and H. L. Wickham, Esq.—A Work, in parts, under the general title of India, and embracing the most important topics connected with that country, by Mr. Rickards.—A Complete History of an Action at Law, with Observations, proving the present Practice of the Courts of Law to be Absurd, Expensive, and Unjust, &c. &c.: by T. Mayhew, Student of Lincoln's Inn.—Moral and Sacred Poetry, selected from the Works of the most admired Authors, Ancient and Modern, by Thomas Willcocks and Thomas Horton.—The Harp of Judah; a Selection of Pieces relating to the Jews: with other Poems on the subject of different Religious Societies.—A Volume of Miscellaneous Prose Tales, and Sketches of Society and Manners; to be entitled Waifs and Strays; or, Scenes of Life and Shades of Character.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Gems, 8vo. 8s. bds.—The Hebrew, a Sketch, fcp. 5s. 6d. bds.—Paguierre on the Wines of Bordeaux, fcp. 5s. bds.—Hymns and Sacred Lyrics, by Constantius, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Arran, a Poem, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Phillpotts on the Coronation Oath, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Wolfe's Journal, Vol. II. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Fisher's Sermons, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Public Characters, Vol. I. with 27 Portraits, 18mo. 8s. bds.—Ears of Wheat, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Stuart on the Hebrews, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s. bds.—The Barn and the Steeple, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Horsfield's Lepidopterous Insects, Part I. royal 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.; coloured, 2l. 2s.—Soane's Designs for Public and Private Buildings, royal folio, 3l. 3s.; India, 5l. 5s. bds.—Twenty Plain and Practical Sermons, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Dying Sayings of Eminent Christians, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Practical Survey of the Faculties of the Human Mind, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Appendix to Churchill on Acupuncturation, 12mo. 3s. 6d. sewed.—Earl of Shrewsbury's Reasons for Not Taking the Test, &c. 8vo. 9s. bds.

* An immense Tory, we suspect.—*Ed.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

March.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday .. 20	From 34. to 53.	29.45 to 29.14
Friday 21	—— 51. — 40.	29.06 — 29.04
Saturday .. 22	—— 34. — 45.	29.23 — 29.24
Sunday 23	—— 29. — 49.	29.36 — 29.46
Monday .. 24	—— 29. — 47.	29.56 — 29.72
Tuesday .. 25	—— 31. — 45.	29.73 — 29.83
Wednesday 26	—— 24. — 49.	29.82 — 29.73

Prevailing wind N. and S.W.

Generally clear; frequent hail storms.

Rain fallen ·15 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ At the conclusion of the first quarter of 1828, we beg particularly to suggest to our new subscribers the expediency of making good their preceding Nos. for the year, if they wish to preserve perfect volumes of the *Literary Gazette.* The constant increase of its circulation soon absorbs the extra provision made by the publisher in anticipation of that demand; and to avoid disappointments to our friends on the one hand, and the great expense of many reprints on the other, is the object of the present notice. We observe from advertisements, that occasionally (once or twice in a twelvemonth, perhaps) a complete set of the *Gazette* gets into the market at an advanced price; and that volumes from the earliest period at which they can be got, are always in request; and under these circumstances we are desirous to impress upon our recent subscribers the advantage of securing what they want as early as possible.

Melton Mowbray.—L. L. D. is either very ignorant of the actual state of affairs at "the Melton," or he is attempting to mislead us. We do not say that many men of fair repute have not joined in these sports; but we assert, that the general bearing of the system is one of notorious profligacy and base gambling. How well this is understood by the best informed may be surmised, when we find the Bench refusing to relieve a husband from his frail wife, because his Meltonian career has placed him out of the pale of legal redress. But Melton is not the only source of the corruption which disgraces so many in the upper classes of society: the common laxity, not merely in morals, but in honour, is fed by many causes, and prevails over a circle far too wide for one poison-spring. We should, from our observations on life and passing manners, be tempted to assert, that truly gentleman-like feeling is rarely to be found except in the middle ranks—in individuals of good descent, though of small fortunes, in the army and navy, and in some professions. If the nicer sense of honour reigned in the higher ranks, we should have fewer examples of men submitting to *parliamentary* insults, and other similar evasions, which souls, lowered by a familiarity with the turf, the hell, and the effeminacy and vice of fashion, bear with such contemptible fortitude. Well might Burke say, "The age of chivalry is gone!" but it was not till now that the age of swindling and truckling so fully superseded it.

The Manchester Lines to an Infant are pleasing, but the subject is very trite.

The work alluded to by a Constant Reader, dated "India House," was reviewed in our No. 558.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—It was only on Friday that we were informed of, and late on Saturday evening, before we saw, your Notice to Correspondents in the *Literary Gazette* of the 15th instant, accusing us of "impudent imposition" in giving an extract as from the *Literary Gazette* of the 2d of February, concerning the Novel of "Uncle Peregrine's Heiress." We plead guilty to the mistake of printing Literary *Gazette* instead of Literary *Chronicle*, which was the paper we meant to refer to, and which paper we enclose to you, marking the critique from which we made the extract: but we totally disclaim any idea of *imposition*—indeed, we should be very weak to attempt it, as it could be contradicted immediately. The concluding paragraph of your notice, if referring to us, we totally deny, in the most explicit terms.

We are, Sir, your most obedient servants,

A. K. NEWMAN and Co.

Leadenhall Street, 24th March, 1828.

*** It gave us great pleasure to receive the foregoing statement, especially as our original impression had been strengthened by meeting with a repetition of the advertisement in question in the *Globe and Traveller.* But although, as it respects ourselves, Messrs. Newman and Co.'s explanation is perfectly satisfactory; we confess that we doubt whether it will be thought so by those who may have purchased Uncle Peregrine's Heiress, in consequence of being, however unintentionally, led into the error of believing that it was a work which had been favourably noticed in the *Literary Gazette.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE Subscribers to the proposed Monumental Trophy to his late Majesty, are requested to meet the Committee and the Sub-Committee at the Thatched-House Tavern, St. James's Street, on Wednesday the 3d of April next, at Two o'clock precisely; for the purpose of settling outstanding Claims, appropriating the Subscriptions, and other Business.

By Order of the Sub-Committee,
C. BLEADEN, Hon. Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall. The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE GERMAN and FRENCH LANGUAGES and LITERATURE. Mr. Bernays begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry, and particularly his Friends and Patrons, that he has just removed from Hadlow Street, to 23, East Street, Lamb's Conduit Street; and intends to continue teaching the above, at home and abroad.

March.

Mr. Ebers' British and Foreign Library, 27, Old Bond Street.

MR. EBERS has just published the ADDENDA to the CATALOGUE of his extensive BRITISH and FOREIGN LIBRARY, in which will be found all the recent and most important Books of History, Voyages and Travels, Memoirs, &c. (however voluminous and expensive); together with the lighter Works of Fiction, of which fashionable productions of the day a very ample supply is secured, in order that the numerous subscribers to this institution should experience no delay, however short, in perusing them.

The splendid and unique illustrative Library, consisting of the finest Engravings, Plates of Costume, costly Maps, &c. &c. is now included in the Catalogue, for the general benefit of the Nobility and Gentry who subscribe to Mr. Ebers' Establishment.

MR. J. MOSCHELES begs to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends in general, that his EVENING CONCERT will take place on Monday, April 21, at the Argyle Rooms.

The Scheme will shortly appear.

On the 31st will be published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXXVII. for April 1829.

Contents: I. Sir Henry Steuart's Theory of Transplantation—II. Letters from the Peninsula, No. 3.; Depôt at the Isle of Wight—III. The Siege of Bhurtpore—IV. War between Persia and Russia—V. Second Letter from a Whig-Hater—VI. Anatomy of Drunkenness—VII. The Calm Sea—VIII. To a Child—IX. Lines Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Edward William Barnard, by the very Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham—X. Blue Stockings over the Border—XI. Six Sonnets by Delta—XII. The Causes of the late Change of Ministry—XIII. The Shepherd's Calendar, Class 9; Fairies, Dells, and Witches; by the Ettrick Shepherd—XIV. Public Men and Parties.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

This day is published,

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXXIV.

I. On Useful and Ornamental Planting—II. On the Salmon Fisheries of the United Kingdom—III. The Public and Private Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood—IV. Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries—V. Corn, Wages, and Rent—VI. A Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi and Bloody River—VII. Irish Education Inquiry; Roman Catholic College of Maynooth—VIII. On the Expediency of attaching a Museum of Antiquities to the Society of Antiquaries—IX. On the Increase of Crime, and the Improvement of Prison Discipline—X. Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans—XI. Attempt to reach the North Pole, by Capt. William Edward Parry—XII. On Emigration.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

On the 31st will be published, price 6s. the Sixth Number of

THE BRITISH CRITIC, QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL REVIEW, and ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD.

Contents: Hug's Introduction; Chronology of St. Paul—Ewing's Greek and English Dictionary—Grinfield's Christian Dispensation with reference to the Salvability of the Heathen—Lord Clarendon—Russell's Connexion of Sacred and Profane History—The Celtic Druids—Catholics and Dissenters—Morgan on Marriage; Dissenters' Marriage Bill—London University—State of the Dioceses in England and Wales—Proceedings of the Universities.

Printed for C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; and the Executors of J. Mawman, Ludgate Hill.

The First and Second Volumes may now be had complete, price 15s. each, in boards.

Also,

The Four Volumes of the Quarterly Theological Review, for the years 1825 and 1826, price 2l. 8s. in boards; or any Number at 6s.

On the 1st April will be published, to be continued Monthly, price 1s. No. II. of

THE HARROVIAN. By A HARROW BOY.

Contents: 1. Greek Drama, the Seven Chiefs of Æschylus—2. Scenes at a Public School, Breakfasting Out, a Geography Day—3. The Sale of Cupid—4. On Poetry of Thought, and Poetry of Motion—5. Farewell to Harrow—6. A Numidian Sketch, Sophonisba—7. Song—8. Greek Romances, the Pastoral of Longus.

London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 63, St. Paul's Churchyard.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXXIV. was published on Tuesday.

In 4to. with a separate Atlas of Maps and coloured Plates, 2l. 2s. boards,

MEMOIR on the GEOLOGY of CENTRAL FRANCE; including the Volcanic Formations of Auvergne, the Velay, and Vivarais.

By G. POULETT SCROPE, F.R.S. F.G.S. &c.

"Mr. Scrope's work on the Geology and extinct Volcanoes of Auvergne, Velay, and Vivarais, will, we are persuaded, have the effect of attracting in future to those provinces a portion of our countrymen who are now continually crossing and recrossing France along the same beaten tracks, and returning home with complaints of the absence of all grandeur and picturesque features in the scenery."—*Quarterly Review*, No. 72.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

In 8vo. with Seven plain and Two coloured Plates, price 18s. boards,

TRANSACTIONS of the MEDICAL and CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON. Vol. XIII. Part II.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

*** By an arrangement made with the Council, the publishers will supply such Members of the Society as may be desirous of completing their Sets of the Society's Transactions, at a Scale of Prices which may be had of Longman and Co. or any of their correspondents.

Vol. XIV. Part 1, is in the Press.

Steam Engine. 3d edition.

This day is published, in 18mo. with 18 Plates, and a beautiful engraving of the Statue of Mr. Watt, price 7s. 6d. boards,

POPULAR LECTURES on the STEAM ENGINE; in which its Construction and Operation are familiarly Explained: with an Historical Sketch of its Invention and progressive Improvement.

By the Rev. DIONYSIUS LARDNER, LL.D.
Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the University of London.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

Miller's Works: Lockhart's Life of Burns, &c.

Our last notice of this varied publication led us to its sixteenth No., since which five more have appeared; and one, the most interesting of the whole, will be published within a few days. We allude to a life of the Scots poet Burns, by his eminent countryman, John Gibson Lockhart, whose own productions both in prose and verse well entitle him to sit in the biographer's and critic's chair upon this occasion. But before applying to an examination of his volume, which has been thus early put into our hands, we wish to direct attention to the immediately preceding parts of the Miscellany.

Of the early life of Burns, it would be a waste of supererogation to say much. Currie and Walker have left so little unexplored, and their publications are so generally familiar to mankind, that Mr. Lockhart could only tread over the same ground in a rapid manner. A similar remark, indeed, may apply to the critical disquisitions of his memoir; as here also, not only Currie and Walker, but Mackenzie, Jeffrey, Lockhart, Wordsworth, Campbell, Wilson, and others, have largely anticipated him: but still there are passages in this portion of his essay which have afforded us both much delight and interesting grounds for reflection. Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, in a clay-built cottage, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicinity of the Brig of Alloway, and the "Auld Kirk Alloway." About a week afterwards, part of the cottage, which his father had constructed with his own hands, gave way at midnight, and the infant poet and his mother were obliged to seek through the storm, to the shelter of a neighbouring hovel. During his boyhood he displayed no precocious indications of poetic genius; on the contrary, his elder brother Gilbert, as he tells us, was superior in intelligence and in all the early youth of both brothers was given to study; and, at the age of [illegible] years, for a *bonnie lass*, with whom he was engaged in the labours of harvest, was the inspiration of Robert Burns. "Lasses have other love-inspiring qualities," he adds, "of course among sweetly; and it was her [illegible] which I attempted giving an [illegible] in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make songs equal to some I had heard; but my girl sung a song which I was told to be composed by a [illegible] man, on one of his father's [illegible] who was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he, [illegible] that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorland [illegible] no more scholar-craft than myself. Thus with [illegible] love and poetry."

His [illegible] ability, in the course of time, rose to national fame: he published, he visited Edinburgh, he mingled with literary men of distinction, and shone a brilliant star; he farmed, and he married; he saw a family grow around him, and he still cultivated the muse; he fell too soon into the sere and yellow leaf; he was unfortunate in worldly affairs, and he became careless of the world; he sought refuge in inferior pleasures, he struggled, and he died. We will not follow the historical account of his various poetical productions, but select such miscellaneous matter as appears to us to be most new and interesting.

It was in 1786 that Burns visited the Scottish capital; and respecting this important epoch in his life, the following is an extract from a letter of Sir Walter Scott:—

"As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

> 'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
> Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain,—
> Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
> The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
> Gave the sad presage of his future years,
> The child of misery baptised in tears.'

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure. His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, *i. e.* none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.* His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling. I remember on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited, and also, that having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models: there was, doubtless, national predilection in his estimate. This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak *in malam partem*, when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information, more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. I do not know any thing I can add to these recollections of forty years' since."

"Darkly (observes Mr. Lockhart upon this period) as the career of Burns was destined to terminate, there can be no doubt that he made his first appearance at a period highly favourable for his reception as a British, and especially as a Scottish poet. Nearly forty years had elapsed since the death of Thomson:—

* The eye is indeed the feature by which genius is most truly asserted; or rather, it is the feature from which genius cannot be excluded. We have seen every other part of the human face divine without indications of the spirit within—the mouth which spoke not of the talent possessed, and the brow that indicated no powers of the capacious mind;—but we never knew a superior nature which the eye did not proclaim.—*Ed. L. G.*

Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, had successively disappeared:—Dr. Johnson had belied the rich promise of his early appearance, and confined himself to prose; and Cowper had hardly begun to be recognised as having any considerable pretensions to fill the long-vacant throne in England. At home—without derogation from the merits either of *Douglas* or the *Minstrel*, be it said—men must have gone back at least three centuries to find a Scottish poet at all entitled to be considered as of that high order to which the generous criticism of Mackenzie at once admitted 'the Ayrshire Ploughman.' Of the form and garb of his composition, much, unquestionably and avowedly, was derived from his more immediate predecessors, Ramsay and Ferguson; but there was a bold mastery of hand in his picturesque descriptions, to produce any thing equal to which it was necessary to recall the days of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and *Peebles to the Play:* and in his more solemn pieces, a depth of inspiration, and a massive energy of language, to which the dialect of his country had been a stranger, at least since 'Dunbar the Mackar.' The muses of Scotland had never indeed been silent; and the ancient minstrelsy of the land, of which a slender portion had as yet been committed to the safeguard of the press, was handed from generation to generation, and preserved, in many a fragment, faithful images of the peculiar tenderness, and peculiar humour, of the national fancy and character—precious representations, which Burns himself never surpassed in his happiest efforts. But these were fragments; and with a scanty handful of exceptions, the best of them, at least of the serious kind, were very ancient. Among the numberless effusions of the Jacobite Muse, valuable as we now consider them for the record of manners and events, it would be difficult to point out half-a-dozen strains worthy, for poetical excellence alone, of a place among the old chivalrous ballads of the Southern, or even of the Highland Border. Generations had passed away since any Scottish poet had appealed to the sympathies of his countrymen in a lofty Scottish strain. * * *

"It was reserved for Burns to interpret the inmost soul of the Scottish peasant in all its moods, and in verse exquisitely and intensely Scottish, without degrading either his sentiments or his language with one touch of vulgarity. Such is the delicacy of native taste, and the power of a truly masculine genius."

But genius is beset with many mortifications and many dangers. The ever-active soul and the sensitive temperament must be fed with unceasing food, or they stagnate, yield to melancholy regrets, or recoil and prey upon their possessor. There can be no monotony in a poet's life; perhaps no real continued happiness. The fibre is too fine for this world's uses. It was on an occasion of only slight dissatisfaction that Dr. Blair wrote thus sensibly to our bard:—"There is, no doubt, a gloss of novelty which time wears off. As you very properly hint yourself, you are not to be surprised if, in your rural retreat, you do not find yourself surrounded with that glare of notice and applause which here shone upon you. No man can be a good poet without being somewhat of a philosopher. He must lay his account, that any one who exposes himself to public observation will occasionally meet with the attacks of illiberal censure, which it is always best to overlook and despise. He will be inclined sometimes to court retreat, and to disappear from public view. He will not affect to shine always, that he may at proper seasons come forth with more advantage and energy. He will not think himself neglected if he be not always praised."

This is, indeed, sound counsel; but the evil most likely to disturb the successful author's peace, if not wisely met, is not so much the envy by which he must expect to be assailed, as the gradual and certain decline of that intoxicating admiration which attended his earlier efforts. It requires strength of mind to feel the true reason why the wide halo-circle contracts and disperses. We impute it to ourselves and to other annoying causes, and we are pained at the thoughts. The real cause, however, lies in the vanity, the caprice, and unworthiness of human nature. Every one flatters his own vanity by being, or pretending to be, the patron of rising merit; but of this there is a continual succession, and caprice is prone to fly from novelty to novelty; and in the third act, when merit has raised itself to its just and natural elevation, the patron of its first uprising either cools towards its mounting speed, or becomes the envious detractor of its superior rank. This is life;—and it is well when genius can appreciate it, rely on its own energies and resources, nor fancy the desertion of the fickle, or the malice of the paltry crowd worth one moment's regret.*

Among the enlarged enjoyments which his first success afforded to Burns, was an opportunity of travelling over many parts of his native country. He went to the Southern Border, where every hill is sacred to the Muse, and every stream made sacred by song. He was, it may well be supposed, delighted with the picturesque and memorable scenes offered to his imagination; and we are told that he ranged with pleasure through "the localities celebrated by the old minstrels, of whose works he was a passionate admirer; and of whom, by the way, one of the last appears to have been all but a namesake of his own."†

"The poet (says Mr. L.) visited, in the course of his tour, Sir James Hall of Dunglas, author of the well-known *Essay on Gothic Architecture*, &c.; Sir Alexander and Lady Harriet Don, (sister to his patron, Lord Glencairn,) at Newton-Don; Mr. Brydone, the author of *Travels in Sicily*; the amiable and learned Dr. Somerville of Jedborough, the historian of Queen Anne, &c.: and, as usual, recorded in his journal his impressions as to their manners and characters. His reception was every where most flattering."

We have extracted this passage with emotions of peculiar interest. The earliest recollections of life, by the writer of this review, are the ascent of Lunardi, and the sight of Burns. This juxta-position of very different circumstances has, to his mind, nothing of the ludicrous in it; but it is, perhaps, worth a record, that so wonderful a thing as the ascent of a balloon was in those days, and the appearance of a mere stranger, should have produced nearly an equally strong effect upon the imagination and memory of a child of three or four years old. For once, suffer us, reader, to mingle private feelings with our literary philosophy — the same parental hand which fired the signal for the intrepid aeronaut to pursue hi path towards heaven, placed our little finger in the grasp of that glorious Peasant who ha already made the heaven of immortality hi own. Well do we remember the two events at small distance of time between, when th village churchyard was the strange spot o which, for us, memorable deeds were done,— the mouldering Abbey was covered with spectators to witness the daring profanation of th skies (for so it was by many considered at th time),—and the child was called from pla on a curious division of the ground—we cann tell why untroubled with a grave—to be to by the father who now sleeps there, "My bo this is Robert Burns, the poet and the glory his country."

Later times may have riveted this impre sion, but it is vivid upon our souls to this d Other balloons have effaced or disturbed remembrance of Lunardi,—but no bard arisen to weaken in our imagination the rec lection of Burns. "Methinks *I* see him no ——Of some of the persons named in last extract, too, something might be s The late Sir Alexander Don, son of the Alexander therein mentioned, inherited f his mother a most interesting series of Poet's MSS., addressed to his aunt, Lady G cairn. We have understood from him, they included poems in their original a letters, and many other remains of inestim value: what has become of them we know since the recent death of their accompli possessor. We believe his friend, Sir W Scott, must have seen some, if not all, of th and if they are what we have reason to be they are, surely they ought not to be lo the public. But we must turn from a digres so mixed with personal sentiments, that we fear its public interest may not be commen rate with our partial view of it.

Speaking of Burns's mode of admitti n jects, or passing them in silence, Mr. Loc gives us a characteristic trait, which w

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* This is illustrated by what the biographer says of the poet; who, in his fits of hypochrondiasm, writes,—"There are just two creatures that I would envy—a horse in his wild state traversing the forests of Asia, or an oyster on some of the desert shores of Europe. The one has not a wish without enjoyment; the other has neither wish nor fear." * * * These have been six horrible weeks. Anguish and low spirits have made me unfit to read, write, or think. I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life as an officer does a commission; for I would not *take in* any poor ignorant wretch by *selling out*. Lately, I was a sixpenny private, and God knows a miserable soldier enough: now I march to the campaign a starving cadet, a little more conspicuously wretched. I am ashamed of all this; for though I do not want bravery for the warfare of life, I could wish, like some other soldiers, to have as much fortitude or cunning as to dissemble or conceal my cowardice.' It seems impossible to doubt that Burns had in fact lingered in Edinburgh, in the vague hope that, to use a vague but sufficiently expressive phrase, something would be done for him. He visited and revisited a farm,—talked and wrote scholarly and wisely about 'having a fortune at the plough-tail,' and so forth; but all the while nourished, and assuredly it would have been most strange if he had not, the fond dream that the admiration of his country would ere long present itself in some solid and tangible shape. His illness and confinement gave him leisure to concentrate his imagination on the darker side of his prospects; and the letters which we have quoted may teach those who envy the powers and the fame of genius, to pause for a moment over the annals of literature, and think what superior capabilities of misery have been, in the great majority of cases, interwoven with the possession of those very talents, from which all but their possessors derive unmingled gratification."

† "Nicoll Burn, supposed to have lived towards the close of the 16th century, and to have been among the last of the itinerant minstrels. He is the author of *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*, a pathetic ballad, in the last verse of which his own name and designation are introduced.

"Sing Erlington and Cowden knowes, where Homes had ance commanding;
And Drygrange, wi' the milk-white ewes, 'twixt Tweed and Leader standing,
The bird that flees thro' Reedpath trees, and Gle banks, ilk morrow,
May chant and sing sweet Leader Haughs, and howms of Yarrow,
But minstrel Burn cannot assuage his grief wh
To see the changes of this age, that fleeting ti cureth.
For mony a place stands in hard case, where bly
With Homes that dwelt on Leader side, and Sc dwelt on Yarrow,"

acknowledged by all sight-seers, whether they pretend to genius or not. At some place of fine scenery, whither the poet was taken for the express purpose of being charmed, he was extremely calm and quiet. Upon this Dr. Currie "enters into a little dissertation on the subject, showing that a man of Burns's lively imagination might probably have formed anticipations which the realities of the prospect might rather disappoint." But Mr. L. more justly observes:—"This is possible enough; but I suppose few will take it for granted that Burns surveyed any scenes either of beauty or of grandeur without emotion, merely because he did not choose to be ecstatic for the benefit of a company of young ladies. He was, indeed, very impatient of interruption on such occasions. I have heard, that riding one dark night near Carron, his companion teased him with noisy exclamations of delight and wonder, whenever an opening in the wood permitted them to see the magnificent glare of the furnaces: 'Look, Burns! Good Heaven! look! look! what a glorious sight!'—'Sir,' said Burns, clapping spurs to Jenny Geddes, 'I would not look at your bidding, if it were the mouth of hell.'"

Upon compulsion, in sooth, we know not the thing on earth that can command admiration: the free will is essential to this high attribute. But we will not prolong our own comments: one quotation more, and we have done all we can for this small but very interesting volume.

"The reader must be sufficiently prepared to hear, that, from the time when he entered on his excise duties, the poet more and more neglected the concerns of his farm. Occasionally he might be seen holding the plough, an exercise in which he excelled, and was proud of excelling, or stalking down his furrows, with the white sheet of grain wrapt about him, a 'tenty seedsman;' but he was more commonly occupied in far different pursuits. 'I am now,' says he, in one of his letters, 'a poor rascally ganger, condemned to gallop two hundred miles every week, to inspect dirty bonds and yeasty barrels.' Both in verse and in prose he has recorded the bitter feelings with which he first followed his new vocation. His jests on the subject are uniformly bitter. 'I have the same consolation,' he tells Mr. Ainslie, 'which I once heard a recruiting serjeant give to his audience in the streets of Kilmarnock: 'Gentlemen, for your further encouragement, I can assure you, that ours is the most blackguard corps under the crown, and, consequently, with us an honest fellow has the surest chance of preferment.'' He winds up almost all his statements of his feelings on this matter in the same strain.

'I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' daddies.
Ye ken yourself, my heart right proud is,
I needna vaunt;
But I'll sned besoms thraw saugh-woodies,
Before they want.'

On one occasion, however, he takes a higher tone. 'There is a certain stigma,' says he to Bishop Geddes, 'in the name of exciseman; but I do not intend to borrow honour from any profession,' which may, perhaps, remind the reader of Gibbon's lofty language, on finally quitting the learned and polished circles of London and Paris, for his Swiss retirement: 'I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my value by that of my associates.' Burns, in his perpetual perambulations over the moors of Dumfries-shire, had every temptation to encounter which bodily fatigue, the blandishments of hosts and hostesses, and the habitual manners of those who acted along with him in the duties of the excise, could present. He was, moreover, wherever he went, exposed to perils of his own, by the reputation which he had earned as a poet, and by his extraordinary powers of entertainment in conversation. From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach; and the old system of hospitality, then flourishing, rendered it difficult for the most soberly inclined guest to rise from any man's board in the same trim that he sat down to it. The farmer, if Burns was seen passing, left his reapers, and trotted by the side of Jenny Geddes, until he could persuade the bard that the day was hot enough to demand an extra libation. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and, ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled round the ingle, the largest punch-bowl was produced, and

'Be ours this night—who knows what comes to-morrow?'

was the language of every eye in the circle that welcomed him.* The stateliest gentry of the county, whenever they had especial merriment in view, called in the wit and eloquence of Burns to enliven their carousals."

Here let us drop the curtain. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well. An hour, a day,—and such as the stern and illiberal, who condemned him,—such as the gay and careless, who joined in his revels,—such as the unthinking and proud, who heeded not his fate,—such as the generous, who pitied his errors, and the enlightened, who gloried in his genius,—all shall be alike, and, like him, in the dust. Let this teach us charity to our fellow-mortals; and let us honour in them those gifts which can never die.

* "These particulars are from a letter of David Macculloch, Esq., who, being at this period a very young gentleman, a passionate admirer of Burns, and a capital singer of many of his serious songs, used often, in his enthusiasm, to accompany the poet on his professional excursions."

The Roué. 3 vols. London, 1828. Colburn.

THE title of this book combines attraction and repulsion: attraction for those who do not fear to see a knowledge of the world and its vices vividly displayed; and repulsion for those who dread that the exposure of these vices cannot be effected without wounding purity, and even tainting morals. Being uncertain whether the *Roué* is yet in the hands of the public, we shall not discuss this question;—but content ourselves with stating, that the writer has steered very clear of many of the difficulties which beset him in painting unprincipled men and yielding women; and that in the end he has rendered poetical justice both to folly and delinquency. Of course, it is impossible but that the *Roué* should employ language sometimes warm, when applied to sensual indulgences—and sometimes lax, when addressed to graver questions: but it must ever be considered from whose mouth these expressions come; and if we admit of the character being drawn at all, we must admit that the author has not transgressed the bounds of fidelity in his portraiture. The first volume, in particular, is a proof of Mr. Beazley's high talents—and convinces us, that in this class of writing he may become extremely popular. It is only after the introduction of his principal personage (at the end of it), that we doubt his being found so agreeable. Moral anatomy may be as useful as physical, but just as detestable for close inspection. A lover who enacts the engineer, a Vauban of the heart—one who calculates his own feelings, resources, and means of attack, while analysing those of the fortress—one who treats passion as if it were a science,—such a one might write a most excellent treatise on Love for the Society of Useful or Useless Knowledge; but we extremely doubt his being a very dangerous person in society. We are rather of opinion, after all, that Roués are, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, "talked of, but never seen."

Having thrown out these few hints, which do not aspire to the name of criticism, and desiring that all the story of this *novel* should have its full weight of *novelty* with its readers, we shall follow our own usual (and not its) course; and by a few connected extracts afford an idea of the author's abilities.

The commencement is so spirited as to tempt us at the outset.

"How many of the genuine feelings of human nature have been repressed and spoiled by the coldness of those outward forms which constitute so great a proportion of our education! We enter into the world with buoyant feelings, fresh and 'thick-coming fancies,' enthusiastic anticipation—with hearts and hands open to the impression and impulses of love, friendship, and generosity, and with a multitude of senses and passions, all promising pleasure in their pursuit and their gratification. We feel the genuine tears of sympathy spring into our eyes at a tale of distress; and while

The world to our unpractised hearts
A flattering prospect shews;
Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
Of gay delights and golden dreams,
And undisturbed repose:

we find our young pulses bounding with delight at the sight of beauty, and experience a thousand sensations which impel us to an intimate intercourse of hearts with our fellow-creatures; and the first thing we are taught in life, is to unlearn these early lessons of our nature: to repress these delightful springings of the heart—

To shut up all the passages of joy—

and to substitute the coldness of educated ceremony for these bursts of genuine feelings. We are taught to repress our generosity, to steel our hearts against the influence of beauty, and to admit friendship and love only where they are compatible with our interest:—interest, that mainspring of human nature, as it is called, at whose shrine all our best feelings are sacrificed, and to which our young hearts are directed in school-days, at college, and through the world, as the only god that should be worshipped. The whole of our early life seems to be spent in getting rid of nature, and in the acquirement of artifice, till our hearts and minds are no more like that for which they were first intended, than the tree, which some laborious Cincinnatus of a cit has trimmed into the shape of a peacock, is like that which has grown up in all the unconfined and vigorous luxuriance of its native forest. All the first feelings of our nature in early life become the subjects of punishment or reproof: the buoyancy of our youthful spirit is curbed, because it encroaches on the conventional forms of society. Natural enthusiasm is repressed and shamed with the stigma of eccentricity; and the whole system of our education is an attempt to put the heart in an ice-pail, and to treat it as we do our Champagne, without considering that, though coldness may improve the wine, it is certain to deteriorate the man. All our first lessons of life come upon the heart, as the rude hand upon the leaf of the sensitive plant. It shrinks within itself, ashamed of the feelings which it is thus compelled to bury within its own limits; and, finding no outlet for them, they perish, in

time, for want of use, as a limb will become contracted, and wither and die for want of exercise. It is this which gives such a sameness to society. It is this which prevents that individuality of character which made the heroes, the lovers, and the friends of the 'golden age.' All is now conventional form and outward ceremony. Friendships are made or broken as these forms prescribe, and are seldom strong enough to abide the storm of adversity—to stand the test of ridicule—or the influence of etiquette. Love is no longer the buoyant, pure, and generous passion, that has excited the hearts which experienced it to the greatest actions to accomplish its gratification; but is a mere word generally used, only because it is found in the vocabulary of our language with a particular meaning attached to it, as certain law-terms are still in vogue, although the spirit which rendered them necessary has long since expired. Like those who, by artificial light, put out that of the day, so have we, by borrowed forms and fashions, destroyed the sun-light of our own natural and best feelings:

> And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
> Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

In short, love, friendship, feeling of every kind, are all under the prescriptive rules of society. Young men are educated with the view to making or increasing their fortune by marriage; and young women, with no other idea than that of forming an establishment. This is, perhaps, more applicable to the latter than to the former; since the very first lesson a woman receives, is to disguise her real sentiments: this engenders artifice; artifice, in time, annihilates the feeling which originally existed; and instead of the noble, generous nature of woman—for her nature is noble and generous—we have the sophisticated pieces of animated wax-work, which form the aggregate of female society; fair and pure to look upon, as the drifted snow, and generally quite as cold."

We cannot, however, agree to the extent of the author's deductions from these premises—only in this: "There is, however, a medium between the coldness of mere conventional propriety, and the unrepressed exuberance of nature. Let a sound judgment be placed as a sentinel upon the feelings, and they will be more likely to lead to happiness than if totally repressed. We would have women creatures of nature, as well as of education: we would have their hearts as well as their heads cultivated, and not find them as they now too often are,—flowers, like those discovered by our late travellers to the North Pole, beautiful to the eye, but enclosed in an icicle which, in melting, destroyed them."

To exhibit this, Amelia and Agnes, two sisters, are contrasted; the former, the child of fashionable tuition—the latter, of natural impulses. A contrast of old and new times would better suit our purpose of illustration; but, alas! it is too long, and we can only refer, for it, to p. 73 *et seq.* Vol. I., while we quote some shrewd and clever remarks on "*Finishing Schools*" and female education.

"Of what class of society in general do these schoolmasters and mistresses consist?—To whom is it that we intrust the sacred charge of forming the young minds of our children, and giving them that stamp which is to influence their passage through life? Why, principally, broken-down tradesmen, or professional men and their wives; who, having failed in their original calling in life, have no other means of support left than becoming coal-merchants, or wine-merchants, or schoolmasters and mistresses:—the three grand resources for all ruined people who wish to redeem their fortunes. If a husband dies, leaving a widow with an unprovided family, her friends immediately project a ladies' establishment; and with a partial knowledge of her own language, and even that of the most moderate kind, she sets up for a teacher of all; and with the assistance of some French demirep, whose morals and conduct have driven her from her own country; or, perhaps, as has been the case more than once, a French femme de chambre, for a mistress of French; a French valet for a dancing-master; and a profligate Italian refugee for a professor of music;—sets up a school, in which our English girls, of a certain caste, are to be fitted for wives and mothers. The poor children of every friend of the widow, and of all her friends' friends, are put in requisition, till a sufficient number is collected to furnish an income; and many a fortune is made by the savings from the board, by profit on books, and forfeited silver forks and spoons, and by the charges for educating these little urchins, who may be considered fortunate, if they return home as empty-headed as they came. This is not at all a caricature description of the origin and formation of most of those establishments to which is intrusted the education, and consequently the happiness and virtue, of those to whom parents look for the comfort of their old age; as might easily be discovered, were the numerous professors of French, music, and dancing, who figure away at ladies' establishments and finishing schools in and near London, compelled to produce certificates of characters and occupations in their own country. Such schools as these are, however, only for the commonalty—for the second-rate citizen and tradesman—for the petit placeman, and all those of confined income. These are the only persons who are now taken in by the promises of these advertising dealers in education. * * * * *

"In this wide metropolis—this epitome of the world at large—this congregation of vice and virtue—this grand union of contraries of all descriptions—there are times, places, and people, to meet all circumstances and situations. Here are decayed people of fashion, or distant and collateral branches of gentility, as well as bankrupts of the middling orders of society, who undertake the care and cultivation of the female mind, or rather the regulation of their manners and persons; although they will never sully their establishment with any other than the scions of nobility. Some of these undertake to bring out two or three young ladies who may be deprived of their parents; and contrive, by the addition which this plan affords to their income, still to keep their place in society, and to make their houses still the resort of people of fashion. Others, again, make a more open display of their pretensions to educate; and though they despise the drudgery of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot,' profess to finish young ladies of fashion in all the elegant accomplishments of the concert, the ball, and the drawing-room. Of these, Mrs. Dashington had attained the greatest celebrity. A year or two's initiation was sure to give the stamp of fashion to any one who was fortunate enough to enjoy her protection. Her establishment was to young women, not educated at home, what the university is to young men; and the young ladies who had graduated in it were considered at once fit for all the honours of presentation and the drawing-room. By the help of her various professors, she had completely succeeded in giving her pupils that which the French call *tournure*—that air *distingué* which pleases and impresses the mind, without our knowing why, and which frequently bears the palm of admiration away from beauty itself. The first thing, according to Mrs. Dashington's system of education, was 'manner'—the second thing was 'manner,' and the third thing was 'manner;' thus every thing was sacrificed to its attainment. The whole of her ethics consisted in doing every thing like a woman of fashion: her pupils sang and danced with the most exquisite taste and judgment—but they sang and danced like ladies, and not like professors. In short, it was a universal observation, that a young lady who had enjoyed the advantages of Mrs. Dashington's establishment was never known to utter a sound of discord—in her music, or commit a *faux pas*—in a minuet or a quadrille. As to principles and temper, they were beneath the consideration of an aristocratic school-mistress; and as the end of her education was merely to procure husbands for her pupils, why, if their principles and tempers held out till they were married, the end was accomplished; and it was the husband's business to preserve and keep—or endure them afterwards. * * *

"And here, by the by, a word or two on the propriety and regulation of establishments of this kind. They are, of course, generally kept by needy persons; and those persons are but too apt to lie under pecuniary and other obligations, which they are willing enough to return by invitations to all the little *fêtes* which the nature of their occupation enables them, and, in some instances, requires them, to give. By these means, young women are brought in contact with persons of the other sex, whom they never could have met at the houses of their parents: and while the youthful mind is too fresh in life, and too unhackneyed in the conventional distinctions of society, to place a proper value upon rank and equality of worldly circumstances, they are but too open to the impression which a pleasing exterior and address, and agreeable conversation, intermixed with a little flattery, is too likely to be made by the first man who has ever talked to her as though she were, and has made her feel that she *was*, a woman. There are, in consequence, few of these establishments in which there is not a great danger of a young woman's forming connexions which can never be pleasing to their more ambitious parents; for while there are idle and briefless barristers, with wit enough to make themselves agreeable—young officers, with sufficient dash and gallantry to captivate the female heart—and wealthy dandy sons of merchants, with power to command opera-boxes for the duenna of the establishment—there will always be a crowd of young men who will flock to a 'flirtation general,' with young ladies of a rank in life whom they could never meet with by any other means than their acquaintance with the school-mistress. This fault, and a most dangerous one it is, exists in all the gradations of these establishments; and, in many cases, the foundation of those unequal alliances, which embitter so many parents' hearts, and disappoint so many expectations, have had their origin in these schools of embryo coquetry—in these scenes of incipient flirtation. Those who imagine the room appropriated to study in Mrs. Dashington's establishment to resemble anything like a common school, would be mos

egregiously mistaken. There was no long desk at which the pupils were confined to pursue their studies; no torturing stocks, to twist their toes into north by north-east, and south by south-west; no back-boards of bright red morocco, with a steel collar to be passed under their chin, to keep their heads up. No: the young ladies of Mrs. Dashington's establishment could hold up their heads high enough without any such mechanical assistance; they had only to think upon their birth—upon their ancestors—upon their aunt the marchioness—their cousin the countess—or their fortune; and crown the whole by the exclusive reputation of being a pupil of the —— square school, to enable them to hold up their heads quite high enough for any purpose in the world. Indeed, long after they had quitted it, and were 'out,' as the phrase is,—and very well applied in some instances,—they were too apt to think very little of all the new presentations, who had not taken their degrees as 'Mistresses of Arts' in Mrs. Dashington's university; and some of her very exclusive *élèves* were once on the point of establishing an annual quadrille of her ex-pupils, after the manner of the dinner of some of our public schools, and admit none but Christ-church men as their visitors; only that the husbands of some of them having had the misfortune to have been matriculated at Magdalen Hall, Wadham, and St. John's, did not like to leave their wives at the mercy of the gentlemen commoners of Christ-church. In the stead of all the above-enumerated common appendages of a boarding-school, Mrs. Dashington's pupils' room exhibited elegant library tables, covered with all the lighter literary productions of the day, mixed up with a thousand knick-knacks in or-molu, china, bronze, paper, and pasteboard. The principal portion of the literature of the establishment consisted in the novels of the day, the poems of Byron and Moore, and the various effusions of 'Flowers of Poesy,' and all the host of little 'prettynesses,' which daily emanate from the ever-teeming press, of modern publications, in magazines, annuals, repertories, &c. These the young ladies were allowed to read indiscriminately; nor, as long as they paid sufficient attention to the professors of music and dancing—as long as they moved to admiration in a minuet, or swept the strings of their harp, or touched the keys of the piano, with elegance—did Mrs. Dashington trouble herself much about the regulation of their minds. Manners were her profession, and morals were out of the question: thus, inactive minds had leisure and opportunity to give way to their indolent propensities; while those of a more active tendency might, perhaps, with greater danger, indulge in the indiscriminate perusal of all the flimsy, and often pernicious, books which lay upon Mrs. Dashington's tables."

With these extracts we conclude; only adding, that several pathetic and tragical scenes are portrayed with great power, and excite a deep interest in perusing them. In fine, as we have said, if we do not allow exceptions to be taken against some of the *dramatis personæ* introduced, such as the Roué and his associate Villars, two cold-blooded seducers; Wheeler, a governess of any thing but virtuous character; and Swashing Nan, an unhappy prostitute, betrayed from innocency to ruin by the *hero*—we should unreservedly praise this work for the acuteness, the talent, and the abilities, of which it is so full. The character of Agnes, the heroine, is powerfully depicted; and the whole story well put together. We fear it may be too true a picture of the worst parts of human nature, as well as of fashionable life: but

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The Works of Lord Byron. 4 vols. 18mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

To this very cheap and very neat edition of Lord Byron's poems we have already alluded. With the exception of the free, not to say licentious, Don Juan, it contains all his lordship's principal productions, including his dramatic writings: and thus, for eighteen shillings, almost all that is admirable in the noble bard, with a smaller proportion than might have been of what is objectionable, is before the public. We were not surprised to learn that six thousand copies were sold on the day this work was brought to market; and we rejoice in the circumstance, not only because we approve of moderate prices for their own sake, but because such publications are well calculated to balk, if not to destroy, that piratical system of pillaging British authors and publishers which is so extensively and shamefully carried on in France.

Of Lord Byron as an author it is unnecessary for us now to speak. We always admired his genius; and we always entered our protest against his evil principles. The tomb has modified these feelings, but not altered them. We perhaps admire his genius more highly, and we perhaps feel more charity towards his errors. We were often condemned as his enemies for pointing out his faults as a man, and as a poet the sources whence he unquestionably borrowed many of his ideas: but because we would not shut our eyes to these facts, were we blind to the extraordinary merits of this gifted individual? We rather adopt, as congenial to our minds, the sentiments so well expressed by another son of song, the amiable and early lost Robert Pollok.

"A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life;
Yet not content with ancestorial name,
Or to be known because his fathers were;
He on this height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed
Alone the mount of song—the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.

* * * * *

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced;
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed.
——— All passions of all men,
The wild and tame,—the gentle and severe;
All thoughts—all maxims, sacred and profane—
All creeds—all seasons—Time—Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear—
All that was hoped, all that was fear'd by man,
He toss'd about as tempest-wither'd leaves;
Then smiling look'd upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cow'ring blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself:
But back into his soul retired—alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet."

Such will be the estimate of all but the servile flatterers who crawled about Byron while living, and attempt to defame him when dead. On that class we have some indignant lines from a friend; but it would be attaching too much importance to such creatures to notice them with so potent a hand: we will only quote two or three brief passages, which they may apply as they list.

"When falls the Eagle from his realms of air,
What noisome things th' imperial banquet share!
Forth from the royal creature reptiles creep,
And insects revel o'er his rotting sleep.
Thus, when the bard who soar'd the aerial height,
There, where the meaner durst not wing their flight,
(Poet in soul, while millions strove to claim
From verse alone the prostituted name,)
Veil'd his vast pennons to almighty Death,
What harpy myriads hailed his parting breath!"

The writer soon after apostrophises the latest assailant of Byron's name.

"Oh, blind to him, yet to thyself more blind,
Contempt's keen laugh pursues thee from behind!
In thy hot zeal to make his foibles known,
Thou canst not see what rays reveal thine own.
When Self beguiles, how slight is Folly's screen!
Thy head is hidden, but thy hoofs are seen.
Go! join thy rival mountebank, the same
In puffs, in party, and (yet stranger) name.
Henceforth the pair on equal wing shall soar,
Hunt the reformer—Hunt the orator.
Go! and, unconscious of the public scorn,
Roast reputations as he roasted corn;
While, chalk'd on walls, derisive crowds peruse
Thy black'ning book, his blacking for the shoes.

* * * * *

How vain the debt of friendship to disclaim!
Ev'n now, goule-like, thou liv'st upon his fame.

* * * * *

When low reclines the warrior's gory head,
How fancy loathes the plunderer of the dead!
Less foul than thine the battle-harpy's prey,
For 'tis a friend whose spoils thou tear'st away.

Beware! a spirit in his ashes glows,
His eye frowns on thee from its stern repose:
His awful shade o'ercasts thy fate with gloom,
And Vengeance tracks thee ev'n beyond the tomb.
Thou shouldst, poor fool, have blest the meaner lot,
Which, in his satire, left thy muse forgot;
But thy own hand hath link'd thee to his name
In hateful immortality of fame.
Where'er shall beam his glory's radiant star,
Thy speck of calumny shall not be far,
And the same trump shall sound, from coast to coast,
Our era's Zoïlus, and England's boast."

But men of all countries have viewed this act of meanness and perfidy in the same light. The French critics, even of the biographer's own party, speak of "les puériles commentaires de Hunt sur le caractère de Byron;" and others deliver similar sentiments, in stronger terms of contempt and indignation.

While on this subject, we may mention that there was recently proposed for publication a work, the MS. of which has not been altogether secret from us, entitled "Leigh Hunt and his Companions," the production, as we were told, of an ex-Cockney. In this work Hunt is treated with as much familiarity, with as little regard to private feeling or the sanctity of private acquaintance, (yet with pure truth and justice,) as he used towards Byron. Every domestic detail is laid before the reader; whole-length portraits of Fornarina, Shapina, *et hoc genus omne*, are given; conversations of the most loathsome description between Hunt and Shelley, in which infidelity forms the prominent feature, are related; with other topics, to which we cannot even advert. But the most curious part of the book, as disproving many of Hunt's assertions, is one of Keats's MS. letters, in which he feelingly says, "Hunt has damned Hampstead;" and proceeds to add, that he attributes his own failure to the precocious puffery in the *Examiner*. This is of a piece with the mock elegy in the *Quarterly*. Should the work appear, we shall pass our comments upon it. We have heard, indeed, that it has been transmitted to the bard now employed upon the biography of Byron; but we think the proper plan would have been to publish it (as originally intended) as a "companion" to Hunt. One word more: if Hunt produces not Byron's letter, adverted to by the *Quarterly Review*, and so unhandsomely kept back by him, he is lower in the mire, if possible, than he was before.

Practical Elocution, or Hints to Public Speakers; with a Dissertation on the Use of certain Hypothetical Verbs in the English Language. By H. J. Prior, Teacher of Elocution, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 173. London, Simpkin and Marshall. [*Impudent Forgery.*]

THE entirely *new* principles unfolded in this

very *original* and *elaborate* volume gave us an extremely high opinion of the abilities of *the author*, Mr. H. J. Prior. Here is a teacher of elocution, said we to ourselves, who is worthy to be a professor of that great accomplishment. If the London University, now, want a person of this class, here is the man for their money. In him there is a patience of research, a painfulness of inquiry, a philosophicalness of mind, and a certain good old English mode of expressing himself, which would be invaluable to the infant College of the Capital. He will demonstrate *viva voce*, as he does so well in this volume, that modern eloquence may speedily rival ancient oratory, if you cultivate the voice when young, and attend to the other instructions which he so lucidly lays down. Look to your respiration, your lungs, your larynx, your glottis, and your epiglottis: make a proper use of your tongue and your jaw, your uvula and your nostrils, and we will warrant you that you shall speak like a Cicero or a Demosthenes. You shall manage the nine vowels, the nine half vowels, the five aspirates, and the six mutes, of which the English vocal language consists, so as to whisper or speak aloud in the most superior manner; nay, even to sing like a Braham or a Stephens. For you must understand, according to *the author*, Mr. H. J. Prior, that Nature is so illiberal that she leaves us untutored in this accomplishment, which he, Mr. Prior, cultivates from simple sounds to the most complicated and difficult expression; overcoming in his road indistinctness, precipitancy, organic defects, obstructions, nasal pronunciation, stammering, and all other ills that speech is heir to. Above all things, it seems to be expedient not to keep your breath to cool your porridge, for it is an essential element to a strong and sonorous voice. Then, for articulation, roundness, flexibility, tone, modulation, &c. &c., *the author*, Mr. H. J. Prior, has gone largely and with uncommon sagacity into them all, so that there is no lack of observation on these points. On grave sounds his remarks are grave, and on acute sounds he is both sound and acute. He has also a perfectly *novel* scheme for adapting the English language to ancient measure, which it is surprising should never have occurred to any preceding writer upon this interesting subject. But why should we dwell on the various merits of this *extraordinary* performance? let us listen to the modest and unpretending way in which *the author*, Mr. H. J. Prior, treats of it himself, in *his* conclusion.

"*I* have now (says he) *investigated* the pleasing theory of speech, from the gentlest whisper of the breath to the most animated tones of the passions. Much might be added on a subject so complicated and extensive. I have only drawn the outlines, and given a rude sketch of what may be more completely finished at some *future period*. In the mean time, I shall receive, with the utmost gratitude, any hint or critical observation, from such as are conversant in the sciences of physiology, music, and speaking. It cannot be supposed, that, *at my early time of life*, an undertaking of this kind should be executed with that accuracy and precision which may be expected from a person of *more years and experience*. Some of the foregoing subjects have been much controverted by modern writers. I have not attempted to reconcile their variance, or to establish a system of MY OWN. My sole aim has been to offer to *the candid and discerning public, a method of cultivating the voice*, which is SOMEWHAT NEW, and might be attended with success."

Verily, Mr. H. J. Prior, this is too bad. Do yourself justice, *young* as you are, and do not oblige us to exhibit the singular merits which belong to your "SOMEWHAT NEW METHOD"!! It may, perhaps, have fallen to the lot of some of our readers to have met with an old volume, which Mr. Prior, of course, has never seen. It was written by one John Herries, A.M., and published by Edward and Charles Dilly, so long ago as to be almost forgotten, viz. in 1773. This Herries must have been as barefaced and impudent a plagiarist as ever attempted a public imposition; for is it to be believed, this rascally *master of arts* (well he deserves to be so called) has printed every syllable of Mr. H. J. Prior's "Practical Elocution," under the title of "The Elements of Speech?" The only difference which a rigid comparison has enabled us to detect, is, that, in the quotation we have just made, Herries improperly begins, "*We* have now investigated," instead of the more correct, "*I* have now investigated." But he pretends to the *same youth* and *want of experience*, and claims the *somewhat new method* as his own, precisely in the words employed by his illustrious prototype, Mr. Prior. In short, the two books are, *verbatim et literatim*, THE SAME, from beginning to end!! Nay, there is even a remarkable table of the elements of speech and vocal music, *on a new plan*, identical in both, though published at the distance of fifty-five years apart!!

Under these circumstances, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion, that this John Herries, M.A. is a rank quack and impostor, who, in spite of a clear and decidedly *Prior* claim, has dared to deck himself in borrowed plumage. In requital for this flagrant and impudent breach of morality, we venture to throw out our "hints to public writers:" to wit, that it is highly indecorous to anticipate what others intend to publish; that plagiarisms of an antedate are the most offensive of all plagiarisms; and that the common wish against such fellows is—

"Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt."

Mr. Prior, indeed, may well pray, in the language of the Litany, to be delivered from all such d—le *Herrieses** as this stumbling-block has been in his auctorical path: and it may be that he hath equal cause of distaste towards us, his flattering reviewers; for, not boasting of the dignity of a Prior, he may despise our intermeddling in this business like a Paul *Pry or* worse.

To conclude: entertaining, as we do, boundless confidence in Mr. Prior's powers of invention, we rejoice to perceive it announced in his present volume, that he is about to favour the world with two other *new works*: "Poetry Familiarised, &c. for the Use of Ladies' Schools," and "A Compendium of Logic." He has only to carry into these productions the same degree of originality, candour, honesty, and talent, which distinguish his "Practical Elocution," in order to be esteemed the most popular author of our times. As for the hypercritical objection arising out of the publication of 1773, we have only to read the publishers' names to see that it is a mere Daffy-*down-Dilly*.

Lyon's Mexico.

(Third Notice.)

To wind up within the week, or if not the week within the month, or if not the month within the quarter, so as to keep our Gazettes as much as possible free from *broken continuations*, has been our endeavour from A.D. 1817 to A.D. 1828; but we find it impracticable to observe this rule in regard to Captain Lyon's diversified and interesting volumes. From this work our extracts are still so miscellaneous, that it hardly matters where we begin, or how we arrange them. We shall set out with inanimate nature—scenery on the river Panuco.

"Before noon, the sea-breeze, the greatest imaginable luxury in the Tierra Caliente, set very strongly up the river, and we sailed delightfully before it, discovering as we advanced fresh beauties at every turn of the stream. The varieties of new and magnificent trees, covered with the most luxuriant and brilliant parasitical plants, dipping their branches in the current; withering trunks clothed with a verdure not their own, but which flourished on their decay; and the immense up-rooted timber lying grounded in the shoaler parts of the stream, and causing strong eddies amongst their shattered branches,—gave a character to the scene around, which to me was altogether new and enchanting. Here we saw the hanging-nests of the calandria and many bright-plumed birds. Lime and lemon-trees, bearing at the same time fruit and flowers, hung most invitingly over the water, and afforded us abundance of refreshing lemonade. In some places, immense willows threw their cool shade over smooth banks, resembling very closely the park scenery on the borders of the Thames; while groups of cattle grazing or sleeping beneath thin spreading branches, rendered these particular views so like home, that it was fortunate we had some other objects to remind us how far we were removed from it. Here an enormous alligator would plunge into the river from his broken sleep on the sunny bank; or a delicate white heron would rise alarmed on the wing, and soar above our heads, when affrighted from her retreat among the rushes. We saw also on this day a manatt, or sea-cow, but it was out of the reach of our shot; and I killed a water-snake as thick as my wrist, while it lay sleeping in the sun on a branch of a decayed tree. * * *

"As night closed in, we passed several Indian huts surrounded by maize. We sailed slowly on with a light breeze, near banks quite illuminated by the fire-flies, and the wailing and cries of the solitary night-birds gave a peculiar solemnity to the evening; when our ears were suddenly enlivened by the merry sounds of a fiddle and a guitar, proceeding from a small canoe, which glided swiftly past us, and was carrying this little band to a fandango about to be given at one of the Ranchero's huts."

Between Potosi and Zacatecas, the mining district, affords a striking contrast.

"A more desolate, dreary country than this appeared in the month of June, scarcely exists on the face of the globe, after excepting the Great Desert in Africa, and the polar regions. We completed our day by arriving at a wretched mud village named La Blanca, and put up at a ruined Hacienda de Plata, having travelled twelve leagues, in which we saw five cairns and crosses. At about four miles before reaching this wretched place, we passed La Laguna y Rancho del Moro, lying at a little distance to our left. Considerable quantities of salt covered the ground at this place, which a number of people were scraping up and putting into a bullock-cart. The flat valley was covered by a weak kind of parched grass, on which above three hundred brood mares with their colts and a large flock of sheep were feeding. Here I saw for the first time a coyote, or jackal, at which I had an ineffectual shot; and

* Query, Hercules?—*Printer's Devil.*

we also observed that the ground squirrels were very numerous."*

In travelling over this country, many strange incidents and pictures of manners naturally occur: for example, near Tanjuco, Capt. L. observes:—

"We arrived after dark at six or eight poor huts called 'Tanquichi,' where for some time we could not find a living soul, or even a dog to bark at us. At length we stumbled over a naked Indian lying on his back on the ground, and fanning the clouds of mosquitos from him with a cloth, the thick smoke of a little wood fire which was placed to windward being insufficient to keep off these tormentors. I may here notice a singular custom which I observed amongst the Indians and Rancheros in this little excursion, which was, that where the mosquitos were most abundant and tormenting, they invariably lay down stripped of their shirt; and our canoe-men made a constant practice of this, fanning themselves—and I verily believe in their sleep—all night. Our naked friend muttered a drowsy assent to the mules being tied to a corner of his hut, and to our lying down wherever we could, or following his cool example. But the women who were withinside resisted all our entreaties that they would give us something to eat; and no promise of money could induce them even to make us a tortilla. * * *

"What with the excessive heat and monotonous surface of the Tierra Caliente, the difficult and fatiguing ascents of the mountains, and the clouds of dust of the 'temperate regions,' I began to be rather tired of my journeying on a road so totally destitute of interest or incident. My chests and furniture were split by the sun, or by the laden mules knocking them against the trees; and instead of being twelve days, as was expected, we had now been travelling fifteen. Fifty miles of our journey yet remained to be performed, with jaded mules, and arrieros sick with ague and fever. I do not complain either of my food or lodging, being always grateful for them whether good or bad; but fastidious persons would do well never to enter the Mexican territories *via* Tampico and San Luis. It should be the constant axiom with the stranger, that whatever feeds or covers the people amongst whom he travels, will unquestionably nourish and shelter himself; and on this principle, he will find no difficulties in earthen floors, in mud huts, tortillas, or ropes of beef."

Whirlwinds.—"In three leagues over a stony road we reached the Rancho del Tejou, and passed on to a plain on which the number of whirlwinds was quite extraordinary. We had repeatedly seen a few of them; but on this day they appeared to have assumed a new form, raising the dust to a height of two or three hundred feet in straight columns, which preserved their perpendicularity, and moved but slowly over the plain, while many continued to turn rapidly on their axes without any perceptible progressive motion."

The following characteristics of the natives are worthy of note:—

"It would perhaps be difficult, even in this universally lethargic country, to find a more listless, idle set of half-sleepy people than those of Panuco, who for the greater part are creoles. Surrounded by a soil capable of the highest cultivation, living near a river absolutely swarming with the finest fish, they have scarcely a vegetable, and rarely any other food than tortillas of maize, and occasionally a lump of tasajo, or jerked beef. The siesta appears to consume half the day; and even speaking is an effort to this lazy race. Such as are obliged to labour in order to save themselves from starving, obtain their livelihood by cutting dyewoods to freight the vessels which occasionally come up the river for a cargo. These woods are the moral or fustic, which sells at four reals the quintal; sarsaparilla at two reals the aroba; and a wood called palo azul, or blue wood, which has lately been introduced as an article of commerce, and according to its chemical treatment yields three or four fine tints. All these are brought in from the surrounding forests; yet firewood and charcoal can scarcely be procured in the town. The latter is sold at an exorbitant price, owing to the want of energy in the natives, who prefer receiving it by an eighty miles' water conveyance (from Tampico), rather than burning it themselves within fifty yards from their own town."

At San Juan (the author states), "I believe that every woman, and the greater part of the men of the Rancho came at different times in the evening to see my watch and writing-case, neither of which curiosities had ever before been exhibited in San Juan. The watch was a machine of which all had heard; but their astonishment on hearing it tick and seeing its wheels in motion, was really as great as I ever saw displayed by either Negroes or Esquimaux; yet these people were almost all white, and the descendants of Spaniards. A venerable old Ranchero, whose opinions seemed to carry great weight, remarked, that 'it was a folly (*touteria*) to give a number of dollars for a thing just to know how many hours it was from morning or night;—that to know when to eat and drink, when to get up or lie down to rest, was quite sufficient:' a remark which with these primitive people met with very general approval. Offers were made to purchase every thing belonging to me;—a mano of paper, buttons, any article whatsoever; my visitors being persuaded that I could come for no other purpose than to trade. * * *

"We this day, at various times, had passed a great number of Indians, who were bathing in the river by whole families at a time, which appears to be their morning and evening custom; and all those who live near the stream are very clean both in their persons and clothes. Boats laden with articles for the Tampico market continually enlivened the scene; and it was highly amusing to observe the politeness of the passing Indians, who used the 'Don' and pulled off their hats very ceremoniously to each other on every occasion, paying a variety of rapidly uttered compliments at the same time. The señoras and señoritas, who sat washing themselves or their clothes in the river, received the most marked respect. Many a brown flat-visaged man, with a quarter of a pair of breeches and a straw hat, was hailed as 'Don;' while inquiries were made after the health of the señora and the young ladies, who in some instances answered for themselves, as they were disporting in the water near the banks, and just shewing their shining brown shoulders and immensely long jetty hair, while they swam in those places unfrequented by the alligators."

* We may, in a note here, as well as under its proper head of publications in the Fine Arts, notice *The Sketch Book of Captain G. F. Lyon, R.N., during Eight Months' Residence in the Republic of Mexico.* No. II. Dickinson.

This Number contains, "An Indian of the village of Tanjuco, Rio Panuco;" "Ruins of a City between [illegible] and Villa Nueva, known to the Mexicans as Los Edificios;" "The Indian Village of Colotlan;" "Cofre of Perote, as seen from the church of San Francisco Xalapa;" and "Mots found at the Indian Village of Tuspan." We cannot say that any of these subjects are very striking or interesting.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Dictionary of Medicine, designed for popular Use, &c. &c. By Alexander Macaulay, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 596. Edinburgh, 1828, Adam Black. London, Longman and Co.

We last week noticed two works of this class, and now observe that our northern neighbours are not behind us in similar publications. Dr. Macaulay appears to be a gentleman of sound sense and much practical experience. His arrangement is alphabetical; and in this convenient way he treats of diseases, medicines, diet, and other subjects of importance to all living men. The diseases incident to warm climates seem to have attracted much of the author's attention; and, upon a casual inspection of his volume, we are free to say, that we have seen nothing of the kind more opposed to quackery, or better adapted for consultation by individuals who will be their own doctors. We ought, perhaps, to apologise for not having entered more into detail upon these volumes of domestic medicine; but we assure our readers, that, from merely dipping into three of them, within the last fortnight, we do not feel half so well, or so assured of our good health, as we were before. A careful perusal would certainly cause our death; and as we have much in store to communicate for the advantage of the world, we intend, as much as possible, to decline leaving it for the present.

Public Characters: Biographical and Characteristic Sketches, with Portraits, of the most distinguished Personages of the present Age. Vol. I. 18mo. pp. 324. Knight and Lacey.

This work, which has appeared from time to time in Nos., now forms a little volume. It is not of high pretensions, and is very well in its way—a cheap matter, to meet the curiosity of readers who can neither buy dear books nor estimate superior literature.

Beta Depicta, or Remarks on Mangel Wurzel. By T. Newby. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Mr. Newby is the eulogist of this root, in praise of which he invokes the Muse, besides Latin names and English prose. For our parts, though he lauds its capability of yielding sugar by extract, and considers it to afford "entertainment for *man* and horse," we are afraid we could extract no entertainment for any man from the treatise upon its merits. We can only refer to the *brochure* itself, for the information of all who desire to be acquainted with the culture, uses, &c. of mangel wurzel.

The Mechanic's Magazine. Vol. VIII. Knight and Lacey.

This useful and intelligent periodical is now too well known to need a blast from our trumpet: we need only mention that the eighth volume, with a portrait of Dr. Birkbeck, has appeared, and contains a mass of valuable inquiry and matter.

The Companion to the Almanac; or Year-Book of general Information for 1828. Baldwin and Cradock.

A very useful little volume. The various articles of which it is composed appear to have been drawn up with considerable care and ability. The paper on the "celestial phenomena of the year," in particular, is written in a very pleasing and instructive style. We say thus much in the spirit of justice, though we have felt bound to condemn the low, chandler tricks of trade by which the Almanac itself, and other publications

from the same source, have been brought forward and propped.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA.

[On presenting the following journal to our readers, we have great pleasure in acknowledging, that it is derived from the *best* authority, both as it gratifies ourselves and as it stamps the relation with a very superior degree of public interest. Other letters which have reached us from Petersburgh and Tabreez possess singular importance at this moment; but we do not feel at liberty to go into their details. Suffice it to say, that they are the *latest* from these parts; and that on the frontiers of Persia the decided opinion of British residents (who have the first opportunities of forming a judgment) is sadly against the chance of any successful resistance being made to the advance of the Russians. "The unwise Shah, by deferring the payment of the money demanded by Russia (says one of our letters) has occasioned a renewal of hostilities; and the Russian army *was* under orders to proceed to Tehran. It is difficult to foresee the ultimate consequences—they must be fatal to Persia, certainly to the Shah. He could not await the arrival of the enemy at Tehran; and in attempting to quit it with his treasure, he would, most likely, be attacked and plundered by his own subjects."

From Petersburgh we hear so gratifying an account of the Emperor Nicolas, that we are sure it must interest our readers, *when* so much depends on the personal characters of sovereigns, and particularly, in as far as England is concerned, on the personal character of the Russian Autocrat. Again, we beg to state that our information is from such sources as to entitle it to no common consideration. "The Emperor (says the writer, an Englishman of superior information,) will, I trust, have a prosperous reign; certainly no sovereign ever better deserved it. His sentiments are so high and noble, and his private and public life are so manly and dignified, that he forms a model for gentlemen and monarchs. This opinion is not simply my own, however confirmed by my personal experience, but the same that I hear from all the foreign ministers, who have been strict observers of his conduct, and who have seen him in days of difficulty and in hours of pleasure."

For the welfare of England and of Europe, we know not that we could publish a more satisfactory statement than this sketch of the Emperor Nicolas, which is written by a most competent witness, and assuredly never expected to meet the public eye—consequently the more valuable.

The narrative appears to us to be extremely characteristic of Persia at this eventful time.—*Ed. L. G.*]

A DETAIL OF OCCURRENCES AT TABREEZ,

From Oct. 24, to Nov. 5, 1827.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24th.—In the morning letters arrived from Soufian, addressed to Aga Reza and other heads of the divisions (kud khudas) of Tabreez: they were written by the sons of Nuzzur Alli Khan, late chief of Maraud, to inform the people of this city of the intended early advance of the Russian force which some days ago had arrived in that district. It was recommended that no opposition or resistance should be made; for if the inhabitants remained quiet, violence would not be offered to their lives or property. These letters being intercepted, were brought to the assuff ed dowlah Alli yar Khan, who immediately summoned the persons to whom they were addressed, and accused them of inviting the enemy to the city. The kud khudas, in the strongest terms, repelled this charge; but the contents of the letters having become public, the effect they were probably intended to produce was perfectly fulfilled. Later in the morning, a shah's ghollaum reached the city from Soufian. He reported that a strong advanced guard had arrived at that village just as he was quitting it. The alarm from this moment rapidly spread to every corner of Tabreez. The inhabitants of the suburbs were seen hurrying to find refuge within the walls; while the citizens, in smaller numbers, were endeavouring to escape into the country. Fear and extreme alarm were depicted on the countenances of all.—The present report of the approach of the Russian army did not pass unheeded by the Arrauk and Mazaunderoun troops, who, to the number of 5 or 6000 men, had been left by the shah for the defence of the city. They were observed quietly to lead their cattle, and, in small parties, to move out of the town. This movement soon became very general amongst them. Before mid-day the whole body had nearly quitted, on the road to Téhran: some few of the chiefs and less cowardly men alone remained lingering about the place.—Alli yar Khan was not early informed of the desertion of the troops. It is believed that their alarm was increased by the threats of the inhabitants of Tabreez, who, besides having a great antipathy to the southerns, were anxious that their deserted guardians might leave the city, being either apprehensive that they might attempt to plunder it before they quitted, or, by a weak defence, might subject the town to ill treatment from the Russians. Alli yar Khan, when apprised of their flight, could only send some of their chiefs and his own immediate followers to stop the runaways. In his anger he likewise ordered the Tabreez people to pursue and plunder them. His orders were no sooner issued, than a portion of the armed citizens attacked and stripped the southerns who still remained at their posts. About one o'clock there were very few left of the 5000: four hundred were indeed brought back; they were secured within the walls of the citadel (Ark), to prevent a second flight; but on closing the gate which opens to the town, it was forgotten that there was another behind the old building, from whence the confined made their escape. The Arrauk troops were chiefly encamped between the outer and inner walls: many tents and other baggage were left on the ground. At this period two battalions, even two companies, of Russians would have taken possession of the city.—The two battalions of Shaggangrees, encamped at a short distance beyond the walls, were then ordered to near the town, and take charge of the gateways. Alli yar Khan went out to persuade them to act with firmness and fidelity: he was listened to for a short time; but abusive terms were shortly bestowed upon him, and some stones thrown. Throughout the day the most contradictory reports prevailed; so much so, that it was confidently asserted that Abbas Mirza would before the evening arrive with the army from Khoeg. Syfe al Maulk Mirza had been sent with a large body of cavalry towards Soufian to reconnoitre. Towards sunset there was a greater appearance of tranquillity throughout Tabreez: it was believed that the prince had reached the bridge of the Augee, within four miles of the city, and the kud khudas were positively ordered out to meet him. The prince's wives yesterday removed to the garden; the chief civil authorities have also quitted with their families.

Thursday, 25th.—It has proved too true that the Russian force had reached Soufian: last night their camp was at Suning Koorpee, twelve miles from the city. Early in the morning their main body was seen advancing. On their arrival at the bridge of the Augee, the army halted, as if to prepare for action. The Shaggangree battalions were stationed on the walls on that side of the city; the artillery placed a few days ago on the bastions and towers were loaded; the gates were also secured. Alli yar Khan appeared on horseback between the inner and outer walls: he endeavoured to encourage the troops to shew some resistance, and ordered the guns to be fired. Three alone were discharged; two with blank cartridges, the other shotted. The enemy were completely out of range, nor were the guns directed towards their line of march: they only served as a signal for the Persian infantry, who fled out of the town with the utmost celerity. Meer Fatha, the chief of the moolahs, with other priests, hastened to the spot. He sternly told the assuff to desist in further attempts to irritate the Russians, as resistance, under existing circumstances, could only be injurious—that he might relinquish his charge, and go about his business. Alli yar Khan then retired with two attendants, taking the road to Tehran. The keys of the gates having been concealed, Meer Fatha ordered them to be broken open. At the head of the priesthood and principal inhabitants, he proceeded to meet the general, Prince Arristaff, for the purpose of delivering up the town. He was well received: assurances were given him that none but public property would be seized. While the main body advanced, Prince Arristaff, Generals Pankrutraff, Saacken Tchermitchmatze, Colonel Mauravioff, chief of the état-major, and various other officers, entered the city by the Constantinople gate, escorted by a body of Uhlans and Cossacks. The arsenal was first visited, and proper measures adopted to secure the stores. Prince Arristaff and his suite then went to the palace, which, previously to their arrival, had been plundered by the Maraud and Nukhsheewaun horsemen, aided by the low populace of the city: little else had been left in it but carpets, furniture, and tents; these were of considerable value.—The British flag had been hoisted at the envoy's house: Major Monteith, accompanied by the officers, went at 3 P.M. to wait upon the general at the palace. He received them kindly. Major Monteith informed the general, that although they had orders to quit Tabreez on the approach of the Russian army, yet it had not been possible to leave, from their unexpected advance, and the consequent confusion, which deprived the British officers of the means of doing so; and he hoped the establishment would be treated with consideration. It was further begged that a guard might be sent to the envoy's house, in case any disturbance should arise in the city.—The Russian officers all expressed great surprise that no opposition had been made to their advance on approaching the place. They expected to have had some hard fighting; but, with the exception of the three discharges of artillery, a single grain of powder was not flashed on either side. No walled city of this extent was ever captured with so much ease. The Russians, without the smallest apprehension, move singly about the streets: the inhabitants are all panic-struck, downcast, and preserve the deepest silence.—The infantry and artillery of the army have encamped under the walls opposite the Constantinople gate; the cavalry and irregular horse, on the high ground on this side the Augee; guards have been placed on the defences of that face of the walls; the gateways have been occupied; a battalion has been quartered in the Ark, another at the palace. About sunset, a Major Sultikoff brought a sergeant's guard to Colonel Macdonald's quarters.

Friday, 26th.—Early in the morning I learnt that Alli yar Khan had been taken prisoner. On leaving the city, he fled along the principal avenue which leads to the general route to Tehran. Whether Alli yar Khan did not wish to make his escape, or whether, as generally known, he was fearful of being recognised during the daytime and closely pursued, is uncertain; but before he got clear of the gardens, he sought refuge in the house of Mirza Jabbur, a former confidential mirza of the Sirdar of Eriwan. Unfortunately this man was a connexion of the sons of the late khan of Maraud, who were immediately informed of the place of the assuff's concealment. A party

of Cossacks were sent in haste to secure his person: Count Saachen followed with a few horsemen. Alli yar Khan, finding the house surrounded, attempted to resist, and even fired off his pistols; he was, however, taken without giving or receiving any injury. Beyond doubt he was the chief promoter of the present war; he may probably be also the last person who makes any display of resistance. In either case, he sealed the ruin of his government.—By Mr. Schaumberg we were informed that General Arristaff would receive the British officers at his encampment two hours before mid-day. We accordingly went, and found the infantry and a detachment of dismounted cavalry drawn up in a hollow square, close to their position near the N.W. face of the town: the staff and other groups of officers were assembled within the square, awaiting the appearance of the general. In half an hour General Arristaff walked from his tent to the parade: he proceeded at a quick pace along the front of each battalion, either to congratulate the troops on the capture of Tabreez, or, as is the Russian custom, to ask if they were well. On passing each corps, he was received by an instantaneous acclamation from the ranks. He then took his station in the centre of the square, where a temporary altar had been placed, and a Russian priest stood ready to perform divine service. I believe thanks were offered for the brilliant successes, and, on inquiry, I learnt that mass was performed,—it being the birthday of the empress mother. During the whole time prayers were reading, Aga Meer Fatha, the head Mahometan priest, stood close to the general: the quazee of the city and other moolahs were likewise present, but did not make their appearance till a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the service. They were stationed near Aga Meer Fatha: no particular attention was paid to them: it was remarked by a general that they had come of their own accord. The troops, when prayers were finished, broke into column and marched past. There could not have been more than 2500 infantry under arms, 200 Don Cossacks, 200 of the Caban, and some troops of Uhlans. The behaviour of Prince Arristaff and the Russian officers towards us was extremely courteous and kind. In the evening, the large ruined building within the ark was illuminated by flambeaux placed along its summit.

Saturday, 27th.—The army changed ground to the open space behind the ruined mosque, near the Tehran gate: eight 12-pounders were pointed towards the city. The prince's palace had been pillaged of its furniture before the entry of Prince Arristaff into the city. The property must have been very valuable: in the women's apartments, rich beddings, a quantity of plate, carpets, &c., from deficiency of cattle to transport them, had been left; these had been carried off by the first plunderers, before the general's arrival. He had only a small detachment of Uhlans and Cossacks for his escort: as many of these as could be spared were placed on sentry at the principal entrances. When we visited the palace, none of the pictures of the large hall of audience had been injured; but on the general's return to camp, numbers of the Tabreez people, and I believe some of the Marandees and Nukhsheewaunees, entered the palace by doorways which had not been secured, or mounted the walls, and committed every excess. The windows in many parts of the building were destroyed, mirrors broken, pictures torn to pieces; and their malignity was carried to such a height, that the eyes of the portraits of the king and prince were cut out with knives. The depredators were too numerous to be repelled at the moment by the officer on guard, whose party consisted of a very few men. As the work of destruction had begun in the interior of the palace, which is of great extent, the officer was apprised of it by the noise it created: he hastened to prevent the evil, and the wretches took flight, though he was accompanied by only two or three soldiers. The arrival of a battalion prevented further disorders. The Cayim Makums, and the houses of the principal Anauk civil and military servants of the prince, have been likewise plundered by the rabble. These violent proceedings were committed on the day the Russian army arrived. Prince Arristaff and the officers in general express their deep regret at these unavoidable and unexpected occurrences. Many robberies took place last night in the city; the conduct of the Russian troops has, however, been in every respect most orderly and creditable.

[To be continued.]

Paris, March 21.

I YESTERDAY visited the Louvre, where the crowd was so excessive that it was difficult to move. If we are to judge of the ordinary classes here by their love of the *beaux arts*, they are a very superior people to those on the borders of the Thames: perhaps, however, were there more food for the eye in London, ale-houses and boxing-matches might be abandoned for public exhibitions, and idle hours occupied more rationally than they generally are in the English metropolis. The picture of Elizabeth, Reine d'Angleterre, was the grand point of attraction to the gazing multitude. That queen is supposed to have breathed her last, uttering invectives against Lady Nottingham:—vengeance is so strongly marked on her livid countenance, it seems to give life to death. Were any moral to be reaped by thus depicting the horrible ideal, one might become reconciled to M. Laroche lavishing his talents on a subject which creates sensations of disgust rather than of admiration: generally speaking, I believe, portraying our worst passions serves to awake, and not to correct them.

I was much more pleased with the dying scene of Talma: in this painting, life is not quite extinct in the sufferer, and genius seems still to linger over his pale and drawn features; he is surrounded by his friends and relatives, whose countenances express, in a superior degree, that deep interest and anxiety which all experience who witness the agonies of death. In contemplating this group, the most useful lessons may be drawn from it; and though the impressions which are left on the mind are melancholy, yet they are such as reconcile us to death, rather than make us cling to life.

You will be gratified to hear that your young bard, Mr. Lytton Bulwer, is duly appreciated in this country: it must be allowed, no nation is more liberal of praise, where it is merited, than this; and envy, which is the attribute of little minds, seems to be almost unknown amongst men of genius here. Of Mr. Bulwer, they say: "La manière de Bulwer ressemble beaucoup à celle de Byron, mais il l'imite sans le copier; le talent sait rajeunir comme il sait créer, et l'un n'est ni moins difficile ni moins glorieux que l'autre." The translation of the Rebel has already passed through two editions.

Several interesting works are preparing for the press:—l'Histoire des Parlemens, par M. Barante, pair de France; l'Histoire de la Réformation, par Mignet, auteur de l'Histoire de la Révolution Française. These volumes are awaited with impatience by the literary world, and expectations are raised high as to their merits.

General Segur is also writing a work on the History of Russia, and on Peter the Great and his reign particularly. There is an energy in the style of this author which is peculiarly captivating. Apropos of authors, the French are highly amused at Sir Walter Scott's becoming gardener, or writing on gardening; they say such an undertaking will bring him nothing but *soucis* (a flower which means *cares*), and that all his *pensées* will wither. M. de Jouy is inundating the public with little Hermits: he would do better, were he to confine them to their cells, than throw them at large on the world, whose literary population is already overgrown. The other day he sent his new work, in which there was nothing *new*, to a lady: the messenger asked for a few sous, as a recompense for his trouble; "Oh, let him keep the volumes," she replied. However, he possesses that happy vanity which will ever lead him to attribute his fallen fame to want of *goût* in critics. M. Lebrun, the author of Marie Stuart, Ulysse, and Le Cid d'Andalousie, was received the other day at the Academy, having first obtained the king's consent.—So much for vanity! M. Roman Fresnel, architect, has just published a project of high importance, and full of useful views, of which the object is that of establishing houses of refuge for persons liberated from prison, where they may be supplied with work. If this benevolent design can be executed, society, as well as the wretched individuals, will benefit by it; for those unfortunate creatures, generally being despised and rejected, are obliged to seek in fresh crime a means of existence. It is easy to say, "Go, and sin no more;" but no one thinks of providing the means of following the advice; so that from despair, a slight offender often becomes a hardened criminal, less from inclination than necessity.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

STAMMERING.—M. Majendie has lately made an interesting report to the French Academy, from a commission appointed to take into consideration an application from a M. Malbouche,* relative to the cure of stammering. It appears from the report, that a lady of the name of Leigh, an inhabitant of New York, who became a widow at the age of thirty-six, was received with great kindness into the family of a Dr. Yates in that city. One of Dr. Yates's daughters, a girl of eighteen, was violently afflicted with stammering. Mrs. Leigh was anxious to shew her gratitude by endeavouring to diminish this infirmity. After having in vain read all the authors on the subject, she applied herself diligently to the observation of the case, made numerous experiments, and at length devised a system of exercising the organs of speech, which effected a radical cure in the object of her solicitude. She afterwards tried her system on other stammerers; and being uniformly successful, she was encouraged to open an institution at New York for the cure of stammering. Into this institution a hundred and fifty stammerers have been admitted since the year 1825, and have left it cured. The time necessary for a complete cure varies; but its length depends much less on the inveteracy

* An odd name connected with such a subject; although not more so than that of Telfair, which was the name of an individual some years ago resident at Knightsbridge, who undertook the cure of stammering persons.—*Ed.*

of the complaint, than on the energy and turn of mind of the patient. The longest course of treatment, however, does not exceed six weeks; and it is very common to see the wished-for result obtained in a few days, or even in a few hours. The inventress of the system, desirous of extending it to Europe, confided it to M. Malbouche's brother. By him it was transported to the Netherlands. A commission was appointed by the king to examine it. By this commission a certain number of stammerers were placed under the care of the brothers Malbouche. They were almost all cured; and the king of the Netherlands conferred upon the brothers a proportionate reward. The secret was afterwards purchased by the government; and a distinguished physician was intrusted with it, for the purpose of curing pauper-stammerers; on the sole condition that they should not divulge the means by which they had recovered the free use of their speech. M. Majendie proceeds to state that Mrs. Leigh's method is known in England, where several stammerers have been cured by Dr. Hart. He adds, erroneously, that under the same process Mr. Dugald Stewart was cured of a vice of pronunciation, the result of his advanced age, by Dr. Brewster. We happen to know that it was to Mr. Broster that Mr. Stewart was indebted for that benefit.* Whether or not Mrs. Leigh's and Mr. Broster's systems are identical, we have no means of ascertaining. The report of the French commission closes by describing various cases of stammering which under the eye of the commission had been successfully treated by Mrs. Leigh's method; and by lamenting "that the inventor of the system, mistaking her real interest, and not sufficiently valuing the happiness of being useful to her fellow-creatures, had not thought proper to conform to the honourable practice established in our days, of rendering public every discovery beneficial to humanity."

A NEW THERMOMETER.—A new and very useful instrument has been invented by M. Fourrier, which he calls a thermometer of contact. This instrument ascertains with accuracy the greater or less facility with which heat passes through sheets, or thin plates of different bodies. Every body knows, that on touching different substances maintained at the same temperature, the same calorific impression is not received, in consequence of the different conductibility of those bodies. It is even sufficient to cover those bodies with a thin sheet of paper, sensibly to change the effect of the contact. If, then, on a support kept at a constant temperature,—for example, at that of melting ice,—thin sheets of different substances are successively applied, the simple contact of the naked hand will suffice to class a great number of them according to their order of conductibility. But this method is by no means accurate, and is liable to other inconveniences. M. Fourrier's instrument may be considered as an improved hand, and minutely establishes the facts to which the application of the hand only makes an approximation. It is extremely simple. It consists of a cone of very thin iron, filled with mercury, and terminated at its circular base by a skin of moderate thickness. A thermometer is placed in the mercury. It is this skin which is put on the thin sheet applied to the support. The contact is very intimate, in consequence of its flexibility; and the thermometer indicates the variations of temperature. By this instrument many curious facts have already been ascertained. For instance, it has been shewn that the order in which thin sheets of different substances are placed upon one another, influences the quantity of heat which passes through them under the same external circumstances. Thus, the interposition of a sheet of leather facilitates the transmission of heat from the skin to cloth, it does not change it from cloth to cloth, and it obstructs it from cloth to marble.

HEAT.—Numerous experiments have lately been made in France for the purpose of ascertaining the laws regulating the rapidity with which hot air passes through flues, &c. The results appear to be,—first, that flues oppose to the passage of hot air a resistance proportioned to the length of the pipe, the square of the rapidity, and in an inverse ratio to the diameter; secondly, that the co-efficient of friction is not the same with reference to different substances; thirdly, that by narrowing the superior orifice of a flue, the rapidity of the passage of the air through that orifice goes on increasing to a certain limit, which is the rapidity resulting from the pressure that takes place at the inferior end of the pipe; fourthly, that by narrowing the inferior orifice of a flue, the body of air passing through (*la dépense*) diminishes solely in proportion to the diameter of the orifice, and consequently that the rapidity in the orifice itself increases in an inverse ratio to its diameter. The two last results are capable of numerous applications to the useful arts. A strong draught is frequently indispensable. Hitherto only two elements have entered into the estimate of draught;—the height of the chimney, and the temperature of the hot air. To increase the height of a chimney, however, is always attended with considerable expense; and it cannot be heightened indefinitely; and to increase the temperature of the hot air costs much fuel. It now appears that the diameter of the chimney is also a powerful element in draught; limited, when the superior orifice is fixed; indefinite, when it is not so; and this element costs very little expense.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, March 29.—At the congregation on Friday last, a grace passed the senate to appoint the Rev. W. Whewell, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Professor of Mineralogy, in the room of the Rev. J. S. Henslow, now Professor of Botany.

At the above congregation the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. J. T. Bennett, St. Peter's College.

M. A. Inceptore.—J. Challis, T. Riddell, Fellows; R. Johnstone, Rev. W. Goode, C. W. Bollaerts, Trinity College; Rev. J. H. Pooley, Fellow, Rev. H. Cleveland, Rev. F. C. B. Earle, St. John's College; Rev. E. Ventris, St. Peter's College; Rev. B. W. Beatson, Fellow of Pembroke College; Rev. J. Graham, Fellow of Queen's College; Rev. S. W. Waud, Fellow of Magdalen College; J. G. Cross, Downing College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. W. Fenn, Catharine Hall.

FINE ARTS.

MONUMENT TO GEORGE III.

NEW calls wipe out old calls; and, unhappily, the opportunities given for the feelings of the public, of late years, to express themselves by subscriptions to funeral monuments have been too frequent. But though too many claims have arisen from the grave to sanctify the last cold debt of national admiration and gratitude, we will not believe that the memory of our revered George III. is likely to be unhallowed. The subscription for a public monument to him was brought forward some years ago: certain occurrences led to a division of sentiment as to the most proper mode of carrying into effect the wishes of his people. This, unfortunately, marred the original proposal; and in consequence of the interruption occasioned by difference of opinion, the whole design slept for a season. There was, however, a considerable fund collected, and more subscribed which had not been called for. Under these circumstances, several gentlemen (of the original committees), who had embarked heartily in the first proposition, and who felt that a few years ought not to, nor did not, cast oblivion over the affections of his subjects for their late king,—after various conferences and arrangements of considerable difficulty, procured a general meeting of subscribers, last Wednesday, at which Lord Kenyon presided. The discussion which arose was very various; but the result, under his lordship's intelligent and judiciously inquisitorial auspices, was extremely satisfactory.

It was confessed that the plan for a very grand National Monument was not likely to be carried into execution.* But the realised fund amounted to above 3000*l.*, independent of nearly as much unpaid subscriptions; and it was agreed, that upon realising the total, (without reckoning on the receipt of all that had been subscribed,) a proposition might be submitted to the subscribers generally, for a very gratifying appropriation of the fund. Resolutions were entered into to this effect. For our parts, we are free to say, having had cognisance of this proposal from its commencement, having seen the causes which led to its blight in the first instance, and having witnessed its promising resuscitation, it is our opinion that it will yet certainly reach a prosperous issue. That the committee appointed at this general meeting will be able to report to the next assembly of the same kind, (aptly fixed by the noble chairman for the 4th day of June,) the possession of a sufficient fund for the erection of a *memorial* worthy of public favour, we have no reason to doubt; but we would fain hope that the design will not be suffered to stop here. One word from our Monarch would make the (perhaps) 5000*l.* to be applied, many times that amount; and we should witness a superb work of art, entirely worthy of the virtues of George III., the filial affection of his successor, the love of a loyal people, and the genius of the age in which we live. Should this hope be disappointed, it is, at any rate, pleasing to know, that the subscription will enable the subscribers to erect, in some obvious situation, and not unworthy of taste, an *upright figure of their upright king.*

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

No. 87. *The Monkey Connoisseur.* W. Kidd.—The pictures of this artist are always full of humour; his colouring is brilliant and clear, and his pencil facile; but we wish he had not been infected with the present rage for monkey-painting. It is carried to an absurd length.

* Some of the cures performed by this gentleman, now a resident in Cadogan Place, Sloane Street, have come within our personal knowledge, and are instances of extraordinary success in this difficult undertaking. We have a pamphlet by Mr. Broster, on the subject, before us, to which this statement from Paris will induce us to pay early attention, for the benefit of our fellow-citizens afflicted with the painful affection of which it treats.—*Ed.*

* The first design was a triumphal car, with his Majesty, drawn by four horses; the cost of which would have reached something near to 30,000*l.* One of the horses was modelled by Mr. Matthew Wyatt, by whom the plan was set on foot—and the cast still remains, being, beyond question, (as unanimously conceded by amateurs of art as well as judges of the form of this noble animal,) the finest specimen of it that either ancient or modern sculpture ever produced. It is, indeed, a splendid performance.

We have mischievous monkeys, meditating monkeys, political monkeys, boxing monkeys, medical monkeys, patient monkeys, military monkeys, drunken monkeys, coxcomb monkeys, watchmen monkeys, artist monkeys,—in short, as Shylock says, "a whole wilderness of monkeys." When will it be felt that there is, as the old saying has it, "too much of the monkey in this."

No. 154. *The Fire-King.* D. T. Egerton.—Mr. Egerton has again visited the marvellous and supernatural world; and in this, and No. 441, *The Water-King*, has shewn a powerful imagination. As a variety in an exhibition, such works as these are occasionally very advantageous; but they may be too frequently repeated.

No. 39. *The Flight; from the Jealous Wife.* T. Slater.—Although not directly a scene from the comedy, the idea is derived from it. The costume and character of Old Courteous are well applied; and the story is happily told. Brilliant in colouring, and spirited in execution, this highly finished cabinet picture ranks among the best works of its class.

No. 175. *The Love-Tale.* J. Wood.—How the tale is told, we do not readily perceive—that must be left to the imagination: how it is painted, all may see;—in our opinion, beautifully. It is evidently the wish of this artist to unite the classic in character with the gay in colour. We think, however, that in No. 435. *Female Friendship*, draped figures would have been better: ladies don't sit and chat naked in modern times, or in Europe.

No. 51. "*Massa out; Sambo werry dry!*" H. Fielding.—A good thought, beautifully executed. The gleam of light, however, though well and deceptively painted, we do not think very advantageous to the picture. It is eccentric rather than useful.

No. 195. *Dry Reading.* J. Knight.—Whatever the reading may be, there is nothing dry in the painting, which we may safely pronounce to be one of Mr. Knight's best productions, as well as one of the best imitations that we have seen of the Flemish school.

No. 231. *Children in the Wood, from a Sketch of the late Miss Spilsbury.* Miss B. F. Dagley.—It was but the other day that we gave just praise to one of the productions of Miss Dagley's pen, and we have now the same gratifying duty to perform with reference to one of the productions of her pencil. This is a very pleasing and unaffected little picture. Frequently as the subject has been painted, we do not recollect that we ever saw it treated with more simplicity, and truth of expression and character.

No. 99. "*Oimè Santa Maria.*" J. Holmes.—Catastrophes like this pictured accident of the poor Italian boy, too often excite mirth instead of commiseration; but that is no fault of the painter's: he does not desire you to "laugh at calamity," or "mock when disaster cometh:" he must avail himself of any incident that gives him an opportunity of shewing his skill; and must paint things, not as they ought to be, but as they are. We think that Mr. Holmes has been very successful in this performance: more so than an imitation we once witnessed of his pictorial catastrophe. One of these wandering Italian artists in the street towards nightfall had his whole tray of juvenile modelling smashed to pieces; whether by accident or as a last resource against the ill success of his day, we cannot tell, but he was crying most piteously. Such distress could not fail to excite compassion and draw forth relief: many pence, and even some silver, soon dried the tears of the forlorn foreigner, and he trudged away either to re-enact the scene elsewhere (for it is not an uncommon one), or to enjoy the fruits of his ingenuity. But what amused us was the conduct of a spectator; a ragged, dirty, little rascal, who was selling, from a box, flints for tinder and other domestic purposes. We thought there was something curious in his manner, and watched the result. He stopped awhile till the street had new passengers, when he dashed all his box of flints upon the pavement, and began to weep as if he was utterly ruined. But, alas! the imitation, like most imitations, failed: the mob laughed, and, by and by, the beadle came and whipped the miserable urchin out of the place, who gathered up his flint-stones, that would not break like "*smashes*," and departed, but not in peace.

No. 56. *The Mask.* W. Gill.—A little gem; perfectly depicting infantile mirth on the one hand, and infantile fear on the other. The thought is not new; but it was never better expressed.

No. 57. *Dead Game.* B. Blake.—It is a pity that this beautiful and skilfully executed cabinet picture has not a clearer back-ground. We are no admirers of mechanical flatness, either in painting or in engraving; but the spottiness of the back-ground in this otherwise fine work is very injurious, and destroys all repose.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth. Engraved by W. Say, from a Picture by J. Northcote, Esq. R.A. Sams.

THE general effect of this print is pleasing and powerful: we are not quite so well satisfied with the details. The original painting (evidently suggested by Vandyke's fine equestrian portrait of Charles the First) is now exhibiting at the Gallery of the British Artists, in Suffolk Street. By the by, the horse is the horse of King Charles at Charing Cross.

The King's Court of Trinity College. Engraved by H. Le Keux, from a Drawing by F. Mackenzie.

A BEAUTIFUL architectural print. It does equal credit to the talents of the designer and to those of the engraver.

Odds and Ends; from the Portfolio of an Amateur. No. I. B. Steuart.

AMUSING trifles; the first attempts, we understand, of a young etcher.

The British Preserve; drawn and etched by J. Howitt. No. III. T. Griffiths, and R. Jennings.

THE present number contains "Wood Grouse," "Bustard," "Coot and Moorhen," and "Rabbit." They are all represented with great fidelity. Considered as works of art, the last-mentioned plate is our favourite.

Retsch's Shakespeare.—Of this German illustration of our immortal bard, produced by Ernst Fleischer of Leipsig, the first No. (Hamlet) is announced for immediate publication. It has been our good fortune to see a magnificent copy intended for presentation to the highest quarter in this kingdom; and though not an object for remark, it is undoubtedly one for intelligence. The style in which it is got up is splendid even for royalty; and besides the spirit of the designs, there is extraordinary mechanical taste and novelty displayed in executing the accessory parts. The etchings (seventeen, we believe) are double; 1st, on paper; and 2d, on that kind of enamel of which we have heretofore spoken in describing gold, silver, and other metallic printing or engraving, now no longer a novelty in London, as we receive cards in that style almost as frequently as in plain paper and ink. The designs are replete with characteristics which might be expected from the illustrator of the Faust and Fridolin; the conceptions throughout are highly poetical. As for their antiquarian correctness, whether in architecture, costume, or arms, we beg to deliver no opinion; but their merit is of a more imaginative and impressive order. Several of the scenes are indeed wonderfully fine; and we rejoice to find Shakespeare so felt and understood in a foreign land.

Having alluded to the typographical ornaments, we have to specify printing in gold and silver letters; but in this splendid copy these have been coloured and shaded by the hand, and a surprising effect produced. We are not, however, behind the Continent in this branch of art; for we have on our table at this moment some exquisite specimens of the skill of Messrs. Howlett and Brimmer. Their cards in gold and ruby intermingled are very tasteful; but the most wonderful display of their art is an edition of Pope's Messiah, so exquisitely finished in that manner, that we can convey no notion of its beauty, and must tell our readers to procure it as a curiosity.

MR. HOBDAY'S GALLERY, PALL MALL.

OUR *Gazette* of the 15th of March gave notice of a valuable acquisition about to be made to this collection of modern art, from the pencil of Thos. Stothard, Esq. R.A. The paintings consist of the Shakespeare Characters, the Canterbury Pilgrims (painted as a companion to the Characters), the Deserted Village, and a Titian-like composition of Diana and Nymphs. To these are added two pictures from the pencil of Morland; one of them, a Study of Pigs, painted for the Morland Gallery of the late J. R. Smith, which may be considered a *chef d'œuvre* of this artist; and an Interior by the same.

In the four paintings by Stothard will be seen the united powers of his varied and fascinating pencil, comprehending the first qualities in art, grace, humour, and pathos. It may be remarked, that in no instance of his practice does it appear, that a more suitable subject could have occurred to this artist than that of the Shakespeare Characters, for bringing these qualities into view: accordingly we find in this performance all that can allure in the gaiety of Comedy, and all that can affect the mind in the terrific of Tragedy; the whole presenting an harmonious and graduated scale of emotions and passions, from their lightest to their deepest tone. Belonging to the same collection are some choice drawings by Girtin, Turner, Owen, Dewint, Havell, &c.: among them, a Cottage by Girtin, a Swiss View by Turner, and a Calm by Owen, are examples of the highest excellence in water-colour painting.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOST FEELINGS.

WEEP not because our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time,
And age contracts the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime!

Weep not because the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting Time is seen
Around the form, and in the face,
Where beauty's bloom has been.

But weep the inward wreck we feel,
As hoary years depart;
And Time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

Those joyous thoughts that rise and spring
From out the buoyant mind—
Like summer bees upon the wing,
Or echoes on the wind.

The hopes that waken every hour,
Like blossoms from a soul,
Where sorrow sheds no blighting power,
And care has no control.

And all the rich enchantment thrown
On life's fair scene around,
As if the world within a zone
Of happiness were bound.

Oh! these endure a mournful doom,
As day by day they die—
Till age becomes a barren tomb,
Where wither'd feelings lie!

R. MONTGOMERY.

London, March 31, 1828.

THE SKY.

"The sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more because heaven is there."
Moore.

FAIR sky! what hast thou in the time of spring?
Birds borne along on the joyous wing,
Feathery clouds and fleeting showers,
Odours breathed up from the fresh-blown flowers;
Echoes of voices and song on earth,
Of the child's light laugh and the peasant's mirth,
Blue gleams bright from the sun-ray's kiss,
And trembling as if with excess of bliss.

And what is thine in the summer eve,
When the full bright sun hath taken his leave?
Clouds that are rich as young Hope's dreams,
Rainbow colouring and amber beams,
Flushes of crimson glory growing,
Like a maiden's blush, more intensely glowing,
Beneath the ardent gazer's view,
Purple twilight and fragrant dew.

What hast thou in the depth of night?
Grandeur, and beauty, and calm moonlight,
Stars—bright stars, on their thrones on high,
Making their voiceless melody;
Prayers sent up from the sleepless bed,
Sounds of the weary sentinel's tread,
Murmurs from forests by light winds stirred,
And sweet, sweet music from night's own bird.

What is below thee? A land of sin,
Where Sorrow and Death have entered in;
Where tears have darkened the brightest eyes,
And the rosiest lip breathes forth sad sighs;
Where the sunny curls blanche with the hand of Time,
And the purest spirits are tinged with crime;
Where the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, must die,
And all things tell of mortality.

What is beyond thee? A world where the power
Of Time cannot wither a single flower;
Where the earthy stains of our human clay
In the streams of mercy are washed away;
Where there comes not a shade o'er the tranquil brow,
And the voice never sounds in one tone of wo.
Fair sky! we forget half our sorrow and care,
When we gaze upon thee, and think heaven is there.

MARY ANN BROWNE.*

Elms, Maidenhead.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

DRURY LANE FUND.—Of the anniversary of this most meritorious fund, the best memorial we can keep it, that nearly 1500*l.* was produced by it. Owing to the bodily indisposition of the Duke of Clarence, and the not bodily indisposition of the Duke of Sussex, the chair was taken, and its duties well discharged, by Lord Normanby.

Messrs. Cooper and Harley entitled themselves to more than dramatic praise, by their addresses on the occasion, where the interests of their less fortunate brethren were concerned; and what with song and sentiment, no entertainment of above three hundred strong could have been more acceptable. The newspapers have given the Duke of St. Albans a speech about his lady, which he did not deliver; but there was no harm in embellishing a point, about distributing the wealth earned *from* industry, in favour of the necessitous of that profession to which the duchess had belonged.

MUSIC.

ORATORIOS.

THE Oratorios closed for the season on Friday in last week; the pit, as on a former evening, being literally crowded, and the house in every part very well filled. If the object of music (like the sister arts) be to please *generally*, we have no reason to find fault with the management for introducing a variety of styles, adapted to different tastes, as by such means that end is more likely to be attained. Thus for those who love the marvellous and imaginative in instrumental effect, there was Weber's overture to Oberon. For those who are gratified only by what is truly solid and scientific in vocal and instrumental music combined, Mozart's second grand motetto: the scene from Handel's Oratorio of Israel in Egypt, and the Hallelujah from Beethoven's Mount of Olives, might delight the most fastidious, both with respect to the music and the performance: and the admirers of the Italian Opera might be gratified by Pasta, Brambilla, Madame Feron, and Signor De Begnis, who were each excellent in their respective departments.

We must notice, as an honour to our modern English school of composition, Bishop's battle of the angels, from Milton, which Mr. Braham sung in his best style. There were also various pleasing songs and ballads, &c. well executed by Miss Hughes, Miss Shirreff, Miss Love, and Mr. Horncastle. Miss Hughes was much more successful in the ballad, "Over sea and over mountains," than in the "Soldier tired." Miss Grant, like most of the pupils of the Royal Academy, sings Italian better than English, and was admirable in the recitative and aria, "Ah! compir," by Guglielmi, which Mr. Mori accompanied sweetly on the violin. Mr. Labarre again performed on the harp, and was very justly applauded.

* A new volume of poetry, entitled *Ada*, &c. from the pen of this young and accomplished female, is on the eve of publication. It is not to bespeak favour, that we mention the age of seventeen; but surely it is a thing of much promise; and, consequently, that which sues not for generosity or liberality, but commands the cherishing of justice. Not having seen a line of this particular work, we speak upon general principles—and are not injudiciously deprecating indulgence for what (perhaps) needs none.

NEW MUSICAL FUND DINNER.

THE annual dinner of the members and friends of this Fund was held on Monday last, at the Freemasons' Tavern, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair.

The music, under the direction of Sir G. Smart, went off exceedingly well; Miss Hughes honoured the company by singing from the ladies' gallery; Signor Huerta performed admirably on the guitar, producing almost the effect of a whole orchestra, and was particularly happy in imitating the kettle-drums, by beating on the sounding board. Master Burke performed an air, with variations, on the violin, and sung a comic song; and several good glees were performed by professors of eminence:—the whole forming an excellent prelude to the superb concert to be held on Thursday next at the King's Theatre, for the benefit of the charity.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB had a grand meeting on Thursday, at which his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was present, and a perfect galaxy of the highest musical talent in the country, foreign as well as native. The company were about 150 in number, and the gallery was filled with fair auditors. The health of the royal visiter was drank with acclamations, for which his Royal Highness returned thanks, and proposed the chairman, W. Mudford, Esq., which was also received with great applause. Mr. Mudford, having expressed his acknowledgments, his Royal Highness consented to become an honorary member of the club; the whole number of which (forty) is now filled up. Songs, glees, and every variety of vocal and instrumental music, completed the enjoyments of this social and harmonious entertainment.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE purpose taking a hasty survey of the performances exhibited at this theatre up to Easter. On the whole, the present management has been very active and praiseworthy. The season commenced on the 12th of January, with the presentation of Mayerbeer's *Margharita d'Anjou*, introducing Caradori and the dark-eyed Brambilla. To this succeeded, for a single night, as a make-shift, *Tancredi*, displaced on the Tuesday by *Zelmira*, with the great Pasta. Two nights after, *Otello* was produced; and during the interregnum of preparation, the *Margharita* ennuyéed a Tuesday's audience. On Saturday the 10th February, *La Rosa Bianca et Rosa Rossa* was for the first time represented, and unequivocally received. It ran for three nights. *Tancredi* again for a single evening. Madame Schutz next made her *début*, in Mozart's *Clemenza*; and either she or the opera were too good or too bad, since both were shelfed.* *Otello* and *Tancredi* were next alternately played; followed by *Il Crociato*, to introduce Pasta in Velluti's former part. This, notwithstanding much puffing, failed; and up to the present period, *Tancredi*, *Otello*, or the *Clemenza*, have been given in its stead. We hope for better things hereafter.

The ballets have been in number four or five: *Hassan et le Calife*, *Le Sicilien ou L'Amour Peintre*, and *Phillis et Mélibée*, with others: the dancing in these is for the most part unexceptionably excellent—perhaps a little too French. What could be desired better, in

* We have heard, as a reason for this, that Pasta, who had before demanded a rest for three weeks, immediately came forward and demanded to run through all her best characters.

their way, than such people as Anatole Albert, Brocard, Gosselin, and Le Comte? The dresses and costume were in many instances (*Le Calife* in particular,) superb. Let us, however, beg to be indulged with a showy spectacle after Easter.

So, the glorious Sontag is arrived, or is arriving!—for at the moment of writing we are uncertain. This is as it should be,—deserves, and will meet with, encouragement. What houses! Now could the two stars, Pasta and she (the fairest *Sunday* in the year), be induced to shine in the same hemisphere, or, more vulgarly, to act together—what a treat! We trust this is not physically impossible.

ADELPHI.

On Saturday last, this well-conducted theatre closed its season, which has been one productive of continual novelty and much entertainment and attraction in the different moods of the gay and the graver muse. The performances were *Presumptive Evidence*, the *Scapegrace*, and *London and Paris:* the first an excellent sample of deep-wrought interest; and the last two as fair specimens of the humorous and comic. Having, when these and other pieces were brought out, done justice to their merits and to the merits of the principal actors Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Terry, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Daly, T. P. Cooke, Reeve, Wilkinson, Buckstone, Benson Hill, and Gallott, we shall now only repeat that Mr. Hill has been gradually increasing that good understanding with the public which is so essential to the development of a performer's talents, and consequently so essential to his success;—and that Mr. Gallott, taking several parts in the first instance assigned to others, has displayed much versatility and ability. For Mrs. Yates, always charming, gracefully feminine, and elegant, even in casts which might seem to defy these engaging qualities, we had on this occasion a substitute in Miss Curtis, who played *Lady Volatile*. It must be confessed, that she *boyed* it with as much modesty and decorum as was possible; but appearances were very largely against her;—and as critics we may observe, without any breach of courtesy, that at her exit from the stage, she will not leave her equal behind. Indeed she far surpassed the lady she succeeded, in one part of her performance. At the end of the second piece, Yates, in a clever address, alluded to the small size of the theatre, and, with great truth, as the audience of this evening could testify, to the magnitude of some of its productions. He hoped its merriment, and other admirable qualifications, were not to be measured by the space of the stage; and the loud applauses with which his speech was received, proved how heartily the public acknowledged the pleasure it had received from his exertions. His own single-handed *Monopolylogue*, of which we hear a very favourable report, was announced for after Easter.

VARIETIES.

Quentovic.—A memoir by M. Boucher, of Abbeville, on the position of the ancient port of Quentovic, which was destroyed by the Normans, in the year 842, has been lately sent to the French Academy, and referred to the Committee of Publication.

The Grand Concert at Guildhall, which we mentioned in a preceding Number, took place on Saturday last, instead of Thursday, leveeday. It was fully attended, and the produce, for a very benevolent purpose, was, we rejoice to state, considerable.

Christianity.—At the last general meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the board agreed to place at the disposal of his grace the Lord Archbishop of Armagh the sum of £1,000 for the purpose of promoting Christian knowledge in Ireland. In connexion with this subject, we understand that Messrs. Rivington and Co. intend to publish the discourse which was delivered, in August last, by the Rev. Stephen Clissold, at the Trinity Church, Cheltenham, on the subject of the late distresses, and the diffusion of Christian knowledge, in Ireland.

Earthquake.—On the 15th of November last, at six o'clock in the evening, a shock was felt in the town of Popayan, about eighty leagues from the capital of Colombia, which was immediately followed by an undulatory motion, that lasted three or four minutes. The direction of this motion was from the S.E. to N.W. During the whole night the earth was sensibly affected, and every forty or fifty minutes a shock, more or less violent, took place. At three quarters after eleven in the morning, these shocks became so frequent and irresistible, that a large part of the town was destroyed. Several shocks afterwards occurred, until at length they were terminated by an eruption of lava, which burst forth from the neighbouring volcanic mountain of Purace, and which swept away several villages through which it passed.

Ruins of the Brunswick Theatre.—A small view of these ruins, on stone, by B. Dixie, may be mentioned among our Varieties as one of the means for preserving a memorial of this unfortunate event.

Mr. James Sadler.—This veteran aeronaut, a man of great courage and enterprise, as well as of talent and intelligence, died last week at his native place, Oxford, aged 73. We were well acquainted with Mr. Sadler for a number of years, and can speak of him as a modest and unassuming man, full of enthusiasm in a pursuit not so common at his day as it afterwards became; and though not so fortunate as he deserved, yet as well deserving of the esteem and respect of the world as if he had been more prosperous.

Death of Young Park.—We lament to see it stated that this interesting individual has become another victim to African enterprise. A letter from Cape Coast Castle to Mr. Secretary Hay, announces that he died in the Akimboo country, a little to the south-east of Accoa, some time in October. This melancholy event, we are sorry to learn, was produced by a want of due consideration on the part of our countryman; for it is related, that on the occasion of the annual festival or *yam custom*, which the natives were assembled on a large plain to celebrate,—he would not be dissuaded by the king from mounting a *fetish*, or sacred tree, for the purpose of sketching the scene. The consequence of this profanation was, that within two days he was poisoned by the marabouts or priests.

Botany.—Experiments recently made seem to shew that the pollen of plants, so far from having any analogy (as hitherto supposed) to spermatic animalculæ, is not even composed of organic bodies.

Athens.—M. Fauvel, formerly the French consul at Athens, and of whom Lord Byron speaks so honourably in his notes to Childe Harold, now lives at Smyrna. He is distinguished by various important discoveries in archæology, and still more by the recollection of the signal services which he rendered to the artists and other travellers who visited Athens. When the Greek revolution broke out, M. Fauvel had inhabited Athens for forty years. Compelled to quit his peaceful retreat, he left behind him a cabinet of objects of art which he had passed his life in collecting; and which no doubt have since been destroyed, either by the carelessness of the Greeks, or by the barbarity of the Turks. His mind and his imagination are constantly returning to his beloved Athens; and at the age of eighty-five he is busy in completing a model in wax of the Acropolis, the town, and the suburbs; which will be unique as regards the finish of the execution, and the perfect accuracy of the details.—*Foreign Journal.*

African Coast.—The powerful currents on the western coast of Africa, and especially near the Canaries, are the cause of frequent shipwrecks. A hundred and sixty passengers, embarked in a vessel bound for Chili, but wrecked off the coast of the desert of Sahara, were lately miraculously saved from falling into the hands of the savage people who inhabit that inhospitable region, by the sudden appearance of some European ships; a rare occurrence in those latitudes.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Salmonia, or Dialogues on Fly-fishing, by an Angler, are announced for early publication. We understand that these are a series of colloquies after the manner, to a certain extent, of Isaac Walton, the composition of which has formed the occupation and entertainment of the leisure hours of Sir Humphrey Davy, since his retirement from the chair of the Royal Society; and we have heard, that the drawings from the baronet's pencil are eminently beautiful. It has always been known, that Sir Humphrey Davy mingled the worship of the lighter muses with that of "Divine Philosophy:" and we expect much gratification from these Essays, as well as their graphic accompaniments.

The Life and Correspondence, Public and Private, of the late Marquess of Londonderry, are, it is said, in preparation for the next publishing season.

Mr. Moore has, we hear, gathered so many diaries and letters, that his Memoir of Lord Byron is likely to turn out *all but* an auto-biography.—*Tant mieux.*

The Second Series of the Chronicles of the Canongate are *progressing*. "The Fair Maid of Perth" being one of the Tales,—of a volume, as we have heard. Some smaller Tales, intended for this series, we are informed, Sir Walter has consigned to the Annual Keepsake, "for a con-sid-er-a-tion."

Mr. Frost has announced a course of Lectures on Botany at the Argyll Rooms, in the beginning of May.

No. I. of a new Magazine, to be called the Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, &c. is about to appear.

In the Press.—A Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from its Source to the Mouth, forming a companion work to the Tours of the Rhine, Seine, and Ganges; to appear in six monthly parts, each containing four coloured prints, in imitation of the drawings by William Westall, with descriptive letter-press.—The Life and Times of Francis the First of France.—The Second Series of The Romance of History, to comprise Tales illustrative of the romantic annals of France, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. inclusive.—Characters in the Grand Fancy Ball given by the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, at Vienna, at the conclusion of the Carnival 1826, in thirteen coloured plates, with a description of the entertainments on that occasion.—Observations on Geographical Projections, with a description of a Georama, by M. Delanglard, member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and inventor and constructor of the Georama there.—The First Lines of Philosophical and Experimental Chemistry, by Mr. J. S. Forsyth; and the First Lines of Analytical and Experimental Mineralogy, by the same author.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilson's Travels in Russia, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Macauley's Medical Dictionary, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—The Head-Piece and Helmet, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—A Hundred Years Hence, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Bridge's Roman Empire under Constantine the Great, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Beaufoy's Mexican Illustrations, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 1828, Part I., 5*s.* sewed.—The Roué, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Archdeacon Parry's Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Holy Week, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Davis's Hints to Hearers, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To A. D.—We do not like polemics.

We are not acquainted with Mr. Don's address: we dare say it may be found in any Directory.

Errata.—In our last No., notice of the King's Theatre, *for* "Richeraud," *read* "Micheraud;" and *for* "Pesarme" *read* "Pisaroni." Our Opera Critic writes a hand no better than a Dancing-master's; and our Devils hate him worse.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Thirteenth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Friday, the 25th instant.

The Right Hon. LORD GRANTHAM in the Chair.

Stewards.

Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.	R. Lauder, Esq.
Right Hon. Viscount Goderich	W. Linley, Esq.
Right Hon. Lord Farnborough, G.C.B.	Edmund Lloyd, Esq.
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Dinner on Table at Five o'Clock.

The Vocal Department, under the direction of Mr. Broadhurst, assisted by H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester's Military Band.

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W. J. ROPER, Assistant-Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall. The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*

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THOMAS M. RICHARDSON, Treasurer.
HENRY P. PARKER, Secretary.

Northern Academy of Arts, Blackett Street, East, Eldon Square, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Feb. 14, 1828.

*** Artists wishing to send Pictures, may have every information necessary respecting the conveyance of Pictures (which will be paid by the Society from and to London, if sent by sea*) by letter, addressed to the Secretary as above.

* Pictures properly packed, and sent by sea, have invariably arrived safer during the last six years, than those sent by land.

EASTER WEEK. MR. HAYDON'S Pictures of the Mock Election, Alexander and Bucephalus, Venus and Anchises, Chalk Drawings, and other Works, are now open, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Admission, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 6*d.*

"There has been no such work as the 'Mock Election' since Hogarth."—*Literary Gazette.*

30, York Buildings, Baker Street, March 18th, 1828.

MR. CIPRIANI POTTER has the honour to acquaint the Nobility and Gentry, that his Morning Concert will take place at the Argyll Rooms, on Wednesday, the 14th of May.

Vocal Performers already engaged,
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Signor De Begnis, Signor Pellegrini.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April contains, among other interesting original Articles—1. Public Affairs—2. Letters to the Students of Glasgow, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. No. 5; the Literature, &c. of the Alexandrian School—3. Sketches of the Irish Bar, No. 19; the Catholic Bar; Mr. O'Loghlin—4. Parisian Society, Politics, and Literature—5. Original Poetry, by Mrs. Hemans—6. Tales of the West—7. Walks in Rome and its Environs; Roman Art, Cammucini—8. Society in India, No. 2; the Bar, the Bench, and Female Coteries—9. Clio Greb at Brighton, by one of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses"—10. Canning's Speeches and Memoirs—11. Aristocratic Novels—12. My Partner at Cheltenham—13. Table Talk Abroad, No. 3; the Bar—14. Hatem Tai, an Arabian Tale—15. A First Lesson in Reading—16. Notes on the Month: Modern Architecture, Law of Copyright, Prince Metternich, Cooper the Novelist, the Game Laws, Otello, Duelling, Retrocession of Intellect, Mr. Northcote and Lord Eldon, &c.; and the usual Varieties in Art, Science, and Literature.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

ATTACK ON NEW ORLEANS.

The Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, in the Years 1814-15. By the Author of the "Subaltern." 3d edition, corrected and revised. 12mo. pp. 387. London, 1828. J. Murray.

A REVIEW of this volume, so justly a favourite, not only with the army, but with the general public, in the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*, has reminded us of a duty which we owed to its very popular author. But after it has run the gauntlet of the whole class of military readers, and been so fully discussed by Reviewers in periodicals of every kind, we could hardly venture to produce any thing new on its subject, were we not enabled to present a statement, which we flatter ourselves will excite a deep interest, especially among the profession to whose exploits it relates, and give a more perfect and accurate view of the principal event that occurred during the war, than has hitherto met the public eye, either on this or on the other side of the Atlantic.

Few who have treated on military events have succeeded in throwing so great a degree of interest on what they relate, as the author has effected in his account of the American campaigns; but it is greatly to be lamented, that he did not, in a work obtaining so extensive a circulation, enter more fully into all the circumstances influencing the unhappy termination of the New Orleans expedition; as, if such had been the case, he could not have failed to have led every soldier to the conviction, that Sir Edward Pakenham, under the peculiar and unprecedented combination of difficulties incident to the position in which he found the troops on his assuming the command, had yet completely succeeded, notwithstanding the heavy loss sustained on the left bank of the Mississippi, in rendering the position of the enemy utterly untenable; and had thereby laid the basis of the fullest, the most inevitable, and most immediate success. To prove all which strong, and, perhaps to some, unexpected assertions, we will adduce the incontestable evidence of General Jackson himself, in his public despatch; and of the American chief engineer, in his official account published of the operations.

Intimately acquainted, as we are, with the truly extraordinary concatenation of untoward events which occurred to render unavailing the judicious plan of attack and operation of the 8th of January, we deeply regret that our limits do not permit us to enter into those details in our possession, which are calculated so fully to explain and to make apparent all the circumstances which led to the unfortunate result of the expedition, and thereby to render such ample justice to the memory of one of the most accomplished soldiers that ever graced the profession of arms.

But although our space does not admit of our doing that which our feelings would dictate, yet it is sufficient to enable us to place this matter in a true, and, to the public, entirely new, light; and, beyond all question, to substantiate the facts, that the general result of the combinations of the British leader was eminently successful,—and that, if the advantages he had secured had been followed up, after his lamented fall and irreparable loss to the army, General Jackson must have been compelled to abandon his position, and to resign to us the possession of New Orleans.

Before, however, the irrefragable proofs alluded to are produced, it is necessary to bear in mind, that, according to the plan of attack for the 8th of January, a corps was to cross over to the right bank of the Mississippi, so as to reach and carry the enemy's works there a little before day-break, that being the period fixed on for the assault of the American lines on the left bank of the river, which were ordered to be attacked in three columns, supported by a strong reserve.

And it is likewise proper to call the reader's attention to the fact, that the heavy loss sustained by us in the latter attack was, as stated by the author, mainly attributable to the misconduct and disobedience of the officer commanding the battalion, whose duty it was to carry the fascines, &c.

In redeeming the pledge we have just given, we now submit to the reader the following decisive extract from General Jackson's despatch:—

"Simultaneously with his advance upon my lines, he had thrown over in his boats a considerable force to the other side of the river. These, having landed, were hardy enough to advance against the works of General Morgan; and, what is strange and difficult to account for, at the very moment when their entire discomfiture was looked for with a confidence approaching to certainty, the Kentucky reinforcements, in whom so much reliance had been placed, ingloriously fled, drawing after them, by their example, the remainder of the forces; and thus yielding to the enemy that *most formidable position*. The batteries, which had rendered me for so many days the most important service, though bravely defended, were, of course, now abandoned,—not, however, until the guns were spiked.* This unfortunate rout had *totally changed the aspect of affairs*. The enemy now occupied a position from which they *might annoy us without hazard*, and by means of which they might have been *able to defeat*, in a great measure, the effects of our success on this side the river. * * * I need not tell you with *how much eagerness* I immediately regained possession of the position *he had thus happily quitted*."

General Jackson's above frank and ample admissions are fully supported by the American chief engineer, who says—

"After having perused with pleasing sensations the recital of the brilliant defence made by our troops on the left bank, every American, whose bosom glows with the love of his country, must learn with pain the contrast exhibited in what took place on the right, the consequences of which were likely *to have been so disastrous*, that even now *my mind shudders* at the recollection of that moment, when, seeing our troops on the right bank fall back in disorder, while the enemy was rapidly advancing towards the city, *all of us*, who were at Jackson's lines, *were suddenly hurried from the transporting joy of victory to the fear of shortly seeing all its advantages wrested from our grasp*."

After the unanswerable testimony contained in the two preceding documents, it may be considered unnecessary, perhaps, to add the following extract from the *Life of General Jackson*, by his aide-de-camp, Major Reid.

"The heartfelt joy at the glorious victory achieved on our side of the river was clouded by the disaster witnessed on the other. A position was gained that *secured to the enemy advantages the most important*, and whence they might annoy our whole line on the left bank. But for the precaution of Commodore Paterson, in spiking his guns and destroying his ammunition, it would have been in the power of Colonel Thornton to have completely enfiladed, and rendered it altogether untenable.† * * * * The opportunity thus afforded of regaining a position, on which, in a great measure, *depended the safety of those on the opposite shore, was accepted of with an avidity its importance merited*."

Thus have we irresistibly demonstrated, on the overwhelming evidence of our enemies, that Sir Edward Pakenham fell, not, as has been usually supposed, after an utter and disastrous defeat, but at the very moment when the arms of victory were extended towards him. And that if, on grounds upon which our present limits do not permit us to enter, it were deemed advisable, after the death of the lamented commander of the forces, to relinquish our "most fortunate and commanding attitude,"—not the remotest blame can, by possibility, on that account, attach to his memory.

But to enable the military reader to judge more fairly on the subject, we would only add, that, at the moment of this abandonment of our vantage ground, we had an effective force of 6,400 men (besides the 40th regiment, which was then hourly expected); and eight heavy guns, out of the sixteen captured on the right bank, had been turned upon the reverse, and in enfilade of the enemy's lines; while our armed boats, then floating in the Mississippi (the entire command of which river, for an extent of five miles, we had just succeeded in acquiring), could have rendered us the most important co-operating aid towards

* Before we withdrew from the right bank, we had unspiked eight of the guns with the greatest ease (as the spike generally flew out on the first attempt), and there is no doubt but success would have attended the unspiking of the whole.

† In the preceding note it has been already stated, that eight of the guns had been unspiked by us, and that there was no doubt of our succeeding with the whole. Thus, therefore, according to the above authority, the American lines were "*altogether untenable*."

the accomplishment of the certain success that the combinations of the gallant Sir Edward Pakenham had placed within the grasp of the British arms.

Having established the important facts with the assertion of which we set out, we must now conclude, by once more recommending this work as instructive to the military, and as highly interesting and amusing to the general, reader. And we cannot resist adding, that no writer of the present day approaches the author in his graphic and entertaining delineation of military events.

The Night Watch; or Tales of the Sea. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

As pieces of invention, done up with the skill of book-making, we can perhaps say little in praise of these *Tales of the Sea*; but as furnishing many vigorous sketches of naval manners and feelings, we have had considerable pleasure in perusing them. They purport to give the life of an officer; and, as every thing must have a beginning, they set out with his birth, we mean his being born, and not his birth after he is borne on the ship's books,—go through his education, describe his friends in the country, and at a fit age send him to sea. As these particulars, however, are neither so novel to us nor so characteristic as the parts which relate to the adventures in naval service, we shall go at once to where the stories of the captain, master, boatswain, doctor, and a prisoner of war, afford various entertainment to the reader. Our first extract paints a Dutch traveller, who had seen London, and between whom and an Englishman the following conversation takes place:—

"'You have been in London?' 'Ya!' replied Meinheer to this interrogatory assertion. 'And what do you think of St. Paul's?' 'I do not *moach* see in it.' 'Westminster Abbey, then?' 'Sufficiently well.' 'Did you see the Thames, the bridges, and the myriads of vessels of all nations that are in the port of London?' 'I do tink dere is little water vary in de river.' 'Did you see Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, and the Opera-house, and the brilliant company assembled there?' 'Ya, but de stage is small vary.' 'Were you at any large parties at the west end of the town?' 'Oh, ya! hot vary, full vary, tired vary.' 'And what do you think of the English women?' 'Not *moach*. Oh, ho! I wish my wife was here!'"

There is a brief but spirited sketch of the glorious battle of Trafalgar.

"Daylight of the 21st of October, 1805, displayed the signal for the enemy's fleet.—Let that day never be forgotten!—The almost calmness that prevailed in the morning, and harbingered the battle, seemed but to render the deadly strife more conspicuous. As the British fleet was wafted by gentle winds towards their powerful enemy, the preparations for battle evinced every man to be in earnest. The cabin bulkheads on each deck were cleared away, and displayed long, level, unbroken batteries, tended by their gallant and rejoicing crews. Fire-buckets, match-tubs, shot-racks, powder-boxes, and wads, were arranged in their proper places; arm-chests lay open, and pikes, pistols, and cutlasses, gleamed in every direction. The tompions were taken out of the muzzles, and there was a loud creaking of the gun-carriages, as the officers examined that every thing was in fighting order. All was now ready; the fleets were closing. There was a dead silence till the signal of the great patriot—'England expects every man to do his duty'—flew at the Victory's mast-head. Instantly an enthusiastic murmur of approbation spread from ship to ship, from deck to deck, from gun to gun, from man to man. A few straggling shot hissing through the air indicated the near approach of the fleets, and a loud, long-drawn fire of heavy cannon soon shewed the lee division breaking the dark concave line of the enemy. 'Bravo! Collingwood!' was in every heart, and there was but one common soul in the fleet. Many a valiant heart beat high with expectation, which was doomed never to survive another day. Many an eye gazed that moment on the instruments of death, which in a few short hours were to close it for ever. The ships passed on to their stations, the battle became general, loud peals of cannon roared thoughout the line, fire gleamed on the ocean, and the air was filled with the thick fumes of sulphur. The very masts shook in their sockets, the sails trembled, and the affrighted wind breathed low. The stately ships which so lately sailed gaily forth, now presented the mangled appearance of wreck, giving evidence of the deadly strife that was at work, till ship grappled with ship, and man with man. The day advanced, crash succeeding crash of the falling masts, till amidst the groans of the dying, and the loud huzzas of the victors, the great struggle was decided in favour of England, and her flag waved triumphant over the deep:—but her hero had fallen. Nelson, the father of his men, the patriot of his country, was no more. Peace be to his ashes, and honour to his name! The dark clouds which had been gathering over the devoted spot during the bloody contention, now began to roll wild and portentously. The storm arose, and many a shattered and unmanageable hulk became the coffin alike of the living and the dead, and numbers of the conquerors and the conquered were immersed in the same watery grave. 'That joy of battle in the field of death,' produced by the loud shouts of victory, still thrilled in the heart of Morland, when he was called upon to endure more mournful scenes among the mangled forms which met his view, as he descended from the blood-stained decks to the cockpit, where amputations were still performing. The hearty greeting of messmates was followed by most painful feelings, at their first meal after the battle. In the mess to which Morland belonged, there were three vacant places: where was poor Harry? whose cheerful mirth had been 'wont to set the table in a roar.' Where was Frank? and ——, but the inquiring tongue was stopped by that solemn and heart-appealing silence, which but too well told the mournful tale. The young heroes were shrouded in the flag of their country; and when, with the rest of the fallen brave, their bodies were committed to the deep, many a tear was observed to trickle down the sun-burnt furrows of the sailors' cheeks, as the blue waves broke over the remains of their departed shipmates."

There are some portions of these volumes which are addressed to matters hardly worth a record;—a newspaper kept by the youngsters on board a man of war, and an attempt at point in mingling their dialogues, in acting a play, with the proceedings on deck when giving orders, &c. are examples of this. The best quality in the *Tales of the Watch* perhaps is, that they evidently do not belong to the world of fiction. The Master's changeable career is, no doubt, a true history; and the Boatswain's might be sworn to by any person of critical penetration. It happens, that amon his other services in the north, south, east, ar west, he is on the expedition against *Ne Orleans*; and as that calamitous action is subject of discussion in this Number of ou Journal, we do not think we can better illu trate these volumes than by adding a sailor view of it, which, though dressed in sea-ling and appearing in a work of this class, we hav every reason to believe to be extremely corre in its details.

"'But now comes that infernal affair, Ne Orleans, Gunner: a more horrid business w never gone through by man or beast. Ma be you don't know Lake Borgne? and yet is no lake, for it opens out into the Gulf Mexico. It is a very shoal navigation, so th we had often seventy miles to go in open boat loaded with sogers; and buckled and belted as th were with knapsacks, there was no swimmi for it when the boats were upset or sunk, a many a poor trooper lies at the bottom the The shores are low, swampy, and covered wi reeds; and for the climate, I never thoug there was such a place under heaven;—a pl where you have summer and winter in twent four hours. In the daytime we were scorche in the night we were frozen. Who wou have thought of ice about the boats' bows a place so near the West Indies, Gunne The black regiments had no more notion Jack frost than 'bite 'im no see 'im.' Th died like rotten sheep. Many a weary p and sail I've had up and down that infern hole, which I wish I may never see again. is fit for nothing but snakes, alligators, a Yankees—begging the Jonathans' pardons knotting them together; but *stinctions* a somehow or other, levelled in war-time, a *specially* when a man has been bitten, as have, by both; and, moreover, a little obli from being half-melted and frozen over a over again. Our first work was to clear t lake of a squad of gun-boats; and they we *accordinglye bevelled* in a trice by the boats the fleet, though many a man went to Dav locker in the job. The Yankees played th part like men; but it was all up with th when the boats got alongside; and, slashi muskets, pistols, tomahawks, and pikes, at fellows, as they grappled up the side, they last sought quarter in surrender. After t business, we landed the troopers at the side a creek, not far from the Mississippi. I you ever see the Indians of this country, Wa They are a kind of copper-coloured vagabon with skins as hard as tanned leather; rigg out in furs, feathers, and blankets, and dizened with whatever they could find to shi But as to their women, Wad, though th have sparkling black eyes, I would not ha touched one of them with a pair of ton the nasty, dirty, drabble-tailed, swashy-looki squaws! I never was so out of conceit o petticoat, though their covering scarcely serves that name. They travel together tribes, and would sleep in swamps. It wa hunting-party that came to us. They dead shots with the bow and arrow, and ca scalping-knives by their sides; but for th hearts, I know not what they are made of, they jumped at the tick of a watch. T officers made one of their kings drunk; and howled, yelled, and roared like a mad b which he said was the war-cry. But I m go on with the dismals I have to tell y Gunner. Our sogers had scarcely taken u birth on the banks of the river, filed their a in the darkening, and began to gobble so grub, when softly comes a brace of Yank

vessels slinking down with the stream, and brought-up abreast of the camp, letting fly a broadside at the same time among the sogers at supper, while Jackson and his men came upon them from the land-side. They dropped their grub, and handled their muskets, shewed their steel, and gave the Jonathans such a rally, that back they went with a shower of Salamanca pills after them, to make another reckoning. Over-night a battery was thrown up abreast of the vessels, and at daybreak our artillerymen shewed how well they could bore holes at water-mark, and the craft went no more back to the city. Another squad of men arrived, and another general, who took the command. Greater preparations were made; but as we lost time, the Yankees gained strength. But you are no *soger*, Gunner,—stand facing me with your arms stretched out. The broad river is running like a sluice past the end of your right hand towards mine, as I am holding it out; on the other side of the river is a battery, pointing towards your nose, which nose is the centre of the Yankee lines. Your left hand is a swampy wood, thicker and more tangled than a jungle, and not less fordable than the river, with a battery at the edge, from which a canal runs athwart to the river. Behind this canal is a strong earthen fence, stuffed, as they said, with cotton bags, behind which lay the Nathans. My arms are the English lines; they are not so long or strong as yours, and we are just out of shot of each other. Near my right hand are some batteries we threw up with casks of sugar, which we got at readier than sand, though they are no great shakes in rainy weather. A good way behind my left hand is a canal we cut from the creek to the river, for the boats to go through. Well, Gunner, behold us, the night before the battle, in front of each other: the Jonathans' bands playing Yankee Doodle; and ours, God save the King! Well, I say, follow me to mud-larking, and rousing the boats through the slush into the river all night long. Now jump aboard the boats at daylight, with a party of sogers and marines, land them on the other side, pull up along-shore—see the battery taken by storm—look at a rocket flying in the air—then mark the flashes glimmering along the line—now hear the rolling sounds of the musketry and rumbling of the cannon;—lay on your oars, Wad—strain your eyes—think the *sogers* have gained the Yankee lines, and you will think as I did. Look, now, at a small despatch-boat slashing towards us; hear the officer say, 'Embark the troops!' and you will measure the length of our mugs. Back we came, save those who were killed in taking the battery. It was all up: the troops withdrew to their lines, cut up at a precious rate. They advanced like heroes to the ditch, few got farther, and many were left there. The Nathans, sang behind their fence, worked eyelet-holes in them at every crack, till they fell back. Oh, they say it was a gallant sight to view the brave generals, who saw the day was going wrong, gallop in front with their hats off, rallying their men; but it was sorrowful to see them fall, without being able to send a shot through the fence among their destroyers. It was the fortune of war, Wad; but the worst of all was to come—to get the poor mangled souls back to the ships, down those infernal creeks, and in such weather. But, hark ye, Wad!' (the boatswain here stood still, his heart was full)—'hark ye, Gunner!' again he said, and turned his face to the moon, as a dark cloud shot over it,—'poor Tom Smith, the sharer of my sprees, my messmate, my shipmate for years past,—Tom, who never shrank from his duty,—Tom, who halved his last dollar with me,—Tom lies at the bottom of the lake! He was shot in seven places, in the advance to storm the fort, and his right leg was terribly mangled by grape-shot. We had four wounded men besides himself in the stern-sheets of our boat, and had got into the broad part of the lake, on our way towards the fleet by nightfall; but none of the small craft stationed to receive the boats were in sight, as the weather was thick and misty. Presently the fog was blown away by a strong breeze, which, before the first watch was over, freshened into a gale right in our teeth, accompanied by drifting rain. Soon we were wet and weary, and began to lag at our oars; not freshened, you may be sure, Wad, by the groaning of the poor wounded fellows near us, lying flat on their backs, and covered over with a drenched sail. We were at last compelled to pull towards the swampy shores for smooth water, and there let go our grapnel. None of us were in a humour for talk; and as the boat jerked in the short seas, throwing the spray over her bows, we sat silent, cold, cramped, and wet, watching for daylight. I never went through such a night in all my born days, Gunner. I sat aft, close by Tom Smith; he did not speak. We heard nothing but the sweep and rustle of the waves, and the plash, plash, plash, of the big drops of rain that now fell on and about us. The middle watch came; Smith groaned heavily. 'Give me your hand,' said he, and he raised himself on his wounded arm; 'Tom,' said he again, 'be kind to my poor mother; give her my pay and my watch—here, here, here—bid—bid—bid—God bless her!' He then sank on the plank, and his cold and wet hand fell away from mine. Daylight came; the boat shipped so much water that one man was kept constantly baling. Tom Smith was dead. The young officer, noble fellow as he was, looked at him. 'Poor soul!' said he, 'he's gone! we must bury him,—prepare a few double-headed shots. Stand up, men—pull off your hats;' and, as the rain and wind whistled wild about our heads in this dark and dreary morning, he said, 'Commit his body to the deep; God be merciful to his soul!' Oh, Gunner! had you seen the look of agony of the poor limbless souls that lay next to him, when the corpse was plunged into the water, you would never have forgotten it! Will you believe it, Wad? some of their wounds fairly putrefied before we got them to the fleet; and many and many a brave fellow died on the way, and was thrown overboard. My heart bled to see the poor legless men lying bleeding in the stern-sheets of the boats, and the rain pelting upon them; and then for the broiling sun's rays and the bitter freezing nights. Men are men, all the world over, Gunner, and have their turns of good and bad luck; but those who know nothing but victory, know nothing of war, Wad. I never wore a pea-jacket till I had been thoroughly soaked, and was often shoving in my oar where there was no rullock, till time and experience just prevented my *fluster*, and told me what I could do. England has nothing to fear from the Yankees, nor all the nations of the earth put together, in the way of fight, that's certain; she has stood it out against them all, and will stand it out again.'"

To this we say Amen; and finis.

A General View of the Present State of Lunatics, and Lunatic Asylums, in Great Britain and Ireland, and in some other Kingdoms. By Sir Andrew Halliday, M. D. and K.H., &c. 8vo. pp. 101. London, 1828. T. and G. Underwood.

It is and has been our constant wish to mix up inquiries into subjects of utility and importance to our fellow-creatures with the more diversified themes of polite literature and amusement: thus we recently called public attention to the abominable nuisance which, under the name of pure water, supplies liquid filth to the inhabitants of London; and we now take up a question of no less humane concernment, and one upon which, in like manner, the wisdom of parliament is at this period employed.

There are indeed few subjects of a deeper and more affecting interest than insanity; and all inquiries and labours, the tendency of which is either to diminish its frequency or to suggest the best means of alleviating its horrors, are entitled to the most serious consideration of the country.

In his Introduction, Sir Andrew Halliday says that it is now incontrovertibly established, that madness proceeds in all cases from some real tangible bodily complaint; that it can be treated according to the known rules of practice; made amenable to the ordinary discipline of the apothecary's shop; and often more easily removed than less important diseases that have effected a temporary lodgement in the human frame. He observes, that the remote causes of insanity may be as numerous and complicated as the passions of the soul, or the injuries or maladies of the body are known to be undefined and countless; but that the proximate cause, or, in fact, the disease itself, will always be found to arise from a deranged or diseased state of the structure of the brain; and that, whether it proceed from deranged organs or diseased structure, the mind, *qua* mind, is neither injured nor impaired; but, not having the means of making itself known, or of giving its ideas form and utterance, except through the medium of instruments no longer fit for the purpose—we discover, in proportion to the degree of that unfitness, more or less of the phenomena which constitute madness.

The body of the work may be considered as being divided into two parts. The first part contains a brief but interesting history of what has been done for the benefit of the insane in such countries as, during the devotion of five-and-twenty years to the subject, Sir Andrew has had an opportunity of visiting himself, or from which he has received official and authentic information; and the second part briefly points out what in his opinion remains to be done, and particularly in England, for the safe custody, humane treatment, and proper care, of all such helpless sufferers.

The details in the early part of the volume are curious; but we can give only a very few of the principal facts. In this country the first act of parliament that was passed on the subject was in 1774; and although the inadequacy of it has long been ascertained, it is still the only law by which madhouses are licensed and regulated in England and Wales. In 1807 another act was passed, authorising the magistrates of the several counties to erect asylums for their insane poor. Twenty years have since elapsed, and yet only ten out of the fifty-two counties of which England and Wales are composed have opened such asylums. Sir Andrew gives it, as the result of the information which he has obtained, that the aggregate number of persons

at present in confinement, in public and private asylums, and with their relations, or with individual keepers, in England and Wales, exceeds 8000; more than two-thirds of whom are curable, and, under proper medical and moral treatment, might speedily be restored to the enjoyments and the comforts of social life. It is also his opinion (and a frightful opinion it is), that of this number it is very possible that individuals may have been sent into seclusion, and may be retained prisoners for life, who, in fact, were never afflicted with insanity at all! The disease, it appears, is most prevalent in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Wiltshire, Stafford, Durham, and Gloucester; and the best-regulated public asylums are those for the West Riding of York, at Wakefield, and for Lancaster.—In Scotland a better system and better laws prevail than formerly existed in that country. At present there are about 3,700 insane persons and idiots in Scotland; but there is still not one asylum which can be called a public or national establishment.—Ireland, Sir Andrew Halliday says, is the only portion of the British empire where just views have been entertained of what was necessary for the comfort and cure of the insane population, and where those views have been carried into effect; and he ascribes the beneficial measures on the subject which have been adopted in that country, to the indefatigable exertions and persevering zeal of Mr. Spring Rice. It is probable that the actual number of insane persons and idiots in Ireland is about 3000. — There is no country in the world where more attention has been paid to the comforts of the unhappy beings who are the subjects of this notice than in the kingdom of the Netherlands. Every city or town of any note has a distinct hospital for lunatics.—Insanity is not so prevalent in France; the greatest number of lunatics in which, are in the northern provinces.—In Bavaria and in the Saxon kingdom and duchies, the governing powers have paid great attention to the wants of their insane subjects.—Of the dominions of Hesse, Sir Andrew cannot speak so favourably; and he observes, that he would willingly blot from his memory all recollections of Hanover, where the madman and the idiot are shut up with the thief and the murderer.—In Prussia the public asylums for lunatics are governed by regulations that provide alike for the safe custody of the individual, and the proper treatment of his disease.—In Sweden much has been done of late to improve her hospitals, and provide for the comfort of her lunatic population.—In Denmark they are still farther advanced on the subject. — Insanity is by no means a prevalent disease in either Spain or Portugal; but a diseased state or malformation of the brain is very common;—and hence the number of idiots that are constantly met with in both countries.—It is gratifying to be able to conclude by observing that the Court of Directors of the East India Company have paid great attention to this interesting subject in the states under their superintendence; and that the local authorities have evinced much zeal in carrying into effect the humane and judicious regulations of the court.

With respect to the second part of the work, namely, the view which Sir Andrew Halliday takes of the measures that it may be advisable to adopt in the British empire, we will quote his own words. After eulogising, as they deserve to be eulogised, the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the subject, and especially their able chairman, Mr. Robert Gordon, Sir Andrew says—

"It is certainly highly necessary that the various acts enumerated in their report should be repealed, and consolidated into one act; and that measures should be taken to facilitate the erection of county asylums; and also that some efficient general measure for regulating all asylums (I except none) should be adopted. It is not, perhaps, required that this measure should be so very complicated, as the act originally proposed by Mr. Rose was by many thought to be. It will be sufficient to give his majesty's principal secretary of state for the home department a controlling power over all such establishments, with authority to issue such orders and directions as may seem expedient for their better regulation and government. This would be in accordance with what we find is the law in almost all the other kingdoms in Europe. It is also necessary that there should be a board of general control established in the metropolis, whose duties might extend to the licensing and visiting of all asylums within London and Westminster, and within seven miles of the same, and in the county of Middlesex; but I decidedly object to police magistrates forming any part of this board. These gentlemen have already enough upon their hands; and if magistrates should be deemed necessary, as a component part of any such board, let them be selected from such justices as have leisure to attend to the subject. But the number which the committee recommend, *ten*, is too great. Two magistrates and three physicians, are perfectly equal to do all the duty, and are more likely to do it well than any greater number. That, with regard to granting licenses, the board of control ought to have a discretionary power of granting or not granting them to the persons applying; while such applicants should have a right to appeal to the secretary of state in every case where a license is refused. In other parts of England and Wales, the magistrates assembled in quarter sessions should have the same power as the board of control in London; but in no case should a license be granted by either until a plan of the premises, for which the license is sought, has been seen, inspected, and approved of by the said board of control, or by the inspectors general, hereafter to be mentioned; and the premises themselves actually seen and compared with the said plan. The regulations with regard to the application for licenses and the delivery of plans which the committee have suggested, are, in my opinion, indispensable. I also approve of their suggestions with regard to the naming of every person concerned in the license, and the residence of one of the persons so named in the house. But, besides the local visitors which they have recommended, the secretary of state should be authorised to nominate and appoint, at least, *four* persons as general inspectors for England and Wales, who should have all the powers proposed to be given to the local inspectors or visitors; and who should be obliged to report, annually, to parliament, as is done by the inspectors-general in Ireland; and there ought to be no exceptions, either of habitations, establishments, or houses —all should be alike open to the visits of the inspectors-general, and all subject to the remarks and observations they may think proper to make in their annual reports. It is not necessary to give such inspectors-general any controlling power over the local authorities. The right of visiting and examining the patients and servants will be quite sufficient for all the purposes of a general superintendence. These inspectors-general should have such an allowance from government as shall admit of their giving their whole time to this duty; and it is not of much consequence whether they are physicians or civilians, or even military men, as appears to be the case in the sister kingdom. The committee have said that they did not consider it necessary to enter into any consideration of the fines or fees for licenses, &c. This, however, is a very important part of the subject, and I consider it highly proper that the patients or their friends should bear a proportion of the expenses which must necessarily be incurred in carrying into effect such an improved system of superintendence. Every order, therefore, for the admission of a lunatic patient into any asylum or house of confinement, except in the case of paupers, should be written upon stamped paper of the value of two guineas. This order ought not to be, as in Scotland, renewable annually, but ought certainly to be required on every fresh admission. An *ad interim* order might be allowed upon common paper in cases of great urgency; but the regular stamped order may always be procured within forty-eight hours; and these regulations should be enforced under a heavy penalty. These, with the remaining suggestions of Mr. Gordon's committee, which are all good, will form a bill such as is wanted to complete the arrangements for England and Wales. Scotland requires an act for the establishment of, at least, four distinct public asylums for pauper lunatics and idiots; and there ought to be two inspectors-general for that kingdom. As to Ireland, I have not one additional regulation to suggest."

We cannot leave upon the minds of our readers a more favourable impression of the amiable character of the author of this interesting little work than by the following extract:

"Every madman is affected by kindness, and pleased with confidence; but if he once detects us in any attempt to deceive or impose upon him, he will never forgive or forget it; and, what is somewhat singular, though it would be almost madness itself to attempt to reason him out of the delusion, if I may so speak, which has got possession of his mind, yet in all other matters he will be perfectly amenable to reason, and may easily be convinced of the propriety of any judicious restraint or change of place that may be necessary for his self-preservation, or the security of those around him. Deal honourably, but firmly, with a madman, and even in the most furious paroxysm your presence will calm him in a moment. Under a steady gaze his eye will fall, and his conduct seem to say—'I know I am wrong, and not acting as I ought to do.' I have said it would be madness itself to attempt to cure an insane person by reasoning on the subject that forms his disease, and yet that on all other points he will listen to reason; and I would add, that this fact, which is incontrovertible, goes far in establishing the true nature of insanity. A certain part or portion of the instruments of the mind are thrown from their natural position and have, consequently, become unfit to perform their regular duties. We have two eyes yet we only see objects single; but let one of the eyes be pulled or pushed from its parallel movement with the other, and we immediately see the object double. In this case the other external senses correct the defect of vision and assure us that the order of nature, as to vision, has been interfered with, and that the impression made upon the mind is not correct; for we can feel that there is only one candle upon the table, though we see distinctly that there are two. But with re

gard to the intellectual faculties, whether the impressions are conveyed to the mind from external objects, or are conveyed from the mind to the external world, we have not the same means of ascertaining that the organs or instruments that form the connexion between matter and mind have become disordered or deranged; therefore our ideas are expressed in the form or manner in which the mind beholds them. We may suppose an individual, who, by a slight paralysis of the muscles of one eye, occurring in the dark, will see two candles, when only one is brought into the room; and that, being unconscious of what had taken place, he would maintain that what he saw was correct, until he had explained to him the cause of such double vision, and had ascertained, by actual examination, that the fact was as so explained. So the insane person, receiving his impressions through a diseased or disordered medium, has them actually conveyed to the mind in the form in which they are expressed; but there being no means of proving, by any other faculty, that the impression is incorrect or improper, he believes himself perfectly correct in what he expresses, and, indeed, is only expressing what he actually feels; in the same manner as the person who saw double, without being aware of the cause, insisted that there were two objects when there was only one, because he actually saw two. Except in the case of *dementia* or idiocy, where the whole instruments are so diseased as scarcely to be able to transmit or develop one intellectual ray of the mind, we do not find that even the most furious maniac is insane on more points than one. In fact, that only one small portion of the brain has been injured or disordered. Hence the propriety of treating the madman as a human being, and the necessity of being upon honour, and reasonable with him, on all other points. Hence, too, the facility with which the disordered portion is restored to order again, by acting rationally upon what is sound and healthy: and the proof that the brain gains *health* and strength by following the ordinary rules and regulations,—the exercises and employments that are prescribed for invigorating the body."

Before concluding this notice, we may be permitted to recall to the memory of our early readers, that we have always considered the subject of Insanity to be one of the highest importance to humanity, and have often done our endeavour to awaken a strong interest in the public for the amelioration of its unfortunate victims.

So long ago as the 17th June, 1820, in No. 178 of the *Literary Gazette*, we published a translation of Dr. Esquirol's admirable memorial to the French minister of the interior,* in which he threw a comprehensive glance over the condition and treatment of lunatics in France, as well as other countries, and offered his excellent suggestions for improving the condition of these unhappy sufferers, and especially of those in private receptacles and public establishments: to this paper we beg to recall the attention of all parties who are prosecuting the same benevolent design in England, where the receptacles for the deranged require no less reform than they do elsewhere.

But with the view of legislating on this subject, we still more particularly beg to point out to the consideration of the House of Commons a Description of the Hospital for the Insane at Aversa, near Naples (*Literary Gazette*, No. 74, June 20, 1818*) which we extracted from an unpublished Tour of the Two Sicilies, and which is by far the most valuable and interesting account of an institution of this nature that ever was written. The system is *humanity itself*, and the effects produced by constant kindness on the inmates of this abode are astonishing; absolutely converting that which is too often horrible to contemplate, into a scene which may be looked at with satisfaction and pleasurable feelings. Good order, quiet, urbanity, and decorum, reign throughout Aversa, at meals, in general meetings, and even at games and sports which not unfrequently lead to noise and intemperance among the sane of mankind. In Massachussets, we believe, there is an establishment of a similar kind; but we have not the details: only we were assured, in a correspondence from that State, that the mode of treatment had produced results the most gratifying to every sensible mind. Here, then, are examples for us to copy; and wherever the still better resource of individual retirement, and the watchful kindness of relatives, cannot be attained, we are convinced that a proper regard to the mental and corporeal treatment of lunatics, in the places appropriated for their reception, will accomplish wonders for their comfort, and results dear to the heart of every man and Christian.

* Followed up by further papers on the same subject, pp. 443, 478, 595, 619, and 698.

* As this distant No. is difficult to be found for reference, we will cheerfully, if it is thought advisable for promoting the benevolent object in contemplation, reprint the paper in question at our own expense, and distribute a thousand copies to members of parliament, &c.

Epsom; a Vision. 4to. pp. 44. Ainsworth.

Of this rare and racy production, an impression limited to *one hundred copies* has been taken off, for the purpose of distribution amongst the surviving friends of its gifted and lamented author. It is, therefore, greatly to our satisfaction that we are enabled to present our readers with a taste of a work at once so amusing and *recherché* as the present.

The Rev. Jonathan Boucher, Vicar of Epsom, and author of this pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, was a man of particularly amiable and interesting character; and we cannot but regret that the editor (the Rev. Barton Boucher) has not carried his original intention into effect, and accompanied the poem with a short biographical memoir of his father. His memoirs, we are told by the editor, in a very feeling and affectionate notice, prefixed to the volume, "would indeed form a subject of high and intense interest. His early difficulties in life, and victorious perseverance—his adventures in America, almost bordering on romance—his loyal struggles in support of his king—his active and undaunted intrepidity in behalf of his slighted church—his soul-stirring eloquence, when prohibited to pray for his king—his proscription as a traitor, and his doom to leave the fruits of nearly twenty years' ceaseless labour, and fly in nakedness and poverty to his native land, there to begin the task and toil of life afresh; all these proffer points on which a biographer might dilate with energy, and a reader dwell with interest." With such admirable *matériel*, and such an interesting character to work upon, why, may we ask, has the design been abandoned? for we do not hold the plea of "anomalous remuneration," urged against its execution, to be legitimate.

It is well known, that the Rev. Jonathan Boucher had commenced the publication of an "Archæological and Provincial Dictionary," upon a very extensive scale; intended as a supplement to Dr. Johnson's great work. Of this important undertaking, only one fasciculus has been given to the world; but this was evidence sufficient of the high capabilities of the author, and served to establish his reputation as one amongst the most erudite of our philologists. Death suspended his labours, but not, however, until nigh the period of their completion, and we trust we shall yet reap their fruits.

The poem, to which we must revert, is, by a playful *ruse*, supposed to be addressed to its actual author, by the late Sir Frederic Morton Eden, Mr. Boucher's intimate friend. It commences with a felicitous description of the retirement and pursuits of the "Archæological Lexiphanes," as he is afterwards, by a happy conceit, termed. The versification is melodious to a degree.

"Boucher, who, erst, at Paddington retir'd,
A chosen few with bright instruction fir'd;
At home, the patron of the tuneful Nine;
At church, the grave, yet eloquent, divine;
Who long, unrival'd, taught admiring youth
Poetic fiction and celestial truth;
Pursued the task a mother's care began,
And rear'd the lisping infant into man:
Now sunk in Epsom's muse-inviting shades,
Inconstant suitor, quits th' Aonian maids.
Whilst some their native country's praise rehearse
In sober annals or majestic verse,
He, Cumbrian born, finds no inspiring gale
In Keisick's feh, or Bromfield's miry vale;
In cloud-capt Skiddaw no Parnassian hill;
In Mungo's well no Heliconian rill:
('Ti's all Beotian air)—Yet, firmly bent
To raise to learning some vast monument,
With true glossarial skill each word dissects,
Each antique form of northen dialects;
Explains the jargon of th' unletter'd boor
From Dalecarlia's Mines to Alston Moor;
Proves it, though banish'd from each southern clime,
More pure in prose, more dignified in rhyme,
Than Addison's smooth phrase, and Milton's verse sublime."

After further description, equally excellent and characteristic of the vicar's habits, we are told that,

"Lately, spent with toil,
He, Boucher, slumber'd o'er his midnight oil:
Let no invidious critic mock my theme;
Homer will nod, and glossarists may dream."

His slumbers, however, are not unfruitful. A vision is presented to his view. Several congenial spirits appear and colloquise. Amongst the first, the jovial Walter Mapes (of all ghosts, we should think, most agreeable) appears, and addresses Jonathan in monkish Latin—a speech which, by the by, contains a very ingenious double acrostic, and which we would transfer to our columns, but for its difficult typography being better suited to the quarto page than to our tri-columnar form.—He ceases: and

"Next rose of Scotia's royal line
Two scepter'd monarchs, kings by right divine;
He, who for Christ Kirk's Green, and gentle Jane,
And Peeble's Play, attun'd his Doric strain;
And he who sang the Gaberlunzie Man;
Both James by name."

The first of the royal pair having finished his peroration, the second treats his listener with a capital burlesque, to the tune of the "Jollie Beggar."

"There was a jollie persone, quho wantid gret renoun,
He likid not the humble life he led in landart toun:
And we'll write a cliver buke,
To mend auld England's diction:
And we'll write a buke or twa, boys,
And publish by subscription.
He wad neither preche in kirk, ne yet wad pray at hame,
But vowid he wad write a buke, to win him mickle fame.
And we'll write, &c.
It chancid as this jollie persone romid on a day,
Thinking quhat he mocht endite:—o Dool quhat mocht he say!
And we'll write, &c.
An auld gude-wyf with buke in hand he saw at cottage door,
And round her mony bairnis wer ystonding on the floor.
And we'll write, &c.
Quo he, quhat is that prettie buke? Gude wyf, tell me trew:
O wil ye tell me quhat it means, my hinny, and my dow?
And we'll write, &c.

I tuik ye for a larned man, the vicar o' the toun;
O dool for larned clerkis now! are ye a sillie loun?
And we'll write, &c.
Quo she, this is ane horn-buke, gimmand with mickle A,
Quhilk little bairnis most repeat, before they gang to play.
And we'll write, &c.
He tuik the gude-wyf in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four and twenty merks o' gold the buke o' horn to see.
And we'll write, &c.
He tuik the horn-buke fra the dame, and larnedly he red
The four and twenty letters an from A to eruikid Z.
And we'll write, &c.
Then he tuik up a little pen, to write upon the wall:
By Cock, quo he, I'll gin wi' A the brawest o' them all.
And we'll write, &c.
The persone was a clevir loan, his buke he gan to write;
O may he writen sik ane beke as he gat yesternicht:
And we'll write, &c."

Gavin Douglas now rises, speaks to some purpose, and disappears:

"And now a merry pair arriv'd from hell,
The laureat Skelton and the ale-wife Nell;
And whilst the thirsty dame survey'd the cellar,
The jovial bard thus cheer'd the drooping fellow:
I mayster Skelton,
By heavenes injunction,
Am com from blacke Pluton,
Ab inferis, to Epsom toun:
I crossed botumles Acheron,
With helles ferryman Charon;
And with me I bring
Dame Elynour Rumming."

Skelton, after enumerating some of the new offices to which Elynour has turned her attention in hades, proceeds:

"Cum in Tartara tendes,
You will see your old friendes.
There is Sonner,
And Skinner,
German Wachter,
And Celt Pelloutier,
Junius,
And Wormius,
Verelius,
And Schrevelius,
Lihudd, Shaw, and Obryen
Gebelin, and Rostrenen;
There Du Cange and Ihre
Maketh helle-fire
One great bonfire:
Thither led by mayster Skelton,
Your boke shall join the blazing beltane.
You shall make your abode in
The fyry hall of Odin;
And Elynour your neighbour
Shall reward your labour
With a dull
Reviewer's skull,
Instead of glasse,
Fill'd with meid and ypocrasse."

The shade of Drummond of Hawthornden "hovers round the vicar's motley brain." Perhaps this exquisite imitation of the "Polemo-Middinian strain" of this facetious bard is the very happiest in the volume. We must perforce extract a little snatch, though our limits are pressing.

"O vicar, Epsomi qui nunc studiosus in umbrâ
Monstrosam fillis cum queint etymology bookam,
Mongrelasque studes voces quas amphibiosi
Isle-manni bletherant, (nunquam visurus Agrestes
Qui parvam mediis Islandam habitantur in undis,)
Quamque olim Welshy spekat cornubia jargon;
Et quam cole-heughus Kingswodus Bristoliensis;
Et Zoomerzetti et Welshmanni; quamque loquuntur
Yorkshire-folki homines, et Lancashiri, dialectum;
Et Cumberlandi, proles montana, coloni;
Et qui, Fingalium, cum Shaw, interprete, Galic,
Et laigha qui gabbis Lochlini idiomata Dani,
Et leedam Dalecarlensem, guttralque Alemannum,
Ausus Teutonicum Juni conscendere currum:
Siste pedem."

Milton concludes the line of phantoms; and with another admirable travestie the poem finishes—the dreamer being aroused from his "skiey influences" by a terrestrial summons to supper.

This amusing and ingenious *jeu d'esprit* is accompanied by many curious illustrations and fac-similes: not the least amusing of which is the droll imitation of an old plate, wherein Skelton, Elynour Rumming, and the rev. author, are personified: it is exquisite. But we must conclude, repeating what we have before asserted, that it is "a singularly original and very clever production."

Worcester Field; or, the Cavalier. By Agnes Strickland. Longman and Co.

The Seven Ages of Woman. By Agnes Strickland. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

PERHAPS none of our critical sins form in the long-run so large an aggregate as those of poetical omission. Never yet was a frequent fault without its ready excuse: a little volume of poems escapes notice week after week:—there are matters of more pressing moment, and a poetical review is not always a popular one. There never was an age in which so much poetry has been written; but a writing age is not always a reading one. Still, however, we plead guilty to neglect of many a low, sweet chord; and these pretty little volumes ought before now to have received the tribute we can offer to their young and accomplished writer. The first is a tale of gallant deed and gentle love; the next, one of much variety. The first is a fair and feminine picture, in which the escape of the queen of James II. is very spirited; but the little tale of Charles II. and the Cavalier's Daughter is our favourite. The following is very fanciful:—

"*The Enfranchised.*

Thou hast burst from thy prison,
Bright child of the air,
Like a spirit just risen
From its mansion of care.

Thou art joyously winging
Thy first ardent flight,
Where the gay lark is singing
Her notes of delight;

Where the sunbeams are throwing
Their glories on thine,
Till thy colours are glowing
With tints more divine.

Then tasting new pleasure
In Summer's green bowers,
Reposing at leisure
On fresh-opened flowers;

Or delighted to hover
Around them, to see
Whose charms, airy rover!
Bloom sweetest for thee;

And fondly exhaling
Their fragrance, till day
From thy bright eye is failing
And fading away.

Then seeking some blossom
Which looks to the west,
Thou dost find in its bosom
Sweet shelter and rest;

And there dost betake thee
Till darkness is o'er,
And the sunbeams awake thee
To pleasure once more."

One sonnet as a contrast.

"*The Vision.*

She rose before him in the loveliness
And light of days long vanished; but her air
Was marked with tender sadness, as if Care
Had left his traces written, though distress
Was felt no longer.—Through her shadowy dress,
And the dark ringlets of her flowing hair,
Trembled the silvery moonbeams, as she there
Stood, midst their weeping glory, motionless,
And pale as marble statue on a tomb.
But there were traits more heavenly in her face,
Than when her cheek was radiant with the bloom
Which his false love had blighted—and she now
Came like some angel messenger of grace,
And looked forgiveness of his broken vow."

Altogether, these are two very graceful little tomes, and well deserving kindly encouragement.

Constable's Miscellany. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

WE had to apologise in our last *Gazette* for the omission of the following portion of a Review of this publication, which, on putting our materials together, we discovered to be too much for our space in one No. of our Journal.

Part XVII. is a story of strange adventures in Central America and its east coast, told by one Roberts, many years a trader in these countries, respecting which he gives us much curious information.

Parts XVIII. and XIX. contain the historical works of Schiller, excellently rendered from the German by Mr. George Moir, the translator of Wallenstein. This portion of the publication reflects great credit on the whole. The Thirty Years' War, with the trial of Counts Egmont and Horn, (respecting whom we communicated some recent discoveries in our No. 582), and the Siege of Antwerp, form altogether a narrative of uncommon interest. Every reader of taste must, we think, be delighted to compare Schiller's Tragedy of Wallenstein with his own history of the same events; and it will perhaps be felt that the death of the hero is nobler in the prose account than when wrought up into poetry for the scene. The whole description of the battle of Lutzen is admirable; the death of Gustavus equal to any thing in Thucydides; and Mr. Moir's version does ample justice to the theme—as the annexed example will testify.

The Battle of Lutzen.—"The expectations of Europe, disappointed before Nuremberg, were now to be fulfilled on the plains of Lutzen. Two generals so equal in importance, in renown, and ability, had not yet been opposed to each other during the whole course of the war. Courage had not yet been startled by so awful a hazard, or hope animated by so glorious a prize. Europe was next day to know who was its greatest general;—the leader, who had hitherto been invincible, to acknowledge a victor. This morning was to decide whether the victories of Gustavus at Leipzig and on the Lech, were owing to his own genius, or the incompetency of his opponent: whether the services of Friedland were to vindicate the emperor's choice, and to justify the high price at which they had been purchased. The victory was doubtful, but certain the labour and the bloodshed by which it must be earned. Each army knew the enemy to which it was to be opposed; and the anxiety which each in vain attempted to conceal, afforded a convincing proof of their reciprocal strength. At last the dreaded morning dawned; but an impenetrable fog, which brooded over the field of battle, delayed the attack till noon. The king, kneeling in front of his army, offered up his devotions; while the whole army, also on their knees, joined in a moving hymn, accompanied by martial music. The king then mounted his horse, and clad only in a leathern doublet and surtout (for a wound he had formerly received would not allow him to wear armour), rode along the ranks, to animate the bosoms of the soldiers with a courage and confidence which the foreboding presentiment of his own heart contradicted. 'God with us!' was the word on the part of the Swedes; 'Jesus Maria!' on that of the Imperialists. About eleven the fog began to clear up, and the enemy became visible. At the same moment Lutzen was discovered in flames, having been set on fire by order of the duke, to prevent his being outflanked on that side. The charge was sounded; the cavalry rushed against the enemy, and the infantry marched forward against the trenches. Received by a terrible fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried, and the cannon turned

against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five Imperial brigades was routed, the second thrown into confusion, and the third was already preparing for flight. But here Wallenstein's presence of mind exerted itself. He flew with the rapidity of lightning to the spot, to restore order among the troops; and his powerful word was itself sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades formed anew, faced the enemy, and attacked the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. The nearness of the enemy left no room for fire-arms, the fury of the attack no time for loading; man fought against man; the useless musket was exchanged for the sword and the pike, and art gave place to the reckless energy of despair. Overpowered by numbers, the wearied Swedes at last retired beyond the trenches; and the battery which they had captured was again lost by their retreat. A thousand mangled bodies already strewed the field, and yet no step of ground had been gained. Meantime, the king's right wing, led on by himself, had attacked the left of the enemy. The first impetuous shock of the Finland cuirassiers scattered the lightly mounted Polanders and Croats who were placed upon this wing, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment the king received the intelligence that his infantry were retiring across the trenches, and also that his left wing was severely annoyed, and already wavering from the fire of the artillery at the windmills. With rapid decision, he left to General Horn the task of pursuing the vanquished left of the enemy, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinbeck, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His horse bore him, with the speed of light, across the trenches; but the passage was more difficult for the squadrons that followed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, duke of Saxe Lauenburg, were able to keep up with the king. He spurred directly towards the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he gazed around in search of an opening in the enemy's line for attack, his shortness of sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An Imperial gefreyter,* remarking that every one respectfully made way for him, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. 'Fire at that man,' said he, 'that must be a person of distinction.' The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered. At that moment his squadrons came hurrying up, and a confused cry of, 'The king bleeds! the king is shot!' spread terror and consternation among the troop. 'It is nothing—follow me,' cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested of the duke of Lauenburg in French to lead him secretly out of the tumult. While the latter was moving towards the right wing with the king, and making a long circuit to conceal this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, the king received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his small remaining strength. 'Brother,' said he, with a dying voice, 'I am gone; look to your own life.' At the same moment he sank from his horse; pierced by several shots, and, abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amidst the hands of the Croatian plunderers. His charger, flying without its rider, and covered with blood, announced to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They rushed madly forward to rescue his remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict took place above the corpse, till the inanimate body was covered with a heap of slain. The dreadful intelligence soon ran through the Swedish army; but instead of dispiriting these brave soldiers, it only excited them to a new, a wilder, and more destructive fury. Life seemed to have lost its value, now that the most sacred life of all had fled; death had no terrors for the lowly, since the monarch had fallen beneath his hand."

The fluctuating fortunes of the battle are narrated with a masterly spirit; and the operations of Horn, Pappenheim, Piccolomini, and Wallenstein, are as clearly placed before the reader as if he were a spectator of the fight.

"The regiments of Upland, Smäland, Finland, East and West Gothland, rushed like lions a second time against the left wing of the enemy, which had offered but a feeble resistance to General Horn, and was now entirely beaten out of the field. Bernard, duke of Saxe-Weimar, gave to the bereaved Swedes a noble leader in his own person; and the spirit of Gustavus seemed anew to animate his victorious squadrons. The left wing was speedily rallied, and pressed hard against the right of the Imperialists. The artillery at the windmills, which had kept up such a murderous fire against the Swedes, fell into their hands, and its thunders were directed against the enemy. The centre of the Swedish infantry, under the command of Bernard and Knipphausen, advanced a second time against the trenches, which they successfully passed, and a second time they made themselves masters of the battery of seven cannons. The attack was now renewed with redoubled vehemence upon the heavy battalions of the enemy's centre; their resistance gradually became less and less; and chance itself seemed to conspire with the efforts of the Swedes to complete their defeat. The Imperial powder-waggons took fire, and the grenades and bombs were blown with a tremendous explosion into the air. The enemy, now in confusion, thought they were attacked in the rear, while the Swedish brigades pressed them in front. Their courage failed. They saw their left wing defeated, their right on the point of giving way, their artillery in the enemy's hands. The battle seemed to be almost decided; the fate of the day depended on a single moment;—and in that moment Pappenheim appeared on the field with his cuirassiers and dragoons; every advantage was lost, and the battle was begun anew. The order which recalled that general to Lutzen had reached him in Halle, while his troops were still engaged in plundering that town. It was impossible to collect the scattered infantry with that rapidity which the pressing urgency of the order, and the impatience of Pappenheim himself required. Without waiting for them, therefore, he ordered eight regiments of cavalry to mount, and at their head he advanced at full gallop to Lutzen, to share in the battle. He arrived just in time to witness the flight of the Imperial right wing before Gustavus Horn, and to find himself at first involved in their rout. But with rapid presence of mind he rallied the fugitives, and led them anew against the enemy. Carried away by his impetuous bravery, and impatient to encounter the king, whom he expected to find at the head of this wing, he burst furiously into the Swedish ranks, which, exhausted by the victory they had already obtained, and inferior in numbers, were overpowered by this new host of enemies, after a noble resistance. The unexpected appearance of Pappenheim re-animated the expiring courage of the Imperialists, and the Duke of Friedland rapidly availed himself of this favourable moment to form his line again. The close-ranged battalions of the Swedes were, after a tremendous conflict, again repulsed across the trenches, and the battery, which had been twice captured, rescued from their hands. The whole yellow regiment, the finest of all which distinguished themselves in this dreadful day, lay dead upon the spot, covering the field almost in the same order which they had so nobly maintained while alive. Another regiment, in blue, shared the same fate, which Count Piccolomini attacked with the Imperial cavalry, and overcame after a desperate contest. Seven times did this intrepid general renew the attack; seven horses were shot under him, and he himself was pierced with six musket-balls. Yet he would not leave the field, until compelled by the general retreat of the whole army. Wallenstein himself was seen riding through his ranks with cool intrepidity, amidst a shower of balls, assisting the distressed, animating the brave by his example, and intimidating the wavering by his frown. His men were falling thick around him, and his own mantle was pierced with several balls. But destiny this day protected that breast, for which another weapon was reserved; on the same field where the noble Gustavus expired, Wallenstein was not to terminate his guilty career. Less fortunate was Pappenheim, the Tehamon of the army, the bravest soldier of the church and of the house of Austria. An ardent desire to encounter the king carried this daring leader into the thickest of the fight, where he thought he was most likely to find his noble opponent. Gustavus had also expressed his wish to meet his brave antagonist, but these hostile desires remained ungratified; the heroes, for the first time, met in death. Two musket-balls pierced the heart of Pappenheim: and he was forcibly carried, by his soldiers, out of the field. While they were engaged in conveying him to the rear, a murmur reached his ear, that he whom he had sought lay dead upon the plain. When assured of the truth of this intelligence, his look became brighter, his dying eye sparkled with a gleam of joy. 'Tell the Duke of Friedland,' said he, 'that I am mortally wounded; but that I die happy, since I know that the implacable enemy of my faith has fallen on the same day.' With Pappenheim vanished the good fortune of the Imperialists. No sooner did the cavalry of the right wing, already beaten, and only rallied by his exertions, miss their victorious leader, than they gave up every thing for lost, and abandoned the field of battle in despair. The right wing fell into similar confusion, with the exception of a few regiments, which the bravery of their colonels, Goetz, Terzky, Colloredo, and Piccolomini, compelled to keep their ground. The Swedish infantry, with great promptitude, availed themselves of the enemy's confusion. To fill up the gaps which death had made in these ranks, they formed both lines into one, and made a last decisive charge. A third time they crossed the trenches, and a third time they captured the artillery behind them. The sun was setting when the hostile lines met. The battle seemed to grow more desperate as it drew towards its close; the last efforts of strength were mutually exerted, and daring and address did their utmost to repair in these last pro-

* "Gefreyter, a person exempt from watching duty, nearly corresponding to the corporal."

cious minutes the fortune of the day. It was in vain; despair seemed to animate each party with superhuman strength; neither could conquer, neither would give way. The art of war seemed to exhaust its powers in one point, only to unfold some new and untried masterpiece of skill in another. Night and darkness at last put a period to the battle, which the fury of the combatants would willingly have prolonged; and the contest ceased, only because each could no longer find his antagonists. Both armies separated, as if by tacit agreement; the trumpets sounded, and each party claiming the victory quitted the field. * * *

"More than 9000 men of both armies lay dead upon the field; the number of the wounded was much greater, and among the Imperialists scarcely a man escaped uninjured from the field. The whole plain, from Lutzen to the Canal, was covered with the wounded, the dead, and the dying. Many of the principal nobility had fallen on both sides. Even the abbot of Fulda, who had mingled in the combat as a spectator, paid for his curiosity and his ill-timed zeal with his life. History is silent as to prisoners; an additional proof of the fury of the combatants, who neither gave nor took quarter. Pappenheim died of his wounds the next day at Leipzig; an irreparable loss to the Imperial army, which this consummate general had so often led on to conquest. * * * The messenger was already on his way to him from Madrid with the order of the Golden Fleece, when death overtook him at Leipzig. Though *Te Deum* was sung in honour of the victory in all the Spanish and Austrian dominions, Wallenstein himself, by the rapidity with which he left Leipzig, and, soon after, the whole of Saxony, and by abandoning his intention of taking up his winter-quarters in that country, openly confessed his defeat. It is true he made a feeble attempt, even in his flight, to dispute the palm of victory, by sending out his Croats next morning to the field; but the sight of the Swedish army, which stood in battle array, immediately dispersed these flying bands; and Duke Bernard, by keeping possession of the field, and soon after by the capture of Leipzig, retained the undisputed right to the title of victor. But the triumph was a melancholy one, the victory dearly bought! Now first, when the fury of conflict was over, was felt the full weight of the loss they had sustained, and the shout of triumph died away into the gloomy and mournful tone of despair. He who had led them forth to the fight returned not with them; he lay upon that field which he had gained, amidst the dead bodies of the common crowd. After a long, and, for a time, ineffectual search, the corpse of the king was discovered, not far from the great stone which, for a hundred years before, had stood between Lutzen and the Canal, and which, from the memorable disaster of that day, still bears the name of the Stone of the Swede. Covered with blood and wounds, so as to be scarcely recognised, trampled beneath the hoofs of the cavalry, deprived of its ornaments and clothes by the rude hands of the plunderers, his body was drawn from beneath a heap of dead, conveyed to Weissenfels, and there delivered up to the lamentations of the army, and the last embraces of his queen. The first tribute was paid to vengeance, and blood had atoned for the blood of the monarch; the next was due to affection, and tears of grief were now shed for the man. Individual griefs were lost in the universal lamentation. The generals, still paralysed by the unexpected blow, stood speechless and motionless around his bier, and shrunk from contemplating the full extent of the calamity that had befallen them."

We now, so far as Part XX., dismiss Constable's Miscellany—a real and existing Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, neither puffed by an upstart pseudo monopoly, a junta in a University Committee, nor a prostituted Review.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA.

Journal of the Occupation of Tabreez by the Russians.

[We this week complete the interesting picture of affairs between Russia and Persia at Tabreez. The divisions among the Persians themselves; the ambitious views of several subjects of the Shah; and the actual condition of the country occupied by the Russian army, afford data for political reflections of the highest importance.]

SUNDAY, Oct. 28th.—I am informed this morning, that the Maraud and Nukhsheewaun horse who went in pursuit of the prince's family, overtook them at the Sluttel pass: it was, however, occupied by the Mazenderaun infantry forming a part of their escort. In attempting to force the defile, many of the pursuers were killed. They then broke off by other passages through the mountains, and came in sight of the harem.—Banger-khan Chellebeunloo, with the horsemen of his tribe, covered their retreat. He succeeded in repelling the pursuers; they, however, got possession of many loads of baggage belonging to two of the prince's wives. The Russian officers declare that no party was authorised to follow the prince's family. The general had been pressed by the sons of Nuzzur Alli Khan to send a detachment of cavalry; as their wives, who had been taken as hostages, were supposed to have been carried off with the prince's. Yet no men could be spared to effect the wishes of individuals, when on the morning Tabreez was to be attacked. The sons of Nuzzur Alli Khan were exceedingly vexed at the indifference shewn to recover their women: notwithstanding the objections made with their own dependants, they set off to regain these pledges on the evening of the 24th from Sahillaun.—The Russian army changed their encampment to the level ground behind the prince's garden. Their numbers cannot amount to more than 4000 infantry, 800 regular cavalry, 800 Cossacks, and 1200 Russian irregular horse. The artillery consists of eighteen field pieces of different calibers.

Monday, 29th.—Colonel Luzzeroff is appointed commandant of the city; he lodges at the palace. Yesterday officers were employed in taking charge of what remained of the prince's property. The inhabitants of the city begin to lament their pusillanimous conduct; they loudly find fault with Aga Meer Fatha, who is considered to be the person who acted chiefly in favour of the Russians: on the other hand, the heads of the ancient Tabreez families have solicited the protection of the Emperor Nicolas;—they have begged that their city may not be restored on the conclusion of peace. There have not been wanting volunteers amongst them to conduct a detachment of troops for the purpose of seizing the prince's person. The dissatisfaction towards his royal highness's government, and their desire to be relieved from the rule of kajars, are occasioned by the treatment they have for so many years endured. They were deprived of power, respectability, and emolument. The Arrauk servants of Abbas Mirza filled every situation under the government, whilst only a few of the natives of Tabreez held offices merely nominal. By a change they expect again to rise into consideration. Aga Meer Fatha is considered by General Arristoff as the chief personage of the city. He has completely identified himself with the Russians. Ahmed Khan, the son of Futh Alli Khan Keshtee, governor of Tabreez, continues to act as his father's deputy.

Tuesday, 30th.—Strict search has been made this morning to recover the property taken from the palace. As many of the depredators were known, parties of Russian soldiers, attended by Persians, visited their houses: a considerable portion of the effects was found. Mirza Jaffer, one of the young men sent by the prince to be educated in England, had been active during the pillage: property to a large amount was found in his house.—I understand that Aga Meer Fatha waited upon Prince Arristoff this day, to apprise him that the citizens meditate a revolt and massacre of the Russians. It is certain that greater precautions have been taken, arising probably from this disclosure. The possibility of effecting such a design has frequently occurred; but neither do the inhabitants possess the spirit nor the unanimity requisite for its execution. The small number of the Russians may have encouraged the idea. The chiefs of the different divisions of the city have been made responsible for the safety of the guards placed within their precincts.

Wednesday, 31st.—General Paskewitch and staff yesterday evening reached Suhillaun with a light detachment from the main army. Being anxious to see the troops, I went in the morning towards the bridge of the Augee; General P. was at the head of the line of march, surrounded by the chief officers and his staff. On leaving the bridge, about three quarters of a mile, he was met by Aga Meer Fatha, attended by a deputation of the principal inhabitants of the city. The two parties remained a short time in conversation. The column of troops was headed by three battalions of infantry, then succeeded a regiment of dragoons, two regiments of Uhlans, the artillery at intervals of about eighteen pieces, a regiment of Cossacks of the Don, and another of the Black Sea. The whole corps marched to the cavalry encampment on the rising ground between the city and the Augee to the left of the road; General Arristoff's division was there assembled to receive the commander-in-chief, before whom the united army passed in review order. All their movements were executed with great regularity. The appearance of the troops, though by no means brilliant, was exceedingly good, denoting a high state of efficiency for actual service. The regiments of infantry were about 700 bayonets each; the men healthy and robust; their march was steady, firm, and in correct alignement. The cavalry displayed equal perfection in their movements: the horses were, indeed, much reduced in flesh, requiring some rest ere a march of long duration could be undertaken, yet were still in condition for immediate employment. From the size and general good quality of the horses, this body of cavalry would oppose with success far superior numbers of the best Persian horse of the present day. The Don Cossacks, in full uniform, have always a handsome appearance. The Black-Sea Cossacks, though of rougher exterior, are considered in every respect the most active and brave soldiers. The horses of both are small, clumsy animals capable of enduring great fatigue. The artillery marched past in brigades, the twelve pounders drawn by six horses; those of inferior caliber by four. Each gun was followed b

two two-wheeled light tumbrils, having a pair or three horses abreast: the whole must have amounted to thirty pieces of artillery. This corps partook of the same character with the other branches of the army, nothing splendid or elegant, but very imposing and effective. When the different corps had marched past, General Paskewitch moved towards the city: on his arrival at the gates, the guns from the towers and bastions were discharged in rapid succession; the salute must have been carried twice round the walls. The light division had marched from Eriwan in thirteen days, without a halt: the distance is 180 miles. At nightfall, the towers and the summit of the old building of the Ark were brilliantly lighted up with flambeaux.

Thursday, Nov. 1st.—The Cayim Mukum arrived this evening at the village Kallamullay, four miles distant from the city. He is not permitted to enter the walls, as his popularity with the inhabitants is great, which makes the Russians apprehensive that his presence may give rise to some tumult. He is empowered to treat for peace.

Friday 2d.—The Russian prisoners of war, chiefly officers, who were confined at Maurangha, have been released, and sent as a peace-offering from that city to General Paskewitch. Nearly the whole of the districts or divisions of Azerbejann have followed the example of Tabreez. The inhabitants of Khoeg have sent a deputation to General Paskewitch, requesting that no troops may march against their town, as they will deliver it up if the province is retained by Russia. The district of Caradaugh has submitted; Mahomed Kooli Beg, a descendant of its former chiefs, has been placed to govern it. The principal of Shah-Sawans and Shaggangrees are in arms against the prince Jehan Geer Khan: the hereditary khan of the latter tribe has openly joined the Russians, and acknowledges their supremacy: he is the son of the famous Azad Khan, who disputed the throne with the present king. The town-people of Maurangha have been the most violent in their proceedings. This city has been for some years under the rule of Fath Alli Khan, the elder brother of the Assuff, whose sister is the head wife of the prince. On quitting Tabreez, thither one of Abbas Mirza's daughters, his own sister, and the wife of Mahomed Mirza, sought refuge: they had not been there long, when the house of the governor Fath Alli Khan was broken into by the populace, who completely pillaged it, and entering the women's apartments, continued to commit similar outrages. It is said that the younger sons of Ahmed Khan, the late chief of Maurangha, were the principal promoters of this confusion. Fortunately, Jaffer Kooli Khan, an elder brother, interposed his authority, and rescued these much-to-be-pitied females. The jewels and valuables of this portion of the prince's family are reported to have fallen into the hands of the plunderers. The next morning, Jaffer Kooli Khan escorted them to Meandaub, a place twenty miles from the city. Even to this spot the rabble pursued Fath Alli Khan and the harem: they meditated further molestation, but were dispersed by some discharges of grape from the artillery under Emude Khan, who had been previously sent there to afford them protection.

Saturday, 3d.—The city has been very tranquil, considering the circumstances, since the arrival of the Russian army. The conduct of their troops has been such as to deserve every praise; very few men are seen about the streets intoxicated, though they appear to have free ingress into the city; nor have I heard that any affrays of consequence have taken place. Some discontent has been caused by the public baths having been frequented, which renders them, in the opinions of the Mahomedans, impure. The civil government of the city remains under Aga Meer Fatha: at first an authority was constituted, at which four of the principal inhabitants were ordered to preside: they were to report their proceedings to Colonel Lazzuaff, without whose sanction no decisions were to be carried into effect. On the representation of Aga Meer Fatha, that this tribunal tended to diminish his influence over the inhabitants, the internal government of the city has been given completely to his superintendence. This personage has in view to become the chief authority of Azerbejann: he nourishes the most ambitious designs; has already issued rukums to the local chiefs of the districts, directing them to espouse the cause of Russia, with threats of punishment, and exile to Siberia, if they do not immediately attend to his injunctions. This proceeding, though beneficial in inducing others to follow his steps, has not been approved by General Paskewitch. Meer Fatha forgets, that in divesting himself of the character of head priest, he entirely destroys the power he possesses over the minds of his fellow-citizens. On one occasion he became an uninvited guest to the table of the commander-in-chief; he brought some dishes cooked at his own house, but at the same time partook of others of Russian composition. This behaviour, so contrary to the prejudices of the Sceah sect of Mahomedans, has occasioned in the city a great sensation to his detriment. Aga Mahomed Alli, the prince's head armourer, has been directed to forge keys for the gates of Tabreez (although no locks are in existence), which are to be presented to the emperor. Four guns are also to be cast in commemoration of the capture of Abbasabad, Surderabad, Eriwan, and Tabreez. Each piece of artillery is to be inscribed with the name of these places. The towns-people have not hitherto suffered in their property from the presence of the Russian army; the case of the adjoining villages has, however, been far different. The provisional government issued orders on them to afford forage for the cavalry and draft cattle of the army. These have been enforced without any regularity—quadruple the quantity specified has been taken away, no payments of any kind made, and the villagers complain most bitterly of being thus deprived of the provender laid aside to support their live stock during the winter.

Sunday 4th.—The expected division, composed of the regiment of disgraced Moscow guards, one battalion of the new guards, regiment of Sheerwan grenadiers, regiment of Tiflis, ten pieces of artillery, and some companies of Cossacks, arrived this morning. The rear-guard of the army remains stationary at Maraud. The battering train has likewise been ordered to remain there. Yesterday evening the Russian plenipotentiary, General d'Obriscaff, went to Kallamellug to meet the Cayim Mukum; the conference concluded by the general furnishing the Persian minister with a draft of the bases on which a peace might be obtained. The Cayim Mukum has returned to the prince's camp at Salmass, whose assent to the conditions must be transmitted to the commander-in-chief at the expiration of six days.

Monday, 5th.—Colonel Macdonald was invited by General Paskewitch to attend at a review of the Russian army. It was ordered to celebrate a *Te Deum*; the envoy declined being present at this ceremony, but accepted the opportunity of seeing the troops after its performance. At mid-day, a captain of Uhlans, with a party of his regiment, arrived to conduct the envoy. The army was drawn up in a large square on the plain behind the prince's garden: the infantry formed two faces of it; the regular cavalry, Cossacks, and artillery, the other sides. On reaching the ground, prayers were just finished: the officers of the army, who were assembled in the centre of the square to attend divine service, separated to their different posts; a salute of fifty guns was fired; we joined the suite of the commander-in-chief; the troops broke into column to march past the general: it was a most imposing sight,—all the movements performed with the greatest precision; orders given without any unnecessary clamour, and quickly executed. There is a certain degree of stiffness in the carriage and walk of a Russian soldier, owing to the tight ligature of the waist, which produces an unpleasant and awkward effect; but, either taken individually or in a body, the appearance and equipment of the Russian troops are highly military, and unite all that is required for parade or actual service. The troops, after defiling, formed into a mass, with a front of four battalions; General Paskewitch proceeded at a quick gallop along the line, passed through at intervals of the columns, and was received by each corps with loud acclamations. I should thus roughly estimate the strength of the army:

12 battalions of infantry, 550 men	6600
2 battalions absent on guard	1100
1 regiment of dragoons	600
3 regiments of Uhlans, 400 men	1200
Cossacks	2000
52 pieces of artillery, 20 men	1000
	12500

Reckoning absentees on duty and sick, the Russian force at Tabreez may possibly amount to fourteen thousand men.

Paris, *April 5.*

THE *fête* of Longchamp being the conversation of the day, I presume it would be quite out of rule to send a letter from Paris without dedicating at least a few lines to the brilliant equipages, *les jolies femmes, et les élégants*, who graced the *Champs Elysées* on that occasion. This apparently gay scene brings always to my mind Montesquieu's description of a country party, where fits of yawning were only interrupted by the mutual question, "*n'est ce pas charmant?*" for, in truth, the business of life seems to be that of *appearing*, not of *being*, happy. The weather during the three days of public exhibition was most unfavourable to ladies' beauty and to spring dresses; but as no duties are so imperative as those of fashion, many fair dames shivered beneath gauzes and crapes,—whilst others, more wisely, kept up the memory of old winter, and remained wrapt in their furs. As usual, barouches, gigs, landaus, cabriolets, charabancs, tilburies, and hackney coaches, moved *pêle-mêle* in dirge-like motion; whilst the gens d'armes, with drawn swords, lined the way to keep messieurs les cochers in due order. This, indeed, is a most necessary precaution, otherwise the *esprit* of rivalship which governs those lords of the whip would prove of most fatal consequences to the foot passengers. There were several splendid *turns-out* (as the English say); and these, generally speaking, were occupied, *not* by the *wives*, but by the *favourites* of great men, sympathising, no doubt, with the neglected spouse, who either remained at home, or filled the ranks in

close carriages. These who appeared the most satisfied with themselves and others were some English and French *indescribables*, elegantly mounted on handsome and well-caparisoned steeds; and, probably, more than one rich dowager became the victim of the graceful bow and skilful horsemanship of these fashionables; and many a gamester repaired the losses of the past by the tender interest he excited in the breasts of susceptible females; for, on the cut of a coat, the putting-on of a cravat, the prancing of a horse, often depends the fortune of years; and *le Vendredi Saint* is not a day of reparation of sin, but a reparation of prodigality. However, as religion mixes more or less with education, abstinence from flesh-meat is strictly observed; and though the morning is passed in a display of luxury, to eat a piece of roast-beef in the evening would be an unpardonable crime: it would appear that habit destroys the faculty of thinking, and renders us mere machines, otherwise could we be capable of such contradictions? Our Englishmen make no exception to general rule here; they retain all their *national* prejudices, but leave their religious ones on their native shore. Were the Pope the head of the Protestant church, one would be induced to think that our islanders, ere they crossed the seas, purchased a large stock of *indulgences*—for Paris abounds in Englishmen of *liberal morals*, who think it only necessary for their wives and daughters to persevere in old customs and principles. With regard to wives, several Englishmen of rank have received severe lessons: their calculation of the *force* of virtue in the *weaker sex* has proved erroneous—as British dames here begin to think that the laws of retaliation are just, and that the cold and distant respect of their lords and masters is not equivalent to the assiduities and delicate attentions of tender suitors. Much scandal is, of course, on the *tapis;* and loud are the complaints of husbands, who meet but little sympathy, when they neglect even the appearance of kindness towards those whom they require to love, honour, and obey them.

La Fiancée de Lammermoor of Walter Scott, arranged as a drama by Victor Ducange, has met with deserved success at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin. Of course, by reducing so beautiful a work to the limits of stage scenes, much of the charm of the original is lost. M. Ducange is the only dramatic author who seems to have understood Walter Scott, or to know how to cull the beauties with which he abounds.

The different theatres at Paris are threatened with four *William Tells*, by four authors of merit: to whom will be adjudged the palm, is as yet undecided; but in private circles opinion has already *taken a bias.*

Monday evening Miss Smithson and Mr. Macready are to appear in *Macbeth*. The French are beginning to cede the victory to us in point of tragedy. They allow we excel in *horrors*, and die *admirably!*—but that they, and *they alone*, know how to *live;* and consequently in comedy we cannot approach them. Here I believe they are right. Miss Smithson is a great favourite, and her charms of person and beauty of face are often the topic of conversation. Mademoiselle Mimi Dupuis is on her way to London, where it is predicted that she is to turn the steady heads of Messieurs les Anglais. There is at present a tragedy, attributed to the pen of a M. Soumet, entitled *Elisabeth de France*, rehearsing at the Théâtre Français: it is said the author has copied Schiller, in his *Don Carlos*. Let the merit of the work be what it may, the dramatic censor will never allow those dreadful representations of the Inquisition, or of a king so cruel and superstitious as Philip the Second, to appear on the stage. Apropos of theatricals—Mademoiselle Mars is generally condemned, behind the scenes, for her prosecution of Malon and his wife. This delightful actress is not accused of much sensibility: diamonds, however, are not to be purchased every day; and it is necessary to punish severely the ignorant, to fill up the measure of justice, and thus compensate for the lenity generally shewn to rank and fortune—in fact, to those who come under the title of *great men*. The report that Mr. Murray has given Mr. Moore 4000 guineas for his Life of Lord Byron creates a strong sensation. Such a book will be read here with avidity. The curiosity of the public is much excited as to this work.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LA PEROUSE.

At length information has been received of the fate of the above unfortunate navigator, which has so long been involved in doubt and obscurity. A Captain Dillon having heard that two large vessels had been wrecked on one of the islands of the group called the Friendly or Navigator's Islands, the Indian government fitted out and despatched a vessel called the Research, for the purpose of making every possible inquiry and investigation. Very unpleasant altercations took place on board the Research between Captain Dillon and Dr. Tittler, who was sent (we believe) on board as a naturalist, which it is not requisite for us to detail.

Mr. John Russell, an officer on board the Research, wrote to his uncle, Sir W. Betham, of Dublin, a letter, dated Nov. 7, 1827, which was received in Dublin on the 9th March, 1828, of which the following is an extract:—

"*New Zealand*, Nov. 7, 1827.

"We are just arrived here after a voyage in search of La Perouse; and I think we have been successful. Both his ships were wrecked the same night on a reef off the Manicolo Island, which is situate in lat. 11 min. 40 deg. south, long. 170 deg. east. One ship sunk in deep water immediately after striking, and all on board perished; the other was thrown on the reef, and some of the crew escaped, who saved sufficient materials from the wreck to build a small vessel, in which, with the exception of two men who continued on the island, and those who were killed by the natives, they left the place about five months after their shipwreck: their ultimate fate is still unknown Of the two men who remained, one quitted the island in a canoe, the other died about three years since. We have obtained clear proof that the ships wrecked were French, having found and secured many pieces of silver and copper stamped with the fleur-de-lis. We have also two bells, one having on it an inscription—BAZIN M'A FAIT; on the other are the royal arms of France. We have also found a part of a plated candlestick, on which is engraved a shield with the following arms:—Azure a saltire; in chief a mullet; and in base a crescent or. Supporters two lions rampant regardant. The shield is surmounted with a viscount's coronet. We have searched all the neighbouring islands, to ascertain the fate of the small vessel and her crew, if perchance any of them might still exist; but without success."

Such is the statement of Mr. Russell, which, although very concise, in the absence of the official report, which will be sent to the Indian government, so that some time must elapse before it reaches Europe, is very interesting and important.

The above-mentioned arms are those of M. de Colignon, botanist on board La Boussole; and as the crew of the ship, which went down in deep water, all perished, we may conclude that every article also went down with her: we may also take it for proven, that it was the Boussole, commanded by M. la Perouse himself, which was thrown on the ridge, as M. Colignon was attached to that ship.

A very mutilated and mis-printed statement having appeared in the newspapers and in some of our contemporaries, we made application to Sir W. Betham, who has supplied us with the foregoing corrected statement.

But in order to put the point in a clear light, and shew that the fate of the intrepid and enterprising La Perouse is at last, after the mystery and conjecture of forty years, no longer uncertain, we made a drawing of the arms, as described by Mr. Russell. On referring to a standard work of French heraldry, we discovered that these were the arms of Colignon; and we also found, by consulting the published account of this unfortunate expedition, that Colignon was, as we have observed, the name of the naturalist in the Boussole. These facts afford conclusive evidence that the vessels whose wrecks have been traced could be no other than M. de la Perouse's ships; and the *crescent or* in the base of the shield, the sign of affiliation, indicates that M. Colignon was a second son or branch of the noble family of that name. Our contemporaries in Paris will, no doubt, make further inquiries into this matter, which has so long excited the curiosity, and engaged the sympathy, of Europe.

Sidney Hall's New General Atlas. Part VI.

In a style of similar clearness and excellence with the preceding Parts, the present Part contains Peru, New South Wales, and Spain and Portugal;—the new world and the old. The map of New South Wales appears to us to be particularly valuable, as it embraces all the recent surveys, &c. of that rising colony.

AFRICAN GEOGRAPHY.

It is gratifying to learn that our government, with a perseverance worthy of an enlightened nation, continues to direct scientific inquiry towards the ill-known, or unknown, parts of the coasts of Africa, as well as towards other quarters of the globe where correct investigation is required. Captain Boteler, who served with much distinction under Captain Owen in his extensive survey of Africa, chiefly on the Eastern coast and Madagascar, which occupied between five and six years,* is now appointed

* Of this Survey, it is mentioned to us, Captain Boteler has written a detailed and interesting account for publication; but it still remains in manuscript.

to complete the survey of the Western Coast from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Cape de Verd Islands; and will, we understand, proceed on this expedition in Captain Parry's old ship the Hecla, in a few days, from Portsmouth.

Captain Mudge, another officer who served under Captain Owen, has also been appointed to proceed to Ireland to complete the coast part of the Ordnance survey of that kingdom. Captain Mudge is accompanied by Lieutenant Fraser, who was assistant to Captain Bayfield in his laborious survey of the Lakes of Canada, which has been recently finished.

Major Laing.—In a recent Number of the *Literary Gazette* we mentioned the statement to the French Academy by M. Jomard, founded on letters from London, of the British government having received news of Major Laing through Morocco. M. Jomard has since communicated the letters to the Academy: they are dated the 19th of January; but we fear there is nothing recent concerning our enterprising countrymen (Laing and Clapperton) that is calculated to assuage our uneasiness as to their now too probable fate.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, April 5.—On Saturday, the 29th ult. being the last day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. T. Arnold, late Fellow of Oriel College, Head Master of Rugby School; Rev. G. Dineley, Worcester College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. H. J. Ellman, Wadham College.

Master of Arts.—Rev. W. L. Neville, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. J. Trower, Christ Church; Lord E. Thynne, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 5.—The following gentlemen were on Friday last admitted Bachelors of Arts:—

G. Goldsmith, St. Peter's College; T. J. Theobald, Christ College; R. Catton, R. R. Toke, Corpus Christi College; W. H. Tuer, Magdalene College.

The Vice-Chancellor and other official electors of Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholarships have given notice, in pursuance of the thirteenth regulation of the senate, bearing date the 14th of March, 1828, that a premium of 50*l.* will be given for the best dissertation on *the nature and extent of the Hebraisms found in the writings of St. Paul, including the Epistle to the Hebrews.*

NATIONAL MEETING AT MUNICH.

THE three meetings of the German Literati, especially natural philosophers and physicians, that have taken place within the last three years at Frankfort, Dresden, and Munich, for the express purpose of promoting experimental philosophy in all its branches, by communicating and discussing the various discoveries and experiments made by different individuals, from all parts of Germany, have excited such universal attention, that they are justly said to form a new epoch in the history of German literature. The great merit of having originated these beneficial assemblies is due to Professor Oken of Jena, and now of Munich. The last meeting took place in September, at Munich; and no fewer than 152 professors of natural philosophy, besides many other learned individuals from Dresden, Berlin, Frankfort, Weimar, Bonn, Ulm, Stuttgardt, &c., assembled in this daily rising capital. The first sitting, on the 18th of September, under the special patronage of the king and all his ministers, was attended by several hundred visitors, and held in the magnificent saloon of the town-hall, which was decorated for the occasion with exotic trees and plants from the botanical garden. Public dinners, concerts, excursions into the vicinity of the capital, and other amusements, took place in the afternoon of that and every succeeding day, in order to relieve the more serious occupations of the morning. At the last dinner, (to which the king had invited the whole of the literary visitors,) two ministers of state presided; and after the company rose from table, it is mentioned as a special mark of favour, that his majesty spoke a few words to every one of his guests; so that they parted full of the warmest admiration for, as they termed him, the king of the learned. The next meeting is to be held in Berlin, in September next: Alexander von Humboldt president, and Professor Lichtenstein, the African traveller, secretary. The number of subjects that came under discussion, during the sittings of nearly a whole week, cannot be here detailed.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

No. 325. *The Enthusiast.* Theodore Lane.—Surely this is carrying enthusiasm as far as it can go. We have seen the "ruling passion," in most of its varieties, caricatured and ridiculed: but it remained for Mr. Lane to exhibit a superannuated Izaak Walton, sitting by the fire-side in his chamber, and angling in a large bathing-tub! In treating this strange and whimsical subject, the artist has shewn some of the best qualities of the art—expression, execution, and appropriate colouring.

No. 421. *Portrait of a Lady.* W. Boxall.—This example of simplicity in tone and colouring shews at once what may be done without the *gaud* of art. No judicious observer can look at it without being reminded of Sir Joshua Reynolds' style of painting when his aim appeared to be to represent nature as she was, rather than as what, at a later period of his life, he thought she ought to be.

No. 228. *Girl with a Jewel-Casket.* F. Y. Hurlstone.—Every body knows the picture by Titian which has suggested the present performance. This is a fair and legitimate mode of competition, and has been practised by the most eminent artists. We would not, however, recommend the effort to tyros, as they will seldom produce more than a sort of varied copy; while the more advanced painter will communicate, always originality, and sometimes improvement to his work. The talents of Mr. Hurlstone have enabled him, retaining much of his great prototype, to paint a very fascinating picture.

No. 226. *Portraits of a Lady and Child.* Mrs. Pearson.—Among the very clever portraits sprinkled throughout the present exhibition, we are happy to notice this lady's performance, as evincing her steady and progressive improvement in art. We are glad to observe the good taste which Mrs. Pearson and (with a single exception) every other portrait-painter whose works decorate the walls of this gallery have shewn, in avoiding the Medusa-like monstrosities to which we have before alluded, in the mode of dressing the hair of our fashionable countrywomen, and by which that which ought to be one of the greatest ornaments of beauty, is perverted into the most injurious deformity.

No. 202. *A Cattle Ferry.* J. Dearman.—There is much more than promise in the paintings of this young artist; but he should avoid a something of sameness both in subject and in colouring. The latter approximates to what may be termed brassy; the appearance of which is much increased by the light and fluttering touches on the objects in his foregrounds.

No. 426. *View in the Environs of Rotterdam; Moonlight.* J. B. Crome.—We fairly confess that we have never seen moonlight clouds similar in colour to these; but there may be such, nevertheless; and Mr. Crome has the high authority of some of the best of Vanderneer's moonlights for the tone. Be that as it may, Mr. Crome's talents are sufficiently conspicuous in the management of the composition, and in the whole performance. In connexion with this picture, we are happy to notice No. 431, *Sluice Gate, on the River Wensum*, by A. Stannard; as, with others of the same class, they shew the close resemblance of character and execution between the works of some of our artists and the best pictures of the Flemish school. It is not that the pure English style of landscape painting is not equally estimable; but it so seldom happens that a due value is set upon what is domestic and within reach, that our artists, to obtain attention, are frequently obliged to assume a foreign mask. This prejudice, however, on the part of our amateurs, seems to be rapidly declining. Where indeed, in any school, or at any time, can be found greater excellence in execution, and without any particular resemblance to foreign art, than is manifested in most of the works of Lance, Pidding, Stevens, Blake, &c.?

The room appropriated to drawings, miniatures, and prints, and that appropriated to sculpture, are admirably adapted to their respective purposes. They abound in good works. Among the miniatures, the frame containing the pictures of Mrs. James Robertson deservedly occupies a distinguished place. There are several beautiful copies in miniature from the works of various painters in oil. No. 595. *Juliet, after a Sketch by Opie*, by W. Bone, is exquisitely finished, but hung too high for its worth. No. 569. *A Portrait (after Cotes) of the late Paul Sandby, Esq.*, by Miss Ordesworth, which, for fidelity of resemblance and beauty of execution, would do credit to our best miniature-painters, is, on the other hand, hung too low for its merits. By the side of this is No. 575; a bold and masterly copy, by T. H. Bischoff, of Sir Joshua's *Infant Jupiter*. Many other miniatures of great merit, our limits will not allow us to enumerate.—Among the drawings are various admirable specimens of the art. No. 738. *The Gleaner*, by J. Holmes; beautiful both in character and in execution. No. 724. *Shrimpers near Hastings*, J. M. Ince; a clear and excellent drawing. No. 722. *Juliet, after Opie*; C. R. Bone: a faithful copy of the master. No. 699 and 708. *Vignettes to C. Croker's Fairy Legends*; W. H. Brooke. Whether among fairies and flowers, where taste and fancy go hand in hand, or delineating the broad humours of Irish eccentricity, we always find this artist eminently successful. No. 732. *Island of Innisfallen*; No. 746. *The Dargle*, and other drawings by Glover, are in his usual style of excellence. No. 773. *Fishing Boats in the Monsoon, Bombay Harbour*, C. Stanfield, contributes to give great interest to this department of art.—On the print side of the room are some equally valuable examples of engraving in line, mezzotinto, chalk, wood, and lithography. Among the principal, are No. 847. *Duncan Gray, after Wilkie*, by F. Engleheart; No. 820. *The Wreck of the Medusa*, by S. W. Reynolds; a most admirable print, No. 822. *Trial of Lord W. Russell*, by J. Bromley; No. 842. *Filippo Lippi, after De La Roche*, by S. W. Reynolds; No. 839. *A Frame of Engravings on Wood*, by J. Thompson, &c. In the chalk department, Woolnoth and Kennerley present some excellent specimens; and in that of lithography, the talents of T. and W. Fairland, M. Gauci, and F. Ross, are highly distinguished. There is, in short, in this room abundance to engage the attention of the judicious visitor,

and to deserve the encouragement of every lover and patron of the fine arts, and of native talent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Trial of William, Lord Russell. 1683. Engraved by John Bromley, from a picture by George Hayter, Esq. Bowyer and Parkes.

THIS is a print which deserves much more than the slight notice that we have given of it in our account of the present Exhibition in Suffolk Street. It is a work tending strongly to confirm the claims of our artists to the possession of historical talent, and to shew that encouragement alone is wanting to its display. The commission for the very fine picture from which this masterly engraving has been taken, was given to Mr. Hayter by the Duke of Bedford; under whose patronage the print also is published. Let other men of rank and fortune follow his Grace's example, and we shall soon have reason to be still more proud of the genius of our countrymen. The print is accompanied by a brief but well-written memoir by Mr. Landseer, than whom no man is more capable of appreciating such a production. After describing the composition of the picture, and the moment of time chosen; and after dwelling on the varied and appropriate expression of the judges, the counsel, the witnesses, the spectators, and the illustrious and self-collected nobleman whose political conduct was the subject of investigation, Mr. Landseer thus beautifully proceeds:—

"Perhaps,—I write it with diffidence and with deference, upon a public occasion where all do not sympathise alike; but—perhaps the acmé of the pathos in the present case, and that which principally contributes to render this tragical occurrence so peculiarly fit to be commemorated by the arts of painting and engraving, resides in that beautiful conjugal endearment, which, blending itself with the sentiment of patriotism, induced Lady Russell to forego the natural timidities (not the delicacies) of her sex, and publicly step forward to assist her beloved husband in his hour of trial, when assailed by all the power that tyranny and its satellites could array against him. There she sits, with true conjugal devotion, looking anxiously toward Lord Russell, all consciousness of public observation being absorbed in his peril and her own sense of duty:—there she sits, on one of those picturesque ebony chairs which were the fashion of the age, at a small table within the bar, and with her apparatus for writing duly placed before her: and there she will now sit for centuries,—in the view and in the grateful recollection of her admiring country."

We have scarcely ever met with a passage which conveys a more just idea of the real value and dignity of the fine arts than that which concludes the foregoing quotation. We perfectly agree with Mr. Landseer, that the picture is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. Hayter; and we also agree with him in the following character of the print.

"The mezzotinto engraving from this picture, which Mr. Bowyer now produces to the public, will, if we mistake not, be found to be not less the master-piece of Mr. John Bromley. By a judicious and spirited admixture of etching with the work of his mezzotinto tools, he has produced an effect of deep-toned brightness,* united with clear and rich shadows, and a very carefully reduced delineation of the details of his original, with which the critics, in this mode of translating the imitative art of the painter, can scarcely fail to be highly gratified."

* We believe that Sir Joshua Reynolds was the inventor of this phrase. It is singularly expressive.—*Ed.*

Six Views of Gibraltar; from Drawings by H. A. West, 12th Infantry. Ackermann.

THESE views, which are neatly drawn on stone by T. M. Baynes, give as good an idea of this impregnable fortress, and of its various defences, as can be comprehended in so small a compass.

The Phlebotomist. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from an original picture by Edward Bristowe. T. Flint.

ANOTHER very clever composition, and well treated both by Mr. Bristowe and by Mr. Harding. We must, however, repeat our regret to see so much talent wasted upon such *monkey* subjects.

Views of Windsor Castle and its adjoining Scenery. Drawn from Nature, and on stone, by William Gauci. Engelmann.

HALF-A-DOZEN slight but tasteful representations of this truly regal residence and its picturesque neighbourhood.

The Death of Ananias. Drawn on stone by George Foggo, after Raphael. Engelmann.

THIS is the first of a lithographic series of the Cartoons. There is no good collection of these celebrated pictures that can be purchased at a reasonable price. Holloway's, which are the most finished, (so much *finished*, indeed, as, in our opinion, to have lost much of the character of the originals,) were sold as high as ten guineas each print. The present set will be very moderate. Mr. Foggo has executed his difficult task with great ability; and, with some slight exceptions, has faithfully preserved the various expressions in this beautiful work of art.

BAZAR IN BAKER STREET.

To the Panorama of the Battle of Navarin has just been added a Diorama of the Interior of St. Peter's at Rome; so that a visitor to the Bazar may now pass in a few moments from an animated scene of desperate and sanguinary warfare, to the solemn tranquillity of the temple of the God of peace. This new view is ably and deceptively painted, and is worth seeing. The changes of light are skilfully managed. If the effect of distance could be given to the tones of the organ, it would be a material improvement.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

OUR readers are probably aware that an Institution was formed in 1810 for the Relief of Artists and their Widows and Orphans. It consisted of two branches, entitled the Annuity Fund, and the Benevolent Fund; the former supported by the private subscriptions of the artists, the latter by contributions and subscriptions from the public.

About four years since, his Majesty was graciously pleased to take this excellent Fund under his patronage, and has since become an annual donor of one hundred guineas. His Majesty has, in addition to his protection, recently granted a royal charter of incorporation, for the purpose of giving importance and stability to so laudable an Institution.

This charter, declaring Sir John Swinburne, Bart., the President of the Benevolent Fund branch, and Mr. Mulready, R.A., the President of the Annuity branch, was read on Tuesday evening last, at the Freemasons' Tavern, to a large meeting of the subscribers, who are by it constituted members of the corporation.

Sir John Swinburne was in the chair; and the Vice-Presidents, Council, and Committee, for the ensuing year, were duly elected. We were gratified to find the name of the Right Hon. Robert Peel at the head of the list of Vice-Presidents,—an additional distinction, to which his well-known knowledge of the Arts, and patronage of artists, so justly entitle him.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SONG,

Believed not to be generally known, and written by Thomas Carew, the author of "He that loves a Rosie Cheeke."

It appears (says the correspondent to whom we are indebted for this Song) on the fly-leaf of a book once in the possession of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in that nobleman's writing. The heading is—"A ryghte pythie Songe by T. C.;" probably the earl's own opinion, his literary disposition being well known. There is (continues the writer), I believe, however, no other reason, besides the initials, for attributing it to Carew, than its similarity to the above-mentioned lyric in tone and feeling: it might have been the production of Thomas Churchyard, an earlier poet. At all events it is manifestly a very old song. The spelling is a little altered to make it readable.

IT is not beautie I demande,
A christalle browe, the moone's despaire,
Nor the snowe's daughter, a whyte hand,
Nor mermaide's yellowe pryde of haire.

Tell mee not of youre starrie eies,
Your lips that seeme on roses fedde,
Your breastes where Cupide tombling lyes,
Nor sleepes for kissing of his bedde.

A bloomie paire of vermeil cheekes
Like Hebe's in her roddiest houres,
A breath that softer musicke speakes
Than summer windes a-wooing flowres.

These are but gawdes: nay, what are lips?
Corall beneathe the ocean-streame,
Whose brinke when youre adventurer lips,
Full oft hee perisheth on themme.

And what are cheekes but ensignes ofte
That wave hot youthe to fieldes of bloode?
Did Helene's breaste, though ere* so softe,
Do Greece or Ilium anie goode?

Eies can with balefulle ardoure burne,
Poison can breath that erste perfumede,
There's manie a whyte hande holdes an urne
With lovers' hearts to duste consumede.

For christalle browes, there's nought within,
They are but emptie cells for pryde;
Hee who the syrenne's haire woulde winne
Is mostlie stranglede in the tyde.

Give mee, instaede of beautie's buste,
A tender heart, a loyale minde,
Which with temptation I coulde truste,
Yet never linkde with erroure finde.

One in whose gentle bosome, I
Coulde poure mie secrete heart of woes,
Like the care-burthenede honie flie
That hides his murmurrs† in the rose.

Mie earthlie comfortoure! whose love
So indefeisible might bee,
That when mie spirite wonne above,
Hers coulde not staye for sympathie.

* "Neere" in MS.: perhaps meant for "ne'er."
† Sic in MS.

DRAMA.

THE Theatres Royal have, as usual, produced each their Easter-piece; but we are sorry to say, neither of them with extraordinary effect. Mr. Barrymore, at Drury Lane, has brought forward a one-act melo-drama, called *The Dumb Savoyard and his Monkey*, which, by

the aid of Master Wieland's clever imitation of poor Mazurier, and some very beautiful scenery by Stanfield, miscalled views on the Rhine,* may last out the holidays, but not much longer. Mr. Pocock's *Tuckitomba, or the Obi Sorceress*, at Covent Garden, though not so destitute of good English as its rival, is very tedious, and unworthy his reputation and the fine scenery bestowed upon it. The bills say it is "founded on an incident which happened in the island of Jamaica, in the year 1765." We consider it a mere mixture of *Three-fingered Jack* and the novel of the *Red Rover*; and believe that if Mr. Pocock had adhered entirely to the novel, with his tact for adaptation, he would have produced a much better melo-drama. Mrs. Vining as the *Obi Sorceress*, Miss Goward as a Quadroon girl, O. Smith as the *Rover*, and Grimaldi as his dumb slave, were the support of the piece; Kesley and Power having unfortunately little or nothing to do. "The untutored spectators" in the galleries, at both houses, must have rather astonished their friend in a Sunday newspaper. If "tears they shed" at the fate of Romeo and his gentle Juliet, they certainly did not shed them in silence on Monday evening; and as to "holding in breath," on the contrary, one gentleman amused himself by filling a news-horn with his, during the greater part of the evening. We could not help wishing their silly champion wedged in between two filthy dogs, with their coats off, who were interpolating Shakespeare's most beautiful passages with their usual elegant commentaries of, "cut it short," "speak up," "give that dog a bone," &c. It would have been a punishment peculiarly worthy his uncalled for and impudent personalities, if indeed (as we are justified in supposing from his language) he be not already accustomed to such society.

The minor summer theatres all opened with new pieces. Mr. Buckstone has the direction of Sadler's Wells: he is a very clever young man, and will, we trust, deserve success.

YATES'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday this novelty is announced at the Adelphi. The first two acts consist of various scenes, stories, imitations, and personations, called *Yates's faces under a Hood!* and the concluding act of Monopolylogue is entitled *Harlequin House*. Mr. T. Hood is the reputed author of the piece; and as for its filling up, we may safely trust to the humour, versatility, and talents, of the performer of "many parts."

VARIETIES.

Dissections.—The question of supplying subjects for anatomical dissection has been brought before parliament and the public: there seem to be as many opinions and as many propositions of ways and means as there have been speakers and writers on the topic.

M. Lethière, whose grand picture of the *Judgment of Brutus* attracted much attention some years ago in London, has again visited our capital with another great work for exhibition. The subject is the *Death of Virginia*; and the Lords of the Treasury have liberally ordered it to pass the custom-house without the payment of any fees.

Hobday's Gallery.—Among the striking objects now to be seen at this gallery, Stothard's works, &c. &c., is a splendid model of a design offered for the Royal Academy.

* There is no such town as Nellingen on the Rhine, nor such a place as the Ghreenfels.—Ed.

Clarence Medal.—A medal of the Lord High Admiral is about to be published by subscription. One of the prospectus papers was hung up at the Admiralty; but some naval wag, who perhaps could neither afford brass nor silver, carried it off with all the names upon it—not including his own!

National Repository.—An admirable and most praiseworthy design is now being carried into effect, principally under the patronage and auspices of Mr. Agar Ellis, for the exhibition of national productions in arts, mechanics, manufactures, &c. &c. Such an annual display has long been a source of wealth, honour, and emulation in Paris; and we are sure it will have great effects in London. The upper part of the King's Mews at Charing Cross has been liberally assigned for the first exhibition, and workmen are busily employed in making the necessary preparations.

It is mentioned in some of the journals that Mr. Murray has agreed to give a large sum of money for the copy-rights of their forthcoming volumes to the Society for Propagating Entertaining Knowledge.

Physiology.—M. Lecomte, a French physiologist, has presented to the Academy a very curious memoir on the usual superiority of the right arm. He attributes it to the position of the fœtus during the last months of pregnancy, by which the left arm and the left side are generally pressed against the pelvis. From numerous observations, he deduces the fact, that where that position happens to be reversed, the infant becomes left-handed. He imagines that the pressure occasions a contraction of the blood-vessels, and the commencement of a kind of atrophy, which produces comparative weakness. To give children equal power in their hands, he recommends, not merely that they shall use them indifferently, but that they shall be compelled for some years to use only the inferior, leaving the superior in inaction.—But why should we wish to change the system of nature?

New Volcano.—A new volcano burst forth at Bakou, in Persia, on the 25th of December last, after a violent tempest. On the preceding evening, at about four leagues to the north-west of that town, a noise was heard similar to that of heavy discharges of musketry. Soon afterwards there arose from the earth a column of fire, of extraordinary height, which burnt for three hours, and then gradually sunk to about two feet. This fire, comprehending a space 600 feet by 400, continued to burn thus for four-and-twenty hours. From the commencement of the eruption, which was accompanied by subterraneous commotions resembling loud claps of thunder, the volcano threw out calcined stones of different kinds, and columns of water, the height of which soon sensibly diminished. No crater, however, appears on the plateau whence all this issued; on the contrary, it seems to have been raised about two feet. Fire is still visible, and flame occasionally appears. The fire is in every respect different from that which burns near the temple of the Indians. Its colour is red; it leaves no smell; and the atmosphere is not affected by it.

Libanus.—The various places about Libanus, and among others the villages of Ben, Antouria, St. Antoine (also called Coshaga), Kafarsan, Aya, Bakera, and Edea, have lately been visited by M. Ch. Guys, one of the French vice-consuls, who is about to communicate to the French Academy the result of his researches.

The Bulls of Benedict.—In 1607, Pope Benedict XIII. excommunicated Charles VI., and sent a courier with the bull of excommunication. The courier was thrown into prison, the bull torn and burnt by the common hangman, and the pope's nuncio compelled to make the *amends honorable* for his master, clad in a linen robe, on which was painted the Pope's arms reversed, and wearing a mitre of paper. The nuncio and the courier who brought the bull were thus led through the streets of Paris, and afterwards placed on a stage erected in the court of the palace, as a laughing-stock to the multitude.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The New Series of Chronicles of the Canongate.—We find that we were mistaken in our report of this work in our *Gazette* of the 5th. The Chronicle about to appear (within a month), is, we now learn, entitled St. Valentine's Day; or, the Fair Maid of Perth, which single story extends through the three volumes. The time is the reign of Robert III. of Scotland; and, as might be supposed, the town of Perth is the principal scene. Among the characters are the Duke of Albany, the unfortunate Duke of Rothsay, the renowned Black Douglas, and many other remarkable personages of that day. It is not, perhaps, well to anticipate what promises to be so pleasant to the public; but we consider it no breach of confidence to state, on the *ipse dixit* of a friend on whose judgment we can safely rely, that a very interesting love-tale is interwoven throughout the whole web of this narrative; that Henry Wynd, the celebrated fighting man, in the Tales of a Grandfather, is the hero; and that the author has never excelled himself in what he has here done with the said Henry,—the poor king, Robert,—and the hapless Rothsay.

It affords us pleasure to announce a new volume of Poems by L. E. L. The two principal pieces are the Venetian Bracelet and the Lost Pleiad; the former being, we understand, more of a connected narrative or story than this delightful songstress has hitherto attempted. The Golden Violet, notwithstanding the large impression printed, is rapidly following the Troubadour and Improvisatrice into new editions: a proof of the correctness of our opinion, that the poetry of L. E. L. is of that fine order which not only commands present admiration, but everlasting fame.

Dr. Nares is nearly ready with his elaborate Life of the great Lord Burleigh. This work is, we know, the result of immense research, and of access to valuable family papers in the possession of Lord Burleigh's descendants, the Marquesses of Exeter and Salisbury; and we are therefore led to expect many important historical lights from such a production.

The English in France, by the Author of the English in Italy, is on the eve of appearance: we trust the one country will furnish as much entertainment as the other.

Mr. H. W. Beechey is about to publish in Nos., of which the first is on the point of appearing, Views illustrative of the Scenery and Antiquities of Northern Africa—in the Regions of Nubia, and the Country above the Cataracts of the Nile—of Upper and Lower Egypt, the Cyrenaic Pentapolis, and the Shores of the Greater Syrtis: lithographed from Drawings made on the spot in the course of several journeys. There are to be Six Parts, with Six Views in each; and having had the pleasure of seeing four of the subjects, we can pledge ourselves for their possessing very great interest.

There is preparing for publication, by subscription, by Mr. Ackermann, a Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from Oxford to its Mouth; illustrated by Twenty-four Coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes, from Original Drawings taken on the spot, by Mr. William Westall: forming a Companion Work to Ackermann's Picturesque Tours of the Rhine, the Seine, and the Ganges.

A Tragedy, by Lord Morpeth, is in a state of forwardness for publication, entitled, The Last of the Greeks, or the Fall of Constantinople.

The First Number is announced of a new lithographic work entitled Views on the Danube, taken on the spot by J. R. Planché, and drawn on stone by L. Haghe in his best manner. A Voyage down the Dannbe, from Ratisbon to Vienna—is also in the press, containing much curious information respecting the Towns, Castles, &c. on that magnificent River, collected during the Autumn of 1837, by Mr. Planché, and which the Lithographic Views are intended to illustrate.

In the Press.—Botanical Register, or Ornamental Flower-Garden, by Sydenham Edwards, F.L.S.—The Manual of Rank and Nobility.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Retzsch's Outlines to Shakespeare, First Series, Hamlet, 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—New Orders of the Court of Chancery, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cameleon Sketches, 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—The Stranger's Guide through London, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Ireland, its Evils, and their Remedies, by Sadler, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Rickard's India, Part I. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Wilson's (Mrs. B. C.) Cypress Wreath, fcp. 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Dwight's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Account of the Poor Dutch Colonies, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Contrast, by Mrs. Roche, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives, 18mo. 5*s.* bds.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Thirteenth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Friday, the 25th instant.

The Right Hon. LORD GRANTHAM in the Chair.

Stewards.

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2, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

No. I. of

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History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the Year 1807 *to the Year* 1814. By W. F. P. Napier, C.B. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 594. London, 1828. Murray.

THIS season has done much to silence the common cant about the fugitive nature of our modern literature. It may be safely asserted, that in no period of the same extent were more works of a thoroughly masculine and solid character put forth among us; and certainly few similar periods ever witnessed the appearance of so many such works likely to command lasting applause—to form parts of the true and permanent library of England, and, we may say, of Europe. If the profusion of light and fleeting performances cannot be denied, let not the notion prevail that such works only are calculated for the tastes and feelings of what *deserves* to be called the reading public. Granting that the Tories have good reason to disapprove of many views and statements (perhaps) in Mr. Hallam's Constitutional History, still, who but the merest bigot of partisanship can affect to doubt that that work will ever remain a splendid monument of knowledge, skill, composition—a model of style throughout—and, nine parts out of ten, valuable in the highest degree for manliness of sentiment, and bold originality of reflection. Sir Walter Scott's Napoleon, though written with too much of the rapidity, and something of the carelessness, of a romancer, will (a few blots removed, as they must and will soon be) go down to posterity as a book displaying all the graces of a Herodotus with much of the wisdom of a Tacitus. Mr. Southey's History of the Peninsular War is another narrative impressed with the stamp of genius in every page, erring only from the author's over-generous views of human nature in general, and Spanish nature in particular; and sure of standing now and hereafter on the same shelf with the Clarendons, the Du Thous, and the Guicciardinis. And here is another History of the same war, which will also stand on the same shelf—a history written, we do not hesitate to say, with talent equal to what any one of the English authors we have been mentioning have displayed in the works alluded to, and, we must add, possessing claims as to authenticity of material and accuracy of detail which no one of the number can equal. We shall not pretend, after a single rapid perusal of such a volume, to enter into any analysis either of its facts or of its merits. It is a work which *will* speak for itself: it is one which every military man must make himself master of, and which every man who wishes to form a fair opinion on the history of our counsels and arms during the late tremendous struggle, must study, and is sure to respect and treasure. The author brings extraordinary resources to his great undertaking: he seems to be a profound scholar, and to have the manœuvres of the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Condés, Fredericks, &c. &c., in a word, the minutest details of all military history, as fresh and vivid in his mind, as those of the campaigns of Wellington and Soult: and how well qualified he was to observe and to record what took place in *these*, a tolerably strong presumption is afforded in the fact, that Colonel Napier now comes before the public with the solitary advantage of having had access to the private documents of both these illustrious generals. In his preface he says:—

"I was an eye-witness to many of the transactions that I relate; and a wide acquaintance with military men has enabled me to consult distinguished officers, both French and English, and to correct my own recollections and opinions by their superior knowledge. Thus assisted, I was encouraged to undertake the work; and I offer it to the world with the less fear, because it contains original documents, which will suffice to give it interest, although it should have no other merit. Many of those documents I owe to the liberality of Marshal Soult, who, disdaining national prejudices, with the confidence of a great mind, placed them at my disposal, without even a remark to check the freedom of my pen. I take this opportunity to declare that respect which I believe every British officer who has had the honour to serve against him feels for his military talents. By those talents the French cause in Spain was long upheld; and after the battle of Salamanca, if his counsel had been followed by the intrusive monarch, the fate of the war might have been changed. Military operations are so dependent upon accidental circumstances, that to justify censure it should always be shewn that an unsuccessful general has violated the received maxims and established principles of war. By that rule I have been guided; but to preserve the narratives unbroken, my own observations are placed at the end of certain transactions of magnitude, where, their real source being known, they will pass for as much as they are worth, and no more: when they are not well supported by argument, I freely surrender them to the judgment of abler men. Of those transactions which, commencing with 'the secret treaty of Fontainebleau,' ended with 'the Assembly of Notables' at Bayonne, little is known except through the exculpatory and contradictory publications of men interested to conceal the truth; and to me it appears that the passions of the present generation must subside, and the ultimate fate of Spain be known, before that part of the subject can be justly and usefully handled. I have, therefore, related no more of those political affairs than would suffice to introduce the military events that followed, neither have I treated largely of the disjointed and ineffectual operations of the native armies; for I cared not to swell my work with apocryphal matter, and neglected the thousand narrow winding currents of Spanish warfare, to follow that mighty stream of battle which, bearing the glory of England in its course, burst the barriers of the Pyrenees, and left deep traces of its fury in the soil of France. The Spaniards have boldly asserted, and the world has believed, that the deliverance of the Peninsula was the work of their hands: this assertion, so contrary to the truth, I combat. It is unjust to the fame of the British general, injurious to the glory of the British arms. Military virtue is not the growth of a day; nor is there any nation so rich and populous, that, despising it, can rest secure. The imbecility of Charles IV., the vileness of Ferdinand, and the corruption of Godoy, were undoubtedly the proximate causes of the calamities that overwhelmed Spain; but the primary cause, that which belongs to history, was the despotism arising from the union of a superstitious court and a sanguinary priesthood, which, repressing knowledge and contracting the public mind, sapped the foundation of all military as well as civil virtues, and prepared the way for invasion. No foreign potentate would have attempted to steal into the fortresses of a great kingdom, if the prying eyes and the thousand clamorous tongues belonging to a free press were ready to expose his projects, and a well-disciplined army present to avenge the insult; but Spain, being destitute of both, was first circumvented by the wiles, and then ravaged by the arms, of Napoleon. She was deceived and fettered because the public voice was stifled; but she was scourged and torn because her military institutions were decayed. From the moment that an English force took the field, the Spaniards ceased to act as principals in a contest carried on in the heart of their country, and involving their existence as an independent nation; they were self-sufficient, and their pride was wounded by insult; they were superstitious, and their religious feelings were roused to fanatic fury by an all-powerful clergy, who feared to lose their own rich endowments; but after the first burst of indignation, the cause of independence created little enthusiasm. Horrible barbarities were exercised on those French soldiers that sickness or the fortune of war exposed to the rage of the invaded; and a dreadful spirit of personal hatred was kept alive by the exactions and severe retaliations of the invaders; but no great and general exertion to drive the latter from the soil was made, or at least none was sustained with steadfast courage in the field. Manifestoes, decrees, and lofty boasts, like a cloud of canvass covering a rotten hull, made a gallant appearance, but real strength and firmness were no where to be found. The Spanish insurrection presented indeed a strange spectacle; patriotism was seen supporting a vile system of government; a popular assembly working for the restoration of a despotic monarch; the higher classes seeking a foreign master; the lower armed in the cause of bigotry and misrule. The upstart leaders secretly abhorring freedom, yet governing in her name, trembled at the democratic activity they had themselves excited. They called forth all the bad passions of the multitude, but repressed the patriotism that would regenerate as well as save. The country suffered the evils, without enjoying the be-

nefits, of a revolution! Tumults and assassinations terrified and disgusted the sensible part of the community; a corrupt administration of the resources extinguished patriotism, and neglect ruined the armies: the peasant-soldier, usually flying at the first onset, threw away his arms and returned to his home, or, attracted by the license of the *partidas*, joined the banners of men who, for the most part originally robbers, were as oppressive to the people as the enemy. The *guerilla* chiefs would, in their turn, have been quickly exterminated, but that the French, pressed by Lord Wellington's battalions, were obliged to keep in large masses. This was the secret of Spanish constancy! Copious supplies from England, and the valour of the Anglo-Portuguese troops, these were the supports of the war! But it was the gigantic vigour with which the Duke of Wellington, while resisting the fierceness of France, sustained the weakness of three inefficient cabinets, that delivered the Peninsula. Faults he committed—and who in war has not? but his reputation stands upon a sure foundation, a simple majestic structure, that envy cannot undermine, nor the meretricious ornaments of party panegyric deform. The exploits of his army were great in themselves, and great in their consequences: abounding with signal examples of heroic courage and devoted zeal, they should neither be disfigured nor forgotten, being worthy of more fame than the world has yet accorded them—worthy also of a better historian."

We doubt whether any reader of the Colonel's volume would hesitate to say *dele* to the last limb of the above sentence.

We freely confess that Colonel Napier's political views are opposed, *toto cœlo*, to ours. He is, we fear, a *radical*. But if this has not prevented him from being honoured by the confidence of the Duke of Wellington; if it has not prevented him from writing of his Grace's achievements more worthily than they had ever been treated of before,—we assuredly may dismiss all the vulgar associations commonly connected with the term we have ventured to apply to him. There are, thank God! scholars and gentlemen of more parties than one; and it is well that any party can find such an organ on great occasions as Colonel Napier.

We present the following as a fair specimen of the tone of thought and language by which this remarkable work is distinguished; and intend, by and by, to recur to the details of its character and execution.

"Spain stood nearly in the same position with regard to France that Portugal did to England; a warm feeling of friendship for the enemy of Great Britain was the natural consequence of the unjust seizure of the Spanish frigates in a time of peace; but although this rendered the French cause popular in Spain, and that the court of Madrid was from weakness subservient to the French emperor, nothing could induce the people to refrain from a profitable contraband trade; they would not pay that respect to the wishes of a foreign power, which they refused to the regulations of their own government; neither was the aristocratical enmity to Napoleon asleep in Spain. A proclamation issued by the Prince of Peace previous to the battle of Jena, although hastily recalled when the result of that conflict was known, sufficiently indicated the tenure upon which the friendship of the Spanish court was to be held. This state of affairs drew the French emperor's attention towards the Peninsula; a chain of remarkable circumstances fixed it there, and induced him to remove the reigning family, and to place his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. He thought that the people of that country, sick of an effete government, would be quiescent under such a change; and although it should prove otherwise, the confidence he reposed in his own fortune, unrivalled talents, and vast power, made him disregard the consequences; while the cravings of his military and political system, the danger to be apprehended from the vicinity of a Bourbon dynasty, and, above all, the temptations offered by a miraculous folly which outrun even his desires, urged him to a deed, that, well accepted by the people of the Peninsula, would have proved beneficial; but being enforced contrary to their wishes, was unhallowed either by justice or benevolence. In an evil hour, for his own greatness and the happiness of others, he commenced this fatal project; founded in violence, executed with fraud and cruelty, it spread desolation through the fairest portions of the Peninsula; it was calamitous to France, and destructive to himself. The conflict between his hardy veterans and the bloody vindictive race he insulted, assumed a character of unmitigated ferocity disgraceful to human nature; for the Spaniards did not fail to defend their just cause with hereditary cruelty, and the French army struck a terrible balance of barbarous actions. Napoleon observed with surprise the unexpected energy of the people, and bent his whole force to the attainment of his object; while England, coming to the assistance of the Peninsula, employed all her resources to frustrate his efforts. Thus the two leading nations of the world were brought into contact at a moment when both were disturbed by angry passions, eager for great events, and possessed of surprising power. The extent and population of the French empire, including the kingdom of Italy, the confederation of the Rhine, the Swiss Cantons, the Duchy of Warsaw, and the dependent states of Holland and Naples, enabled Buonaparte, through the medium of the conscription, to array an army, in number nearly equal to the great host that followed the Persian of old against Greece: like that multitude, also, his troops were gathered from many nations; but they were trained in a Roman discipline, and ruled by a Carthaginian genius. The organization of Napoleon's army was simple, the administration vigorous, the manipulations well contrived. The French officers, accustomed to success, were bold, enterprising, of great reputation, and feared accordingly. By a combination of discipline and moral excitement, admirably adapted to the mixed nature of his troops, the emperor had created a power that appeared to be resistless; and, in truth, it would have been so, if applied to one great object at a time; but this the ambition of the man, or rather the force of circumstances, would not permit. The ships of France were chained up in her harbours, and her naval strength was rebuked, but not destroyed; inexhaustible resources for building vessels, vast marine establishments, a coast line of many thousand miles, and the creative genius of Napoleon, were nursing up a navy, formidable as a secondary arm; and the war then pending between the United States and Great Britain, promised to nurture its growth, and to increase its efficacy. Maritime commerce was, indeed, fainting in France; but her internal and continental traffic was robust; her manufactures were rapidly improving; her debt was small; her financial operations conducted on a prudent plan, and with exact economy. The supplies were all raised within the year, without any very great pressure of taxation, and from a sound metallic currency; thus there seemed to be no reasonable doubt, that any war undertaken by Napoleon, might be by him brought to a favourable termination. On the other hand, England, omnipotent at sea, was little regarded as a military power. Her enormous debt was yearly increasing in an accelerated ratio; and this necessary consequence of anticipating the resources of the country, and dealing in a factitious currency, was fast eating into the vital strength of the state: for although the merchants and great manufacturers were thriving from the accidental circumstances of the times, the labourers were suffering and degenerating in character; pauperism and its sure attendant, crime, were spreading over the land, and the population was fast splitting into distinct classes,—the one rich and arbitrary, the other poor and discontented: the former composed of those who profited, the latter of those who suffered, by the war. Of Ireland it is unnecessary to speak; her wrongs and her misery, peculiar and unparalleled, are too well known, and too little regarded, to call for remark. This general comparative statement, so favourable to France, would, however, be a false criterion of the relative strength of the belligerents, with regard to the approaching struggle in the Peninsula. A cause manifestly unjust is a heavy weight upon the operations of a general: it reconciles men to desertion—it sanctifies want of zeal—is a pretext for cowardice—renders hardships more irksome, dangers more obnoxious, and glory less satisfactory to the mind of the soldier. Now the invasion of the Peninsula, whatever might have been its real original, was an act of violence on the part of Napoleon repugnant to the feelings of mankind. The French armies were burdened with a sense of its iniquity, the British troops exhilarated by a contrary sentiment. All the continental nations had smarted under the sword of Napoleon; but, with the exception of Prussia, none were crushed: a common feeling of humiliation, the hope of revenge, and the ready subsidies of England, were bonds of union among their governments stronger than the most solemn treaties. France could only calculate on their fears, England was secure in their self-love. The hatred to what were called French principles was at this period in full activity. The privileged classes of every country hated Napoleon, because his genius had given stability to the institutions that grew out of the revolution, because his victories had baffled their calculations, and shaken their hold of power. As the chief of revolutionary France, he was constrained to continue his career until the final accomplishment of her destiny; and this necessity, overlooked by the great bulk of mankind, afforded plausible ground for imputing insatiable ambition to the French government and to the French nation, of which ample use was made. Rapacity, insolence, injustice, cruelty, even cowardice, were said to be inseparable from the character of a Frenchman; and, as if such vices were no where else to be found, it was more than insinuated, that all the enemies of France were inherently virtuous and disinterested. Unhappily, history is but a record of crimes, and it is not wonderful that the arrogance of men, buoyed up by a spring-tide of military glory, should, as well among allies as among vanquished enemies, have produced sufficient disgust to ensure a ready belief in any accusation, however false and absurd. Napoleon was

the contriver and the sole support of a political system that required time and victory to consolidate; he was the connecting link between the new interests of mankind and what of the old were left in a state of vigour; he held them together strongly, but he was no favourite with either, and consequently in danger from both. His power, unsanctified by time, depended not less upon delicate management than upon vigorous exercise; he had to fix the foundations of, as well as to defend, an empire, and he may be said to have been rather peremptory than despotic. There were points of administration with which he durst not meddle even wisely, much less arbitrarily; customs, prejudices, and the dregs of the revolutionary license, interfered with his policy, and rendered it complicated and difficult. It was not so with his inveterate adversaries; the delusion of parliamentary representation enabled the English government safely to exercise an unlimited power over the persons and the property of the nation, and through the influence of an active and corrupt press they exercised nearly the same power over the public mind. The vast commerce of England, penetrating by a thousand channels (open or secret) as it were into every house on the face of the globe, supplied unequalled sources of intelligence. The spirit of traffic, which seldom acknowledges the ties of country, was universally on the side of Great Britain; and those twin curses, paper-money and public credit, so truly described as 'strength in the beginning, but weakness in the end,' were recklessly used by statesmen whose policy regarded not the interests of posterity. Such were the adventitious causes of England's power; and her natural, legitimate resources were many and great. If any credit is to be given to the census, the increasing population of the United Kingdom amounted at this period to nearly twenty millions: France reckoned but twenty-seven millions when Frederick the Great declared that if he were her king, 'not a gun should be fired in Europe without his leave.' The French army was undoubtedly very formidable from numbers, discipline, skill, and bravery; but, contrary to the general opinion, the British army was inferior to it in none of these points save the first; and in discipline it was superior, because a national army will always bear a sterner code than a mixed force will suffer. With the latter, the military, not the moral, crimes can be punished; men will submit to death for a breach of great regulations which they know by experience to be useful; but the constant restraint of petty though wholesome rules they will escape from by desertion, or resist by mutiny, when the ties of custom and country are removed; for the disgrace of bad conduct attaches not to them, but to the nation under whose colours they serve: great indeed is that genius that can keep men of different nations firm to their colours, and preserve a rigid discipline at the same time. Napoleon's military system was, from this cause, inferior to the British, which, if it be purely administered, combines the solidity of the Germans with the rapidity of the French, excluding the mechanical dulness of the one, and the dangerous vivacity of the other; yet, before the campaign in the Peninsula had proved its excellence in every branch of war, the English army was absurdly under-rated in foreign countries, and absolutely despised in its own. It was reasonable to suppose that it did not possess that facility of moving in large bodies which long practice had given to the French; but the individual soldier was (and is still) most falsely stigmatized as deficient in intelligence and activity, the officers ridiculed, and the idea that a British could cope with a French army, even for a single campaign, considered chimerical. The English are a people very subject to receive and to cherish false impressions; proud of their credulity, as if it were a virtue, the majority will adopt any fallacy, and cling to it with a tenacity proportioned to its grossness. Thus, an ignorant contempt for the British soldiery had been long entertained, before the ill success of the expeditions in 1794 and 1799 appeared to justify the general prejudice. The true cause of those failures was not traced, and the excellent discipline afterwards introduced and perfected by the duke of York was despised. England, both at home and abroad, was, in 1808, scorned as a military power, when she possessed, without a frontier to swallow up large armies in expensive fortresses, at least two hundred thousand* of the best-equipped and best-disciplined soldiers in the universe, together with an immense recruiting establishment, and through the medium of the militia, the power of drawing upon the population without limit. It is true that of this number many were necessarily employed in the defence of the colonies; but enough [enow] remained to compose a disposable force greater than that with which Napoleon won the battle of Austerlitz, and double that with which he conquered Italy. In all the materials of war, the superior ingenuity and skill of the English mechanics were visible; and that intellectual power that distinguishes Great Britain amongst the nations, in science, arts, and literature, was not wanting to her generals in the hour of danger."

The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 374. 1828. Edinburgh, W. Blackwood; London, T. Cadell.

A MOST amusing volume,—embodying that quaint quiet humour which seems to belong to old Scotia, in all its national peculiarity, very happily; and a scene or two of more sombre cast, touching to a degree. We pay it a high compliment in calling it not unworthy of its dedication to Mr. Galt: it is a copy of his style, but spirited, and such as could only be drawn by a promising pupil. After this, it will seem paradoxical to say we are at a loss what specimen to select; but the greater part, indeed all that it contains most striking, has already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*;—and having been circulated through so popular a medium, all we can expect to do, is to recall pleasantly to the reader's memory, that many a scattered humorous and pathetic fragment are here collected in a neat little volume, which well deserves a place in the book-case.

The following verses will, we think, plead their own excuse for admission:—

"Oh wad that my time were ower but,
Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
That I might see our house again
I' the bonny birken shaw!—

For this is no my ain life,
And I peak and pine away,
Wi' the thochts o' hame, and the young flow'rs
I' the glad green mouth o' May.

I used to wauk in the morning
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
And the whistling o' the ploughmen lads,
As they gaed to their wark;
I used to weir in the young lambs
Frae the tod and the roaring stream;
But the warld is changed, and a' thing now
To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me
On lika lang dull street;
Yet, though sae mony surround me,
I kenna ane I meet.
And I think on kind, kent faces,
And o' blithe and cheery days,
When I wander'd out, wi' our ain folk,
Out-owre the simmer braes.

Wae's me, for my heart is breaking!
I think on my brithers sma',
And on my sister greeting,
When I came frae hame awa;
And oh! how my mither sobbit,
As she shook me by the hand,
When I left the door o' our auld house,
To come to this stranger-land!

There's nae place like our ain hame;
Oh, I wish that I was there!—
There's nae hame like our ain hame
To be met wi' ony where!—
And, oh! that I were back again
To our farm and fields so green;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
And was what I has been!"

The matrimonial picture drawn by our worthy tailor is too good to be omitted; so here follows "wooing, wedding, and a'."

"And who think ye should this lassie be, but Nanse Cromie,—afterwards, in the course of a kind Providence, the honoured wife of my bosom, and the mother of bonny Benjie. In going up and down the stairs—it being a common entry, ye observe—me maybe going down with my everyday hat on to my dinner, and she coming up, carrying a stoup of water, or half-a-pound of pouthered butter on a plate, with a piece paper thrown over it,—we frequently met half-way, and had to stand still to let one another pass. Nothing came out of these foregatherings, howsomever, for a month or two, she being as shy and modest as she was bonny, with her clean demity short-gown, and snow-white morning mutch, to say nothing of her cherry mou and her glancing een; and me unco douffie in making up to strangers. We could not help, nevertheless, to take aye a stoun look of each other in passing; and I was a gone man, bewitched out of my seven senses, falling from my claes, losing my stomach, and over the lugs in love, three weeks and some odd days before ever a single syllable passed between us. Gude kens how long this Quaker-meeting-like silence would have continued, had we not chanced to foregather one gloaming; and I, having gotten a dram from one of our customers with a hump-back, at the Crosscausey, whose fashionable new coat I had been out fitting on, found myself as brave as a Bengal tiger, and said to her, 'This is a fine day, I say, my dear Nancy.' The ice being once broken, every thing went on as smoothly as ye like; so, in the long-run, we went like lightning from twa-handed cracks on the stair-head, to stown walks, after work-hours, out by the West Port, and thereaway. If ever a man loved, and loved like mad, it was me, Mansie Wauch,—and I take no shame in the confession; but, kenning it all in the course of nature, declare it openly and courageously in the face of the wide world. Let them laugh who like; honest folk, I pity them; such know not the pleasures of virtuous affection. It is not in corrupted, sinful hearts that the fire of true love can ever burn clear. Alas, and ohon orie! they lose the sweetest, completest, dearest, truest pleasure that this world has in

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* Viz.:—about 30,000 Cavalry.
6,000 Foot Guards.
170,000 Infantry of the line.
14,000 Artillery.

Total, 220,000

Of these, between 50 and 60,000 were employed in the Colonies and in India; the remainder were disposable, because from 80 to 100,000 militia, differing from the regular troops in nothing but the name, were sufficient for the home duties. If to this force we add 30,000 marines, the military power of England must be considered prodigious.

store for its children. They know not the bliss to meet, that makes the embrace of separation bitter. They never dreamed the dreams that make wakening to the morning light unpleasant. They never felt the raptures that can dirl like darts through a man's soul from a woman's ee. They never tasted the honey that dwells on a woman's lip, sweeter than yellow marigolds to the bee; or fretted under the fever of bliss that glows through the frame in pressing the hand of a suddenly met and fluttering sweetheart. But tuts-tuts—hech-how! my day has long since past; and this is stuff to drop from the lips of an auld fool. Nevertheless, forgive me, friends: I cannot help all-powerful nature. Nanse's taste being like my own, we amused one another in abusing great cities, which are all choke-full of the abominations of the Scarlet Woman; and it is curious how soon I learned to be up to trap—I mean in an honest way; for when she said she was wearying the very heart out of her to be home again to Lauder, which she said was her native, and the true land of Goshen, I spoke back to her by way of answer—'Nancy, my dear, believe me that the real land of Goshen is out at Dalkeith; and if ye'll take up house wi' me, and enter into a way of doing, I daursay in a while ye'll come to think so too.' What will ye say there? Matters were by-and-by settled full tosh between us; and, though the means of both parties were small, we were young, and able and willing to help one another. Nanse, out of her wages, had hained a trifle; and I had, safe lodged under lock and key in the bank of Scotland, against the time of my setting up, the siller which was got by selling the bit house of granfaither's, on the death of my ever-to-be-lamented mother, who survived her helpmate only six months, leaving me an orphan lad in a wicked world, obliged to fend, forage, and look-out for myself. Taking matters into account, therefore, and considering that it is not good for man to be alone, Nanse and me laid our heads together towards the taking a bit house in the fore-street of Dalkeith; and at our leisure kept a look-out about buying the plenishing—the expense of which, for different littles and littles, amounted to more than we expected; yet, to our hearts' content, we made some most famous second-hand bargains of sprechery, amongst the old-furniture warehousemen of the Cowgate. I might put down here the prices of the room-grate, the batchelor's oven, the cheese-toaster, and the warming-pan especially, which, though it had a wheen holes in it, kept a fine polish; but, somehow or other, have lost the receipt, and cannot make true affidavy. Certain it is, whatever cadgers may say to the contrary, that the back is aye made for the burden; and were all to use the means, and be industrious, many that wyte bad harvests, and worse times, would have, like the miller in the auld sang, 'A penny in the purse for dinner and for supper;' or better, to finish the verse, 'Gin ye please a guid fat cheese, and lumps o' yellow butter.' For two three days, I must confess, after Maister Wiggie had gone through the ceremony of tying us together, and Nanse and me found ourselves in the comfortable situation of man and wife, I was a wee dowie and desponding, thinking that we were to have a numerous small family, and where trade was to come from; but no sooner was my sign nailed up, with four iron haudfasts, by Johnny Hammer, painted in black letters on a blue ground, with a picture of a jacket on one side, and a pair of shears on the other,—and my shop-door opened to the public, with a wheen ready-made waistcoats, gallowses, leather-caps, and Kilmarnock cowls, hung up at the window, than business flowed in upon us in a perfect torrent. First one came in for his measure, and then another. A wife came in for a pair of red worsted boots for her bairn, but would not take them, for they had not blue fringes. A bare-headed lassie, hoping to be handsel, threw down twopence, and asked tape at three yards for a halfpenny. The minister sent an old black coat beneath his maid's arm, prinned up in a towel, to get docked in the tails down into a jacket; which I trust I did to his entire satisfaction, making it fit to a hair. The duke's butler himself patronised me, by sending me a coat which was all hair-powder and pomate, to get a new neck put to it. And James Batter, aye a staunch friend of the family, despatched a barefoot cripple lassie down the close to me, with a brown paper parcel, tied with skinie, and having a memorandum letter sewed on the top of it, and wafered with a wafer. It ran as follows: 'Maister Batter has sent down, per the bearer, with his compliments to Maister Wauch, a cuttikin of corduroy, deficient in the instap, which please let out, as required. Maister Wauch will also please be so good as observe, that three of the buttons have sprung the thorls, which he will be obliged to him to replace at his earliest convenience. Please send me a message what that may be; and have the account made out, article for article, and duly discharged, that I may send down the bearer with the change; and to bring me back the cuttikin and the account, to save time and trouble. I am, dear sir, your most obedient friend, and ever most sincerely,

'JAMES BATTER.'

No wonder than we attracted customers, for our sign was the prettiest ye ever saw, though the jacket was not just so neatly painted, as for some sand-blind creatures not to take it for a goose. I daresay there were fifty half-naked bairns glowring their een out of their heads at it from morning till night; and, after they all were gone to their beds, both Nanse and me found ourselves so proud of our new situation in life, that we slipped out in the dark by ourselves, and had a prime look at it with a lantern."

And now, wishing *Mansie Wauch* all possible success, we bid him a very friendly farewell. The author, we believe, is Mr. Moir, better known under the sign of Delta.

Ada, and other Poems. By Mary Ann Browne, Author of "Mont Blanc," &c. 12mo. pp. 277. London, 1828. Longman and Co.; Hatchard and Son; W. Benning.

IT was in accordance with that graceful gallantry which was their soul of song, that the violet wreath became the guerdon of Provençal minstrelsy. What could so well suit the many fair and delicate brows that have since wandered beneath the shade of the laurel?—For a young poetical aspirant like the present, no crown could be so fitting: the soft blue drooping flowers, coming forth in all the confidence of spring, are so like the fresh, warm, yet timid feelings of the young maiden poet, unfolding themselves trustingly, in the hope of sunshine and favour—that he must be a hard-hearted critic who could blight them.

The pages before us contain much sweet imagery, much tenderness of feeling, and a fluency of poetic diction wonderful in one so young. But an extract or two will be our best criticism.

"'Arouse thee, Lady Edith!
For the hunters are below;
And thy sire thy presence needeth
To complete the stately show.
The huntsman's horn is sounding,
And the hounds are by the gates;
And there, in richest trappings decked,
Thine own white palfrey waits.'

'Then they must ride without me,
For I cannot go to-day;
There's a languor hangs about me
That I cannot chase away.
I am tired with last night's revel,
And I know my cheek is pale;
And I cannot face that company,
Nor bear the searching gale.'

'Now tarry not, fair Edith,
On such an idle plea,
Or, when the quarry bleedeth,
Thou'lt not be there to see!
Come, don thy riding kirtle,
Thou never yet wast weak;
And the morning wind will kiss awake
The roses of thy cheek.'

'Nay, bid them wait no longer,
But cheer their dark hounds on,
For though my limbs were stronger,
Yet my spirit's strength is gone:
For I fear my white steed's daring,
And I fear the stag at bay;
And the fierceness of the yelling hounds,—
I dare not go to-day!'

'Now shame upon thee, Edith,
For thy falsehood and deceit;
In vain thy dark eye pleadeth,
For I'll punish thee, fair cheat!
Oh! see I not thy glances,
Cast o'er the castle wall?
And see I not that gallant youth
Who rides the first of all?

In vain—in vain! fair Edith!
Thou wrapp'st thee in thy veil;
Mine eye in that act readeth,
That thy cheek no more is pale.
And thou can'st not hide from me
The cause that thus can move;
It is not weariness, or fear,—
No, Edith,—it is Love!'"

"The Foreboding.

Ay, twine thy hair with a summer wreath,
And sing thy bridal song:
Let fragrant flowers around thee breathe—
It will not be for long.

As that bright garland will decay,
Thy beauty will soon be gone;
And thy very name will pass away,
Like thy sweet song's closing tone.

Ay, deck thee with that golden chain,
It severs with scarce a touch;
Its strongest link is snapt in twain,
And thou wilt be as such:

And mingle with the thoughtless crowd,
And don thy gorgeous vest:
'Twill soon be changed, for thy burial shroud
Already wraps thy breast.

Bright and clear the heavens are,
There is but one speck in the sky;
But that speck covers thy natal star,
The star of thy destiny!

I gazed on that star last night,—it shook;
And though it still faintly gleams,
It looks not as it was wont to look,
And a mist is over its beams.

I have read thy fate in a flowery braid;—
I hung it on a tree—
I saw one bright rose fall and fade,—
'Twas the blossom I named for thee!

But mostly thy fortune I can tell,
From thy happiness and mirth,
For when did bliss so perfect dwell
More than an instant on earth?"

"The Heart and Lyre.

She left her lyre within the hall,
When last she parted with her loved,
And still it hangs upon the wall—
He will not let it be removed.
Around that lyre of sweetest tone
She twined a wreath of roses fair;
And though their lovely hue is gone,
The withered blossoms still are there.

No hand hath touched its silver string
Since last she waked a parting lay;
To sweep its chords would only bring
A tuneless tale of its decay.
And there it hangs, slow mouldering,
Its sweetness gone, its passion quelled;
And round it those dead roses cling,
Like withered hopes, still fondly held.

And his sad mourning heart is such,
No happy feeling it affords;
It cannot bear the lightest touch
Of mirth upon its raised chords.

Her name to him they ne'er repeat,
It would but waken thoughts of woe;
And though 'twas once so very sweet,
He could not brook to hear it now.

He fixes on that lyre his eye
For hours, but never, never speaks;
Unmoved he gazes, silently,
And only starts when some chord breaks.
It hath an echo in his heart,
Both mutely their bereavement bear;
In her affections both had part,
And both are left to perish there!"

Perhaps the chief error here amenable to remark is one into which the youthful authoress has been betrayed by enthusiasm. Admiration too often leads to imitation; and there are many tones only "faint echoes of remembered music." We will only remind our fair writer, that the heights of Parnassus, like the passage to the North Pole, are not to be gained by treading in any previous foot-tracks; and we are much deceived if she has not ample resources of her own to rely on, for striking out a more original path.

On the Culture and Uses of Potatoes. By the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. 8vo. pp. 95. 1828. Blackwood.

If the author of Holland Tide had not anticipated the Right Hon. Baronet, whose ingenious work on what has been called "Ireland's lazy root" lies before us, Sir John Sinclair could not have found a more appropriate motto for his pamphlet than, "Now let it rain potatoes." Sir John is the advocate, not merely of potatoes as served at the Wedding of Ballypooreen, famed in song, where, as our readers will probably recollect, the guests were treated, among other delicacies, with

"Potatoes dressed both ways—both roast and both boiled:"

but Sir John would give us potato bread—potato meal—potato soups—potato puddings—potato coffee—potato syrup—potato physic—and, hear it, O ye Irishmen! potato whisky!—In fact, Pat, if he has but the industry to follow up half the hints afforded by Sir John Sinclair, may soon say, like Boniface of his ale, "I eat my potatoes, I *drink* my potatoes, and I sleep on my potatoes."*

We shall extract the following history of this root, which is given by Sir John, from a communication to the Board of Agriculture by Dr. William Wright, of Edinburgh—in preference to any of the various and valuable remarks that occur respecting its culture, and for which we must refer the agriculturist to the work itself.

"The potato is a native of America, and well known to the Indians long before the conquest of Mexico and Peru. Gomara, in his general history of the Indies, and Josephus Acosta, are amongst the early Spanish writers who have mentioned the potato by the Indian names *openanck*, *pape*, and *papas*. Clusius, and after him Gerard, gave figures of the potato-plant. Gerard was the first author who gave it the name of '*solanum tuberosum*,' which Linnæus and his followers have adopted. In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh, so celebrated for his worth, his valour, and his misfortunes, discovered that part of America called Norembega, and by him named Virginia. Whether the admiral was acquainted with the potato in his first voyage, or whether it was sent to him by Sir Thomas Grenville, or by Mr. Lane, the first governors of Virginia, is uncertain. It is probable he was possessed of this root about the year 1586. He is said to have given it to his gardener in Ireland, as a fine fruit from America, and which he desired him to plant in his kitchen-garden in the spring. In August this plant flowered, and in September produced a fruit; but so different to the gardener's expectation, that, in an ill humour, he carried the potato-apple to his master. 'Is this (said he) the fine fruit from America you prized so highly?' Sir Walter either was, or pretended to be, ignorant of the matter; and told the gardener, 'since that was the case, to dig up the weed, and throw it away.' The gardener soon returned with a good parcel of potatoes. Gerard, an old English botanist, received seedlings of the potato about the year 1590; and tells us, that it grew as kindly in his garden as in its native soil, Virginia. The plant was cultivated in the gardens of the nobility and gentry early about the year 1620, as a curious exotic; and towards the year 1684 was planted out in the fields, in small patches, in Lancashire. From thence it was gradually propagated all over the kingdom, as well as in France. In 1683, Sutherland has inserted the *solanum tuberosum* in his Hortus Medicus Edinburgensis; and it is probable that many others in Scotland cultivated the potato in their gardens about that time. It was not, however, grown in the open fields in Scotland till the year 1728, when Thomas Prentice, a day-labourer, first cultivated potatoes at Kilsyth. The success was such, that every farmer and cottager followed his example; and for many years past it has become a staple article. Thomas Prentice, by his industry, had saved £200 sterling, which he sunk for double interest. Upon this he subsisted for many years, and died at Edinburgh in 1792, aged eighty-six years.—This plant thrives as well in Europe as it does in America. In this island particularly it is quite at home; and there is hardly a soil, but, with a little pains, may be made to produce the potato. The potato may be cultivated in every habitable part of the globe; but with various success. The heat of the West Indies is too great for it. In Jamaica, however, and other mountainous islands, where they have all climates, it has been produced in great perfection. On account of the potato being a species of *solanum*, or night-shade, there were many who were prejudiced against it, alleging it was narcotic. In Burgundy we find the culture and use of potatoes in food interdicted, as a poisonous and mischievous root. Amongst other effects, it was accused of occasioning leprosy and dysentery. Potatoes exposed for a few days to the sun and weather, acquire a green colour, bitter taste, and a narcotic quality. In this state they are not fit for eating; but there is not the smallest foundation for the other allegations. Prejudice and ignorance have long yielded to experience and truth; and all mankind at this day agree, that there is no food more wholesome, more easily procured, or less expensive, than the potato. It constitutes the chief article of food to immense numbers of people, and may be converted to the support of all domestic animals, whether raw, boiled, or roasted."

Truly has the younger Colman described the potato as an

"Esculent, lusty, and lasting—
No turnip, nor other weak babe of the ground;
Waxy or mealy, it hinders from fasting
Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year round."

We will not follow Sir John Sinclair in his account of the various sorts of potato. He states, that that known by the name of the *white-eye* is the favourite potato at present in Ireland; next to which in esteem is the *London lady:* and that the *Wicklow banger* is in considerable demand for the Dublin market. According to the experiments of Mr. Whyn Baker, which are detailed, the *black* and the *Quaker-wife* are the most productive; while the *Spanish* and the *crones* are the least so.

Sir John remarks, when speaking of the boiling of potatoes, that "to have potatoes boiled in the greatest perfection, it would be proper to attend to the following directions. The potato should be sorted, so as to have the large and small boiled separately. After being thoroughly washed by a birch-broom in a pail of water, or otherwise, they ought to be lightly peeled, and then put into a pot, *with less water* than is sufficient to *cover them*, as the potatoes themselves will produce a considerable addition of fluid before they begin to boil. Sea water is sometimes used, but it makes them tough. A little salt, however, thrown into the water, is of great use, rendering them freer. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be necessary, as soon as they begin to boil, to pour in some cold water, and occasionally to repeat it, till, by trial, the potatoes shall be found to be boiled quite to the heart; they will otherwise crack and burst to pieces on the outside, whilst the inside will be nearly in a crude state, and consequently very unpalatable. This is particularly necessary if the potatoes are large. When thoroughly boiled, the water should be poured out of the pot, for they become quite insipid if they remain long in the water after being boiled; but when the water is got rid of, the pot, with the potatoes in it, should be put again upon the fire, that they may be thoroughly cleared of all moisture, and the cover should be taken off, that the steam may evaporate. If any moisture should remain, they may be put on tin plates before the fire, that they may be made thoroughly dry, and the top of the heap will thus be slightly browned, which has a pleasing appearance. Some recommend boiling them with the skins on. But the black and unwholesome liquor with which potatoes are naturally impregnated, resides much in the skin; and it is much better to get rid of that portion of it before the boiling commences. The potatoes, if they are of a good mealy quality, thus have a beautiful white colour when brought to the table. It is said, that good potatoes are less frequently to be seen at the tables of those who keep professional cooks, than in the wooden bowl of the cottager. But the fact is, that in the one case there is only one dish to attend to, whereas, in the other, there are many; and that the potatoes of the cottager are consumed *hot from the fire*, as soon as they are ready, whereas those prepared by the professional cook, are often not tasted till they have become cold, and consequently become tough and unpleasant. It is a good plan, therefore, to have a dish or plate with boiling water put under them, when they are sent to table, to keep them hot. In regard to steaming potatoes, it is not reckoned so wholesome; for the injurious liquor in the potato already alluded to, cannot be so effectually extracted from it by steaming as by boiling them in water."

Now we are inclined seriously to differ from Sir John on this subject. Potatoes, we maintain—and we believe our critical judgment in the matter will be supported by all Irishmen—should be boiled in their jackets; and not as Sir John recommends, "lightly peeled" before boiling. Ude, whom we have consulted on the point, refers to his invaluable work, the French Cook, where his opinion, as he tells us, is recorded respecting the boiling of potatoes at p. 382 of the "eighth edition, greatly enlarged."—"Wash the potatoes clean, and boil

* Qy. potato-beds?—*Printer's Devil.* Not lazy beds.—*Ed.*

them *with the skin* in salt and water," are the words of Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton. If "lightly peeled," as recommended by the Right Hon. Baronet, what are the consequences?—the potatoes become insipid, from the absorption of the water, and lose their flavour. Does the Irish peasant, whose food entirely consists of potatoes, peel them before boiling? The answer is, certainly not. Experience has taught him even to select a potato whose skin is unbroken in the boiling, as superior in flavour to that termed "a laughing one." But Sir John states, that "the black and unwholesome liquor with which potatoes are naturally impregnated resides much in the skin;" and adds, that "it is, therefore, much better to get rid of that portion of it before the boiling commences." This black liquor being unwholesome, we hold has not been sufficiently proved; and we refer Sir John to his own Appendix, No. 16, p. 21; where potatoes are recommended as a specific against the scurvy, and even as a cure for that disorder after it has been caught. "As roasted potatoes are the most effectual, the remedy probably greatly depends on some of the substances contained in the black liquid which they contain, and which remains in the potato when roasted or baked."

And, further, in answer to Sir John's note, stating that "the water in which potatoes are boiled cannot be safely given to stock;"—we know that cattle will refuse to drink it; but we are inclined to attribute this rather to some other cause than to its pernicious quality. It is, we believe, a fact too well known to admit of discussion, that the pigs of the Irish peasantry are fed almost entirely upon potato-skins.

Having made these exceptions to Sir John Sinclair's statements, we have the more agreeable task of warmly recommending his pamphlet, not only to all cultivators of the soil, but to the public generally, as advocating an important national measure.

Lyon's Mexico.

(Fifth Notice.)

We continue our sketches of character from this agreeable work.

At Zacatecas (a mining place), Captain L. says: "We paid a visit of ceremony to his Excellency General Lobato, some short time since a very respectable cobbler a Jalapa, and now commander-in-chief of the 'Free and Sovereign State of Zacatecas.' He was unwell and confined to his room; but we were received by his lady, a thin, talkative, little woman, who abused both miners and mining in most unqualified terms; and by her sister, a large, greasy, half-dressed maiden, with black moustachios and nut-brown teeth. The ladies sat huddled up in a corner, smoking; and the tiled floor, on which reposed an immense dog and her puppies, was strewed with extinguished cigars and their ashes, cabbage and lettuce leaves, and other filth which had fallen from five bird-cages hung along the centre of the room. Two unshaven and unwashed cavaliers were paying their morning compliments to La Generala; and the whole scene was such, that I retired from it with no very favourable ideas of the *beau monde* at Zacatecas. Having made equally gratifying visits to one or two other of the most distinguished families, we rode home in the rain, which now fell regularly every day at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon."

Among the Guichola Indians, Captain L. encountered a very singular character, whom he thus describes. He was "named by the natives 'Don Justo,' and who, for some unknown reason, has not worn clothing or slept under a roof for many years. Round his waist he was girded by a kind of kilt, composed of many hundred little strips of rags strung and matted into a thick mass. From his left shoulder, and crossing to his right side, he bore, in the manner of a knight's riband, an infinite number of little coils and bunches of small rope and twine tied and twisted together; and round his ancles were hung quantities of little straps and pieces of leather, in such a manner as to cover his feet entirely beneath two bunches resembling mops. The rest of his person was completely naked. This singular man possessed an intelligent physiognomy, was quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, perfectly rational in conversation, and never begged, although he would receive, in charity, whatever his few wants required. The general idea respecting his continuance in this miserable state is, that in consequence of some disappointment in love he had bound himself by a vow to his present wretched life."

"Returning from Belén, we stopped for a time at the chapel of San Gonzalo de Amarante, better known by the name of El Baylador (the dancer). Here I was so fortunate as to find three old women praying rapidly, and at the same time very seriously dancing before the image of the saint, who is celebrated for his miraculous cures of 'frios y calenturas' (colds and agues). These grave and venerable personages, who were perspiring most profusely at every pore, had selected for their figure that so well known in the country as the 'Gusjolete,' or turkey dance, from its resemblance in dignity and grace to the enamoured curvettings of those important birds: and ever and anon these faithful votaries murmured forth the following invocation, in a mingled tone of singing and meaning:—

'San Gonzalo de Amarante,
Que sacas pescado del mar;
Saca me de este cuidado,
Que ya te vengo baylar.
Chorus.—(moans)—Ahhum! um! um! oh! oh,' &c.*

Which ended, they began pirouetting with renewed energy. It must be very evident, that all this dancing, although it draws not down a miracle, must go far towards curing the devotee, who is probably a rheumatic nervous old woman, unaccustomed to exercise, and in consequence stiff and suffering in all her joints. Inspired by faith, the votary performs that which no other power could induce her to undertake, and dances unceasingly during six or eight hours, until every joint recovers its elasticity. The interposition, or rather the individual power of the saint, (for saints in Mexico in most instances take precedence of the Divinity), is most fully established. He receives as an offering of gratitude, a wax leg, arm, or some other part of the body in miniature, which is hung with hundreds of others to an extensive frame-work on one side of the chapel; while the opposite wall is covered with small oil-coloured and detached paintings of the miracles performed on those who could thus afford to testify their devotion. In front of the figurantes a number of other women were kneeling with sick children, or praying on their own account:—but the whole of this idolatrous farce is now going out of repute, and I believe owes its slight remaining credit to a desire of opposing the government, which has long endeavoured to put it down. Of this saint, who was once worshipped in Mexico, and in fact all over the country, history has told us but little in his published legend. Where he was born or reared, no one appears either to know or care: it is only certain that he resided on the banks of some river called Tamaga, over which he built a bridge, and all who were unable to pay the toll-money were obliged to dance across it. The first miracle of this righteous man was worked in order to prove the force of excommunication; for having performed this ceremony over a loaf of bread, it became 'negro como un carbon' (as black as a coal). The pious liberality of the saint for his neighbour was ample. He was wont to go to the river's side, and calling the fishes, he supplied all the poor from those which flocked to his hands; after which, the others were set at liberty. He struck a rock, a rivulet of 'very savoury wine' gushed forth; and touching another, there issued from it a stream of 'crystalline water,'—which last remains to this day. There are other wonders to be related of San Gonzalo; but I shall have said enough of him when I mention that, by forty days' fasting and flagellation, he was translated, after a life of unblemished chastity, from this world into heaven."

At Cipiméo, "looking out of my window, I was witness to an infantine amusement which would rather startle English mothers and nurses. A party of little children were diverting themselves with a large rattle-snake, which in all its vigour was tied by the middle to the lash of a small whip, while the delighted urchins were teasing it with pieces of stick, which they presented to be bitten. Being a novice to this species of fun, and not liking the angry rattles or savage springs of the reptile, I asked the merry little group to kill it; but my proposition was in vain, and they ran off to enjoy their dangerous plaything uninterrupted."

The following extract gives a curious account of the South American trade in dollars.

"Amongst my other duties I attended at the custom-house at Tamaulipas to pass ten thousand dollars which we had brought with us; but learnt with astonishment that no money coined abroad could be landed! Dollars of every part of Southern America are prohibited, or at all events considered as not proper to be introduced; and even the Spanish pillar-dollar is objected to. Our agent and myself were required to enter into a bond relative to this money, 'that if at any *future period* the government should impose a duty on the importation of dollars, we should be liable to pay it.' In consequence, however, of this singular clause, we entered the money as landed for exportation, sold it to advantage, and it was re-embarked by the purchaser without paying the three per cent exportation duty, which would otherwise have been due to the state."

Of the fine arts, the notices are very scanty; and as the author is not only an amateur, but an able practical hand, we may take it for granted, that his not mentioning them more frequently has arisen from their non-existence. In the Colegio of Our Lady of Guadalupe, however, he says:—

"The Colegio, which is large, is profusely ornamented with very ill-executed paintings, chiefly relating to the life of San Francisco, who in power and miracles very far exceeded the Saviour, the latter being actually represented attending him as a menial servant. One

* "San Gonzalo de Amarante,
Who can wile the fish out of the sea;
Believe me from these my distresses
Which bring me thus dancing to thee.
Chorus.—Oh! o——h! &c."

picture particularly amused me, as the best specimen of the Fuseli school I ever saw. It represents the Jewish council debating upon the proposed seizure of our Saviour. They are a grave and venerable party, but each has, perched either on his head or shoulders, a devil, who is whispering his wicked thoughts. All these imps, however, are painted with the most laughably roguish snouts and eyes, and the oddest claws and tails imaginable; while the elders, perfectly unconscious of their strange companions, are very serious, communing with each other. The church and chapels have nothing remarkable, except one very highly estimated show, where Joseph and Mary, in gorgeous apparel, are kneeling near a wilderness of gold tissel wire; while around them are a confused variety of little images, not a twentieth part of their size. Amongst the multitude is one female Chinese figure, with the usual dead white face and long eyes, and another Chinese woman bearing a child made of soap-stone. The most grotesque, however, is a little drunken Dutch farmer, in leathern breeches and a red waistcoat, who is placed very properly in the foreground, to prevent the scandal his company would throw on the other idols. One eye is open, and its fellow is closed, with an air of slyness and roguery which gives a most comical expression to his tipsy face. This is, perhaps, the first Dutch saint which has ever been worshiped in Mexico."

At Zacatecas "the churches are large and very well built, and the Parroquia (the parish church) is certainly a noble edifice. Its front is superbly ornamented, and entirely covered with rich carving in stone; the architecture of the belfry is beautiful. Its font is one of the wonders of Zacatecas, being entirely of silver, and weighing 3793 ounces. The execution, however, is greatly inferior to the material. 'This baptismal font was presented on the 20th of November, 1800, by Doña Maria Anna de la Campalos, Countess of San Matteo Valparaiso, in remembrance of her having received the waters of holy baptism in this church; under the condition, that if any other should present a better font, this shall be removed to the church of Sombrerete. The weight of this font is 474 marcos and one ounce.' The above is engraved round the margin of this ornamental 'Fila,' which stands in a small room tawdrily painted in fresco, and bearing on its walls a variety of most extraordinary verses in a doggrel style, which I am not sufficiently skilful to translate."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Gentleman Cit: Translation of Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme. London, 1828. T. and G. Underwood.

A CHEAP copy, and a rather literal translation of Molière's comedy. The difficulty of rendering one language by another is curiously illustrated by the very title of this play, which is not translateable into English without much periphrase and explanation. *The Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is certainly not *The Gentleman Cit.* In the construction of his sentences throughout, the translator, though he has given us the sense of his original, has adhered too closely to the foreign idiom for elegance of style.

The Cypress Wreath. By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. 12mo. pp. 159. London, 1828. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE have really had quite a poetical overflow lately; but, amid the influx of new comers, we must not forget an old acquaintance. Principally a collection of little poems, scattered through various periodicals, the present volume claims the praise we have ever given to Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson's productions—of much poetical taste, and kindly and cultivated feelings.

Tales and Sketches. By Jacob Ruddiman, M.A. of Mareschal College, Aberdeen. Edinburgh, J. Anderson; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

SKETCHES like those from the Portfolio of an Amateur, laid in picturesque scenes, often graceful, with much that is pretty, but little that is striking: still there is quite enough in these pages to pass a summer morning's idlesse pleasantly.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour; after the Drawings, and with the Descriptions, of Dr. Meyrick. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XI.

THIS Part completes the second volume. We are happy to say that the work is proceeding with unimpaired excellence. One of the most beautiful plates is that of "The Pikeman's Armour." "In the time of Charles I.," Dr. Meyrick observes, "great reliance was placed on the pikeman, whose formidable weapon was eighteen feet in length; for Ward, in his 'Animadversions of Warre,' lib. ii. p. 90, edit. 1639, says, 'so long as the pikes stand firme, although the shot should be routed, yet it cannot be said the field is won; for the whole strength of an army consists in the pikes.'"

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, March 28.

THE republication at Brussels of new French works, immediately after their appearance at Paris, and their fraudulent introduction into France—to the great loss of the original publishers—has determined the principal booksellers and publishers of Paris to establish a French and Foreign Library at Brussels; to which a number of copies are to be sent of all new works, so as to appear on the same day at Paris and Brussels. M. Campan (the son, we believe, of the celebrated Madame Campan) is at the head of the Brussels house. This measure will be a fatal blow to the presses of the low countries, though it will not prevent them, if they please, from issuing other editions. The Paris publishers who have formed this enterprise, are Aimé André, Bachelier, Firmin Didot and Sons, Galignani, Hector Bossange, Janet and Catelle, Lévrault, Rénouard, Sautelet and Co., and Treuttel and Würtz.*

The mania of joint stock companies, so ruinous in England, seems to gain ground in France. One man, who could not raise money to pay the printing of a prospectus, announced himself as founder of a company for the cultivation of lands and building towns in Kentucky: the capital was to be £500,000, of which he was to be the director. Another proposed a similar establishment at Buenos Ayres, with a capital of £240,000. A third proposed to bring into cultivation five million acres of the Landes of Bourdeaux, composed of moving sand, from six to sixty feet deep. A fourth undertook no less than the cultivation of all the waste lands in France. Literature and the arts are not forgotten by the schemers:—one company promises to bring out the works of authors who cannot find either printer or publisher: and another to bring forward the projects of inventors, and introduce all new foreign inventions into France. All these projects, however, have been still-born.

France is at the present moment governed by the edicts of Louis XIV., the laws of the Revolution, the decrees of the Empire, and the charter of Louis XVIII. The charter, the mere skeleton of a constitution, abrogated all anterior laws which are contrary to it; but as it does not embrace the thousandth part of a complete system of legislation, wherever the charter does not apply a remedy, the tribunal choose one, the most consonant to the principles they wish to adopt, from Louis XIV. XV. XVI. the Revolution, or Buonaparte; and as there are about 3000 judges in France, it may easily be conceived what a vast field this practice opens for contradictory decisions! No branch of industry has felt this more than the bookselling business. Wherever the government wishes to punish a not over-loyal bookseller, it finds a ready means in the dusty tomes of preceding legislations. We have seen one man condemned on an edict of Louis XIV. in 1723; another on the constitution of 1791; and others, again—and these by far the most numerous—on the *paternal* decrees of the empire. No literary property was safe under these conflicting doctrines; and a bookseller in prosperity to-day, found himself ruined on the morrow, from being interdicted the exercise of his trade. Political vengeance against a deceased printer has been carried so far as to refuse permission to the widow to carry on the business of her husband; and on the hardship of the case being urged, the king's attorney defended the measure by the strange argument, that a surgeon, a physician, or notary dying, the widow could not exercise the profession of the husband!

This frightful anomaly we are happy to find is about to cease. M. Martignac, the minister of the interior, admits the incongruity of the present legislation on the subject of literature, and has promised to propose a law to embody a whole code of doctrine.

We stated in a recent letter, that foreigners were not allowed to be arbitrators. A new decision of the tribunal permits them to execute the task when both parties are agreed; but either can object to the admission of a foreigner, and his objection is held legal.

Paris, April 12.

SYSTEMS are now *à-la-mode;* at least, there is a concurrence among wise heads to cure what seem incurable—the evils of society. A very clever, well-written volume, exposing the leading principles of Mr. Owen's system, has lately been put forth by a French barrister (a M. Roy), which is likely to attract the public. The plan of mutual co-operation and community of property has already powerful partisans, who are very active in endeavouring to form a society having for its object the diffusion of those *benevolent* principles. In some literary circles they speak also of a work, shortly to be published, proposing to embrace a very wide field of social amelioration, the basis of which plan is *industrial* attraction by groups, the rapid acquisition of riches, and the enjoyment secured to each individual of the fruits of his labours. This work is profound and scientific, and not likely therefore to catch, still less convince, the ignorant of the immense treasure of happiness the au-

* Our Correspondent, in justly reprobating the conduct of the Brussels publishers, forgets that those of Paris are not a whit better, if we may judge of their piratical editions of English works, and printing them at low prices, to be smuggled into England. Now, indeed, when an injury of the same kind comes home to themselves, they discover the wrong, and associate to curb it; but they had hitherto considered it quite fair to publish such productions as Byron's, Moore's, &c. &c. for the copy-rights of which, very large prices had been given by their brethren in London.—*Ed. L. G.*

thor projects for rich, poor, savages, sages, and children. Increase of wealth, however, is the best bait to hold out to man, as gold, and gold alone, is the idol of worship, the secret spring of every action, the regulator of principle, and, I might almost add, of feeling. If, therefore, the author is sufficiently clever to convince his readers that there are personal advantages to be gained, success must attend his efforts to raise mankind above a degraded state of want. His doctrine is, "make men happy, and you make them good."

Many celebrated pens are actively employed at this moment. M. St. Beuve has just sent to press "l'Histoire de la Poésie Française de la Seizième Siècle," and that of the "Théâtre Français jusqu'à Racine." This writer is familiar with the *ensemble* of French literature before Louis the fourteenth, and possesses qualities rarely united, being a good poet, a literary critic, observing a scrupulous adherence to truth, and excelling in that *finesse* of style in which historians are too often deficient. M. Alfred de Vigny, author of the "Conjuration du Cinq-Mars," is also about to publish a *roman historique*, in which the different personages act a part in the French expedition to Egypt. M. de Vigny has often been severely criticised by the literary lawgivers.

Much is said and expected of a work written by M. Scheffer (of Dutch origin), celebrated for many historical publications, in which *l'esprit de parti* threw an unfavourable shade over real talent. He is now on the point of giving to the public "l'Histoire du Pape Grégoire VII." *On dit* that it contains views of high importance as to the organisation of the powers of the church, such as that pope had conceived and partly executed: but this production, I presume, can only interest the ecclesiastical part of society. Many gentlemen called philosophers are also mending their pens; whether with the intention of making money or advancing knowledge, remains to be discovered;—but, as yet, with all the torrents of light in which they say this age abounds, we poor unscientific beings are as much in the dark as ever with regard to the subject which most interests us. Fair promises are, however, held out to us by some *reputed* wise men, to prove, by the science of analogy and attraction, our links, not only with the whole vegetable and animal creation, but with other worlds; so that the doctrine of annihilation, which is too much the reigning principle amongst English and French, will be set aside.

Magnetism here is gaining ground rapidly. A learned man, who has studied it, pretends that no one who has not previously inhabited this globe can be magnetised. This puts me in mind of a German, who, though perfectly in his senses, speaks with all the *sang froid* imaginable of having already existed twice in this world. He pretends that he last figured at the siege of Troy, and was the friend of Achilles: though an illiterate man, yet, in relating the events of the Trojan war, he never commits the slightest error; nor is he angry with those who doubt his memory, or treat him as a dreamer. The French pretend that Napoleon possessed the faculty of *tact* to a miraculous degree; that he felt ere he touched; and they give an instance of this which is remarkable enough. A gentleman who now graces some of the *beaux* circles, and who is decorated with a red riband, had, as they say, the intention of assassinating the emperor. To effect his purpose, he put one arm into a sling, and presented with the other a petition to Buonaparte. "Seize that man!" was the answer of Napoleon, who either read in the countenance the intention of the pretended petitioner, or felt the attraction of the hidden poniard, which was found in the sleeve of this nameless man of honour. He was at the time thrown into prison, but now is greeted and smiled on by the fawning crowd.

M. de Lamartine, one of the most harmonious of the French poets, like Lord Byron, has chosen Italy for his residence, and sends only the tones of his lyre to his countrymen, who reproach him for having abandoned his native soil. He has totally renounced diplomatic affairs.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ASSASSINATION OF MAJOR LAING AND CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

It is with great concern we state that there is no longer any doubt with respect to the fate of these enterprising, persevering, but unfortunate travellers. They have both been murdered. The Pasha of Tripoli has received letters from one of his officers in the interior of Africa, communicating the painful intelligence.

It appears that Major Laing was severely wounded by robbers in the territory of Toualt. Having, however, recovered, in consequence of the kind attention of a marabout, or priest, he at length succeeded in reaching Timbuctoo. But he had scarcely arrived, before the Foulahs, that powerful and warlike horde which at present reigns exclusively over the immense deserts of central Africa, came, to the number of thirty thousand, and demanded that Major Laing should be delivered up to them, that they might put him to death; "and thus," as they observed, "prevent Christian nations from receiving such information as might enable them, at some future period, to penetrate into, and enslave, the countries of Africa." Before the arrival of the Foulahs, twenty-four chiefs, among whom was a female called *Nana-Beira* (Princess-Mother), commanded simultaneously in Timbuctoo. One of these chiefs, of the name of Othman-Vould-Quaïd-Aboubekhr, had received Major Laing into his house, on the recommendation of the Sheik Il-Mokhtar, with whom he had taken refuge after having escaped the daggers of the Hangars.* When the Foulahs presented themselves before Timbuctoo, and demanded Major Laing's head, his host, Othman-Vould-Quaïd-Aboubekhr, contrived his escape at night, escorted by several servants, who were supposed to be trustworthy. It unfortunately happened, however, that one of them, of the name of Rehhal, had been bribed by the Foulahs; and this fellow not only delivered Major Laing into their hands, but gave him the first of the stabs under which he fell. Every body knows the praises which Denham and Clapperton, in their Narrative published two years ago, bestowed on the sultan Bello, the sovereign of these very Foulahs who have just assassinated Laing, and Clapperton himself. It was a relation of the sultan Bello's, Ahhmed-Labbou, who repaired to Timbuctoo, on the arrival of Major Laing. After having accomplished his immediate object by the assassination of our brave friend, he destroyed the oligarchy in Timbuctoo, and established, as the sole governor of the city, the very Othman-Vould-Quaïd Aboubekhr, whom we have already mentioned. Poor Clapperton was murdered at Sakatou, the ordinary residence of the sultan Bello; notwithstanding the kind reception which he had experienced from the sultan on his first visit. This double perfidy of the African prince, by whom these sanguinary acts have been either ordered or permitted, and that after having shewn so much attachment to the English, appears to have been simply owing to the distrust created in his mind by certain individuals, who represented our unfortunate countrymen as spies sent for the purpose of ascertaining the best means of facilitating the conquest of his country.

* The inhabitants of Toualt.

Fernando Po.—The latest accounts of this new colony continue to give the most satisfactory assurances of its prosperous commencement. More mechanics had gone from Sierra Leone to join Captain Owen; and the natives continued peaceable and friendly.

SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE, BY CAPTAIN FOSTER, TOWARDS THE SOUTH POLE.

The exertions of government to forward objects of science demand the warmest acknowledgments from those interested in its advancement. In noticing the various scientific expeditions which have within the last ten years been so frequently undertaken by this country, we have had the honest satisfaction of commending no less the spirit in which these inquiries originated, than the zeal and perseverance displayed by the individuals to whom their conduct was intrusted. It is therefore with additional pleasure, as it evinces the same encouragement of research in the naval department, under a new and royal head, that we have to record another voyage, perhaps more purely of a scientific character than any of the former.

The conduct of the voyage to which we allude, is intrusted to Captain Foster, an officer who accompanied Captain Parry in his last voyage; but not in his boat excursion towards the North Pole, having remained with the ship on the coast of Spitzbergen engaged in a series of pendulum experiments. These experiments were, we believe, suggested to the Royal Society by Captain Kater; and, when sufficiently numerous, are expected to lead to most important results; viz. the determination of the true figure of the earth, and the variation of the law of gravity at different points of its surface, with other profound matters, which, although they have been detailed to us at considerable length, we hope our readers will excuse our explaining to them. The continuation of the pendulum experiments in various parts of the globe, near the equator, in high southern latitudes, and as near as possible to the antipodes of London, is, however, necessary, before any, or at least satisfactory, deductions can be formed from those already made; and this continuation is the main object of Captain Foster's voyage.

The Council of the Royal Society have held various meetings on the subject of framing directions for Captain Foster's proceedings, at which some gentlemen, whose suggestions were considered as likely to prove useful, attended by invitation. Although we have stated, that swinging the pendulum in various parts of the globe is the main purpose of this voyage, yet it is also intended to carry on various observations and magnetic experiments, which it is expected will tend to the advancement of our geographical knowledge, and the improvement of navigation.

Captain Foster has the command of his Majesty's ship Chanticleer, all the officers appointed to which, by the Admiralty, have been selected on account of their scientific acquirements. One of the lieutenants, in particular,

served under Captain Franklin on his recent arduous expedition, and is a most accomplished draftsman. The Chanticleer will sail from England in the course of a few days for Madeira, from whence she is to proceed to various points in the West Indies, and down the coast of South America to Cape Horn. Her extreme destination is the newly discovered group of the South Shetland Islands; but it has been stated, that conditional instructions have been given to Captain Foster to proceed from thence as far he can, without risk to his ship, towards the South Pole, where, judging from the account of Weddell, he is not likely to experience those obstructions which rendered the attempt of Parry to reach the North Pole abortive. We are not aware whether Captain Foster has been directed to extend his researches into the Pacific; but understand that his absence from this country is limited to three years.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THIS learned body, following the good example of other public institutions, has begun a series of Evening Meetings, at which subjects of interest to science are discussed. At the first, on Monday, Sir H. Halford read a paper on Tic Douloureux. The rooms, in the college, were numerously attended by persons eminent in various professions and literary pursuits.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

[Having long felt, in common with the public, that the proceedings of our principal learned and scientific societies have been too little known, to disseminate the information of which they are so often the depositaries, in a manner acceptable to the country and advantageous to literature and science, we have entered upon some arrangements to supply this deficiency; and if we cannot communicate all the intelligence we wish, it will at least be found, that the *Literary Gazette* has done its utmost to promote this useful object, and can do so with some success. We commence this week with several examples.]

A PAPER on the Phenomena of Volcanoes, by Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. F.R.S., was read at the meeting of the Royal Society, March 20th, 1828.

In an article on the decomposition of the earths, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1812, the author offered it as a conjecture, that the metals of the alkalies and earths might exist in the interior of the globe, and on being exposed to the action of air and water, give rise to volcanic fires, and to the production of lavas, by the slow cooling of which, basaltic, and other crystalline rocks, might subsequently be formed. Vesuvius, from local circumstances, presents particular advantages for investigating the truth of this hypothesis; and of these the author availed himself, during his residence at Naples, in the months of December 1819, and of January and February 1820. A small eruption had taken place a few days before he visited the mountain, and a stream of lava was then flowing with considerable activity from an aperture in the mountain a little below the crater, which was throwing up showers of red-hot stones every two or three minutes. On its issuing from the mountain it was perfectly fluid, and nearly white hot: its surface appeared to be in violent agitation, from the bursting of numerous bubbles, which emitted clouds of white smoke. There was no appearance of more vivid ignition in the lava when it was exposed to the air, nor did it glow with more intensity when it was raised and poured out by an iron ladle. A portion was thrown into a glass bottle, which was then closed with a ground stopper; and on examining the air in the bottle, some time afterwards, it was found not to have lost any of its oxygen. Nitre, thrown upon the surface of the lava, did not produce such an increase of ignition as would have attended the presence of combustible matter. The gas disengaged from the lava proved, on examination, to be common air. When the white vapours were condensed on a cold tin plate, the deposit was found to consist of very pure common salt: and the vapours themselves contained nine per cent of oxygen, the rest being azote, without any notable proportion of carbonic acid or sulphureous acid gases; although the fumes of this latter gas were exceedingly pungent in the smoke from the crater of the volcano. On another occasion, the author examined the saline incrustations on the rocks near the ancient bocca of Vesuvius, and found them to consist principally of common salt, with some chloride of iron, a little sulphate of soda, a still smaller quantity of sulphate or muriate of potassa, and a minute portion of oxide of copper. In one instance, in which the crystals had a purplish tint, a trace of muriate of cobalt was detected. From the observations made by the author, at different periods, he concludes that the dense white smoke which rose in immense columns from the stream of lava, and which reflected the morning and evening light of the purest tints of red and orange, was produced by the salts which were sublimed with the steam; it presented a striking contrast to the black smoke arising from the crater, which was loaded with earthy particles, and formed black clouds, which in the night were highly luminous at the moment of the explosion. The phenomena observed by the author afford a sufficient refutation of all the ancient hypotheses, in which volcanic fires were ascribed to such chemical causes as the combustion of mineral coal, or the action of sulphur upon iron; and they are perfectly consistent with the supposition of their depending upon the oxidation of the metals of the earths on an extensive scale, in immense subterranean cavities, to which water or atmospheric air may occasionally have access. The subterranean thunder, heard at great distances under Vesuvius prior to an eruption, indicates the vast extent of these cavities; and the existence of a subterranean communication between the Solfatara and Vesuvius, is established by the fact, that whenever the latter is in an active state, the former is comparatively tranquil. In confirmation of these views, the author remarks, that almost all the volcanoes of considerable magnitude in the old world are in the vicinity of the sea: and in those where the sea is more distant, as in the volcanoes of South America, the water may be supplied from great subterranean lakes; for Humboldt states that some of them throw up quantities of fish. The author acknowledges, however, that the hypothesis of the nucleus of the globe being composed of matter liquefied by heat, offers a still more simple solution of the phenomena of volcanic fires.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AT a meeting of the Council on Monday last, the two royal golden medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, given annually to individuals distinguished by the production of works eminent in literature, were adjudged to Crabbe the poet, as the head of an original school of composition, and to Archdeacon Coxe, as the author of many volumes of great historical research. His Majesty's splendid grant* of 1000 guineas per annum (independently of the 100 guineas for the above medals) is, as our readers know, appropriated for their lives, and not by yearly election, to ten Royal Associates, who have each one hundred guineas a year, as a mark of their Monarch's sense of their labours in the cause of learning and science. No vacancy has occurred in this body since their original election.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

THE Antiquarian Society has been in a ferment for some time, through the efforts of a party of reformers among its members. It is probable that some things may be amended in consequence of this stir; but we have strongly to recommend moderation to our brethren in their proceedings. The meetings are now devoted much to debating: a new era in the annals of the Society. The annual election, on Monday, will be a trial of strength.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

TO-DAY is the private view of this peculiarly national branch of our Fine Arts; and, from a hasty glance at the Exhibition, we rejoice to say, that it will not disappoint the highest expectations, formed upon the remembrance of preceding years of excellence. Almost all the old distinguished contributors are again before us, with productions worthy of their names. Barrett, Cox, Cristall, have their usual charms; Dewint puts a mile of coast into a square inch of space; Fielding, Gastineau, Harding, Havell, Lewis, Nash, Nesfield, J. Varley, W. Turner, Pugin, Stephanoff, Wild, Mackenzie, fully maintain their stations; Hill's animals are as true to nature as ever—and in one piece, of a deer, with a background by Robson, the union is truly admirable; Hunt has several figures in common life, as replete with force, character, and colour, as his promise of last season taught us to expect; Prout has a superb View of Venice, and other productions worthy of his pencil; Robson, several grand landscapes: and Wright, the Flitch of Bacon, a procession like Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims, and the "Burning Shame," another, which is no shame to him. Among artists, new to us, we particularly noticed a Mr. P. Williams, (now at Rome) whose Italian domestic subjects are amazingly sweet and pleasing. Our time and limits permit us to say nothing more: we have given the names almost alphabetically; and we have only to add, that, for variety of subject, interest, and merit, this Exhibition is one of the most gratifying that can be imagined.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

No. 181. *Peter Boats.* C. Stanfield.—Subjects of this class now form a large portion of every Exhibition. The interest which has been given to them, by the artists who have pursued this branch of the profession, has been the cause of rendering them great favourites with the public. Like every thing else, however, the multiplication of their numbers must necessarily diminish, not their intrinsic, but their relative, value. Pictures like this of the "Peter Boats," while they prove the high degree of excellence already attained, ought

* His Majesty has, however, done still more for this Society, which may so emphatically and entirely be called *his own*. He has directed that a site shall be assigned to it on the crown lands, where the improvements of the metropolis are being carried into effect at Charing Cross; and already have members voluntarily subscribed several thousand pounds towards the erection of a house for the Institution, which we have reason to believe will be erected forthwith.

to shew the young and aspiring painter the expediency of labouring even, if possible, to surpass it, if he wish to secure for himself a marked share of public encouragement.

No. 241. *Scene on the Lynn, Lynmouth, Devon.* F. R. Lee.—In painting this beautiful and romantic spot, Mr. Lee has exhibited the same talent which we have had occasion to describe in noticing his pictures in other Exhibitions. Chaste in his colouring, although lively and vigorous in his execution, Nature, in the sobriety of her charms, always appears to be stamped on his canvass.

No. 66. "*Lisps with holy look his evening prayer.*" R. Edmonstone.—The domestic character of this performance is well calculated to excite the best feelings of our nature. The unsophisticated actions of children are always delightful; and the present subject has been rendered peculiarly interesting by the unaffected simplicity which, notwithstanding its attractions of composition and colouring, pervades it.

Nos. 458 and 461. *English Characters.* G. R. Lewis.—These little spirited performances remind us of "The Cries of London," which, at an early period of art in this country, were exceedingly popular subjects. The etchings of Paul Sandby, in particular, are still sought after by amateur collectors. Mr. Lewis has rendered his specimens of English characters very interesting, by the way in which he has treated them.

No. 359. *Approach to the Enchanted Castle and Gardens of Armida.*—(Vide Tasso.) W. Haddock, jun. — Imaginary scenes of this kind, described in the glowing language of the poet, are admirably calculated to call forth the talents of the painter. The present subject is one that has frequently been treated:—among others that we recollect, by Le Moine, a French artist, from whose picture a very spirited print was published. Our young English painter has shewn considerable skill in the management and general effect of his work. The height at which it is placed will not allow us to judge of its executive details.

No. 312. *The Oyster-Girl.* F. Rowlston.—As an effect of light, this performance may rank with the best of the celebrated Schalken's pictures, of a similar character.

No. 64. *The Loiterer.* R. Farrier.—Mr. Farrier's talents have placed him high in the rank of painters of domestic and familiar life. His characters are full of expression, his execution is remarkably clear; and the number and finish of his works shew that his industry is unremitting. We fear, however, that, like some other artists in the same department, he does not take sufficient time, not merely to consider his subject when chosen, but to guard against his choice being common-place. It is not sufficient that our painters should rival the old Flemish in execution; the intellectual character of this country demands that they should excel them in thought and sentiment. Nevertheless, we do not see much to object to, on that score, in Mr. Farrier's "Loiterer," with the exception of the too violent action of the dame, which savours more of the Bilingsgate virago, than of an angry mistress or mother waiting the arrival of the pitcher from the well.

Sculpture Room.—There is little of novelty in the room appropriated to this department of art; but, as we have before observed, the light and the arrangement give an interest to most of the models, and shew them to great advantage. Even the enchanting group of *Poetry and Painting*, by E. H. Baily, R.A., can hardly be said to have been properly seen before. Occupying as it does a principal place in the apartment, the character of beauty, grace, and sentiment, which it so eminently possesses, becomes strikingly conspicuous. We should rejoice to hear that Mr. Baily had been commissioned to execute this fine composition in more durable materials.—The *Susanna*, by J. Hefferman, is in every respect highly characteristic, and does great credit to the talents of the artist.—*Maria*, by W. F. Woodington, though graceful in form, and skilfully composed, is certainly not the Maria of Sterne. A pastoral nymph would have been a more appropriate title. And here we are compelled, with pain, to observe, that to mutilate and injure works of this class is a practice so common, that it cannot be considered otherwise than as nationally disgraceful. Short as has been the time since the opening of the Exhibition in Suffolk Street, it has sufficed to subject the figure of which we are speaking to this scandalous treatment. The lute and riband, though now restored, were broken off by some stupid and mischievous scoundrel. Does the perpetrator of such an atrocity flatter himself that he does not more richly deserve the tread-mill, flogging, or some other infamous punishment, than many on whom it is inflicted? It is such conduct as this that is pleaded in justification of those persons who exclude the public from seeing, gratuitously, monuments, and other works of art, for which the public purse has paid. In the present improved and improving state of the metropolis and its neighbourhood, it would be exceedingly desirable, not only for the encouragement of art, but for the credit of the country, that single statues or groups should be placed in our gardens, squares, and other places of public resort. The Regent's Park, above all, would, among its plantations and elsewhere, afford situations suitable for such a purpose. But where shall we find a guarantee for their safety? Not, we regret to say, in that love and respect for the fine arts which distinguish all nations calling themselves civilised, but our own. No; to secure any such productions from either wanton or malicious violence, they must be girt round with iron, or placed above the reach of vulgar insolence and folly. It is well known, that even the noble statue in Hyde Park, although made of a material which secured it from mutilation, was subjected to every description of low and despicable indignity, until a near approach to it was effectually prevented.—Returning from this digression, for which we are sure our readers will pardon us, we have little to add to our remarks. The *Prometheus chained*, by J. Kendrick, is a performance of high merit; although we think the form and action of the eagle do not partake sufficiently of the grandeur of the other parts of the design.—The half-size models of *C. M. V. Weber*, and of *Sir James Leith*, by the same artist, exhibit to great advantage his talents in the more familiar branches of his profession.—The *Cavalcade proceeding to the Tournament* (from Ivanhoe), by S. Henning, is exceedingly beautiful in its way; but has too much of the gem in its relief, to be advantageously seen in the light in which it is placed.

DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

This grand painting, by M. Le Thière, will be exhibited on Monday. Those who recollect this celebrated painter's picture of the Death of Brutus, will, of course, look for a splendid composition,—and they will not look in vain. It is of the same size, and covers the whole end of the room at the Egyptian Hall. The general form of the grouping approaches the pyramidal; the centre being occupied by Appius Claudius and other Decemvirs on the Tribune. On the right is the tragic scene of Virginia slain by her father; and on the left, agitated groups of Romans, in various situations, as caused by fear, anger, &c. &c. The whole is treated in the noblest style of art. The dead Virginia, the menacing parent, the disorder of Appius and his colleagues, the terror of Claudius the accuser, the threatening aspects of Numitorius and Icilius, the fury of the populace in combat with the lictors, the apathy of the butcher whose knife has performed this bloody sacrifice, the agony of the nurse and female friends of the victim, and, indeed, the expression throughout,—do the utmost honour to M. Le Thière, and place him, deservedly, in the foremost rank of the French national school.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Pride of the Village. Designed and drawn on stone by C. Childs. Engelmann.

A fascinating and irresistible creature; and an exquisite specimen of the lithographic art.

The Guardian Angel.—Under this title, an exquisitely beautiful design has been published by Mr. Flint, from the hand of D. Morrison, the modeller to the royal family. It is in a circle of about three inches and a half in diameter, and represents two heads in profile; the one a lovely human being—and the other the Guardian Angel, with seraph wings, and a hand upon her breast. The countenances are purely Grecian, and have a happy resemblance to each other; the hair is luxuriant, and finely arranged; the draperies slight, and admirably *transparent*; the hands charmingly formed; the clouds, rays, and other accessories, all in the best taste. It is, indeed, one of those chaste and touching performances which appeal, not only to the eye, but to the heart; and will, we are sure, become the ornament of many a select boudoir.

MEDAL OF LORD ELDON.

A very striking likeness of this eminent person has just been published by Mr. Kreeft. It is the work of Mr. Voight, now pursuing his studies at Rome, as we hear, with much distinction; and is executed in gold, silver, and bronze. The medal is deeply cut, and represents the learned lord in profile, as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; and though the dress wig of that office is not auspicious to style, the artist has, in every other respect, acquitted himself so ably, that his lasting portraiture of the features of a man so distinguished in our annals, is likely to be most favourably received by his friends and admirers. To them, and to collectors generally, we can fairly recommend this production of art, as well meriting their attention. The reverse has an inscription, recording the leading events of his lordship's long and valuable life.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A VISIT TO NEWSTEAD IN 1828.

It was on the noon of a cold, bleak day in February, that I set out to visit the memorable Abbey of Newstead, once the property and abode of the immortal Byron. The gloomy state of the weather, and the dreary aspect of the surrounding country, produced impressions more appropriate to the view of such a spot than

the cheerful season and scenery of summer. With melancholy feelings, then, did I proceed in search of this noble relic of conventual times, over which the departed spirit of the poet has now thrown the mantle of his genius, and cast a halo of fame, which ages will not dissipate. The estate lies on the left-hand side of the high north road, eight miles beyond Nottingham; but, as I approached the place, I looked in vain for some indication of the Abbey. Nothing is seen but a thick plantation of young larch and firs, bordering the road, until you arrive at the *Hut*, a small public-house by the way-side. Nearly opposite to this is a plain white gate, without lodges, which opens into the park. From the appearance which the Hut makes in Cary's Road-book, one might be led to think it an inn; and being situated so near the entrance to the park, of course a convenient place of accommodation for all visitors to the Abbey. It is, however, only a small pot-house belonging to the estate, and does not afford even one bed. Before the gate stands a fine, spreading oak, one of the few remaining trees of Sherwood forest, the famous haunt of Robin Hood and his associates, which once covered all this part of the county, and whose centre was about the domain of Newstead. To this oak, the only one of any size on the estate, Byron was very partial. It is pretty well known that his great uncle (to whom he succeeded) cut down almost all the valuable timber, partly to pay gambling debts, and partly for pure mischief's sake, to injure the property which he knew would pass into another branch of the family, all of whom, in consequence of his having killed Mr. Chaworth, had forsaken him. So that when Byron came into possession of the estate, and indeed the whole time he had it, it presented a very bare and desolate appearance. Unluckily he had not fortune enough to do what has since been done on such an enlarged scale, and with so much taste, by the present owner, Lieut.-Colonel Wildman, and which alone can render the property intrinsically valuable. The soil is very poor, and fit only for the growth of larch and firs; and of these upwards of 700 acres have been planted. Byron could not afford the first outlay which was necessary in order ultimately to increase its worth, so that as long as he held it its rental did not exceed £1300 a year. From the gate to the Abbey is a mile. The carriage-road runs straight for about 300 yards through the plantations, when it takes a sudden turn to the right; and on returning to the left, a beautiful and extensive view over the valley and distant hills is opened, with the turrets of the Abbey rising among the dark trees beneath. The effect at this spot is admirably managed, and fully compensates for all the disappointment at not seeing it sooner. To the right of the Abbey is perceived a tower on a hill, in the midst of a grove of firs. From this part the road winds gently to the left, till it reaches the Abbey. About half a mile from the high road is another gate, with a wall running east and west. Here the plantation ceases, and the trees, from this forward, are arranged in small circular patches here and there, as if to cover the nakedness of the land. The Abbey is approached on the north side: it lies in a valley, very low, sheltered to the north and west by rising ground; and to the south, which is now to be considered the front, enjoying a fine prospect over an undulating vale. It can only be called open, properly, to the south-west, as the land on all the other sides is more or less elevated. A more secluded spot could hardly have been chosen for the pious purposes to which it was devoted. To the north and east is a garden walled in; and to the west the upper lake, into which Byron's uncle one day threw his wife; and on the borders of which are seen the baby forts mentioned by Horace Walpole in one of his letters describing a visit to Newstead. It was here that Byron amused himself with his boat and his dogs, the qualities of one of which he has immortalised in his verses. Of the external appearance of the building, a much better idea may, of course, be formed from a glance at a drawing than from pages of description. On the west side the mansion is without any enclosure or garden drive, and can therefore be approached by any person passing through the park. In this open space is the ancient fountain or cistern of the convent, covered with grotesque carvings, and having water still running into a basin. The old church window, which, in an architectural point of view, is most deserving of observation, is nearly entire, and adjoins the north-west corner of the Abbey. About the mysterious sound produced at certain times by the wind on this arch (as mentioned in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*, the whole of which description relates to Newstead), I could obtain no information. Through the iron gate which opens into the garden under the arch, is seen the dog's tomb: it is on the north side, upon a raised ground, and surrounded by steps. The verses inscribed on one side of the pedestal are well known, being published with his poems; but the lines preceding them are not so—they run thus:

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
Who was born in Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at Newstead, November 18th, 1808.

The whole edifice is a quadrangle, enclosing a court, with a reservoir and *jet-d'eau* in the middle, and the cloister still entire, running round the four sides. At this time the ground was covered with deep snow. The south, now, as I have said, the principal front, looks over a pleasure garden to a small lake, which has been opened from the upper one since Byron's time. There were before two lakes, one on the west, which is the principal, and another supplied by a stream from it, at a considerable distance lower down to the south-east. The entrance-door is on the west, in a small vestibule, and has nothing remarkable in it. On entering, I came into a large stone hall, and turning to the left, went through it to a smaller, beyond which is the staircase. The whole of this part has been almost entirely rebuilt by Col. Wildman: indeed, during Byron's occupation, the only habitable rooms were some small ones in the south-east angle. Over the cloister, on the four sides of the building, runs the gallery, from which doors open into various apartments, now fitted up with taste and elegance for the accommodation of a family, but then empty, and fast going to decay. In one of the galleries hang two oil paintings of dogs, as large as life: one a red wolf-dog, and the other a black Newfoundland with white legs—the celebrated Boatswain. These are the dogs that used to drag him out of the lake, into which he would purposely fall to try their fidelity. They both died at Newstead. Of the latter, Byron felt the loss as of a dear friend. These are almost the only paintings of Byron's that remain at the Abbey. From the gallery I entered the refectory, now the grand drawing-room—an apartment of great dimensions, facing south, with a fine vaulted roof and polished oak floor, and splendidly furnished in the modern style. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of the old school. As this room has been made fit for use entirely since the days of Byron, there are not those associations connected with it which are to be found in many of the other, though of inferior appearance. Two objects there are, however, which demand observation. The first that caught my attention was the portrait of Byron, by Phillips, over the fire-place, upon which I gazed with strong feelings: it is certainly the handsomest and most pleasing likeness of him I have seen. The other is a thing about which every body has heard, and of which few have any just idea. In a cabinet at the end of the room, carefully preserved and concealed in a sliding case, is kept the celebrated skull cup, upon which are inscribed those splendid verses:—

"Start not,—nor deem my spirit fled," &c.

People often suppose, from the name, that the cup retains all the terrific appearances of a death's head, and imagine that they could

"Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit:"

not at all—there is nothing whatever startling in it; nothing can be cleaner and less offensive—in fact, nobody would know, were he not told, that it was not a common bone bowl. It is made of the crown of the head cut straight off, so that all the disgusting portion of a skull is avoided; is well polished; its edge is bound by a broad rim of silver; and it is set in a neat stand of the same metal, which serves as a handle, and upon the four sides of which, and not on the skull itself, the verses are engraved. It is, in short, in appearance, a very handsome utensil, and one from which the most fastidious person might (in my opinion) drink without scruple. It was always produced after dinner when Byron had company at the Abbey, and a bottle of claret poured into it. It was wrought by a man at Nottingham, who was severely reproved by a worthy divine not far from Newstead for this profanation of the dead. The reply of the workman, that he should be happy to make a similar one out of his head after death, upon being equally well paid for the trouble, so alarmed the reverend gentleman, that he was taken seriously ill, and confined for a considerable time to his house. An elegant round library-table is the only article of furniture in this room that belonged to Byron, and this he constantly used. It may here be observed as a matter of course, and a thing applicable to the other rooms as well as to this, that the windows of the Abbey originally looked into the cloister or quadrangle, and that the present ones are of modern date. With this exception, and not taking into consideration the destruction of the church and other buildings belonging to the Abbey, it does not appear that the structure has undergone material changes in its external form or internal arrangement. Beyond the refectory, on the same floor, is Byron's study, now used as a temporary dining-room, the entire furniture of which is the same that was used by him: it is all very plain—indeed ordinary. A good painting of a battle, over the sideboard, was also his. This apartment, perhaps beyond all others, deserves the attention of the pilgrim to Newstead, as more intimately connected with the poetical existence of Byron. It was here that he prepared for the press those first effusions of his genius,

which were published at Newark under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. It was here that he meditated, planned, and for the most part wrote, that splendid retort to the severe critique they had called down, which placed him at once among the first poets, and stamped him as the keenest satirist of the day. And it was here that his tender and beautiful verses to Mary Chaworth (afterwards and *now* Mrs. Musters), and many of those sweet pieces found among his miscellaneous poems, were composed. *Then* a place of deep and abstracted thought—*now* of merriment and rejoicing: but the memory of Byron flings over it a charm which attracts more strongly than the most sumptuous banquet. From the study I passed through several other rooms, fitted in the modern style as sitting and bed-rooms for the use of a family of rank: all extremely neat and tasteful, and kept in beautiful order: but having been in his time totally unhabitable, in no way remarkable as concerns the noble poet. His bed-room is small, and still remains in the same state as when he occupied it. It contains little worthy of notice besides the bed, which is of common size, with gilt posts, surmounted by coronets. Over the fire-place is a picture of Murray the old family servant (now dead), who accompanied Byron to Gibraltar when he first went abroad. A picture of Henry VIII., and another portrait in this room, complete the enumeration of all the furniture or paintings of Byron's remaining at the Abbey. In some of the rooms are very curiously carved mantle-pieces with grotesque figures, evidently of old date. In a corner of one of the galleries there still remained the fencing foils, gloves, masks, and single sticks, he used in his youth. A certain honourable M. P., who was once as able a combatant in blows as he has since proved in words, might perchance recognise these implements of war, having received from them raps as severe, perhaps, as any he has had within the walls of St. Stephen's. In a corner of the cloister lies a stone coffin (which may also be remembered by another gentleman, Mr. S——D——), taken from the burial-ground of the Abbey. The ground floor contains some spacious halls, and divers apartments for domestic offices—many in a state unfit for occupation, and filled with repairing materials. There is a neat little private chapel in the cloister, where service is performed on Sundays. Byron's sole recreation here was his boat and dogs, and boxing and fencing for exercise, and to prevent a tendency to obesity—which he dreaded. His constant employment was writing; for which he used to sit up as late as two or three o'clock in the morning. His life here was an entire seclusion, devoted to poetry.

The present servants' hall was then the dining-room: it is a large cold place, paved with stone: but was one of the few rooms impervious to the weather. Byron first sold the estate to Mr. Claughton, for the sum, as I am informed by the then bailiff to it, of 135,000*l.*; and upon the agreement not being completed, Mr. C. paid forfeit of 25,000*l.*;—but I do not vouch for the accuracy of this statement. It was then sold to Lieut.-Col. Wildman for 95,000*l.*—much more than its intrinsic value. Notwithstanding all that has been done, a large sum of money would be required to complete the repairs. During the last five years of Byron's minority, the Abbey was tenanted by Lord De Ruthven for 100*l.* a year, for the purposes of sporting. Besides the principal entrance from the high road, the Abbey may be approached by a bridle road through the park from Papplewick, the nearest village to it—and from Annesley, a village two miles to the west. For a pretty landscape, the way by Papplewick is best: but for effect, that by Annesley is decidedly to be preferred. By the former you pass through a newly planted avenue to the Abbey, having on the left the lower and middle lakes, and see the turrets long before you arrive. Whereas coming from Annesley, nothing is seen till you are at the top of a hill close to the Abbey, when the south front of it bursts suddenly on the sight, frowning in gloomy grandeur from below. It was from this quarter that I first saw it; and, putting aside all association of ideas, I thought a more mournful, dreary-looking place never was beheld. In winter especially, nothing can be more desolate: the bleak country around, the thinness of the population, and the miserable villages,—all impress one with feelings of melancholy. For an abbey, this is so much the better: it would require but little to put it into a state which would realise all our ideas of monastic seclusion. Even now, a warm imagination, more especially on a dismal day, and when no company is there, can easily conjure up the persons and habits of its former tenants, and fancy centuries long gone by restored to the earth. With the addition of the simple manners of old, the illusion might be complete: but, alas! in this, morally more than physically, how is the abode of sanctity changed! This pile, once the secluded haunt of those who had retired from the world and devoted themselves to God, and here

> "Sought a refuge from the worldly shocks
> Which stir and sting the soul with hope, that woos,
> then mocks;"

is now the resort of dandy valets and forward grooms—the seat of fashion and its follies, where the corruption of manners of the nineteenth century taints every nobler feeling of the heart, and cold formality takes the place of cordial benevolence. From the total absence of all accommodation in the neighbouring villages, it is very inconvenient for any one not having an invitation to the Abbey to visit Newstead; and but few people unacquainted with the possessor have visited the place, nor is there much encouragement for them to do so.

I can easily conceive the annoyance to which the possessor must be subjected by the obtrusive enthusiasm of the admirers of Byron, and make every allowance for the reluctance manifested to have the place shewn; but surely he might have expected, when he purchased the estate, that, in addition to the numbers who would continue to visit the Abbey as a specimen of architecture, thousands would be attracted thither by the fame of the poet, and would consider it more as a relic bequeathed to the admiration of posterity, than the property of a private individual.*

* It is a curious coincidence that this Sketch should have reached us so as to appear in our *Gazette* on the anniversary of the death of Lord Byron. We propose to follow it by a series of papers containing original anecdotes of his life.—*Ed.*

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday night, an audience, crowded in every part, greeted the *début* of the celebrated Sontag, in the character of *Rosina*, the heroine of the *Barbiere di Seviglia*. Premising, that this fair stranger has nothing so much to apprehend, as the preposterous panegyrics which filled some of the journals previous to her appearance amongst us, we have to acknowledge her as a very charming, graceful, and highly gifted songstress; one who must be seen and heard with continual pleasure,—and who, though she does not excite wonder, keeps ever alive the far more grateful sensation of delight. In person, Mademoiselle Sontag is lady-like and feminine; her form is symmetrical, and in the happy medium which inclines to roundness and *embonpoint*. Her face is what may be called Saxon; complexion and hair are auburn, and the cheeks have something of the German breadth and height of bone; but her lips are sweetly pencilled with more than usual German beauty. Her eyes are light, soft, and very expressive; her demeanour most modest and becoming.* Altogether, we might say she is a creature to inspire the gentlest feelings of admiration: neither the ravishingly exquisite angel she has been portrayed, nor the Catalani or Pasta of singers; but an extremely pretty girl, with fascinating manners and an enchanting voice. Her reception was cordial and enthusiastic; nor was the applause less decisive or warm after she had executed her opening cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," which she did in the most delicious style. The character of Rosina affords no other opportunity for a display of musical powers. In the dialogue Mademoiselle Sontag maintained her fame for flexibility and sweetness; and in the fine trio, "Zitti, zitti," she was equally happy. In the concerted pieces throughout, however, she was not prominent—this may be a merit; but we are used to have the primos and primas overpowering their weaker associates. Her grand effort was an introduction in the music lesson; and here she gave us some of Rode's variations in a style of unrivalled brilliancy and melody. It was hardly possible to restrain the plaudits of the audience which interrupted this captivating strain: an encore and tumultuous cheering were its just reward. Upon the whole, we imagine that Sontag will be heard with even greater pleasure in a concert room; for it appeared to us that some of her lower tones, some of her most delicate touches, and some of her loveliest ornaments, were lost in the magnitude and buzz of this crowded theatre. Perhaps, too, she will be still more effective when she has ascertained, by practice, the necessary pitch for so extensive an area. But she needs no apology; for, on the whole, her talents are well calculated to charm a British public.† She certainly resembles Fodor more than any other singer; and few have been greater favourites than that lady was. The other characters were well, but not very eminently, sustained. Curioni, in the Count, was either careless, or has lost some of his powers, by going so often to the Police-office in Mary-la-bonne. Pellegrini, in the Barber, was spirited enough, but we have witnessed a better; though £800 to De Begnis, for playing it (as he demanded, we are told), would be too much, even for a good thing. Di Angeli was more than respectable in the Doctor, and exerted himself to do his best; Porto capital in all that Gasilio gives him to do. At the end, the *débutante* was loudly called for; and being led on, between the Count and the Barber, made her obeisances for the flattering applause of the whole house.

* A very good likeness of her, on stone, by J. Becker, just published by Mr. Ackermann, will, however, make her features better known than a hundred descriptions. It represents her with too much hair at the sides of her forehead, and with two *giraffe* tufts near the crown, *exactly as she herself appeared dressed;* and very improperly, for such head-gear was never seen in Spain: any barber in Seville would faint at such a sight.

† Even at £200 a-night, as is said?

DRURY LANE.

On Monday *Adelgitha* was revived with Mrs. Duff, and Kean jun.; but this tragedy, never very popular, did not recommend itself more by the new arrangement. In the *Poor Gentleman* and other comedies, with very strong casts of the characters, the house has been far more successful, and full to overflowing. Poor Wieland, the monkey, fell and hurt himself severely one night; and his part has since been performed by Ridgway.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. J. Reeve was regularly transferred from the boards of the Adelphi to those of this theatre on Wednesday evening last, and sang, capered, and gobbled through the part of the *General* in *Bombastes Furioso* with irresistible drollery. He looked uncommonly like a turkey-cock in a scarlet coat, Ramillies wig, and jack-boots, if our readers have ever seen one so attired. We confess we have not; but can fancy nothing else like him for either strut or delivery. But then a turkey-cock cannot sing,—and Mr. J. Reeve runs up and down the *crow*-matic scale like a cock of high musical taste and education. He is the very Sontag of burlesque; and in the encore of "Hope told a flattering tale" was evidently obliged to be his own echo, as "none but himself could be his parallel." In short, this gentleman possesses a fund of natural humour of the richest quality; and will have only himself to blame, if public favour do not finally accord him a niche in the temple of Momus, the next in honour to that of his great prototype, Liston.

At this theatre, Sponge, in the *Race for a Dinner*, has proved himself any thing but second best; and kept the house in constant laughter.

ADELPHI.

Some private circumstances prevented Yates from shewing his theatrical *Faces under a Hood*, as advertised last Monday; and the consequence is, that he is shewing his own face all over the town, in idle pleasures, seeing sights and performances, instead of delighting all the town by his talents.

ENGLISH THEATRE IN PARIS.

Mr. Macready appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience in *Macbeth*, and, as was to be expected from his powerful manner of acting, with very great effect. The French critics do not discover in him those faults which some of our contemporaries at home are so apt to find; but with them, the gentleman and scholar off the stage, appears to be one of the ablest actors of the age upon it.

VARIETIES.

Electricity.—Various experiments which have been recently made on heat and electricity, render it probable that during the dilatation of bodies there is an absorption of electricity; and an emission of it during their contraction.

Gout.—Iodine has lately been exhibited, both internally and externally, in cases of gout, with considerable success. It has, it is asserted, subdued the most violent paroxysms.

Fossil Remains.—A fossil portion of the jaw of a beast of prey has lately been discovered in the plaster-quarries of Montmartre, which is strictly analogous to that of an animal in Van Diemen's Land—the *didelphis cynocephala*.

Vesuvius.—This mountain, after several indications, began to display great volcanic activity on the 14th of March. Several new openings appeared, and volumes of smoke and fire, with eruptions of lava, ensued. These grand phenomena have continued for some time; and many travellers were hastening from various parts towards Naples, to witness them. We do not learn whether the volcano had sunk into its former quiet when the last accounts came away.

The Tree!—London has been for some years constantly surprised and delighted by a succession of *Trees;* and the last, our pretty *Ellen Tree*, of Drury Lane, is by no means the least worth looking at: but there is a tree just come from America greater and more wonderful than all the rest,—it is neither more nor less than a big black walnut-tree, which upon its native soil, in the neighbourhood of Lake Erie, was for many years one of the lions most sought after by travellers. As it stood, its height, up to the beginning of the branches, was eighty feet, and its entire height one hundred and fifty: its bark was twelve inches thick—its branches, in due proportion to its immense size, being three to four feet in diameter. It measured at the base thirty-six feet round. The lower part of this tree, up to the height of some nine feet, has been scooped out, and made into a very splendid room, large enough to contain thirty-six persons; and this part it is which has been brought to England, and which the gentleman to whom it belongs has given permission to be exhibited. We must not omit to tell our literary readers, that a calculation has been made, by which it has been ascertained that this tree would contain, on shelves projecting not more than six inches, three thousand volumes.

The last bad puns in circulation are as follow:—When is small beer, not small beer—(D'ye give it up)? Response: When it is *a little tart!*—Which is the cheapest way to procure a musical instrument? Buy sixpen'orth of tincture of rhubarb at the apothecary's, and he will give you *a phial in.*—What insect would his Majesty mention, if he were knighting his coachman? He would say, *Cochineal!!!*

Flying.—A fellow has been gulling the town for the last few days, by giving out that he would fly over Westminster Hall, &c., after the manner of Icarus. One of the crowd, waiting for this sight on Westminster Bridge, inquired of a neighbour, "Pray who was *Icarus?*" to which the reply was, "the son of *Diddle-us*, I believe."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We hear that Mr. Jacob has in the press a volume of Tracts on Subjects connected with the Corn Trade and Corn Laws; comprehending, besides his Second Report, ordered by the House of Lords, with Notes, an Account of the Commerce of the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff, especially as regards the Trade in Wheat and the Agriculture of the Districts of that part of the Russian Territory; and Observations on the benefit to be obtained by the Application of Pauper Labour to Poor Soils, as exemplified in the Colonies for the Indigent and for Orphans in the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D. is preparing a Translation of the chief Works of the celebrated Massillon, to be issued in Parts, at moderate intervals of time.

The Puffiad, a Satire, with an Introductory Epistle in Prose to an eminent Puffer—is said to be on the eve of making its appearance.

Mr. Frederic Shoberl has nearly ready for publication a duodecimo volume, entitled, the Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation in all Parts of the World.

There is preparing a work on the Present State of the Tenancy of Land in England and the principal Counties of Scotland and Wales, made from a recent Survey, with the Customs now most prevalent in the several Counties between Landlord and Tenant, and incoming and outgoing Tenant. In this work, the Mode of Farming as now practised, and the Implements of Husbandry in use, of recent introduction in the different Counties, will be explained by a brief Notice.

An English Translation of Manzoni's Romance, the Betrothed Lovers, is printing at Milan.

Preparing for publication, a General Compendium of the County Histories of England.

New German Journals.—Every species of *rational* titles to the numberless periodicals of Germany having apparently been exhausted, two new ones are announced for the present year, under the following foolish names:—1. Die Teufelszeitung (the Devil's Journal). Edited by Satanas, the Prince of Darkness; with Contributions from all the Demons, &c.: Hamburgh, B. A. Herrmann. 2. Asmus Omnia sua secum portans. Hamburgh, B. A. Herrmann. They are to be published together, and are to be, as it were, the Ahriman and Ormuzd of the West: the former giving an account of all the diableries of man, for a salutary warning; and the other reporting and treating of whatever is consoling and cheering in the events of the world.

In the Press.—The Second Edition of the Rev. E. Burton's Description of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Rome, made during a Visit to Italy in 1818-19; with numerous Illustrations from Ancient and Modern Writers.—An Historical Inquiry into the Relationist Character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey.—An Abridgment of the Rev. H. Soames's History of the Reformation of the Church of England.—Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, by the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A.—Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc in August last, by John Auldjo, Esq.; with Plates, &c. &c.—Detraction Displayed, by Mrs. Opie.—A New Edition of Bateman's Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, considerably enlarged, and illustrated by an Atlas of Coloured Plates, edited by Dr. A. T. Thomson, Professor of Materia Medica to the University of London.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

View of the Social Life of England and France, 8vo. 13*s.* bds.—Bayldon on Poor's Rate, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Head on Early Rising, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Dublin Medical Transactions, Vol. V. 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Gordon's Examinations on the Practice of Surgery, 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—Philip's Christian Experience, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.—Life of Mansie Wauch, 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—Salathiel, a Story, 3 vols. p. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Noel on the Second Advent, 8vo. 3*s.* bds.—Terrot on the Romans, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Marshall's Hints to Medical Officers of the Army, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, Vol. I. 8vo. 1*l.* bds.—Vanderlinden's Laws of Holland, by Henry, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 18*s.* bds.—Philip's Christian Experience, or a Guide to the Perplexed, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.—Thornton's Fruits of the Spirit, 18mo. 4*s.* bds.—Encouragement to Christian Mothers, 32mo. 6*d.*—Sir Arthur Faulkner's Reply to Clerical Objections against his Rambling Notes, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

March.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	27	From 32.	to 52.	29.46	to 29.43
Friday	28	—— 46.	— 36.	29.43	— 29.66
Saturday	29	—— 36.	— 47.	29.75	— 29.30
Sunday	30	—— 31.	— 50.	29.86	— 30.06
Monday	31	—— 25.	— 52.	30.16	— 30.26
April.					
Tuesday	1	—— 25.	— 50.	30.22	— 30.10
Wednesday	2	—— 32.	— 48.	29.96	— 30.00

Wind variable, prevailing N.E.

Generally clear; a little rain on the 26th, and a heavy storm of hail on the 29th ult.

Rain fallen ·2 of an inch.

April.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	3	From 31.	to 46.	30.03	to 29.96
Friday	4	—— 31.	— 47.	29.86	— 29.89
Saturday	5	—— 28.	— 52.	29.76	— 29.66
Sunday	6	—— 35.	— 48.	29.53	— 29.52
Monday	7	—— 35.	— 48.	29.29	— 29.40
Tuesday	8	—— 35.	— 49.	29.36	— 29.20
Wednesday	9	—— 39.	— 45.	29.22	— 29.30

Wind variable; prevailing N. and N.W.

Except the 6th and 8th, generally cloudy, with ra n.

Rain fallen ·6 of an inch.

April.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	10	From 38.	to 55.	29.36	to 29.50
Friday	11	—— 36.	— 54.	29.66	— 29.70
Saturday	12	—— 45.	— 56.	29.60	— 29.56
Sunday	13	—— 47.	— 58.	29.46	— 29.53
Monday	14	—— 38.	— 56.	29.66	— 29.73
Tuesday	15	—— 41.	— 57.	29.72	— 29.58
Wednesday	16	—— 42.	— 54.	29.56	— 29.31

Wind prevailing S.W.

Except the 14th, generally cloudy, with frequent heavy showers of rain. A few claps of thunder in the N.W. on the 10th and 15th.

Rain fallen ·485 of an inch.

Edmonton. Charles H. Adams.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter from Hull relative to the attack on New Orleans, was too late for this week.

We do not know which is the best guide to a Swiss tour.

Erratum.—In our notice of the Bull of Benedict against Charles VI. in our last, the year 1607 was printed by mistake for 1407.

By some oversight, an Advertisement different from those allowed in the *Literary Gazette* was inserted in our last No.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Thirteenth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Friday, the 25th instant.

The Right Hon. LORD GRANTHAM in the Chair.

Stewards.

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W. J. ROPER, Assistant-Secretary.

Royal Society of Literature.

THE GENERAL ANNUAL MEETING of the ROYAL SOCIETY of LITERATURE, for the Election of the Council and Officers for the ensuing Year, and for the usual Business of the Society, will be held on Thursday, the 24th instant, at the Society's Apartments, No. 2, Parliament Street.

Chair to be taken at Two o'Clock, precisely.

RICHARD CATTERMOLE, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, the 3d of May.

Admission, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS will open their Twenty-Fourth Annual Exhibition at the Gallery, Pall Mall East, on Monday next, the 21st instant.

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CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

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DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his Summer Course of Lectures on Diseases of the Skin, on Tuesday, May 27, at his House, 19, Bloomsbury Square. These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and founded upon the Arrangement and Classification of the late Dr. Willan, form a practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of those Diseases.

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With regard to the style in which this volume is composed, it has no pretensions to high polish or elegance; but it is, on the contrary, very plain and unaffected, with something of antiquated signs upon it, though it possesses the best of all possible qualities, that of clearly and perspicuously expressing the sense of the author, and putting his facts and arguments lucidly before the reader. Having said so much, it now only remains for us to give an extract or two as specimens of the publication. Speaking of the close of Mary's reign, it is stated:—

"It might be very difficult to ascertain exactly how Sir William contrived to keep so well with all parties, as seems undoubtedly to have been the case. The credit he obtained immediately on the accession of Elizabeth, is sufficient proof of his having espoused her interests, and yet we find him so well with the queen, that though not admitted into office about the court, he was one of the number who presented, and received in return, the new year's gifts so common in those days. In the Memoirs of Lord Burleigh, so often referred to, we have two accounts of him, one at the beginning of Mary's reign, and the other towards the close. We shall copy both, as they seem to be founded on good authority. 'Sir William Cecil entered very early into negotiations with this princess [Elizabeth], of which some whispers were brought to the then reigning queen. But she had such a confidence in Sir William's loyalty, that she refused to hear any accusations against him. There seems to have been a reason for this, which I do not find any of our historians have mentioned. The queen was very desirous that Cardinal Pool should come over into England as the pope's legate, and the pope accordingly sent him with that character; but the emperor, having his son's match with the queen much at heart, procured a stop to be put to his eminency's journey, till it was finished. This delay was furthered by the practices of Gardiner and his creatures, who took much pains to represent Pool as a weak man, and unfit to manage state affairs. There were, however, among Queen Mary's council not a few who desired to see more moderate measures taken than were then in use; with these Sir William associated himself, and at last they so far prevailed, that Lord Paget, Mr. Hastings, and Sir William Cecil, were sent to bring over the cardinal; which accordingly they did on the 23d of November, 1554.' This transaction has been before related, and partly set in the same light; but it is well to notice it again on two accounts; first, that it gives Sir William the full credit of being, as early as he could shew himself in the reign of Mary, of the moderate party; and secondly, that the bringing in Cardinal Pole was actually a plan of the moderates, to obviate greater evils. We shall now pass to the second paragraph. After noticing Sir William's conduct in the parliament of 1555, as before related, it says, 'Throughout the remaining part of this reign Sir William was passive in respect to the administration, though active in regard to the interests of the Lady Elizabeth, whose cause he espoused, and whose councils he directed.' Sir John Cheke, his near relation, in his exhortatory letter, still extant, has been supposed to have felt an apprehension that he was in danger of complying too far. But this does not actually appear from his letter. Indeed, he seems rather to place a confidence in Sir William, that he would disappoint his fears. The letter is to us, we confess, an extremely obscure one; but, at all events, expresses in one particular a very clear conviction that Sir William

* In his preface, Dr. Nares tells, that "he found he had done but little, when he had carefully read and examined, for purposes of reference, more than fifty-nine thousand closely printed pages for the second volume alone."

stood on the brink of a precipice, and had a most difficult and delicate part to play. Before we dismiss entirely the memorable year 1555, we cannot avoid noticing a very extraordinary denunciation of what were denominated heretical books; and that by royal proclamation. They were as follow:—all the writings of Luther, Œcolampadius, Zuinglius, Calvin, Pomeran, John A'Lasco, Bullinger, Bucer, Melancthon, Bernardinus, Ochine, Erasmus, Sarcerius, Peter Martyr, Hugh Latimer, Robert Barnes, Justin Jonas, Hooper, Coverdale, Tyndal, Cranmer, William Turner, Theodore Basil, Frith, Roy; add to these, Hall's Chronicle, and the Communion Service of Edward VI.; and as there were then books of this character and description in all languages, they were denounced, whether in Latin, Dutch, English, Italian, or French, or coming from Zurich, Strasburg, Frankfort, Wezel, Embden, or Duisburgh."

Treating of the oft-controverted question, so stanchly argued by Roman Catholic and Protestant writers, whether the persecutions of Mary or of Elizabeth were the most bloody, Dr. N. says—

"As a matter of comparison between two systems of religion, equally accused of intolerance and a spirit of persecution, it may not be amiss to introduce in this part of our memoirs a very extraordinary report of Lord Burghley, which has been cited by a writer of great eminence and accuracy, as the testimony of 'an observing and honest man, thoroughly acquainted with the matters of those times, and who lived in the middle of them.' It is of the more importance to the readers of modern history, even at this very time, than we could ourselves have suspected, till we read in the pages of an author often cited, and oftener than would have been the case, had he not written so well, the following excuse of the rigours of Mary's reign: 'She practised only what the Protestants taught; it was rather her misfortune than her fault that she was not more enlightened than the wisest of her contemporaries.'* After this, some comparisons surely are even now necessary. Was not, we would simply ask, her amiable brother, Edward VI., her contemporary, and did not he endeavour, as much as possible, to enlighten her? But to return to Lord Burghley. In his celebrated treatise on the Execution of Justice, written in 1583, in vindication of Queen Elizabeth from the slanders of some most malignant libels put forth by the popish party, he gives the following account: 'To make the matter [against Queen Elizabeth] more horrible or lamentable, they recite the particular names of all the persons put to death, which, by their own catalogue, exceed not, for these twenty-five years or more, above the number of threescore; forgetting, or rather with their stony and senseless hearts not regarding, in what cruel sort, in the time of Queen Mary, which little exceeded the space of five years (the queen majesty's reign being five times as many), there were by imprisonment, torments, famine, and fire, of men, women, maidens, and children, almost the number of four hundred; and of that number, above twenty that had been archbishops, bishops, and principal prelates or officers in the church, lamentably destroyed; and of women above threescore, and of children above forty; and amongst the women some great with child, out of whose bodies the child by fire was expelled alive, and yet also cruelly burnt. Examples beyond all heathen cruelty: and most of the youth of them suffered cruel death, both men, women, and children (which is to be noted), were such as had never, by the sacrifice of baptism, or by confirmation, professed, nor were ever taught or instructed, or ever had heard of any other kind of religion, but only of that, which by their blood and death in the fire they did as martyrs testify.'—And comparing those who suffered under Elizabeth, with those who suffered under Mary, merely for religion, he very justly adds, 'and beside that, in their opinions, they differ much from the martyrs of Queen Mary's time; for though they [*i. e.* Queen Mary's martyrs] continued in the profession of the religion wherein they were christened, yet they never at their death denied their lawful queen, nor maintained any of her open and foreign enemies, nor procured any rebellion or civil war, nor did sow any sedition in secret corners, nor withdraw any subjects from their obedience, as those sworn servants of the pope have continually done.' This is the testimony of Lord Burghley himself, as to the things he had witnessed or known in Queen Mary's days, and it was well he was in the way to witness them, that he might be able so justly and correctly to distinguish between the victims of popish bigotry, and those who suffered by just process of law, under the next [Protestant] sovereign, for plots, treasons, and conspiracies, and in no instance for religion alone; and even then in that great disproportion of threescore in twenty-five years, to three or four hundred in five. The following may be exhibited as the total, according to Strype, of those who were actually burned for religion under Mary:—

Anno	1555 71	Total 288, besides those that 'dyed of famyne, &c. in sondry prisons.'
	1556 89	
	1557 88	
	1558 40	

The particulars of the above are all set down in the place referred to, viz. Strype's Ecclesiastical Memorials, under Mary, vol. iii. part ii. catalogue No. lxxxv. But this is by far the lowest calculation, according to Burnet, (vol. ii. part i. 658, 659,) who in another part cites Lord Burghley's estimate of near 400 sufferers, by imprisonment, torment, famine, and fire, adding, 'on this, says Strype, we may depend.' There is a curious manuscript at Hatfield House, which appears to have been presented to the first Earl of Salisbury, very fairly written by Francis Burton, stationer, and exceedingly circumstantial as to the names and condition of the sufferers, places of execution, &c., whence the following comparison is drawn. Those who died 'only for religion and a good conscience,' in the less than six years of Queen Mary, amount to 278. The seminary priests and Jesuits who suffered for 'treason,' in the full forty-four years and upwards of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 56. Those executed for treason in the first six years of James, 6. Total in fifty years, 62. There follows an account by J. W., in which, though Burton had detected many errors, the beadroll of those who suffered under Elizabeth and James is swelled to 143. But even this, deducted from 278, leaves a difference of 135 fewer in fifty than in six years. The sad circumstance to which Lord Burghley alludes, and which is, we apprehend, past all doubt, of the new-born infant being thrown back into the fire, appears under the following entry:—'Katherine Caweches, Guilian Gilbert, Peroline Massey, and the said Massey's infant breaking violently out of the mother's wombe into the fire, was taken out thereof, and presently thrown in againe and burnt, July 18, in the Isle of Guernsey.' In the very same column, Feb. 16, is the following entry:—'Mertine Bucer and Paules Phagens bones digged up, and with their bookes burnt. Also Peter Martyrs wives bones removed and in a dunghil burnt.' Of Lord Burghley's disgust at the execution of so many persons in the last two or three years of Mary's reign, we have some proofs, in the style he uses, in marking the facts in his Journal: '1556, June. Three persons burnt at Stratford at one fire, and in the compass of the yere were burnt above 80 persons, whereof many were maydens. 1557. In this yere were burnt about London above 64, whereof 20 were women. 1558. In June new burning in Smythfeild seven at one fire. Anno 6 Marie, July, at Braynford six at one fire.' The Reformation having undergone a five years' interruption by the accession of Mary, it is not to be wondered that the Romanists should, in excuse of the troubles of this short reign, have indulged in comparisons between the Popish and Protestant severities, and should have often insisted in their books and writings, that the early reformers manifested, upon occasion, as much intolerance, and as severe a spirit of religious persecution, as is to be laid to the charge of their own party."

Our author goes further into the evidence, and decides in favour of the reformed religion; but we are at the end of the discussion, and can only again speak of the Life of Burghley as a work of the highest national interest.

The Last of the Greeks; or, the Fall of Constantinople. A Tragedy. By Lord Morpeth. 8vo. pp. 79. London, 1838. Ridgway.

It is always pleasing to see men of rank and influence in the character of authors. Should they do nothing else, they shew a love of literature; and when their higher duties may prevent them from indulging their tastes, it is to be hoped, that they will never cease to remember what honours are still within their power, as the friends and patrons of the literature they have loved and cultivated.

The present drama is highly creditable to Lord Morpeth's talents. It is without exaggerations, without strained effects, and perhaps rather tame from the good taste which dictated this pure course. But if it want brilliancy for the stage, it is not deficient in poetical feeling. The story, indeed, of the Last of the Palæologi is not eminently susceptible of dramatic power: there are no loves, no treasons, no conspiracies, no false friends, to involve the interest. A brave and Christian sovereign defends his last post and falls: this is too slight a foundation for more than a scene; for the affection of *Eventhe*, the treachery of *Giustiniani*, and the attachment of other characters, are merely incidents which have little or no consequence upon the catastrophe. Having thus nothing of drama to criticise, we shall sufficiently fulfil our duty by presenting a few detached extracts from the composition before us. The prologue, after alluding to the death of Byron in Greece, adds, with truth as well as poetry,—

"But hark! another and a louder wail
O'er the far billow leads the western gale.
Land of the wise, the eloquent, the free,
Weep for a stranger, worthy e'en of thee;
Whose lips drank deep of all thy springs; whose mind
Learned of thy lore to fascinate mankind;
Who loved thee in his boyhood's careless hour,
Who pitied in his high career of power,
Who would have saved—on thine Achaian shore,
Mourn, Freedom, mourn—for Canning is no more."

The son of *Themacis* (an old woman) is slain in a sally, and the rest is thus pathetically told:

* Blagard.

"*1st Soldier.* Come this way with me.
(*To Thomais*) Neighbour, thy son is dead.
Thom. Tell me once more,
But be quite sure before you speak.
1st Sol. 'Tis so.
I saw it done.
Alciphron. Was he the youth that fell
In the last onset by that Tartar's lance?
1st Sol. The same.
Alc. Then mourn not, nor look wild with grief.
Thou shalt be honoured among Grecian mothers;
For mark me while I tell thee how he fell.
Thou heardst me saying how the emperor
Was over-borne by numbers, ere the band
Brought up by Lascaris had time to reach him.
Stretched on the ground he lay; a savage Ismaelite
With his long lance had marked him for his own.
The space that there was yet between them seemed
Quite to preclude all hope, when from the midst
Darted a youth; more quick than mortal thought
Onward he rushed, and with a desperate bound
Sprang full upon the body; as he fell
His breast received the weapon that for him
Was meant not. It was thus that thy son died.
Thom. Can this, then, comfort me? or shall I weep
One drop the less because he saved a life
I care not for, and lost his own, in which
I lived, and breathed, and moved? O cant of comfort!
My only son! my brave and dark-haired boy!
Shall I not see thee more for all my life?
'Tis much too wretched.
Alc. Be more moderate.
The matrons of old Greece received not thus
The tidings of their sons in battle slain.
Thom. And thinkst thou that I wish to be like them?
They mothers! but they never knew their sons,
They never reared them, never lived with them.
Thou knowst not what he was to me: kind, gentle,
Patient, unmurmuring; prop of my age,
Joy of my eyes, and solace of my soul.
My heart must break.
Alc. I'm sorry for thy loss.
But we, I fear, can do thee little good:
So God befriend thee in thy need.
Thom. Yet stay.
Where is he? I must see him, must embrace—
Oh miserable thought! must bury him.
Lead me to find him."

Evanthe's first soliloquy on the beauties of Constantinople in the midst of the horrors of the siege, is also finely written.

"The morning air comes softly through the lattice;
The summer breathes out from her jasmine bowers,
As though there were not war and death around
To taint their new-born fragrance. When our fate
Brings no congenial promise of enjoyment,
There is a gloom in nature's loveliness.
What profit have we in the clear blue heaven,
The scented air, the many-coloured earth,
The groves, the gardens, and the porticoes
That line our beauteous seas, while here we sit
Hemmed and pent in 'mid armed battlements?
'Tis strange my father comes not; sure his age
Braves not the leaguered wall nor tented plain,
The scenes where younger men must fight and bleed.—
Ah for the woes of Greece! when will an end
Be put to all their dreary catalogue?"

When Mahomet offers terms to the emperor, he rejects them all, and boasts, with a *reference* to *now existing* circumstances (if we may make the bull)—

"The united call will wake the western world,
Range at our side the hardy Russian tribes,
In honour's cause rouse France's gallant nobles,
And arm for Greece the fearless sons of Britain."

But his dignified reply to the condition which would permit him to retire from the city, is yet more feeling and striking.

"What, leave our city! leave Constantinople!
Does he not know then, vain, unhappy man,
The thrilling magic in the name of country?
The sons of rapine that infest his ranks,
The wandering Tartar and the houseless Turkman,
May leave without a pang their barren wilds,
To wanton in the sunny plains of Greece;
But educated man, endowed with reason,
Clings with an offspring's fondness to the land
That saw his birth and holds his father's ashes,
Let loose then all your dark reserves of wrath;
Butcher our citizens, and raze our homes;
We'll find a grave among our country's ruins:
For, oh! I feel, my own thrice beauteous city,
That I can die for thee, but not desert thee."

A lament of *Evanthe's* is in the same tender and patriotic tone.

"O land of blooming plains and smiling seas,
Of balmy breezes and of cloudless skies,
My native Greece! no more my feet shall range
In happy freedom o'er thy varied scenes
Of past renown and living loveliness.
No more my voice amid the virgin choir,
At evening by the wooded Bosphorus,
Shall swell the burden of my country's songs.
Our harps and lutes may still be softly tuned;
The wild play of the waves will still look free
And joyful; but the Greek must be a slave."

In conclusion, we shall only quote the dying aspirations of the vanquished monarch.

"Yes, I will think of comfort—even now,
In this dread hour, amid my vanished empire,
My people's anguish, and the spoiler's yells,
While my own life-blood fast is ebbing from me—
I yet will think of comfort. No, thou wilt not,
Lord of all mercy, hide thy face for ever.
The time shall come (believe a dying man),
The time shall come, when yon insulting victor,
In his dominion's fierce career, shall know
The mighty retribution. When a people,
Goaded by wrongs beyond a slave's endurance,
Shall waken, first to feeling, then to freedom.
When Greece (for, oh! the glorious, stirring vision
Is born yet stronger on my parting soul),
When trampled, roused, regenerated Greece,
Shall wield her ancient falchion; when the Cross
Shall rear its hallowed banner o'er the nations,
And Europe shout above the vanquished Crescent,
Heaven take my soul!"

We are convinced, from this essay, that the noble author is well able to throw more of power, energy, and passion, into any future effort of his muse. His expression of all heroic, elevated, virtuous, and manly sentiments, redounds much to his honour: his qualities in other forms are more sketchy, and in a few instances we must point out trivial phraseology—for example, p. 69, where, amid the terrors of her situation, Evanthe exclaims, "my head is quite confused," &c.; and p. 77, where the gallant emperor is described as "dealing out death by handfuls." Such language is below the standard of the sock—trite and common-place.

Yet we speak not to disparage *the Last of the Greeks:* on the contrary, we trust it is the first of a long line of productions from the same source.

The English in France. By the Author of "The English in Italy." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Saunders and Otley.

It is the great fault of tourists in general, that they are too geographical; and we close the diary of the traveller with a fair notion of how many churches, galleries, &c. there are in the towns, while a pretty array of orchards, valleys, farms, &c., live in description, if Mons. le Voyageur have a turn for the picturesque; but in complete ignorance of more than the external appearance of the inhabitants. The face of a country is much more easily depicted than the state of its society:—many writers have had no opportunity of observation, and others, with the opportunity, have wanted the talent that turns it to account. But in tact, observation, and that keen perception which makes the merit of the delineator of character, our present writer is eminently successful; and we do not scruple to say, the volumes before us give a clearer insight into manners, customs, and the existing state of things in France, than twenty volumes of travels. They comprise short tales, and sketches of national character, drawn in a most masterly manner. We shall endeavour to select from the merely amusing parts, as our limits preclude discussion; but there is in these pages matter for most serious reflection. Nowhere have we seen the great, the striking change in the French so truly or so strongly depicted: the contrast between the youth of both the French and English nations might suggest many a hint even to our own educationists. We regret we have not room for the two papers entitled "the Rising Generation" and "Both Sides of the Channel," but we most strenuously recommend them to attention. The following light and lively "Peinture de Société" is a fair specimen of the author's talent for amusing delineation.

"The heart that has once loved, would love always. It is natural. How can such a void as fickleness or disappointment leave, be filled but by a new affection? If there be any consolation, that can at all soften the anguish or soothe the despair of one that has ceased to love or to be loved, it is the hope, the at first tacit, though no less glimpsed-at, hope of re-kindling the flame, of reviving the cherished sentiment, in favour of some new object. The world is full of beauty, of warm hearts and not unkind,—such is the reflection. The freshness of one's own heart is never doubted—its capability of loving. Or, perhaps, selfishness whispers, that the charm of affection lies more in winning and in having, than in feeling. How cruel, how prostrating is the disappointment! Beauty is again beheld, again approached, again admired. All attraction, all fascination, surround it. The fickle lover, free of all past fetters, resolves to be again enamoured. He sees minutely each perfection of mind and person, that, before, his fresh affection would have adored without stooping to analyse. The charms of the new object are still more dazzling to his critical eye. His taste is sharpened, the void within craves imperatively for the lost happiness of loving: a goddess to adore is not wanting either in mind or form, but, alas! the heart within is dead—its spring is gone, its fire past all the power of re-excitement; and vanity and habit must repeat those smiles and attentions which true-felt tenderness alone can first suggest. So felt Bedmington, as he singled out from the society of Madame de Miromenil the beautiful Baronne. No countenance could be more lovely and expressive than hers—no *tournure* more enchanting, and, what formed a new and foreign charm to the Englishman, her manners and feelings were delicately and warmly feminine, whilst her mind was at the same time fraught with male information, and endowed with male solidity. She wore, nor practised, none of the little coquettish caprices, that the fair Briton always thinks calculated to set-off her charms,—none of that infantine affectation, which, in the street or saloon of the Continent, always marks as extravagant the manners of our countrywomen. Bedmington chose his place by her side. 'One more throw in the game of love,' thought he, 'and this time surely success shall not fail me for want of coolness.' He commenced his addresses without a flutter of the heart, yet were those addresses far more warm in seeming, and extravagant, than those which passion had formerly dictated. Natural heat was wanting, but it was more than supplied by factitious. And a simple maiden might have been flattered by what awakened the suspicions of the woman. First and true love is patient too, and hastens to its goal with lingering step. The very way is delightful, and the pleasures of expectation are sipped in content. But in the fictitious, the re-excited, the after-fits of would-be passion, the lover hurries on;—the slow approaches, once so full of charm, are insipid, and he precipitates the cast that is to decide his happiness or disappointment. Unfortunately for Bedmington, the object of this zeal and ardour, on his part, was in nowise prepared to share it. The Baronne looked for a friend, or for very little more than one, for *désœuvrement*, for amusement, not excitement. She took a lover, as she had taken a cachemir, because the better sort of her acquaintance wore one. And Bedmington was an enviable

article of this kind, being a foreigner, noble, sad, (an odd recommendation to a Frenchwoman, at least according to our old ideas of them—but so it was,) sentimental, sarcastic. And be it said, that for some years subsequent to the peace, a young Englishman of breeding somewhat outshone the youths who filled a similar rank in France. There were two classes of these French gallants, and it would be difficult to determine which was most *gauche*. There were, first, the pure aristocratic brood, that had been nurtured close in the palaces of the Fauxbourg St. Germain: few of them had breathed the pure air either of heaven or of life, having been tied, from the age of four to that of twenty-four, to their *maman's* apron-string, never allowed to stir abroad, lest they should catch the epidemic of revolutionary ideas. Many, notwithstanding, had scampered off to fill the ranks of the imperial armies; and these formed a mixed and neutral race. Those, however, whom neither the conscription nor their own spirit had emancipated, were truly the queerest of beings, with all those gentle, *douce*, and *doucereux* manners of the old people of the old school; yet infantine in their ways, their ideas, and their jests. They paid compliments, wore a kind of demi-ruffles, and were only rescued from being utter nonentities by their national vivacity. The second class were the heroes and Bonapartists, those ennobled by their exploits and red ribands, and in many instances claiming alliance with the first (by means of a *De* if possible), whom they at the same time affected to despise. With these gentry, certain *formulæ* of politeness were joined with the rude manners and *brusque* tone of the camp. 'Twas like the embroidery on their ill-cut habits, making bad taste and deformity more conspicuous. To rivals as to enemies these were certainly formidable antagonists. But they sadly wanted polish or refinement. They were fine gallant fellows; but then there were a multitude of them all the same. The ideal as well as the real of such heroes was common-place. Amongst these, a Briton's character offered all the charms of variety; his refinement in all things, from the *minutiæ* of every-day life to even his taste and imagination, his real sentiment and affected apathy, his almost oriental gravity and gentleness united, and lastly the impossibility of unheroizing his character by entering upon the trifling topics which absorb the said Briton's interest, maugre his gravity and understanding, at home. To a French belle it would be idle to talk Bond-street or secret biography, make a digression to Newmarket or Tattersall's, or even to utter a Pæan over so many head of game bagged in a season, and counted as scrupulously, on the same principle likewise, as an Indian doth his scalps. All this precious puerility, that fills the heads and mouths of the class self-denominated *the better sort* in England, was foreign even at Paris. Each possessor, however rich in such specie, felt it would not pass. Many had no other; and the lively beau felt his rattling powers of conversation benumbed in French air. Thus did we preserve somewhat of our ancient character of a 'most thinking people.' With such as Piers, however, this embargo put upon nonsense, forcing them to produce their sense, had a most beneficial effect, and, by un-Englishing them, made them men of the world and men of taste. This is certainly somewhat of a digression, in order to account for the very simple circumstances of the fair Baronne's having entertained a very lukewarm and languid sort of *penchant* for Mr. Piers. Attachment, however, was undertaken, if one may so say, by both on calculation; by Piers to fill the void in his heart, by the lady to fill the void in her time,—so that it promised little durability, and little interest, moreover, in reciting. If pleasure, however, is not always to be drawn from the representation of simple truth, something better may. Calculation and prudence are scarcely better managers of love affairs than vulgar instinct. So at least the pair of would-be lovers felt, reflecting after a time, that, if the heart was given to mislead, the head was sometimes no less so. The Baronne loved tranquillity and calm of mind. She would have at least folded Cupid's wings, if she would not have cut them, and probably converted the little god into a soft pillow for repose.—Now Mr. Piers wanted excitement; and the deity was to him a vulgar cherub, without his weapons, his quarrels, his agitations, his paroxysms both of pleasure and of pain. He, had he been a poet, would have sung his Cupid as a fury, clothed in love's attributes and beauty. Hymen, in short, had he been employed on this occasion, could not have brought together a more ill-assorted pair. When hostile influences come in contact, the disturbing power is always more powerful than the lulling. Hence Piers had more effect in breaking the Baronne's tranquillity, than her impassibility could have in calming him. Never was one so craving in the way of sentiment as he. Devoured by anguish for the slightest cause, or believing himself so, he accused his mistress of a total want of affection, because she did not share in his griefs. She was unreasonable enough to demand a cause, ere she could do so; and he declared her to want that penetration which feeling gives. Such, however, was the influence which their friendship or affection in the first instance gave him over her, and which his exaggerated passions and modes of expression increased, that the poor lady did actually endeavour to be impassioned as himself. She gave in to his caprices, and affected the *femme aux sentimens*. The attempt, however, was difficult to one who had never met but with good fortune. Her years had been a series of blessings,—she had been born rich, tenderly nurtured, highly married, young a widow, endowed with beauty. The thing was impracticable. And as a lady of her acquaintance observed, although she had found a Léonce, there was not stuff either in her character or life to make a Delphine. The consequence was, the lady lost her *embonpoint*. Her character as a woman of sense suffered somewhat—but what of that? She was one of those whose beauty depends upon fulness of person and feature; and on this account the diminution of her person alarmed a host of friends, whom a diminution of her character would have slightly affected. They interfered, expostulated. She wept, the first tears they had ever seen from her, and expostulated in her turn. She vowed she loved, and preferred her affections to her beauty. They replied, that her beauty was of a kind which could not afford to be sentimental at the price of being thin. Moreover, they assured her that she was very ill; whereupon the Baronne believing, took to her bed. The despairing Piers flew to her hotel; but the porter had been made secure in his faith, and the lover was denied admittance. This to him was the happiest point in his wooing; inasmuch as it excited him, and put him in a passion. However, a cold-blooded visit from some of the above friends, with a cold-blooded and polite dismissal from the affection of the lady, signed by her own hand, reduced him again to apathy and *ennui*. The sketch of this *liaison* would be too absurd for fiction, yet it is drawn from the life. Piers drove off, in not very bad spirits, for the baths of Mont d'Or in Auvergne."

As a painter of national character, this author is not only agreeable but admirable; as we could instance many sketches to prove. But we have done enough to point public attention to his work, which will be found to possess this excellence; though the writer is too diffuse, and does not perhaps individualise enough, for a story-teller.

Narrative of the Peninsular War, from 1808 *to* 1813. By Lieut.-Gen. C. W. Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B. G.C.H. Colonel of the 10th Royal Hussars. 4to. pp. 684. London, 1828. Colburn.

We last week introduced to our readers the commencement of Col. Napier's historical work on the War of the Peninsula, which has been rapidly followed in publication by an episode of the same glorious war, from the observation of another gallant officer, also an eye-witness and conspicuous actor in the grand drama of this immortal contest. Without going so profoundly into general causes and effects, or taking such broad political or philosophical views of the period, as his precursor, Lord Londonderry speaks with a soldier's skill of what he saw and heard, and with a brave man's modesty of what he did in this struggle. Indeed his personal experience, combined with his military details, must render his book a great favourite with military readers: and though we do not think so highly of those portions of it which are occupied with a preliminary essay on the state of affairs previous to the breaking out of hostilities, and with interspersed reflections on points where the author was not immediately concerned, we are not disposed to deny even to those portions the merit of able writing and impartiality. On the contrary, it is a striking corroboration of the truth of both productions, to see how closely the "radical" and the aristocratic tory agree in their opinions and statements, wherever they treat of the same matters. With regard to the style, as his lordship, in an unassuming preface, alludes to the friend who put his materials into literary shape, it can be no betrayal of secrecy to mention the name of Mr. Gleig, the popular author of the New Orleans Campaign, and of the Subaltern, as the noble lord's coadjutor in this respect; and thence to express no surprise at its being well and forcibly executed.

The volume sets out with a *coup d'œil*, of about a hundred pages, descriptive of the state of affairs in France, Spain, and Portugal, before the appearance of the British army in the latter country. Over this we shall slightly pass, as offering little of novelty to the reader. Lord L. notices—what we hope has passed away, even since his ink was wet—"the rancorous jealousy which our enemies—those, at least, who were our enemies—still entertain towards us:"—but speaks with just reprobation of Buonaparte's unprincipled conduct towards the weak and vicious rulers of Spain, as well as of the atrocious invasion of Portugal under Junot, where, with the proclamations of friends and protectors, the actions of fiends and destroyers were horribly exemplified. We have never seen it remarked, but it has often occurred to us, that much of the thirst for blood in the French Revolution, and much of a similar dis-

regard of humanity in the French armies (including leaders as much as the meanest parts), might be traced to a feeling of insecurity and uncertainty. This made the perpetrators of these atrocities reckless of consequences: even after he had over-run kingdoms, acquired wealth, titles, power, and apparent stability, the French Marshal had an inward sense that the wheel might turn. He was not like the high personage of an ancient race, whom it would be more difficult to impress with the idea that any change of fortune could make him an outcast, a beggar, or a criminal: the one had to be convinced by severe calamities that he was amenable to ordinary judgments—the other, hardly sure of his elevation, tried to support it by desperate means, which made him feared in authority, and secured a sordid refuge in the event of a fall. Twenty years cannot plant the mental and firm conviction on a hundred men, sprung from inferior stations, that they are *really* emperors, kings, princes, &c. Like Cristofero Sly, in the farce, they are apt to doubt, and say, "Can this be true?" Such a doubt is a prodigious spring of human action; and may explain many phenomena in the politics and wars of revolutionary and imperial France.*

But it is time to have the British army on the tapis. The victory of Vimiero (the first where Englishmen and Frenchmen encountered on the Peninsula) was, as we all remember, paralysed by the prudence of Sir H. Burrard; and crowned by the Cintra convention of Sir Hew Dalrymple. Subsequent victories have thrown a deeper shade over these transactions; but even at the time they were not spared by what Col. Napier has, perhaps justly in measure, but most unjustly in generality, called the "vile conduct of the daily press:" his argument on this topic, p. 248-9, is absurd: neither the press nor the public ever condemned these two generals for "gaining *the* victory;" but for concluding the convention, after it was gained by Wellesley.

When the recall of the senior British generals and the Chelsea Court of Inquiry left our army to the command of Sir John Moore, that brave officer (as is well known) advanced into Spain. The Spanish armies were defeated as he marched; and he, himself, became beset with difficulties. On this subject much of party feeling and authorship has been *deployed*: Lord Londonderry condemns the course pursued, while he renders a due tribute to the character of the commander. From the out-posts he tells us, he visited the general at Salamanca.

"Our conversation naturally took the turn into which the present situation of affairs, and the position of the army, were calculated to guide it. It was then that Sir John explicitly stated to me, that he had come to a final determination to retreat. He had called the general officers together, he added, for the purpose of acquainting them with his decision, as well as with the reasons which led to it; but he had neither requested their opinions, nor demanded their judgment. He next entered, at great length, into the motives which swayed him, reasoning, in conversation, as he reasoned in his letters, with a decided leaning to the gloomy side of the picture. He spoke warmly in condemnation of the Spanish government, and of the nation generally; and enlarged upon the absence of all right understanding among the generals, as well as upon the absurdity of their military movements, which had subjected them all to be beaten in detail. He expressed his sincere regret that they had not marched, as they ought to have done, when he first began to enter the country, so as to unite themselves with him; and declared, that with a force as yet uncollected, and having nothing but the remains of defeated corps on his flanks, a choice of evils alone remained for him. The determination to which he had at last come, was not formed without extreme pain to himself; but the duty of preserving his army, situated as it now was, presented to his mind a consideration paramount to every other; he was, therefore, resolved to retreat. Though I could not but deeply feel at such a declaration, I deemed it my respectful duty to say little in reply, further than by expressing my regret that so strong a necessity for the measure should exist, and my apprehension of its consequences to the cause. The slightest indication of a retrograde movement, exhibited at such a moment as this, would, I feared, produce fatal effects; for Spain would fall, Portugal would fall, and the whole of Europe be once more at the feet of the enemy. Then what would become of Madrid, whose inhabitants were enduring the severest privations, chiefly with the hope of receiving aid from us; and of Castaños, and Palafox, and Blake, all of whom, on the same explicit understanding, were labouring to reassemble their scattered troops. No doubt, I added, the general's information was more likely to be correct than mine; but I dreaded the heavy disappointment which his proposed step would occasion to the people of England, whose very hearts seemed set upon the success of his undertakings; and whose mortification at his failure would be bitter, in proportion to the degree of hope with which they saw him embark upon it. I then retired, with the painful conviction on my mind, that the army would begin its backward journey in the course of a day or two at the furthest. * *

"Having remained during the night in Salamanca, I departed on the following morning to the outposts, which had been drawn in, and now occupied stations in the immediate front of this city. I had not resumed my ordinary routine of duty many hours, when, to my inexpressible satisfaction, intelligence was communicated to me, that the general had altered his plans. Sir David Baird, who had actually begun his retrograde movement from Astorga, was ordered to retrace his steps; and an advance, instead of a retreat, was understood to be in contemplation. Never has a condemned criminal rejoiced more heartily at the receipt of a reprieve, than did the British army when these tidings got abroad among them. But a few hours ago, and every face looked blank and wo-begone; men did their duty indeed, attended to their horses and accoutrements, and performed all the other offices which their stations required; but they set about every thing with the air of people who took no manner of interest in what they were doing. Now all was life and activity."

This indecision was fatal, and the more so, as it marked future proceedings. Lord L. observes:—

"In these uncertain measures, and still more in the general tenor of his conversation, it was easy to perceive marks of the gloom which at this time overshadowed the mind of General Moore. That he was an officer of great distinction, every one acknowledged during his life, and posterity will never deny it; but it was too manifest, that a fear of responsibility, a dread of doing that which was wrong, of running himself and his troops into difficulties from which they might not be able to extricate themselves, were a great deal too active to permit either his talents or his judgment properly to exert their influence. Sir John Moore had earned the highest reputation as a general of division; he was aware of this; and perhaps he felt no inclination to risk it—at all events, he was clearly incapable of despising partial obstacles in the pursuit of some great ultimate advantage; in one word, he was not a Wellington. Of this no more convincing proof need be given, than the fact, that even at the moment when preparations for an advance were going on, his whole heart and soul seemed turned towards the Portuguese frontier. Did any one talk to him of the possibility of gaining Valladolid, and then, in case of the worst, of retiring into the northern provinces, and acting on the defensive—he would answer by a declaration, that in the north there were no supplies; and that it was a country, in every point of view, most unfavourable for military evolutions."

It is not our province to decide which is the best argument in this discussion; but the doubts in Sir J. Moore's mind seem to have been very severe and painful: and we cannot help wishing that, either one way or the other—advance or retreat, fight or decline—he had wavered less, and trusted more to himself. When retreat was determined on, the consequences were distressing to our national feelings.

"It would (says the author) be no easy matter to describe the effect which this unlooked-for event produced upon every man and officer in the army. The troops who had long panted to meet the enemy, and who but an hour ago were full of life and confidence, suddenly appeared like men whose brightest hopes were withered, and their favourite expectations overthrown. Few gave vent to their feelings, either by complaint or murmur; but all retired to their quarters in a state of sullen silence, which indicated, more powerfully perhaps than any words could have done, the extent of the mortification under which they laboured. We rose next morning perfectly ignorant, and to a certain degree quite indifferent, as to the fate which awaited us; nor were our spirits greatly heightened, when we saw hour after hour pass away, without the occurrence of any movement either to the front or rear. There is good reason to believe, that Sir John Moore himself had hardly determined on the course which it behoved him to follow. He was still imperfectly informed as to the amount of the different corps which were advancing against him; though the natural temperament of his disposition induced him to rate these at the highest; and he was extremely unwilling to commence a rapid retreat, till it should have become indispensable."

The march itself was full of horrors—and, but for lack of numbers, as here delineated by the Marquess and Mr. Gleig, hardly inferior to the flight of Buonaparte from Moscow.

"The Spaniards, whether they were men in authority or not, either abandoned their houses

* The French under Junot "reached Santarem in due time, and found it in a state of great order and prosperity. None of the inhabitants had abandoned their homes, and all received the invaders with kindness; they were repaid for this conduct by the sack and ruin of the town. * * A few days afterwards, a quarrel arose at the village of Caldas de Rainha, between certain of the French troops quartered there, and some soldiers of the 2d regiment of Oporto. The affair was represented to Junot as a seditious commotion; upon which, not only was the regiment broke under circumstances to it the most ignominious, but six peaceable inhabitants of the place, who had taken no part in the disturbance, were shot. Similar scenes occurred in almost every city, town, village, and hamlet in Portugal, till the minds of the people were wrought up to dare as well as to endure every thing."

This invasion by Junot is rather slurred over by Colonel Napier: but who can relate every event, or give to each its due share of importance?

as the British army approached, locking their doors, and concealing, as far as they were able, the little stock of provisions of which they might chance to be possessed; or they met our requisitions for food and wine with murmurs and complaints, such as they would not have ventured to utter before French soldiers. These things not unnaturally increased the irritation under which the troops already laboured. They began to view the Spaniards as their worst enemies, and to treat them as people unworthy of any consideration whatever. This was severely retaliated upon them by an enraged peasantry; and scenes of violence and bloodshed, in which these allies were the actors, proved by no means uncommon. * * *

"There was no possibility of keeping the men in their ranks. Some under one pretext, and some under another, whole regiments strayed from their colours; and as often as a wine-house or store came in the way, scenes of the most shocking description ensued. The army moved, as is customary in such cases, by divisions; the main body keeping a day's march a-head of the reserve and the rear-guard. The former reached Benivedre on the 31st, and at an early hour on the 1st of January was ordered to leave it; but when the latter arrived, the place was full of stragglers, all, or almost all, in a state of desperate intoxication. At this time, the enemy's cavalry, though they seldom sought an opportunity of coming to blows with us, pressed closely and incessantly upon our rear: we rode frequently many miles in sight of each other; and from time to time, our rearmost dragoons would exchange pistol shots with their leading files. Under such circumstances, no pause could, of course, be made for the mere purpose of closing up such as lagged; and hence every one who proved unable, either from intoxication or weariness, to push on, was of necessity left behind. But the multitudes who lingered in Benivedre were so great, that the utmost repugnance was experienced at the idea of abandoning them; and it was not till every effort to rouse them had been made in vain, that they were left to to their fate. Even after the rear-guard had marched, a small detatchment of horse still endeavoured to cover them; nor was it till the enemy, in great force, were seen approaching, that it retired. Then followed that scene which has been so frequently described already, but of the horrors of which none can form an adequate conception who were not eye-witnesses of it; when the French dragoons, pursuing our patrol, galloped through the midst of a crowd of men, women, and children, and wantonly slashed to the right and left, without regard to the age or sex of the object of their fury. Of the numbers who thus fell a sacrifice to their own intemperance, I cannot pretend to speak with certainty, but I know them to have been very considerable; and I am sure that British troops never looked upon a spectacle more appalling than those few presented, who, having come up with the column, bleeding and cut in numerous places, were, by order of the general, paraded through the ranks, as a warning to their comrades. We reached Villa Franca on the 2d, having performed a distance of upwards of sixty miles in two days, where the greater part of the cavalry took up its quarters, only a small detachment remaining with the reserve at Cacabelos. Like Benivedre, it was filled with drunken and disorderly men, belonging to the divisions which had preceded us; by whom the most violent outrages had been committed, not upon the natives only, but upon our own magazines. A store of wine had been broken open, and the wine either drunk or wantonly spilt; and a considerable quantity of forage, of which we stood sorely in need, destroyed. One man was executed here, being detected in the act of marauding; but the discipline of the army was by this time too much impaired to be very seriously affected even by such an example. Similar deeds were performed wherever opportunities occurred, and that with the openness of men who saw, or fancied, that their case was desperate."

The cavalry were sent on to "Lugo, whither the infantry and artillery followed, as fast as extreme exhaustion, and the nature of the road by which they travelled, would allow. But they followed both painfully and slowly; for though as many as forty miles were performed in one march, that march comprehended, not the day only, but the night also. This was more than men, reduced to the low ebb to which our soldiers had fallen, could endure. They dropped down by whole sections on the way-side, and died, some with curses, others with the voice of prayer, in their mouths. It was dreadful likewise to know, that not men only, but women and children, were subjected to this miserable fate. By some strange neglect, or by the indulgence of a mistaken humanity, Sir John Moore's army had carried along with it more than the too large proportion of women allotted by the rules of our service to armies in the field,—and these poor wretches were now heightening the horror of passing events by a display of suffering even more acute than that endured by their husbands. Some were taken in labour on the road; and in the open air, amidst showers of sleet and snow, gave birth to infants, which, with their mothers, perished as soon as they had seen the light. Others, carrying perhaps each of them two children on their backs, would toil on, and when they came to look to the condition of their precious burdens, they would find one or both frozen to death. Then the depth of moral degradation to which they sank;—their oaths and cries, uttered under the influence of intoxication, were hardly less appalling than the groans which burst from them, as all hope of aid abandoned them, and they sat down to die. I am well aware, that the horrors of this retreat have been again and again described, in terms calculated to freeze the blood of such as read them; but I have no hesitation in saying, that the most harrowing accounts which have yet been laid before the public fall short of the reality."

[To be continued.]

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England, &c. &c.; with considerable Additions. By the Rev. James Dallaway. Royal 8vo. Vols. IV. and V. London, 1828. John Major.

Of the merits of Mr. Dallaway's highly valuable work, as far as it had then proceeded, we expressed our opinion very fully in the *Literary Gazette* of the 30th of last June. We are happy to say that it is now concluded; and concluded in a manner that reflects great credit both on the editor and on the publisher. It has been justly stated, that the number of embellishments promised in the original prospectus has been considerably exceeded; and that the whole work, though presenting the public with the varied talents of the principal artists of the present day, has been executed within the time stipulated. As we are not aware that we can add any thing to the general character which we gave of this publication at the period just adverted to, we shall content ourselves, in the present instance, with extracting a few specimens of the curious and interesting information which, principally in the shape of notes, Mr. Dallaway has attached to Walpole's text, in these volumes.

The first that we shall transcribe relates to Pope:

"Spence informs us, that Pope was 'the pupil of Jervas for the space of a year and a half,' meaning that he was constantly so for that period. Tillemans was engaged in painting a landscape for Lord Radnor, into which Pope, by stealth, inserted some strokes, which the prudent painter did not appear to observe; and of which circumstance Pope was not a little vain. In proof of his proficiency in the art of painting, Pope presented his friend Mr. Murray with a head of Betterton, the celebrated tragedian, which is now at Caen Wood. During a long visit at Holm Lacy, in Herefordshire, accompanied by Mr. Digby, his friend and correspondent, and the brother of Lady Scudamore, (to whom that mansion then belonged, and where he wrote his *Man of Ross*), he amused his leisure by copying from Vandyck, in crayons, a head of Wentworth, Earl of Stafford. The editor has seen it there, and it has considerable merit. Mr. W. has admitted several amateurs into his catalogue, upon as slight pretensions. Pope had no true taste for the sister art; and it is said, that he actually asked Dr. Arbuthnot whether Handel really deserved the fame which he enjoyed?"

In the latter part of the seventeenth, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century, "Oxford could boast among her students, of two eminent architects, who were classically conversant with the science, and who embellished the university with buildings from their own designs, which would have added fame to the most celebrated of their contemporaries in that profession." Together with a successor, they are thus noticed by Mr. Dallaway:

"Henry Aldrich, D.D. Dean of Christ-church in 1689, died 1710. He was a man of true versatile genius, greatly excited and assisted by learning, converse, and travel. Having resided for a considerable time in Italy, and associating there with the eminent in architecture and music, his native taste was exalted and rendered excursive through the whole field of the arts. These impressions were not merely local and momentary; for his correct designs have been executed, and his compositions in sacred music are yet daily recited in our choirs. He gave plans for, and superintended the building of three sides of the Peckwater Court, and the parish church of All Saints, in the High Street, Oxford; and there is sufficient evidence to prove that he was principally consulted respecting the chapel of Trinity College. The garden front of Corpus Christi presents a specimen of his architecture, which for correctness, and a graceful simplicity, is not excelled by any edifice in Oxford. Soon after his return from the continent, he compiled for his own use and that of his students, '*Elementa Architecturæ Civilis ad Vitruvii veterumque disciplinam et recentiorum, præsertim A. Palladii exempla probatiora, concinnata.*' This MS. was acquired, after his death, by his friend, Dr. G. Clarke, and by him bequeathed to the library of Worcester College. It was published in 1789, large 8vo, with many plates. Sir W. Chambers, in his large work on the same subject, might have gained many valuable hints from the perusal. He was intimately associated with Dr. Clarke in similar pursuits, *qui vivum coluit et amavit*,

as he testifies in an inscription which he placed to the Dean's memory, in his cathedral of Christ-church.

"George Clarke, LL.D. represented the University of Oxford in parliament for fifteen sessions, and was a Lord of the Admiralty in the reign of Queen Anne. He designed the library at Christ-church, and jointly with Hawksmoor, the new towers and quadrangle of All Souls' College. It appears from his monument in that chapel, that he was seventy-six years old at his death in 1736; and that he had been a fellow of that society for fifty-six of them. He is styled *literarum ubique fautor:*—as a practical architect, he must yield the palm to Dr. Aldrich. The library at Christ-church was begun in 1716, and proceeded so slowly that it was not covered in before 1736, nor completed as now seen before 1761. The library of Worcester College, to which he bequeathed his valuable collection of architecture, rose under his inspection.

"Sir James Burrough, LL.D. was Master of Caius College; and, like Drs. Aldrich and Clarke, who had preceded him by some years, applied himself to the science with singular proficiency. He was consulted respecting the plans of all the public buildings at Cambridge which were erected in his time. The chapel of Clare Hall was rebuilt upon a plan, said to have been entirely of his own design: and although he is apparently indebted to that above mentioned of Trinity College, Oxford, where he has varied, he has given proof of his taste. He has added a rustic basement; omitted the urns with flames, and substituted an octagon, lighted by a cupola, for the tower. The east end of the Senate-house was adopted by Gibbs, from his original idea." These are works of merit, and entitle him to be considered as one of a triumvirate of superior architects, who were not within the pale of the profession."

Mr. Dallaway justly reproves the flippancy which Mr. Walpole has mixed up with his criticism on the productions of Gibbs the architect; and as justly remarks, that "the portico of St. Martin's church has *even now* few equals in London." At the same time he admits that a mean effect has been produced in this church, by placing small square windows under the large ones—a sacrifice which Gibbs made to the internal accommodation of galleries.

To the account which Walpole gives of the rage for leaden statues, which prevailed in England about a century ago, Mr. Dallaway has added the following note:

"In imitation of the French and Dutch gardens, there were few of those in the vicinity of London, or in the provinces, the square or oblong grass-plots of which were not embellished by correspondent images, but of pastoral and domestic characters, and rarely borrowed from the heathen mythology. The lead has been long since converted to useful purposes. When the demand for them was so great, the trade of making them was very lucrative. A story is told of a Dorsetshire gentleman, whose father had brought two antique marble statues from Italy. Upon his marriage with a city dame, who was determined upon modernising his old family seat, she ordered that these unfortunate statues should be painted, in order that they should *look like lead.* But Van Ost (or Nost) was an artist capable of much better things; and was probably induced by profit to undertake such mean subjects; or to superintend the manufactory. The equestrian statue of George I. was cast in mixed metal, and afterwards gilt by him and his scholar Charpentiere, for the Duke of Chandos, at Canons. The horse was exactly modelled from that by Le Sueur, at Charing Cross, and the man is much better. When Canons was taken down, and its sumptuous ornaments dispersed, this statue was brought to its present station in Leicester Square. A few years since it was regilt. Indeed, our bronze statues in squares appear at the farther extremity of the avenues, to be so grim with smoke and dirt, as to present only a shapeless lump."

Samuel Scott (who died in 1772) is styled by Mr. Dallaway "the father of the modern school of painting in water-colours; being the first who attempted to make his drawings approach the strength of oil-pictures, instead of leaving them as mere sketches."

Every body knows by heart the fine anecdote of Seymour, the horse-painter, who, having been affronted by Charles, the old haughty Duke of Somerset, in consequence of having asserted that he believed he had the honour to belong to his grace's family,—when he was afterwards requested to return to Petworth to complete a picture which no other painter of the day was able to finish, nobly answered, "My lord, I will now prove that I *am* of your grace's family,—for I won't come!" Mr. Dallaway gives the following continuation of this anecdote: "Upon receiving this laconic reply, the duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of 100*l.* Seymour briefly replied, that 'he would write to his grace.' He did so; and directed his letter 'Northumberland House, opposite the Trunk-maker's, Charing Cross.' Enraged at this additional insult, the duke threw the letter into the fire without having opened it, ordering his steward at the same time to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion, carelessly observed, that 'it was hasty in his grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note for 100*l.* and that *therefore* they were now quits.'"

The neglect of some of Hogarth's finest works—the Mariage à-la-Mode, for instance—during his life-time, will be an everlasting stain upon the taste and feeling of the country. It is melancholy to learn, also, that the widow of such a man was permitted to linger out a tedious existence in absolute penury.

"Jane Thornhill was twenty-one years old when she was married to Hogarth. She died in 1789, aged 80. By her husband's will she received the sole property of his plates, and the copy-right by an act of parliament was secured for twenty years after his death, when an advertisement appeared in 1765, 'of Prints published by the late W. Hogarth, genuine impressions of which are to be had of Mrs. Hogarth, at her house in Leicester Fields, at the price of Thirteen Guineas.' Each print was priced. There were seventy-two in the whole set. In the decline of life she became nearly destitute, and received, by the recommendation of his late Majesty, an annuity of 40*l.* from 1787 to 1789, from the funds of the Royal Academy."

In a remark on Mr. Walpole's account of the statuaries, &c. in the reign of George II., Mr. Dallaway says:—"The monuments which are of this era have all the peculiarity of a base and pyramid; and all of them are mural. Bernini introduced pyramids upon a shelf—a solid base diminishing upwards, as if intended to last a thousand years, represented by a slab of marble of one inch in thickness. The first of this kind was introduced into the Chigi chapel, at Rome; but the happy idea soon took flight to Paris; and, as if a matter of course, found its repose in Westminster Abbey. Bernini represented architecture and trees in perspective, and flying draperies as if upheld in the air—foreign as these things are to the genius or powers of sculpture. The chief models of perfection which were followed in England, although never exactly imitated, were the monuments of the Cardinals Mazarine and Richelieu. The allegorical figures of the size of life were adopted upon monuments of the largest scale and expense. Rysbrach gives us single figures, such as Britannia and Victory, placed indeed upon the same plinth, but not grouped. Roubilliac, on the contrary, is always theatrical; and his figures combine in one scenic effect. Eloquence, upon the monument of John Duke of Argyll, is in the act of making a public speech; upon that of Lady E. Nightingale, herself and her husband are in a tame, domestic character; but the skeleton of Death surveying him from his cave, and marking them as his prey, is animated malignity itself, expressed without the aid of features. Groups were sometimes made by statues and medallions, on which profiles of certain of the relatives were raised in bas-relief. We have likewise a nauseous repetition of weeping cherubs, which support them. This was but a poor expedient to include a whole family. About this time we may observe the names of Gibbs and Kent inscribed on the plinth, and usurping the whole merit of the design, if any there were. Of this school of sculpture in particular, it will be candidly allowed, that the exquisite and laboured finishing will always claim its share of deserved praise. While the lovers of the true antique cannot always suppress a smile at so gross a deviation from the canons of Grecian art; yet they will be content to allow to this school an adequate merit, excepting where the works of its professors are rashly compared with the remains, still to be inspected, of the artists of classic antiquity."

The following comparative view of the Bridges over the Thames is interesting:—

Bridges.	Date.	Architects.	Dimensions and Number of Arches.	Expense.
Westminster.	1739 to 1747.	Charles Labelye.	1223 feet long, by 45 wide, 14 arches, the centre 76 feet.	389,000*l.*
Blackfriars.	1760 to 1768.	Robert Mylne.	1100 feet long, by 42 wide, 9 arches, the centre 100 feet.	152,940*l.*
Waterloo.	1811 to 1817.	John Rennie.	It has nine elliptical arches of 120 feet span each.	450,000*l.*
New London.	1826; in progress 1827.	John Rennie, Jun.	The old bridge 926 feet long, repaired in 1797, and then nearly rebuilt. 928 feet long, by 56 wide, centre arch 150 feet, second and fourth 140, land arches 130 feet. Five in all.	506,000*l.* The present contract.

"The iron bridge over the Thames, from the Three Cranes to Southwark, was completed in 1819. It has three arches only, formed with iron ribs upon piers, which were cast at Ro-

therham, in Yorkshire. The centre spans 240 feet; and each side arch 200 feet. Weight of the iron employed in the whole structure 5,700 tons."

Mr. Walpole, in his chapter on Modern Gardening, says, that it is not precisely known what our ancestors meant by a bower; and that it was probably an arbour. On this passage Mr. Dallaway truly remarks:—"Upon consulting our old poets, Mr. W. would have found the true meaning, and the distinction which occurs between the two words, 'boure' and 'herber,' as in Chaucer:

——— 'Heres thou not Absolon,
That chaunteth thus, under our *boures wal?*
Miller's Tale.'

Where it is a chamber; and 'herber,' which is an arbour in a garden:

'And so I followed till it me brought
To a right plesaunt *herber* well ywrought.
Flower and Leafe.'

Milton has 'in hall or bower,' evidently hall or private chamber,—and in the other sense, 'crisped shades and bowers.' A variety of other proofs might be readily adduced in confirmation of this analogy. 'Boure' is either a chamber in a house, or a chamber made by the closely interwoven shade of trees."

Among the embellishments of the fourth volume, we are highly pleased with the portraits of Michael Dahl, engraved by W. H. Watt; Enoch Zeeman, engraved by W. Raddon; Thomas Worlidge, and Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, engraved by W. H. Worthington; William Hogarth, engraved by B. P. Gibbon; Frederick Zincke, and his first wife, engraved by H. Robinson; Rysbrach, engraved by W. Finden; and Roubiliac, engraved by J. W. Cook. There are also some very masterly wood-cuts.

We must defer our notice of the fifth or last volume of this interesting work.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 19.

PARIS of 1828 is very different from the Paris of 1820: then, party feeling knew no bounds—prejudices were unchecked—the *amour propre* of the French had been deeply wounded, and where it was most vulnerable—those revolutionary doctrines which had given such inquietude to all the states in Europe were slumbering, not dead—that gaiety of spirit so exclusively laid claim to by our foreign neighbours had then ceased to exist, and society was formed of the most discordant materials. An Anglomania has succeeded, and in a short period swept away the national prejudices: no carriage has claim to distinction that is not built after the English fashion; and the *petits maîtres* of the salons and the boulevards have had recourse to Bond-street dandies for their dress—indeed it is difficult to trace from their appearance which country may claim the honour of their birth. If, however, we notice this sudden change of manners and appearance, we cannot say that the public works make the same strides towards improvement. The triumphal arch at the extremity of the Champs Elysées, originally commenced by Napoleon to perpetuate one of his many victories, and afterwards continued by the Bourbons to celebrate the battle of Trocadero, makes little or no advance towards completion: to prove, however, to the good people that it is not entirely relinquished, *one* man is retained on the work, and *two inspectors* for the purpose of seeing that he does not neglect his duty! An effort is, however, making to place the four horses on the triumphal arch in the Place Carrousel on the 3d of May, the anniversary of the restoration: they are modeled from the celebrated horses so unceremoniously removed to their old quarters in Venice during the occupation of Paris by the allied troops, and to the great discomfiture of *les bons enfans de Paris*. Though the movements of government be slow with respect to all public undertakings, yet when the amusement of the people is to be consulted, there is no lack of zeal. The new theatre of the Ambigu Comique will very shortly be opened; no respite is afforded to the workmen: even on a Sunday you hear the constant din of preparation. Potier has returned to delight the Parisians, and ruin the management of the theatre in which he is engaged. The salary given him exceeds belief; nor does his attraction keep pace with it.

At the opening of the English Theatre on Easter Monday—with Macready in *Macbeth*; Abbott, *Macduff*; Miss Smithson, *Lady Macbeth*—the Duchess of Berri was present, and took great interest in the passing scene: the Duke of Orleans and the whole of his family were also there, together with many of the noblesse. The *witches* excited some little merriment, but it lasted only for a moment—for there is a feeling of courtesy and good breeding in a French audience that cannot be exceeded. The absence of Sontag has not left that immense void in the Italian Opera her great abilities led us to expect. Madame Malibran Garcia has produced a sensation; and as long as great genius and unrivalled talent hold their sway, Pisaroni must, in spite of her—I cannot write the word, but will say, notwithstanding her want of all personal attractions—she must charm all hearts.

MAJOR LAING AND CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the precision of the accounts which we have received through the medium of the French consul at Tripoli, respecting the fate of our countrymen in Africa, we have a gloomy consolation in yet indulging the idea (we lament to say, a faint one) that they may not have been destroyed, as detailed by the native merchants; but detained as prisoners, with the view of extorting ransom. This last gleam of hope we derive from the circumstance of no despatches from our own consul, Mr. Warrington (so deeply interested in the event, being the father-in-law of Major Laing), having reached England with intelligence similar to that which has arrived at Paris.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

INGENIOUS AND USEFUL INVENTIONS.

MR. JONES, of the Strand, some of whose devices for useful domestic purposes have been favourably noticed in our *Gazette*, has recently invented a very neat and complete apparatus for boiling a small quantity of water, and consequently for preparing any slight matters which may be required for the chambers of nurses or invalids. In a small tin tray are placed two vessels of about the capacity of a pint each; in one is a cylinder over a lamp—the other is simply a pan, into the lower part of which runs a close funnel, like the extinguisher of a candle. Into the cylinder is put a small measure of spirits of wine; the lamp below is trimmed with the same; and from the upper vessel a curved tube is brought to point horizontally upon the flame. As the alcohol is heated, the gas issues from this tube as if it were a blowpipe, and a jet of flame is propelled with the force of a furnace into the funnel of the opposite vessel. By this ready and easy process, water-gruel, or any other liquid, is warmed in two or three minutes, and eggs boiled in less than five. We can truly recommend this ingenious contrivance to the public, as well calculated for general utility in the summer time, when fires are little lighted; and to the sick and ailing at all seasons.

Instantaneous Lights: Berry's Patents.—With similar claims to public favour, we are also called upon to notice Mr. Berry's (of Bernard Street) ingenious and handsome devices for the use of instantaneous lights in bottles or boxes. We have formerly spoken of his clever application of caoutchouc as stoppers for scent-bottles, &c.; but this yielding and tenacious material seems, if possible, to be still better adapted for bottles containing the sulphuric acid to ignite matches. Upon this principle Mr. Berry has manufactured some, not only of the most convenient, but of the most elegant articles we ever saw of the kind; so that the cigar-smoker's fire-box bids fair to rival his snuff-box as a pocket ornament. But the great merit of the whole is, that the Indian rubber so perfectly preserves the acid, that it is secured from any damp, and made durably efficient till the last drop is expended. This is a prodigious improvement upon the common boxes and bottles, which are always disappointing the dip of the match; and might often be called lights—*lucus à non lucendo.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, April 19.—Wednesday last, being the first day of Easter Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Hon. J. D. Bligh, Fellow of All Souls' College.

Masters of Arts.—T. L. Beddoes, Pembroke College, Grand Compounder; S. Platt, Magdalen Hall, Grand Compounder; Rev. B. J. Harrison, Student of Christ Church; Rev. G. Wells, Demy, J. G. H. Bourne, Fellow of Magdalen College; J. Lodge, J. North, Brasennose College; Rev. G. Harrison, Lincoln College; Rev. J. K. Biging, St. John's College; C. Woodward, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. C. Browne, Brasennose College; H. G. P. Cooke, Exeter College; T. F. Lawrence, G. Adams, Fellows, J. Gaselee, St. John's College.

On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. A. Edwards, Rev. T. Farley, Fellows of Magdalen College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

On the Height of the Aurora Borealis above the Surface of the Earth; and particularly of one seen on the 29th of March, 1826. By John Dalton, F.R.S. *Read April 17th*, 1828.

THE author observes, that opinions differ as to the elevation of the aurora borealis above the surface of the earth, and that this is a point which can be determined only by a series of accurate observations. The appearance of a phenomenon of this kind on the 29th of March, 1826, assuming the form of a regular arch at right angles to the magnetic meridian, and marked by peculiar features, continuing for above an hour in the same position, afforded a most favourable opportunity for obtaining the data requisite for the solution of this problem; and the author accordingly took great pains to collect as many authentic accounts as possible of the apparent position of this luminous arch with reference to the stars, when seen from various places where it had been observed in England and Scotland. It appears to have been actually seen in places 170 miles distant from one another, in a north and south direction, and 45 miles distant from east to west,—thus comprising an area of 7 or 8000 square miles; but it must have been visible over a much greater extent. Accounts were received of its having been seen as far north as Edinburgh, and as far south as Manchester and Doncaster, and at most of the intermediate towns; and from the exact correspondence of the descriptions from all these

places, it was impossible to doubt that they referred to the same luminous appearance. In proceeding from north to south, the apparent altitude of the arch continually increased, still keeping to the south of the zenith to the distance of Kendal, at which place it very nearly crossed the zenith. At Warrington, which is further south, the culminating point of the arch was north of the zenith. Wherever seen, the arch always seemed to terminate nearly in the magnetic east and west, at two opposite points of the horizon.

The observations in which the author places the greatest confidence for determining the height of the aurora, were those made at Whitehaven and at Warrington, places which are distant 83 miles from one another, and situated nearly on the same magnetic meridian. Calculating from the data they afford, he finds the height of the arch very nearly 100 miles above the surface of the earth, and immediately over the towns of Kendal and of Kirkby-Stephen. This conclusion is corroborated by observations at Jedburgh; yet if the former be compared with those at Edinburgh, the height will come out to be 150 or 160 miles, and the position vertical about Carlisle; but he thinks the former result more entitled to confidence. Assuming the height to be 100 miles, it will follow that the breadth of the arch would be eight or nine miles; and its visible length, in an east and west direction from any one place, would be about 550 miles.

The author then proceeds to take a comparative view of the results of inquiries on the height and position of other auroræ, which have at different times appeared, and are recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, and other scientific journals. He also gives an account of a luminous arch, seen both at Kendal and at Manchester, on the 29th of December last, which appeared in the zenith at the former place, and was elevated 53 deg. from the north at the latter place; whence its height is deduced to be 100 miles. From the general agreement of this series of observations, the author infers that those luminous arches of the aurora, which are usually seen stretching from east to west, are all nearly of the same height, namely, about 100 miles. Observations are still wanting for the determination of the length of the beams parallel to the dipping needle, which constitute the more ordinary forms of aurora borealis; neither can it be determined whether these beams arise above the arches as from a base, or whether they descend below, as if appended to the arches. It is remarkable that the arches and beams are rarely, if ever, seen connected together, or in juxtaposition; but always in parts of the heavens at a considerable distance from each other.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

On Wednesday, St. George's day (not Monday, as printed by mistake in our last), the usual election of officers, &c. of the Antiquarian Society took place at Somerset House. In consequence of recent proceedings at the ordinary meetings, the charge of mismanagement and departure from the statutes, &c. brought forward by Mr. Nicolas and other members, and the threat of opposition to what is called *the house-list*, a considerable sensation was excited on this occasion. We have not taken upon ourselves to deliver any opinion on the points at issue between the reformers and the directors of the Society. Rules of little consequence may have been neglected; but we believe that culpable mismanagement is not imputed: other and more important papers might be published in the Transactions; but it is not easy, for a continuance of years, to command a supply of this order; and though an occasional spirit might vivify the mass, the Society is infinitely indebted for the regular supply hitherto furnished by a few steady and effective contributors. The meetings might be of greater length, and kept *per se*, not as ante-room assemblages for the Royal Society; and on this part of the subject we have no *but*: and, finally, the library might be more open, and a museum* might be formed; but these are matters which require mature deliberation, and a well-arranged plan, including the removal of the Society from Somerset House.

The origin of the late dissensions seems to have been the rather cavalier ejection of Mr. Nicolas from the council, after he had sat in it for only the fraction of a year; and this gentleman has in return set himself strenuously to accomplish that reform through the general Society, which, as he asserts, he was prevented from accomplishing in an official situation. Into this part of the dispute, however, it is not our business to enter. The public has, *de facto*, nothing to do with the question; and the Society is quite competent to do justice to itself and its best interests;—we have merely to record the result of the elections. Of the existing council eleven were to be rechosen for the ensuing year; and the house-list proposed the following eleven marked in *italics*,—leaving on the retiring list the ten printed in common letter:—

George, Earl of Aberdeen, K. T. F. R. S. President; Thomas Amyot, Esq. F.R.S. Treasurer; William Ayrton, Esq.; *John Caley, Esq. F.R.S.; Nicholas Carlisle, Esq. F.R.S. M.R.I.A. Secretary;* Francis Chantrey, Esq. R.A.; Lewis A. de la Chaumette, Esq. F.R.S.; *Henry Ellis, Esq. B.C.L. F.R.S. Sec.; Hudson Gurney, Esq. F.R.S. V.P.; Henry Hallam, Esq. V.P.; William Rich Hamilton, Esq. F.R.S. V.P.;* Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, K.G. F.R.S.; Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart. F.R.S.; William Lord Bishop of London, F.R.S.; *James Heywood Markland, Esq. F.R.S. Director; Samuel Rush Meyrick, LL.D.;* Thomas Phillips, Esq. F.R.S. R.A.; Captain William H. Smyth, R.N. F.R.S.; William Wilkins, Esq. R.A.; *Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, V.P.;* William Woods, Esq.

To supply the ten names omitted, the house-list offered, the Bishop of Carlisle; Francis Douce, Esq.; John Gage, Esq. F.R.S.; Davies Gilbert, Esq. P.R.S.; Edward Hawkins, Esq. F.R.S.; George Hibbert, Esq. F.R.S.; Francis Palgrave, Esq.; Henry Petrie, Esq.; Joseph Sabine, Esq. F.R.S.; and Earl Spencer:—and these, with the foregoing eleven, were ultimately elected, by 103 votes to 22. But to complete the history of a transaction so unusual, in this long-established body, as a struggle for rule, we must state the proposals of the opposition. In the old council they omitted the names of Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Caley, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. de la Chaumette, Sir B. Hobhouse, Dr. Meyrick, Mr. Phillips, Captain Smyth, Mr. Wilkins, and Mr. Woods (10): thus differing from the house only on the names of Mr. Caley, Mr. Carlisle, and Dr. Meyrick, in whose places they retained Mr. Chantrey, Lord Hardwicke, and the Bishop of London. In the room of the ten retiring, they proposed the Rev. James Dallaway, M.B.; Isaac d'Israeli, Esq.; Richard Duppa, Esq. LL.D.; *John Gage, Esq.; Davies Gilbert, Esq.;* Joseph Gwilt, Esq.; Michael Jones, Esq.; Edmund Lodge, Esq.; N. H. Nicolas, Esq.; and *Henry Petrie, Esq.* (the three in *italics* being in both lists). The officers were the same in both, viz: the Earl of Aberdeen, President; Mr. Amyot, Treasurer; Mr. Markland, Director; Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Ellis, Secretaries; who were chosen accordingly.

After the business of the day, about sixty of the members dined together at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. Gurney, V.P. in the chair; where several both of the elected and non-elected met and spent the afternoon in great harmony together.

* On the expediency of attaching a museum of antiquities to the Institution, a very sensible, and (to us) convincing letter, has been addressed to the President by Mr. Markland, one of the most zealous and distinguished Fellows, and a Director of the Society. This, he states, was projected in the very infancy of the Society, in the reign of Elizabeth, as is mentioned by Gough and Hearne; and the project afterwards renewed, from time to time, particularly *temp.* Q. Anne; and Mr. Markland contends, that if now adopted, it would tend greatly to the preservation of national antiquities which are daily perishing, and be speedily enriched by a multitude of valuable remains at present insulated in private hands. We entirely agree with the writer, and earnestly recommend his pamphlet to the attention it merits.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday the general annual meeting of the Royal Society of Literature took place at its chambers in Parliament Street; the Bishop of Salisbury, President, in the chair. Between fifty and sixty members were present. Mr. Cattermole, the Secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting; after which his Lordship the President delivered a very interesting discourse, pointing out the principal events connected with the Institution within the past year, and glancing at the literary labours of its members in various parts of the world. He deplored, in dignified and affecting language, the loss it had sustained in Mr. Canning; and also alluded feelingly to others whom death had taken away from its numbers. His lordship then noticed the adjudication of the medals to Mr. Crabbe and Archdeacon Coxe; and, finally, congratulated the Society on its great progress and prosperity, under the fostering patronage of its founder, the King.

The Secretary read a report of the proceedings during the season; and stated, that the fund (by voluntary subscriptions) for building a house, on a site given by his Majesty near Charing Cross, had been largely augmented, and other measures taken, so that the immediate prosecution of that design might be anticipated. The members then balloted for the officers, &c. for the ensuing year, when the following were chosen:—those in italics are new names; the others were re-elected agreeably to the charter.

President.—The Bishop of Salisbury.
Vice-Presidents.—The Marquess of Lansdowne.
The Bishop of Bath and Wells.
The Bishop of Winchester (from the Council).
Lord Bexley.
The Earl of Carlisle.
The Earl of Clare (from the Council).
The Right Hon. Charles Yorke.
The Hon. G. Agar Ellis.
Archdeacon Nares.
Dr. Richards.
Council.—The Bishop of Bristol.
Lord Kenyon.
The Rev. H. H. Baber, (*Librarian*).
R. Blanshard, Esq.
J. Caley, Esq.
The Rev. R. Cattermole, (*Secretary*).
The Rev. George D'Oyley, D.D.
Lieut.-Col. G. Fitzclarence.
Prince Hoare, Esq.
W. Jacob, Esq.
W. Jerdan, Esq.
A. E. Impey, Esq. (*Treasurer*).
W. M. Leake, Esq.
F. Madden, Esq.
L. Hayes Petit, Esq. M.P.
C. Baring Wall, Esq. M.P.
(Six go out by rotation.)

OFFICERS, &c.

Treasurer.—A. E. Impey, Esq.
Auditors.—W. Tooke, Esq.; R. Bradstreet, Esq.
Librarian.—The Rev. H. H. Baber.
Secretary.—The Rev. R. Cattermole.
Foreign Secretary.—The Rev. H. A. Delafite.
Accountant and Collector.—Mr. Thomas Paull.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

In addition to the notice, in our last, of the day of the private view of this most attractive Exhibition, we have the gratification to say, that the bad state of the weather on that occasion did not prevent the attendance of a numerous crowd of visitors of the first rank; and that the unfavourable light in which they were seen, proved no impediment to a very extensive sale of the works of the Society. We are not at all surprised at the eagerness thus manifested to become possessed of some of these beautiful and fascinating productions. Painting in water-colours has certainly arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of excellence. New or more facile modes of execution may be devised (although, probably, that will be a matter of difficulty); but, with regard to all the best qualities of the art, nothing remains to be accomplished. Let it ever be remembered, in answer to the cold-blooded critics who would basely depreciate the talents of their living countrymen, that this is an achievement exclusively of English genius and of modern days. In some of the other branches of the fine arts, former times have surpassed, and foreign nations now rival us: but in this we stand alone; defying competition, unapproached, and (we firmly believe) unapproachable.

The arrangement of the drawings, or rather of the pictures (for such they are), has been, in our opinion, very judiciously managed; and is calculated to exhibit to the best advantage the varieties of landscape, figures, and still life, of which the collection consists. In several cases some of the finest performances by different artists are brought into juxtaposition; and their respective styles contrasted with singular felicity. A remarkable instance of this is to be found in Nos. 20, 21, and 22.

No. 20. *Distant View of Lynn, from Castle Rising Common.* P. Dewint.—The simplicity, truth, and firmness of this admirable drawing have rarely been equalled, and can never be excelled. It strikes us as one of the most characteristic works of Mr. Dewint's masterly and experienced pencil; and it affords a perfect proof that neither variety of colour nor profusion of incidents is essential to the production of a picture possessing the highest qualities of art.

No. 21. *Campanile, Ducal Palace, Bridge of Sighs, Prison, &c. at Venice.* S. Prout.—Why, what an assemblage of contrasted objects does the title as well as the picture present! Magnificence and privation; the potentate and the slave! Gaiety and splendour of light and colour, however, cover the whole with a gorgeous garment; under which, as too often happens, misery lurks, and suffers, unseen. This is certainly as brilliant and successful an example of Mr. Prout's powers as we have ever met with.

No. 22. *Twilight.* G. Barret.—In perfect accordance with the quotation in the Catalogue (from Gray's Elegy), Mr. Barret has, in a fine composition (for a composition we take it to be), represented with great skill and feeling the effect of the most soothing of all lights—that of "parting day." The solitary figure in the foreground adds powerfully to the sentiment.

From this highly interesting trio we pass to a rapid notice of some of the numerous claims to our attention which the room elsewhere contains.

No. 34. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* J. Cristall.—Titania and her train are the subjects which Mr. Cristall has chosen for his illustration of this, perhaps the most poetical of the dramas of our immortal bard. There is much to admire in the multitudinous assemblage of figures, variously grouped, and some of them employed in a way not very favourable to composition. We cannot, however, divest ourselves of the belief that we are looking on beings of our own species, good solid flesh and blood; and not on those "tiny elves," the creatures of enchantment and imagination, which Shakespeare has so exquisitely described. For classical subjects, such figures and groups would be very suitable; and would shew Mr. Cristall's talents and knowledge to great advantage; but the lightness and whim of fairyism are here wanting.

No. 181. *Southampton — Sunset.* Copley Fielding. — This is indeed a glorious sunset, and is one of Mr. Fielding's happiest productions. Nature alone could have suggested it. Every object seems to be bathed in the richest and most glowing effulgence. There is, withal, a lightness of execution, an abstinence from deepening the masses beyond what the occasion requires, which sheds additional charms over the beauty of the whole.

No. 112. *View in Glen Coe*, by G. F. Robson; with *Red Deer*, by R. Hills. — As we have already observed, nothing can be more suitable to the style of each artist than the part which he has taken in this magnificent drawing. The sublimity of solitude has been furnished by the pencil of the one, to the characteristic delineation of animal life by the pencil of the other. The beauty, grandeur, and independence of the stately stag, on his inaccessible rock, are displayed with more effect than we ever remember to have seen.

No. 279. *Chester — engraved for "The English Cities."* G. F. Robson. — This, together with No. 280, *Canterbury;* and No. 281, *Gloucester*, by the same artist, shew Mr. Robson's talents to as much advantage in the beautiful, as the last-mentioned work does in the sublime. The view of Canterbury is peculiarly rich and mellow in its tone and colour.

No. 43. *Sunset.* G. Barret. — Under this title, effects of the greatest variety may be seen in nature. Mr. Barret has here chosen one of the quiet and serene description; and with his usual skill, taste, and elegance of imagination, has produced a composition, in which form, colour, and effect, combine in the most harmonious and pleasing concord. The same warm and mellow tones pervade this as they do most of this able artist's performances; but we think with superior clearness and transparency.

No. 159. *Modern Greece.* J. D. Harding.—This picture hangs on the side of the room opposite to that on which is placed the last-mentioned performance. While it possesses, as a composition, similar elegance in form and character, the effect, although in perfect contrast to the warmth of Mr. Barret's sunset, is rendered equally fascinating under its cool yet lively atmosphere. The quotations in the Catalogue, from Byron, are very happily illustrative of this beautiful and classic work.

No. 154. *Two Children of the Neighbourhood of Attina preparing for a "Festa."* P. Williams. — The works of this young and much more than promising artist are a great acquisition to the Exhibition of the Society. They are in a somewhat new style of water colours, that well deserves the name of "painting," for its careful execution and high finish. But, while we admire these qualities as excellent, and, in most cases, to a certain degree, essential, we must remark that they are occasionally apt to be accompanied by hardness. There is a fluency and looseness of pencil, perhaps more difficult of attainment, but at least equally serviceable for the purposes of imitation; and which always conveys the agreeable idea of facility. With respect to character and composition, the subject of our present notice may be considered as a perfect gem of art. Both in this and in Mr. Williams's other performances, however, although exceedingly beautiful, there is too much of the cold colouring of the Roman school.

No. 278. *The Procession of the Flitch of Bacon.* T. M. Wright. — The admirable picture of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," by Mr. Stothard, has, in all probability, given rise to this, and similar productions of art which have come under our notice. The performance before us shews great talent, and is an exceedingly well-managed arrangement of figures and groups. It has, however, more the air of a classic than of a rustic procession. A portion of the grotesque would have happily blended with the gay banners and picturesque costume of the period. We are likewise inclined to think that the expression of the couple, more especially of the husband, who is any thing but joyous, or even contented, does not exactly accord with their claims to the flitch.—No. 354, *The Burning Shame*, by the same artist, is far more in keeping with the character of the subject. There is great variety, and a vein of humour runs throughout. It is also precisely the kind of humour belonging to the class that would be forward to express their exultation at the expulsion of "a bad lawyer" from their society. How frequent would such a ceremony be in the present day, if it were permitted!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Retzsch's Outlines to Shakespeare. First Series —Hamlet. Leipzig, Ernest Fleischer; London, Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.

In a recent No. of the *Literary Gazette* we noticed a splendid copy of the First Series of *Retzsch's Outlines to Shakespeare*, intended for his Majesty, of which we had been gratified with a glimpse. An opportunity that has since been afforded us of examining at leisure an ordinary copy of this beautiful publication, confirms our original opinion respecting it. The facility with which M. Retzsch contrives to tell his story by means of a simple outline, is astonishing. Not only is the absence of light and shade unfelt as a defect, but really it appears as if their presence would injure the perspicuity of the graphic narrative. It is as the triumph of pure melody over all the scientific intricacies and complications of harmony. It is like the alternately soft and powerful tones of a flute in the tasteful hands of a Nicholson. It is like the clear and delicious warbling of an ancient Scottish ballad by a Paton or a Stephens.

Besides a very characteristic and beautiful design, as general frontispiece to the work, termed the Apotheosis of Shakespeare, there are sixteen plates illustrative of the tragedy of Hamlet. The murder of Hamlet's father in the garden, the appearance of the Ghost to Hamlet and his friends, the administration of the oath of secrecy by Hamlet, the celebrated soliloquy on life, the play, the scene with the recorders, the King at prayer, the death of Polonius, the re-appearance of the Ghost in the Queen's closet, the madness of Ophelia, Hamlet's reflections on the skull of Yorick, Ophelia's funeral, the fencing-match between Hamlet and Laertes, the death of the King and

Queen, and the posthumous honours paid to Hamlet,—these are the passages of this immortal drama which M. Retzsch has selected for his subjects. In all he has been more or less successful; in most, eminently so. The superiority of Hamlet himself,

> "The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> The observed of all observers,"

is in general admirably preserved; although in one or two cases, such, for instance, as in the representation of the play, and in the fencing scene, we own he does not *perfectly* satisfy us. Indeed, his person throughout is less finely formed than the persons of Horatio, Laertes, and others. The malignant character of the king, especially in the act of fratricide, and again on preparing to overhear the conversation between Hamlet and Ophelia, is strikingly depicted. Nothing can exceed the intensity of expression, both in face and in figure, of the queen, when, unable to understand Hamlet's alarm at beholding the apparition, which to her is invisible, she exclaims, "Alas! he's mad!" The "fair Ophelia" is tender and lovely throughout. Nor must we omit to notice the fine union of deep compassion for his unhappy sister, with firm determination to revenge her wrongs, which marks the countenance and attitude of Laertes in the first plate in which he appears. There are many other points—among them the exquisite scene of the churchyard—to which we might call the attention of our readers; but having said enough to excite their curiosity, we prefer, for their sake, to refer them to the work itself, as the only adequate means of gratifying it. Every plate is preceded by the passage from Hamlet which it is meant to illustrate; printed in English, German, and French. The English text is Chalmers's; the German, Schlegel's; the French, Guizot's.*

We look forward with great expectation of pleasure to the continuance of a publication equally honourable to the genius by which it has been suggested, and to the genius displayed in its execution.

Miss Hughes as Reisa, in Oberon; engraved by Thomas Jones, from a picture by W. M'Call. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

A LADY-LIKE portrait, and a good resemblance of this pleasing and promising young singer.

Three Views of Cintra, in Portugal. Drawn on stone by F. Nicholson, from Sketches by the Rev. James Bulwer. Colnaghi; and Engelmann.

PICTURESQUE compositions; freely and forcibly executed.

Monkeyana, or Men in Miniature; designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

IF any thing could reconcile us to the *Monkeymania*, it would be the talent exhibited in *Monkeyana*. The present Part contains—"Fortune Teller;" "Castigation;" "Litigation;" and "Pug-ilists." The last, especially, is an admirable parody on the humours of the Fives-Court: all the spectators, as well as the principals, are happily *hit off*.

MARTIN'S FALL OF NINEVEH.

MR. MARTIN has finished this noble picture; and for grandeur and imagination it has not been exceeded by—on the contrary, if comparisons may be fairly drawn, it excels all his former works. The subject, indeed, is congenial to his style: the magnificence of architecture, the crush of ruins, the mixture of splendour and desolation, human glories and despair, are what his genius revels in portraying; and where, like the mighty Nineveh, were such materials ever offered to the artist's pencil?

HAYDON'S MOCK ELECTION.

THIS well-painted and characteristic picture has, we are glad to learn, been purchased for five hundred guineas by his Majesty. It is, indeed, a local scene, in which for its *name's* sake the *King* has an interest; and we remember an anecdote of Delpini, who, in some period of his early extravagance, said to the then Prince of Wales—"By —— mon prince, if I do go on at dis rate, I shall be in your *Papa's Bench!*"

THE anniversary festival of the Artists' Benevolent Fund is appointed to be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall on this day fortnight. This being the first festival under the charter which his Majesty, its patron and protector, has lately granted to this excellent Institution, we understand the Lord Chancellor presides, supported by many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank as patrons of the arts.

The dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution would be putting on table yesterday as our sheet was sent to press; and must *stand over* for a week.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DYING SPANIARD'S CHARGE

From the Mountains overlooking Granada.

My gasping breath, I feel thee fail:
My gallant boy, draw near—
Brush off the dew that dims thy mail;
For shame, it is a tear!

Here, take my sword; as yet the brand
Has never miss'd its blow:
God prosper it in thy young hand
Against the Moslem foe!

Lift up my head—my parting gaze
On yonder vale would be;
Facing the red sun's fading rays,
I speak my last to thee.

Look thou upon the plain below,
With field and vineyard spread;
And glory, like the morning's glow,
Around yon city's head.

A thousand shrubs in blossom wreathe
Round fountains bright and clear;—
I almost fancy I can breathe
Their gushing fragrance here.

Then mark the rock on which we lie,
The eagle's rough domain;
Its barren earth, its sullen sky,—
Then look below again.

That valley is thy heritage!
Could Eden be more fair?—
Although an exile in my age,
I spent my boyhood there.

Ours was the shame, and ours the loss;
Carnage and conquest spread:
The Crescent triumphed o'er the Cross,—
Well may thy cheek grow red.

Still have a few in warfare stood
Around the mountain brow;—
I have not spared my strength and blood—
And I am dying now!

But other, better days are thine:—
My hopes are proud and high,
And clearly does the future shine
Before death's closing eye.

I see the gallant red Cross wave,
I see the Moslems yield;
I hear the war-cry of the brave—
Haste, boy, and join the field!

Here make my grave; and haunting here,
My spirit will remain,
Till, vanquished by the Christian spear,
The Moors have fled from Spain.

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF BYRON.

> "Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
> And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
> The name of him who now is but a name,
> And, wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
> Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—fame."

AND is this the mighty dome above the poet's grave? Alas! who would have thought that a secluded and miserable village of Nottinghamshire should contain, unnoticed, and almost unknown, the remains of the great genius of our age! That no monument in those "temples where the dead are honoured by the nations," should have been erected by England to record the death of the noblest of her sons! Neglected by his friends after death, as he was deceived by them through life, it seems as if the same persecution which followed him on earth had accompanied him also to the grave. The little church of Hucknal, three miles to the south of Newstead Abbey, is the resting-place of him who in this world found no rest; and a simple marble tablet the only tribute to his memory. This church, only twenty paces in length, has long been a burial-place of the Byrons: nine of them now lie in the family-vault under the chancel. Here Byron's mother, who died at Newstead in 1811, soon after his return from abroad, was buried; and here, in compliance with a wish which he expressed in his younger and calmer days, and which he appears afterwards at times to have cherished, notwithstanding what is contained in his writings to the contrary, he was himself interred, in July 1824. His coffin lies on the south side of the chancel. In the wall, between it and the door, is inserted a monumental tablet of white marble set in gray, of which the following is an accurate copy.

By the side of it hangs on a peg a paltry daub-

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* The absolute costume of the period of this play is not readily to be determined; especially as the period itself has been much questioned by critics. It must, however, have been about the age of Canute; for Shakespeare alludes to the tribute paid by England to Denmark, and other passages show that it was after the introduction of Christianity. Upon these data we conjecture that the eleventh century must be assigned for the tragedy of Hamlet. Mr. Retzsch has paid no regard to this circumstance—but given us the architecture, costume, &c. of the time of Henry VII.—a picturesque style, of which his preceding works also afford many examples.

ing of his arms, which it had been better to have left alone. To the inscription, I have nothing to object; but it obviously strikes an observer, that the name of Augusta Mary Leigh is more conspicuous than his to whom the tablet was placed. I should have abstained from making any remarks which might be considered painful to the connexions of Byron, had not the indifference which all his *soi-disant* friends and relatives have shewn to his memory removed all scruples, and fully justified me in passing censures upon them. The inscription would appear to be the praiseworthy mark of affection from a sister to a brother; but, *surgit amari*, what can be supposed, when it is known that it was not till more than a year had elapsed from the time of his interment, and till murmurs on such neglect had become loud and long, that even this tardy and small tribute to his memory was afforded. So,

"Behold her love or pride!"

it was put up in August 1825. A book, presented by a distinguished author, is kept in the church, for the registry of persons visiting the tomb. His own inscription and verses in it express the opinions of thousands on this subject.

"To the immortal and illustrious fame of Lord Byron, the first Poet of the age in which he lived, these tributes, weak and unworthy of him, but in themselves sincere, are inscribed with the deepest reverence.—*July* 1825."

At this period, no monument, not even so simple a slab as records the death of the humblest villager in the neighbourhood, had been erected to mark the spot in which all that is mortal of the greatest man of our day reposes: and he has been buried more than a twelvemonth.

"So should it be;—let o'er this grave
No monumental banners wave;
Let no word speak—no trophy tell
Aught that might break the charming spell,
By which, as on this sacred ground
He kneels, the pilgrim's heart is bound.
A still, resistless influence,
Unseen, but felt, binds up the sense,
While every whisper seems to breathe
Of the mighty dead who rests beneath;
And though the master-hand is cold,
And though the lyre it once controlled
Rests mute in death, yet from the gloom
Which dwells about this holy tomb,
Silence breathes out more eloquent
Than epitaph or monument.
One laurel wreath—the poet's crown—
Is here, by hand unworthy thrown;
One tear, that so much worth could die,
Fills, as I kneel, my sorrowing eye;—
This the simple offering,
Poor but earnest, which I bring.
The tear has dried, the wreath shall fade,
The hand that twined it soon be laid
In cold obstruction;—but the fame
Of him who tears and wreath shall claim
From all remote posterity,
While Britain lives, can never die.

J. B."

There are few names of note in the book. The Duke of Sussex's name stands at the head; and among others, Thomas Moore (*tu quoque, Brute!*). Opposite to Byron's tablet still remains his mother's hatchment; and on the north side of the chancel is an old-fashioned white marble tablet, surmounted by the family arms, with the following inscription:—

"Beneath in a vault
Is interred the body of Richard Lord Byron,
Who with the rest of his family being seven brothers
Faithfully served King Charles the First in the Civil War;
Who suffered much for their loyalty
And lost all their present fortunes.
Yet it pleased God so to bless the honest endeavours
Of the said Richard Lord Byron
That he repurchased part of their ancient inheritance,
Which he left to his posterity
With a laudable memory for his great piety and charity.
He departed this life upon the 4th day of October,
An. Do. 1679, in the 74th year of his age.
In the same vault is interred the Lady Elizabeth
His first wife daughter of George Russell Esq.
By whom he had ten children.
And ye Lady Elizabeth his second wife daughter
To Sr George Booth, Knight and Barronet,
Who appoynted this monument
To be erected
To the memory of her dear husband,
And for her great piety and goodness
Acquired a name better than that
Of sones and daughters.

There is no other monument in the church: it seems appropriated to the Byron family. On the occasion of Byron's interment, it was hung with black: the following Monday, some villains entered and stole nearly the whole of the cloth.

It is now four years since the death of Byron, and no public monument has been erected to him. This cannot arise from any want of support, as a numerous list of subscribers, among whom were some of the first names of the country, was obtained long ago. Why the person who undertook the management, afterwards relinquished his task and his duty, he himself can best explain. It is satisfactory at least to think, that a measure so highly interesting to the Poet's admirers in all quarters of the globe, met with no want of cordial support: and if their wishes to honour his remains have not been fulfilled, it is only in consequence of the officious interference or cold neglect of those very men who ought to have been the first—both from public and private motives—to further their intentions.* B.

MUSIC.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

On Tuesday the second annual concert of the Melodists was given at Freemasons' Hall, which was filled with fashionable company. The principal instrumental performers were, Nicholson and Sedlatzek on the flute; Labarre on the harp; and Mori on the violin. The vocal treat was great, having Braham and Sinclair, with new compositions of their own, as well as old favourites; Miss Fanny Ayton, Brambilla, Feron, Miss Grant, Miss Hughes, Madame de la Vigo, and Miss Watson, in various excellent pieces; and Parry, with his Welsh melodies, a Signor Piozzi, and Mr. E. Taylor, to fill up the concord. The Club afterwards dined together; and were to a good hour enlivened by the strains of T. Cooke, Collyer, Gould, and the music of Cianchettini, Schunke, &c. in addition to artists already mentioned.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Musical Flowers. By W. Spratt. *The Canning Waltz.* J. C. Taws.

This is a pretty thing to look at, the notes being expressed by flowers. Of the air, however, we can say nothing in commendation.

Six French Romances, composed by Berton, Sola, and Romagnesi: arranged with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar. By C. M. Sola. Birchell and Co.

Displaying much of Mr. Sola's fine taste, these airs are very light and pretty; and so entirely *French*, that no name could be bestowed so descriptive of their qualities.

'Gainst thine enchanting eyes; a Duet. By C. M. Sola. W. George.

Another sweet composition, by the same graceful writer.

He has left her in sorrow; a Ballad. The words by Harry S. Van Dyke; Music by J. Barnett. C. Vernon.

A simple and touching air, and one that ought to be as popular as any favourite of the present day.

The Lover's Chaplet; a Cavatina. Poetry by Rosamond Wadams; Music by W. Kirby. W. George.

Another pretty and pleasing air, and well adapted for the family circle. Such pictures as deform the title-page, however, are neither creditable to the fine arts nor to the taste of the inventors.

The Minstrel Page; a Serenade. By J. A. Barnett. W. George.

The composition of this ballad is easy, but not the less charming. Another blotch of a frontispiece distinguishes it.

Leila; a Cavatina. By J. A. Barnett. W. George.

The words are by Lord Byron, and the music beautiful. It ought, however, in our opinion, to be gracioso rather than allegretto, to suit the poetry.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Saturday Madame Schutz sang with Madame Pasta in *Semiramide*, and even by the side of the prima donna obtained general and well-deserved applause. Zuchelli also appeared, and sang with fine effect. On Wednesday (the court day) there was a tremendous crush; and sad complaints are made of the pit being filled by private entrances before the doors were opened to the public. This is a very dangerous experiment for any theatre.

A great treat is at present preparing at this house; and we are glad to see that it is for the benefit of so well-deserving a public favourite as Madame Caradori. *Don Giovanni*, is, altogether, we believe, the opera in highest estimation in this country; and to have the talents of Sontag, Caradori, and Zuchelli, united in it, as on Thursday next, must be a sumptuous banquet for the lovers of music.

DRURY LANE.

On Wednesday Miss Fanny Ayton made her *début* at this theatre as *Rosetta* in *Love in a Village*: her reception and her encores were such as her great merits, both theatrical and musical, so richly deserve. We may say, in a word, that a sweeter representative of Rosetta never appeared upon the *English* stage; of which we trust this captivating *English* songstress will long be the grace and ornament, however fashion may run after exotic novelties.

MR. YATES: THE ADELPHI.

Some very malignant reports having found their way into the newspapers respecting Mr. Yates and the Adelphi Theatre, we take upon ourselves to say, in justice to this very able performer and meritorious gentleman, that they are utterly unfounded, and that the postponement of his entertainments arose entirely out of prudential motives.

VARIETIES.

Shakespeare.—An English gentleman, of the name of Ball, has lately commenced a course of lectures in Paris, on the works of Shakespeare; accompanied with critical remarks on the style of the various English performers of the present time and of former days.

The Dead Alive.—A certain French physician, in speaking of the means of restoring drowned persons, says—"If the dead person (*cadavre*) give signs of life," &c. &c.; and the police instructions on the same subject use the like expression. In Ireland this would be a bull.

* The Editor begs to remark, that these are the sentiments of his correspondent, and not his own. He has lately heard that the public monument to the memory of Lord Byron is again about to be brought forward.

The Colour of Elijah's Mantle.—Trithemus, in his History of the Order of Carmelites, says, "They changed their black mantle to one of the colour of *tan*, being the colour of that which the man of God, Elijah, let fall on Elisha, when he was taken up into heaven in a chariot of fire."

Bombast: more or less.—The French Minister of Marine, M. Hyde de Neuville, presented the other day to the Chamber of Deputies a bill for granting a pension of 60*l.* per annum to Mdlle. Bisson, the sister of Lieutenant Bisson, who blew up his vessel to prevent her being taken by the Greek pirates. After a florid, poetical speech, in which he described fifteen Frenchmen combating one hundred and thirty Greeks, he added, "the superiority of numbers alone decided the fate of the day. The brave Bisson had prepared every thing: he escaped from the fight, said, 'Adieu, pilot, it is time to finish:' he put a match to the powder; the sacrifice is consummated; and France counts a hero the *more!*" One would have fancied that the hero being killed, made a hero the less.

Information for English Ladies.—A modern French physician, M. Banau, treating of the excellence of vipers in medicine, quotes another French physician, M. Lefèvre, who tells us—"English ladies make no scruple of drinking wine in which whole living vipers have been suffocated, in order to keep up their *embonpoint* and gaiety, prevent wrinkles, and preserve their health."

Raphael's Cartoons.—A fortnight ago we noticed the publication of the first plate of the Cartoons in lithography by Mr. Foggo. We now refer to the circumstance, from being enabled to state a fact connected with the Cartoons which we believe is not generally known. It is, that duplicates of two of the Cartoons, (by duplicates we do not mean copies, but works equally original with those at Hampton Court), viz. Peter and John healing the Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple; and the Sorcerer struck with blindness,—are in the possession of Mr. Brown, at his residence in the Alpha cottages, Regent's Park. These valuable works were brought from Italy by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and after his decease presented by the late Marchioness of Thomond to his assistant Marchi; at the sale of whose effects they were bought without examination, rolled up, and described in the catalogue as a parcel of drawings. Being in good preservation, and not inferior in any respect to those in the gallery at Hampton Court, they are equally worthy of the attention of the connoisseur.

Mont Blanc.—M. Roger, an officer of engineers, in the service of the Swiss confederation, has lately taken means to ascertain with great exactness the height of Mont Blanc above the Lake of Geneva, and the height of the Lake of Geneva above the sea. The result of his measurements is, that the summit of Mont Blanc is nearly 4,435 metres, or about 14,542 English feet, above the Lake of Geneva; and that the Lake of Geneva is 367 metres, or about 1,233 English feet, above the sea; and, consequently, that Mont Blanc is 4,811 metres, or about 15,775 English feet, above the level of the sea.

Analysis of Minerals.—The chemical analysis of a great many minerals has until lately presented anomalies, which have appeared to furnish specious objections against the theory of definite proportions. Several saline substances have exhibited superabundance of bases, or of acid,—whose presence has been inexplicable on any hypothesis the justice of which has been hitherto demonstrated. Recent experiments have, however, shewn that no such anomalies really exist, and that the prevailing errors on the subject have arisen from imperfect processes of analyzation.

Posts in America.—In the year 1790 there were only 75 post-offices in the United States; in December 1826 there were above 6500. At the former time, the length of all the post-roads amounted to at most 2000 English miles; at the present period, it exceeds 90,000 miles. Formerly, the revenue of the whole of the posts was about 38,000 dollars; now it amounts to 1,200,000 dollars. Is it possible to imagine a greater increase in 36 years?—*Brockhaus's Blätter für Litterarische Unterhaltung.*

Grafting.—The Philogeorgic Society of Naples has offered a prize of twenty-five sequins to the author of the best paper on the following question: viz. "To establish, by facts, if the graft occasions any modification of the plant grafted; and, *vice versâ*, if the plant exercises any influence on the organization of the graft; with respect to plants and grafts of the same, or of different species and forms." The prize is to be adjudged in the year 1829.

Negroes.—M. Roger, in his account of Senegambia, says, that the handsomest negroes are the Ghiolofs; and that they are Africans only in colour. The nose is regularly formed, and the hair is long. The facial angle, and the other physiognomical signs which have hitherto been considered as the measure of the intelligence of the blacks, approach to those of Europeans.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The late Mr. Canning's Library.—The library and some other effects belonging to our late lamented Premier are, we hear, about to be brought to the hammer by Mr. Christie.

A New Edition of Mr. D'Israeli's work, the Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own feelings and confessions, with a new Letter by Lord Byron, illustrative of the subject—is announced.

The Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, Minister of Police under Napoleon, which have been so long promised, are, it is announced, positively about to appear.

The Missionary Gazetteer, containing a Geographical and Statistical Account of various Countries in which Missionary Stations have been formed, the Progress of Evangelization and Civilization, and interesting Details of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, &c. &c., by the Rev. Charles Williams, is nearly ready.

A Series of Treatises on the principal Branches of Manufacturing Chemistry, by Mr. Astley, of Edinburgh, is about to be published. The manufacture of common salt will form the subject of the first treatise, comprising full details of its history, physical, chemical, and economical, with suggestions for the improvement of the manufacture, &c.

Danish Periodical Press.—The first journal published in Denmark was in the year 1644. This was soon followed by several others, one of which was in verse! There are at present eighty periodical works, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, published in that country, seventy of which are in the Danish language.

An Exhibition is announced, consisting of Portraits of the most Illustrious Persons of English History, collected from the Galleries of the highest nobility and from Public Collections. The catalogue extends to a series of nearly two hundred portraits, richly habited in the costumes of their respective periods; and the opening being announced for the ensuing week, we shall devote a paper to its various subjects in our next *Gazette*.

Nearly ready, the Life of the celebrated Regent Moray, the great Patron of the Scottish Reformation; with an Account of the Contention between the Queen Regent (Mary of Guise) and the Lords of the Congregation. By the Author of the Life of George Wishart, of Pitarrow, &c. Also, George Buchanan and his Times: including Sketches of the Literary and Political State of Europe during the Sixteenth Century. By the same Author. Likewise, in a state of forwardness, the Life of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the Press.—A new edition, with considerable additions, of a work on Ancient Coins and Medals, as illustrating the Progress of Christianity, by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, late Chaplain to the British Embassy at Constantinople.—A Complete Theoretical and Practical Course of Instructions on the Art of Playing the Pianoforte, written and composed by J. V. Hummel.—A reprint verbatim of the first edition of Wickliffe's Wicket, under the superintendence of the Rev. T. P. Panton, of Queen's College, Oxford, Curate of Lutterworth.—A Statement relative to Serampore, supplementary to the Brief Memoir, with an Introduction, by the Rev. John Foster.—A Poem, in Four Cantos, entitled Tecumseh; or, the Warrior of the West,—the Scene laid in Canada; the Hero a Chieftain much celebrated in America. The incidents of the Poem founded principally on the events of the late American War.

Literature of the Netherlands.—The following is a summary of the works, both original and translated, which were published in different languages in the Netherlands, during the years 1825, 1826, and 1827, exclusively of periodical works, journals, gazettes, &c.

	1825	1826	1827
Theology	111	103	99
Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Natural Philosophy	93	105	146
History	94	96	96
Philology, Poetry, and the Drama	135	134	114
Miscellanies and Romances	246	325	286
Total	679	763	741

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Phillip's Researches in South Africa, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Narrative of the Peninsular War, by the Marquess of Londonderry, 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.—Asiatic Costumes, forty-four coloured plates, 12mo. 18*s.* bds.—Characters in the Fancy Ball at Vienna, 4to. 12*s.* sewed.—Hughes on Insurance, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—The Carcanet, a Literary Album, 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.—Irving on Baptism, fcp. 7*s.* bds.—Wilson's (Daniel) Evidences of Christianity, 8vo. 12*s.* bds—Holford on the Penitentiary at Millbank, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Nicholls's Literary Illustrations, Vol. V. 8vo. 1*l.* 7*s.* bds.—Skelton's Antiquities of Oxfordshire, imperial 4to. 7*l.* 7*s.*; proofs, India paper, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Oxonia Illustrata, 2 vols. imperial 4to. 12*l.* 12*s.*; Ancient Arms and Armour, Nos. I. to XI. imperial 4to. 9*s.* 6*d.* each.—Carr's Synopsis of Practical Philosophy, 18mo. 12*s.* sd.; Tables of Logarithms separate, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Warren on the Square Roots of Negative Qualities, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Britton's Memorable Events in Paris, in 1814, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

April.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday.. 17	From 43. to 55.	29.56 to 29.31
Friday.... 18	—— 45. — 50.	29.30 — 29.36
Saturday.. 19	—— 42. — 52.	29.46 — 29.61
Sunday.... 20	—— 43. — 50.	29.76 — 29.77
Monday.. 21	—— 42. — 47.	29.61 — 29.62
Tuesday.. 22	—— 36. — 47.	29.59 — 29.60
Wednesday 23	—— 39. — 52.	29.72 — 29.76

Wind variable, prevailing N. and S.W.
Generally cloudy and rainy.
Rain fallen 1·48 inches.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It may be true that Mr. Brimmer has acquired his knowledge of the art of printing in gold, &c. from Mr. Pomer; but we cannot enter into the claims alleged by the latter in his address to us.

Bookselling and Publishing.—We have received the following from the respectable house of Treuttel and Würtz—"In your last *Gazette* you have appended a note to the communication of your Paris Correspondent (respecting the establishment formed at Brussels by the ten Paris publishing houses to counteract the Flemish reprints) which throws out a very unfair aspersion against those houses. As you have worded it, the reader would be led to suppose that all these houses had been engaged in reprinting English books, and getting them smuggled into England. Now the fact is, that nine out of the ten never printed an English book in their lives, or have had any concern with such speculations; and with respect to the tenth, Galignani, the remark admits of very considerable qualification. Galignani in some cases (as in Sir W. Scott's works) pays a consideration to the English publisher for the early communication of the sheets; and looks for the sale of his editions exclusively to the readers of English on the Continent. Copies of these books are no doubt smuggled into England, but they are smuggled by private purchasers; and it is one of the absurdities of our laws, that although a bookseller cannot import them into England for sale without exposing himself to very heavy penalties, (see the act of 1801,) any private person may bring over as many as he likes for his own use, without ever being called in question. So, at least, the custom-house officers interpret the statute,—and the English publishers have never taken the trouble to get the matter set right. The Paris publishers, therefore, are not in the category you describe them, of crying out when their own toes are trod upon, and forgetting they have made others suffer in the same way. You are always so ready to correct any mistake, that we are sure you will in your next set yourself right."

ERRATUM.—In the dramatic critique of Covent Garden, last week, *read* at this theatre "*Wrench as*" Sponge has kept the house in constant laughter, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall. Closing of the present Exhibition. The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday next, the 3d of May.
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
The Gallery will be re-opened early in May, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish Schools.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
JOS. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, in Pall Mall East, is now OPEN every day, from Nine till Seven.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

PRIVATE TUITION. A Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford, and late Private Tutor to a young Nobleman, residing upon his cure in a most healthy situation on the North Road, betwixt London and York—takes into his house Six Pupils, and has now two vacancies. Terms 80l. per Annum, no extras. The highest references will be given.
For Address, apply, post paid, to the Publisher of the Literary Gazette.

GERMAN and CLASSICAL LITERATURE. W. M. Koller respectfully begs to inform the Friends of German Literature, that he has opened an Establishment at 147, Regent Street, where the best German Publications will be found. He receives regularly the most distinguished Periodicals, Scientific Works, and Editions of the Classics, of which a new Catalogue is in the press. He also imports from Germany Engravings, Lithographic Prints, Music, Maps; and executes the Orders with which he may be honoured with expedition.
Terms of his Subscription Library for German Works and Periodicals extremely moderate.

On the 1st of May will be published, in elephant 4to. No. I. of ACKERMANN'S PICTURESQUE TOUR of the RIVER THAMES, from the Source to its Mouth; illustrated by Twenty-four coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes; from Original Drawings taken on the spot by Mr. W. WESTALL. Forming a Companion Work to Ackermann's Picturesque Tours of the Rhine, the Seine, and the Ganges. To be completed in Six Numbers, with copious Letterpress, price 14s. each. A very few Copies on large paper, 21s. After the Sixth Number is published, the price will be raised to Non-Subscribers.

TURNER'S VIEWS of ENGLAND and WALES.
The Subscribers to the Views in England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. are respectfully informed that Part IV. is now ready for delivery.
Royal 4to. price 14s.; imperial 4to. proofs, 1l. 1s.; imperial 4to. India proofs, 1l. 11s. 6d.; colombier 4to. India proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d. (limited to 20 Copies); with the Etchings, 3l. 3s.
Published by Robert Jennings, 2, Poultry.
The only Copies left for Sale of Parts I. to III. are, royal 4to. 14s.; a very limited number of imperial 4to. proofs, 1l. 1s.; and colombier 4to. India proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.

New ready, Part III. of
TO LANDSEER'S MONKEYANA.
Contents.—The Fortune-Teller—Beadle of the Parish—Lawyer and Client—Pug-lists.
London: Published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, (Successors to Hurst, Robinson, and Co.), Printsellers to the King, 6, Pall Mall.
Of whom may be had,
Rat-Catching, engraved (in line) by John and Thomas Landseer, from a Painting by Edwin Landseer.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan, in England. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

HERE is "laughter for a month," and entertainment for a year.—It is rare that an author should be so perfectly master of the feelings of two utterly dissimilar countries as to be able to portray both minutely, and by the clever grouping and juxtaposition of them make a work so curious and amusing as the present. But it is, in reality, not merely the acute observer and humorous sketcher of English manners, Mr. Morier: it is also Hajji Baba of Ispahan himself, with all his Persian notions, prejudices, and passions—two joined in one. In fact, it is evident, from internal demonstration, that though the former has written the book, the sentiments are truly those of a Persian visitor to England; and two *genuine* letters with which the volumes set out, will readily point to the person whose actual opinions and adventures have furnished materials for this most amusing publication.

The author tells us that he has been chiefly encouraged to proceed with the Hajji, not so much by the popularity of his preceding work, as by the receipt of the following characteristic letter:—

"*Tehran, 21st May, 1826.*

"My dear friend,—I am offended with you, and not without reason. What for you write Hajji Baba, sir? King very angry, sir. I swear him you never write lies; but he say, yes—write. All people very angry with you, sir. That very bad book, sir. All lies, sir. Who tell you all these lies, sir? What for you not speak to me? Very bad business, sir. Persian people very bad people perhaps, but very good to you, sir. What for you abuse them so bad? I very angry. Sheikh Abdul Russool write oh! very long letter to the king 'bout that book, sir. He say you tell king's wife one bad woman, and king kill her. I very angry, sir. But you are my friend, and I tell king, sheikh write all lie. You call me Mirza Firouz, I know very well, and say I talk great deal nonsense. When I talk nonsense? Oh, you think yourself very clever man; but this Hajji Baba very foolish business. I think you sorry for it some time. I do not know, but I think very foolish. English gentlemen say, Hajji Baba very clever book, but I think not clever at all—very foolish book. You must not be angry with me, sir. I your old friend, sir. God know, I your very good friend to you, sir. But now you must write other book, and praise Persian peoples very much. I swear very much to the king you never write Hajji Baba. I hope you will forgive me, sir. I not understand flatter peoples, you know very well. I plain man, sir—speak always plain, sir; but I always very good friend to you. But why you write 'bout me? God know I your old friend.

"P.S. I got very good house now, and very good garden, sir; much better as you saw here, sir. English gentlemans tell me Mexico all silver and gold. You very rich man now, I hope. I like English flowers in my garden—great many; and king take all my china and glass. As you write so many things 'bout Mirza Firouz, I think you send me some seeds and roots not bad; and because I defend you to the king, and swear so much, little china and glass for me very good."

"And now (continues Mr. Morier), very probably, you will ask, How can you gather encouragement from such a letter as this? for it sounds very much like the story of the horse-dealer, who, in shewing-off his horse, received a kick in his ribs, and, although smarting under the pain, made up the best face he could, and exclaimed, 'Pretty playful creature, it is nothing but play!' I proceed to assert, that I look upon it as an encouragement to have produced any sort of sensation among a lively people like the Persians, by which they may be led to reflect upon themselves as a nation. Touch but their vanity, and you attack their most vulnerable part. Let them see that they can be laughed at, you will make them angry. Reflection will succeed anger; and with reflection, who knows what changes may not be effected? But having produced this effect, let me ask what further good may not be expected by placing them in strong contrast with the nations of Christianity, and more particularly with our own blessed country? And it is this which has been attempted in the following pages. In talent and natural capacity, the Persians are equal to any nation in the world. In good feeling and honesty, and in the higher qualities of man, they would be equally so, were their education and their government favourable to their growth. What is wanted, then, but some strong incentive to reflection? And if an insignificant work as the one in question can have produced the feelings with which the foregoing letter has been written, what might not the labours of some of the high and mighty in genius and ability produce, if applied to the same purpose? A change in the edifice may be made, that is certain; the only question is, on what side of it shall we begin to knock down?"

"Adopting his style of language, I answered my friend's letter; and the following can be looked upon as of no consequence, excepting, perhaps, to illustrate the sort of answer which is likely to have weight with a Persian.

"*London, 10th Sept. 1826.*

"My dear friend,—I have received your letter, and I pray that your shadow may never be less. As for Hajji Baba, what for you not read that book before you write me such letter, sir? Sheikh Abdul Russool great fool; he eats dirt, and knows no better; but you, Mashallah! you very clever man, sir, now vizier, how you not read before you write? You say Hajji Baba all lies. To be sure all lies. Thousand and One Nights all lies. All Persian story-books lies; but nobody angry about them. Then why for you angry with me? You say Persian people very good to me. Perhaps, not kill me, not make me Mussulman; that very good; thank you, sir, for that; but that's all. You say you my very good friend, sir. Yes, sir, you my very good friend. You lie and swear for me to shah, that very good; but one thing little bad. You say because Mexico rich, I very rich. That not very clever, sir. If I say, because shah very rich, you very rich, that stupid. I same as was; but you great vizier now, and got very good house, and very good garden. I send you, Inshallah! some seeds and roots by ship to India or Constantinople, and if you go on swearing so much to shah, perhaps send some china and glass. I hope you forgive me, sir; I not understand flatter peoples; you know very well I plain man, sir—speak alway plain, sir; but I always good friend to you. But why you write such bad letter to me? God know I your old friend.

"P.S. I got very good wife now, and very good child, sir. You grand vizier now, and got all silver and gold, and shawls, and turquoise. I like silver and gold and nice things. As you write such bad letter, and so much abuse, and tell me I say lies, I think you send me some silver and gold; and because I got good wife and child now, little shawls and turquoise for me very good."

As reviewers of good taste, we shall now beg leave to pass over all the preparations, &c. in Persia, for the outfit and departure of the embassy to England,* and hasten forward to the contact of the strangers with our own country. The voyage to England affords a pleasant prelude of what the reader may expect when the *orientals* arrive there; but we omit its whim, to land them at Plymouth, where they are taken to an inn, or "caravanserai."—"What (observes the Persian) was our astonishment, when we alighted at the door of a house, at the gate of

* We would except a notice of the presents got together for our gracious king.—"Considering (says Hajji) that I was a party concerned in the embassy now in contemplation, and that much of its credit or discredit would accrue to me, from the nature of the presents by which it would be accompanied, I became very anxious to make a selection of slaves, whose good qualities being both agreeable and useful to the shah of England, might cement the good understanding between our respective states. Many of both sexes were brought to me, who had been taken from the harems and households of the principal men and merchants of Ispahan; but few met with my approbation, because few were accomplished in the arts which I conceived would be prized among the Franks. I at length fixed upon one, a woman of Ethiopia, who had acquired the peculiar habit of living almost without sleep; and when she did sleep, it was with her eyes open; so, if placed at night at the door of the shah of England's chamber, she would keep watch better than the fiercest lion. She was also warranted not to snore; a quality in a watching slave no doubt as much esteemed among the Franks as it is in Persia. I pitched upon a second, who was celebrated for boiling rice well, and for her skill in composing provocatives; so that whoever ate of her handiwork might be said to live twice as long as any other person; and this I thought was the highest compliment that could be paid to a crowned head, who ought, in justice and consistency, to live twice as long as other mortals. To these, as a specimen of the bodily strength of our eastern subjects, I added a *pehlivan*, or prize-fighter, a negro whose teeth were filed into saws, of a temper as ferocious as his aspect, who could throw any man of his weight to the ground, carry a jackass, devour a sheep whole, eat fire, and make a fountain of his inside, so as to act as a spout." Another matchless article, procured with great difficulty, was a person "fitted to fill the high post of guardian over the wives of the shah of England. The head of the law, with despair in his heart, heightened by jealousy, at length submitted to part with his treasure; and *Mûrwari*, or the Pearl, for that was his name, was

which stood several denominations of Franks, without their hats, and two or three women unveiled, all ready to receive us, and who, placing themselves in a sort of procession, preceded the ambassador until they reached a room fitted up with looking-glasses, and surrounded by many contrivances too numerous now to mention. The mehmandar then told us that this was to be our habitation for the present, and added, that whenever we wanted any thing, we had only to pull a string pendant from the wall, when slaves ready to obey our orders would appear, quicker than even the *gins* did to Aladin. All this bewildered our senses. Here we were in a house which no shah of Persia, since the days of Noushirvan, could have seen, not even in a dream—fitted up with more luxuries than decked our largest palaces—with windows glazed with the purest glass—with carpets of such little account, that every one walked over them in their shoes—with walls beautifully painted—with chairs enough to seat all the elders of Tehran; in short, with such inconvenient abundance, that it was long before we could be convinced to look upon it as the abode of the stranger. 'Adieu,' said we, 'adieu, the vaunted hospitality of the East, if this is the way the stranger is received by the European!' But what was still more extraordinary, we had remained in this state of surprise not a few minutes, when in came a fair-faced daughter of England, asking us through the mehmandar, whether we should like to 'see our beds;' at least so we understood her. We knew of no other beds than those which we carried about and spread on the floor, and therefore we all willingly pressed forwards to the sight; and here our wonder was again excited. The shah's throne, on which he sits to administer justice, and to make the two extremities of the world tremble, was not more magnificent than the bed intended for the ambassador. It must have been constructed upon the model of the famous peacock-throne of the moguls. Upon four pillars of curiously wrought wood was raised a canopy of rich stuffs, from which were suspended curtains as ample as those which screen the great hall of Tehran. The seat was overlaid with the softest and most luxuriant mattresses, and pillows to recline upon were raised one above the other in heaps. Here our moonfaced conductress proposed that the ambassador should pass the night; and the invitation, as may be expected, was greedily accepted; an event to which she appeared perfectly accustomed, inasmuch as it was settled without the least indication of a smile or a blush on her part. 'Allah! there is but one Allah!' exclaimed Mirza Firouz; 'I am in a state of amazement. To eat dirt is one thing, but to eat it after this fashion is another. If pollution did not meet us in the face at every turn, I should say that our fortune is on the rise, and that our star is labouring hard in our service. We have not only the repose of paradise made ready for us, but also the houris thereof awaiting our pleasure.' Of a sudden a great sensation appeared to be made in the caravanserai, and the ambassador was informed that the Circassian was arrived. The infidels, still treating her with the same attentions that we had remarked on board ship, were bringing her straight to Mirza Firouz, when they were prevented by the sagacity of Seid and Mahboob. Not one of them could understand that she was only a slave; the mehmandar himself, when he reached England, seemed to take part with his own countrymen in paying her a respect that was not her due. 'Where shall we put the lady?' said he to the ambassador. 'Lady, indeed!' said Mirza Firouz; 'what words are these? You know better than I that she is no lady; that she is only a poor slave; and, therefore, for the love of Ali, do not allow her to be treated as a lady. Give her a corner, and there let her sit.'"

All the way to London was equally full of wonders; but his reception in the capital was still more displeasing to the ambassador, than the conduct of the worthy admiral at the outpost. He expected all the world to have been turned out to meet him, and was enraged at being trotted quite unceremoniously to his appointed residence.

"The ambassador (we are told) got out of the carriage with his temper all crooked, totally ignorant whether in so doing the hour was fortunate or unfortunate. Nobody appeared before him to say, 'you are welcome;' no one with a present in his hand to greet him; not even a pomegranate was offered him; and rushing up a rapid flight of stairs, he threw himself in despair upon a sofa. In vain was he invited to partake of a magnificent repast of sweetmeats, fruits, and ices, which had been prepared, and which the English mirzas and the mehmandar assured him had been provided at the express orders of the government—nothing would console him—he swore his face was black, and black he swore it should remain. The mehmandar then presented him some food in a dish, and asked whether he would not eat. 'Eat!' said the ambassador; 'if all your receptions are like this, and if you think to wipe off the disgrace which my shah has this day received, by giving me to eat, you are much mistaken. Let me see some one to say 'welcome' on the part of your shah, and then, perhaps, I may eat. No salt will be lawful till then.' 'But do you count the British mirzas for nothing?' said the mehmandar. 'Mirzas, indeed!' exclaimed he in a fury; 'did we send a writer of firmans, and a clipper of paper to your ambassadors? What words are these? Don't beat the air with more useless words! My face is black; your face is black; and your government's face will also be blackened (praise be to God!) throughout the world when this fact is known!' Seeing that nothing could be made of him in this humour, we left him to roll on the sofa, whilst Seid rubbed his feet, and Feridoon, the barber, kneaded his back and loins, which produced relief more effectual than either speeches from the mirzas or the mehmandar. I consoled myself for the miseries of the last hour by seeking the company of my countrymen. I found them settled near the entrance of the house, in a large room, supported at one end by two pillars, surrounded with chairs, and encumbered by a large wooden case mounted on four legs. Here they had spread their carpets; arranged their saddles and trunks; hung up their carbines, swords, and pistols; and had made all the arrangements usual in a caravanserai. There was no end to the many strange things which we had to say to each other. They had travelled through the country in a style worthy of kings, for their carriage was provided with every convenience; horses ready harnessed at frequent intervals were awaiting their arrival to carry them on with increased rapidity; and they had not once had recourse to either sword or carbine, such little impediment had they found. 'Tis true they were obliged to proceed whether they would or not; for the inexorable driver would not give them time even to prepare a *kalioun*; but they found so much pleasure in being as it were masters, whilst every body seemed slaving and toiling for their advantage, that, to hear them talk, they would not have cared if the journey had never come to a close. On arriving at the house in London, they were at a loss, amidst the variety of rooms which it contained, where to deposit themselves; but knowing from experience how much more convenient and safer it was to keep together, and to sleep under each other's protection, they settled to remain where I found them, rather than to take separate beds and separate rooms at the top of the house. They were visited every morning by a good old infidel, a doctor, so they thought, who had been very kind to the cook, who felt unwell from the fatigue of the journey. He had generously felt his pulse, and had sent his deputy to give the proper medicines. We were expressing our admiration of Frank doctors, when, at this very moment, the said old man came in, accompanied by the mehmandar. We all rushed to have our pulses felt, and our tongues looked at, which is the Frank mode of ascertaining health, when the mehmandar, to our astonishment, burst into a fit of laughter. 'What news is this?' said he; 'what do you do thus for?' 'He is our doctor, praise be to God!' said the cook; 'he has cured the pain in my heart.' 'Doctor!' exclaimed the Frank; 'he is no doctor—he is my uncle!' 'Well,' said I, 'and suppose he is? he may be a doctor, and your uncle too: there is no harm in that, is there?' 'But he is one of the *omrahs*, a lord, and a man of the sword; he never made up a drug in his life.' 'How should we know that,' said the cook; 'how are we to distinguish between your lords and your doctors?' This puzzled the mehmandar; for truly every body seemed to be on an equality in this strange country. To judge of people by their dress here was impossible. Finery certainly was not the criterion: for if it were, then those who drove the coaches in the streets, and those who stood behind them, must be the nobility of the land,—for they were the finest drest people we saw. We found, when we came to draw inferences from all that met our eye, that our difficulties increased; and therefore, until our senses should have become more expanded, we thought the best plan for the present was to seat ourselves upon the hill of patience, and open the eyes of astonishment upon the prospect of novelty."

The long stairs in the house puzzled the Persians exceedingly.

"Mohamed Beg, the Locman of our party, who was constantly endeavouring to acquire good reasons for what we saw, was of opinion, that England being an island, it was necessary to save ground; for if all her houses, as in Persia, were spread over the surface of her territory, she would form one vast city, and no room would be left for agriculture. But Persia being a country the limits of which were

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delivered over into my custody. For the information of the curious, I must take the liberty of describing a specimen of such rare and precious deformity. In the first place, he had a head of enormous size, placed upon a thin shrivelled neck, that seemed by much too slender a pedestal for its support. The face was composed of a succession of wrinkles, which festooned over his features in folds of loose skin. The eyes, large, watery, and bloodshot, possessed the heavy dulness peculiar to the snake. The nose was merely an indication of that feature; but the mouth was that upon which the value of the deformity principally rested, for it was more a rent than an opening, the lower lip falling prone upon the chin, shewing an inside of flesh seemingly on the brink of mortification. In short, Mûrwari was perfection. His voice was more like a croak than any other sound; and, altogether, when his features were set into motion, and when, at the same time, he exerted his lungs, it is positive that no woman, be she demon or angel, could ever for one moment dare to oppose him."

unknown, it signified little how much of her surface was covered by buildings; there would always be plenty to spare. And this remark, he argued, was confirmed by the well-known circumstance, that every man in Persia thought it incumbent upon him to build a new house for himself, and leave the house of his father to fall into ruin: whereas in England the son came into possession of his father's house, and felt himself bound to keep it in repair: as naturally as in Persia the son becomes the owner of his father's fur coat, and the daughter of her mother's state trowsers, feeling themselves bound to cherish and preserve them."

"We passed," continues the author, "the first night very ill. Each of us had a bed, the curtains of which were so pretty, that we longed to cut them up for *alooloks*,* or to bind them round our waist; but we were unaccustomed to their heavy coverings, and found, after we had been a short time under them, that our coat and trowsers became disagreeably oppressive. We all agreed, that certain white pieces of loose linen, which accompanied each bed, would make excellent shirts; and Taki, the ferash, who had only one, determined immediately to improve his stock. The whole household was on the stir long before the Franks thought of moving; but Mohamed Beg was much puzzled about the true hour for saying his morning prayer, for we heard no muezzins to announce it from the mosques; and besides, the nights were so much longer than any we had been accustomed to, that we had almost settled amongst ourselves that the sun never rose in this ill-conditioned city. We had walked about the house for several hours almost in total darkness, and were in despair waiting for the dawn, when, at length, we heard noises in the street, indicating that the inhabitants were awake. During the whole night, at intervals, we had watched the cries of what were evidently guards of the night, who, like the *keshekchis* on the walls of the *Ark*,† announce that all is right; but those we now heard were quite different. At first, we thought they might be muezzins appointed to cry out the Frangi *azan*, the invitation to the inhabitants to arise and pray; and, indeed, looking at them through the twilight, we were confirmed in our idea, for they were dressed in black, as all the English men of God are; but we were evidently mistaken, because, although they uttered their cry in a variety of loud shrill tones, yet still no one seemed to rise a moment the sooner, or to have the least idea of praying on their account. And still we were uncertain; for when the day had completely broken, Mohamed Beg came running in, in great joy, exclaiming, '*Muezzin! muezzin!*' and pointing to the top of one of the minars, which are seen on all the houses, we there saw one of these street clergymen, crying out his profession of faith with all his might."

So much for the chimney-sweepers.

"As the day advanced, strange noises, such as we never hear in our cities, became audible. Among others, we distinguished a bell, whose sound, similar to that sometimes heard from the churches of the Armenians, at Julfa and Bahareen, made us again suppose that this might be the true mode of calling the Franks to their devotions; but it appeared to be the signal for a general cleaning of houses and house-doors. This operation was the business of women; and we imagined that it must have something to do with their religion, for they performed it as an act of penance, on their knees. And we found too that our own house was undergoing the same ceremony; for, to our astonishment, we discovered that women, provided no doubt by the government for our use, had slept under the same roof with us, and were doing that which is the business of our *ferashes*, or carpet-spreaders."

Their early visitors are whimsically painted; but for the present we pass them by, as well as a royal audience, in order to give in this Number the entertaining account of the calls of the English dames.

"Our house was thronged with the women of London, and with those tongues of theirs, which, as Saadi saith, 'make the heart to talk, and the foot to walk, without the *mehmandari* of the head,' they set on foot a sort of pilgrimage to the shrine of this unfortunate maiden. But in so doing, Allah! Allah! wonderful sights did they exhibit to us poor sons of the faithful. Marvellous eyes! without mercy, without compassion were they! I really saw some beauties among them, before whom our blessed king of kings (upon whom be mercy and peace!) would be happy to creep on his hands and knees. They, however, cared so little about being seen, that it never occurred to them once to attempt to throw a veil over their faces. Poor Franks! thought we, to be restricted only to one for life! If our divine prophet had set up his staff here, instead of the blessed regions of Mecca, he would have given his followers six instead of four. For my part, I died daily; and as for our ambassador, we all saw how it would be! His heart would become roast meat before another moon was over, and he would soon be reduced to the veriest '*Majnoon*' that ever got thin upon cheek nurture and eye food. But day after day they came to see the Circassian, bringing with them all sorts of toys and presents; all out of compassion, said they, to her imprisoned and deplorable state of slavery. Some gave her pictures, others dolls, others books. Dilferib was grateful for their attentions, and deplored their degraded state; but she became indignant when they endeavoured to persuade her, and even to attempt force, to wear their stockings. To her astonishment they protested that nothing could be more indecent than to appear with naked feet. 'How?' exclaimed Dilferib, 'you make such a point of covering your legs, and still, in defiance of all modesty, you expose your faces! Strange ideas of decency you must have indeed! All women's legs are alike. There can be no immodesty in leaving them naked; for nobody, by seeing them, could know one woman from another; but the face, that sacred spot, sacred to modesty, sacred to the gaze of none but a husband; that which ought to be covered with the most scrupulous delicacy; that you leave uncovered, to be stared at, criticised, laughed at, by every impudent varlet that chooses. Allah! Allah!' exclaimed the offended Dilferib, to a young female infidel, who was one day pressing upon her acceptance a pair of long cotton stockings, '*Astafarallah!* Allah forgive me! Are you mad? Has your brain become diseased? Give me free legs, a muffled face, and the favour of the holy prophet, and say no more. Strange ill-luck has ours been that has brought us to a country where the women cover their legs, and uncover their faces!' But with all their good nature towards Dilferib, there was part of their conduct which we could in nowise understand. Although they all freely came to see her, yet not one would help to cheer her solitude by procuring her a companion. 'Who would keep company,' said they, 'with a woman who is not married to the man she lives with? It was as much as their reputations were worth.' There was one person to whom the ambassador offered various advantages, if she would live with and educate his slave, who became quite outrageous at such a proposal. She would walk and talk with men in the open streets, look at men, take them by the arm, be visited by men, and nobody would think the worse of her for such doings; but she became all rage and fury the moment it might be said of her, that she did the like with one of her own sex, who stood in the predicament of the unoffensive Dilferib. Now, what should we say of such a woman in our country! Why, her hair would be cut off, and she would be paraded throughout the city on an ass, with her face to its rump, and its tail in her hand, and then thrust out into the open desert, as one soiled with impurities. Such is the difference of manners in different countries!"

(A continuation in our next.)

* The under vest, usually made of flowered chints.
† The king of Persia's palace is so called.

Ireland; its Evils, and their Remedies. By M. T. Sadler. 8vo. pp. 414. London, 1828. Murray.

This is a valuable work; but there are some circumstances connected with it which are not a little singular. In the first place, it is written by a gentleman who, as far as we understand, is not connected in any way with Ireland, and who at the present moment is Mayor of the great manufacturing town of Leeds: secondly, although a very large book of the kind (consisting of nearly 500 pages), it is stated to be merely a prelude, or an *avant-courier*, to a three-volume work on Population: and, thirdly, to add to all this singularity, the Introduction, (which is extended to the space of fifty-eight pages,) is solely confined to the forthcoming volumes, and has no reference whatever to the present essay.

Having premised so much, we shall proceed to the examination of the book itself.

The first object of Mr. Sadler's work is to disprove two dogmas which are very common amongst a certain class of persons, viz. that the distresses of Ireland are owing to a superfluous population; and that those distresses are multiplied and magnified by the universal use of the potato. The principal arguments which he adduces on this subject are the following: first, that Ireland, instead of not producing sufficient for the sustenance of its inhabitants, produces far more of the necessaries of life than they ever consume, exporting as they do a greater quantity of edible products than probably any other country of equal extent in the whole world; and that Ireland suffered in former times from a contrary extreme—namely, a paucity of people.

"With regard to the former," as he observes, "it is singular enough, that in one and the same breath, Providence is arraigned for bringing too many human beings into existence, and for affording sure means of sustentation to their increasing numbers by a stupendous provision of nature, hitherto almost untouched, rather than exhausted, and probably, in reference to any future population of the earth, inexhaustible. As it respects Ireland, millions upon millions of acres, now totally waste and idle, a little industry, directed and aided by what is called capital, would enrich with this subterraneous harvest, and at the same time clothe with cattle 'a thousand' of her barren 'hills,' so as to sustain and satisfy many millions of human beings more than are now often almost starved (ten times as many,

is the lowest calculation of our ablest agricultural authorities): but this natural expedient, equally dictated by humanity, policy, and necessity, does not chime in with the current notions. It is deemed more desirable to dissipate British capital in expatriating British subjects; in planting dubious friends, if not future enemies, in distant quarters; peopling the northern deserts of America, or the arid regions of Southern Africa, or even the continent and remote islands of the Southern Ocean; and thus, in a vast plurality of cases terminating human misery, instead of relieving it. Such is the policy which is now beginning to be recommended from high places, even as it regards England: the very 'thews and sinews' of the empire are to be transferred to distant climes, in order to increase our internal prosperity and strength! Regarding the latter, they may, indeed, differ a little at present; but, touching Ireland, the greatest unanimity prevails: Ireland must be depopulated to be enriched."

After noticing the circumstance, that the food of the native Irish was principally, if not exclusively, vegetable, long before the potato was known in Europe, he thus replies to those who are eternally dunning us with the remark, that all the miseries of Ireland are attributable to the food of the peasantry:—"It is the misfortune of the Irish, not to be able to afford themselves any thing more palatable than potatoes—this is charged upon them as an evidence of their voluntary barbarism; they cannot obtain labour (for reasons which will be presently pointed out)—this is to brand them with the crime of idleness!"

His next argument is—that food has increased in much greater proportion than the population; in proof of which, he adduces the following facts: first, that in 1725, when Ireland "only numbered seventy-one inhabitants on a square mile, she *imported* grain, in ordinary times, to the amount of twenty or thirty thousand quarters annually; but when her population on the same space became trebled, she not only (of necessity) subsisted that number, and certainly not worse than at the former period, but actually *exported* a surplus of much above a million quarters!"—And secondly, "*that a century ago, the population, then being but a little more than two millions, could not supply itself with grain;* but that now, with its inhabitants trebled, it is not only enabled so to do, but to export at least ten millions of bushels, as well as six times the amount in cattle (perhaps about thrice as many head), as at the former period."

On the subject of absenteeship, the ancient enemy of Ireland, or, as it has been called, "the cut-purse of the empire," our author is equally clear and convincing. He attributes the origin of it to the extent of the forfeitures which took place in early times, and at various periods; and which have been estimated by Lord Clare to amount to more than eleven-twelfths of the whole island. These forfeitures, it is well known, fell principally upon ancient English proprietors, who were successively dispossessed several times over. "Had the property in Ireland, forfeited from time to time, been conferred upon those who were residents in the country, or likely to remain so, such spoliations, though inflicting great individual suffering, would not, perhaps, have materially impoverished it: but when they were bestowed upon those who did not reside in it, upon a mere unregarded engagement that they would do so; or who, residing there, were, in consequence of these accessions of fortune, too often tempted to leave it for an establishment nearer the focus of the empire; or, still more culpable, who were thus enabled to spend their acquired wealth beyond the boundaries of the British dominions,—then and thus was it that the evils of absenteeism commenced, and, by the sure and constant operation of this adequate cause, the impoverishment of Ireland has been begun and continued, and will never end, till, by some means or other, this crying injury shall be abated."

Having traced the origin of absenteeism—the poverty and wretchedness it occasions, as well as the injury it inflicts on society, he next proceeds to notice the expedients which have, at various times, been proposed in behalf of Ireland; and, first, emigration—or, as a correspondent of Mr. Wilmot Horton's has recently called it, "the emigration trade." "I appeal to nature and to God," are the eloquent terms in which he sums up his remarks on this subject,—"whether, in this country, human beings are superfluous. Let the thirty millions of uncultivated acres, out of the seventy-seven which these islands comprise, as well as those boundless unimproved 'wastes of the ocean' by which they are surrounded, to use Lord Bacon's expression, finally answer this question. If you want food, therefore, here it is to be obtained in supplies that defy calculation; if you want labour, here it presents itself to an unlimited extent, and of the most practicable as well as beneficial kind. But our political economists, disgusted with proposals so obvious and natural, turn from them, like Naaman did from the prophet, in contempt; and require some great and imposing remedies to be applied, some mysterious incantations to be pronounced, and cruel rites to be performed, in order to the relief of our country. Above all, it seems, we are now to seek relief in an expedient which has hitherto been regarded as one of the deepest of human punishments; and the most unequivocal proofs of the divine displeasure, the expulsion and final dispersion of part of the tribes of our Israel." "And who, let me again ask," he adds, "is it proposed to send forth?—Helpless infancy? I believe not. Decrepit age and incurable disease?—Certainly not; we are hardly, as yet, prepared to remove the poor from our presence when debilitated by weakness and disease; as it is said was the practice of the Romans, who exposed such in the isle of Æsculapius. No. The emigrants are to be composed of the able-bodied, the young, and the healthful—in a word, the *élite* of the empire; these are to be bribed, starved, and conveyed out of the country. Such are they whom the standard of emigration is unfurled to collect, and a bounty of a sixty-pounds' loan offered; and while it is mustering its recruits, its language is, 'let the dead bury their dead; follow thou me!'"

His next inquiry is as to the expediency of enlarging or incorporating farms—a measure which he decidedly opposes, as being cruel to the present inhabitants, immoral in its effects, the cause of constant outrages and insurrections, and unnecessary as a remedial measure. In proof of the inutility of banishing these poor persons from their homes, and thus leaving them, as in many cases they would be, without the means of procuring shelter,—he states the following facts:—"There are in Ireland 6,801,821 persons: calculating that there are between five and six persons to every family, and supposing that there were neither town nor city in the whole island—that there were no manner of employment or pursuit but agriculture,—there are still ten acres of the most fertile land in the world to each family, one acre of which, we are assured on all hands, would far more than suffice for the sustenance of each, as they are content to live; and, after all, only two-thirds of the island is are yet under culture."

We certainly agree with Mr. Sadler, that to act in this arbitrary way towards those poor people is neither necessary nor justifiable; but, notwithstanding all he has stated to the contrary, we are decidedly of opinion, that every opportunity should be taken by the landed gentry of Ireland to encourage a *better class* of tenantry, and not to hold out to the poorest of the poor the prospect of a settlement, unless at the same time they can give them the wherewithal to support the independence at which they aim.

At page 169 our author commences his propositions in behalf of Ireland; the first of which is—we give his own words:—

"I would have the legislature pass a law, by which the great English owners of Irish estates should be empowered to cut off the entail of their Irish property, in favour of the junior branches of their family, on condition that those on whose behalf it should be done should be residents in the country, otherwise their interest, thus created, to revert back to the heir-at-law. For example, I would enable an Earl Fitzwilliam to will his Irish property, under such limitation, to one or more of his younger sons, any legal obstacle to the contrary notwithstanding."

His next proposition is, "that a reformed system of poor-laws should be instantly established, founded upon the humane principle, but avoiding the errors, of those of England, in being more completely adapted to the altered circumstances of the times;—that there, as here, wealth should be compelled to assist destitute poverty, in proportion to its means; but that, dissimilar to our practice, that assistance should, in all cases, excepting in those of actual incapability from age or disease, be connected with labour."

The introduction of the poor-laws into Ireland is a very important point; and as it is one which has already excited, and is likely to excite, great attention, we shall enter into it a little more fully than we otherwise should feel ourselves justified in doing.

We believe—at least we *hope*—it will be admitted, that the poor of these islands—we mean the aged and infirm, and those who are incapable of exertion—are entitled to some relief, and are not to be allowed to perish in the streets; or, as the poet has it, to be

> "Deserted in their utmost need,
> By those their former labours fed."

We shall, therefore, only refer our readers to Mr. Sadler's book for the various facts which he has deduced from America, from the Netherlands, and from almost every country in Europe, in favour of such a measure; and having so done, we shall merely offer a few observations on the objections which have been started at various times to this charitable provision.

A great deal has been said of late respecting the increase of pauperism, and the enormous expense it occasions; but it would seem, by a table which is given at p. 245 of this volume, and which has every appearance of being founded on correct data, that, compared with the public revenue 150 years ago, the poor-rate nearly amounted to *one-half;* whereas, at the present period it comes to little more than *one-tenth*. And as to the comparative number of paupers: about the Revolution, they amounted to *one-fourth* of the people; at pre-

sent, their relative number is diminished to *one-twelfth*.

The increase of the population of Ireland, as compared with that of England, has been mentioned as an almost insurmountable difficulty in the way of the introduction of poor-laws into Ireland: let us attend to the fact. The population of Ireland appears by the returns to have increased in thirty years 61 per cent; while the increase in the population of England for a like term, supposing it to augment from 1821 to 1831 as it has done from 1811 to 1821, will amount to 55 per cent. In other words, every hundred individuals in England will in the course of those thirty years have multiplied into 155, as in Ireland they have into 161—a difference, on the whole, of about $3\frac{1}{5}$ per cent, to be distributed through the space of thirty years.

Amongst the many grounds which our author adopts for the introduction of the poor-laws into Ireland, is the following: that the want of such a provision, by compelling these poor creatures to resort to this country in droves, or, as Doctor Chalmers terms it, like "hosts of locusts," is a *grievous injury to the working-classes of England;* and in order, at the same time, to correct this evil, and to punish the persons to whom it is in a great measure attributable, he proposes that the property of absentees (properly such) should contribute in at least a two-fold proportion to this national charity.

It appears by a table which is given towards the latter part of the volume, that of the nineteen millions and a half of acres which Ireland contains, there are at this moment 4,900,000 uncultivated and perfectly capable of improvement. This might afford employment to multitudes in that country; and surely we may add, in the words of Mr. Sadler, "It is far less wild a scheme, and infinitely more patriotic a one, to clear the wilds and drain the bogs of our own country, than those of Canada; while the expense would be beyond measure less; the capital meantime would be preserved to the country, however expended; and the public interest in it amply secured by the fruitful domains which would thus, from time to time, be pledged to the country."

There is a curious fact mentioned by Mr. Sadler, with reference to the alleged *overpopulousness* of Ireland, namely, that there is less poverty where the population is great, than where it is less. For instance, Ulster, which is the most populous province in Ireland, is decidedly the most affluent; while Connaught, on the other hand, the worst peopled, is confessedly the most wretched part of the country. And the same may be said with regard to the two other provinces.

That the population is too great, as compared to the employment which the country *at present* affords, there can be no doubt; but sufficient is stated in the publication before us, to prove that the resources of Ireland are quite sufficient to raise her in the scale of nations, and that they only require to be placed in the proper view, to enable the public to benefit by them. And here it is that we think Mr. Sadler's book will render a very essential service, by turning public attention into the proper channel, instead of allowing it to centre on one point exclusively — a point of great importance certainly, but one which can never be discussed without exciting feelings of animosity and ill-will, and from which the most sanguine can expect nothing that is likely to give general satisfaction.

Religious Discourses. By a Layman. 8vo. pp. 79. H. Colburn.

THE history of this production has been frequently stated. The two Discourses were written by Sir Walter Scott for the use of a young friend about to enter upon the ministry; but whose course of life being altered, the kind-hearted author has permitted him to use them in the way of publication, instead of delivering them from the pulpit. This consent is announced in the following words:

"They were never intended for publication, as nobody knows better than yourself; nor do I willingly consent that they should be now given to the press, as it may be thought that I have intermeddled with matters for which I have no commission. I have also to add, that they contain no novelty of opinion, and no attempt at brilliancy of composition. They were meant, I may remind you, to shew that a rational and practical discourse, upon a particular text, was a task more easily performed than you, in your natural anxiety, seemed at the time disposed to believe. I am afraid that those who open this pamphlet with expectations of a higher kind, will be much disappointed. As, however, you seem to be of opinion, that the publication might be attended with much benefit to you, I make no objection to it, and shall be glad to hear that it suits your purpose."

The first Discourse is a comparison between the Jewish and Christian dispensations, from the text of Matthew, v. 17:

"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

As we too are laymen, it might be thought we intermeddled with matters for which we have no commission, were we to enter upon any criticisms here: we shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few examples, and a very few remarks.

Sir Walter Scott shews why the Sadducees, and still more inveterately the Pharisees (the Atheists and the Epicureans of Israel), opposed the doctrines, and persecuted the person, of Jesus Christ.

"They could not endure the friendly zeal of the Divine Physician, when he rent from their wounds the balsams with which they soothed, and the rich tissues under which they concealed them, and exhibited festering and filthy cancers, which could be cured only by the probe, the knife, and the cautery. Hence they were, from the beginning of our Saviour's ministry until its dreadful consummation, (in which they had a particular share,) the constant enemies of the doctrine and of the person of the blessed Jesus. Under his keen and searching eye, the pretensions which they had so long made in order to be esteemed of men, were exposed without disguise; their enlarged garments and extended phylacteries, their lengthened prayers, their formal ceremonial, and tithes of mint and anise, were denounced as of no avail, without the weightier matters of the law — justice, mercy, and faith. Feeling thus their own sanctimonious professions held up to contempt, and their pretensions to public veneration at once exposed and destroyed, the Pharisees became the active and violent opposers of those doctrines to which the Sadducees, with sullen apathy, seem to have refused a hearing. It was the Pharisees who maligned the life of our blessed Lord; who essayed to perplex the wisdom of Omnipotence by vain and captious interrogatories; and who, unable to deny those miracles by which the mission of Christ was authenticated and proved, blasphemously imputed them to the agency of demons."

"When the observance (he thus poetically illustrates his subject) of the minute ceremonial was substituted instead of love to God, and duty to our neighbours, the system resembled some ancient tree, which continues to shew green boughs and a stately form to those who regard it only on the outside, but when carefully examined proves rotten and false at heart, and valueless excepting as a matter of outward show:

'All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray within.'"

In answering the objections of Sceptics, it does not appear to us that the author establishes very triumphantly his proposition respecting the law of Moses being fulfilled, not destroyed, by the advent of our Saviour.

"It was not (he contends) the offer of the Gospel to the Jews, but their ignorant and prejudiced rejection of that inestimable gift, which occasioned the destruction of Jerusalem, and the desolation of Judah; even as the storm and overthrow of a besieged city is not produced by a message offering the inhabitants easy terms of safe submission, but by their own obstinacy in refusing to accept what was mercifully tendered. But another answer remains, comprehending within brief compass the great and awful mystery of Christianity. Christ did not come, as we have already seen, to destroy the law; but, *secondly*, he came to fulfil it. That which is fulfilled can in no sense be said to be destroyed, even though by means of its being fulfilled it should cease to exist. Thus, the crop of the husbandman is destroyed, if it perish through tempest in the field; but if it is gathered into the garner, and put to the proper uses of man, it is not in any sense destroyed, though consumed; but, on the contrary, the purposes of its being reared are legitimately fulfilled. And in this sense the law of Moses being fulfilled in Christ Jesus, remains no longer binding on his faithful followers. He hath gathered in the harvest, and invites them, for his sake and in his name, to partake of the bread of life, which by their own exertions they could never have obtained."

We confess that we do not think this reasoning carries perfect conviction with it: perhaps, a regular churchman could have adduced stronger arguments; but we are no casuists, and merely quote for the sake of illustrating the pamphlet before us, touching which, so much public curiosity is felt. We therefore close this Discourse with one other short extract.

"In no sense, therefore, was the ancient Mosaic law destroyed. It may be compared to the moon, which is not forced from her sphere, or cast headlong from the heavens; but which, having fulfilled her course of brightness, fades away gradually before the more brilliant and perfect light of day."

The second Discourse is upon the first six verses of the first Psalm, and tends to demonstrate the blessedness of the righteous, and the unhappiness of the wicked. It is a sensible moral inculcation; but seldom (any more than the preceding) aspires to eloquence. The following are two extracts which we can most readily detach so as to convey an adequate idea of the whole. After pointing out the dangers of frequenting the society of the ungodly, and listening to the theory of sin; and, secondly, of acquiescing in their practices; Sir Walter says:

"Thirdly. *Nor sitteth he*, whom the psalmist describes, *in the seat of the scornful.* There is a grave and delusive reasoning which causeth to err—there is an example of sin which is more seductive than sophistry—but

there is a third, and to many dispositions a yet more formidable mode of seduction, arising from evil communication. It is the fear of ridicule,—a fear so much engrafted on our nature, that many shrink with apprehension from the laugh of scorners, who could refute their arguments, resist their example, and defy their violence. There has never been an hour or an age in which this formidable weapon has been more actively employed against the Christian faith than our own day. Wit and ridicule have formed the poignant sauce with which infidels have seasoned their abstract reasoning, and voluptuaries the swinish messes of pollution which they have spread unblushingly before the public. It is a weapon suited to the character of the apostate spirit himself, such as we conceive him to be — loving nothing, honouring nothing, feeling neither the enthusiasm of religion nor of praise; but striving to debase all that is excellent, and degrade all that is noble and praiseworthy, by cold irony and contemptuous sneering. We are far from terming a harmless gratification of a gay and lively spirit sinful or even useless. It has been said, and perhaps with truth, that there are tempers which may be won to religion, by indulging them in their natural bent towards gaiety. But supposing it true that a jest *may* sometimes hit him who flies a sermon, too surely there are a hundred cases for one where the sermon cannot remedy the evil which a jest has produced. According to our strangely varied faculties, our sense of ridicule, although silent, remains in ambush, and upon the watch during offices of the deepest solemnity, and actions of the highest sublimity; and if aught happens to call it into action, the sense of the ludicrous becomes more resistless from the previous contrast; and the considerations of decorum, which ought to restrain our mirth, prove like oil seethed upon the flame. There is also an unhappy desire in our corrupt nature, to approve of audacity even in wickedness, as men chiefly applaud those feats of agility which are performed at the risk of the artist's life. And such is the strength and frequency of this unhallowed temptation, that there are perhaps but few, who have not at one time or other fallen into the snare, and laughed at that at which they ought to have trembled. But, O my soul! come not thou into their secret, nor yield thy part of the promised blessing, for the poor gratification of sitting in the seat of the scorner, and sharing in the unprofitable mirth of fools, which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot!"

"If the righteousness of the just is sometimes followed by temporal prosperity, the wickedness of the profane is yet more frequently attended by temporal punishment. The cause of this is obvious: he that does not fear God, will not regard man. He that has disbelieved or defied the divine commandment, has only the fear of temporal punishment left to prevent him from invading the laws of society; and the effect of this last barrier must be strong or weak, in proportion to the strength of passion and the greatness of temptation. And hence that frequent introduction to the history of great crimes, that the perpetrators began their course by disuse of public worship, breaking the Lord's day, and neglect of private devotion; and thus opened the way for themselves to infamy and to execution. How many in a higher class of society languish under diseases, which are the consequence of their own excesses; or suffer indigence and contempt, through their own folly and extravagance! But, as prosperity in this life is neither the genuine nor the certain reward of the righteous, so neither is temporal adversity the constant requital of the ungodly. On the contrary, we have seen the wicked great in power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; yet could we have looked into his bosom at that moment of prosperity, how true we should have found the words of the Psalmist! The sophistry which he borrowed from the counsels of the ungodly, gives no assurance of happiness, and leads him to no solid or stable conclusion; the wit with which the scorner taught him to gloss over his infidel opinions, has lost its brilliancy—*behind* him there is remorse; *before* him there is doubt. While the godly is fast moored on the Rock of Ages, *he* is in a stormy sea, without a chart, without a compass, without a pilot. The perturbed reasoning, the secret fears, of such a one, make his thoughts indeed like the chaff which the wind drives to and fro, being as worthless and profitless as they are changeable and uncertain. A person, distinguished as much for his excesses at one period of his life, as he was afterwards for his repentance, mentioned after his happy change, that one day, when he was in the full career of wit and gaiety, admired by the society of which he appeared the life, while all applauded and most envied him, 'he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying to himself,

'O that I were that dog!'

looking on one which chanced to be in the apartment.* Such were the secret thoughts of one who had *followed the counsel of the ungodly, walked in the way of sinners, and sat in the seat of the scornful.* Regretting the *past*, sick of the *present*, fearing the *future*, having little hope beyond a gloomy wish for annihilation, he was willing to exchange all the privileges and enjoyments of wit, understanding, and intellectual superiority, for the mean faculties and irresponsible existence of a beast that perishes. *He* must have been indeed like chaff tormented by the wind, ere he could have formed a wish at once so dreadful and so degrading!"

We have only room to say — *Amen.*

Narrative of the Peninsular War. By the Marquess of Londonderry.

[Second notice.]

PURSUING the noble author's narrative, we find that in every encounter the superiority of the British cavalry was demonstrated,† and all was sealed by the battle of Corunna, where Sir John Moore fell; and his character is thus drawn by the author:—

"Perhaps the British army has produced some abler men than Sir John Moore; it has certainly produced many who, in point of military talent, were and are quite his equals; but it cannot, and perhaps never could, boast of one more beloved, not by his own personal friends alone, but by every individual that served under him. It would be affectation to deny that Sir John Moore, during his disastrous retreat, issued many orders in the highest degree painful to the feelings of honourable men, who felt that their conduct had not merited them. His warmest admirers have acknowledged this, and his best friends have lamented it; but, in all probability, no one would have lamented it more heartily than himself, had he lived to review, in a moment of calmness, the general conduct of this campaign: because there never lived a man possessed of a better heart, nor, in ordinary cases, of a clearer judgment. * * *

"The truth is, that Sir John Moore, with many of the qualities requisite to constitute a *general*, was deficient in that upon which, more perhaps than any other, success in war must ever depend. He wanted confidence in himself —he was afraid of responsibility,—he underrated the qualities of his own troops, and greatly over-rated those of his adversary. Yet let justice be done. He acted under circumstances at once difficult and trying. He was harassed by being made, in some degree, dependent upon the opinions of others: whilst of support from the authorities in the country, as well military as civil, he was from the first absolutely destitute. Sir John Moore was, moreover, a brave and high-spirited soldier. Of this the most satisfactory proof was furnished, by his refusal to act upon a suggestion made to him by some of the oldest and most experienced generals in his army, and his declining to enter into any convention for the quiet embarkation of his troops. He preferred the honour of his army to its safety; and by preserving the one, he provided for the other also."

Next year, the curtain again drew up on a new scene—a wider and a better field offered itself to the enterprise and skill of Sir Arthur Wellesley. His first great exploit was the passage of the Douro, where, says the writer, "his bravery and excellent arrangements were rewarded by a victory which would alone immortalise any other individual, had another been so fortunate as to obtain it. The even-

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* See Doddridge's Life of Colonel Gardiner.

† "Whilst the columns of infantry were filing off in the direction of Toro and Benevente, the cavalry enjoyed several opportunities of again trying its strength with that of the enemy. In every instance the superiority of British soldiers was well asserted; and in a variety of skirmishes we succeeded in making prisoners of one lieutenant-colonel, one major, with upwards of a hundred privates, and sixty horses. It was in truth a glorious spectacle to see with what perfect confidence of success the smallest patrol of British horse would charge bodies often doubling themselves in number; and it was no less gratifying to find, that a mere numerical superiority in no single instance availed the enemy any thing. * * * The Monastero Melgar Abaxo is distant about three leagues from Sahagun, in which place a corps of seven hundred French cavalry was reported to be lodged. As they were at some distance from the main body of the French army, it was deemed practicable to cut them off, and Lord Paget determined, at all events, to make the attempt. He accordingly put himself at the head of the 10th and 15th hussars, and, in the middle of a cold wintry night, when the ground was covered with snow, set off for that purpose. When they had ridden about two-thirds of the way, Lord Paget divided his force; and desiring General Slade, with the 10th, to pursue the course of the Cea, and to enter the town by that side, he himself, followed by the 15th, wheeled off to approach it by a different route. It was not long before his lordship's party fell in with a picket of the enemy. The picket was instantly charged, and all, except one man, were either cut down or made prisoners. But the escape of one was as injurious, under existing circumstances, as the escape of the whole; for the alarm was given, and, before the 15th could approach the place, the enemy were ready to receive them. It was now broad daylight; and, as our troops drew near, the French were seen formed in what appeared to be an open plain, at no great distance from the town. The 15th were wheeled into line in a moment; and as there was no time to be lost, they followed their leader at a brisk trot, with the intention of charging; but when they were yet fifty yards from the enemy, they found that a wide ditch divided them, and that the French had availed themselves of other inequalities in the ground, of which, when some way off, they had not been aware. A pause was now necessarily made, but one instant served to put the whole again in motion. The regiment, wheeling to its left, soon found out a convenient spot for crossing; and though the enemy manœuvred actively to hinder the formation, they were again in line and advancing to the charge, within five minutes from the commencement of the check. A few changes of ground now took place, as each corps strove to gain the flank of another; but they were only a few. The British cavalry effected its object, and then coming down at full speed upon their opponents, who stood to receive the shock, they overthrew them in an instant. Many were killed upon the spot, many more unhorsed, and one hundred and fifty-seven were made prisoners, including two lieutenant-colonels. On this occasion the English cavalry amounted only to four hundred men, whilst that of the French fell not short of seven hundred."

ing was not far advanced when the sound of firing ceased, and the most perfect order, consistent with a scene of universal rejoicing among the people, prevailed in Oporto. Our head-quarters being established in the house which Soult had occupied, we found every preparation for a comfortable dinner in progress; for the French marshal quitted the place so lately as two in the afternoon, long after his sumptuous meal had been ordered. It will be readily imagined that we were not backward in doing ample justice to it. But ours was not a situation which sanctioned the loss of a single hour in relaxation."

Actions like these led to a most important result. The army looked with confidence to the genius of its commander; and dangers and privations were overcome by the enthusiasm of anticipated triumphs. Activity was another of Wellesley's characteristics: about this period he rapidly traversed the south to ascertain by his own observation the actual state of Cuesta's army; and the account of the visit is so curious, that we are tempted to quote it. The party had missed their way, and the author relates:

"Darkness had, in consequence, set in before we began to approach the camp. This was the more to be regretted, as Cuesta had drawn out his whole force for Sir Arthur Wellesley's inspection. The troops had been under arms during four hours, in momentary expectation of our arrival; whilst the poor old man himself, though still lame from the effects of his bruises at Médelin, sat on horseback at their head during the greater part of that time. Our arrival at the camp was announced by a general discharge of artillery, upon which an immense number of torches were made to blaze up, and we passed the entire Spanish line in review by their light. The effect produced by these arrangements was one of no ordinary character. As the torches were held aloft, at moderate intervals from one another, they threw a red and wavering light over the whole scene, permitting, at the same time, its minuter parts to be here and there cast into shade; whilst the grim and swarthy visages of the soldiers, their bright arms and dark uniforms, appeared peculiarly picturesque as often as the flashes fell upon them. Then there was the frequent roar of cannon, the shouldering of firelocks, mingled with the brief word of command, and rattling of accoutrements and arms, as we passed from battalion to battalion: all these served to interest the sense of hearing to the full as much as the spectacle attracted the sense of sight. Nor was old Cuesta himself an object to be passed by without notice, even at such a moment and under such circumstances as these. The old man preceded us—not so much sitting on his horse as held upon it by two pages—at the imminent hazard of being overthrown whenever a cannon was discharged, or a torch flared out with peculiar brightness; indeed his physical debility was so remarkable, as clearly to mark his total unfitness for the situation which he then held. As to his mental powers, he gave us little opportunity of judging, inasmuch as he scarcely uttered five words during the continuance of our visit; but his corporal infirmities alone were at absolute variance with all a general's duties, and shewed that he was now fit only for the retirement of private life. In this manner we passed about six thousand cavalry, drawn up in rank entire, and not less than twenty battalions of infantry, each consisting of perhaps from seven to eight hundred men. These formed but one portion of the army, the rest being either at the bridge of Arzobispo, or in position along the Tagus; and they were all, with a few exceptions, remarkably fine men. Some, indeed, were extremely young—too young for service—particularly among the recruits which had lately joined; but take them for all in all, it would not be easy to point out a better-made, stouter, or more hardy-looking body of soldiers in the service of any nation in Europe. Of their appointments it is not possible to speak in the same terms of commendation. There were, indeed, some battalions whose arms, accoutrements, and even clothing, might be pronounced respectable; but in general they were very deficient, particularly in shoes. It was easy to perceive, likewise, from the attitude in which they stood, as well as from the manner in which they held their arms, that little or no discipline prevailed among them; and hence that in general they could not be regarded in any other light than as raw levies. Some corps there doubtless were, such as the Irish brigades, a battalion or two of marines from Cadiz, and the remnants of their grenadier battalions, which deserved a higher military character; but speaking of them in the aggregate, they were little better than bold peasantry, armed partially like soldiers, but completely unacquainted with a soldier's duty. This remark applied fully as much to the cavalry as to the infantry. The horses were many of them good, but their riders manifestly knew nothing of movement or discipline; and they were, as well on this account as on the score of a miserable equipment, quite unfit for general service. The artillery, again, was numerous, but totally unlike, both in order and arrangement, to that of other armies; and the generals appeared to have been selected according to one rule alone, namely, that of seniority. They were almost all old men; and, except O'Donaghoe and Largas, evidently incapable of bearing the fatigues or surmounting the difficulties of one hard campaign. It was not so with the colonels and commanders of battalions, who appeared to be young and active, and of whom we had every reason to believe that many were rapidly learning to become skilful officers. The place at which we paid this visit, and witnessed these events, was called Casa del Puertos, where the head-quarters of the Spanish army were established in a wretched hovel. We alighted here after the review had ended; and as soon as we entered, Cuesta, who seemed quite overpowered by fatigue, retired to rest; but he returned again at eleven o'clock to supper, and sat with us till past midnight. He sat, however, as he always did under similar circumstances, in profound silence, neither seeking to take a share in the conversation, nor, apparently at least, paying the slightest attention to it. I was much struck by this singularity of manner, and inquired of those around me whether it were assumed; but they all represented it as being perfectly natural, and gave rather a curious account of the aged chief. Every thing, it appeared, went on throughout the army rather in his name, than by his immediate orders; for he governed his followers wholly by a system of silence and terror, of which all stood wonderfully in awe. Cuesta was a person of no talent whatever; but he was a brave, upright, and honourable man, full of prejudices, and obstinate to a great degree, and abhorring the French with the hatred of personal rancour. On the latter account, and because they knew that he would never willingly betray them, the Spaniards repeated unbounded confidence in Cuesta; and they did so the more readily, as he never failed to hang, or otherwise put to death, every traitor that fell into his hands. Cuesta never gained a victory, yet he was constantly eager to fight; and when the battle began, he was always to be found in the post of greatest danger. That, however, was a matter of very little moment; for he gave no orders except to push on; and as to arrangement, or the mode of executing manœuvres, they were things quite unknown in his army. It was said that Brigadier-general Quiske, Cuesta's military secretary, was a man of talent. Him, however, we did not see; but O'Donaghoe struck me as being clever and sensible, though, like other favourites who act for their principal, an intriguer and a politician. Respecting the rest of the generals, it was impossible to form any opinion, as Cuesta seemed particularly unwilling that they should hold any serious conversation with us. It is true, that he presented them one by one to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the ceremony taking place after breakfast on the 11th; but no words were exchanged on the occasion, and each retired after he had made his bow. This ceremony having been gone through, Sir Arthur Wellesley and Cuesta withdrew, at the request of the former, to an inner apartment, where they held a conference which lasted four hours. What passed on the occasion I know not, as I did not happen to be present; but I heard that O'Donaghoe, who assisted his general, was the chief speaker, and that Cuesta was, as usual, almost wholly silent. When it came to a close, dinner was announced, and we sat down at three o'clock to about forty dishes, the principal ingredients in which were garlic and onions. Our meal did not occupy us long; and on Cuesta retiring, as was his custom, to enjoy his siesta, we mounted our horses, and rode out into the camp. By this means we were enabled to see more of the regiments separately than we had seen during the torch-light review. We saw, however, nothing which served, in any degree, to raise our opinion of the general efficiency of our allies; and we returned to our host at a late hour, more than ever impressed with the persuasion, that if the deliverance of the Peninsula was to be effected at all, it must be done, not by the Spaniards, but by ourselves. At an early hour next morning we took leave of Cuesta, and set out on our return to Placencia. The old Spaniard brightened up as we bid him farewell, and embracing us after the manner of his country, repeated over and over again that he was fully satisfied with the result of the communication with which Sir Arthur had honoured him. How far the feeling of satisfaction was mutual, I take it not upon me to determine; but that the journey had not been performed absolutely in vain, the orders which were issued immediately on our arrival at head-quarters, for the troops to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, sufficiently attested."

To be concluded in our next.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Croppy; a Tale of 1798. By the Authors of the O'Hara Tales, &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

Not to mix too much of the *dulce* with our *utile* of this week, too much of the novelist with the graver proportions of the *Gazette*, we pass over Mr. Banim's new work, and do little more than announce its appearance. The adventures of a gentleman, Henry Talbot, and a lady, Eliza Hartley, are involved in the insurrection of 1798. The Croppy, a rebel, acts a conspicuous part, and comes to a violent end: his mother turns a maniac. We have also Nanny, the knitter, a curious Irish character

a Dice-thrower, something of the kind of the Card-drawer; and several superstitions very cleverly illustrated.

A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris, in 1814. Edited by J. Britton. 8vo. pp. 298. Longman and Co.

THIS is the journal of a Détenu, and records very faithfully what the writer witnessed and heard during one of the most memorable years of this or any other age. We can bear testimony to his accuracy on many points, and are thus led to place implicit reliance on his statements respecting others. The volume is, altogether, gossiping and entertaining; but as its principal contents have already appeared in a contemporary periodical (the *London Magazine*), we do not think it requisite to illustrate it by any selections, though some of the anecdotes are tempting enough.

Mary Harland, or the Journey to London: a Tale of Humble Life. 18mo. pp. 320. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd: London, Whittaker.

A VERY neatly got-up, and a very well-intended book; but one of which we must express our decided disapprobation. The minute story of an innocent country-girl's seduction; her repentance and restoration to happiness, by marrying a worthy young man,—however interlarded by moral and religious reflections,—is far more likely to produce evil by its details and example, than good by its inculcations and homilies. We see too much of the vicious side of the picture, and too little of the consequences: and "preachee, preachee" cannot amend the matter, nor prove that the Magdalen would have fared one jot better had she been quite virtuous and immaculate. In such designs it is desirable that the pattern of the Scriptures should be followed: there we hear of the sufferings, the despair, the repentance, and the faith; but we have no descriptions of the sin to heat the imagination more than all an author's lecturing can cool it.

Conversations on the English Constitution. 12mo. pp. 389. Longman and Co.

THE quantum of instruction to be obtained from works of the class before us can hardly be estimated. When well put together, as the present volume is, they convey all the information necessary for ordinary purposes to the general reader, and in a simple and agreeable manner make him sufficiently master of some subject which it would require the perusal of many tomes, and the application of much hard study, to become acquainted with in the usual way. It is like extracting essences in chemistry, and giving all the virtue of bulky masses in small crystals or liquid drops: Hale, Rushworth, and Blackstone, condensed into a few paragraphs and pages. We cannot too much praise this little work: a knowledge of our noble constitution ought to be impressed on the mind of every Englishman, and Englishwoman too, of liberal education; and yet we fear it is too often neglected, from the notion of its being dry and tedious. These Conversations, the work of a young barrister will impart the intelligence in a very pleasant, way.

The First Flowers; or, Literary Bouquet. Embellished with Eight Engravings. T. Griffiths. London, 1828.

THE title of the work seems to us singularly inappropriate. It is an elegant little volume, blending amusement and instruction; well adapted to be the incitement to juvenile industry, or its reward: but the selection is not altogether judicious. The poetry at the end is complete trash; and the plan of the little geographical sketches, one or two short biographies, and some historical scraps, is rather well imagined at the commencement, than well carried into execution.

The Gentleman's Pocket Magazine, and Album of Literature and Fine Arts. By the Editor of the Lady's Pocket Magazine. J. Robins. London, 1828.

A VERY amusing miscellany; though better in its selected than in its original matter. There is, however, an injustice in selections of this kind,—the want of proper acknowledgment to the sources whence their *matériel* is derived. There are one or two pretty engravings, and a series of very entertaining coloured prints by Cruikshanks, representing beadles, draymen, dustmen, &c., most striking and characteristic likenesses, and perfect in costume and other attributes.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 21st.

IN the classing of news, I suppose the *serious* has a right to precedency: so commence with Mr. Cousin's philosophical lectures. This professor is highly esteemed here, as was manifested by the numerous audience which attended his first discourse, and the lively enthusiasm evinced on his appearing in the *salle*. Mr. Cousin set out by contending that philosophy is not a vain dream, but the natural produce of the seeds of intelligence given to human beings; therefore, that its birth is a necessary, not a casual effect. He then proceeded, with much eloquence, to shew how man, by the application of thought, changes the face of nature; how, by his industry, he varies and subdues matter; how, by his ideas of justice, he transforms the savage into a social state; how, by art, he changes *le spectacle du monde*, and corrects it according to his conception of perfection; and, finally, how, by the worship rendered to the Divinity, he gives life and form to the relations existing between the creature and the Creator.

Another man of deep science, whose name I am not at liberty to cite, is preparing a work on analogy and attraction, which he asserts will throw a new light on the destiny of man, and completely crush the doctrine of materialism, now, unhappily, but too prevalent.

The Princesse Constance de Salm has lately written a poem, entitled *L'Esprit de l'Aveuglement du Siècle*, in which she traces "the march" of the human mind. According to her, it has taken a crab-like pace, if we are to judge by the two following lines:

"Ne touchons nous pas à ce moment suprême,
Ou tout décompose et s'éteint de soi-même."

Though a woman, Madame la Princesse has a just title to wear the laurel, as her verse is harmonious and replete with thought, force, and feeling.

This may be called the Shakspearean age, for that great poet never excited more enthusiasm than at present. M. Emile Deschamp and Alfred de la Vigne have just translated literally into verse his Romeo and Juliet, which is to be represented without any alteration. Macbeth and Othello are also translating by the same authors, who pique themselves on keeping to the originality of the text. They speak here of opening a second Théâtre Français, as a means of deciding the literary quarrel between the *dramatiques* and the *classiques*. To English theatricals, as also to the pens of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Nodier (who have declaimed against the old system), may be ascribed the revolution which is about to take place on the French stage. Macready appeared* in Virginius on the night of the 16th, in which he was worthy of himself, and excited the combined sensations of sensibility and horror in his audience: applauses and encores were frequent, and the words, *C'est un Talma Anglais!* resounded from more than one box. The Duchess de Berri was (*on dit*) enchanted with him in the *rôle* of Macbeth, though she only saw him in the first act. It is reported, that Kean has renounced his English engagements to gratify Parisian curiosity, and to acquiesce in the wishes which the Duke of Orleans has expressed to see him display his talents in this capital. It would appear, that the French have conceived the same *goût* for foreign actors as they generally have for their neighbours' wives; for English literature, English tragedians, and even comedians, are the rage.

Letters of an American, on the *Situation Industrielle de la France*, are highly esteemed, as bearing the seal of truth in their observations. The author expresses his surprise at the contrast between theory and reality. "No country (says he) possesses more profound and learned men, or more brilliant public establishments; yet none profit so little in their application of them." He alludes also to the philosophical schools, as tending to bend the mind to the yoke of mysticism, under an appearance of bringing it to perfection. The philosophers of the age will be but little obliged to this writer for opening the eyes of the blind, and for opposing facts to falsehoods. These Letters, though peculiarly applicable to France, must be interesting to every country, particularly to England, to which, perhaps, many of the truths contained in them may also apply.

I do not know whether you have seen an advertisement in a *Literary Gazette* of Leipzig, by a Friend of Humanity, proposing a reward to any one who will discover a means of diminishing the faculty of thinking until the year 1840, particularly in young married women and young men, to whom the habit of reflection is particularly pernicious; as they see too much! hear too much! write too much!—Soul doctors, body doctors, and political doctors, are excepted. An institution for young students at Madrid bids fair to gain the prize.

Madame de Genlis is reviving with the spring, and is again preparing a soporific for the public, and food for the pens of critics, who generally treat her most unmercifully, making little allowance for her age and former prejudices.

Scandal, which is a plant of all nations, an ever-green which resists cold and heat, is in full vigour here at present. Thanks to Messrs. les Anglais, who are accused of bringing their better halves to the continent, as a last effort to conquer their obstinate fidelity. This experiment has latterly answered the hopes of those who are tired of conjugal felicity, and promises a rich harvest to English lawyers, as more than one of Britain's lords are preparing proofs of their wives' weakness. This success, however, will not, I trust, induce too numerous an emigration. There are also instances where a bold stroke to get rid of a wife fails, as was lately proved by the exclamation of an Hibernian, on hearing the good fortune of his friends—"Heavens! will no one take a fancy to my wife?"

* See also our dramatic head for a notice of the effect produced by this admirable performer on the French audiences. He seems to have been recalled hastily from these triumphs; for he played Virginius at Drury Lane on Monday, and was received with great applause.

I am likewise sorry to say, an Englishman of rank is reported to have committed forgery here: the police are in search of him, and, if caught, the galleys will be his fate.

It is rumoured that M. Damas is to become the governor of the young Duke de Bourdeaux. This choice displeases the nation in general; however, it is not yet decided. M. Damas is of the old school of prejudice, therefore little capable of bringing up a prince who is to live in a world of new opinion. The Duke de Gramont is seriously ill—not expected to recover. M. de Sayes also, who pleaded the cause of Louis XVI. is verging towards the tomb; but as his measure of days is full, less regret will be felt for his loss than for that of the poor Duke de Rivières.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FERNANDO PO.

We have again the satisfaction of laying before our readers the latest intelligence received from this new colony. Having established confidential correspondence wherever public curiosity and interest pointed, at least to a wider extent than ever was before attempted by any literary or political journal, we shall continue to give the information which reaches us, without heeding the rash and unfounded contradictions which may emanate from other quarters.

Clarence Cove, January 5, 1828.

Our establishment here proceeds prosperously; the island is extremely fertile, with abundance of fresh water, and some excellent anchorages. As a settlement, it is likely to become an important, and I hope a fortunate one; although it is not a little ominous, that the spot selected by us is probably that which was chosen by the Spaniards for their ill-fated colony. This we conjecture from the discovery of some coins and a large Spanish bottle, which were found in digging, although not the slightest traces of buildings or entrenchments are to be seen; and no other indication besides the relics I have just mentioned, and which Captain Owen has sent home to the Admiralty, leads to the opinion, except that the timber is of a much smaller growth, and has evidently been cleared at no very distant period.

The Spaniards evacuated Fernando Po about the close of the year 1782. According to an account which I have met with, the original settlement consisted of 3000 men, who were abundantly supplied with brass cannon and military stores; but the natives were so displeased at their proceedings, which are reported to have been strongly marked by treachery and bad faith, that they poisoned the palm wine with which they supplied them, and not more than 200 effected their escape. The cannon were dismounted and buried, according to this account, (so that it is possible we may stumble upon them in our grubbing,) and the natives are said, immediately on the departure of the Spaniards, to have levelled all their works with the ground, and flung the stones of which they were formed into the sea.

On Christmas day Captain Owen took formal possession of our new settlement, which he has named Clarence, apparently much to the satisfaction of the natives, in consideration of three bars of iron having been duly paid and delivered by him for the fee simple thereof. On this occasion a grand procession took place—the officers and crew of the Eden, the Royal Marines, the Royal African Corps, and the Clarence Militia, colours flying—drums beating—fifes playing—bugles sounding, marched from the border parade; when, having been properly marshalled around the flag-staff upon Point William, the colours were hoisted, and the proclamation read. Three cheers to the boatswain's whistle followed, and then royal salutes were fired. The very solemn document which I have termed proclamation was lawfully subscribed by all present; and should it appear in the London Gazette, I have no doubt the names of some of the subscribing parties will excite general merriment. *Buonaparte* and *George Rex* were amongst the number who witnessed the taking peaceable possession of Fernando Po. *Doctor Wollaston* and *Doctor Syntax* were also present; but neither of these learned gentlemen could write their names, and were therefore obliged to attach their marks in the shape of a ×. *Horace Walpole* and *Benjamin West* did the same. Neither did the autographs of *Saint Macauley*, *Humphrey Davy*, *Billy Button*, and *Nicholas Carlisle*, differ materially in character from those of *Pea Soup*, *Soda Water*, *John Dory*, and *One Glass*. *Arthur Wellesley* affixed his mark also with *Tom the First*, *Jem Neverfear*, *Black Chappy*, *Chaw Tobacco*, *Tom Liverpool*, and *Prince Will*.

The purchase-iron paid for our right of settlement at Clarence seems only to have increased the native craving for this metal. In fact, the people of Fernando Po, though generally an honest race, cannot withstand the all-powerful temptation of iron; and we have, therefore, been obliged to commence the instruction of the islanders, quoting Hudibras for our text-book, in

——"what dangers do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

Several most daring thefts took place; and the authority of the officers became unable to restrain our own men from purloining iron for the purposes of barter with the natives. There had hitherto been but little difficulty in reclaiming the stolen article from the natives in cases where they had themselves been guilty of the theft; but when they had received it in barter from any of our people, it was irrecoverable.

Captain Owen, therefore, with a view to enforce discipline, determined on making one or two examples of the guilty, and accordingly selected two of the most notorious thieves (Africans) for punishment. One of these he flogged, and then turned on shore; the other was probably drowned, having jumped overboard from the Eden, where he was placed in irons. Towards the natives no act of violence whatever has taken place, and a mutual confidence seems to be established between us: their respect for Captain Owen is very great; and his word will soon be complete law with them.

As yet we have all been, thank God, exceedingly healthy. We have abundant supplies of turtle, fish, sheep, fowls, and yams; but after March, about which time the rainy season will commence, I shall be able to speak more satisfactorily on the score of the salubrity of the place. We have now been here upwards of five months, and have been necessarily subject to much and severe exposure. During that time out of 170 Europeans, five only have died; and including Africans our loss has been but six out of 500. The prevalent disease appears to be a contagious kind of ulcer, of which thirty cases are at present on our surgeon's list.

NORTHERN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

Towards the end of this month (April), Professor Hanstein will set out on his journey to Siberia. He will be accompanied by Lieutenant Due, of the navy; and at St. Petersburg they will meet Dr. Erman, from Berlin, who will go with them as naturalist and astronomer. They will proceed from St. Petersburg to Moscow, Kasan, and Tobolsk, and northwards along the Obi to Beresow, in order to examine the hitherto imperfectly known northernmost branch of the Ural chain, and to observe the temperature of that tract. They will afterwards go from Tobolsk by way of Tara, Tomsk, Krasnoiarsk, and Nischnei-Udinsk, to Irkoutsk, where they hope to arrive in time to pass the winter. Hence they mean to travel north-east to Jakoutsk, from which the most fatiguing part of the journey will be to Ochotsk, as there are 1014 wersts (676 miles) to go over, in a country entirely uninhabited, in which they must pass perhaps a thousand streams, bivouac in the night, and take provisions for the whole journey. It is calculated that the tour may occupy two years. The grand object of this important expedition is to observe the phenomena of magnetism, and to ascertain, if possible, the situation of the magnetic poles, &c.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

However slight the hopes which were entertained for the safety of Captain Clapperton, we regret to say that no doubt now exists of the fate of this enterprising traveller. His servant arrived on Thursday at Portsmouth, in the Esk sloop of war; and from him we learn that Captain Clapperton died on the 13th April, 1827, at Sockatoo, where he had been detained for five months, in consequence of the Sultan Bello of Sockatoo not permitting him to proceed, on account of the war between him and Bornou. He had waited there in hopes of getting permission to go on to Timbuctoo, and lived in a small circular clay hut belonging to the sultan's brother, the size of which was about fifty yards each way. He was attacked with dysentery; and latterly fell away rapidly, and became much emaciated. Two days before he died, he requested his servant to shave him, as he was too weak to sit up. On its completion, he asked for a looking-glass, and remarked he was doing better, and should certainly get over it. The morning on which he died, he breathed loud and became restless, and shortly after expired in his servant's arms. He was buried by him at a small village (Jungali), five miles to the S.E. of Sockatoo, and followed to his grave by his faithful attendant and five slaves. The corpse was carried by a camel, and the place of interment marked by a small square house of clay, erected by his servant, who then got permission from the sultan to return home. He accordingly journeyed to Badagry, which occupied him seven months, and was taken off the coast by Capt. Laing, of the merchant brig Maria, of London, in January 1828, to whom he expresses himself most grateful for his attentions and the preservation of his being. He states that he nearly lost his life while at Badagry, from the Portuguese setting the minds of the natives against him, and that they attempted to administer poison to him in his drink. He landed at Cape Coast, whence he was brought by the Esk.

Whilst travelling to Badagry he lost four horses and two asses, from their being exposed to the sun, and fording the rivers which were much swollen by the rains.

He also confirms the account that Mungo Park was lost on a reef of rocks which runs from the island of Bussa (or Boussa) in the Niger. Park got on the reef, and was unable to get off. When the natives saw him, they came down and fired on him and his party. Three black slaves and two white camper-

threw themselves in despair in each other's arms into the river, and perished. Captain Clapperton's servant also states that Park's son died at five days' journey in the interior from Accra, in January last.

[We are thus unhappily confirmed in our account of the death of Clapperton, though the details differ from the native statements, which may readily be attributed to their love of the marvellous.—*Ed. L. G.*]

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held at one o'clock on Tuesday, at the Rooms of the Horticultural Society in Regent-street; the Marquess of Lansdowne, President, in the chair. A numerous attendance of members took place, in consequence of the interest excited by the extraordinary progress of the institution during the last year, and the expectation that an arrangement would be made at the meeting, by which the attractions of the Gardens and Museum might be more generally extended to the public than hitherto. Many of the most zealous supporters of the establishment were present, and took an active part in the proceedings of the day. Among them we noticed the Duke of Somerset—the Earls of Darnley and Carnarvon—Viscount Gage—Lords Auckland and Stanley—the Bishop of Bath and Wells—Sir Everard Home—Mr. B. Wall, M.P.—Mr. Croker, M.P.—Mr. C. Barclay, M.P.—the Presidents of the Royal and Geological Societies—Gen. Thornton—Capts. Yorke, R.N. and Sabine, R.A.—Messrs. Marsden, Colebrooke, Tooke, Hoblyn, Warre, Barnard, Pepys, D. Barton, Rev. Messrs. Stanley and Hope, Drs. Waring, Pacifico, Harwood, Barton, the Treasurer and Secretary, &c. &c.

After the usual routine business was concluded, a report from the Council was read by the active and able Secretary, giving a detailed account of the finances of the Society during the preceding year, and of the works completed and in progress at the Gardens in the Regent's Park. Upwards of two hundred living animals, most of them of interest and rare occurrence, were stated to be now on view in the Gardens, exclusive of a considerable number of wild fowl and gallinaceous birds, which were preserved in the lake and islands in the Park, the use of which had been lately granted to the Society by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The number of members on the books was stated to exceed 800; and the Secretary announced, that since the commencement of the meeting, several additional names of candidates had been proposed: among them, those of the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Harrowby. The report concluded, by recommending to the meeting a series of regulations, by which the amusements and advantages of the establishment might be opened to the public at a fixed price of admission, during certain days of the week; and at the same time the privileges of the members be secured as far as may be consistent with the interests of the Society. The report, which seemed to give universal satisfaction, was unanimously confirmed.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of the council and officers for the ensuing year, when the following members were elected: viz.

Marquess of Lansdowne (*President*); Duke of Somerset, *V.P.*; Earl of Darnley, *V.P.*; Earl of Egremont, *V.P.*; Earl of Mountcharles, M.P.; Viscount Gage; Lord Auckland, *V.P.*; Lord Stanley, M.P. *V.P.*; Sir Everard Home, Bart.; Sir R. R. Vyvyan, Bart.; Hon. Geo. Agar Ellis, M.P.; Edward Barnard, Esq.; J. E. Bicheno, Esq.; H. T. Colebrooke, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Goodenough; Thomas Hoblyn, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Raffles; Joseph Sabine, Esq. (*Treasurer*); Simon Taylor, Esq.; N. A. Vigors, Esq. (*Secretary*); C. Baring Wall, Esq. M.P. *V.P.*

It is expected that the Gardens will be opened to the public about the 15th inst.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

THE earth, as seen from the sun, is this day in the zodiacal constellation Scorpio; the arctic regions are gradually gliding into the light; to all places north of the equator the days are increasing, and the nights decreasing; the inhabitants of the parallel of London have the sun above their horizon from half-past four o'clock in the morning till half-past seven in the evening; the regions of the polar circle have the presence of the glorious luminary eighteen hours; and extensive tracts about the North Pole have constant day, with the sun continually visible during several rotations of the earth about its axis.

20th day, 15 hrs. 34 m.—The sun enters Gemini according to the fixed zodiac: his true place in the heavens is in the neck of the Bull, in a direct line with, and equally distant from, Aldebaran and Pleiades.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter, in Capricornus	6	5	22
● New Moon, in Aries . . .	13	9	59
☽ First Quarter, in Leo . . .	21	11	11
○ Full Moon, in Scorpio . .	28	10	17

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mars in Sagittarius	3	18	30
ζ Piscium	10	17	8
Mercury in Aries	12	9	0
δ Tauri	14	7	44
Venus in Gemini	17	9	15
Saturn in Gemini	17	18	30

23d day, 4 hrs. 15 m.—Mercury in his superior conjunction.

12th day, 15 hrs.—Venus in conjunction with ι Geminorum, a double star of the third magnitude: the planet will be rather less than a degree north of the star.

19th day.—Greatest elongation, and 45 deg. distant from the sun: this angular distance is not a constant quantity, but varies according to the positions of the axes of the elliptical orbits of Venus and the earth. When Venus arrives at its greatest elongation from the sun, at the time it is at the extremity of the major axis of its orbit, its distance is at its maximum; and at every other position it must be less, till the minor axis is similarly circumstanced, when its greatest angular distance will be at its minimum. The planet will be a most beautiful object, forming the vertex of an isosceles triangle with Castor and Pollux, and about four degrees distant from Saturn: when examined through a telescope, it will appear as the moon when in quadrature, or as a half moon; the disc subtending an angle of 24 sec.

30th day.—Mars stationary near a small star in the right arm of Sagittarius.

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	6	14	26	54
	8	8	55	30
	15	10	49	48
	22	12	44	12
	31	9	7	16
Second satellite	2	12	9	4
	9	14	43	48
	27	9	11	58

9th day, 14 hrs.—Saturn in conjunction with δ Geminorum.

6th day.—Uranus stationary in Capricornus.

Several of the constellations that are invisible during the winter season, and now pass the meridian shortly after midnight, contain remarkable combinations of stars, and also nebulæ; of the former there are five double stars and one triple star in Sagittarius; six double in Serpens; four double and one triple in Capricornus; near Antinous, the bright star, in Scorpio, is a cluster of small stars, and a fine nebula: this part of the heavens is thronged with nebulæ; one of considerable magnitude near the intersection of the ecliptic and solstitial colure.

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, April 26.—On Thursday, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. Maybery, Scholar of Jesus College; R. W. Hall, Oriel College; H. Moresby, Exeter College; G. Riggs, Taberdar of Queen's College; Hon. J. Mitford, New College; Rev. A. L. Lambert, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. H. Vernon, J. B. Bennett, Magdalen Hall; R. A. Hornby, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 25.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. R. Walpole, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—J. Bishton, F. S. Flood, W. M. Praed, Fellow, H. D. Ward, Trinity College; Rev. J. F. Isaacson, Fellow, Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, St. John's College; Rev. W. C. Twiss, Caius College; E. H. Cosens, Catharine Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Davis, C. Hayes, M. Le Mann, G. Rose, T. Rotton, A. Way, Trinity College; D. B. Baker, R. Chapman, J. Clay, T. Fawcett, C. Fisher, J. Fitzmaurice, J. Hamilton, J. Saunders, F. Tuckett, F. S. Wilmot, W. Wynne, St. John's College; P. Hanham, F. W. Maltby, St. Peter's College; J. Macdonald, Caius College; N. Bennett, R. L. Bridge, J. Coghlan, T. E. Hiscock, C. Langdon, H. Murray, J. M. Williams, Queen's College; J. Cordeaux, Catharine Hall; A. Annand, Jesus College; B. Chapman, J. Robertson, Christ College; J. Foster, Emmanuel College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the meeting on Thursday the 24th, a paper was read, containing an account of Experiments on the Elastic Curve, by B. Bevan, Esq.: communicated by Dr. Roget.

In inquiries on the strength of materials, it is often desirable to know the real nature of the curve assumed by a prismatic rod, when acted upon by the weight of its own parts. This curve has generally been stated to be the parabola; but repeated observation has led the author to doubt the accuracy of the theory from which this conclusion has been deduced; and with a view, therefore, to determine, by direct trial, the real form of the curve, he instituted a series of experiments on prismatic rods, of various substances, and of various depths and lengths, some fixed at one end, and others supported at both ends, in a horizontal position. In every instance he found the actual curve to differ from a parabola, and the deviations in the several points examined were such as indicated a regular and determinate species of curve. No modification of the exponent of the order of the parabola was adequate to express the relation of the co-ordinates with sufficient accuracy in all cases. He found, however, after many trials, that the following formula, which is that of the common hyperbola, gave a very near approximation in all practical cases, namely,

$$Ax^2 + Bx = y^2$$

The accurate determination of the elastic curve is a subject of some importance in practical mechanics; since the rules at present used by mathematicians and engineers for determining the modulus of elasticity of different materials, are founded upon the parabolic theory, and must therefore be liable to error.

[Having a fortnight ago given an epitome of the most prominent paper of the season, our task now is to bring up the general agenda of the Society with an account of the Papers read since the Anniversary Meeting on the 30th Nov.]

DEC. 6, 1827. On the Corrections in the Elements of Delambre's Solar Tables, required by the Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. By G. B. Airy, Esq. M. A. Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. Communicated by Mr. Herschell.

13. On the Measurement of High Temperatures. By James Princep, Esq. Assay Master of the Mint at Benares. Communicated by

Dr. Roget.—On Alimentary Substances. By Sir G. S. Gibbs, M.D. F.R.S.

20. Researches to discover the Faculties of Pulmonary Absorption with respect to Charcoal. By G. Pearson, M.D. F.R.S.—A Catalogue of Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars in the Southern Hemisphere, observed at Paramatta in New South Wales. By James Dunlop, Esq. in a letter addressed to Sir Thomas M. Brisbane, Bart. Communicated by Mr. Herschell.

Jan. 10, 1828. On the Life of Plants and Animals. By Sir G. Gibbs, M.D. F.R.S.—Observations on the Comparative Magnetic Intensity shewn by a Horizontal Needle at the Bottom and on the Tops of Mountains at Port Bowen and Spitsbergen. By Captain Henry Foster, R.N. F.R.S.

17. On Capt. Parry's and Lieut. Foster's Experiments on the Velocity of Sounds. By Dr. G. Moll, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Utrecht. Communicated by Captain Henry Kater, V.P.R.S.—An Account of a series of Experiments, made with a view to the Construction of an Achromatic Telescope with a fluid concave lens, instead of the usual lens of flint glass. In a letter addressed to the President. By P. Barlow, Esq. F.R.S.

24. On the Structure and Use of the Capsulæ Renales. By Sir Everard Home, Bt. V.P.R.S.—Abstract of a Meteorological Journal kept at Benares in the years 1824, 25, and 26; with remarks. By James Prinsep, Esq. Communicated by Dr. Roget.—Description of a Percussion Rifle, igniting by a spring instead of a lock. By Lieut.-Col. Miller, F.R.S.

31.—Feb. 7. An account of Trigonometrical Operations in the years 1821, 22, and 23, for determining the Difference of Longitude between the Royal Observatories of Paris and Greenwich. By Capt. Henry Kater, V.P.R.S.

14. On the Mode in which the Nerves belonging to the Organs of Sense terminate. By Sir E. Home, Bart. V.P.R.S.—Experiments on Heated Iron, in reference to the Magnetic and Electric Fluids. By William Ritchie, Esq. A.M. Rector of the Royal Academy of Tain. Communicated by Captain Sabine.

21—28. Account of the Accident to the packet-ship the New York, from lightning. By Stewart Trail, M.D. of Liverpool. Communicated by Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. F.R.S.

March 6—13. On the Development of Crystallisation in Trap. By Samuel Solly, Esq. F.R.S.

20. On the Phenomena of Volcanoes. By Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. F.R.S.

27. On the Height of the Aurora Borealis above the Surface of the Earth, and particularly of one seen on the 29th of March, 1826. By John Dalton, F.R.S.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The annual meeting of the members of this Institution took place on Thursday last, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

The Duke of Somerset, *President*; Sir Scrope B. Morland, Bart. *Treasurer*; E. R. Daniell, Esq. *Secretary*. *Managers*—C. Barclay, Esq. M.P.; B. B. Cabbell, Esq.; H. T. Colebrooke, Esq.; Sir George Duckett, Bart.; J. L. Goldsmid, Esq.; Joseph Jekyll, jun. Esq.; George Moore, Esq.; R. J. Murchison, Esq.; Whitlock Nicholl, M.D.; W. H. Pepys, Esq.; C. Pilgrim, jun. Esq.; Captain Edward Sabine, Sec. R.S.; Sir Claude Scott, Bart.; William Somerville, M.D.; Edward Sterling, Esq.

The visitor's report was received, which gave a most favourable view of the improving state of the establishment, stating that eighty-eight new members were elected last year; and also announcing that John Fuller, Esq. of Rose Hill, had placed a gold medal at the disposal of the managers of the Royal Institution, to be given every two years, as a reward for chemical discoveries.

Mr. Brande read to the meeting a memoir on the Progress of Chemical Science during the last year.

The thanks of the meeting were then voted to the Duke of Somerset, to Mr. Daniell, and to Mr. Fuller, for the interest they had taken in promoting the prosperity of the Institution; and it was mentioned, that the measure of establishing a distinct Medical and Scientific Library had been promoted by the liberal donation of nearly 200 volumes of valuable medical works by Dr. Whitlock Nicholl.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Yesterday was the day appointed for the private view of the pictures and other works of art at Somerset House; and we are happy to find that the collection of the present year is highly creditable to the Royal Academy.

The central place at the head of the great room is occupied by a whole-length portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the coronation robes, painted in Mr. Philipps' best manner; and on either side are two very successful whole-length pictures of Lord Grantham and the Marchioness of Aylesbury, from the pencil of Sir W. Beechey. The intermediate spaces are filled with half-length portraits; that on the left of the duke (to the right of the spectators), a richly coloured picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and the corresponding place to the right of his royal highness, by a light and interesting portrait by Jackson. Immediately under the Duke of Sussex is a very brilliant and powerful landscape by Turner; and on the same level are two beautiful little pictures by Collins, which we are certain will gain him considerable credit. The lower range is, as usual, devoted to heads, which we are sorry our time and limits will not allow us to notice as they deserve; and we leave them for a future occasion. In the angles, however, are two very interesting and highly coloured works by Jones. In the centre of the room, on the east side (opposite the doors), is a striking whole-length portrait of Lady Londonderry and her son, by Sir T. Lawrence; supported by two excellent half-length portraits of Mrs. Vernon and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, by Mr. Jackson and Sir William Beechey. Beyond these, on either side, are two fine whole-lengths by Sir T. Lawrence and Mr. Philipps; that by Sir Thomas, a very powerful and highly coloured portrait of Lady Gower and her infant son; and the other, a fine deep-toned picture of the Duke of Northumberland in the robes of the Garter. Close to the latter, beneath the portrait of Lady Castlereagh, is a spirited and highly finished picture by Cooper, representing a combat between Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Saladin; and about it, some beautiful little pictures by Ward, Reinagle, Mulready, &c., painted in their most successful manners. Two very fine pictures of Turner are placed on this side of the room; and on the same level, some very excellent heads, among which is an admirable likeness of the late respected keeper, Mr. Thomson, from the pencil of Mr. Shee.

The centre of the bottom of the room is occupied by a striking portrait by Mr. Shee. The effect of this picture is broad and simple; the figure has an easy and gentleman-like action, and the careful finish employed in every part adds materially to the interest of the performance. On one side of this is a very pleasing family subject, by Mr. Philipps; and on the other, a brilliant and highly finished picture by Sir William Beechey, a portrait, we believe, of a young lady of fashion, represented as Flora dispensing her gifts. We regret we have not time to enumerate all the works of merit which still remain to be noticed in this room; but we must not omit a large picture of Mr. Etty, placed conspicuously on the side which we have just been describing; and another, on a smaller scale, by Mr. Hilton, both of which are highly creditable to the talents of the artists; and we should be glad to find pictures in these branches of the art more frequently introduced among the portraits at Somerset House.

Among the many clever small paintings in the great room, we must notice one between the doors, of very considerable merit, by Mr. Reinagle, the interest of which is much enhanced by the portrait of its possessor, who took a most decided and manly part in those disturbances which a few years ago so seriously alarmed all the well-disposed inhabitants of manufacturing districts. The centre of this is occupied by a clever picture by Mr. Pickersgill, and to its right (near the door of the back room), is a very beautiful-toned fancy composition (a half-length of a gleaner), by Sir William Beechey, which attracted a great deal of attention.

In the School of Painting there are a few pictures by most of the academicians, and among them a very forcible and striking portrait (we must call it so,) of a white horse, the size of life, by Mr. Ward, which would do honour to any age or school. We have here also some beautiful pictures by Landseer; some remarkably clever landscapes and works of fancy; and in the centre, opposite the doors of the staircase, a most splendid and powerful production by Danby, from the Revelations.

In the ante-room, also, there are some particularly clever landscapes, and other pieces of interest. A fine portrait of the late chancellor, Lord Eldon, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; an admirable likeness of Sir William Beechey, very successfully painted by his son, Mr. George Beechey, whom we are glad to find treading in the steps of his father. Another portrait by this young artist, of his brother, Captain Beechey, hangs in the room where the miniatures are placed—rather far, we are sorry to say, from the eye. The public will be highly gratified with the collection of miniatures, enamels, and drawings, which this year's Exhibition presents—it is numerous and beautiful. But we have no time to enumerate particulars, nor, indeed, to say more on the subject, till next Saturday.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

No. 89. *Glacier of Brenva—in the distance, Mont Blanc.* W. Nesfield.—The home-keeping individual, whose excursions seldom extend beyond a few miles from the metropolis, and even those who are enabled to visit our own lakes and mountains, ought to feel much indebted to the artist who brings under their notice scenes of such surpassing grandeur as the Glacier of Brenva. In contemplating the performance as a work of art, we greatly admire the skill of Mr. Nesfield in giving only a partial view of this stupendous work of nature. Thus judiciously limited, while the eye looks on, the imagination looks out, and apprehends a world of wonders—above, beneath, and around.

No. 94. *A Study from Nature, of an Old Man who sailed with Captain Cook on his First Voyage.* W. Hunt.—The style of art

applied to this wreck of humanity (if we may be allowed the expression) is very appropriate. The rugged and weather-beaten tar is also well placed among the crumbling fragments of a decayed interior. It is a work on which the sentimentalist might display his pathos, the philosopher employ his reflection, and the preacher exhaust his eloquence. Nor will the amateur be less struck with the picturesque and Rembrandt-like effect of the whole performance.

No. 267. *The Two Dromios.* H. Richter.—This is a very whimsical, as well as a very original, way of representing these twin characters; but the drawing is, we think, executed with more finish and care than naturally belong to the burlesque in art. We do not say that these qualities are altogether thrown away, even on subjects of this class; but they are undoubtedly more applicable to the fine lady than to the clown. The high finishing of No. 261, *The Letter*, also by Mr. Richter, is characteristic of the beauty and delicacy of the subject. After all, it may be justly said, that it is the artist's style—his humour; and that he has as good a right to his own opinion on such points as we have to ours.

No. 329. *A Paper Lantern.* W. Hunt.—Does the artist mean by this title that a very charming female is inferior in importance to a paper lantern? If he does, we do not. While we admire the truth of representation throughout, it is quite as much for the animate as for the inanimate portion of it. This, like No. 94, (above mentioned,) is a study from nature, and is executed in the same free and loose style, which is here also properly applied: but we must observe, that in some of Mr. Hunt's other works his freedom and looseness of pencil are carried too far, degenerate into slovenliness, and materially injure their effect. We think also that several of his out-of-door subjects want more of daylight.

No. 226. *Richmond, Yorkshire.* H. Gastineau.—We entertain a strong notion that the members of the Water-Colour Society have indirectly put more money into the pockets of innkeepers and persons connected with road service, than any other individuals in the country, Sir Walter Scott, perhaps, excepted. For instance, who that contemplates so beautiful a landscape as this of Mr. Gastineau's, but must ardently wish to visit the scene itself? It is true that artists are great deceivers; that they make no scruple of planting a tree, or displacing a rock, at their own pleasure; and that they assume a despotic sway over the sky and the elements. Still, however, there is a charm in nature which art can never perfectly convey; and which will always reward the toil of the picturesque tourist.

No. 205. *Cheapside.* F. Nash. — Never, surely, did Cheapside look half so fine as it appears in this view of it. We have here the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's coach, and the most populous street in London;—a combination of busy life and glittering show, displayed in characters of art, and with an effect, admirably suited to the subject.

No. 67. *Interior of Durham Abbey, with a Monkish Procession at a high Festival.* F. Nash.—If, on the one hand, the style of cathedral architecture is in its outward appearance calculated to inspire ideas of grandeur and magnificence, its interior structure is no less imposing, and is equally calculated to banish from the mind "all trivial, fond records." Nevertheless, we frequently find human pride and vanity displaying their golden trappings and gorgeous array amidst the deep gloom of massive columns—of "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults." Mr. Nash has availed himself very advantageously of this power for contrast, and has increased the splendour of the scene by the introduction of a sun-light, which aids and harmonises the whole.

No. 321. *Fruit and Flowers.* Miss Byrne.—There is no less skill required in the disposition of fruit, flowers, and other subjects of still life, than in that of the materials of an historical composition; nor is an attention to the harmonious arrangement of hues less necessary in the one case than in the other. To this must be added, that the former demand a superior purity of tone, and lightness and delicacy of touch. In all these particulars the lady to whose performance we are now adverting, has acquitted herself with complete success.—Equally deserving of praise for their truth and beauty are various other productions of a similar kind, from the female pencil, which adorn the walls of the room. We are persuaded, that whoever looks at the following works will acknowledge that we do not go out of our way for the purpose of paying a compliment to the talents of our fair countrywomen, when we characterise them as among the greatest attractions of this splendid and diversified Exhibition:—No. 9. *The Robin's Nest.* Mrs. T. H. Fielding.—No. 156. *Fruit and Flowers.* Miss Scott.—No. 211. *Partridges.* Miss Barret.—No. 266. *Teal.* Mrs. T. H. Fielding.

No. 7. *Barnes, on the River Thames.* J. Varley.—This cheerful and well-known scene is represented with great liveliness and fidelity; and shews Mr. Varley's talents to as great advantage as we have sometimes seen them exhibited in the awful and sublime.

No. 53. *Hawking.* J. F. Lewis.—Mr. Lewis has given great interest to his subject by communicating to it a sentiment similar to that of the *Fallen Deer*, by Mr. Landseer, which we noticed among the pictures in the British Gallery. His beautiful and masterly execution is no less deserving of praise. No. 161. *Dead Plover*, by the same artist, is equally excellent.

No. 253. *Neptune's Grotto, Tivoli.* W. Havell.—In form and character, as well as in its style of execution, this able performance fully answers to the description given of it in the quotation from Byron. It is, indeed, "horribly beautiful;" and fills the mind with ideas of poetic gloom and grandeur.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Health and long Life to the King! Engraved by W. Say, from a picture by M. W. Sharpe. Sams.

THAT "Health and long Life to the King!" is the ardent wish of the loyal and illustrious subject of this print, no one can doubt. At the same time, we cannot admire Mr. Sharpe's taste in representing such a man as the Duke of Wellington in such an attitude, and under such circumstances. The engraver has displayed great talent in his share of the work; and in convivial places, loyalty and wine may here find their type and illustration; so that we dare say it will adorn many a pictured wall.

Rebels Shooting a Prisoner. Engraved by J. Romney, from a picture by T. Webster. J. Bulcock.

"DEAD for a ducat!" A beautiful little print; full of innocent humour; admirably conceived, and admirably executed; and doing equal credit to the talents of Mr. Webster, and those of Mr. Romney.

Interior of a Nunnery, with the Ceremony of a Nun taking the Veil. Engraved by A. F. Huffam, from a picture by Granet. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

TOO precisely the same effect as the companion print from the picture in his Majesty's collection. Wonderful as the deception of light in that picture is, and well as it has been represented on copper, it is, after all, little more than a mechanical excellence, and will not bear exact repetition.

The Interior of an English Cottage. Engraved by C. Turner, from a picture by W. Martin, Esq.

WE are unable to speak in terms of commendation of this print. The subject is not very skilfully treated; and the effect is much too violently black and white.

England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. No. IV. Jennings.

THE plates in the present Number of this elegant and patriotic work are—"the Straits of Dover," engraved by W. Miller; "Valley Crucis Abbey," engraved by J. C. Varrall; "Prudhoe," engraved by E. Goodall; and "Buckfastleigh Abbey," engraved by R. Waller. They are all beautiful. Although the clouds are somewhat solid in their texture, the free and sparkling play of the near waves, and the tender tones of the middle distance, in "the Straits of Dover," are very fascinating. Nor has either Mr. Turner or Mr. Goodall ever produced a more striking effect than in "Prudhoe," (proud eminence,) in which the splendour of the sun, and of its reflection in the water, is so admirably supported by the dark mass brought into its immediate neighbourhood.

Views of the Scenery of Clifton, and the Hot Wells. Drawn on stone by W. Westall, A.R.A. and W. Gauci, from Sketches by the Rev. James Bulwer. No. I. Engelmann.

NOT above mediocrity.

EXHIBITION: HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

WE recently alluded to the Exhibition of the Portraits which have appeared in Mr. Lodge's excellent work,* projected by Messrs. Harding, Lepard, and Co., its publishers; and we have now the satisfaction to state, that it is open for public view, at the residence of these gentlemen, in Pall Mall East. As we anticipated it would be, it is a collection of very peculiar and striking interest. The spectator passes through the rooms, as if he were becoming acquainted with the great and distinguished of generation after generation—as if, like the Salathiel of Mr. Croly's admirable work, his life embraced centuries, and the families of mankind were in turn his familiar associates, shewing their various forms and faces, playing their parts upon the world's wide stage, and, finally, dropping into oblivion as other races usurped their room. Here he sees the Plantagenets and the Tudors, the heroes and the statesmen, the poets and the philosophers, of Great Britain, in their habits as they lived; here the best productions of the ancient painter are finely preserved by the

* Of this work, connected with the present Exhibition, we may here notice that No. XXXI. has just issued from the press. It contains George Digby, Earl of Bristol; Edward Somerset, Marquess of Worcester; Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury; Margaret of Lancaster, mother of Henry VII.; and Walter, first Lord Aston: from Vandyke, and other rare originals, in the possession of several illustrious families; and capitally engraved by T. A. Dean, E. Scriven, J. Cochran, Thomas Wright, and H. Robinson. Like its precursors, the literary portion is exactly what it should be—accurate, without being too minute, and sufficiently marked by research, without discussing points of little real interest.

skill of our most eminent modern draughtsmen: (most of the drawings are exquisite, all are beautiful):—and either as food for grave reflections, or for the exercise of the imagination, the Exhibition is one altogether of so original and impressive an order, that we are sure it must excite a strong sensation in the public.* But we have far higher authority than our own to adduce on this subject; and it affords us great pleasure to copy a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Harding, which we find printed in the Catalogue:—

"Sir, I am obliged by your letter, requesting that I would express to you my sentiments respecting Mr. Lodge's splendid work, consisting of the Portraits of the most celebrated Persons of English History, accompanied with memoirs of their lives. I was at first disposed to decline offering any opinion on the subject; not because I had the slightest doubt in my own mind concerning the high value of the work, but because in expressing sentiments I might be exposed to censure, as if attaching to my own judgment more importance than it could deserve. Mr. Lodge's work is, however, one of such vast consequence, that a person attached, as I have been for many years, to the study of history and antiquities, may, I think, in a case of this rare and peculiar kind, be justly blamed for refusing his opinion, if required, concerning a publication of such value and importance. Mr. Lodge's talents, as an historian and antiquary, are well known to the public, by his admirable collection of ancient letters and documents, entitled Illustrations of British History, a book which I have very frequently consulted, and have almost always succeeded in finding not only the information required, but collected a great deal more as I went in search of it. The present work presents the same talents and industry; the same patient powers of collecting information from the most obscure and hidden sources; and the same talent for selecting the facts which are the rarest and most interesting, and presenting them to the general reader in a luminous and concise manner. It is impossible for me to conceive a work which ought to be more interesting to the present age than that which exhibits before our eyes our 'fathers as they lived,' accompanied with such memorials of their lives and characters as enable us to compare their persons and countenances with their sentiments and actions. I pretend to offer no opinion upon the value of the work in respect to art,—my opinion on that subject is literally worth nothing, in addition to that of the numerous judges of paramount authority, which have already admitted its high merits. But I may presume to say, that this valuable and extended series of the portraits of the illustrious dead affords to every private gentleman, at a moderate expense, the interest attached to a large gallery of British portraits, on a plan more extensive than any collection which exists; and at the same time the essence of a curious library of historical, bibliographical, and antiquarian works. It is a work which, in regard to England, might deserve the noble motto rendered with such dignity by Dryden:—

"From hence the line of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome."

I will enlarge no more on the topic, because I am certain that it requires not the voice of an obscure individual to point out to the British public the merits of a collection which at once satisfies the imagination and the understanding, shewing us by the pencil how the most distinguished of our ancestors looked, moved, and dressed; and informs us by the pen how they thought, acted, lived, and died. I should in any other case have declined expressing an opinion in this public, and almost intrusive, manner; but I feel that, when called upon to bear evidence in such a cause, it would be unmanly to decline appearing in court, although expressing an opinion to which, however just, my name can add but little weight. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"*Abbotsford, 25th March, 1832.*"

We have only to add, that there are *one hundred and eighty portraits!!!*

* We ought to observe, that it is opened gratuitously by its liberal proprietors; to whom visitors have only to apply for tickets.

THE CLARENCE MEDAL.

WE have received so many letters on this subject, signed by "Old Officers," "Post Captains," "H. P. Lieutenants," "Nauticus," "Navalis," "Wooden Leg," &c. that we really must state the affair as it has been stated to us. It appears, that soon after the appointment of the Duke of Clarence to be Lord High Admiral, Mr. Henning, a modeller, published proposals for executing a medal in commemoration of His Royal Highness's appointment: silver medals to be five guineas, copper medals one guinea. "And the greatest humbug of the affair," as our angry correspondent Wooden Leg writes, "was, that the copper of which it was professed the medals would be manufactured, was to be that stripped from the bottoms of old ships."—However, a book was opened for subscriptions, and placed in the waiting-room of the Admiralty.

We cannot for a moment suppose that this was in any way sanctioned by the Duke of Clarence; but the consequence had been, that few naval officers who, to use the phrase, which we do not quite understand, of another of our correspondents, "got moored at Table Bay" could, with what they considered a sense of propriety and respect to the Lord High Admiral, refuse enrolling their names on the list of subscribers.

The complaints on this subject are truly distressing, and we are sure only require to be made known, to have the object of them removed. A half-pay lieutenant, who gives his name, writes, "I have a young family, and it is really to me a matter of serious consideration, with nothing besides my commission for their support, to be called on, which I consider I am, to pay a guinea for four-pennyworth of old-ship copper."—Now, for our parts, we can see no objection to Mr. Henning's publishing a medal of the Duke of Clarence; it is a tribute which his Royal Highness well merits: but, from the representations made to us, we consider the mode of doing so, which makes it appear imperative on officers, many of whom can ill afford purchasing matters of *vertu*, to become subscribers, calls for reprehension; and we hope, in common with our correspondents, that what we have said on their behalf, will cause the immediate removal of Mr. Henning's subscription-book from the waiting-room of the Admiralty.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

IN our last we briefly adverted to the anniversary of this humane Institution, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the preceding day. Lord Grantham was in the chair, and proved himself not only an excellent president in the social sense, but a hearty and successful friend to the fund. His addresses to the company were brief, energetic, and warm; and, if we may judge by the result, as effective as they were judicious, for the subscription amounted to no less than 826*l.*;—a much larger sum than ever was collected on any previous occasion. It is out of our course to report the toasts, songs, and speeches, which enlivened the meeting; suffice it to say, that each were in their way well-arranged, agreeable, and appropriate. The debate in the House of Lords prevented Lord Farnborough, Lord Goderich, Lord Durham, and other promised peers, from attending; but there were, notwithstanding, many distinguished individuals round the chair, among whom we observed Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Charles Townshend, Sir John Swinburne, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Messrs. Phillips, Turner, Westmacott, Chantrey, Wyatville, Mulready, and other Royal Academicians, Mr. Lister Parker, Mr. Nash, Mr. Fitzhugh, Mr. Neale, Mr. Croly, &c. &c. The statement, by Mr. A. Robertson, the Honorary Secretary, of the funds, and of the progress made by the Institution in realising a large capital, without cramping its benevolent operations for the relief of distressed artists, their widows, and orphans, was extremely gratifying. Lord Goderich is pledged to succeed his brother as chairman at the next anniversary; and a number of efficient stewards volunteered to afford his lordship their best assistance. Altogether, we have rarely seen an entertainment of the kind better conducted in every respect.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOUIS EUSTACHE UDE TO MDLLE. SONTAG.

SINCE you, Mademoiselle, were not at home
When last I called on you,
I now present my card and compliments, with, How d'ye do?

You've given the town a pretty shock—
The world is in your suite—
I hear of none but you at Crockford's in St. James's Street.

The hearers, as your music floats,
To me their wishes tell;
And as they catch your melting notes,
I hear them say, "Qu'en elle!"*

Yet when myself my hand would try,
And musical would be,
I hardly think your "do, re, mi"
Equal to *my do-ry*.

Some sympathy between us see—
We both have made *entrées*;
And if your voice *can* reach pure E,†
I'll match you at *purées*.‡

Though you have got the gift of tune,
Yet something still is mine;
Think not my *soup au clair de lune*
Is nothing but moonshine!

No jealousy my bosom warps
Of what to you is due;
For though I make a farce of carps,‖
I'll never carp at you.

* We don't wonder at any body wishing for one of M. Ude's quenelles, whether of chickens or of whitings. But the time for expressing such a desire, when listening to Sontag, seems *mal a-propos*. We suspect a false reading for "Qu'un Hell!" uttered by some countryman of the author's in the crush of the pit, whose English and whose bones are alike broken.

† Certain gnostics, whose ears are the most remarkable features of their heads, pretend to lay down the exact lines of demarcation, beyond which Sontag's voice cannot extend.—E above the lines, according to these judges, is its highest compass.

‡ See the French Cook, *passim*, for these amiable preparations of vegetables.

‖ See the same work, p. 119, ninth edition.

But tell, from me, the managers
To sell to all their wares;
If they shut out the public ears,
The public will pull theirs.

Don't pit the pit, and make men stay
A month ere they can hear ye:
If they should smash the O-p-era,
'Twould be an O. P. era.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

In the fourth and fifth of these annual performances, on the 14th and 28th of last month, the leading pieces were, as usually, the symphonies of the great triumvirate — Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; and they were also executed, as works known by heart easily are, with energy and precision. Spohr's symphony in E flat, his best, is seldom offered to an English audience, though an excellent composition. Most of what Spohr has written is elaborate, but sombre, and more original in harmony than in melody. Mr. Henry Griesbach's MS. overture on Monday last employed the instruments to some good account; yet it is undeniably but a very common production, utterly destitute of original ideas. The praise which the directors deserved for Beethoven's pastorale, and Mozart's symphony in E flat, and for the introduction of Madame Caradori and Zuchelli, is more than balanced by the censure which they so richly earned on Monday last for admitting the concertante - acol - harmonica and two guitars, by the three Schultz, father and sons. The acol-harmonica has not inappropriately been compared to a hurdy-gurdy without the hum; and a much more common musical understanding than that of the gifted directors would have foreseen how wretched the effect of three such childish instruments must be in a room of such dimensions. Messrs. Schultz are, nevertheless, good musicians; and we are sorry to relate that they met with the sad fate of being hissed off before they could finish their piece. "Shame, shame on the directors!" was heard in every part of the room. We would also ask the said directors, how they could allow De Beriot to perform so paltry a thing as an old air with variations, particularly when he has been playing it to the same audience before? It would be the highest injustice not to mention that Mr. Moscheles played his beautiful concerto in E, in the fourth concert, in a style and with an execution to which no other term but that of "perfection" seems adequate.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday Madame Caradori's benefit drew a bumper to overflowing. The theatre looked splendid; and *Don Giovanni* was performed with great *éclat*. Caradori, Sontag, Zuchelli, Porto, and Pellegrini, sustained the leading characters; and the beautiful music of Mozart charmed all ears. We have no time, however, for comment. To-night Pasta plays Desdemona, for, we believe, the last time, which must ensure another crowded audience.

The principal occurrences since our last have been the revival of the opera of *Aladdin*, at Drury Lane, and the production of a new farce called the *Little Offsprings*, at Covent Garden. As the music and scenery were the only tolerable points in the opera of Aladdin, its revival *without* the music (as the entire omission of many of the best pieces, and the mutilation of the remainder, may warrant us in saying), was an exceedingly questionable policy.—With respect to the new farce, as the voice of the public has condemned it, we have nothing to say upon the subject, except that its author (Peake) has reputation enough to afford a failure, and will, we have no doubt, take a most pleasant revenge upon the surly critics, by quickly producing something else that will kill at least half of them with laughter. Mr. Wood played *Macheath* on Tuesday evening at Covent Garden, and made another grand step towards that eminence which we hope and believe he will attain. He was rapturously encored in "My heart was so free," and "How happy could I be with either!" but what delighted us the most, was his singing in the duo of "A miser thus a shilling sees." Miss Stephens, who returned to her engagement on the same evening, was in exquisite voice, and received the honour of a double encore in the little duo of "O Polly! you might have toyed and kissed." Miss Kelly and dear Mrs. Davenport! Blanchard, Bartley, and Meadows (whose *Filch* is quite perfect), left nothing to be wished for in this sterling old opera, except that the persons who have so barbarously cut and patched it had cut their own fingers in the work, beyond the help of sticking-plaster.

An apology was made for Madame Vestris, who was stated to be seriously ill at Bath; but who has since miraculously recovered, and returned *Invincibly*.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE IN PARIS.

The success at Paris of Macready, in the character of Virginius, was complete. The French critics speak of his performance in terms of rapturous applause. One of them observes,—"He was simple, grand, impassioned, terrible. We must recall the memory of Talma, to communicate an adequate impression of such truth, such powerful resources, such a union of human accents, and ideal suffering."

VARIETIES.

Balloons.—M. Braun, the professor of the German language in the Polytechnic school at Paris, has addressed a letter to the French government, accompanied with a plan of an aerostatic machine, capable of receiving any wished-for direction. The letter and plan have been referred to the Académie des Sciences; and the Academy has appointed a commission to inquire into the merit of the invention.

Fine Arts.—Government, with a most praiseworthy liberality, has handsomely granted to Mr. J. B. Lane the use of a large room in the King's Mews, Charing Cross, for the exhibition of his grand picture of the Visions of Joseph, painted at Rome, and of which several notices have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*. We have not yet seen this work, but all the accounts we have received of it, from competent judges, speak loudly of its merits: we therefore hail this official compliment, not only as a distinction to a deserving artist, who has caused our school to be admired abroad, but as a gratifying proof of regard for the arts themselves.

Windsor Castle.—This noble restoration, worthy of a British monarch's taste, is now so nearly completed as to be eligible for the occasional abode of our illustrious sovereign. It is said that his Majesty intends to entertain the members of the Jockey Club there during the Ascott races. In the meantime, the furnishing goes on briskly, and Dr. Meyrick was called in a few days since to arrange the armour. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Wyatville for the judgment he has displayed on this royal edifice; and we are sure the country would never grudge any expenditure so skilfully and properly applied, to uphold the dignity, and minister to the comforts, of a beloved King.

Lead-Mines.—The working of the lead-mines on the Fever River, in the Missouri territory, belonging to the United States, is at present proceeding with great activity and success. The proprietors, in the true spirit of monopoly, have applied to Congress to increase the duty on the importation of foreign lead.

The Lungs.—Experiments which have been recently made to shew the connexion and mutual influence of respiration and circulation, prove that the blood which is impelled by the right ventricle of the heart, and carried to the lungs by the pulmonary artery, cannot cross the lungs for the purpose of returning by the pulmonary veins, except when the air-cells are exhausted by expiration. During inspiration, when the cells are distended, the passage of the blood is momentarily interrupted. This prolongs the contact of the air with the blood, and renders the absorption of oxygen by the latter more complete.

Panorama.—Mr. Burford has just opened a Panorama of Genoa, in Leicester Square. That city of palaces is a fit and noble subject for panoramic art: and the talents of Mr. B. are too well known, to render it necessary for us to say that it has received every justice at his hands.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Marshall, the publisher of the Pledge of Friendship, has announced that he will discontinue that work; and in lieu of it has projected a new Annual, which will be edited by Mr. T. Hood. The illustrations are under the care of Mr. Cooper, and are chiefly selected from paintings in the galleries of his brother academicians.

Some of the newspapers have inserted a contradiction of the report that a volume addressed by Captain Rock to the King had been suppressed; or at least asserted that Mr. Moore was not the writer of that work. We have, indeed, ourselves seen a letter of Mr. Moore's to a mutual friend, in which he disclaims the authorship; but we have also seen the performance, and can vouch for the fact of its having been stopped in consequence of legal advice.

A Fourth Edition of R. Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity has been called for: the Author has, we hear, a production of another kind in hand, viz. a Poem, entitled the *Stage Coach*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras, Part I. 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Browne's (Miss) Ada, and other Poems, crown 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Taylor's (Miss) Glenalpin, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Stevens's Prayers, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Marriott's Signs of the Times, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Village Incidents, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Croppy, a Tale of 1798, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Religious Discourses, by a Layman, 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Leslie's View of the Heavenly World, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—The English in France, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Martin's Geological Memoir on a Part of Sussex, 4to. 1*l.* bds.—Jerram on the Atonement, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Guiot's French Lectures, 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—Farewell to Time, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Longmore's Matilda, or the Crusaders, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Much Ado about Nothing, oblong folio, 5*s.*; coloured, 9*s.* sewed.—Tour of the River Thames, 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Algebraic Exercises, by the Author of a Popular Introduction to Algebra.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to learn that Colonel Wildman, the present proprietor of Newstead, has felt hurt by some of the description of a visit to that place which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*. We are sure we need not profess our abhorrence of any statement which could be thought to violate the privacies of even the meanest individual in the kingdom; and far less could we reconcile ourselves to the idea of thus offending in the case of a gentleman so much respected as Colonel Wildman, we believe, is by all who have the pleasure of knowing him. Any error pointed out to us we will immediately rectify; more, indeed, for the sake of our own feelings of propriety and honour, than even for the sake of truth and justice.

Mr. Kreeft informs us that he is not the publisher of the Eldon Medal: he is, we understand, rather the friend and of patron the artist, Mr. Voigt.

Many communications, &c. were not in time for notice this week.

Various interesting articles of a temporary nature having arrived late, we are compelled to abridge our Review department, and also to curtail the space allotted to Advertisements.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

INCORPORATED LITERARY FUND

SOCIETY, under the immediate Patronage of his Majesty. The Thirty-Ninth Anniversary Festival of this Society will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, the 14th of May, when

His Grace the DUKE of SOMERSET, the President of the Institution, will take the Chair.

The presence of such Noblemen and Gentlemen as are favourable to the objects of an Institution so immediately connected with the interests of Literature, is respectfully solicited on this occasion.

STEWARDS.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester.
The Right Hon. Lord Francis Leveson Gower, M.P.

Sir John Stuart Hippisley, Bt.	T. Crofton Croker, Esq.
Sir William Clayton, Bart.	Col. Geo. Fitzclarence
W. H. Ainsworth, Esq.	Henry William Hobhouse, Esq.
John Adolphus, Esq.	Dr. Lushington, M.P.
S. J. Arnold, Esq.	Samuel Maunder, Esq.
Francis Baily, Esq. F.R.S.	Major Moor, F.R.S.
Rev. R. H. Barham, M.A.	Samuel Sotheby, Esq.
Richard Blanchard, Esq.	Mr. Sheriff Spottiswoode, M.P.
J. S. Buckingham, Esq.	Edward Williams, Esq.
Henry Butterworth, Esq.	

Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; also of Mr. Snow, at the Chambers of the Society, No. 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

Dinner at Six precisely.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND, instituted 1810, incorporated by Royal Charter 1827.

Under the Patronage of His Most Gracious Majesty.

The First Anniversary Dinner under the Charter, and the Nineteenth since the Institution, will be held in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday the 10th of May.

The Right Hon. LORD LYNDHURST, Lord High Chancellor, in the Chair.

STEWARDS.

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No. 590. SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Records of Woman; and other Poems. By Felicia Hemans. 12mo. pp. 320. Edinburgh, 1828, Blackwood: London, Cadell.

THIS volume, from the pen of one of our most sweet and graceful poets, has just imparted a charming variety to our week's labours; and we hasten to communicate some of the pleasure it has afforded us to our readers. Of the fair writer's talents and peculiar qualities, it is now unnecessary to speak: her tenderness, fine feeling, moral beauty, and melodious versification, are justly appreciated by the public, and have long placed her in the front rank among the female ornaments of English literature. In the present work she has chosen a subject, or rather a chain of connected subjects, well suited to her genius;—the *Records of Woman* flow delightfully from her muse.

These poems are devoted to illustrate many instances of love, fidelity, misfortune, in which the hearts of the sex have led them to act distinguished parts. Honourable memorials of virtues which render them the blessings of this created world, and breathing descriptions of their passions and emotions, are to be found in every little tale. Some embrace historical facts, and others dwell on slighter incidents; but all tend to elevate the character of the dearest and most excellent portion of human nature. Of these we shall offer a few examples.

The first *Record* is of the Lady Arabella Stuart, whose union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, led to their imprisonment by James I. Their mutual love, and its fatal consequences, the attempt to escape, and the unfortunate recapture of the lady, are told in a touching style; and the piece concludes with still more affecting traits of lone sufferings, ending in the near view of death, which relieves the captive. Their earliest joys are thus narrated—

"We, that met and parted,
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and, fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour,
Ev'n like the mingling of sweet streams beneath
Dim woven leaves, and midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest flowers.
'Tis past!—I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend! Yet fostering, for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be;
And feeling still my woman's spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong,
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervour."

The expectation of escape is equally poetical.

"Sunset!—I tell each moment—from the skies
The last red splendour floats along my wall,
Like a king's banner!—Now it melts, it dies!
I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,
Th' expected voice; my quick heart throbb'd too soon.
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
Through my lone lattice pour'd, I sit and dream
Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,
Under the vine, or in the citron-grove,
May breathe from terror.
Now the night grows deep,
And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
I hear my veins beat. Hark! a bell's slow chime.
My heart strikes with it. Yet again—'tis time!
A step!—a voice!—or but a rising breeze?
Hark!—haste!—I come, to meet thee on the seas."

But, alas! after a pause in the song—

"Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more!—the hope is crush'd
That lit my life, the voice within me hush'd
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth, as in a burial-urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost!

* * * *

My friend, my friend! where art thou? Day by day,
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream away,
My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
Round hall and hamlet; summer, with her smile,
Fills the green forest;—young hearts breathe their vows;
Brothers long parted meet; fair children rise
Round the glad board; Hope laughs from loving eyes:
All this is in the world!—These joys lie sown,
The dew of every path—on *one* alone
Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer,
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent;
O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
Quivering to breeze and rain-drop, like the sheen
Of twilight stars. On you Heaven's eye hath been,
Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you
Hath murmur'd, and the rill. My soul grows faint
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
Your haunts by dell and stream,—the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound,—the shut from me!

There went a swift bird singing past my cell—
O love and freedom! ye are lovely things!
With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams; but I—the blood of kings,
A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
Flows in lone brightness,—and its gifts are chains!

* * * *

Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,
There would be rescue if this were not so.
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,
Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is pour'd,
Thou'rt where the dancers meet!—a magic glass
Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall;—
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all,—
Thine!—What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking my despair?
It is not well of thee!—my love was more
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore;
And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying;
E'en thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—
Yet smile, smile on! too bright art thou for grief!

* * * *

Now, with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead!

* * * *

Farewell! and yet once more,
Farewell!—the passion of long years I pour
Into that word: thou hear'st not,—but the wo
And fervour of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place; there let them dwell—
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell!"

All this is most natural and pathetic; but we must pass to the still more tragical story of *Gertrude von der Wart*, whose devotedness to her husband on the rack has been related in prose in our Journal and other publications.

"Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.
'And bid me not depart,' she cried,
'My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side;
Peace, peace, I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it?—*mine is here*—
I will not leave thee now.
I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this!*
And thou, mine honour'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won.'
And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest wo
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak!
The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near,
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.
She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bath'd his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.
Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While ev'n as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!"

From *Edith*, an American-wood tale, we shall quote only the conclusion, which has pleased us much by its mournful solemnity.

"And she *was* passing from the woods away:
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades; her eye was bright
Ev'n yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs; for spring again had come,
The sunny spring! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake:
Is it not brighter, then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours with the breezes play,
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin-door,
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore;
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
'My father!'—to the gray-hair'd chief she spoke—
'Know'st thou that I depart?'—'I know, I know,'
He answer'd mournfully, 'that thou must go
To thy belov'd, my daughter!'—'Sorrow not
For me, kind mother!' with meek smiles once more
She murmur'd in low tones; 'one happy lot
Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore;
For we have pray'd together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust,
To God who gave them. Lay me by mine own,
Under the cedar-shade: where he is gone,
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learn'd,—the Saviour's prayer
Which now *ye* know,—and I shall meet you there,

Father, and gentle mother!—ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By Mercy's children.'—From the matron's eye
Dropp'd tears, her sole and passionate reply;
But Edith felt them not: for now a sleep
Solemnly beautiful, a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, and and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in wo,
'Thou'rt passing hence,' he sang, that warrior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd.

'Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter! thou canst not stay.

Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear;
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird!
Under our whispering pine;
Music shall midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet faile—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

But thou my bright one! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
Midst fairness—not such as die.

The shadow from thy brow shall melt
The sorrow from thy strain;
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt,
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shewn
Unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide!
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land!'

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath,
That lovely sleep had melted into death."

Nearly a third of the volume is given to miscellaneous productions, some of which have previously appeared in print. We, however, select the following, as affording adequate means of judging of the delightful author's various powers.

"The Captive Knight.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease, let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

'I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float!
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

I am here, with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
And an eagle rushing to the sky,
And a host to its battle-plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion! Clarion, wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be still!

They are gone! they have all pass'd by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! Clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past."

"The Kaiser's Feast.

The Kaiser feasted in his hall,
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall,
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crown'd.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly, from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail-band?

The strings were hush'd—the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.

She led them even to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood;
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face
Flush'd the proud warrior-blood:
And 'Speak, my mother! speak!' he cried,
'Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest?'

'Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son!
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one!
Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
Thy brother's children see!

And where is he, thy brother, where?
He, in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew?
How would his arms thy neck entwine,
His fond lips press thy brow!
My son! oh, call these orphans thine—
Thou hast no brother now!

What! from their gentle eyes doth nought
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers?
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When rear'd together there,
Through the old woods like fawns ye flew—
Where is thy brother—where?

Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen!
How is it that such things can be,
As though they ne'er had been?
Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave!
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offer'd to the grave.

And let them, let them there be pour'd!
Though all unfelt below,
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
Shall soften as they flow.
Oh! death is mighty to make peace;
Now bid his work be done!
So many an inward strife shall cease—
Take, take these babes, my son!'

His eye was dimm'd—the strong man shook
With feelings long suppress'd;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strain'd them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight;
And eyes were wet, midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser's feast that night."

"The Sunbeam.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-isle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!"

After reading these pieces, we are sure we need add no word of eulogy upon this charming volume.

Mexico in 1827. By H. G. Ward, Esq., his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that Country during the Years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827. 2 vols. 8vo. London. H. Colburn.

Enjoying, both from official station and long residence, the best opportunities for becoming fully acquainted with the state of Mexico, Mr. Ward has here turned these advantages to the most profitable account, and produced a sterling work upon a subject of great and growing interest. But, unluckily for us, in the first instance, the very merits and elaborate nature of his work prevent us from doing it justice, at the hasty glance we are able to take previous to this week's publication. Indeed, we can only say, we have seen enough of it to be satisfied with its features of particular attraction and general importance.

The first volume furnishes an excellent history of the revolution in Mexico; and Mr. Ward explains his object very accurately in the preface.

"I have (he says) conceived that it ought to be my object to combine as much information as possible in my present work, and thus to render it independent of those which have preceded it, by entering into details, a knowledge of which could not have been derived from other sources, without a perpetual and harassing reference to authorities, many of which are not within the reach of the public in general. For instance, in addition to the Essai Politique of Baron Humboldt, to which I have expressed my obligations in another place, I have drawn largely from the Español; whose eloquent author, Mr. Blanco White, has embodied not only the most curious collection of state papers now extant, with regard to the period at which the tendency towards independence first began to appear in the Spanish colonies, but a mass of reflections upon American affairs, so moderate, so judicious, and so admirably adapted to the circumstances of the times, that, had his counsels been listened to by the contending parties, no small portion of the calamities which have since befallen them might have been averted. I have likewise made free use, in my sketch of the revolution, of the Cuadro Historico of Don Carlos Bustamante, as well as of Robinson, Brackenbridge, and a number of other works published in the United States, and but little read in England, from each of which I have taken whatever my own observations pointed out as correct. The whole will, I think, be found to indicate with sufficient clearness the causes of the American revolution; and these, again, are the best guarantee for its stability."

On the question of the mines, Mr. W. is even more sanguine than Captain Lyon, and his authority is of the greatest weight. He states: "I never have possessed a single mining share; yet, from circumstances stated in the body of my work, I have, perhaps, seen more of the mines of New Spain, and am in possession of more data with regard to their former produce, than the majority of those whose fortunes depend upon the present attempt to work them by foreign capital. With regard to my opinion of their present prospects, the public is now in possession of the data upon which it is formed, and may rectify any errors into which I may inadvertently have been betrayed. Convinced that publicity ought to be desired by all the mining companies, as the only security against those suspicions by which their credit has been so frequently shaken, I have laid before the world, without reserve, the whole of the information now in my possession respecting them, together with my own observations upon

the mode in which their affairs have been directed. The result will, I trust, be to produce an impression that these great undertakings have been, in many instances, ably, in all, honestly conducted; that, if errors have been committed, they are errors which it was extremely difficult to avoid; and that, although the investments are large, the magnitude of the object (demonstrated by records of a very recent date) bears a fair proportion to the magnitude of the stake."

But we must, for the present, decline all the graver considerations, in order to exemplify the work by a few traits of the revolution.

"Scattered over a vast continent, separated by impenetrable wildernesses, or by chains of mountains still more impassable, and kept purposely, under the old system, in a state of ignorance with respect to each other, the New States commenced their contest for freedom without the advantage of any previous combination or concert. Even at the present day, the natives of Mexico and Chilé,—of Buenos Ayres and Bogota,—know as little of each other as the Neapolitan peasant and the Lapland boor; and, in most cases, England would present the only medium of communication between them.* At the commencement of the revolution their estrangement was still greater, and it may be questioned whether the fact of the existence of some of the new states was at all generally known to the rest. With each other's resources, and means of defence, they certainly had no acquaintance. Each, therefore, individually, pursued its object, unconnected with the rest; and each was obliged to cope, singly, with whatever force Spain could bring to bear against it. In addition to this, they had internal, as well as external, enemies to contend with; the old Spaniards (known in the annals of the revolution by the names of Găchŭpīnĕs, Godos, Patriotas, and various other designations,) distributed throughout the possessions of Ultramar,—wealthy, powerful, and connected by intermarriages with the most influential families amongst the Creoles themselves,—were a check to all their operations. Where they did not openly oppose, they sowed the seeds of discord amongst the leaders of the independent cause: while, from their intimate acquaintance with the resources of the country, they were enabled, both by their counsels and the liberality of their donations, to render the most essential services to the royalist generals. Nor was this all: the first movements of the insurgents had indeed been eminently successful; and (as we have already seen), with the exception of Mexico, a single year had sufficed to wrest from the hands of the Europeans the authority of which they had so long been the sole depositaries. But this was the only point upon which any sort of unanimity prevailed amongst the Creoles. Left to themselves, they knew not how to dispose of the power which they had so unexpectedly acquired, and it became the apple of discord amongst all who had any pretensions to a share of it. They were totally inexperienced in the science of government, and had no good model to follow:† it is not surprising, therefore, that they should have engrafted upon the stern despotism under which they were brought up, the wildest theories of the French school; nor that their ardour in the cause of liberty should have cooled, amidst the many evils which these theories brought upon them.* They soon learnt that tyranny was not, as they had fondly supposed, an heir-loom in the family of the kings of Spain; but might be exercised, just as effectually, in the name of the sovereign people, by any man, or set of men, to whom that people was supposed to have delegated its authority; and, in their despair at not being able to fix, at once, a balance of power, many would almost have purchased tranquillity, by submitting again to that yoke to which time had lent its sanction, and given respectability. * * *

"The years 1812 and 1813 were distinguished by the victories gained by Don Nicolas Bravo and Matamores, at the Pălmăr, and by the defence of the mountain of Cŏscŏmătĕpĕc. In the first of these actions, Bravo defeated Don Juan Lăbăquī, the commandant of the regiment of the patriots of Veracruz, at the head of a strong detachment. The engagement lasted three days, when the village in which the Spaniards had taken refuge was carried by storm (20th August, 1812). Three hundred prisoners, taken upon this occasion, were placed by Morelos at the disposal of Bravo, who offered them to the Viceroy Venegas, in exchange for his father, Don Leonardo Bravo, who was then under sentence of death in the prisons of the capital. The offer was rejected, and the sentence against Don Leonardo ordered to be carried into immediate execution. His son, in lieu of making reprisals by the massacre of his prisoners, instantly set them all at liberty, 'wishing' (as he said) 'to put it out of his own power to avenge on them the death of his parent, lest in the first moment of grief, the temptation should prove irresistible!' So noble a trait requires no comment."

Morelos (one of the bravest and, for a while, most successful of the independent leaders) was at last taken prisoner.

"The Spaniards conceiving the forces of Morelos to be much more considerable than they really were, did not venture to attack him until he had penetrated as far as Tĕsmălăcă, where the Indians, though they received him with great apparent hospitality, conveyed intelligence, both of the real number of his followers, and of their wretched state, to Don Manuel Cōnchă, the nearest Spanish commandant, who determined to attack the convoy the next day. Morelos, who fancied himself in security, as he was now beyond the enemy's line, was surprised on the following morning (5th of November, 1815) by two parties of royalists, who came upon him unperceived, in a mountainous part of the road. He immediately ordered Don Nicolas Bravo to continue his march with the main body, as an escort to the Congress, while he himself, with a few men, endeavoured to check the advance of the Spaniards. 'My life (he said) is of little consequence, provided the Congress be saved. My race was run from the moment that I saw an independent government established.' His orders were obeyed, and Morelos remained with about fifty men, most of whom abandoned him when the firing became hot. He succeeded, however, in gaining time, which was his great object, nor did the royalists venture to advance upon him, until only one man was left by his side. He was then taken prisoner, for he had sought death in vain during the action. There can be little doubt that his late reverses had inspired him with a disgust for life, and that he wished to end his days by a proof of devotion to his country worthy of the most brilliant part of his former career. Morelos was treated with the greatest brutality by the Spanish soldiers into whose hands he first fell. They stripped him, and conducted him, loaded with chains, to Tesmalaca. But Concha (to his honour be it said), on his prisoner being presented to him, received him with all the marks of respect due to a fallen enemy, and treated him with unwonted humanity and attention. He was transferred, with as little delay as possible, to the capital, and the whole population of Mexico flocked out to San Agustin de las Cuevas, to see (and some to insult) the man whose name had so long been their terror. But Morelos, both on his way to prison and while in confinement, is said to have shewn a coolness which he preserved to the last. Indeed, the only thing that seemed to affect him at all was his degradation; a ceremony humiliating in itself, but rendered doubly so, in his case, by the publicity which was given to it. His examination, which was conducted by the Oidor Bătăllĕr (whose insolent assertion of the natural superiority of the Spaniards to the Creoles, is said first to have roused Morelos into action), was not of long duration. On the 22d of December, 1815, Concha was charged to remove him from the prisons of the Inquisition, to the hospital of San Christoval, behind which the sentence pronounced against him was to be carried into execution. On arriving there, he dined in company with Concha, whom he afterwards embraced, and thanked for all his kindness. He then confessed himself, and afterwards walked, with the most perfect serenity, to the place of execution. The short prayer which he pronounced there, deserves to be recorded for its affecting simplicity. 'Lord, if I have done well, thou knowest it; if ill, to thy infinite mercy I commend my soul!' After this appeal to the Supreme Judge, he fastened with his own hands a handkerchief about his eyes, gave the signal to the soldiers to fire, and met death with as much composure as he had ever shewn when facing it on the field of battle."

The adventures of Victoria, another leader in the same cause, are altogether unequalled in the history of human sufferings.

"It was his practice to keep but a small body of men about his person, and only to collect his force upon great occasions: a mode of warfare well suited to the wild habits of the natives, and, at the same time, calculated to baffle all pursuit. The instant a blow was struck, a general dispersion followed: in the event of a failure, a rendezvous was fixed for some distant point; and thus losses were often repaired, before it was known in the capital that they had been sustained at all. Nor were Victoria's exploits confined to this desultory warfare: in 1815 he detained a convoy of 6000 mules, escorted by 2000 men, under the command of Colonel Aguila, at Pūĕntĕ dĕl Rĕy, (a pass, the natural strength of which the insurgents had increased by placing artillery upon the heights by which it is commanded,) nor did it reach Veracruz for upwards of six months. The necessity of keeping the channel of communication with Europe open, induced Calleja, in December 1815, to intrust

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* "A letter from Buenos Ayres to Mexico would be sent by the double line of packets now established between London and Rio de la Plata, and London and Veracruz. And although there may be, once or twice in the year, a direct intercourse between Mexico and Peru, or Chilé, by the Pacific, letters, at all other times, would be forwarded by the English mail."

† "Spain was their only model, and to her most of their errors may be traced. The want of fixed principles, the preference of theory to practice, the dilatory habits of those in power at one time, and their ill-judged strides towards impracticable reforms at another,—all are of the modern Spanish school; as are the bombastical addresses to the people, the turgid style which disfigures most of the public documents of the Revolution, the intolerance, and jealousy of strangers, which are only now beginning to subside."

* "It is melancholy to reflect, how soon the Americans were initiated in all the cant of revolutions, and taught to distrust the bewitching terms of patriotism and public felicity, under the sanction of which they found themselves a prey to private ambition, anarchy, and distress."

the chief command, both civil and military, of the province of Veracruz, to Don Fernando Mĭyārĕs, (an officer of high rank and distinguished attainments, recently arrived from Spain,) for the special purpose of establishing a chain of fortified posts, on the whole ascent to the Table-land, sufficiently strong to curb Victoria's incursions. The execution of this plan was preceded and accompanied by a series of actions between the insurgents and royalists, in the course of which Miyares gradually drove Victoria from his strong holds at Puente del Rey, and Puente de San Juan (September 1815); and although the latter maintained the unequal struggle for upwards of two years, he never was able to obtain any decisive advantage over the reinforcements which the government was continually sending to the seat of war. Two thousand European troops landed with Miyares, and one thousand more with Apŏdăcă, (in 1816); and notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Victoria's men, their courage was of no avail against the superior discipline and arms of their adversaries. In the course of the year 1816, most of his old soldiers fell: those by whom he replaced them had neither the same enthusiasm nor the same attachment to his person. The zeal with which the inhabitants had engaged in the cause of the revolution was worn out: with each reverse their discouragement increased; and, as the disastrous accounts from the interior left them but little hope of bringing the contest to a favourable issue, the villages refused to furnish any farther supplies; the last remnant of Victoria's followers deserted him, and he was left absolutely alone. Still, his courage was unsubdued, and his resolution not to yield, on any terms, to the Spaniards, unshaken. He refused the rank and rewards which Apodaca proffered as the price of his submission, and determined to seek an asylum in the solitude of the forests, rather than accept the *indulto*, on the faith of which so many of the insurgents yielded up their arms. This extraordinary project was carried into execution with a decision highly characteristic of the man. Unaccompanied by a single attendant, and provided only with a little linen and a sword, Victoria threw himself into the mountainous district which occupies so large a portion of the province of Veracruz, and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. His after-history is so extremely wild, that I should hardly venture to relate it here, did not the unanimous evidence of his countrymen confirm the story of his sufferings, as I have often heard it from his own mouth. During the first few weeks, Victoria was supplied with provisions by the Indians, who all knew and respected his name; but Apodaca was so apprehensive that he would again emerge from his retreat, that a thousand men were ordered out, in small detachments, literally to hunt him down. Wherever it was discovered that a village had either received him, or relieved his wants, it was burnt without mercy; and this rigour struck the Indians with such terror, that they either fled at the sight of Victoria, or were the first to denounce the approach of a man whose presence might prove so fatal to them. For upwards of six months he was followed like a wild beast by his pursuers, who were often so near him, that he could hear their imprecations against himself, and Apodaca too, for having condemned them to so fruitless a search. On one occasion, he escaped a detachment, which he fell in with unexpectedly, by swimming a river, which they were unable to cross; and on several others, he concealed himself, when in the immediate vicinity of the royal troops, beneath the thick shrubs and creepers with which the woods of Veracruz abound. At last a story was made up, to satisfy the viceroy, of a body having been found, which had been recognised as that of Victoria. A minute description was given of his person, which was inserted officially in the Gazette of Mexico, and the troops were recalled to more pressing labours in the interior. But Victoria's trials did not cease with the pursuit: harassed and worn out by the fatigues which he had undergone, his clothes torn to pieces, and his body lacerated by the thorny underwood of the tropics, he was indeed allowed a little tranquillity, but his sufferings were still almost incredible: during the summer, he managed to subsist upon the fruits of which nature is so lavish in those climates; but in winter he was attenuated by hunger, and I have heard him repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses, or other animals, that he happened to find dead in the woods. By degrees he accustomed himself to such abstinence, that he could remain four, and even five days, without tasting any thing but water, without experiencing any serious inconvenience; but whenever he was deprived of sustenance for a longer period, his sufferings were very acute. For thirty months he never tasted bread nor saw a human being, nor thought, at times, ever to see one again. His clothes were reduced to a single wrapper of cotton, which he found one day, when driven by hunger he had approached nearer than usual to some Indian huts, and this he regarded as an inestimable treasure. The mode in which Victoria, cut off, as he was, from all communication with the world, received intelligence of the revolution of 1821, is hardly less extraordinary than the fact of his having been able to support existence amidst so many hardships, during the intervening period. When in 1818 he was abandoned by all the rest of his men, he was asked by two Indians, who lingered with him to the last, and on whose fidelity he knew that he could rely, if any change took place, where he wished them to look for him? He pointed, in reply, to a mountain at some distance, and told them that, on that mountain, perhaps, they might find his bones. His only reason for selecting it, was its being particularly rugged and inaccessible, and surrounded by forests of a vast extent. The Indians treasured up this hint, and as soon as the first news of Iturbide's declaration reached them, they set out in quest of Victoria; they separated on arriving at the foot of the mountain, and employed six whole weeks in examining the woods with which it was covered: during this time, they lived principally by the chase; but finding their stock of maize exhausted, and all their efforts unavailing, they were about to give up the attempt, when one of them discovered, in crossing a ravine which Victoria occasionally frequented, the print of a foot, which he immediately recognised to be that of a European. By European, I mean of European descent, and consequently accustomed to wear shoes, which always give a difference of shape to the foot, very perceptible to the eye of a native. The Indian waited two days upon the spot; but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his supply of provisions quite at an end, he suspended upon a tree near the place four tortillas, or little maize cakes, which were all he had left, and set out for his village, in order to replenish his wallets, hoping that if Victoria should pass in the mean time, the tortillas would attract his attention, and convince him that some friend was in search of him. His little plan succeeded completely: Victoria, on crossing the ravine two days afterwards, perceived the maize cakes, which the birds had fortunately not devoured. He had then been four whole days without eating, and upwards of two years without tasting bread; and he says himself, that he devoured the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite would allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding them on this solitary spot, where he had never before seen any trace of a human being. He was at a loss to determine whether they had been left there by friend or foe; but feeling sure, that whoever had left them intended to return, he concealed himself near the place, in order to observe his motions, and to take his own measures accordingly. Within a short time the Indian returned; Victoria instantly recognised him, and abruptly started from his concealment, in order to welcome his faithful follower; but the man, terrified at seeing a phantom, covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed only with an old cotton wrapper, advancing upon him with a sword in his hand from amongst the bushes, took to flight; and it was only on hearing himself repeatedly called by his name, that he recovered his composure sufficiently to recognise his old general. He was affected beyond measure at the state in which he found him, and conducted him instantly to his village, where Victoria was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The report of his reappearance spread like lightning through the province, where it was not credited at first, so firmly was every one convinced of his death; but as soon as it was known that Guăděloŭpĕ Victoria was indeed in existence, all the old insurgents rallied around him. In an incredibly short time he induced the whole province, with the exception of the fortified towns, to declare for independence, and then set out to join Iturbide, who was at that time preparing for the siege of Mexico. He was received with great apparent cordiality; but his independent spirit was too little in unison with Iturbide's projects, for this good understanding to continue long. Victoria had fought for a liberal form of government, and not merely for a change of masters; and Iturbide, unable to gain him over, drove him again into the woods during his short-lived reign, from whence he only returned to give the signal for a general rising against the too ambitious emperor."

Here we must pause, and have only to add, that the beautiful illustrations of the work stand in no need of the following interesting apology for them.

"The drawings were all taken upon the spot; many of them under circumstances which would have discouraged most persons from making the attempt, as fatigue and a burning sun often combined to render it unpleasant. I mention this in justice to Mrs. Ward, whose name, in conformity to custom, appears upon the plates, for all of which I am indebted to her pencil."

Penelope; or, Love's Labour Lost: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Hunt and Clarke.

WITH too much of that affectation, the knowledge of fashionable life,—so little really possessed, yet so set forth in the circulating mediums of the present day; with much of misrepresentation, much bad taste, and a story common-place, besides not being of very vivid

interest;—yet, with all these faults, there is enough in these pages to distinguish them from the mere run of everyday novels. There are many lively remarks, many of the characters in middle life are well drawn, and the observations are often as shrewd as they are neatly turned. When we particularise "middle life," we do not mean to say that there are not "lords and ladies" enow on the canvass—but all are drawn either by an ignorant or wilfully perverting pencil. Nothing can be more absurd than the remarks about poaching. One of the great faults in the cant of liberality, is, that it leads to results the most opposite to its original setting out. Why one part of a gentleman's property should be deemed a peculiar subject for depredation; or why his birds should be stolen more than his sheep,—we have not philosophy enough to comprehend. We believe game to be as expensive an article of produce as any on the estate; yet it is very easy for a gentleman who owes his whole landed property to mud and Macadam, to be most eloquently tolerant. But we are rather digressing, and so will now quote, instead of criticising. The following dialogue in the mail is an amusing sketch of "the march of intellect."

"We need not say that Mr. Kipperson was in good spirits. He always was so. He was so very happy that by this last journey to London he had saved the nation from being starved to death by a superabundance of corn. What a fine thing it is to be the cleverest man in the kingdom! What would become of us all were it not for such men as Mr. Kipperson starting up about once in a century, or twice a week, to rectify all the errors of all the rest of the world? And what is the use of all the world beside, but to admire the wisdom of such men as Mr. Kipperson? Our only fear is, that we may have too many such profoundly wise men; and the consequence of an over supply of wisdom would be to ruin the nation by folly. Whether Mr. Kipperson addressed Mr. Primrose, or Mr. Primrose addressed Mr. Kipperson, we know not; but in a very short time they became mighty good friends. To some observation of Mr. Primrose, his fellow-traveller replied: 'You have been abroad, I suppose, sir?' 'I have, sir,' said Mr. Primrose, 'and that for a long while: it is now upwards of sixteen years since I left England, and I am most happy to return to it. Many changes have taken place since I went abroad, and some, I hope, for the better.' 'Many improvements have indeed been made in the course of that time. We have improved, for instance, in the rapidity with which we travel; our roads are as smooth as a bowling-green. But our greatest improvements of all are our intellectual improvements. We have made wonderful strides in the march of intellect. England is now the first country in the world for all that relates to science and art. The cultivation of the understanding has advanced most astonishingly.' 'I remember noticing when I was in India,' said Mr. Primrose, 'that the number of publications seemed much increased. But many of them appeared to be merely light reading.' 'Very likely, sir; but we have not merely light reading; we have a most abundant supply of scientific publications; and these are read with the utmost avidity by all classes of people, especially by the lower classes. You have no doubt heard of the formation of the mechanics' institutes?' 'I have, sir,' replied Mr. Primrose; 'but I am not quite aware of the precise nature of their constitution, or the object at which they aim. Perhaps you can inform me?' 'That I can, sir,' said Mr. Kipperson; 'and I shall have great pleasure in so doing; for, to tell you the truth, I am a very zealous promoter of these institutions. The object of these institutions is to give an opportunity to artisans, who are employed all day in manual labour, to acquire a scientific knowledge, not only of the art by which he lives and at which he works, but of every thing else which can possibly be known or become a subject of human inquiry or interest.' 'But surely,' interrupted Mr. Primrose, 'it is not designed to convert mechanical into scientific men. That seems to my view rather a contradiction to the general order of things.' 'I beg your pardon,' replied the other, 'you are repeating, I perceive, exploded objections. Is it possible, do you think, that a man should do his work worse for understanding something of the philosophy of it? Is it not far better, where it is practicable, that a man should act as a rational reflecting creature, than as a piece of mere machinery?' 'Very true, certainly, sir; you are right. Ay, ay, now I see: you instruct all artisans in the philosophy of their several employments. Most excellent. Then, I suppose, you teach architecture and read lectures on Vitruvius to journeymen-bricklayers?' 'Nay, nay, sir,' replied Mr. Kipperson, 'we do not carry it quite so far as that.' 'Oh! I beg your pardon,' replied Mr. Primrose, 'I had not the slightest idea that this was carrying your system too far. It might, perhaps, be a little refinement on the scheme, to suppose that you would teach tailors anatomy; but after all I do not see why you should start at carrying a matter of this kind too far. The poet says, 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;' and, for my own part, I can see no great liberality in this parsimonious and stinted mode of dealing out knowledge; for unless you teach the lower classes all that is to be taught, you make, or, more properly speaking, keep up, the distinction.' Mr. Kipperson was not best pleased with these remarks: he saw that his fellow-traveller was one of those narrow-minded aristocratic people, who are desirous of keeping the mass of the people in gross ignorance, in order that they may be the more easily governed and imposed upon. Though in good truth it has been said, that the ignorant are not so easily governed as the enlightened. The ingenious and learned Mr. Kipperson then replied: 'You may say what you please, sir, in disparagement of the system of enlightening the public mind; but surely you must allow that it is far better for a poor industrious mechanic to attend some lecture on a subject of science or philosophy, than to spend his evenings in drunkenness and intemperance.' 'Indeed, sir, I have no wish to disparage the system of enlightening the public mind; and I am quite of your opinion, that it is much more desirable that a labouring man'—— 'Operative, if you please,' said Mr. Kipperson; 'we have no labouring men.' 'Well,' pursued Mr. Primrose, 'operative: the term used to be labouring or working when I was last in England. I will agree with you, sir, that it is really better that an operative should study philosophy, than that he should drink an inordinate quantity of beer. But do you find, sir, that your system does absolutely and actually produce such effects?' 'Do we?' exclaimed Mr. Kipperson triumphantly: 'that we certainly and clearly do; it is clear to demonstration; for, since the establishment of mechanics' institutes, the excise has fallen off very considerably. And what can that deficiency be owing to, if it be not to the fact which I have stated, that the operatives find philosophy a far more agreeable recreation after labour than drinking strong beer?' 'You may be right, sir, and I have no doubt you are; but, as I have been so long out of England, it is not to be wondered at, that my ideas have not been able to keep pace with the rapid strides which education has made in England during that time. I am very far from wishing to throw any objection or obstacle in the way of human improvement. You call these establishments 'mechanics' institutions:' but pray, sir, do you not allow any but mechanics to enjoy the benefit of them? Now there is a very numerous class of men, and women too—for I should think that so enlightened an age would not exclude women from the acquisition of knowledge;—there is, I say, a very numerous class of men and women who have much leisure and little learning—I mean the servants of the nobility and gentry at the west end of the town. It would be charitable to instruct them also in the sciences. How pleasant it must be now for the coachman and footman, who are waiting at the door of a house for their master and mistress, at or after midnight, instead of sleeping on the carriage, or swearing and blaspheming, as they too frequently do, to have a knowledge of astronomy, and study the movements of the planets. Is there no provision made for these poor people?' 'Certainly there is,' said Mr. Kipperson. 'There are cheap publications which treat of all the arts and sciences; so that for the small charge of sixpence, a gentleman's coachman may, in the course of a fortnight, become acquainted with all the Newtonian theory.' Mr. Primrose was delighted and astonished at what Mr. Kipperson told him; he could hardly believe his senses; he began to imagine that he must himself be the most ignorant and uninformed person in his majesty's dominions. 'But tell me, sir,' continued he, 'if those persons, whose time and attention are of necessity so much occupied, are become so well informed; do others, who have greater leisure, keep pace with them; or, I should say, do they keep as much in the advance as their leisure and opportunity allow them? For, according to your account, the very poorest of the community are better instructed now, than were the gentry when I lived in England.' 'Education, sir,' answered Mr. Kipperson, with the tone of an oracle, 'is altogether upon the advance. The science of instruction has reached a point of perfection which was never anticipated; nay, I may say, we are astonished at ourselves. The time is now arrived when the only ignorant and uninformed persons are those who have had the misfortune to be educated at our public schools and universities; for in them there is no improvement. I have myself been witness of the most shocking and egregious ignorance in those men who call themselves masters of arts. They know nothing in the world about agriculture, architecture, botany, ship-building, navigation, ornithology, political economy, icthyology, zoology, or any of the ten thousand sciences with which all the rest of the world is intimate. I have actually heard an Oxford student, as he called himself, when looking over a manufactory at Birmingham, ask such questions as shewed that he was totally ignorant even of the very first rudiments of button-making.' 'Astonishing ignorance!' exclaimed Mr. Primrose, who was rather sleepy; 'I dare say they make it a rule to teach nothing but ignorance at the two universities.' 'I believe you are right, sir,' said Mr. Kipperson, rubbing his hands wi'

cold and ecstacy; 'those universities have been a dead weight on the country for centuries; but their inanity and weakness will be exposed, and the whole system exploded. There is not a common boys' school in the kingdom which does not teach ten times more useful knowledge than both the universities put together, and all the public schools into the bargain. Why, sir, if you send a boy to school now, he does not spend, as he did formerly, ten or twelve years in learning the Latin grammar; but now he learns Latin and Greek, and French, German, Spanish, Italian, dancing, drawing, music, mapping, the use of the globes, chemistry, history, botany, mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, hydrodynamics, astronomy, geology, gymnastics, architecture, engineering, ballooning, and many more useful and indispensable arts and sciences; so that he is fitted for any station in life, from a prime minister down to a shoeblack.' Before this speech was finished, Mr. Primrose was fast asleep; but short is the sleep in a coach that travels by night. The coach stopped and woke our foreigner from a frightful dream. We do not wish to terrify our readers, but we must relate the dream in consequence of its singularity. He dreamed, then, that he was in the island of Laputa, and that having provoked the indignation of some of the learned professors by expressing a doubt as to the practicability of some of their schemes, he was sentenced to be buried alive under a pyramid of encyclopædias. Just as the cruel people were putting the sentence into execution, he woke and found his coat-collar almost in his mouth, and heard the word 'ology' from the lips of his fellow-traveller. He was very glad to find that matters were no worse."

The following is a lively sketch:—

"There was residing under the roof of Sir George Aimwell, a young lady who had been consigned to the care of the worthy baronet. The name of this lady was Arabella Glossop. She had very recently been sent to Neverden by her careful father, in order that time, absence, and change of scene, might eradicate from her mind an unfortunate attachment which she had formed for a pennyless lieutenant. Here we cannot but suggest to our legislators an improvement which might and ought to be made in our military code. It is melancholy to think how many instances have occurred of men of low family and no fortune winning the hearts of young ladies of high birth, of respectable connexions, and of good fortune. This might be prevented by a law making it felony for a military officer without fortune to fall in love with a lady of good family. Miss Glossop was not indeed of high family; but she was the daughter of a gentleman whose family had with great diligence been pushing itself up into consideration and importance. The mortification of any thing like a humiliating connexion was so much the greater. Mr. Glossop, the young lady's father, was an eminent solicitor in a small but genteel town, and had married a distant relation of Sir George Aimwell. Of this connexion Mr. Glossop was naturally proud; and he made the most of it. In the town where he lived was a theatre; and the company which performed there was pronounced by such London performers as occasionally lent their mighty selves for provincial exhibition, to be one of the best provincial companies they had ever performed with. When an actor from London made his appearance on the stage, Miss Glossop honoured the theatre with her presence. Greatly did the young lady surprise the natives by her studied inattention to what was passing on the stage. It was to her a mighty amusement to laugh and talk aloud, especially during those passages of the performance which were most interesting to the rest of the audience. By such means did Miss Glossop manifest her own importance and superiority. This kind of public rudeness passed with the ignorant people in the country for elegance and fashion. The young lady was in error in this respect. But not only was she wrong in her calculations on this point. Many other blunders did she make. For being very pretty, she thought herself handsome; and being tall, she thought herself elegant; and being acquainted with many books, she thought herself learned; and having a full, clear, comprehensive voice, she thought herself a beautiful singer; and being able to perform at sight very complicated pieces of music, she apprehended that she was an excellent musician; and being rude and blunt in her manner of speaking, she thought herself a person of great intellectual superiority; and from being very much stared at, she took it for granted that she was very much admired. Now this lady did not apprehend that there was any individual in the compass of her provincial acquaintance worthy to aspire to the honour of her hand; and she was in the habit of giving herself such arrogant and domineering airs at the country balls, that a facetiously inclined young gentleman once actually contrived in the advertisement announcing these balls to have the name of Arabella Glossop, Esq. printed as one of the stewards. The circumstance caused a great deal of talk at the time; but it is now totally forgotten, or at least very seldom alluded to. The printer of the paper was forced to tell a great many lies to save himself from serious inconvenience. At one of these country balls there happened to be a lieutenant who was quartered in that neighbourhood, and was a person of exceedingly good address, and also of good understanding, except that he was so very desirous of obtaining a fortune, that, for the sake of money, he would willingly have married Miss Glossop. He had heard reports of the lady's fortune, and these reports were of course exaggerated. He paid the usual attentions, and was so far successful, that, had it not been for some untoward accident, Mr. Glossop's ambition of matching his daughter with some gentleman of fortune and consideration in the county, would have been frustrated by a poor lieutenant. As soon as the unfortunate attachment was made known to the father, he put himself with all suitable speed into a most towering passion; he banged all the doors, thumped all the tables, kicked all the chairs, and, but for the interference of Mrs. Glossop, would have broken all the crockery in the house, because his daughter would not listen to reason. The young lady was locked up; but the young lady grew sulky, and thought that her dear lieutenant was the most charming creature in the world, because her father was in a violent passion. And the more angry was Mr. Glossop, the more deeply in love was Miss Glossop. We have said that the young lady was locked up. Now Arabella did not like this discipline; and she seriously threatened her inexorable *paa*, that if she was not suffered to have her own way, she would either starve herself to death or go mad. This last idea was no doubt suggested by a pathetic passage in one of Oliver Goldsmith's poems, wherein he says—

> 'The dog to gain his private ends
> Went mad.'—

Whatever apprehensions Mr. Glossop might entertain concerning his daughter's madness, he certainly had some slight idea that he himself might be driven mad by the young lady's perverseness and obstinacy. Therefore he adopted the very wise and prudent precaution, in such cases made and provided, of sending the lovely and loving Arabella to his worthy friend and relative, Sir George Aimwell, Bart."

We extract one or two of the scattered observations, which we think will justify our praise.

"From these circumstances it may be then easily inferred that Penelope was not in an enviable situation, and that nothing could have supported her spirits but that exceedingly strong propensity to bright hopes which is the characteristic of the youthful mind, and about which moralists, and essay-writers, and other wiseacres, make such a prodigious and prosy preachment. Mr. Malthus himself could not desire a more effectual means of thinning the denseness of population, than causing every mind, if it were possible, to form such a view of future days as should be actually realised by the event. But it never will be so, and it never can be so: Providence is wiser and kinder than moralists and essay-writers; and Providence has given to the young that brightness of hope, the pleasures of which are far greater than the pains of disappointment. The very disappointments of maturer life bring with them some pleasurable alleviation in the eloquence and pathos with which we sigh and lament over the deceitfulness of the world's promises; and thus there is a double good derived from a single evil. For youth is pleased as it looks forward to manhood, and manhood is soothed and instructed as it looks backward to youth. * * *

"Now, to render exhortation palatable, or even tolerable, requires a very considerable share of address and dexterity; more, indeed, than usually falls to the lot of clerical or of laical gentry. It is easy enough to utter most majestically and authoritatively a mass of common places concerning the dangers to which young people are exposed in the world. It is easy to say, 'Now let me advise you always to be upon your guard against the allurements of the world, and to conduct yourself circumspectly, and be very, very attentive to all the proper decorums and duties of your station.' Such talk as this any body may utter; and when young people commence life they expect to hear such talk; and for the most part, to say the best of it, it produces no effect, good, bad, or indifferent."

There is one old custom in these pages, "more honoured in the breach than the observance:" we mean, giving most significant names to the characters. Such appellations as Lord Smatterton, Lord Spoonbill, Colonel Crop, &c. are never met with in real life; and vulgarity of sound is the only effect they produce.

The whole work impresses us with the idea that it is the performance of an observant person, who has lived in the country, in good country society: of the town and upper life he knows nothing, except from novel and newspaper report. But he is an intelligent person; and *Penelope*, in spite of its outrageous and stupid puffs, is a far superior production to *Truckleborough Hall*.

Narrative of the Peninsular War. By the Marquess of Londonderry.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

THE next action that was fought proved little in favour of the force described in the extract with which our last paper closed.

"The truth is, (says the author,) that men could not more carefully avoid coming to close quarters with their adversaries, than the Spanish troops did this day. To us it was quite annoying to see with how much caution they hung back, when every thing invited them to advance; and, to confess the truth, we acquired for them a feeling of distrust, of which, during some time—I might have said during the remainder of the war—we hardly succeeded in divesting ourselves."

Lord Londonderry bestows the utmost praise upon the position taken up by his commander at the battle of Talavera, where, "out of nineteen thousand men, which formed the whole of our effective force when the battle began, upwards of four thousand were either killed or wounded; and among them were many officers, whose services, at a juncture like the present, could ill be spared."

Busaco, the next battle of consequence, is clearly described; and on this, as on one or two other occasions, it is maintained that Massena did not display the highest skill of an assailant. He took the bull by the horns (to use a vulgar proverb), and lost five or six thousand men, while our loss fell considerably short of one thousand.

If between the battles we do not follow the noble author, it is because no epitome, within the space we are able to allot, can render his details of positions, movements, operations, and rumours and changes caused by them, sufficiently interesting to the civil, or sufficiently explanatory to the military, reader; and which, after all, are, as we have mentioned, more likely to attract the latter than the former. We thus leap to Albuera, one of the most sanguinary fights of the whole contest.

"Our artillery was admirably served: its fire was very destructive, and the men stood to their guns till many of them were sabred; indeed, there was not an officer or soldier in any department of the army who failed this day in doing more than his duty. I have already spoken of the daring intrepidity of the fusileers, and it deserves to be held up to remembrance; but the bravery of the 57th and 31st fell in no degree short of that of their comrades. These regiments having ascended the height, stood their ground nobly against all the efforts of a column of French grenadiers. The enemy's fire thinned their ranks, but never once broke them; for at the close of the action, the dead and wounded were found in two distinct lines, upon the very spots which they had occupied whilst alive and fighting. They fought, too, in every imaginable order which infantry can be called upon to assume. They resisted cavalry in square, deployed again into line, received and returned repeated volleys, whilst a few yards only divided them from their opponents; and at last carried every thing before them by a charge with the bayonet. All this could not, of course, be done without a prodigious slaughter on both sides; indeed, the killed and wounded lay in masses so compact, that full seven thousand bodies occupied the space of a few hundred feet; and our artillery, when advancing towards the close of the day, were compelled to pass over them, deaf to their cries, and averting their gaze from the brave fellows thus laid prostrate in the dust. The victory was a highly important one, but it was purchased at a rate dearer than had been required to secure any other victory in the Peninsula. Out of 7500 British troops engaged, 4158 were placed *hors de combat*, the Portuguese lost 389, and the Spaniards nearly 2000; so that there fell of the allies this day no fewer than 6577. Of the enemy's loss we were necessarily unable to form a calculation equally exact, but it was estimated to amount to full 8000, among whom were three generals killed, and many superior officers wounded. The latter fact we learned from our prisoners, who asserted that the casualties among their leaders had been such as to leave the troops in many instances at a loss from whom to receive orders; and that this circumstance, more than any other, led to the retreat from the height, and the abandonment of further operations. During the battle of Albuera, a number of little events occurred, some of them honourable in the highest degree to individuals, and others, not disgraceful, but somewhat ludicrous. It is not necessary for me to add my tribute of respect to the memory of the brave youth, Ensign Thomas, of the buffs, who refused to resign the standard of his regiment except with life, and whose life paid the forfeit of his devoted gallantry. Though young in years, and holding but an inferior rank in his profession, his name will be recorded in the list of those of whom England has just cause to be proud; and his example will doubtless be followed by others, as often as the chances of war may leave them only a choice between death and dishonour. But there were one or two circumstances besides this of which little notice has elsewhere been taken, and which appear to me to be deserving of some passing record. During the hottest of the action, Marshal Beresford exposed himself with a degree of intrepidity which could hardly fail of spreading an example of heroism around. He repeatedly dragged the Spanish officers from their ranks, compelling them to lead their men forward, and shew them the way; and when individually charged by a Polish lancer, he grappled his adversary by the throat, and threw him from his saddle. A very different fate attended the personal exertions of the Portuguese staff. They too were charged by a single lancer, who knocked down one with the butt of his pike, overset another man and horse, and gave ample employment to the entire head-quarters before he was finally despatched. These heroes declared, that the man seemed possessed by an evil spirit; and that when he fell at last, he literally bit the ground. The lancers, as is well known, were peculiarly daring in their attacks, and merciless in their operations. They seldom paused to offer quarter, but speared our men without mercy, whether offering resistance, or giving proofs of submission."

In the midst, or rather during intervals, of this slaughter, it completes the picture to peruse the amusements of the combatants, the staff, and other officers.

"No set of persons could more industriously strive to unite mirth with hardships, and relaxation with severe duty. For some time we contented ourselves with keeping pointers and greyhounds, and indulging, as often as opportunities offered, in the sports of shooting, coursing, and fishing; but now a taste for hunting began to prevail amongst us, and foxhounds and harriers, more or less numerous and good, were established in the different divisions of the army. At head-quarters we were fortunate enough to become possessed of an excellent pack, which afforded us much amusement, and occupied time which would have otherwise hung heavily on our hands; and it is worthy of remark, that in such minor undertakings, no man entered more heartily than our leader. It was during this summer that he first instituted the custom, which he never afterwards laid aside, of throwing off at settled points on established days in every week, whilst the army was not in the field; and the incidents, replete with mirth, to which these meetings gave rise, are far too numerous to be recorded, though they will be long remembered. Then, in our quarters, we lived gaily and well. A spirit of good-fellowship and hospitality every where prevailed; and in the midst of war, balls, private theatricals, and agreeable parties, were things of continual occurrence. It is unnecessary to add, that this system, whilst it detracted in no degree from the discipline and efficiency of the troops, spread abroad among those who came under its influence the very best disposition and temper; and all men really learned to love their occupation, even at its most trying moments, from a recollection of the many enjoyments of which it was the parent."

With this extract we shall conclude. The only event of importance which is afterwards mentioned, is the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo in 1812; but the noble writer promises us another volume of the campaigns of 1813-14 in Germany and France, should his recollections of the preceding war in the Peninsula interest his "brother officers." As critics we would say, that, some details spared, it would interest the public more; but still it is a valuable contribution to the history of an era and contest never to be forgotten. A map, some plans, and an appendix of military returns, &c. add to its documentary worth. We have understood that the substance of the narrative is comprehended in letters originally addressed to the author's near relation, the late Marquess of Londonderry.

An Introduction to Geology, &c. By Robert Bakewell. Third Edition, with New Plates, &c. 8vo. pp. 540. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE former editions of this work contained much original information respecting the geology of our own country, which was then but little known, and the explanations of the principles of the science were clearly and intelligibly stated;—hence it was favourably received, and has long been out of print. Since the publication of the last edition, the author has been (he informs us in the preface) actively engaged in examining and re-examining the principal situations of much geological interest in Great Britain, and in comparing the rich formations with those which he has scrutinised in France, Switzerland, and Savoy. These comparisons will be found particularly instructive, and, with the large additions made to all the chapters, give to the present volume the character of a new work. Among the chapters that are entirely new, of which there are five, Chap. XVIII. on the destruction of mountains, on alluvial and diluvial depositions, and on the bones of quadrupeds in beds of gravel and clay, and in caverns; and Chap. XIX. on the formation of valleys, and on deluges and denudations, will perhaps be the most interesting to the general reader, as they contain an account of the great changes which the surface of our globe appears to have undergone at comparatively recent periods. At the conclusion of Chap. VIII. on the coal strata, the author has introduced some observations on the period when the coal mines of England must (as he contends) be exhausted. These we shall extract, as they relate to a subject in which every Englishman is more or less concerned.

"Coal was known, and partially used, at a

very early period of our history. I was informed by the late Marquess of Hastings, that stone hammers and stone tools were found in some of the old workings in his mines at Ashby Wolds; and his lordship informed me also, that similar stone tools had been discovered in the old workings in the coal mines in the north of Ireland. Hence we may infer that these coal mines were worked at a very remote period, when the use of metallic tools was not general. The burning of coal was prohibited in London in the year 1308, by the royal proclamation of Edward the First. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the burning of coal was again prohibited in London during the sitting of parliament, lest the health of the knights of the shire should suffer injury during their abode in the metropolis. In the year 1643 the use of coal had become so general, and the price being then very high, many of the poor are said to have perished for want of fuel. At the present day, when the consumption of coal in our iron-furnaces and manufactories, and for domestic use, is immense, we cannot but regard the exhaustion of our coal-beds as involving the destruction of a great portion of our private comfort and national prosperity. Nor is the period very remote when the coal districts which at present supply the metropolis with fuel will cease to yield any more. The annual quantity of coal shipped in the rivers Tyne and Wear, according to Mr. Bailey, exceeded three million tons. A cubic yard of coal weighs nearly one ton, and the number of tons contained in a bed of coal one square mile in extent and one yard in thickness, is about four millions. The number and extent of all the principal coal-beds in Northumberland and Durham are known; and from these data it has been calculated that the coal in these counties will last 360 years. Mr. Bailey in his Survey of Durham states, that one-third of the coal being already got, the coal districts will be exhausted in 200 years. It is probable that many beds of inferior coal, which are now neglected, may in future be worked; but the consumption of coal being greatly increased since Mr. Bailey published his Survey of Durham, we may admit his calculation to be an approximation to the truth."*

Mr. Bakewell then states the inaccuracies of Dr. Thomson's calculations on this subject (in the Annals of Philosophy), and compares them with those of Mr. Bailey and Mr. Winch; and after making allowance for the waste of coal at the mouth of the pit, and the quantity of coal left unwrought in the mines, he concludes that the period when the coal mines of Northumberland and Durham will be exhausted (giving it the longest duration), cannot exceed 360 years from the present time.

"It cannot (says the author) be deemed uninteresting to inquire what are the repositories of coal that can supply the metropolis and the southern counties, when no more can be obtained from the Tyne and the Wear. The only coal-fields of any extent on the eastern side of England between London and Durham, are those of Derbyshire, and those in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The Derbyshire coal-field is not of sufficient magnitude to supply for any long period more than is required for home consumption and that of the adjacent counties. There are many valuable beds of coal in the western part of the West Riding of Yorkshire which are yet unwrought; but the time is not very distant when they must be put in requisition to supply the vast demand of that populous manufacturing county, which at present consumes nearly all the produce of its own coal mines. In the midland counties, Staffordshire possesses the nearest coal district to the metropolis of any great extent; but such is the immense daily consumption of coal in the iron-furnaces and founderies, that it is generally believed this will be the first of our own coal-fields that will be exhausted. The thirty-feet bed of coal in the Dudley coal-field is of limited extent; and in the present mode of working it, more than two-thirds of the coal is wasted and left in the mine. If we look to Whitehaven or Lancashire, or to any of the minor coal-fields in the west of England, we can derive little hope of their being able to supply London and the southern counties with coal, after the import of coal fails from Northumberland and Durham. We may thus anticipate a period, not very remote, when all the English mines of coal and iron-stone will be exhausted; and, were we disposed to indulge in gloomy forebodings, like the ingenious authoress of 'the Last Man,' we might draw a melancholy picture of our starving and declining population, and describe some manufacturing patriarch travelling to see the last expiring English furnace before he emigrated to distant regions. Fortunately, however, we have in South Wales, adjoining the Bristol Channel, an almost exhaustless supply of coal and iron-stone which are yet nearly unwrought. It has been stated that this coal-field extends over about 1200 square miles, and that there are twenty-three beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is 95 feet, and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or 65,000,000 tons per square mile. If from this we deduct one half for waste and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we shall have a clear supply of coal equal to 32,000,000 tons per square mile. Now if we admit that the five million tons of coal from the Northumberland and Durham mines is equal to nearly one-third of the total annual consumption of coal in England, each square mile of the Welch coal-field would yield coal for two years' consumption; and as there are from one thousand to twelve hundred square miles in this coal-field, it would supply England with fuel for two thousand years, after all our English coal mines are worked out."

Mr. Bakewell states, however, that a considerable part of the coal in South Wales is of an inferior quality, and is not at present burnt for domestic use.

* "The waste of coal at the pit's mouth may be stated at one-sixth of the quantity sold, and that left in the mines at one-third. Mr. Holmes in his Treatise on Coal Mines states the waste of small coal at the pit's mouth to be one-fourth of the whole."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Fall of Nineveh: a Poem. By J. Atherstone.

A POEM in Miltonic blank verse, and formed on that great model. It *paints* the fall of the mighty city as painted by Martin in his extraordinary picture about to be exhibited. We are sorry that we, this week, have no room for quotation.

The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life by Diet and Regimen. By the late Dr. Kitchiner. Whittaker.

THIS is a much-enlarged edition of a production which, in its original form, has had a very extensive sale; and as the subject comes home to every bosom, we have no doubt but this curious performance will also make great way in the world.

Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman. 3 vols. 12mo. H. Colburn.

THOUGH too late in the week to do these pages justice, we cannot refrain from their merited, though passing, eulogium. If the most brilliant wit; remarks as acute in observation as they are profound in judgment; playful satire, by the side of sound philosophy; a narrative whose interest never flags; and some pictures of the most rivetting interest; —if these can make a work popular, *Pelham* will be as first-rate in celebrity as it is in excellence. The scenes are laid in the present day, and in fashionable life; but we protest against meaning to class it with the general run of "fashionable novels," written with the Court Guide, like a rhyming dictionary, by way of help, on the table. The great merit of *Pelham* is its individuality of character: but we must leave it till next week to justify praise such as we now bestow.

The Prima Donna; a Tale of To-Day. 12mo. Edward Bull.

WE must beg leave to quote a portion of this *soi-disant* "author's" preface. "It was the author's original intention to produce a work entitled the Female Character"—"but thinking the title he had first chosen of a too dignified and general description, he has adopted one which he has reason to believe will be of greater attraction, although not relating to the whole of the work, which professes rather to illustrate than to develop the female character." A most modest setting-forth of our "author's" intentions! whose originality must be great, when we just mention, that the *Prima Donna* is a poor translation, or rather imitation, of *Henrietta*, the German novel of which Mdlle. Sontag is the heroine, containing the history, either false or true, of her royal and romantic engagement. Could any one suppose so barefaced a plagiarism would escape detection? There are some other tales; but the "Adventures of a Guinea" has been deteriorated.

Solitary Walks through Many Lands. By Derwent Conway, Author of the "Tales of the Ardennes." 2 vols. 12mo. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

TWO gracefully written volumes, containing some very picturesque descriptions, and some prettily told legends, with a tinge of romance over the whole which will doubtless be very attractive to the author's more juvenile readers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 3.

HOPING to render my letters more interesting, I attend literary *soirées* twice a week; but I am generally disappointed in my calculations, as *systems* are the order of the day, and civilisation the never-ending rallying word. On the last evening the party was mixed; old school, new school, philosophers, anti-philosophers, Owenites, Sayites, in fact *ites* of all descriptions, each of which held forth "to tire each other down;" and the Tower of Babel did not furnish a greater variety of languages, than these gentlemen did opinions: all agreed as to the evils of the age, but each varied as to the specific capable of producing a cure; so that while doctors are differing, the poor patient runs a chance of dying of exhaustion. At least, *en attendant* the decision of wise heads as to the choice of remedies, murdering, thieving, cheating, hanging, starving, and begging, are going on in the old routine, or rather gaining ground.

Wednesday last I went to Lafond's concert,

which I was surprised to find (owing to the high price of tickets) so well attended. To lovers of instrumental music, Lafond left no feeling unsatisfied: he not only enchanted his audience, but seemed peculiarly delighted with himself, and received with much grace that applause he judged so justly bestowed. His appearance is that of a *petit maître masqué*; and the divine sounds he draws from his violin are little in harmony with his *dandy-like tournure*. Young Herts performed admirably on the piano-forte: he speaks of visiting London this summer. As for the vocal performance, it was worse than bad — it was ludicrous. Mademoiselle Sicard, first cantatrice of the Lisbon theatre, appeared to think grimacing was to make up for the suffering she inflicted on the ear. A few Italians who were present encored her, to the great terror of the audience, who dreaded her acquiescence. Madame Malibran and Pisaroni having spoilt the Parisians, discordant tones can no longer pass for melody.

Zuccoli appeared at the Italian Opera on Friday evening, in the *rôle* of Don Magnifico, in Cenerentola: he at first seemed intimidated; but the French, ever alive to good feeling, re-animated his courage by frequent applauses, which he afterwards justified: his voice is deep, and his bass notes peculiarly fine. Madame Malibran was delightful in the character of Cenerentola, which she performed with her usual grace. The ex-melodist Martin drew an immense crowd to the Opéra Comique; places that were not previously taken, were not to be had for love or money. The heat was insupportable, and ladies were much incommoded from the size of their sleeves, which admit no economy of space: a box for six, to do justice to that part of ladies' dress, can only admit four.

Macready's departure is quite an event; "he came, was seen, and conquered." Mademoiselle Mars some nights ago, performed the *rôle* of Susanna, in the Marriage of Figaro, in which she appeared so delightful, so charming, that one ceased to wonder that young men forget her years, and the old regret the number of theirs. In the tone of her voice there is a magic scarcely to be conceived, much less expressed. She is one of those evergreens on which Cupid will hang his bow until Time shall make a last effort to revenge her having so long resisted his power. It appears she is engaged for the Italian theatre in London. Tivoli gardens were opened to-day for the first time; but the rain most ungallantly spoiled sport, and prevented tender lovers, who delight in coloured lamps and shady walks, as also the pursuers of pleasure, from enjoying the preparations made for their reception; and many a matrimonial *tête-à-tête* supplied the place of more agreeable conversations and speculations. M. de Sèze expired this morning; and the buzz is already gone round of who is to fill his place. Some say M. Peyronet, others M. Rovez, or M. Portalis. The group forming the emblem of the Restoration is not yet finished. How little did Napoleon think that he was preparing a monument to celebrate the return of the Bourbons, when he caused that arch to be raised on the Place Carrousel, to support his own statue! but it is said, "one soweth, and another reapeth." The admiring multitude, who flattered him and bowed the knee, are now equally in raptures in viewing the four horses which have taken his place; and, were a monkey put there, the feeling of admiration would be all the same. They talk of having all Paris flagged; this, I presume, is merely to console the *piétons* for some broken legs and arms, as, in reality, those who are to depend on their own limbs to conduct them, must often choose between a variety of apparent deaths; and to escape a waggon, must run, perhaps, under the wheels of my lord duke's carriage — no space being left free — water-carriers, wood-sawyers, vegetable merchants, alternately filling up the sides of the street, as also cabriolets and fiacres stopping before the doors of the hotels: indeed, there is no public gallantry shewn for the delicate sex, whatever may be private politesse. Mud and dirt are the portion of all those whose *médiocre* means cannot aspire to a fiacre. There is to be a grand review on the 12th; it was twice put off. The king goes to St. Cloud on the 20th, to enjoy the pleasure of liberty, and to get rid of etiquette. Hunting rabbits is his favourite occupation: he generally goes out on these expeditions before breakfast: he must be in a direct line from Nimrod. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, when at St. Cloud, is up every morning at seven o'clock, and is generally reading or working at that hour. All those who immediately approach her person are most devoted to her, particularly the guards, who always prefer her service to that of any of the others of the royal family. She is by far the most considerate and feeling, though by some she is accused of severity: I have known of many kind and generous actions of hers, which were never meant to be revealed, and which are totally in opposition to the sternness of character ascribed to her.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICAN TRAVELLERS.

We have little to add to the accounts in last preceding *Literary Gazette* respecting the fate of our enterprising countrymen in Africa. It is now stated that Mr. Dickson has never been heard of since he penetrated far into the country; and it is therefore concluded that he has been murdered. Our readers may remember that by the last accounts of this gentleman, he was (so long ago as November 1825) at Whydah, on his way to Dahomey, in company with M. de Souza, a Portuguese, who had lived at that court for many years; and it was afterwards reported that he had not only reached Bahomey (the capital), but had again left it on the last day of December for the Shar country.* Poor Clapperton and Pearce were at that period at Badagry, in the Bight of Benin, about to proceed on their fatal journey for Sockatoo. It is melancholy to reflect, that more than *two years since*, Major Laing was near to, or at, Timbuctoo, intending to descend the river or rivers to the coast: the inference to be drawn from his non-appearance, and the total silence that has since prevailed concerning him, is, we grieve to repeat, of the most gloomy kind; for the loose report, that he was in Timbuctoo in March 1827 (in which case he would have been a whole year there) is too feeble to afford a cheering ray of hope.†

* See *Literary Gazette*, No. 523.

† But even beyond this (though some one ventures to contradict our statements in the *Courier* newspaper), we can see no rational ground for doubting the report of the natives, which reached Capt. Clapperton from Timbuctoo, if we might question the accounts *viâ* Tripoli. Where are the 500 Arab guards who were with our unfortunate countryman, that there is not one to testify to his being alive? On the contrary, the natives who arrived at Sockatoo invariably said that they had seen the white man in his tent; and described his stature and his red mustachios, whiskers, and beard, in a way which left no doubt of the identity of Major Laing. This white man, they said, was afterwards murdered by the people breaking into his tent; and the sad story is but too fully corroborated by the long period which has since elapsed.

Captain Clapperton, whose loss is now the subject of such deep and general regret, was a fine fellow, of about five feet eleven inches in height, with a high and commanding forehead, and an undaunted, yet pleasing and intelligent, expression of countenance. Mr. Murray has his portrait by Mr. Manton, a young artist of great merit. Previous to his death, at the age of thirty-eight, he was reduced to a mere skeleton. The return of his servant, Richard Lander, and the preservation of his papers, may be deemed little less than miraculous; and a remarkable fact is mentioned as having led to this escape. We noticed in our last, that an attempt had been made to poison him; and it appears that by some fortunate chance it failed to affect him; which, when the natives saw, their superstitious notions were excited in his behalf. They believed that he bore a charmed life, and was protected by the Great Being; in consequence of which, they not only treated him better, but suffered him to depart. The King of Badagry, however, demanded and obtained for his ransom, goods to the amount of 61*l.* namely, guns, powder, romals, taffety, &c. Lander's own wanderings, between April 1827 and January 1828, are not the least extraordinary portion of this interesting adventure; and we understand, that in the midst of all his difficulties and dangers, he contrived to conceal a watch of his late master's, which was originally meant to be presented by Captain Clapperton to the Sultan Bello, on taking leave of that faithless ruler.

The route taken by Lander, on his return to the coast, differed a good deal from that which he followed with Captain Clapperton in going up the country. He travelled seventeen days in an entirely different direction, endeavouring to trace if the Niger fell into the river of Benin; and if he could escape by descending that stream. He was compelled, however, to abandon this project, being pursued by the Fellatahs, with the design of murdering him. He traversed parts of Housa, Nyffe, Hio, and other countries utterly unknown to Europeans; and, finally, made his perilous way to Bodagry, as we have related. — Lander is a compact, well-built young man, apparently of 26 or 28 years of age, and about five feet six or seven inches in height. His countenance may be styled handsome, and possesses considerable intelligence and expression. He looks fresh and well after his arduous journey; and his modest, though unembarrassed, demeanour and manners, add much to the interest which must be very generally felt in his behalf. He is, we understand, preparing a journal of his travels, which will be added to the narrative of his late master and friend.

FERNANDO PO.

[A letter by the steam-vessel, of ten days' later date than that which appeared in our last No., has since reached us from this new settlement, from which we copy the following particulars.]

Clarence Cove, 16th January.

As Maidstone Bay offered itself as the point most desirable, from its locality, for an establishment, we anchored here in the first instance, and immediately set about clearing away Point William, which, from its being less thickly wooded than any other part of the bay, and also from its nearly insular position, we conceived to be the best calculated for defence. We examined the island as far as its eastern point, and finding nothing equal to Point William, Captain Owen finally made up his mind, called it Clarence, and disembarked the troops and natives to house themselves. Thi-

operation was completed in less than a week. They then turned-to with good will; and you will be surprised when I tell you that in two months we have cleared away nearly a square quarter of a mile of African wood and jungle;—we have cut carriage-roads through the whole of the establishment, which measures nearly a square mile in extent;—we have built a block-house, hospital, a house for the master builder, several large storehouses, workshops, bakehouse, &c. &c. We have a market twice a-week, at which we purchase stock of all kinds for iron hoop, bar iron, and common knives. We get a good sheep for six inches of bar; and eight fowls, or a hundred-weight of yams, for the same quantity. Fruits are scarce; and what there are, are wild and uncultivated, and consequently insipid. The natives are a harmless, inoffensive race of people; very filthy in their habits:—*ex. gr.* they plait their hair into long ringlets, which flow over their shoulders; these ringlets are clotted with palm oil and red clay, and thus all round their necks and all over their shoulders is running this precious mixture. The commonalty besmear their whole bodies with this compound; while the chiefs, by way of distinction, cover their bodies, face, &c. with a thick coating of gray clay, which gives them a very singular appearance, their eyes being the only black part about them. Clothing they have none to boast of: their caps are basket-work, ornamented with feathers, monkeys' sculls, bones, &c.; and the chiefs have rams' horns in theirs, to demonstrate their dignity. Their arms are long, wooden, barbed spears; they have also the sling, with which they are very expert. They are extremely jealous of their women; though, heaven knows, they have not much to fear from us on their account, as I never saw a race of human beings so like the monkey breed in my life. All the natives, male and female, have their faces dreadfully seamed, being cut across in different streaks with knives, which does not much improve their appearance and beauty. They continue to be much terrified at the report of a musket. Though the use and construction have been explained to them, they always approach with great caution and distrust.

Palm oil may be procured at about a penny per gallon.

We regret to hear that the ulcer cases are becoming very serious.

It is mentioned to us, on the authority of another letter, that nutmeg and other spices have been found growing in a wild state.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday evening, May 2d. — Mr. Knowles, F.R.S., of the Navy Office, delivered, before the president and members of this Institution, a lecture upon "the rise, progress, and present state of naval architecture in Great Britain."

Mr. Knowles prefaced his discourse by shewing the advantages of naval architecture to all commercial countries, and the benefits which England has at all times derived from her naval force: and that his meaning of terms relative to the higher branch of naval science might not be misunderstood, he entered into an elaborate but sufficiently plain description of the methods of finding the displacement of floating bodies,—their stability, by a point called the metacentre, the merit of discovering which he gave to M. Bouguer,—the resistance of fluids to bodies passing through them,—the motive power of the wind on the sails,—and the proper proportions of length to breadth of ships.

He then observed, that the naval power of England was laid by Alfred, who, in order to prevent invasion, built a fleet of galleys, which surpassed in size and velocity those of his principal enemy, the Danes; and having contrived these himself, he may truly be considered, in the order of time, the first naval architect for ships of war of which England can boast.

His remarks then went to the succeeding reigns until the Conquest, and he clearly shewed that this country was prosperous or otherwise, even in this remote period of its history, as the naval force was increased or neglected.

The conquest of England by William gave a great accession of strength, and it was at this time that the sovereignty of the narrow seas was claimed, which claim was maintained during the next century; and in the reign of John, the English enforced, not only this, but a right to the whole sea—for it was enacted, that if the masters of foreign ships should refuse to strike their colours to the flag of England, such ships should be considered lawful prizes.

The next part particularly worthy of notice, is that in which he described the ships of the reign of Edward I. as being "rude in form, fitted with one mast only, and little capable of performing voyages, except the wind blew on the shore whence their attention was directed. In the middle of these ships machines were placed for projecting darts or stones, and forward and abaft were castles, in which archers and cross-bow men were placed; but when they came to close-quarters, the sword was the weapon used."

He then dilated upon the changes which the introduction of the mariner's compass, and cannon, had brought about in naval architecture, and stated, that no better description could be given of the infant state of navigation immediately before this period, than that by Dryden;—

> "Rude as their ships were navigated then,
> No useful compass, or meridian known;
> Coasting they kept the land within their ken,
> And knew no north but when the pole-star shone."

He then proceeded to describe the magnificent ship laid down by Henry VII., called the Great Harry, examined her critically, from a beautiful model placed before him, and shewed the peculiarities of her build, and the merits and defects of her construction.

All the improvements which had been made in naval architecture during the succeeding reigns to that of Charles I. were adverted to; and he exhibited a draught of the Sovereign of the Seas, a ship then built by Phineas Pett, a graduate of Cambridge, which ship, for that period, he considered a master-piece of the art.

Beautiful models of an ancient galley, of the Great Harry, and a very complete drawing of the Sovereign of the Seas, were exhibited, to establish the observations of the lecturer.

Mr. Knowles intimated his intention of resuming this interesting subject on Friday evening, the 16th inst., and of then explaining all the modern improvements in the art, by suitable models.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's New General Atlas. Part VII.

If improvement could readily take place on a production which we liked so much from its commencement, we would say that this *Atlas* improves as it goes on. The present Part consists of England and Wales, China, and Van Diemen's Land—all executed in a manner than which nothing can be more excellent in mapping.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, May 3.—On Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—C. H. Turner, Christ Church; T. Paley, University College; Rev. T. Pemruddocke, Wadham College; Rev. R. Shuckburgh, Trinity College; E. H. B. Estcourt, Fellow of Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—The Right Hon. John Viscount Encombe, New College, Grand Compounder; T. Spears, Pembroke College; G. H. Goodwin, Queen's College; E. C. Harington, Worcester College; W. M. Du Pre, Christ Church.

R. T. Tucker, B.A. of Queen's College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 1st, a paper was read, entitled, *A Description of a Vertical Floating Collimator, and an Account of its Application to Astronomical Observations, with a Circle, and with a Zenith Telescope.* By Capt. Henry Kater, V.P.R.S.

The construction of the instrument which forms the subject of this paper is a material improvement on that of the horizontal floating collimator, of which an account was given by the author in the Philosophical Transactions for 1825. Its superiority is derived from its adaptation to the vertical, instead of the horizontal, position, by which the sources of error arising from the necessity of transferring the instrument to different sides of the observatory, and of taking the float out of the mercury and replacing it at each observation, are wholly obviated. The vertical floating collimator has the further advantage of being adapted for use, not only with a circle, but also with a telescope, either of the refracting or reflecting kind. Such a telescope, furnished with a wire micrometer, and directed to the zenith, becomes a zenith telescope, free from all the objections to which the zenith sector, and the zenith telescope, with a plumb-line, are liable.

The instrument itself is supported on a square mahogany stand, which slides on two parallel beams, fixed at the upper part of the observatory, in the direction of the meridian, and which has a circular aperture in the centre, guarded at its edge by a projecting rim of iron, to admit of the passage of the telescope. The telescope, which is forty inches long, is supported in the vertical position by a bridge, connecting it with a circular iron ring, ten inches and six-tenths in diameter, which floats in mercury. The mercury is contained in a circular iron trough, the central aperture of which is sufficiently large to allow of its turning freely round the rim which rises from the margin of the aperture of the stand. The object-glass of the telescope is placed at its lowest end, and its focus is occupied by a diaphragm, composed of two brass plates, each cut so as to form an angle of 135 deg. and placed opposite to each other, so that the angular points are brought to an accurate coincidence, thus leaving on each side intervening spaces, which form vertical angles of 45 deg. each. The telescope below, whether belonging to a circle or a zenith telescope, is to be directed so that the image of these angles shall be bisected by the micrometer wire; for which purpose the diaphragm of the collimator is illuminated by a bull's-eye lantern, placed at a convenient distance upon one of the beams crossing the observatory; the light being reflected downwards by a plane mirror placed in a screen, with a suitable aperture immediately above the collimator. The collimator is then to be turned half round in azimuth, the motion being facilitated by rollers, and limited at its extent by two catches, which receive a projecting wire fixed to the outer circle of the trough. When in this situation, the observation of the diaphragm by the telescope, and the bisection of its angles, are to be repeated, and the mean

of the two positions will indicate the exact point of the zenith. Minute directions are given by the author for the construction of all the parts of the collimator, and for their proper adjustments; together with an account of the precautions to be taken in the employment of the instrument. The time required for completing the determination of the zenith point by its means need not exceed two minutes; and if to this be added the time necessary for a second set of observations of the same kind, for the purpose of verification, and of a nearer approach to accuracy, the whole time required will not be more than five minutes, during which it is not probable that any sensible disturbance can have taken place in the position of the instrument from changes of temperature.

Tables are given containing registers of numerous series of experiments made, both by the author and by several of his friends, with a view to determine the stability of the instrument, and the degree of reliance that can be placed in the results. In the first series, out of sixty independent determinations of the zenith point, there are twenty-five, the error of each of which does not exceed one-tenth of a second; thirty-seven under two-tenths; forty-seven under three-tenths; fifty-five under four-tenths; three between four and five-tenths; and two a little above half a second. But the author thinks it probable that the greater part of these errors, minute as they are, must be attributed to want of power in the micrometer, which power is directly as the focal length of the object-glass, or mirror, of the telescope to which it is attached, and which necessarily limits the precision of which it is capable.

The author next gives the results of some experiments with a collimator made for Captain Foster, having a float of only five inches in diameter, and with a telescope five inches long: the errors, generally, do not amount to more than two-tenths of a second.

He then enters into details as to the manner of using the vertical floating collimator in astronomical observations, beginning with the portable azimuth and altitude circle described by the Rev. F. Wollaston in his *Fasciculus Astronomicus*, and applicable to other similar instruments. The new collimator affords, also, the most perfect method of adjusting the line of collimation of a mural circle, or of placing it at right angles to the axis.

The author next proceeds to describe the method of applying the instrument to the zenith telescope. In comparing the observations made by the zenith sector belonging to the Board of Ordnance, with the zenith telescope used in conjunction with the vertical floating collimator, the mean of errors in the former case was $+0''.54$ and $-0''.75$; in the latter, $+0''.44$ and $-0''.66$. From observations made on γ Draconis, the zenith distance of which at Greenwich is $0° : 2' : 6''.36$, and at York Gate $0° : 0' : 35''.67$, the difference of latitude between the two places was found to be $0° : 2' : 42''.03$, that of Greenwich being $51° : 28' : 38''.96$, and of York Gate $51° : 31' : 20''.99$.

From the greater degree of precision attainable by the employment of the vertical floating collimator, from the facility of its construction and application, and the time saved by using it, the author deems it not unreasonable to infer, that, ere long, the use of the level and plumb-line in celestial observations will be wholly abandoned.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

The first general meeting of the subscribers to this Fund was held on Wednesday, at the chambers of the Royal Asiatic Society in Grafton Street. Prince Leopold was in the chair; and Earl Spencer, Lord Melville, Mr. Wynne, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir Alexander Johnstone, Colonel Fitzclarence, and many other eminent individuals were present. We purpose giving a detailed account of this important association, and of these proceedings, in our next No.

THE LITERARY FUND.

The anniversary of this admirable Institution, on Wednesday next, bids fair to be amply attended by many persons of high rank and literary fame. The Duke of Somerset, the President, takes the chair; and a number of noblemen and other distinguished characters have signified their intention to support his Grace on this occasion. It is hardly necessary to call the regards of the lovers of letters to the distresses of but too many of those whose lives are devoted to them, or to exhort their more prosperous brethren in particular, to remember them in their hour of adversity. The sufferings assuaged by the Literary Fund would make a volume of the saddest cast; only illuminated by the beams which well-directed charity throws over the gloom of the unfortunate and miserable. Not a month passes, but the desolate author is fed, the widow and the orphan comforted, the death-bed itself smoothed, by the application of its means; and we rejoice to say, that they are continually increasing, like the widow's cruise of oil, so as to become more and more widely effectual. A few days since, by the decease of an annuitant, £1,800 three per cent reduced stock was added to the capital; and to this the produce of the anniversary will no doubt form a considerable augmentation: so that the benevolence of the Committee, under the ever-active and able superintendence of its chairman, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, may take a sweep more than ever congenial to the feelings which dictate its humane exertions.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Whatever excellence in the various branches of the fine arts may be displayed in the several Exhibitions at this season of the year, the lion's share of public attention will naturally fall to the show of the Academy. Time, fashion, and the sanction of royalty, combine to charter its claims. And yet, without dwelling on the unfitness of most of the rooms at Somerset House for the advantageous exhibition of works of art, and entertaining, as we do, a full sense of the brilliant talent of some of the highly accomplished members of the academic body and their associated contributors,—it must be acknowledged, that with many productions of transcendent merit are annually seen others of an inferior character, which ought not to be allowed to appear in such company. The great fault, indeed, seems to be the superabundance of pictures. In the present period of accumulated and accumulating art, it is really time for the Royal Academy to shew their discrimination and taste* by a more deliberate and rigorous selection than heretofore. The salutary effects of such a principle are strikingly manifest in the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours; and if it were adopted by the Royal Academy, among other benefits, it would repress mediocrity, and tend to diminish the number of those professors of the fine arts, who, in the absence of legitimate powers, have recourse to the most discreditable modes of advancement. It may be said, that to extend the system of exclusion would occasion great disappointment to individuals. But, as Fuzeli well remarked, "it is better to deter than to delude." Besides, if every crevice in the whole building were filled, disappointment there still would be; although we are satisfied that, in most cases, if those artists whose works are placed so high as not to be seen, or so low as not to be found, were asked the question, they would prefer rejection to such treatment.

And now for a more quiet and deliberate examination of the great room than it was possible to enter into on the day of the private view; our notice of which was of a general character, or, where at all detailed, had reference principally to the portrait department of the Exhibition.

Although we observed at the first glance that the mantel of the fire-place, which in most years is the great point of attraction, had not its usual charm, yet, on our second visit, we naturally enough went towards it, in search, and in hope,—but we were disappointed.

No. 128. *Richard the First, called Cœur de Lion, at the Battle of Ascalon, in the act of unhorsing Saladine.* A. Cooper, R.A.—In saying that we were disappointed, we do not mean in the slightest degree to disparage Mr. Cooper's talents, or to deny that his picture possesses great merit of its kind; but we have been so accustomed to meet in this place with the more familiar and interesting scenes of Wilkie, Mulready, Landseer, and others in that class of art, that an expression of regret at their absence broke from us unavoidably; the more especially as we knew of pictures (to which we shall by and by advert) which would have more advantageously occupied this favourite spot than that at present placed there. We must observe, however, that this production of Mr. Cooper's displays all the clearness and cleanness of execution for which he is so celebrated. In fact, we conceive that he pushes this quality, good in itself, to excess; for he sends his horses into the field of battle as well groomed as if they were to be had up for show at Tattersall's. The composition, nevertheless, is full of ability and spirit.

No. 70. *Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet, or the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Visitor! before you venture to look at this picture, pray take a hint from the pretty *Peasant of Andernach* (No. 78, by H. Howard, R.A.), and veil your sight as she does; or it will be overpowered by the glare of the violent colours here assembled. It is really too much for an artist to exercise so despotic a sway over the sun, as to make that glorious, and, as it has been hitherto supposed, independent luminary, act precisely in conformity to his caprice; pouring its rays on objects upon which they could not possibly fall, and hiding them from others in the direct line of their influence. There is scarcely a word of truth in the whole picture. Our high opinion of Mr. Turner's powers has been frequently expressed; but if he will "unlace his reputation thus," if he will entirely desert that nature, to his former love of which he is indebted for his eminence, we must suspend our admiration of his works, until he becomes sensible of the evils consequent on such unpardonable infidelity.

* The Royal Academy, as a body, it should be stated, did one graceful and considerate thing, which reflects credit on the feelings of the President and Council. They decreed that two tickets should be sent to Lady de Tabley, for the private view on Friday, the day appointed for the Royal Family and select friends; and that this compliment should continue to be paid to her ladyship during her life. This is at once a handsome and just tribute to the memory of the late Lord de Tabley, the warmest friend and patron of native talent and native artists that ever adorned this country.

No. 99. *Esther approaching Ahasuerus.* G. Jones, R.A.—We are rejoiced to see Mr. Jones employing his talents on a subject of a high and classical character; his qualifications for distinguishing himself in which, we have repeatedly asserted in the *Literary Gazette*, when commenting on his admirable drawings. The picture under our notice fulfils our most sanguine prognostics. It is worthy the pencil of Rembrandt.

No. 10. *Italian Scene in the Anno Santo; Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome and St. Peter's: Evening.* C. Eastlake, A.—We have no hesitation in saying that this is one of Mr. Eastlake's happiest productions. He has shewn great skill in the variety of action and attitude of his devout travellers; and still more in the judicious gradation of their expression. The picture is very harmoniously coloured; and we were much pleased with the character of its execution, which is sufficiently clean, without any approach to hardness.

No. 193. *A Composition, taken from the following Passages of the Eleventh Book of Milton's Paradise Lost.* W. Etty, R.A. Elect.—(The passages are from the description of Adam's vision of his posterity.) Many parts of this performance display Mr. Etty's great talents to advantage. There is, nevertheless, much to blame and lament. The action of some of the figures is outrageous. One female in particular, dancing with all her might, so strongly reminded us of a passage, not in Milton's Paradise Lost, but in Burns's Tam O'Shanter, that, while we gazed at her, we could scarcely refrain from exclaiming, "Weel done, cutty Sark!" We have already warned Mr. Etty to avoid that deadly sin against good taste, voluptuousness. We warn him again. To advert to minor matters; surely the strong opposition of the blue sky in the back-ground, although it may serve to relieve the figures in front, and although it may occasionally have had the sanction of Titian, is unnecessarily harsh and crude.

No. 174. *Cupid and Nymph.* W. Hilton, R.A.—We have scarcely ever seen any thing more captivating than this beautiful group. Rubens might have painted the flesh more glowingly, diversifying his tints with all the hues of the rainbow; but what would have been his forms? where would have been the charm of playful yet pure expression which illuminates this delightful work? Nor let us be understood, in talking of Rubens's splendour of colouring, to imply that Mr. Hilton is deficient in that respect. His picture is sweetly though chastely coloured.

No. 177. *A Lady of Rank of the Fifteenth Century, with two Attendants.* G. Saint Evre.—The name of the artist being new to us, and being that of a foreigner, we turned to the appendix of the catalogue, and found that M. Saint Evre is a Parisian. We assure him, however, that it is not politeness to a stranger, but justice to a man of talent, which induces us to express our admiration of his work, which is replete with good taste, and the composition and character of which are very interesting and dramatic. M. Saint Evre's style very much resembles that of the English school; and would do credit to any school whatever.

No. 59. *Doubtful Weather.* W. Collins, R.A.—That you may swear to. To say nothing of the tones of the sky, the action of the old fisherman is as intelligible as any language could possibly be. The scene is on the coast; and the picture is painted with that feeling of truth which communicates so exquisite a charm to all Mr. Collins's performances.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Wirtemburg, and Princess Royal of England. Engraved by W. Skelton, from a Miniature by P. Fincher.

We were not so fortunate as to see her majesty during her recent visit to England; but the general resemblance in this pleasing and unaffected portrait to the other members of our royal family, convinces us that it must be a good likeness.

The Costume of the British Army. Lithographed by M. Gauci, from original Drawings by E. Hull. No. I. Engelmann.

To all who honour (and who does not honour?) our brave army, these slight but spirited sketches will be interesting. They must be especially so to every military man.

Salvator Mundi. Engraved by H. R. Cook, from a Picture by Carlino Dolci; and printed in gold. J. W. Cook.

A TENDER, beautiful, and highly finished stippled engraving of the well-known ornament of Burleigh House.

A Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from Oxford to its Mouth. From Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A. No. I. Ackermann.

It is justly observed in the prospectus, that "the shores of the Thames display all the softer graces and all the attractive loveliness of Nature in her sweetest mood, heightened by the taste, skill, and ingenuity of man." Judging from the present specimen, which contains Views of Windsor, Oxford, Pope's Villa at Twickenham, and Richmond—delicately engraved in aquatinta, and coloured—this will be a very pleasing work. It is to be completed in six Numbers, and is accompanied by historical and descriptive illustrations.

Studies from Nature of the Dutch School. By P. Wonder. Drawn on stone by J. C. Zeitter. Dickenson.

A DOZEN single figures from the picturesque classes and occupations of life; exhibiting considerable character, and drawn with a very artist-like feeling.

Mademoiselle Sontag. Drawn on stone by Albert Hoffay. M'Clary.

The expression of the face is pensive and pleasing; but we have not yet seen a satisfactory representation of this fascinating songstress.

Miranda. Engraved by E. Scriven, from a Picture by W. Hilton, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

To say that this is truly Shakespeare's, not Dryden's, Miranda, is to say that it possesses every charm of united loveliness and innocence. Mr. Scriven's part in this beautiful print does him much credit.

The Passes of the Alps. By W. Brockedon, Member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence. No. VI. Rodwell.

The present Number contains illustrations of the Pass of the Monte Stelvio, the new military road from Germany to the Milanese, by the Valteline; and completes the first volume of this highly interesting publication. The Pass of the Monte Stelvio is, as Mr. Brockedon observes, a work of great political importance; as it will enable the Emperor of Austria, in case of necessity, to descend directly upon Milan, without violating the territory, or infringing the privileges, of any other government in his line of march. The plates in the present Number are at least equal to those of any of its predecessors. The Galleries in the Wurmser-Lock, the Ortler-Spitz, and the Baths of Bormio, give an admirable idea of the elevated regions which the skill and perseverance of man have rendered easily accessible; while Sondrio, Lecco, and Como, afford specimens of the beauty which is the near neighbour of so much sublimity.

THE FRESCOS BY PAUL VERONESE.

It affords us great satisfaction to learn that the British Institution, and some of its leading members and most distinguished patrons of the fine arts, have it in contemplation to secure these invaluable treasures for our National Gallery. As works of art they are unique in England; and we never entertained a doubt that their only proper destination was such as is promised by this patriotic design. These specimens, which are now in Maddox Street, enable the public to judge what glorious productions they are;—and we should, indeed, lament to see the collection either separated, or suffered to become the property of any other than the British nation.

GREAT PICTURE OF THE VISION OF JOSEPH.

Mr. J. B. Lane's work on this sacred subject is now to be seen at Charing Cross, the private view being to-day, and the public exhibition on Monday, *et seq.* Having more than once mentioned this picture during its progress at Rome, we need not now do more than state the result of a rapid glance at it in its present situation. It belongs to the grandest or epic class in art, and treats the supernatural vision of Joseph in an extremely bold manner, embracing (like Raphael in his Transfiguration) two periods of time,—namely, the apparition and warning of the angel, and the subsequent attack upon the Innocents by the emissaries of Herod, the former on the right, and the latter on the left of the canvass, and the angel in the centre affecting both. This grand production is nearly 24 feet in height, and displays many of the noblest qualities of the Roman school. There is, indeed, no difficulty in painting with which our countryman has not grappled in a dashing style, whether in colouring, in grouping, in foreshortening, or in expression and passion. The Holy Family, in repose, is contrasted, not only with the ferocious soldiers who are destroying the children, but with a gigantic figure of Goliah, introduced metaphorically:—but we have not time for criticism, and must recommend it to our friends to see this remarkable effort of an English artist. The catalogue gives a curious account of the reception of the picture at Rome, where priests, cardinals, and even the Pope and Inquisition, were excited by its appearance, and finally turned its author out of the Eternal City.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Every night an overflow rewards the spirited conduct of M. Laporte. Novelty and excellence are the sure cards to play at such a theatre as this, where fashion holds the first

* At the dinner of the Royal Academy, the President proposed the toasts with great elegance; the Duke of Wellington set a good example by returning thanks, very briefly; and Sir Walter Scott, whose health was drank as Antiquary to the Society, raised a hearty laugh, by telling the company that his appointment had been promised to be purely a sinecure, and that it was too bad to call upon him thus to exert himself before he had been more than an hour among them.

sway, and taste the second. We are glad to see the management so successful, not only on account of its own deserts, but because it is likely to produce even better performances and better seasons hereafter.

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday evening Mr. Lunn's pleasant comedy of *Roses and Thorns* was performed at this theatre with much success. Mathews and Liston kept the audience in a roar throughout the piece, and were admirably supported by Mrs. Orger and Miss E. Tree. We have no doubt, the transplantation of Mr. Lunn's *Roses* from the Haymarket to Old Drury will much improve the appearance of the *parterre*.

The comedy was followed by the first representation of an interlude, entitled *A School for Gallantry;* a translation, we understand, from the French by Mr. Jones the comedian. The subject is not new to the English stage; a fair writer having lately treated it with much pleasantry at the Adelphi, under the name of *The Scape-Grace*. The School for Gallantry was exceedingly well acted by Miss E. Tree, Miss Love, and its able adapter; and, with judicious curtailment, will probably take its turn during the rest of the season. It was, however, too near the wind with regard to decency, in the first instance; and Miss Love is a dangerous hand to intrust with any thing like a *double entendre*.

That happy comic triumvirate, Jones, Mathews, and Liston, fill the house every night they perform; and so long as the public love amusement and laughter, such a combination of talents must succeed to the utmost of the manager's wishes. On the alternate nights Macready has played his favourite parts with great energy and effect.

Miss Coveney, the child who has been heard with so much pleasure in the musical world, made her first appearance on Thursday night at the Surrey with great success and great éclat.

VARIETIES.

Parisian Industry.—About eighteen hundred quintals of bronze are annually used in Paris in the construction of ornamental works. The value of the works when produced has been estimated at 5,254,000 francs (£21,875); being about ten times the value of the raw material.

The National Repository, under the fostering patronage of his Majesty, is now nearly prepared for the reception of mechanical inventions, models, manufactures, &c. &c. From the state of the preparations, we anticipate that it may be opened early in June; and we learn with satisfaction that many curious and important specimens of improvements are ready for this useful national exhibition.

Literary Honours.—A bust of the Hon. Mountsheart Elphinstone, not only one of the ablest political characters, but also (which is still higher praise) one of the most zealous encouragers of literature and science which our eastern empire ever had to boast, has been voted by the Literary Society of Bombay to be placed in their hall of meeting. Mr. Elphinstone is succeeded in the Presidency of the Society by Sir John Malcolm, another individual distinguished by his love and practice of literature.

Madame Pasta.—This lady has, we hear, fixed the prices of the Opera-boxes on her benefit-night at a higher rate than was ever before demanded in England: the pit tier no less than eight, and the tier under the gallery six guineas!!

Sontag.—We are assured that Sontag does not receive above a hundred pounds per night! The English climate, it is said, does not agree with this fair and delightful songstress.

Geography.—The Geographical Society of Paris has caused its *programmes* to be translated into English, for the purpose of being circulated all over the world by the English and American periodical publications.

Club-feet.—A curious work is about to make its appearance in Paris, from the pen of M. Delpech, describing an apparatus which he has for a long time successfully employed in the counteraction of that deformity known by the name of *pied-bot*.

Iron.—The quantity of iron employed in France in the construction of machinery, and for other purposes, has doubled in the last four years; that of steel also has greatly increased.

Population and Journals.—A curious and detailed statement of the population of the various towns, cities, and countries of the world, accompanied with a correspondent statement of the number of periodical publications, appears in the last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique*. The general result to which the calculator comes, is as follows:—

	Population.	Numb. of Journals.
Anglo-American Confederation, or the United States of North America	11,600,000	860
English Monarchy	142,180,000	578
Total of the States of English origin	153,780,000	1,378
Total of all the other States in the World	583,220,000	1,790

Funeral Ceremonies.—The funeral ceremonies of the Serreres, an African tribe, are singular. The corpse being seated, and richly attired, is thus addressed by a relation: "Why will you leave us? Have we not among us every thing that you could wish for? Who is the sorcerer, the enemy, who has destroyed you?" Another person, placed behind the corpse, civilly answers for it, that it merely desires to be buried. Exclamations of grief then commence; but as soon as the body is interred, joy succeeds; the persons present sing and dance, and the *fête* lasts for nine days.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

An Essay on the Power of Rectors and Vicars to Lease their Glebe and Tithes for Twenty-one Years, or for Three Lives, so as to bind their Successors—is preparing for publication by a Barrister.

The Rev. G. S. Faber announces a Supplement to his Difficulties of Romanism, in Reply to an Answer by the Bishop of Strasbourg (late of Aire).

In consequence of the reputation which Ude has obtained by his elaborate and scientific Essays on Cookery, no less than three new works on that important subject are now in the course of publication. The first, we have reasons for knowing, is by Lady Charlotte Bury—the second by Mr. Pyne, (*the Artist*, now doubly so,) under the assumed name of Dr. Scott—and the third is by Reynolds, the Duke of Portland's cook, with a Preface and Notes, as we are informed, by his Grace. What would poor Doctor Kitchiner have said to all this rivalship in writing on, as well as taste for, the "Fine Arts?"

Stammering.—Dr. M'Cormac, a physician of Belfast, announces an Essay on the Causes and Cure of Stammering, and the Impediments of Speech. Dr. M'Cormac claims the merit of discovering for himself the system concealed by those who have practised it for some time past in London, Paris, and America, and which was purchased by the King of the Netherlands. His book, it is stated, will contain a full detail of this discovery, which is asserted to be so extremely simple, as to put it in the power of the most confirmed stammerer to effect his own cure in a few days, and often in a few hours.

A Third Edition has been called for of the Memoirs of the Life and Public and Private Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood.

In the Press.—The Reign of James II., or the Revolution of 1688, a Tragedy, with Historical Notes, &c. by Dr. John Crawford Whitehead.—A Spinster's Tour in France and Italy.—Fishes of Ceylon, after Drawings from Nature, by John Whitchurch Bennett.—A Second Edition of the Romance of History, by Henry Neele.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Costança, a Poem, by W. H. Merle, Esq. 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Memorable Events in Paris, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Dugald Stewart's Active and Moral Powers of Man, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 4*s*. bds.—Monitor for Young Ministers, 12mo. 7*s*. bds. — Guest on Spinning Machinery, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Memoirs of Lord Burghley, by the Rev. Dr. Nares, Vol. I. 4to. 3*l*. 3*s*.; large, 4*l*. 4*s*. bds.—The Manual of Rank and Nobility, 8vo. 15*s*. bds.—Hajji Baba in England, 2 vols. 12mo. 15*s*. bds.—Taylor's Biography (Latter Ages), 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*. hf.-bd.—Smith's Autographs, No. I. imperial 4to. 5*s*.; coloured, 7*s*. 6*d*.—Addison on Malvern Waters, &c. 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Burton's Law of Real Property, 8vo. 18*s*. bds.—The Prima Donna, post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Jacob's Second Report on the Corn Trade, 8vo. 13*s*. bds.—Vaughan's Life of Wickliffe, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*. bds.—Ward's Mexico in 1827, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 18*s*. bds.—Gilly's Horæ Catecheticæ, crown 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.—Compendious View of the Proofs of the Old and New Testament, 12mo. 3*s*. bds.—James's Christian Charity Explained, 12mo. 6*s*. bds.—Poems, by Eliza Rennie, small 8vo. 6*s*. — Macnish's Anatomy of Drunkenness, Second Edition, enlarged, small 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*.—Edwards's Botanical Register, eight coloured plates, No. III. for May, 4*s*. — The British Farmer's Quarterly Magazine, No. VII. 4*s*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

April.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday	24	From 45. to 60.	29.66 to 29.76
Friday	25	—— 46. — 58.	29.83 — 29.66
Saturday	26	—— 41. — 61.	29.82 — 29.96
Sunday	27	—— 33. — 63.	30.16 — 30.17
Monday	28	—— 37. — 70.	30.20 — Stat.
Tuesday	29	—— 39. — 73.	30.09 — 30.07
Wednesday	30	—— 47. — 64.	30.07 — 30.29

Prevailing wind S.W. Since the 25th generally clear.
Rain fallen ·225 of an inch.

May.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday	1	From 35. to 60.	30.29 to 30.26
Friday	2	—— 34. — 61.	30.19 — 30.05
Saturday	3	—— 40. — 58.	29.96 — 29.94
Sunday	4	—— 48. — 60.	29.80 — 29.70
Monday	5	—— 42. — 54.	29.70 — 29.66
Tuesday	6	—— 37. — 60.	29.66 — 29.70
Wednesday	7	—— 35. — 58.	29.76 — 29.84

Wind variable; prevailing N., N.E., and S.W.
Except the 1st, 2d, and 6th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers.
Rain fallen 0·5 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from Mr. Henning on the subject of the Clarence Medal. Mr. Henning states to us, and we feel most happy in giving it publicity, that he was merely employed by the proprietors (quere, who are the proprietors?) of this medal to design and execute it, and therefore disclaims all power of interference "with the price, with the mode of advertisement, with the material of the medal, or with aught that concerned it, except the engraving of the dies." Now all that our Correspondents have complained of, and we, on behalf of high-spirited British officers, have represented in our last Number, although we might have said much more, is the offensive mode of begging subscriptions in the waiting-room of the Admiralty. The following is Mr. H.'s letter:

2, Somer's Place West, New Road, London.

Sir,—Permit me to correct a mistake which appears in an article entitled the Clarence Medal in your last No. The fact is, that having been asked to give a design for the obverse of this medal, I chose a female figure, as a symbol of Britannia marching upon the ocean; and I also suggested the following lines from Campbell as an inscription:—

"Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

The design and inscription having been laid before his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, were by him approven, and by appointment I waited upon his Royal Highness, who honoured me with the sittings necessary for the completion of the portrait. Now all this was done at the instance of two private gentlemen, who are the proprietors of this medal, so that you will perceive that I could not have any right (as I had not any share) in interfering with the price, with the mode of advertisement, with the materials of the medal, nor with aught that concerned it, except the engraving of the dies. May I hope, therefore, that you will give this statement a place in your columns, in order that I may be set right with my friends and the public? I have the honour to be with respect, Sir, your humble servant,

JOHN HENNING.

We do not think S. S.'s poem so constructed as to be fit for the *Gazette*.

We dare say the work on Short-Hand will be noticed as soon as opportunity offers; but we cannot spare room to return answers to one in a hundred of the individuals who address us.

Several letters, some opened and others unopened, were lost a few days since; and we had hoped that before now they would have been returned to their address.

We had intended another touch of our dear friend Hajji Baba for this No., but are obliged to postpone it, with many other matters, to make room for novelties in sciences and arts.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

INCORPORATED LITERARY FUND SOCIETY, under the immediate Patronage of his Majesty. The Thirty-Ninth Anniversary Festival of this Society will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, the 14th of May, when

His Grace the DUKE of SOMERSET, the President of the Institution, will take the Chair.

The presence of such Noblemen and Gentlemen as are favourable to the objects of an Institution so immediately connected with the interests of Literature, is respectfully solicited on this occasion.

STEWARDS.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester.
The Right Hon. Lord Francis Leveson Gower, M.P.

Sir John Stuart Hippisley, Bt.	T. Crofton Croker, Esq.
Sir William Clayton, Bart.	Col. Geo. Fitzclarence
W. H. Ainsworth, Esq.	Henry William Hobhouse, Esq.
John Adolphus, Esq.	Dr. Lushington, M.P.
S. J. Arnold, Esq.	Samuel Maunder, Esq.
Francis Baily, Esq. F.R.S.	Major Moor, F.R.S.
Rev. R. H. Barham, M.A.	Samuel Sotheby, Esq.
Richard Blanchard, Esq.	Mr. Sheriff Spottiswoode, M.P.
J. S. Buckingham, Esq.	Edward Williams, Esq.
Henry Butterworth, Esq.	

Tickets, 20*s.* each, to be had of the Stewards; also of Mr. Snow, at the Chambers of the Society, No. 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

Dinner at Six precisely.

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Contents:—Art. I. Gall and Spurzheim; Phrenology—II. Italian Comedy: Nota—III. Wace's Romance of Rollo and the Dukes of Normandy—IV. Rey on the Judicial Institutions of England and France—V. Bohemian Literature—VI. Portugal—VII. Magnusen, the Edda Doctrine and its Origin—VIII. Turkey—IX. Simond's Travels in Italy and Sicily—X. Mévière.—Critical Sketches:—XI. D'Arlincourt's Ismalie—XII. Bonstetten on the Effects of Climate—XIII. French Proverbs—XIV. Champollion on Egyptian Hieroglyphics—XV. Parisian Public Institutions—XVI. Technological Dictionary—XVII. Brienne's Memoirs—XVIII. Niccolini's Antonio Foscarini—XIX. Heine's Travelling Sketches—XX. Meyerberg's Travels in Russia—XXI. Kaeuffer's Greek Testament—XXII. Orelli's Latin Inscriptions—XXIII. Markland's Statius, new edition—XXIV. Facciolati's Latin Lexicon, 3d edition—XXV. Hain's Repertorium Bibliographicum.—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. III.—List of the principal Works published on the Continent, from November, 1827, to January, 1828.

No. IV. will appear in the course of the Month.

Published by Treuttel and Co. Foreign Booksellers to the King, 30, Soho Square.

Just published, price 5*s.* 6*d.*

THE PAMPHLETEER, No. 57, containing the following popular and interesting Pamphlets:—1. Beames on the Power of the Court of Chancery to Deprive a Father of his Children—2. Brougham's Speech on the State of the Law—3. Lord Rossmore's Letter on Catholic Emancipation—4. Canning's Analysis of the Character of Buonaparte—5. On the Corn Question—6. Farren on the Report of the Finance Committee—7. Senior's Introductory Letter on Political Economy—8. Merewether on Agriculture, Poor Laws, Waste Lands, &c.—9. Sir E. Wilmot on the Increase of Crime—10. Potter's Letter on the Systems of Education—11. Bird's Letter on the Extension of the Jurisdiction of Magistrates—12. Necessity of a close Alliance between England, France, and the Netherlands.

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Contents: A Sermon upon the Testimony of the Spirit—Reviews of Bishop Heber's Indian Journal—Bishop Mant's Biographical Notices of the Apostles, Evangelists, &c.—Schoefield's Edition of Middleton on the Greek Article—Literary Report—Bishop Durham's Speech on the Corporation Test Acts—Ecclesiastical and University Intelligence.

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Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, by William Brockedon.

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The Fall of Nineveh.

MR. MARTIN'S PAINTING of the FALL of NINEVEH will be open to the Public on Monday, May the 12th, at the Large Room in the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street. Admission, from Eight o'Clock till Dusk.

The Print from Mr. Martin's Picture of the Deluge, corresponding in Size with the Belshazzar's Feast, will be published early in June. Proofs before the letters, 10 Guineas; proofs after the letters, Five ditto; prints Two Guineas and a Half.

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In the course of May will be published, Part XI. of

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By JOHN STEVENSON, Esq.
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Surgeon, Oculist, and Aurist, to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence, &c. &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Chronicles of the Canongate. Second Series. By the Author of Waverley, &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

HAVING been published early in the week, many of our *readers* will have *read* this historical novel before our review of it can be laid before them. For the rest, as the bad translators from the French say, they will peruse it so soon, that any elaborate criticism of ours would be worse than wasted, even were we at this time of day inclined to deliver opinions upon the Author of Waverley. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing, that the period of Scottish history here illustrated by his pen, seems always to have left a strong impression on the mind of Sir Walter Scott. Of the battle of Homildon Hill he made a dramatic poem; and the conflict between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay, on the North Inch of Perth, forms one of the most remarkable of the Tales of a Grandfather (see that work, vol. ii. p. 67). In the present publication we have the characters of the same era drawn out in fuller proportions, from King Robert III. to Henry Wynd, the valiant citizen of Perth, whose alliance so largely contributed to win the field for the Clan Chattan; some fictitious personages introduced; and the whole wrought into a *Chronicle* (if such a composition can with propriety be so called) of vivid and striking reality. The circumstances are related with all the force of actual truth; the *dramatis personæ* are developed either with historical fidelity or a keen perception of human nature in those fierce and barbarous times; and king, prince, noble, citizen, clansman, retainer, glee-maiden, &c. are individualised with the skill of an acute observer, who had lived among the chivalrous barons, warlike burghers, and wild Highlanders,—amidst the feuds and brawls,—of the closing years of the fourteenth century.

We do not, however, mean to say that the facts of history or of individual character have been scrupulously adhered to: on the contrary, they have been disregarded when it suited the author to shape his narrative into a higher, more affecting, or more tragical tone. Thus, Henry Wynd, the little bandy-legged saddler of tradition, who for half a French crown periled his life in mortal combat, is elevated into the best armourer in Scotland,—an athlete of good bodily appearance, and a hero in soul. The chief of the Clan Kay is a creature of superstition and romance, whose imagined conduct has a leading influence throughout the tale. The death of the unfortunate Duke of Rothsay is brought about by other causes and other instruments than our annals have assigned, though the principal incidents of his sad fate, as report has handed them down, have been preserved with appalling minuteness.

In other respects, the Fair Maid of Perth, the daughter of Simon Glover, a worthy citizen of that place, though adorned with great perfections, is, like most of the author's heroines, rather uninteresting. We are never afraid of aught that is threatened of danger towards her; and she reaches her apotheosis without affording us any extraordinary degree of pleasure. The imagined citizens of Perth are admirably conceived. Henbane Dwining, a learned and travelled leech or pottingar, is a powerful agent in the drama; and Simon Glover himself, Bailie Craigdallie, Oliver Proudfute bonnet-maker, Griffin not of that ilk but of that inn, &c. &c. are all faithfully painted, and cleverly contrasted: whilst Mrs. Proudfute, Dorothy Glover the domestic of Simon, Luckie Shoolbred the Smith's housekeeper, and Louise the gleewoman, serve, with them, not only to display the manners of the age, but to carry on the business of the story. Of the genuine persons known to us by record, King Robert, simple-hearted and wavering; his gay and thoughtless son Rothsay, and his brother the crafty and ambitious Duke of Albany, are finely developed. The Black Douglas is not perhaps so accurately depicted: indeed he is more peculiarly and forcibly drawn by several ancient writers; but still he is a bold sketch upon the canvass of Sir Walter's grouping. Of the equally potent Earl of March we do not see much; but these mighty feudal lords, together with their followers, priors and monks, Sir Patrick Charteris provost of Perth, Ramorny master of the horse to the Duke of Rothsay, Eviot his page, Bonthron a ruffian, the foster-father and brothers of the chieftain of Clan Kay, and many inferior characters,—are stamped with the masterly touch of our great delineator of the men and manners of ancient as well as modern days. Of his powers in this respect, nearly the whole of the last volume is a remarkable example: the catastrophe of Rothsay in Falkland castle; and, still more, the contest of the clans on the Inch of Perth, are not surpassed by any thing he has ever done. The latter we are inclined to class above the matchless tournament in Ivanhoe, inasmuch as its reality and deep tragedy are superior to the show and chivalry of that superb picture. But the most original and striking feature in this production is, that the author has contrived to invest the character of a coward with the finest of our sympathies. This is an entirely novel idea; and we wonder when we find that such a being—the general scoff, derision, and at best pity, of all preceding times and writers—is, by a magical charm and a just view of nature, rendered one for whom our feelings are warmly excited, and for whose destiny our tears are made to flow.

With these preliminaries we shall proceed to a brief epitome of the *Fair Maid of Perth*, and a few quotations to exemplify her Chronicle. The book opens on St. Valentine's eve: King Robert is holding his court in the Dominican convent at Perth; and we become acquainted with the inhabitants of that city who are necessary to the tale, especially with Katie Glover, whose rare beauty inspires all hearts, from that of the heir-apparent to Henry Wynd the armourer, and Conachar, a Highland youth, apprentice to Simon Glover, over whose connexion a mystery hangs, till he is discovered to be the only son of the head of Clan Kay. During the Valentine revels, when chivalry bent at the shrine of female loveliness with perfect devotion, though sometimes not with perfect purity, the fair daughter of the Glover was an object of universal attraction. A midnight attempt to carry her off, by Rothsay, and Ramorny and his other adherents, is defeated by the brave Smith, who is her Valentine, and who in the affray chops off the hand of the luckless master of the prince's horse. Other scenes and revels succeed on Shrove Tuesday, or Fastern's E'en; when Proudfute, a good-natured boaster, who is always imitating the Smith, is mistaken for his prototype, and assassinated by Bonthron, in revenge for this wound. The corpse is found on the morning of Ash Wednesday, and the hardly appeased tumults in the city, occasioned by the gallant affair at Simon Glover's, are renewed against the reckless courtiers with greater fury than before. The rumour runs at first that Henry Smith has been murdered; which throws the Fair Maid, who had hitherto been coy and cold to his addresses, off her guard; and the following ensues.

"Catharine ran through the streets of Perth in a manner which at another moment would have brought on her the attention of every one who saw her hurrying on with a reckless impetuosity, wildly and widely different from the ordinary decency and composure of her step and manner, and without the plaid, scarf, or mantle, which 'women of good,' of fair character and decent rank, universally carried around them, when they went abroad. But, distracted as the people were, every one inquiring or telling the cause of the tumult, and most recounting it different ways, the negligence of her dress, and discomposure of her manner, made no impression on any one; and she was suffered to press forward on the path she had chosen, without attracting more notice than the other females, who, stirred by anxious curiosity or fear, had come out to inquire the cause of an alarm so general—it might be to seek for friends, for whose safety they were interested. As Catharine passed along, she felt all the wild influence of the agitating scene, and it was with difficulty she forbore from repeating the cries of lamentation and alarm which were echoed around her. In the meantime, she rushed rapidly on, embarrassed like one in a dream, with a strange sense of dreadful calamity, the precise nature of which she was unable to define, but which implied the terrible consciousness, that the man who loved her so fondly, whose good qualities she so highly esteemed, and whom she now felt to be dearer than perhaps she would before have acknowledged to her own bosom, was murdered, and most probably by her means. * * *

"Without knowing what she sought, except the general desire to know the worst of the dreadful report, she hurried forward to the very spot, which of all others her feelin

the preceding day would have induced her to avoid. Who would, upon the evening of Shrove-tide, have persuaded the proud, the timid, the shy, the rigidly decorous Catharine Glover, that before mass on Ash Wednesday she should rush through the streets of Perth, making her way amidst tumult and confusion, with her hair unbound, and her dress disarranged, to seek the house of that same lover, who, she had reason to believe, had so grossly and indelicately neglected and affronted her, as to pursue a low and licentious amour! * *

"At length, without any distinct idea of her own purpose, she stood before her lover's door, and knocked for admittance. The silence which succeeded the echeing of her hasty summons increased the alarm which had induced her to take this desperate measure. 'Open,—open, Henry!' she cried. 'Open, if you yet live!—Open, if you would not find Catharine Glover dead upon your threshold!' As she cried thus frantically to ears which she was taught to believe were stopped by death, the lover she invoked opened the door in person, just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. The extremity of his ecstatic joy upon an occasion so unexpected, was qualified only by the wonder which forbade him to believe it real, and by his alarm at the closed eyes, half-opened and blanched lips, total absence of complexion, and apparently total cessation of breathing. Henry had remained at home, in spite of the general alarm, which had reached his ears for a considerable time, fully determined to put himself in the way of no brawls that he could avoid; and it was only in compliance with a summons from the magistrates, which, as a burgher, he was bound to obey, that, taking his sword and buckler from the wall, he was about to go forth, for the first time unwillingly, to pay his service, as his tenure bound him. 'It is hard,' he said, 'to be put forward in all the town feuds, when the fighting work is so detestable to Catharine. I am sure there are enough of wenches in Perth, that say to their gallants, 'Go out—do your devoir bravely, and win your lady's grace;' and yet they send not for their lovers, but for me, who cannot do the duties of a man to protect a minstrel woman, or of a burgess who fights for the honour of his town, but this peevish Catharine uses me as if I were a brawler and bordeller!' Such were the thoughts which occupied his mind, when, as he opened his door to issue forth, the person dearest to his thoughts, but whom he certainly least expected to see, was present to his eyes, and dropped into his arms. His mixture of surprise, joy, and anxiety, did not deprive him of the presence of mind which the occasion demanded. To place Catharine Glover in safety, and recall her to herself, was to be thought of before rendering obedience to the summons of the magistrates, however pressingly that had been delivered. He carried his lovely burden, as light as a feather, yet more precious than the same quantity of purest gold, into a small bedchamber which had been his mother's. It was the most fit for an invalid, as it looked into the garden, and was separated from the noise of the tumult. 'Here, Nurse—Nurse Shoolbred—come quick—come for death and life—here is one wants thy help!' Up trotted the old dame. 'If it should but prove any one that will keep thee out of the scuffle—' for she also had been aroused by the noise,—but what was her astonishment, when, placed in love and reverence on the bed of her late mistress, and supported by the athletic arms of her foster son, she saw the apparently lifeless form of the Fair Maid of Perth. 'Catharine Glover!' she said; 'and, Holy Mother—a dying woman, as it would seem!' 'Not so, old woman,' said her foster-son; 'the dear heart throbs—the sweet breath comes and returns! Come thou, that may aid her more meetly than I—bring water—essences—whatever thy old skill can devise. Heaven did not place her in my arms to die, but to live for herself and me.' With an activity which her age little promised, Nurse Shoolbred collected the means of restoring animation; for, like many women of the period, she understood what was to be done in such cases, nay, possessed a knowledge of treating wounds of an ordinary description, which the warlike propensities of her foster-son kept in pretty constant exercise. 'Come now,' she said, 'son Henry, unfold your arms from about my patient—though she is worth the pressing—and set thy arms at freedom to help me with what I want. Nay, I will not insist on your quitting her hand, if you will beat the palm gently, as the fingers unclose their clenched grasp.' '*I* beat her slight beautiful hand!' said Henry; 'you were as well bid me beat a glass cup with a fore-hammer, as tap her fair palm with my horn-hard fingers. But the fingers do unfold, and we will find a better way than beating;' and he applied his lips to the pretty hand, whose motion indicated returning sensation. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and the Fair Maid of Perth opened her eyes, fixed them on her lover, as he kneeled by the bedside, and again sunk back on the pillow. As she withdrew not her hand from her lover's hold or from his grasp, we must in charity believe that the return to consciousness was not so complete as to make her aware that he abused the advantage, by pressing it alternately to his lips and his bosom. At the same time we are compelled to own, that the blood was colouring in her cheek, and that her breathing was deep and regular, for a minute or two during this relapse. The noise at the door began now to grow much louder, and Henry was called for by all his various names, of Smith, Gow, and Hal of the Wynd, as heathens used to summon their deities by different epithets."

Simon Glover comes from the inquest upon Proudfute's body to quicken his friend the Smith.

"Unrestrained by the considerations of doubt and hesitation which influenced others, he repaired to the parlour; and having overheard the bustling of Dame Shoolbred, he took the privilege of intimacy to ascend to the bedroom, and, with the slight apology of—'I crave your pardon, good neighbour,' he opened the door, and entered the apartment, where a singular and unexpected sight awaited him. At the sound of his voice, May Catharine experienced a revival much speedier than Dame Shoolbred's restoratives had been able to produce; and the paleness of her complexion changed into a deep glow of the most lovely red. She pushed her lover from her with both her hands, which, until this minute, her want of consciousness, or her affection, awakened by the events of the morning, had well nigh abandoned to his caresses. Henry Smith, bashful as we know him, stumbled as he rose up; and none of the party were without a share of confusion, excepting Dame Shoolbred, who was glad to make some pretext to turn her back to the others, in order that she might enjoy a laugh at their expense, which she felt herself utterly unable to restrain, and in which the Glover, whose surprise, though great, was of short duration, and of a joyful character, sincerely joined. 'Now, by good St. John,' he said, 'I thought I had seen a sight this morning that would cure me of laughter, at least till Lent was over; but this would make me curl my cheek if I were dying. Why, here stands honest Henry Smith, who was lamented as dead, and toll'd out for from every steeple in town, alive, merry, and, as it seems from his ruddy complexion, as like to live as any man in Perth. And here is my precious daughter, that yesterday would speak of nothing but the wickedness of the wights that haunt profane sports, and protect glee-maidens—ay, she who set St. Valentine and St. Cupid both at defiance,—here she is, turned a glee-maiden herself for what I can see! Truly, I am glad to see that you, my good Dame Shoolbred, who give way to no disorder, have been of this loving party.' 'You do me wrong, my dearest father,' said Catharine, as if about to weep. 'I came here with far different expectations than you suppose. I only came because—because—' 'Because you expected to find a dead lover,' said her father; 'and you have found a living one, who can receive the tokens of your regard and return them. Now, were it not a sin, I could find in my heart to thank Heaven that thou hast been surprised at last into owning thyself a woman.—Simon Glover is not worthy to have an absolute saint for his daughter.—Nay, look not so piteously, nor expect condolence from me! Only I will try not to look merry, if you will be pleased to stop your tears, or confess them to be tears of joy.' 'If I were to die for such a confession,' said poor Catharine, 'I could not tell what to call them. Only believe, dear father, and let Henry believe, that I would never have come hither, unless—unless—' 'Unless you had thought that Henry could not come to you,' said her father. 'And now shake hands in peace and concord, and agree as Valentines should.'"

Suspicion of Proudfute's murder falls on Ramorny and his people: the former is *assoilzied* on the testimony of the Prince; but the latter are put to the ordeal of bier-right, that is, to attest their innocency by oath in the church, where the corpse is placed on the altar before them. This ceremony is well described: Bonthron refuses the appeal, and challenges single combat instead. He is opposed by the Smith, as the widow's chosen champion, and defeated. Upon this he confesses the murder, but is suborned by his master Ramorny and Dwining to accuse the Duke of Rothsay of having employed him: he is then borne to execution, but saved from the gallows-death by the devices of the fiendish Pottingar. The prince is, at the instigation of Albany, placed in ward of the Constable Errol. Of the unhappy state of the country at this period, a reforming monk, whose discourses have converted the beautiful Catharine, and led even her cautious father to speak rather irreverently of the church, draws a hasty but striking outline. "When I behold," he says, "this rich and varied land, with its castles, churches, convents, stately palaces, and fertile fields, these extensive woods, and that noble river, I know not, my daughter, whether most to admire the bounty of God or the ingratitude of man. He hath given us the beauty and fertility of the earth, and we have made the scene of his bounty a charnel-house and a battle-field. He hath given us power over the elements, and skill to erect houses for comfort and defence, and we have converted them into dens for robbers and ruffians." The flight of this holy father to the Highlands, and also of Simon Glover, who is accused of heresy, changes the scene, and brings us into contact with the wild

inhabitants of that wild region. The funeral of Gilchrist MacIan, the chief of the clan Quehele or Kay, and the banquet which follows it, are detailed with all the spirit of the author: the natural panorama on Loch Tay, the boat procession, the wailing of the mourners, the harsh notes of the national bagpipe sweetened into music by distance, the installation of Eachin or Conachar in his father's seat, are splendid instances of graphic and descriptive powers. Here, however, the most important point is a midnight interview between the youthful chieftain and his quondam master the Glover; in which the former, after having been refused the hand of Catharine, confides his fatal secret to the astonished citizen.

"'I understand your tale,' said Eachin; 'but I shall find it difficult to make you credit mine, knowing the race of which I am descended, and especially him whom we have this day laid in the tomb—well that he lies where he will never learn what you are now to hear! Look, my father—the light which I bear grows short and pale,—a few minutes will extinguish it—but before it expires, the hideous tale will be told.—Father, I am—a *coward!*——It is said at last, and the secret of my disgrace is in keeping of another!' The young man sunk back in a species of syncope, produced by the agony of his mind as he made the fatal communication. The Glover, moved as well by fear as by compassion, applied himself to recall him to life, and succeeded in doing so, but not in restoring him to composure. He hid his face with his hands, and his tears flowed plentifully and bitterly. 'For Our Lady's sake, be composed,' said the old man, 'and recall the vile word! I know you better than yourself—you are *no* coward, but only too young and inexperienced, ay, and somewhat too quick of fancy, to have the steady valour of a bearded man. I would hear no other man say that of you, Conachar, without giving him the lie—You are no coward—I have seen high sparks of spirit fly from you even on slight enough provocation.' 'High sparks of pride and passion!' said the unfortunate youth; 'but when saw you them supported by the resolution that should have backed them? The sparks you speak of, fell on my dastardly heart as on a piece of ice, which could catch fire from nothing—if my offended pride urged me to strike, my weakness of mind prompted me the next moment to fly.' 'Want of habit,' said Simon; 'it is by clambering over walls that youths learn to scale precipices. Begin with slight feuds—exercise daily the arms of your country in tourney with your followers.' 'And what leisure is there for this?' exclaimed the young chief, starting as if something horrid had occurred to his imagination. 'How many days are there betwixt this hour and Palm Sunday, and what is to chance then?—A list enclosed, from which no man can stir, more than the poor bear who is chained to his stake. Sixty living men, the best and fiercest, (one alone excepted!) which Albyn can send down from her mountains, all athirst for each other's blood, while a king and his nobles, and shouting thousands besides, attend, as at a theatre, to encourage their demoniac fury! Blows clang, and blood flows, thicker, faster, redder—they rush on each other like madmen—they tear each other like wild beasts—the wounded are trodden to death amid the feet of their companions! Blood ebbs, arms become weak—but there must be no parley, no truce, no interruption, while any of the maimed wretches remain alive! Here is no crouching behind battlements, no fighting with missile weapons,—all is hand to hand, till hands can no longer be raised to maintain the ghastly conflict.—If such a field is so horrible in idea, what think you it will be in reality?' The Glover remained silent. 'I say again, what think you?' 'I can only pity you, Conachar,' said Simon. 'It is hard to be the descendant of a lofty line—the son of a noble father—the leader by birth of a gallant array—and yet to want, or think you want (for still I trust the fault lies much in a quick fancy, that over-estimates danger), to want that dogged quality, which is possessed by every game-cock that is worth a handful of corn, every hound that is worth a mess of offal. But how chanced it, that with such a consciousness of inability to fight in this battle, you proffered even now to share your chiefdom with my daughter? Your power must depend on your fighting this combat, and in that Catharine cannot help you.' 'You mistake, old man,' replied Eachin; 'were Catharine to look kindly on the earnest love I bear her, it would carry me against the front of the enemies with the mettle of a war-horse. Overwhelming as my sense of weakness is, the feeling that Catharine looked on would give me strength. Say yet—oh, say yet—she shall be mine if we gain the combat; and not the *Gow Chrom* himself, whose heart is of a piece with his anvil, ever went to battle so light as I shall do! One strong passion is conquered by another.' 'This is folly, Conachar. Cannot the recollections of your interest, your honour, your kindred, do as much to stir your courage, as the thoughts of a brent-browed lass? Fie upon you, man!' 'You tell me but what I have told myself—but it is in vain,' replied Eachin, with a sigh. 'It is only whilst the timid stag is paired with the doe, that he is desperate and dangerous. Be it from constitution—be it, as our Highland cailliachs will say, from the milk of the white doe—be it from my peaceful education, and the experience of your strict restraint—be it, as you think, from an overheated fancy, which paints danger yet more dangerous and ghastly than it is in reality, I cannot tell. But I know my failing, and—yes, it must be said!—so sorely dread that I cannot conquer it, that, could I have your consent to my wishes on such terms, I would even here make a pause, renounce the rank I have assumed, and retire into humble life.' 'What, turn glover at last, Conachar?' said Simon; 'this beats the legend of St. Crispin. Nay, nay, your hand was not framed for that; you shall spoil me no more doe-skins.' 'Jest not,' said Eachin, 'I am serious. If I cannot labour, I will bring wealth enough to live without it. They will proclaim me recreant with horn and war-pipe—Let them do so—Catharine will love me the better that I have preferred the paths of peace to those of bloodshed; and Father Clement shall teach us to pity and forgive the world, which will load us with reproaches that wound not. I shall be the happiest of men—Catharine will enjoy all that unbounded affection can confer upon her, and will be freed from apprehension of the sights and sounds of horror, which your ill-assorted match would have prepared for her; and you, Father Glover, shall occupy your chimney-corner, the happiest and most honoured man that ever——' 'Hold, Eachin—I pr'ythee, hold,' said the Glover; 'the fir light, with which this discourse must terminate, burns very low, and I would speak a word in my turn, and plain dealing is best. Though it may vex, or perhaps enrage you, let me end these visions by saying at once—Catharine can never be yours. A glove is the emblem of faith, and a man of my craft should, therefore, less than any other, break his own. Catharine's hand is promised—promised to a man whom you may hate, but whom you must honour—to Henry the Armourer. The match is fitting by degree, agreeable to their mutual wishes, and I have given my promise. It is best to be plain at once—resent my refusal as you will—I am wholly in your power—But nothing shall make me break my word.' The Glover spoke thus decidedly, because he was aware, from experience, that the very irritable disposition of his former apprentice yielded, in most cases, to stern and decided resolution. Yet, recollecting where he was, it was with some feelings of fear that he saw the dying flame leap up, and spread a flash of light on the visage of Eachin, which seemed pale as the grave, while his eye rolled like that of a maniac in his fever-fit. The light instantly sunk down and died, and Simon felt a momentary terror, lest he should have to dispute for his life with the youth, whom he knew to be capable of violent actions when highly excited, however short a period his nature could support the measures which his passion commenced. He was relieved by the voice of Eachin, who muttered in a hoarse and altered tone,—'Let what we have spoken this night rest in silence for ever—If thou bring'st it to light, thou wert better dig thine own grave.' Thus speaking, the door of the hut opened, admitting a gleam of moonshine. The form of the retiring chief crossed it for an instant, the hurdle door was then closed, and the hut left in darkness."

In a subsequent scene, where a doe is killed in hunting, Eachin also confesses his moral infirmity to Torquil, his valiant and devoted foster-father, who imputes it to necromancy, and turns all his thoughts to avert its effects, and save his chief on the day of battle.

Meanwhile Rothsay is induced by Ramorny to fly from Perth, and seek refuge in Falkland, whither Catharine is seduced, (charged with heretical opinions, as well as her father) under the plea of being placed within the protection of the duchess, who has, however, left the place. On his way, the Prince again encounters Louise, the glee-maiden, and carries her along with him. She is called upon to exercise her talent; and we are told, "the maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves:

Yes, thou may'st sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground.
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the gray monk his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid.
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever-fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead."*

* Another of her songs, in honour of the brave Smith, who had saved her from persecution, was, we are informed, long a favourite in Scotland, under the title of "Bold and True."

"Oh, Bold and True,
In bonnet blue,
That fear or falsehood never knew;
Whose heart was loyal to his word,
Whose hand was faithful to his sword—
Seek Europe wide, from sea to sea,
But bonny Blue-cap still for me!

At Falkland the deceived Prince enters into some dissolute frolics, which heighten the horror of his approaching catastrophe. Repelled by the virtuous Catharine, the hapless Rothsay is immured in a dungeon, and starved almost to death: he is, however, momentarily succoured by the women, but finally despatched by the assassins. The glee-maiden escapes, and informs Douglas, who advances, takes Falkland, and hangs these bloodhounds, Ramorny, Dwining, and Bonthron. The interest of the novel, which, as we have stated, grows throughout this last volume, still continues to increase as it verges to its close, with the dreadful contest at the Inch. Of this we must quote a few passages.

"The mountain minstrelsy, which sounded the appropriate pibrochs or battle-tunes of the rival confederacies, was silent when they entered on the Inch, for such was the order which had been given. Two stately, but aged warriors, each bearing the banner of his tribe, advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, and pitching their standards into the earth, prepared to be spectators of a fight in which they were not to join. The pipers, who were also to be neutral in the strife, took their places by their respective *brattachs*. The multitude received both bands with the same general shout with which on similar occasions they welcome those from whose exertion they expect amusement, or what they term sport. The destined combatants returned no answer to this greeting, but each party advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, where were entrances by which they were to be admitted to the interior."

The thirtieth man of the Clan Chattan does not appear; Torquil, on the other side, having managed his absence, in the hope that he may get his chief, as also the youngest combatant, left out of the sanguinary struggle; but it is otherwise decreed: the heralds proclaim "that if any one will take his share with Clan Chattan of the honours and chances of this day, he shall have present payment of a gold crown, and liberty to fight to the death in the ranks.—'You are something chary of your treasure, chief,' said the Earl Marshal; 'a gold crown is poor payment for such a campaign as is before you.' 'If there be any man willing to fight for honour,' replied MacGillie Chattanach, 'the price will be enough; and I want not the service of a fellow who draws his sword for gold alone.' The heralds had made their progress, moving half way round the lists, stopping from time to time, to make proclamation as they had been directed, without the least apparent disposition on the part of any one to accept of the proffered enlistment. Some sneered at the poverty of the Highlanders, who set so mean a price upon such a desperate service. Others affected resentment, that they should esteem the blood of citizens so lightly. None shewed the slightest intention to undertake the task proposed, until the sound of the proclamation reached Henry of the Wynd, as he stood without the barrier, speaking from time to time with Bailie Craigdallie, or rather listening vaguely to what the magistrate was saying to him. 'Ha! what proclaim they?' he cried out. 'A liberal offer on the part of MacGillie Chattanach,' said the Host of the Griffin, 'who proposes a gold crown to any one who will turn wild cat for the day, and be killed a little in his service. That's all.' 'How?' exclaimed the Smith, eagerly; 'do they make proclamation for a man to fight against the Clan Quhele?' 'Ay, marry do they,' said Griffin; 'but I think they will find no such fools in Perth.' He had hardly said the word, when he beheld the Smith clear the barriers at a single bound, and alight in the lists, saying, 'Here am I, Sir Herald, Henry of the Wynd, willing to do battle with the Clan Quhele.' A cry of admiration ran through the multitude, while the grave burghers, not being able to conceive the slightest reason for Henry's behaviour, concluded that his head must be absolutely turned with the love of fighting. The provost was especially shocked. 'Thou art mad,' he said, 'Henry! Thou hast neither two-handed sword nor shirt of mail.' 'Truly, no,' said Henry, 'for I parted with a mail-shirt, which I had made for myself, to yonder gay chief of the Clan Quhele, who will soon find on his shoulders with what sort of blows I clink my rivets! As for two-handed sword, why this boy's brand will serve my turn till I can master a heavier one.' 'This must not be,' said Errol. 'Hark thee, armourer, by Saint Mary, thou shalt have my Milan hauberk and good Spanish sword.' 'I thank your noble earlship, Sir Gilbert Hay; but the yoke with which your brave ancestor turned the battle at Loncarty, would serve my turn well enough. I am little used to sword or harness that I have not wrought myself, because I do not well know what blows the one will bear out without being cracked, or the other lay on without snapping.' The cry had in the meanwhile run through the multitude, and passed into the town, that the dauntless Smith was about to fight without armour, when, just as the fated hour was approaching, the shrill voice of a female was heard screaming for passage through the crowd. The multitude gave place to her importunity, and she advanced, breathless with haste, under the burden of a mail hauberk and a large two-handed sword. The widow of Oliver Proudfute was soon recognised, and the arms which she bore were those of the Smith himself, which, occupied by her husband on the fatal evening when he was murdered, had been naturally conveyed to his house with the dead body, and were now, by the exertions of his grateful widow, brought to the lists at a moment when such proved weapons were of the last consequence to their owner. Henry joyfully received the well-known arms, and the widow with trembling haste assisted in putting them on, and then took leave of him, saying, 'God for the orphans' champion, and ill luck to all who come before him!'"

After the first terrible onslaught, "It seemed as if the Clan Chattan had lost rather fewer men than their antagonists; but in compensation, the bloody plaids and shirts of their party (for several on both sides had thrown their mantles away), shewed more wounded men than the Clan Quhele. About twenty of both sides lay on the field dead or dying; and arms and legs lopped off, heads cleft to the chine, slashes deep through the shoulder into the breast, shewed at once the fury of the combat, the ghastly character of the weapons used, and the fatal strength of the arms which wielded them. The chief of the Clan Chattan had behaved himself with the most determined courage, and was slightly wounded. Eachin also had fought with spirit, surrounded by his body-guard. His sword was bloody; his bearing bold and warlike; and he smiled when old Torquil, folding him in his arms, loaded him with praises and with blessings."

The second encounter is yet more fatal and decisive than the first. "The wild pibroch again sounded the onset; but the two parties approached each other more slowly than at first, as men who knew and respected each other's valour. Henry Wynd, in his impatience to begin the contest, advanced before the Clan Chattan, and signed to Eachin to come on. Norman, however, sprang forward to cover his foster-brother, and there was a general, though momentary pause, as if both parties were willing to obtain an omen of the fate of the day, from the event of this duel. The Highlander advanced, with his large sword uplifted, as in act to strike; but just as he came within sword's length, he dropt the long and cumbrous weapon, leapt lightly over the Smith's sword, as he fetched a cut at him, drew his dagger, and being thus within Henry's guard, struck him with the weapon (his own gift) on the side of the throat, directing the blow downwards into the chest, and calling aloud, at the same time, 'You taught me the stab!' But Henry Wynd wore his own good hauberk, doubly defended with a lining of tempered steel. Had he been less surely armed, his combats had been ended for ever. Even as it was, he was slightly wounded. 'Fool!' he replied, striking Norman a blow with the pommel of his long sword, which made him stagger backwards, 'you were taught the thrust, but not the parry;' and fetching a blow at his antagonist, which cleft his skull through the steel-cap, he strode over the lifeless body to engage the young chief, who now stood open before him. But the sonorous voice of Torquil thundered out, '*Far eil air son Eachin!*' (Another for Hector!) and the two brethren who flanked their chief on each side shrust forward upon Henry, and, striking both at once, compelled him to keep the defensive. 'Forward, race of the tiger-cat!' cried MacGillie Chattanach; 'save the brave Saxon! let these kites feel your talons!' Already much wounded, the chief dragged himself up to the Smith's assistance and cut down one of the *Leichtach*, by whom he was assailed. Henry's own good sword rid him of the other. '*Reist air son Eachin!*' (Again for Hector!) shouted the faithful foster-father. '*Bas air son Eachin!*' (Death for Hector!) answered two more of his devoted sons, and opposed themselves to the fury of the Smith and those who had come to his aid; while Eachin, moving towards the left wing of the battle, sought less formidable adversaries, and again, by some show of valour, revived the sinking hopes of his followers. The two children of the oak, who had covered this movement, shared the fate of their brethren; for the cry of the Clan Chattan chief had drawn to that part of the field some of his bravest warriors. The sons of Torquil did not fall unavenged, but left dreadful marks of their swords on the persons of the dead and living. But the necessity of keeping their most distinguished soldiers around the person of their chief, told to disadvantage on the general event of the combat; and so few were now the number who remained fighting, that it was easy to see that the Clan Chattan had fifteen of their number left, though most of them wounded; and that of the Clan Quhele, only about ten remained, of whom there were four of the chief's body-guard, including Torquil himself. They fought and struggled on, however, and as their strength decayed, their fury seemed to in-

I've seen Almain's proud champions prance—
Have seen the gallant knights of France,
Unrivall'd with the sword and lance—
Have seen the sons of England true,
Wield the brown bill and bend the yew.
Search France the fair, and England free,
But bonny Blue-cap still for me!"

crease. Henry Wynd, now wounded in many places, was still bent on breaking through, or exterminating, the band of bold hearts who continued to fight around the object of his animosity. But still the father's shout of, 'Another for Hector!' was cheerfully answered by the fatal countersign, 'Death for Hector!' and though the Clan Quhele were now outnumbered, the combat seemed still dubious. It was bodily lassitude alone that again compelled them to another pause. The Clan Chattan were then observed to be twelve in number, but two or three were scarce able to stand without leaning on their swords. Five were left of the Clan Quhele; Torquil and his youngest son were of the number, both slightly wounded. Eachin alone had, from the vigilance used to intercept all blows levelled against his person, escaped without injury. The rage of both parties had sunk through exhaustion into sullen desperation. They walked staggering, as if in their sleep, through the carcasses of the slain, and gazed on them, as if again to animate their hatred towards their surviving enemies, by viewing the friends they had lost. The multitude soon after beheld the survivors of the desperate conflict drawing together to renew the exterminating feud on the banks of the river, as the spot least slippery with blood, and less encumbered with the bodies of the slain."

In the third and last affray the standard-bearers and pipers of both sides join the battle and are slain by each other.

"Meanwhile, young Tormot, devoted, like his brethen, by his father Torquil to the protection of his chief, had been mortally wounded by the unsparing sword of the Smith. The other two remaining of the Clan Quhele had also fallen; and Torquil, with his foster-son, and the wounded Tormot, forced to retreat before eight or ten of the Clan Chattan, made a stand on the bank of the river, while their enemies were making such exertions as their wounds would permit to come up with them. Torquil had just reached the spot where he had resolved to make the stand, when the youth Tormot dropped and expired. His death drew from his father the first and only sigh which he had breathed throughout the eventful day. 'My son Tormot!' he said, 'my youngest and dearest! But if I save Hector, I save all. Now, my darling Daulk, I have done for thee all that man may, excepting the last. Let me undo the clasps of that ill-omened armour, and do thou put on that of Tormot; it is light, and will fit thee well. While you do so I will rush on these crippled men and make what play with them I can. I trust I shall have but little to do, for they are following each other like disabled steers. At least, darling of my soul, if I am unable to save thee, I can show thee how a man should die.' While Torquil thus spoke, he unloosed the clasps of the young chief's hauberk, in the simple belief that he could thus break the meshes which fear and necromancy had twined about his heart. 'My father, my father, my more than parent!' said the unhappy Eachin—'Stay with me!—with you by my side I feel I can fight to the last.' 'It is impossible,' said Torquil. 'I will stop them coming up, while you put on the hauberk. God eternally bless thee, beloved of my soul!' And then, brandishing his sword, Torquil of the Oak rushed forward with the same fatal war-cry which had so often sounded over that bloody field, *Bas air son Eachin!*—The words rung three times in a voice of thunder; and each time that he cried his war-shout he struck down one of the Clan Chattan, as he met them successively straggling towards him. 'Brave battle, hawk—well flown, falcon!' exclaimed the multitude, as they witnessed exertions which seemed, even at this last hour, to threaten a change of the fortunes of the day. Suddenly these cries were hushed into silence, and succeeded by a clashing of swords so dreadful, as if the whole conflict had recommenced in the person of Henry Wynd and Torquil of the Oak. They cut, foined, hewed, and thrust, as if they had drawn their blades for the first time that day; and their inveteracy was mutual, for Torquil recognised the foul wizard, who, as he supposed, had cast a spell over his child; and Henry saw before him the giant, who, during the whole conflict had interrupted the purpose for which alone he had joined the combatants. They fought with an equality which, perhaps, would not have existed, had not Henry, more wounded than his antagonist, been somewhat deprived of his usual agility. Meanwhile Eachin, finding himself alone, after a disorderly and vain attempt to put on his foster-brother's harness, became animated by an emotion of shame and despair, and hurried forward to support his foster-father in the terrible struggle, ere some other of the Clan Chattan should come up. When he was within five yards, and sternly determined to take his share in the death-fight, his foster-father fell, cleft from the collar-bone well nigh to the heart, and murmuring with his last breath, *Bas air son Eachin!* The unfortunate youth saw the fall of his last friend, and at the same moment beheld the deadly enemy who had hunted him through the whole field, standing within sword's point of him, and brandishing the huge weapon which had hewed its way to his life through so many obstacles. Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point; or perhaps he recollected at the same moment that he was without defensive armour, and that a line of enemies, halting indeed and crippled, but eager for revenge and blood, were closely approaching. It is enough to say, that his heart sickened, his eyes darkened, his ears tingled, his brain turned giddy—all other considerations were lost in the apprehension of instant death; and drawing one ineffectual blow at the Smith, he avoided that which was aimed at him in return, by bounding backward; and ere the former could recover his weapon, Eachin had plunged into the stream. A roar of contumely pursued him as he swam across the river."

Having devoted so much of our space to this splendid and stirring narration, in a line in which the Author of Waverley surpasses all other men, mingling the glow of the valiant warrior with the diction of the inspired minstrel, we are sorry that we cannot extract, as we purposed, the pathetic traits of the character of King Robert. They will be seen particularly in Vol. I. pp. 227-8, 234-5, 254-5, 268; but are, indeed, exquisite throughout, and most touchingly concluded by his exclamation when he learns the fate of his erring but beloved son.

"Be silent, Robert," said he to Albany, who protested his innocence; "be silent! add not perjury to murder. And was this all done to gain a step nearer to a crown and sceptre? Take them to thee at once, man; and mayst thou feel, as I have done, that they are both of red-hot iron!—*Oh, Rothsay, Rothsay! thou hast at least escaped being a king!*"

Except the lamentation of the Psalmist for Absalom, we know of no parallel to this. We have only room to repeat, that the character of the giddy and irresolute Rothsay is also portrayed with great truth and feeling; and that Louise, the glee-maiden, is original and interesting—more so, in fact, than the heroine; and we cannot do better than vary the sadness of the foregoing tragedy by copying the only remaining poetry, of which she is made the pleasing instrument.

The Lay of poor Louise.

"Ah, poor Louise! The live-long day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids beware the woodland way—
Think on Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! The sun was high,
It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair;
The wolves molest not paths so fair—
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
She met a huntsman fair and bold;
His baldrick was of silk and gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence, were thine,
Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or tire the gay with warning stave—
For heaven has grace, and earth a grave,
For poor Louise."

To this we must add the chant over the body of Froudfute, for the sake of taking in all the poems with which the author has adorned his work.

"Viewless Essence, thin and bare,
Well nigh melted into air,
Still with fondness hovering near
The earthly form thou once didst wear;

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right—
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darken'd on thy closing eye—
When the footstep thou shalt hear
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear,—

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
The wounds renew their clotter'd flood,
And every drop cry, Blood for blood!"

Researches in South Africa: illustrating the Civil, Moral, and Religious Condition of the Native Tribes: including Journals of the Author's Travels in the Interior; together with Detailed Accounts of the Progress of the Christian Missions, exhibiting the Influence of Christianity in Promoting Civilisation. By the Rev. John Philip, D.D., Superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society at the Cape of Good Hope, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. J. Duncan.

From this ample title-page the reader may form a correct idea of the character and objects of this publication, which is replete with much valuable intelligence on all the points of which it treats. Dr. Philip is not only an able man, but an enthusiastic one, in a righteous cause; for though it is not within our province to discuss the questions between h-

and those opposed to him, his brethren, and system at the Cape, we are free to express our general opinion, that any mismanagement and any evils which may detract from the beneficial tendency of missionary labours, are but as atoms, when compared to the mass of good which they are calculated to produce.

With a more earnest friend and zealous advocate of the native tribes of South Africa, than the author, it has not been our lot to meet; and it is a consequence of the warmth which he displays, that we should, even more carefully than is our common practice, abstain from entering upon the party questions and debatable grounds, which he advances for discussion and contest. We will, therefore, pass over matters which are of great interest to the missionary establishments, to political and religious arrangements, to government, and to individuals; and confine ourselves to those parts of the work which throw light upon the interior of Africa, in addition to what we before possess, from the pens of Barrow, Campbell, Burchell, Thompson, and other travellers. It may, however, be expedient to sketch the preceding contents.

In his preface, Dr. P. says:—

"My object in the composition of these pages has not been to expose men, but measures; and in preparing them for the press I have studied as much as possible to divest myself of all personal feelings. My motto in all my labours in this cause has uniformly been—I shall 'nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' The necessity of bringing forward the names of so many individuals in connexion with the disclosures made in these volumes, has been to me the most painful part of the task imposed upon me in the present undertaking."

"The subject of the present volumes renders it necessary that something should be said in this place of the circumstances in which they originated, and of the object proposed by their publication. The sufferings of the natives under the Dutch government have been fully depicted by Mr. Barrow; but it did not begin to be suspected in England till lately, how little their condition has been improved by the change of masters they experienced when the English took possession of the Cape. It seems to have been too easily taken for granted, that because we could declaim against Dutch inhumanity, and because the natives in the first instance viewed our conquest of the colony as a deliverance, that all their early expectations had been realised, and that their oppressions had passed away with the power of their former masters. Such were the impressions, at least, under which I arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in 1819, and such were the feelings I endeavoured to cherish, till I could no longer retain them."

There is another and rather more startling assertion in this preface.

"Government may support an ecclesiastical establishment among a people professing Christianity; but a missionary society, possessing the efficiency necessary to bring savages or barbarians into a state to call for such a provision, is an apparatus which human government can neither fabricate nor conduct with success."

What power could then constitute a missionary society? Does the author mean that it is superhuman? But, as we have said, we are not disputants.

Dr. P. sets out with the early Portuguese and Dutch visits to the Cape, and the settlement of the latter. An historical view of the Hottentots, Bushmen, &c. follows; and their cruel treatment by the original European colonists, is detailed in numerous instances of oppression and slaughter. The first missions are then described, and the progress of Christianity: biographies of various missionaries, with accounts of their labours, also fill up this division. Dr. P. states, that government at one period sanctioned a plan for exterminating the natives; and contends throughout, that the colonial functionaries and boors league to interfere between the aborigines and their religious instructors, to defeat their just rights, and, in fine, to tyrannise over them. Against these things he appeals to the British government, and claims for Hottentots, Caffres, &c., as a free people, liberal institutions and just laws.

The second volume relates to the origin of the Bushmen, who are represented as superior to the general idea entertained of them. The author adds, that they are hunted and massacred, without provocation, by the colonists on the borders of their territories; in proof of which the testimony of Uithaalder, a chief, is, among other statements, adduced. The Griquas are, it is asserted, equally oppressed: but we pass to more popular and grateful subjects. *Ex. gr.* lion-hunting.

"The lion, which in many points of his character resembles the dog, differs from him in this, that his hearing is not so acute, and he is not, for that reason, easily awaked. When a lion is asleep, particularly after he has gorged himself with his prey, you may walk round about him without disturbing him; and he has this property, that, if he is awaked by any thing striking or falling upon him, he loses all presence of mind, and instantly flies off, if he is not confined, in the direction in which he happens to be lying at the time.* The wolf and the tiger generally retire to the caverns and the ravines of the mountains; but the lion is most usually found in the open plain, and in the neighbourhood of the flocks of antelopes, which invariably seek the open country, and which manifest a kind of instinctive aversion to places in which their powerful adversary may spring upon them suddenly and unexpectedly. It has been remarked of the lion, by the Bushmen, that he generally kills and devours his prey in the morning at sun-rise, or at sun-set. On this account, when they intend to kill lions, they generally notice where the spring-bucks are grazing at the rising of the sun; and by observing, at the same time, if they appear frightened and run off, they conclude that they have been attacked by the lion. Marking accurately the spot where the alarm took place, about eleven o'clock in the day, when the sun is powerful, and the enemy they seek is supposed to be fast asleep, they carefully examine the ground, and, finding him in a state of unguarded security, they lodge a poisoned arrow in his breast. The moment the lion is thus struck, he springs from his lair, and bounds off as helpless as the stricken deer. The work is done; the arrow of death has pierced his heart, without even breaking the slumbers of the lioness which may have been lying beside him; and the Bushman knows where, in the course of a few hours, or even less time, he will find him dead, or in the agonies of death."

Of the Bechuana superstitions, the subjoined examples are given:—

"In the fountains in this country there is a species of large water-snake. The Bechuanas consider these creatures *sacred*, and believe that if one of them is killed, the fountain will be dried up. * * *

"The Bechuanas, and all the Caffre tribes, have no idea of any man dying except from hunger, violence, or witchcraft. If a man die, even at the age of ninety, if he do not die of hunger or by violence, his death is imputed to sorcery or to witchcraft, and blood is required to expiate or avenge it. This sometimes gives rise to indescribable scenes of slaughter and misery. Where the person who dies a natural death has no one to avenge it, or if the person supposed to have occasioned his death is powerful, the feeling, of course, is smothered; but on the death of chiefs or great men, those at variance with them are generally suspected, and a natural death is followed by many murders."

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, penetrated 300 miles beyond Lattakoo, where he found a very populous country: the following extracts are from his Journal.

Maroch, a son of Makabba the king, joined him; and he says, "The wife of Maroch was formerly wife of the Baharootsee rain-maker, who left Lattakoo in 1822. It appears, from her account, that Makabba had invited him to his capital, and after the store-houses were filled with corn, (the supposed result of the rain-maker's pretended skill,) charged him with having bewitched his child, who was sick; and, laying hands on him, killed him, and gave his wife to his own son."

"We *invoked* early," continues Mr. M., "and before we proceeded far, were met by messengers from Makabba, who said, he had not slept for joy because of our approach. We passed many women who were employed in their gardens; on seeing us, they threw down their picks, and ran to the waggons, lifting up their hands and exclaiming '*Rumaila*,' (their manner of salutation); which was followed by shrill cries, sufficient to affright the very oxen. Seeing that the waggons were obliged to take a circuitous road over the hill to the town, we saddled our horses to cross by the nearest way. On reaching the summit of the hill, at the bottom of which lay the metropolis of the Wankeets, lifting our eyes northward, we were greatly surprised on beholding the number of towns which lay scattered in the valleys. Our guide conducted us through a winding street to the habitation of Makabba, who stood at the door of one of his houses, and welcomed us to the town in the usual way. He seemed astonished and pleased to see us all without arms, remarking, with a hearty laugh, that he wondered we should trust ourselves, unarmed, in the town of such a *villain* as he was reported to be. * *

"About sunset, Makabba sent one of his wives, stating, that the only mark of respect which he could at present shew, was, that he had sent his most beloved wife, who would deliver to us a sack full of thick milk, and that to-morrow he would provide us with slaughter-oxen. The sack was so large that one man was not able to bear it to the waggons. * * *

"I made him a present of beads and buttons, with a number of other trinkets. I also gave him a hat; one of the Griquas directed him to put it on his head, which he did, but immediately removed it to the head of another, saying, that 'he could not see its beauty on his own.' * * During the night, we were annoyed with hyænas, of which there

* "One of the keepers at Exeter 'Change was lately killed by a lion, from his ignorance of this peculiarity. On going into the cage of the lion and awakening him, the animal, not seeing any way of escape, instantly killed the man, whom, probably, under other circumstances, he would have caressed."

are three sorts, the striped, spotted, and another very small.† * * *

"I visited the town, which is very large; I am not able to judge of the number of inhabitants; but the town itself covers at least eight times more ground than any town I have yet seen among the Bechuanas, so that the population must be very great, compared to South African towns in general: thus, the dominions of the Wankeets would form an extensive field of missionary labour. Makabba's wives, who are numerous, have each a separate establishment, consisting of three or four houses, a corn-house, and a general store-house. They have also a number of round jars for corn, from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and nearly the same in height, which are raised from the ground upon a circle of stones. Their premises and houses are on a plan rather different from what I have seen elsewhere. The houses are not larger, but they are built with somewhat more regard to taste and comfort. * * Their outer yards and house-floors are very clean, and smooth as paper. No dairy-maid in England could keep her wooden bowl cleaner and whiter than they. In this respect, they form a perfect contrast to the Batchapees. The front cattle-fold, or place where public meetings are held, is a circle of 170 feet diameter, formed with round posts eight feet high, and as close to each other as they can stand, and each post is hewed round with the axe. Behind lies the proper cattle-fold, capable of holding many thousand oxen; there are also large sheep-folds. In the early part of the day, Makabba is generally employed in cutting out skins to sew together for cloaks: in the afternoon he is frequently found in a state of intemperance. He seems an old man, although his mother is still alive. He is tall, strong, and healthy, but has rather a Hottentot look; and his countenance displays a good deal of cunning. From his conversation, one may easily discern that he is pretty well versed in African politics. He dreads the displeasure of none of the surrounding tribes; but he fears the Makoosa, or civilised people. War is almost perpetual between him and the Baqueans, a very populous nation to the N.E. and E. Beyond the Baqueans lies the Mangwatto tribe, distinguished for industry and riches; and beyond the Mangwatto is the Magalatsela, who seem to form the limits in that direction of the aborigines of the country, for beyond them (they say) are a half-white people, who wear linen, and whose manners are very savage. * * *

"The mountains here are adorned to their very summits with stately trees and shrubs unknown in the more southern provinces of the continent, which give the country a fine appearance. The several sorts of game are nearly the same as those of the countries farther south. The rivers to the eastward are infested by an animal which, from the description of the natives, appears to be the crocodile. It is from six to twelve feet long, with four short legs, the scaly parts invulnerable, so that it can only be pierced in the belly or under the neck. It is rather dangerous to cross rivers, as this animal is capable of seizing an ox, which it frequently does. The natives call it the *quean*, and it is probable that the nation inhabiting those parts derived their name from *baquean*, which is the plural of *quean*. The animal is amphibious, and frequently seizes dogs and other animals which happen to sleep near the river. To the north of the Molopo is found the boa constrictor. This animal is sometimes seen upwards of twenty feet long, and from two to three in circumference. The skin of those I have seen exactly resembles that of the common boa constrictor; but they are less dangerous, as they seldom attack man. They usually prey on a species of antelope, which they seize, divide in two, and swallow."

This being the farthest and latest mission with which we are acquainted, we shall content ourselves with the foregoing extracts, and conclude by recommending Dr. Philip's work to every one interested in the important questions which he examines, whether they agree with, or are adverse to, him.

† One night one of these animals carried off a child, which was a common occurrence; for, after bed-time, they stroll through all the lanes of the town, and bear off whatever they can seize.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 12, 1828.

THIS is the season of fairs, fêtes, and repentance. Mont Calvaire was thickly thronged last week by those who happily imagine that the year's sinning is effaced by an open confession. If the intent of him who dedicated this spot to religious purposes was to raise man's thoughts

"From nature up to nature's God,"

no situation could be better chosen; for few, if any, I believe, can look from the summit of this mountain without experiencing that admiration of the Creator which beautiful and picturesque scenery seldom fails to awaken. The weather was delightful, and the hand of enchantment seemed suddenly to have created a little world, where the rich forgot the fatigues and *ennui* of pleasure, and the poor the toils and hardships of life: nor did the river Lethe produce more thoroughly the effect of forgetfulness of past sorrows, than the benediction of messrs. les prêtres, who sent all light-hearted away. A feast, not "with herbs and fruits supplied," but composed of ham, pies, fowls, not omitting the juice of the grape—was here and there spread on the grass by those provident souls who foresaw the chances of hunger, and which was doubly relished, as partaken of on holy ground, and with pure consciences. Some sang, some walked, others conversed, but none were attacked with the spleen; and the *tout ensemble* was a sight such as to make the saddest heart forget its hours of bitterness. The Duchesse d'Angoulême also visited the holy mount. Several other equipages, full of elegants and elegantes, were, in consequence, there. The court being a religious one, praying is the fashion; and Deists and Atheists become suddenly Christians and Fanatics—which metamorphosis always leads to preferment.

As to see all that is going forward is called pleasure, I went to the fair of Versailles, which really is not worthy of mention, though for days the road from Paris was lined with carriages of all sizes and sorts. It would be difficult to take in with one *coup d'œil* a more incongruous mixture than this same fair presented. Magnificent equipages, filled with richly dressed dames; elegant tilburies, with their still more elegant masters; well fattened steeds, mounted by pampered valets; charettes containing 20 precious souls; one-horse carriages, crammed with high and low;—all arrive *pêle mêle*, to see and be seen: the rich to pity the poor, the poor to envy the rich,—and the *boutiquiers* hoping to cheat both. Booths were erected opposite each other in a straight line; the proprietors of which cried, "*à gorge deployée, voilà messieurs et mesdames, voilà la boutique*," the contents of which proved the poverty of the possessor. Pots, pans, cups, cravats, garters, caps, ribands, waistcoats *à 15 sous la pièce*, were the chief goods on sale; and a booth filled with statues of Napoleon at 10 *sous la pièce*.—*Un Napoléon à 10 sous!!* "How are the mighty fallen!" In the midst of all this display, a platform was erected for *des acteurs ambulants*, on which a demoiselle, past her twenties, with head decked in faded roses, and limbs adorned with a tarnished silver *jupon*, performed with all the confidence of a prima donna: her companions, dressed in half militaire, half court dresses, acted a piece called the *Rivals*, and attracted the attention and applause of messrs. les gardes du corps, les gens d'armes, and les bons citoyens. These comedians had, however, formidable *rivals* in a group of monkeys, whose receipts, I rather think, exceeded theirs; and with some justice; for their performance was certainly superior: they also received their share of public honours, and retired with their master amidst loud cheering. Beggars, old fiddlers, organ-players, ballad-singers, fortune-tellers, attended in large numbers; but, I believe, were much less fortunate than messrs. les singes in their speculations—their appeal to humanity being lost in the torrent of noises of all kinds.

Déjeûners dansantes are now the rage. The Ambassador of Austria has rendered these entertainments *à la mode;* and shady bowers and green walks are preferred to wax lights and night-watching. The manner the tables are laid is particularly favourable to tender lovers, who generally manage to group together, and rid themselves of the watchful *surveillance* of jealous husbands and old duennas. Coquettes who are on the wane find roses and lilies unfavourable contrasts to their complexions, and exclaim loudly against the *mauvais goût* of daylight re-unions: the sun, being a traitor, betrays white paint, rouge, wigs, and all the paraphernalia of ladies' deception.

Kean, like all great men, *se fait desirer*, and keeps curiosity on the alert: a *soi-disant* indisposition prevented his appearing last week;—to-night he is to perform in *Richard the Third*.—And now I have nothing more to say worth committing to paper, except that a duel took place between one of his majesty's guards and a fair lady, whom, it is said, broken vows and ill-requited love had reduced to despair. However, he who had the courage to break an oath, had no wish to stand fire; therefore managed to replace shot by more innocent materials; so that neither were wounded. They speak of instituting *une cour d'honneur* at Paris. It would be very useful—as in private concerns honour does not exist: all is show: and the foundation of every principle is *convenance* and *apparence*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICAN EXPEDITIONS, &c.

IT is a curious coincidence, that the information we have been so anxiously looking for, as to the certain fate of Clapperton's mission to Soudan, should have been first communicated to Col. Denham, his former fellow-traveller.

Our readers are aware that Colonel Denham left England in the winter of 1826 for Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, under instructions which had for their object the amelioration of the condition of the thousands of liberated Africans who are there located, after seizure by his Majesty's ships cruising for the suppression of the slave-trade:—and that a system has been adopted by that intelligent officer, which in its operation has already proved highly beneficial to this helpless and unhappy class of his Majesty's subjects, does not surprise us.

By letters dated early in February last, we learn that he was at that time at the settlement of Accra, on the Gold Coast, and was there informed by the commandant that poor Clapperton's servants had very recently arrived at Whydah, after a tedious and perilous journey of eight months from Soudan;—and that he afterwards saw them on board the Esk, and received from them the painful details of his friend's sufferings and death. Col. Denham was on his way to our newly acquired possession on the island of Fernando Po, in order to informs himself of its capabilities as an improved settlement for the liberated Africans, for which its geographical position very strongly recommends it, being only a few days' sail from the most distant of the rivers where the depôts of this detestable traffic are established.

Our letters do not allude to the recent appointment of Colonel Denham to the sole government of the colony of Sierra Leone, for which his visit of inspection to Fernando Po naturally accounts. And we cannot but feel some regret on his account, after having seen it mentioned in the papers that his stay in that unhealthy climate would not exceed nine months, that he is now charged with a duty and responsibility which, we are sure, he is singularly qualified to fulfil, yet which must compel him to remain there for a lengthened period. If it shall be the will of Providence that Denham should return, now poor Clapperton has fallen a victim to his sincere and arduous exertions in the cause, he will be the only surviving officer of the three* missions sent out by our Government since 1821, for penetrating into the interior of Africa;—in which we have to regret the loss of six enterprising individuals, whose courage and whose fate alone should claim distinction—besides the too great probability of the death of Major Laing at Timbuctoo, and Dr. Dickson in Soudan, of whose existence scarcely a hope remains.

The climate of Accra is described as greatly preferable to Sierra Leone, which would lead us to infer favourably of Fernando Po.

Thirty-four thousand ounces of gold dust are said to have arrived at that place alone during the last six months: and if peace can be kept with the Ashantees, a great increase may be expected.

FERNANDO PO:

Seven Days' Residence with the Natives.

[From a Journal of a visit into the interior of our new settlement, we have made the following selections, in the hope that, after what we have already stated concerning it, they will prove interesting to the majority of readers.—*Ed. L. G.*]

THURSDAY, 8th Nov.—Walked a long way up the mountain in company with some of the natives, and at length came to their huts—mostly square buildings, with the sides of split wood, interwoven with palm leaves. The fire in the centre is kept up during the night as well as the day. My new friends were very harmless: one carried my hammock; another my bag, which they kept feeling to ascertain if there were any knives in it, the objects of their great desire. The path was slippery and fatiguing, but they assisted me in every way they could. The hut in which I slept was about five yards square, and very dry and clean. For supper I had some yams; my companions had a dish of greens chopped up with some fruit and oil, which I thought very nauseous to the taste. After supper, I went to bed and slept awhile, when I was awakened by persons coming in. No women slept in the hut; and after eating some roasted yams, the new visitors lay down and went to rest.

Friday, 9th.—By daylight the natives were stirring, and one of them, I believe a priest, began to make hideous noises, while *all the rest crossed themselves* in different parts of the body. After this ceremony, he gave them clay wherewith to rub themselves. An old woman then brought in some boiled yams in a basket, and some greens in an earthen dish, which the host served out. They appear to feed sometimes in one hut, and sometimes in another. When any individual enters, nothing is said to the intrusion: whoever comes has a share of the feast offered to him.

After the yams were eaten, the native who particularly accompanied me, and whom I called *Canning*, took me to the king's hut, which was larger than that in which I slept, but not enclosed. The king and a number of his principal chiefs were seated round, as were also his wives and children; and they all shook hands with me very cordially. There were twenty and sometimes thirty natives in the hut, for the weather was very rainy; and we had yams five or six times during the day. The king's wives and families slept in half-a-dozen adjacent huts. There was no sign of poultry or meat (fowls or sheep); but towards evening a large rat was brought in, and roasted entire, without skinning, or cleaning of any kind. I was glad to say adieu before it was devoured as a dainty. The presents of axes and iron from Captain Owen to his majesty were shewn with much parade; and I was importuned to bring knives and pieces of iron when I renewed my visit. I returned to my old abode to sleep.

Saturday, 27th.—At daylight the priest repeated his religious duties, drinking freely of topy (palm-wine). In an hour, a woman brought seven or eight pieces of yam, and part of *the* rat, which the king had specially sent to me. I got credit by handing it over to my friends. Making signs for water to wash, a boy was despatched with calibashes to fetch it. The natives were exceedingly surprised to see my ablutions, as they never wash themselves. I then made them comprehend that I wanted to wash my clothes; upon which they took me to a brook, where I performed that operation, and hung my garments on stakes to dry: they were not touched all day.

I walked about to several huts, and, like the people themselves, was quite at home wherever I went. Made signs to Canning as we passed along, where a fowl was tied to a hut, that I wished to have one: he said something to the inmates, and carried it to another hut, where the king and a number of chiefs were assembled. They had got a kid, which they were about to kill. Two of them held it up by the legs, and the king cut its head off, and then smeared the blood about the chiefs. A priest in the company was preaching all the while; but when the decapitation was over, the body was given to my friend Canning to skin, which he managed very speedily, cut the kid into pieces, and laid them before the fire. The priest presented a piece to each, which they put on the fire, entrails not excepted, and all was consumed indiscriminately.

One of the king's wives came to the priest and shewed her wrist: he took hold of it, and pinched it very hard for a time, and then motioned as if he had extracted something from it and charmed the disease away. Rubbing the part with clay, this extraordinary and skilful cure was completed.

At the king's hut I had some yams and part of the fowl for supper; the rest I brought away with me. Near this place is a large piece of clear ground, used, as I understood, for general assemblies of the natives.

Sunday, 11th.—Went with Canning more into the town than I had been before, and, to my great surprise, saw a child, not exactly white, but of a pale yellow colour. The moment he caught a glimpse of me, he ran and hid himself in a hut, seeming to be much more frightened than the other children. Canning took me further up the hill to another patch of huts, where I suppose he lives; a mess of yams and greens being brought to him as soon as he was seated. After he had eaten his meal, he went to another hut, and took down a calibash, in which were some bracelets, and into this he put his knife. They were very anxious to have my knife; one old woman, in particular, continued teasing me the whole time I was there, and would have given any thing for it. We stayed a good while, and then returned the same road we came, followed by women and children shouting. We stopped at a hut, situated about midway, which I believe belongs to the old chief that visits the ship; in this were hung up one of the hats and cloaks presented by Captain Owen. An elderly man came in, and gave me three yams; as I was hungry, I told them to dress one for me. After finishing my repast, we went to the king's hut, where a party was eating yams: in fact, from sovereign to peasant, all live on them: it is a great rarity to them to have a kid or goat. We then adjourned to another hut, in which the inmates were engaged in roasting a rat, and an animal of the badger kind, but much smaller. They were cooked whole, without skinning, and then hung up; not being intended to be eaten that night. I did not see any palm-wine in the town to-day, therefore suppose it had been sent to the ship; but the women brought a good supply in the evening. The king soon after left the assembly, and was quickly followed by Canning: the chief in whose hut I slept, took me home also. On the road I saw two white children (Albinos)—one a boy, the other a girl.

Monday, 12th.—I was now so sick of yams that I could hardly touch them; the king sent boys out, after a consultation, to catch a fowl for me, which they did, and having brought it in, plucked it entirely like Plato's man, and only killed it on my making signs for them to do so. They were then going to broil it whole, but I had it cut up, and gave them the entrails for their pains. The rat was also roasted again, and they pressed me much to partake of it; but I made them believe that Capt. Owen would cut my throat if I did, so they ceased to persecute me. On walking out, after this, I saw a white woman (*another Albino*)—a fat, hideous figure. She walked away immediately.

I again went to the brook to wash my clothes. A great many children came to look at me, and one little fellow approached and helped me to wash. When I had finished, I spread out my clothes before the hut. The chief told me the king wished to see me; so I carried my papers to his hut, and wrote a little, which I explained to him was intended to be read. A lamb was then brought in, and some of it roasted; part being hung up for me to carry away: they ate it without vegetables, but a piece of yam which I left in the morning was given me; and they begin to see that I like meat and yam together. We had plenty of palm-wine, and I was presented with a small calibash to take home.

* One to Bornou, performed by Oudney, Denham, and Clapperton; one to Timbuctoo—by Major Laing alone; one to Sackatoo, by Clapperton, with three companions.

Tuesday, 13th.—Breakfasted on the lamb and some yams; and afterwards went to the king's hut. I roamed about by myself a good deal to-day; but durst not go far from the huts. I was left in the charge of a stupid old man, who sat singing to himself the whole time. I had nothing to eat during the remainder of the day, till the chiefs came home: I suppose they had been hunting, as they brought in two young deer. Wherever I went, I was sure to have a score of women and children following me; but if I offered to turn round, they all ran off directly.

Wednesday, 14th.—After walking a little way, I saw some persons within an enclosure: they proved to be the king and a number of chiefs, and were digging up the ground with large stakes: four of them thrust their stakes into the soil, and then *prised* it up: they did not dig up the whole, but only the spots they intended for planting. About noon they left the place, and I could not learn what they were going to set.

[It was afterwards rather solemnly intimated by his sable majesty, in a court of council, that a great many knives would be very acceptable; and our friend was dismissed. On the morrow he set off, accompanied by several chiefs; and on the 15th reached his ship in perfect safety. We have other journals of this kind, which we shall abridge for insertion.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 10.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Simpson, Queen's College; Rev. F. Dobson, Merton College; Rev. W. Fawssett, M.A. of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, incorporated of Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. E. Withington, Brasennose College, Grand Compounder; T. Child, W. Boulton, Queen's College; W. Mayo, Magdalen Hall; R. Ellis, Jesus College; J. M. Elton, Balliol College; H. W. Torrens, Student of Christ Church; E. Green, Scholar of University College; E. Blencowe, Scholar, P. Barrett, J. Davenport, Wadham College; Hon. J. J. Carnegie, C. P. Golightly, J. F. Christie, L. C. L. Brenton, Oriel College; A. B. Dryer, Exeter College; M. W. [illegible], St. John's College; W. W. Champneys, Scholar of Brasennose College; A. Neate, B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, incorporated of Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 10.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. W. Bucke, J. H. Hawkins, Trinity College; T. C. S. Kynnersley, St. John's College; Rev. D. Laing, Rev. C. Rockett, Rev. H. West, St. Peter's College; Rev. A. Hussey, Corpus Christi College; T. Ramshay, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Coleman, Christ College; C. T. Carpenter, Sidney College.

At the same congregation, J. Ball, M.A. Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem.*

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 8th, a communication was read to the Society, containing some *Particulars of the Earthquake felt in the Netherlands, and in some of the Frontier Towns of France, on the 23d of February last.* Extracted from a letter to Captain Sabine, from Professor Quetelet, Director of the Royal Observatory at Brussels.

The number of earthquakes which are on record as having been experienced in the Netherlands, for many centuries past, does not exceed six or eight; and none of them have been productive of disastrous effects. Within a space of ten years, during the last century, three only took place, one of which happened in 1755, immediately after the great earthquake at Lisbon; and the last was in 1760. The one which has lately occurred was particularly felt along the banks of the Meuse; and its greatest violence was felt in the towns of Liège, Tongres, Tirlemont, and Huy: many of the walls and buildings of which suffered considerable injury—but, happily, no lives were lost. In the adjacent towns of Maestricht, Namur, Louvain, and Brussels, strong shocks were also experienced; but their violence diminished in proportion to the distance from the former, or principal, seat of concussion. They appear also to have been sensibly felt at Bonn, Dusseldorf, and Dordnecht, on one side, and at Flushing, Middleburg, and Dunkirk, on the other—although they were not perceptible at many of the intermediate towns. Slight shocks were also experienced at several of the frontier towns of France, as Avesnes, Commercy, and Longuyon; as also at the coal-mines near Liège, at the depth of from fifty to sixty toises; in which latter case they were accompanied by a hollow sound, resembling that of a heavily laden waggon. The direction in which the shocks were propagated appears to have been from east to west.

For some time before the earthquake the weather had been fine; but it became cloudy on the evening which preceded it, and continued so for several subsequent days. At Brussels the barometer had fallen during the three preceding days from 29·421 inches to 29·044; on the night before the earthquake it had risen to 29·126; and a few moments after the event, it stood at 29·233. It continued afterwards to rise; and on the 27th it had reached 30·166. At Liège, however, the barometer remained very low after the earthquake.

The shocks lasted about eight or ten seconds.

There have been experienced, since the 23d of February, slighter shocks; and these also were preceded by a great depression of the barometer.

Another communication was also read, giving *an Account of some Particulars concerning an Earthquake experienced at Bogota, and in the Cordillera between Bogota and Popayan, on the* 16*th of November*, 1827, *and the following days.* Contained in a letter from Colonel Patrick Campbell, Secretary of Legation to James Bandinal, Esq. of the Foreign Office. Communicated by Captain Sabine.

The earthquake is described by the narrator as occurring suddenly, at half-past six o'clock in the evening, whilst he was at dinner. It was announced by a loud rumbling noise; the whole house shook with violence; the decanters and glasses on the table being thrown down. The family ran for shelter under the door-way of the principal floor, which they had no sooner reached than they witnessed the fall of the towers of the cathedral opposite to them, with a dreadful crash. The whole tremor lasted about a minute. The first shock consisted of a long, undulating motion; the next was quick and violent; and the party found it difficult to preserve their balance, and were affected as if from sea-sickness. The damage sustained by the town of Bogota is immense, and has been estimated at about two millions of dollars, independently of the destruction of the cathedral, which had been completed about nine years ago, and the building of which cost 800,000 dollars. The government palace, and almost all the public offices and barracks, have either been rendered useless, or severely shattered. Of the churches, only those of the Capuchins, Carmelites, and the chapel of the convent "de la Ensenanza," can be said to have escaped without injury. Few of the houses above one story high are habitable, and even many of the low houses have been thrown down. The whole of the upper part of the Barrio del Rosorio, consisting of buildings of this latter description, now present nothing but a heap of ruins. Many habitations which had withstood the first shocks, have given way under those which followed, although incomparably less violent. The injury to dwellings has been remarkably unequal in different parts of the town—some streets having only partially suffered, while others are totally destroyed. Amidst this widely spreading destruction, it is fortunate that the loss of lives has been very inconsiderable, being, in the city of Bogota, limited to only five or six persons.

It appears that the earthquake was not felt much to the north of Bogota; but to the south the devastation has been most extensive. Throughout the whole of the plain of Bogota, as far as the towns of Purificacion and Neiva, there remains no church or public edifice of importance that has not been either overthrown or materially damaged. In the towns of Purificacion and Ibogué, the shock was so powerful as to throw down many houses constructed of cane, with thatched roofs. In Neiva, not only were all the public buildings destroyed by the earthquake, but torrents of rain conspired to increase the havoc. Even straw huts were levelled with the ground; and the roofs of some of them taking fire, added to the horror of the scene, and to the extent of the calamity. Great part of the plain of Neiva was inundated: this was productive of considerable loss of lives, particularly on the banks of the Magdalena, the current of which was at first considerably lessened; but a great flood succeeded, and swept down vast quantities of mud and other substances, emitting a strongly sulphureous vapour, and attended with a general destruction of the fish.

These and other facts render it probable that some volcanic eruption took place in Tolima, an old volcano of Tocaima, from the mouth of which it is reported, that of late dense columns of smoke have been seen to arise, and more remarkably so on the day of the earthquake; as also from the ridge of mountains of Santa Ana in Maraquita, and the Paramo of Ruiz, which is a part of the same Cordillera, and contiguous to that of Tolima.

Popayan, which is 200 geographical miles S.S.W. of Bogota, has also suffered much from the same earthquake; many houses having fallen in consequence of the violent shocks that continued to succeed each other every six hours up to the evening of the 18th, which is the date of the latest intelligence from that place. The torrents of rain with which they are accompanied, have proved a great aggravation to the misery they have created. At Patea, still farther to the S.S.W., the devastation has been still greater: some of the largest trees having been thrown down by the concussions. It is hence inferred, that eruptions have taken place at the same period in the volcano of Pasto; and the wide crevices which have appeared in the road of Guanacas, leave no doubt that the whole of the Cordillera has sustained a powerful shock.

In the plains of Bogota considerable crevices have also opened, and the river Tunza has already begun to flow through those which have appeared near Costa. In other parts of the Cordillera, although the earth has continued in motion for a quarter of an hour without intermission, the movement has been nearly insensible, and observable only by means of the compass or the pendulum.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATIONS.

IN our last we shortly mentioned the first general meeting of the subscribers to the Fund for the Translation of important Oriental Works, of which a description was contained in the *Literary Gazette* about three months ago, (see No. 574,) when its prospectus was originally issued; and we now go on to

fulfil our pledge of giving a more detailed account of the proceedings. The chair having been taken by Prince Leopold, Sir Gore Ouseley, as chairman of the Committee to whom the subscribers had delegated the power of arranging the infant association, and laying the basis for its future labours and prosperity, read a very gratifying report of what that Committee had done. Among other matters of peculiar weight and interest, coming from a body of men not only of the highest talents, learning, and acquirements, but most of them conversant, by study and experience, with oriental literature, we notice with pleasure several statements which afford great promise of what the public have to expect from this Institution, in unfolding both ancient and modern Asia to the knowledge of Europe.

From the liberal support already received, the subscriptions amounting to 1099*l.* 7*s.* per annum,* the Committee feel assured of the most important results being produced by this undertaking. To accelerate, improve, and complete the objects developed in the prospectus, corresponding committees are establishing in various parts of Asia. The Royal Asiatic Society, several directors of the East India Company, and the English Universities, have severally stepped forward in favour of the plan. It has been communicated to Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and the Barbary States, whence assistance of every kind may be anticipated; particularly in rare manuscripts and other productions which are likely to throw a light upon the earliest ages of the world, and upon the religions, customs, manners, and pursuits, of its inhabitants at all times. Not an Indian court, from Ceylon to the confines of the Punjab, Tibet, and China, but will learn what is the intention of this subscription; and no doubt many of them will in like ways contribute to promote its universally beneficial purposes. Turning from these regions, our marts and settlements in the Eastern Ocean offer similar facilities for intercourse with the most distant islands of its Archipelago and the coasts of China and Japan; while the various missionary establishments in Palestine, the Caucasus, and the Malayan peninsula, and the enlightened agents of the Russian government along the whole southern frontier of that immense empire, to the farthest limits of Kamtschatka, command the means of making the existence and the objects of the Society still farther known and appreciated. That immense literary, and considerable pecuniary, assistance will flow from these well-directed exertions, we are firmly persuaded; and it is also certain, that the governor-general of India, and the governors of its component departments, as well as the learned bodies at the three presidencies, will join with hearty zeal in furthering the progress of an institution at home, which is countenanced by so many powerful and influential persons.

The only alterations which appear to us to have been made since we first stated the constitution of the Oriental Translation Society, are — 1st, the creation of a second class of subscribers; and 2d, the sale of a certain number of each of the works printed at the expense of the Fund. As the subscribers of ten guineas each are to be entitled gratuitously to a fine-paper copy of every publication by the Committee, the class now proposed of annual subscribers of five guineas are to be allowed any of the works so published, to the amount of the subscription, at the cost of half the price at which they are sold to the public. With regard to the second proposition, of selling to the public a proportion of every edition, it is estimated that it will tend materially to lighten the common expense.

After congratulating the subscribers on the prosperous state of the Fund, and the encouraging prospects which opened on every side, the report went on to mention, that voluntary and unbought aid had been tendered by many eminent orientalists in this country; and expressed a confident belief that, in addition to enjoying the honour of fostering an important branch of learning, and rescuing the national character from the charge of neglecting eastern literature, in the cultivation of which this country is above all others interested,* the subscribers would annually receive books greatly exceeding their subscriptions in value. The circulation of the prospectus has already induced competent individuals to undertake translations of oriental works, and has attracted much attention to Asiatic literature. Thus, Sir Alexander Malet has presented the Committee with a valuable collection of eastern MSS., made by his father, Sir Charles Malet, during his residence in India.

The publications are to consist, generally, of the texts in the original languages, with English translations; but in peculiar cases, with translations of French and Latin. The Committee is empowered to give annually, for such works as it may consider deserving of distinction, four rewards in money, in sums of from 50*l.* to 100*l.* each, and four gold medals, of the value of fifteen guineas each.

Although, in selecting works for the press, the principal object will be to increase historical and general information, we rejoice to hear that works of fiction are not to be altogether overlooked. These will gratify many tastes which more grave and recondite reading does not suit, and give a pleasing variety to the series. But besides, the East has furnished many highly interesting specimens of this species of literature, which materially illustrate the customs and feelings of the people; and its apologues and romances are nearly as much entitled to consideration as its more directly useful and elaborate productions. The following remarkable list of curious works, some of them already nearly prepared for the press, shews with how much discrimination and judgment the Committee have made their selection:—

Class I. *Theology, Ethics, and Ecclesiastical History.*

1. The Cural, a work on Ethics. Written by Tiruvalluven. Translated by Richard Clarke, Esq.

This ancient work, written in the purest style of Tamul poetry, possesses a very high reputation in the whole of Southern India.

2. The Annals of Elias, Metropolitan of Nisibis. Translated by the Rev. Josiah Forshall, A.M.

This Syriac chronicle contains chronological tables of the principal dynasties of the world—brief memoirs of the Patriarchs of the Nestorian church—and notices of the most remarkable events in the East, from the birth of our Saviour to the beginning of the eleventh century.

3. The Akhlak e Naseri of Naser ud Din of Tus in Bucharia. Translated by the Rev. H. G. Keene, A.M.

This Persian system of Ethics is an elaborate composition, formed on Greek models, and is very highly esteemed in Persia.

4. A Collation of the Syriac MSS. of the New Testament, both Nestorian and Jacobite, that are accessible in England. By the Rev. Professor Lee.

This collation will include the various readings of all the Syriac MSS. of the New Testament in the British Museum, and the Libraries at Oxford, Cambridge, &c.

5. The Didascalia; or, Apostolical Constitutions of the Abyssinian Church. Translated by T. P. Platt, Esq. A.M.

This ancient Ethiopic work is unknown in Europe, and contains many very curious opinions.

6. The Bustan of Sadi. Translated by James Ross, Esq. A.M.

This is a much-admired Persian poem, consisting of Tales, &c. illustrative of moral duties.

Class II. *History, Geography, and Travels.*

7. The Tareki Afghan. Translated by Dr. Bernhard Dorn.

This is a Persian History of the Afghans, who claim to be descended from the Jews. It will be accompanied by an account of the Afghan Tribes.

8. The Travels of Evlia Effendi. Translated by Counsellor Von Hammer.

This work contains an account, in Turkish, of the travels of Evlia in all parts of the Turkish Empire, and in Turkestan, &c. in the early part of the seventeenth century.

9. Naima's Annals. Translated by the Rev. Dr. Henderson.

This Turkish History comprises the period between 1692 and 1692; and includes accounts of the Turkish invasion of Germany, the Sieges of Buda, Vienna, &c.

10. Ibn Khaldun's History of the Berbers. Translated by the Rev. Professor Lee.

This rare and valuable Arabic work contains an account of the origin, progress, and decline of the dynasties which governed the northern coast of Africa.

11. The great Geographical Work of Idrisi. Translated by the Rev. G. C. Renouard, B.D.

This Arabic work was written, A.D. 1163, to explain a large silver globe made for Roger, King of Sicily; and is divided into the seven climates described by Ptolemy.

12. Makrisis Khitat; or, History and Statistics of Egypt. Translated by Abraham Salame.

This Arabic work includes accounts of the conquest of Egypt by the Caliphs, A.D. 640, of the cities, rivers, ancient and modern inhabitants of Egypt, &c.

13. Part of Mirklond's Rozet ul Suffa. Translated by David Shea, Esq.

The part of this Persian work selected for publication is that which contains the history of Persia, from Kaiomurs to the death of Alexander the Great.

Class III. *Belles Lettres.*

14. Meher va Mushteri. Translated by Dr. Bernhard Dorn.

This is a popular Persian poem, which celebrates the friendship and adventures of Meher and Mushteri, the sons of King Shapur and his grand vizier.

15. Hatim Tae. Translated by Duncan Forbes, Esq. A.M.

This is a popular Persian romance, which narrates the seven perilous adventures of Hatim, an Arab chief.

16. Ferhad va Shirin. Translated by James Mitchell, Esq.

This Persian poem contains the tale of Ferhad, a celebrated statuary, and Shirin, Princess of Persia. It also includes several curious legends relating to Adam, Mahommed, &c.

Want of room compels us to postpone the conclusion of this report till our next *Literary Gazette*, when we trust to throw some very curious light upon the literature now existing in India.

* Another pillar of strength is, that his Majesty has become patron of the Fund; and almost every member of the Royal Family, together with the Ministers of the Crown, and many of the most distinguished Nobility and persons of consideration connected with India, its ardent supporters.

* The probable effect of this association, in exciting our young civil and military officers in India to a close study of the oriental languages, is another advantage not to be forgotten.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

BEFORE proceeding to the School of Painting (by far the most interesting portion of the present Exhibition), we shall notice some further attractions in the Great Room. We left off with one of Mr. Collins's pictures; we will recommence with another.

No. 86.—*Taking out a Thorn.* W. Collins, R.A.—Interesting, as well from its simplicity as from the skill with which it is executed. The little rustic group, accompanying their suffering companion, and the aged operator, are all in keeping with the scene. Every thing is unaffected, and as it should be.

No. 33. *A Bull of the Alderney Breed.* J. Ward, R.A.—This, and No. 223, *A Cow of the Alderney Breed*, by the same artist, are among the wonders of the Exhibition. At least, to those who are unacquainted with all the mysteries of feeding and breeding cattle, they certainly appear to be phenomena.

No. 52. *Jan Steen taking down his Sign, and resuming his Profession of a Painter.* J. Van Regemorter.—We refer our readers to the quotation in the Catalogue, from Campowyerman's *Lives of the Dutch Painters.* It is curious, as illustrative of the character of the artist, the

Morland of his day; only that his subjects were derived from the brutish of human beings, while those of Morland were drawn from the natural in animal life. This picture is Flemish in its execution; and is well treated both in colouring and chiaroscuro. It suggests one observation, however, which we cannot refrain from making; namely, that if Jan Steen had lived in our days of multitudinous art, we think he would have paused before taking down his sign!

No. 17. *A Mother caressing her Child.* R. Westall, R.A.—In expression, Mr. Westall is rarely deficient. Subjects of flesh and blood, however (such as this is), require truth in the representation of them; and will not bear to be refined away, on some imaginary principle of delicacy, until the stamp of nature is wholly effaced.

No. 54. *An Old Bridge at Hendon, Middlesex.* F. Watts.—We do not remember noticing the landscapes of this artist before; but we have now to compliment him on a performance which, if it does not belong to the exalted or classical in that department of painting, is at least natural, pleasing, and picturesque.

We leave, for the present, the Great Room, with its mass of splendid portraiture; and enter that which contains a far more diversified and generally interesting assemblage of pictures. And first of the first, in awful grandeur and appalling ruin, stands—

No. 340. *An Attempt to illustrate the Opening of the Sixth Seal.* F. Danby.—"Chaos is come again," would be an insufficient motto for this extraordinary production. It is, indeed, a stupendous scene. The sublime description in the Revelations has suggested to the artist, as the materials of his work, the wreck of a world; lightning, volcanoes, earthquakes, falling rocks, yawning chasms, and all the other dreadful indications of "the wrath of the Lamb." A picture like this is scarcely amenable to criticism. It violates no probability; for in such circumstances, what can be considered improbable? Still, Mr. Danby has so far adhered with fidelity to what we have experienced, that all his varied effects of livid light or bursting flame have evidently been derived from their prototypes in nature; although we have never before beheld them in such terrific accumulation and array. The foreground is rendered visible by cold gleams from the upper part of the picture (representing "the heavens departing, as a scroll when it is rolled together,") and exhibits every frightful shape of desperation and death:

> "Amazing period! when each mountain-height
> Outburns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
> Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
> Stars rush; and final Ruin fiercely drives
> Her ploughshare o'er creation."—*Young.*

On turning our back upon these pictured horrors, we are confronted by the gaieties of a scene as opposite as the antipodes; namely,

No. 262. *Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Bird-cage.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—On land, as well as on water, Mr. Turner is determined not merely to shine, but to blaze and dazzle. Wattean and Stothard, be quiet! Here is more than your match. If Mr. Turner had called his picture of last year "a sketch," in the manner of Rembrandt; or if he had called the present production "a sketch," in the manner of either of the above-mentioned artists, it might have been supposed that, although he had overshot the mark in glare and glitter, yet that, had he proceeded, he would have added those redeeming qualities without which such zeal is an offence, not only against the principles of art, but against common sense. With respect to the details in this gaudy experiment, the less they are inspected, the better for the reputation of the artist.

No. 248. *Henry the Third of France.* R. P. Bonnington.—"Who put my man i' th' stocks?" said the indignant Lear, after having found his faithful adherent in that unenviable position. With a similar feeling we say, Who put this picture here? Why is the pain of stooping till one's back is nearly broken to be inflicted as the price of the pleasure of looking at this able performance?—a performance which it would have done credit to the judgment of the Academy, had they placed it in the best situation the rooms afford.* Besides possessing a harmony of colouring which would be honourable to any school of art, the subject is treated in a most masterly manner. As a graphic illustration of the character and habits of the French monarch, it may be ranked with some of the well-described scenes by Sir Walter Scott in Quentin Durward, or any other of his historical novels.

No. 243. *The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia.* G. S. Newton.—We should have said "endeavouring" to reconcile his wife; for the matter does not seem to have been accomplished. The picture is, however, replete with the pathos and expression which belong to the subject,—one of the most touching passages in one of the most admirable novels in the English language. The figures are certainly too tall; but, with that slight exception, the performance throughout is highly creditable to the talents of this distinguished artist.

Now for *The Drunkard*, as he is represented in No. 322, by G. Clint, A., "being the first picture of an intended series." This performance has dwelt upon our minds, and haunted our imagination, from the moment we first saw it. Mr. Clint's Drunkard is no maudlin, staggering idiot, the object merely of ridicule and contempt; he is a ferocious maniac, exciting in the beholders terror and detestation. This graphic sermon may, in their intervals of reason, teach those who are addicted to the disgraceful vice of intoxication, to see, mark, learn, and (we hope) inwardly digest, the useful lesson it conveys.—From this mental wreck, this perversion of humanity, we turn to a work of a very different character, gay and exhilarating, and which, nevertheless, by an odd coincidence of situation and circumstances, is in a certain way connected with the subject of our last notice: we mean No. 274, *The Hop Garden*, by W. F. Witherington.—Scenes of more animated character can hardly be imagined than those which are afforded by the vintage and the hop-gathering; and yet, owing to the perverseness of human nature, how often are they productive of the most baneful consequences! We must not, however, confound the use of a good with its abuse; nor reject moderate enjoyment because excessive enjoyment is pernicious. But not, by our further reflections, to rob these excellent artists of the praise which is their due, we hasten to say, that in composition, character, and colouring, both Mr. Clint and Mr. Witherington have shewn the greatest skill, and exhibited their talents to the utmost advantage.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

If any thing could add to the reputation of this extraordinary artist, it would be his Fall of Nineveh, the exhibition of which was opened to the public on Monday last; and our second view of which fully confirmed the high opinion which we expressed of it in the *Literary Gazette* of the 26th ult. Mr. Martin seems to have exhausted his invention, and concentrated his talent, on this magnificent production, which comprehends all that is gorgeous in human splendour and mighty in human strength, with all that is sublime and destructive in elemental commotion. It is impossible to imagine any thing more awful and imposing than the whole spectacle. Intensely powerful in its general effect, the minuteness and variety of its details are so curious and wonderful, that we fear they will fail to be appreciated by the spectator without the aid of an opera-glass. It is a picture on which a volume, instead of a paragraph, might easily be written.

* The mantel of the Great Room would have been the proper place for this picture.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

The anniversary of this Institution, on Saturday last, was very numerously attended, and had the Lord Chancellor in the chair, supported by the Duke of Somerset, Lord Goderich, Lord Farnborough, Lord Grantham, Lord Durham, Sir T. Lawrence, Sir J. Swinburne, Messrs. Phillips, Daniell, Bailly, Mulready, Etty, R. A.'s, &c. &c. The subscription (independently of 500*l.*, a moiety of the price paid to Mr. Mulready for an engraving from his picture of the Wolf and the Lamb, which that artist has generously presented to the Fund) amounted, as the newspapers state, to above 1000*l.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE LITERARY FUND ANNIVERSARY.

Of all the Funds instituted for benevolent purposes in this great metropolis, it is not too much to say that this, which has for its object the relief of literary distress, is the most deserving of public patronage. We would institute no invidious comparisons between it and the multitude of other most praiseworthy associations, whose humanity and charity are an honour to the English nation,—but simply point out, that all these are limited in their sphere to particular cases or classes, whilst the calls upon the Literary Fund are as widely diffused as literature itself, and as universal as the existence of letters. The patient to a fever-hospital, the sojourner in a work-house, the widow and the orphan of an asylum, the blind, the deaf, the diseased, the aged, the forlorn, the destitute of every description—the mechanic and the trader, the actor and the artist,—may *each* possess their separate sources where to seek the alleviation of their several sorrows and sufferings; at the same time, under other circumstances, and in another character, as *authors*, they may *all* bring their distresses before this Society—

> "Claim kindred there, and have their claim allowed."

It is another consideration of much moment, and one that ought to have great influence in directing the favour of the high and wealthy towards this charity, that those who advocate its cause are not interested in its success, except by feelings of compassion and philanthropy. Many other institutions are actively and productively befriended by parties who have a prospective benefit to look to in their prosperity: they are to aid a joint-stock fund, of which they are members, or to help their brethren or themselves, should they unhappily fall into trouble or decay;—but the poor man of letters—the lowly drudge in the laborious duties of the pen—the unfortunate aspirant to fame—is not the founder or supporter of the Literary Fund;—strangers must plead for him, with sympathy only for their fee and reward. For these among other reasons, we think the sp-

peals made on behalf of this charity are more deserving of attention than any other. The objects whose miseries it is directed to relieve, are diffused throughout the whole mass of civilised life: of all others, they are, perhaps, the least suited to buffet with the busy world and command success;—of all others, their hopes have been the highest, their imaginations have been warmed by the gayest and most deceitful dreams of fortune and of glory;—and of all others, their fall from the pinnacle of such bright delusions into the dark abyss of disappointment, penury, pain, and wretchedness, is the most helpless and desolate. Their endeavour has been to serve and enlighten their fellow-men, and in their sad estate, surely they deserve pity and consolation from those for whom, however unwisely, they devoted their talents and their toils.

Although the anniversary meeting of Wednesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern,* was not so numerously attended as might have been expected from the prevalence of these sentiments, it was, nevertheless, adorned by the presence of some eminent personages, who expressed themselves on the occasion in language which reflects lustre on the highest station, and promised their zealous support to the Fund hereafter, in a manner that cannot fail to be productive of great future advantages. Among these, we ought in justice to particularise Lord Goderich and Lord F. L. Gower; and also Lord Shrewsbury, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. J. Cam Hobhouse, and Dr. Lushington.

We observe several of the newspapers, in giving an account of the meeting, intimate a regret that comparatively few of the distinguished authors and eminent booksellers, whose duty it is to befriend this excellent Institution, were amongst the company. In some respect this reproach is merited, and we would not save those to whom it can apply from one stripe of its just infliction. To be callous to the misery which this Fund alleviates, by tempering with a providential hand the wind to the shorn lamb, is unworthy the character of any man pretending to a love of literature, and far more unworthy of the prosperous cultivators of that field which has proved so sterile and thorny to their unfortunate fellow-labourers. But it ought to be remembered, that business, illness, and many other insurmountable reasons, may keep good men from attending; and we have little right to pronounce opinions, where we cannot know the grounds of action, or rather, in this matter, of inaction. And if some were away, who ought to have been with us, both for their own sakes and the sake of humanity, there were yet a number of distinguished literary characters present; and as far as regards booksellers, we saw a fair proportion of the leading publishers of the kingdom, near where we sat in the room, including partners of the house of Longman and Co., Mr. Murray, Mr. Harding, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Harris, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Ainsworth, &c. Mr. Maunder was one of the stewards; and other booksellers, prevented from appearing in person, sent their donations.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset, president, took the chair soon after six o'clock, and about 120 sat down to dinner. The cloth being removed, "The King, our munificent Patron," always the first standing toast of the Society, was drank with acclamations, and followed by the usual loyal bumpers and songs. "Prosperity to the Literary Fund," was also given with great applause; and Mr. Fitzgerald recited a poem, in which the benevolent purposes of the Fund were enforced. His exertions were thanked by a toast from the president. The Earl of Shrewsbury, in a brief speech, complimentary to the noble chairman, and warmly approving of the Society and its objects,* gave the health of the Duke of Somerset; for which his grace returned thanks. Lord Goderich, in an eloquent, manly, and feeling address, paid a tribute to the genius, patriotism, and virtues of Mr. Canning, who, but for his lamented loss, would have presided this day; and proposed a tribute to his memory, which was drank in solemn silence, and with deep emotion. His lordship's observations, indeed, produced a powerful sensation; and while he taught his hearers how to love and honour the dead, he also did what was not his intention—he taught them to admire and honour the living. His lordship's own health was accordingly the next, and loudly cheered by every voice. Lord F. L. Gower, also, on receiving a similar compliment, returned thanks in a very impressive manner, alluding with appropriate felicity to Mr. Lockhart's Life of Burns, to support his reasoning on behalf of the unfortunate, for the relief of whose wants they had met together. In the course of the evening, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Hobhouse, Dr. Lushington, Sir W. Clayton, Mr. Adolphus, Mr. Blanshard, severally spoke, as toasts called them up; and by them all, the same benevolent train of ideas was pursued and enforced by various apposite illustrations. To crown the whole, Dr. Yates reported subscriptions to the amount of £700: and a day of much gratification to all who witnessed the proceedings, was happily concluded by the auspicious promise of the following names to commence the list of stewards at the next anniversary:—

Lords Shrewsbury and Goderich; Sirs Geo. Duckett, Thomas Phillips, R. H. Inglis, and T. Lawrence, (*President of the Royal Academy*); Davies Gilbert, Esq. (*President of the Royal Society*); Rev. Dr. Sleath (*Head Master of St. Paul's School*); Messrs. Sams and Jennings (*Booksellers*).

* It may not be so generally known as we wish to make it, that in order to promote the interests of this Fund, many of the Members of the Committee of Management (at which Sir B. Hobhouse efficiently presides), and other friends of the charity, form a Club, which meets monthly for about eight months of the year, in London; and that a more general meeting is annually held at Greenwich. At this meeting, which, though of a social kind, does not repress the great object of the Society, valuable Stewards for the following anniversary are often enlisted in the most agreeable way; and gentlemen, previously unacquainted with the Institution, have, from pleasantly mingling with its friends here, become themselves its ardent supporters. Foreign literati are also frequently brought to this rendezvous, and share with no small delight in our English custom of holding festival (with *white bait*, and "all appliances to boot"); and combining with it the best feelings of the heart: for the Committee sits in the early part of the afternoon to administer relief to the wretched; and its close is devoted to the same end, while enjoying the pleasures of good-humoured relaxation. Having said so much, we ought to advertise those who are, and those who wish to be, benefactors of the Literary Fund Society, that the 18th of June is the day fixed for the Greenwich *sub*-anniversary.

* They are thus forcibly described in the address printed by way of preface to the book-list of subscribers:—

"It is not the purpose of the Literary Fund to reward able authorship, which should look for its reward to the nation; nor to encourage bad authorship, nor to sustain the idle, nor to indulge the profligate: but to interpose, as far as it may, between the meritorious and those calamities against which no rank of merit can be always a security; to lift up the honourable and cultivated mind crushed by misfortunes that defy human prudence; to save those from falling whose fall would be a scandal to the literary honour of the country; to help those who cannot help themselves; to save the half-ruined from being wholly ruined; to prevent casual poverty from being degraded into desperate privation; sickness from being turned into death; and, where death is inevitable, to soften the dying hour, by the feeling that the widow and orphan of the man of genius will not be cast loose to the bitter chances of the world. It is a praise which the Literary Fund takes proudly to itself, that it has done this in a multitude of instances; and if it have not done it in all, it is neither from narrowness in its principle nor defect in its conduct. It has restricted its hand by no invidious limits of class in society, religious persuasion, party feeling, or place of birth. It receives all claims alike; desires no other attestation than the evidence that its bounty is necessary, and then distributes to the utmost of its means. Since its commencement in the year 1790, the Literary Fund has relieved, in an essential manner, upwards of one thousand cases; some of them of a remarkable nature, and in which the result of the relief was immediate and public. But the few instances which may have thus escaped into observation, can furnish no estimate of the actual extent of service. How vast a mass of lonely misery the bounty of the Fund may have lightened, or even extinguished; how many sinking spirits it has cheered to new exertions; what sick beds it has made the beds of health; what years of helpless decay it has made years of comparative comfort; what agonies of mind among a class of men whom the habits of their whole lives, their education, and intelligence, render most vulnerable in the mind, have been healed,—must be beyond human record: but they will not be forgotten where it is most important for men, and even for institutions, that they should be remembered."

MUSIC.

DE BEGNIS' CONCERT.

On Monday this popular performer had a morning concert at the Argyll Rooms, which was very fully and fashionably attended. The grand attraction of the day was the return of Madame Ronzi de Begnis, who looked like an angel, and sang like a seraph. She took a part in a duet with the Signor, and gave an aria from Mozart;—was so enthusiastically received, and loudly applauded, that she was almost overpowered by her emotions. The rest of the entertainment was extremely well arranged, and supported by a great display of musical talent. Caradori, Brambilla, Mesdames Puzzi, De Vigo, Stockhausen, &c., were heard to much advantage; and several of the principal male singers in town exerted their best efforts for their brother *artist*. Signor Puzzi gave an admirable fantasia on the horn: and the whole went off with great *éclat*.

MR. CIPRIANI POTTER'S CONCERT.

The first movement of Mr. C. Potter's sinfonia, which opened this concert, was so good, that it made us wish for the second; and we hope the cordial reception it met with from the public, will be an inducement to bring it forward on a future occasion as a complete piece. Mr. P. also displayed much talent as a composer, as well as taste and execution as a performer on the piano-forte, in his concerto with rondo à-la-chasse and his rondo à-la-militaire. Miss Stephens sang sweetly in "Softly sighs," from Der Freischütz, and also in the duet with Mr. Vaughan, "Qual anelante," by Marcello. Caradori was delightful in Pacini's aria from La Schiava in Bagdad, "Sommo Ciel;" and Brambilla pleased us much in "Alma Rea," from Rossini's Sigismonda. The quintetto from Il Turco in Italia, "Oh guardate," also gave scope to the powers of these ladies, in concert with Signori Curioni, De Begnis, and Pellegrini. Signor De Begnis displayed his accustomed humour, both in this quintet, and in the duet "D'un bell' uso," from the same opera. Mr. Oury received much applause for his performance on the violin; and Mr. Nicholson executed a fantasia on the flute in his very best style. The overtures of Beethoven and Mozart were exceedingly well performed.

THE MASTERS SCHULZ, FROM VIENNA.

Many of our readers may remember these young musicians, who, by their performances on the piano-forte and guitar, delighted royal and fashionable circles some few years ago. Since that period they have been maturing the talents then so strikingly displayed, and have returned with increased claims on the attention of musical amateurs. Immedi-

ately on their arrival, His Majesty signified a wish to hear them again; and after their performance, was pleased to command their attendance at St. James's Palace on the following evening. The Masters Schulz have brought over a newly invented instrument, called the *Eol-Harmonica*, which, in concert with two guitars, produces a most beautiful and surprising effect.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday night Pasta's benefit took place, and an overwhelming audience contributed to swell her receipts. Pasta and Sontag appeared together in *Otello* and *Desdemona*, and were evidently performing out of their accustomed walks. Pasta's part (Otello) is the one usually assigned to Curioni; and Sontag, in Desdemona, could not have been placed in a situation less suited to her line of talent. Notwithstanding this, the performance went off well; and, indeed, the mere appearance of the two *prime donne* together, being "a sight," was enough to fill the house.*

Revivals are the order of the day. At Drury Lane Colman's "paw-paw" farce of the *Gay Deceivers* followed on Saturday evening Congreve's "fie-fie" comedy of *Love for Love*. Were either piece sent in new to the theatre at the present day, how the licenser's red ink and the printer's black would flow in judgment against it! But the ancient and the dead may sin with impunity.† Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* was revived on Thursday evening, with music composed and selected by Mr. Braham and Mr. T. Cooke, as a makeshift for the *airs* of Mr. Bishop, whose "linked sweetness" was so "long *drawing* out," that the manager lost his patience, and the composer gave up his engagement. We will deliver our important opinion respecting this revival in our next No. At Covent Garden the rival *Aladdin* has also been revived, with a label in his mouth like that of the Black Bear in Piccadilly—"I am the original." The Drury Lane opera having been turned into a melo-drama, the Covent Garden melo-drama has been transformed into an opera. We do not think either has benefited by the process. The public are, however, gainers, inasmuch as that by the present arrangement they are enabled to see Miss Foote in the one, and hear Miss Stephens in the other, *et ça vaut toujours beaucoup*.

* It is pretty well known, we believe, to all who attend the Opera, and to many who do not, that the late manager, Mr. Ebers, was a loser to a fearful extent by this concern, and that his bankruptcy was the consequence of his engagements connected with it. The responsibility of a lessee of the Opera is so extensive, and the success of the best management so precarious, that any one who engages and falls in the perilous enterprise, is entitled to all the assistance that can be rendered him by those to whose tastes the undertaking was to minister. In this situation we think the late manager stands. His shipwreck has been a total one.

The object of these remarks is to impress on our readers the justice of affording Mr. Ebers some slight compensation for his losses, in the easiest and most appropriate way, by a benefit at the King's Theatre. The produce would, it is true, be trifling, compared to the amount of his losses; but it could not fail to be of service; and the testimony it would afford of public sympathy would be worth something. La Porte, who is, we believe, a liberal man, would of course permit the use of the house, on being indemnified against the expenses; and many, if not all the performers, would, we are sure, contribute their services gratuitously.

The managers of foreign theatres, it is known, have aid from their governments, under whose control and protection the theatres are, and are thus secured against any important loss. If these things are ordered otherwise here, it is because it is considered that the liberality of the public supersedes the necessity of such an arrangement. We should be glad to see this opinion confirmed, though we doubt not its justice;—a more favourable opportunity of practically evincing its truth cannot be pointed out, we think, than the one we have suggested.

† We had fallen here into the vulgar error of believing that the waggish author of My Night-gown and Slippers, &c. was no more. While this was passing through the press, however, a friend remarked to us, that George Colman the Younger could not possibly be dead yet, as he knew, from the best authority, that his publisher expected him to "*end his Life*" in the course of a few weeks.

VARIETIES.

The last bad Puns, &c.—Why is the completion of the building of the King's New Palace an event to be despaired of? *Ans.* Because it has already had an untimely dome!

Why is A the best letter in the alphabet for a deaf woman? It makes *her* hear!!

A French officer, appointed to command a storming party, to which some of the Irish brigade belonged, was delivering his opinion on the question, whether it was the duty of the commander, on such an occasion, to lead the men, or direct them from the rear;—and seemed rather inclined to think the latter most expedient for the benefit of the service. "Bah!" cried an Irish officer, "I'll tell you what, Colonel, It is a custom more honoured in the breach, than in the observance."

In making the sewer across Piccadilly, the gable of the corner house in White-horse-street gave way; the remainder was, however, supported by props; and it was remarked, there was no end to that house.

Why does a carter seem fonder of grief than any other man in England? He is always *crying*, "Come hither wo!"

The surgeons at Horsemonger Lane have, it is said, changed their professions, and turned blacksmiths. Their first work was in the way of *Cast Irons*.

Among the causes lately tried in the King's Bench, was the strange one of Knight *v.* Darke. The damages were nominal.

Why did a fat fellow, dreadfully squeezed in going in to the Opera, become very complimentary to the ladies? The pressure made him *flatter*.

What is the slight difference between a warrior and an infant? The one is *in* and the other *under* arms.

Price of Musical Talent.—A letter from Vienna mentions, that the celebrated violin-player Paganini is giving concerts there, each of which brings him above 600 florins convention money, *i. e.* 600*l.* We mention this for the encouragement of those who do *not* pillage Mr. Bull.

During the last few days Messrs. Stewart, Wheatley, and Adlard, have been selling the very extensive and valuable library of Thomas Edwards, Esq. of Halifax. We have seldom seen a more complete collection belonging to a private individual; and some of the best works are finely illustrated. The prices, though considerable, have not appeared extravagant: the sale continues.

The number of the new works that have been published at the last Easter fair at Leipzig, as stated in the annual fair catalogue, amounts to 3234, viz.:—2852 books, including smaller works, as pamphlets; 191 novels and tales; 37 dramatic pieces, whole collections counting each for one number; 116 maps, globes, &c.; 33 musical works; 5 games. The books in foreign modern languages, exclusive of the preceding list, amount to 336. As works eminently good, Professor Beck mentions, Ehrenberg's Natural-Historical Journey in Egypt; Mailath's History of the Magyari (Hungarians); Lancizolle's History of the Rise of the Prussian Monarchy; Salvandy's History of King Sobiesky. The number of publishers is stated at 401.—*Beck's Repertorium.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Surrey Literary Institution.—On Monday evening a meeting of the inhabitants of Camberwell and its vicinity was held at the Grove House tavern, Camberwell Grove, to consider a plan for the erection of a building in which the Committee might conduct the affairs of the Institution on a more extended scale than had been hitherto practicable. The Rev. J. Vane, A.M. President of the Society, took the chair, and was supported by many of the most influential residents in the neighbourhood.

The report of the Committee detailed at great length the financial state of the Institution, from which it appeared that the income of the Society was fully adequate to its annual expenditure upon its present establishment, and that very numerous advantages would result from the erection of a spacious and convenient lecture-room, with library, reading, and conversation-rooms, &c. to defray the expense of which it was proposed to issue proprietors' shares at 10*l.* 10*s.* each, the holders of which might avail themselves of all the privileges of the Institution, without any annual payment. The managers, in conclusion, congratulated the meeting on the highly prosperous condition of the Society, and urged the adoption of the plan as a measure of public benefit and private convenience. At the close, a subscription was entered into, and a considerable sum raised.

In the Press.—Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg.—A Manual of Ancient History, considered in relation to the Constitutions, Commerce, and Colonies, of the different States of Antiquity, by A. H. L. Heeren, Professor of History in the University of Gottingen: translated from the German, in correspondence with the learned Author.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ross on Steam Navigation, 4to. 1*l.* 16*s.* bds.—Three Days at Killarney, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Bainbridge's Fly-Fisher's Guide, second edition, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Bennett's Fishes of Ceylon, No. I. 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* sewed.—Britton's Cathedrals, 42, Gloucester, No. I. 12*s.* sewed; Architectural Antiquities, Part VI. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Chronicles of the Canongate, Second Series, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jowett's Sermons, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s.* bds.—Stewart's Sermons, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bartlett's Discourses, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Mortimers; or, Vale of Machyulleth, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Hemans's Records of Woman, and other Poems, fcp. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Recollections of Royalty, by C. C. Jones, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Continental Traveller's Oracle, by Dr. Eldon, 2 vols. fcp. 15*s.* bds.—Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Landor's Imaginary Conversations, Vol. III. 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Dialogues on Prophecy, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Village Plans and Domestic Sketches, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Harp of Judah, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Guide to Importers and Purchasers of Wine, 12mo. 5*s.* cloth.—Letters from Cambridge, post 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—The Camblst's Compendium, royal 8vo. 20*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

May.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	8	From 44.	to 59.	29.84	to 29.85
Friday	9	—— 33.	— 61.	29.96	— 30.03
Saturday	10	—— 33.	— 64.	30.11	— 30.07
Sunday	11	—— 47.	— 66.	30.00	— 30.03
Monday	12	—— 48.	— 65.	30.11	— 30.16
Tuesday	13	—— 38.	— 68.	30.18	— 30.16
Wednesday	14	—— 38.	— 71.	30.12	— 30.06

Wind variable; prevailing N. and S.W.
Generally clear, a little rain on the 10th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Declined, C. F. S.

Armigo's advice cannot be taken. What he and his friends object to, enables a journal to be at great expense in obtaining variety of information, not the less valuable for being condensed.

X. Y. Z. at our office.

For the present we can only thank T. H. S. C.

We shall endeavour to reply to a number of correspondents, who require private letters, in the course of a few days: the extreme pressure of the instant claims upon us at this busy period, will, we trust, be our apology, even to the most urgent of them.

The mass of interesting matters of a temporary nature, relating to general literature, the fine arts, scientific proceedings, and distant expeditions, which press upon us at the present hour, has compelled us this week to abridge our Review, though so largely occupied by one popular publication. Pelham, the Croppy, Ward's Mexico, Atherstone's Nineveh, and other works, are thus unavoidably postponed—besides many articles of a miscellaneous character.

Erratum.—In the account of Captain Kater's paper on the Vertical Floating Collimator, given in the last No. of the *Literary Gazette*, at line 34 the telescope of the collimator is by mistake stated to be 40 inches long, which is the length of the zenith telescope. It should have been stated that its focal length is 8 inches, and its aperture 1 inch and a quarter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
JOS. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, in Pall Mall East, is now OPEN every day, from Nine till Seven.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogues, 6d.
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

THE EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS of the most Illustrious Personages of English History, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is now open, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East.
Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be had on application as above.

MR. J. B. LANE'S great PICTURE, painted at Rome, and by which he incurred the Censure of the Inquisition, OPENS on MONDAY, at the King's Mews. Entrance from Charing Cross.
Admission, 1s.—Explanation and Statement, 6d.

THE DEATH of VIRGINIA, a grand Picture by MONSIEUR LE THIERE, (Painter of the "Judgment of Brutus,") opened this Day at the Roman Gallery, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, Historical and Descriptive, with a Copper-plate Engraving, 1s.

Fall of Nineveh.

MR. MARTIN'S PAINTING of the above PICTURE is now open to the Public, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s. From Nine o'Clock till Six.

DR. ASHBY SMITH will begin his Summer Course of Lectures on Diseases of the Skin, on Tuesday, May 27, at his House, 12, Bloomsbury Square. These Lectures, illustrated by Drawings, and founded upon the Arrangement and Classification of the late Dr. Willan, form a practical Course of Instruction in Eruptive Complaints, and comprise a full Detail of the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of those Diseases.
Further particulars may be known by applying to Dr. Smith, at his Residence above mentioned.

The late John Kemble.

Colnaghi, Son, and Co. Printsellers to the King, Pall Mall East, beg leave to inform the admirers of the late Mr. Kemble, and the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, that they have nearly ready for publication,

A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT of this great ACTOR, in the Character of Cato, from the much-admired Picture painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. &c. &c. &c. The Print will form a Companion to the Portrait of Mr. Kemble in Hamlet.
A Book to receive Subscribers' Names is now open at the Publishers', in Pall Mall East.

MR. MARTIN'S ENGRAVINGS to ILLUSTRATE the "BIBLE," "PARADISE LOST," &c. &c.
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Published by Septimus Prowett, 55, Pall Mall.

THE KING'S PICTURE of the WOLF and the LAMB. An Engraving from this celebrated Picture, painted by William Mulready, Esq. R.A. has just been exquisitely finished in the very finest Line Manner, by John Henry Robinson, Esq. for the Benefit of the Artists' Fund. The Plate has been in hand nearly five years, and its progress has been wholly under the superintendence of the Committee whose names are attached to the Plate; every Impression printed must necessarily be in a fine state, as the Committee pledge themselves that not more than 1000 Impressions shall be taken altogether, and that as soon as this number is completed, the copper shall be effectually destroyed. The profits arising from the sale of the Impressions, by the Committee, will be devoted to the Relief of Artists, their Widows, and Children.
The size of the Print is 18 inches by 23 high. Price Three Guineas. Of the Proofs there are now remaining unsubscribed for, only Twenty-four on French paper, and Six on India; for these an immediate application is requested to be made by those desirous of possessing this splendid Engraving. The number of Prints being so limited, also renders an early application for them necessary, in consequence of the destruction of the copper.
London: Published and sold by Moon, Boys, and Graves, Printsellers to the King, 6, Pall Mall; also sold by F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street.

SUBSCRIPTION for the WIDOW of the late Mr. WILLIAM JAMES, the Author of the "Naval History of Great Britain."
The "Naval History" by the late Mr. James, is too well known to the Officers of His Majesty's Navy, and the Public in general, to require any eulogium. All the Reviews and other Periodical Publications, bear ample testimony to its merits, and to the talent and inflexible impartiality of its author. In the compilation of his voluminous History, Mr. James spent the best years of his life, and prosecuted his arduous undertaking under difficulties that few could have surmounted. Although he laboured under great pecuniary embarrassments, and although promises and threats were exerted to subdue his moral courage, yet nothing could induce him to swerve, for a moment, from his duty as an impartial Historian.
The incessant labour of twelve years' unremitting application to his important History, added to the cruel disappointment and loss which he experienced in the sale of an edition of his work lately published, on account of the failure of the Purchaser of the Copyright, induced a premature decay of body and mind, in which dreadful state he languished for six weeks before he died, in the prime of life, and, literally, of a broken heart! His wife, who with singular affection shared his anxieties, acted as his amanuensis, and was his only solace in sickness and in sorrow, is now left a widowed stranger in a foreign land, and is so entirely destitute of funds, friends, and connexions, that nothing can save her from all the severities of extreme poverty, but the generous sympathy of the public, and of that profession in particular for whose service her affectionate husband dedicated his time, his talents, and his health, and finally sacrificed his life.
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J. RODWELL begs respectfully to acquaint the Admirers of the above most beautiful Science, that Specimens of the under-mentioned elaborate work may be seen at his House, No. 46, New Bond Street, and where Subscribers' Names are received.
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No. III. will be published in June.
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By J. CRAUFURD, Esq. F.R.S. late Envoy.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England.

For this very entertaining and apropos volume we are indebted to the pen of Dr. Walsh, a gentleman of great and various acquirements, who was Chaplain to Lord Strangford, our Ambassador at Constantinople; and who, on leaving that city, performed a journey through the country *now* so interesting, as the theatre on which the fate of Turkey is about to be decided by its Russian invaders. To such a publication it will be felt that we cannot pay our devoirs too early; and we are gratified at having it in our power to analyse its most striking parts, for the benefit of our readers, before the work itself can have issued from the press. In the present instance we shall address ourselves chiefly to those statements which bear upon the approaching contest and throw light upon the character, relative positions, and prospects of the potent combatants.

Dr. Walsh set out from Constantinople on the 28th of October, to traverse the route which Darius pursued in his memorable expedition against the Scythians 2300 years ago, and that which the Russians have already taken, and are again taking, in their march against the Ottoman Porte. Like an agreeable traveller, he tells us, as he proceeds, many anecdotes suggested by the different places which he visits; he revives recollections of ancient history; he illustrates the numismatics, geography, botany, antiquities, &c. that occur throughout his path; and his classical allusions fill up the measure of what is justly styled pleasant reading, in a way at once so copious and amusing, that we admire the extent of his information, and are delighted by his fashion of communicating it. It resembles the easy and unconstrained conversation of a person of great natural and cultivated talents; and variety and instruction are the results of the outpourings. Without further preface, we come, however, to the journey, the Pisgah of which is not of the most tempting kind.

"Conceive (says the author) travelling through a country in winter, where, generally speaking, there are no roads, no carriages, no inns, no suppers, and no beds! The only roads are beaten pathways, made by one horseman and followed by another, and every man may make one for himself if he pleases. The only carriages are wooden planks, laid upon rough wheels, called arubas, drawn with cords by buffaloes, which are seldom used except for burdens. The only inns are large stables, where nothing is to be had but chopped straw. The only suppers are what you may pick up on the road, if you are so fortunate, and bring it to where you stop for the night; and the only beds are the chopped straw in the stable, or a deal board in a cock-loft over it; and even this, in many places, is not to be had. There are, doubtless, exceptions to this general picture, as I myself experienced; but, in the main, it is true: and such is the actual state of travelling at this day in most parts of the Turkish empire through which I have passed, both in Asia and Europe."

Dr. Walsh took as companion a Swiss renegado, but of good character; his name was Mustapha, and he was a Tartar janissary attached to the English palace. Previous to setting out, we have some curious information relative to the Jews in Constantinople, who are represented as being most inveterate enemies to the Greeks and their insurrection. This people, when driven from Spain, to the number of 800,000, sought refuge in the East. "They settled at Salonichi, Smyrna, Rodosto, and other large towns, where they, at this day, form an important part of the population. At Salonichi they have no less than thirty synagogues. But the principal division of them came to Constantinople, and were assigned a large district, called Hassa Kui, to inhabit, where they form a community of 50,000 persons. The Turks call the different people who reside under them by names indicative of the estimation in which they hold them. The Greeks Yeshir, or slaves, as they were considered to have forfeited their life at the taking of Constantinople, and hold it ever since on sufferance; the Armenians Rayas, or subjects, as they were never a conquered people, but merged insensibly into the population of the empire; but the Jews they call Mousaphir, or visitors, because they sought an asylum among them. They treat them, therefore, as visitors, with kindness and hospitality." All the subjects of Turkey, who are not Turks, are loosely called Rayas.

The author also notices a different matter in Constantinople, which may form a feature in its immediate destinies. We allude to a cistern mentioned by Gillius, which Dr. Clarke searched for in vain, but which our author discovered, and found it exactly as described by him. "We entered (says he) a private house, descended a deep flight of steps, and found ourselves on the borders of a subterranean lake, extending under several streets. The roof was arched and supported by 336 magnificent marble pillars; a number of tubes descended into the water, and supplied the streets above; the inhabitants of which, as Gillius justly observes, did not know whence the water came—'*Incolas ignorare cisternam infra ædes suas positam.*' Of all the reservoirs which the prudent precautions of the Greek emperors established, this is the only one which now exists as a cistern; and such is the apathy and ignorance of the Turks, that they themselves, it appears, did not, in the time of Gillius, three hundred years ago, and do not at present, generally know of its existence. The Turk through whose house we had access to it, called it Yere batan Sarai, or the Subterranean Palace; and said, that his neighbours, whose houses were also over it, did not know any thing about it. Indeed, from the state of neglect in which the walls and every thing about it appeared, it seemed probable that it had not been visited or repaired since the Turks entered Constantinople. Should the Russians ever approach and lay siege to the city, a supply of water will be its first object. In its present state, if the besiegers cut off the communication with the bendts, which it is to be presumed they would do in the first instance, the city could not hold out for a week. It appears that the sultan has prudently supplied it with corn; it is probable he will clear out the cisterns, and supply it with water also. * * *

"The city of Constantinople (he goes on to state) is built on a triangular promontory, projecting into the sea of Marmora; two sides are washed by the sea, and the third is that which connects the triangle with the main land, and may be called its base. These sides were all well fortified with walls, which still remain, though in several places so dilapidated as to be incapable of any defence, without great reparation. The whole circuit is estimated at more than twelve miles; the side washed by the harbour, three; that washed by the sea of Marmora, four; and the base (*i. e.* the wall and fortifications) five miles: extending from sea to sea, and terminating in the Seven Towers."

The narrative continues to rise in interest. "We now arrived at the Top Kapousi,* or Gate of the Cannon, which was the gate where Mahomet entered the devoted city. It is called Top Kapousi, because the Turks have set over it some large globes of granite, such as they use for balls in their immense pieces of ordnance; and they have placed them here to commemorate the spot where they entered and took possession of this capital of the Christian world. At some distance, in front of this gate, is an artificial mound, called Maltepé, which I ascended. The summit commands a magnificent view of the city, the sea of Marmora, and the country for a very great extent all round it. Here it was that Mahomet displayed the standard of his prophet, and directed the attack on this side." The author then expresses his admiration at the resistance offered by the disheartened Greeks, which he imputes to the genius and spirit of one individual, and says:—"That one man was Constantine Palæologus. The name of Constantine occurs more frequently than that of any other in the history of the lower empire: it was borne by fourteen emperors; but they were all marked by imbecility, except the first and the last—he who founded the empire, and he in whom it terminated. The details given of this termination, and of the character and conduct of him who endeavoured to avert or delay it, are particularly affecting; and his devotion of himself to the cause of his country, when it could no longer be preserved, and seeking death in the midst of his enemies, are worthy of the best ages of Greece or Rome. The breaches which remain in the wall for a considerable extent, near this Top Kapousi gate, and which the Turks have never since repaired,

* This gate, we observe, from a good map of Constantinople and the adjacent territory, is about the centre of the wall (five miles in length) which stretches from the harbour to the sea, and is the northern line of defence, and indeed the whole land defence, against attack.—*Ed.*

attest the vigorous resistance made, and the utter hopelessness of any further effort to stop the torrent of barbarians that poured in through them. The body of Constantine was found in one of them, where he had placed himself as the last, but ineffectual, barrier; and a magnificent tree is now growing out of it, to mark, as Clarke says, 'the sacred spot where the last of the Palæologi fell.'

* * As this is the side on which the Russians threaten to approach Constantinople, it is highly probable that this is the gate by which they will enter; and the very same passage that admitted the Crescent, will again admit the Cross. It is very well known, that this is an event which the Turks are expecting, and their anticipations of it are not confined to military preparations. Their great burying-ground lies on the Asiatic shore, and is to be seen extending its dark cypress grove for a considerable distance in the vicinity of Scutari. This is, perhaps, the largest cemetery in the world, being one hour, or three miles, in length; and it has increased to its present size in consequence of the extraordinary predilection the Turks of Constantinople entertain for it. They are persuaded they will again be compelled to retire to Asia, whence they came; and they wish their bodies to be laid in a place where Christian infidels cannot disturb them. The great majority, therefore, of those who die in Constantinople, are transported by their friends across the Bosphorus; and the stairs or slip at which they embark is called, for this reason, Meit-iskelli, or the Ladder of the Dead. This impression on their minds is confirmed by ancient prophecies, which are current among them, and by other causes equally slight, which, nevertheless, have a powerful influence on the weak and superstitious fancy of a Turk. Among them is a coincidence of names which is rather curious. Constantinople was taken and lost at different times, by persons who bore the same name. The Latins, under a Baldwin, obtained possession of it; and under a Baldwin they were again driven out of it. The city was rebuilt, and made the seat of the Greek empire, by a Constantine, the son of Helena, and in the patriarchate of a Gregory; it was taken, and the empire of the Greeks destroyed, under a Constantine, the son of Helena, and in the patriarchate of a Gregory; the Turks obtained possession of it under a Mahomet, and they are firmly persuaded they will lose it under a Mahomet — and that Mahomet the present reigning sultan; and, to complete this chain of names, at the time the Greek insurrection broke out, a Constantine was the heir-apparent to the Russian throne, and a Gregory was the patriarch of Constantinople. They hanged, at the time, one of these ominous persons, and the other has since abdicated the crown. Still they are persuaded that events will happen as they are decreed, and the fatal combination of Mahomet, Gregory, and Constantine, will yet destroy their power in Europe."

This remarkable prophecy, it is not improbable, may, like many others, tend to its own fulfilment among a people so superstitious as the Turks. We pass a striking account of the death of Ali Pasha and his enemy Halet; and even the destruction of the Janissaries, though the extermination of that corps must give an aspect to the approaching war very different from any that has preceded it. Suffice it to say, that "the number of janissaries destroyed on this occasion is variously reported. Besides those who perished at the Etmeidan, barracks, and in the public streets, multitudes were caught and privately strangled in the houses where they were found; so that none of the large body assembled were supposed to have escaped. All the officers, with the exception of a few of high rank who had joined the sultan's party, were known to have perished; and the general opinion is, that 20,000 were sacrificed on the occasion. Arubas and other machines were employed for several days in dragging down the mangled bodies, and casting them into the harbour and Bosphorus. Here they lay till, becoming buoyant by corruption, they again rose to the top, and were floated into the sea of Marmora, where the eddies frequently carried them into still water, covering the surface with large putrid masses, in which boats and ships were sometimes entangled and delayed; exhibiting, in nearly the same place, the reality of that which the poet only feigned of the vessel of Xerxes impeded by the bodies of his own soldiers—

Cruentis
Fluctibus, ac tarda per densa cadavera prora.

Since the destruction of the janissaries, a death-like tranquillity has reigned at Constantinople, which no cause of excitement can disturb. Had the public mind been in that sensitive state when the first news of the battle of Navarino arrived, which displayed itself at the breaking out of the Greek rebellion, it is highly probable that the whole of the Frank population would have fallen victims to a popular frenzy, which no authority could control. But their spirits were subdued, and their courage broken down; and the ordinary causes of irritation were powerless to move them. Whether the discipline of the new corps can supply the want of this undisciplined energy in future encounters, remains to be tried. Had the new system time to organise itself; had habit rendered the discipline agreeable to the Turkish soldier, and practice made him expert,—no doubt it would have been a renovation which would have infused energy and vigour into a decaying system; but the Turkish empire seems just now in a perilous state of imbecility. The old military destroyed, the new unorganised; their courage subdued, their attachment alienated; and just at the critical moment threatened with a combination of force such as they never, in their highest state of power, had to encounter. The present sultan, who has effected this perilous undertaking, in which so many of his predecessors failed, is a man, not in the prime, but still in the vigour of life. He succeeded his brother Mustapha in the year 1808, and so has been on the throne twenty years. He is now the only survivor, I believe, of thirty children — fifteen boys and fifteen girls—which his father left, and is the last of the male race of Mahomet of an age fit to reign; and it is to this circumstance, they say, he is indebted for his inviolability. Had there been another of the sacred race old enough to substitute in his place, the janissaries would have long since deposed him. He had two sons, one about the age of ten, to whom their eyes were turned as his successor, when he should arrive at competent years; and he knew, by experience, it was as easy for them to do this as to say it; for both of his predecessors had been strangled, one of whom was his own brother. His son prematurely died; and it was reported that he had been made away with by his own father, lest he should be set up in his place. It is known, however, that the boy died of the small-pox, and that his father has given an extraordinary example to his subjects, by having his surviving children vaccinated; and so has shewn, in one instance at least, a disposition to adopt European improvements in things not merely military. He is, moreover, a man well versed in oriental literature, writes and understands Arabic well, and his hatasherifs, which he always dictates, and sometimes writes with his own hand, are admired for their style and composition. He is not a man of a morose or cruel disposition in his own family: on the contrary, he has several daughters by different mothers, to all of whom he is affectionately attached; and in his ordinary intercourse in private life he is urbane and affable. His public conduct, however, has been marked by extraordinary fierceness and unrelenting rigour, not only to Rajas, but to Turks themselves; and in this he has shewn an impartial disregard to human life, and not a strict adherence to human obligations. But whatever his conduct has been to his own subjects, to those of other nations he has afforded the most inviolable protection. He has discontinued the barbarous practice of his predecessors, in sending ambassadors to the Seven Towers, instead of which, whenever they disagree, and are disposed to depart, he affords them every facility, and those of their nation who please to remain are in security. During the frenzied excitement of the populace, which took place at the breaking out of the Greek insurrection, the odium and prejudice of the Turks extended to all Christians; yet the Franks were perfectly safe, while the Greeks were shot without mercy wherever they were met by the mob; and notwithstanding a few accidents which occurred to individuals in the confusion, we never hesitated to walk abroad, either in the town or its vicinity, for business or amusement, though every Turk was armed with a yatagan and case of loaded pistols, which he was ready to use on the slightest provocation. On more recent occasions, where such real cause of complaint and irritation existed, it is but justice to the present sultan to say, that his moderation and good faith have afforded examples which the best Christian nations in Europe might be proud to follow."

As our countryman's adventures and observations on his route are, though perhaps as interesting, not so important as his ocular testimony is at this moment respecting greater national features, we shall beg leave to prefer the latter to the former in our concluding extract:—

"As I was now in the centre of the scene of action between the Turks and Russians, in their last sanguinary campaign, perhaps you would think a local sketch of some of the events not uninteresting. In the year 1805 the Turks were in a state of great weakness, under their amiable but feeble monarch, Selim; their provinces in a state of insurrection abroad; their people turbulent and discontented at home; and pressed and harassed by the conflicting and peremptory demands of the great European powers. They had conceded to Russia, by the treaty Yassi, 1792, an extraordinary right of interfering in the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, that their respective hospodars should be continued in office seven years, and not removable but by the consent of Russia. To this agreement, however, they did not adhere. The then reigning hospodars were deposed before their time; and when the Russians remonstrated, the Bosphorus was closed against their ships. Taking umbrage at these causes of complaint, General Michelson was despatched with an army of sixty thousand men, who crossed the

Niester, took Bender and Chotsim with little resistance, and entered Yassi, the capital of Moldavia. From hence he proceeded to Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, where he found a Turkish force, which had been sent against him by Mustapha Bairactar, the energetic Ayan of Rutschûk. These, however, he soon defeated; when his approach was known, the inhabitants rose upon the Turks, attacked them suddenly with all kinds of weapons; and, with the aid of a small advanced guard of the Russians, drove them out of the town, leaving fifteen hundred dead in the streets. He then entered Bucharest, and took entire possession of the three provinces of Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia; not leaving a Turkish corps or fortress on the north side of the Danube, with the exception of Giurdzio; and he prepared immediately to pass over to the other side. A tumultuary army was now hastily collected at Adrianople, of troops from the provinces of Asia, and moved forward with the janissaries to the Danube; they mutinied, however, on their march, massacred some of the officers who wished to introduce European discipline among them, and when they at length arrived at the scene of action, were so disorganised, that they effected nothing against the Russians, who remained in almost undisturbed possession of the province till the year 1810; when the armies on both sides were augmented to two hundred thousand men, and a fierce and sanguinary contest ensued, which, perhaps, never was surpassed. The Russians passed the Danube in three places. Their direct progress would have been from Giurdzio to Rutschûk; but at this latter place the passage was impracticable, either at the town or near it, as the banks were steep and high, and defended with Turkish batteries. They therefore crossed over above it, at Ostrova, near Widdin, and below it at Hirsova and Tontourkay, and laid siege to Rutschûk. The town was vigorously defended; and the Russians were repulsed in a desperate attack, in which they lost six thousand men. Kaminsky made also a similar assault on the entrenched camp at Shumla; but here, too, he was driven back with great carnage. The Turks, though unacquainted with regular discipline in the field, make a fierce and sanguinary resistance when attacked behind their ramparts. On these occasions they issued their memorable bulletin—'That they had taken such a number of infidels' heads, that they would serve as a bridge by which the faithful might pass over to the other world.' It is to the vigorous defence of these two places, and the losses sustained before them, that the derangement of the Russian plans, and the final failure of the campaign, are generally attributed. In the month of September, Kaminsky left Langeron before Rutschûk, and with his disposable force suddenly attacked the Turks at Reyne. They defended themselves with desperate valour; but were at length defeated, with the loss of twelve thousand men in killed and wounded; and Rutschûk was compelled to surrender, with all the Turkish flotilla lying before it, and Giurdzio on the other side. In order to create a diversion, the Turks now sent a fleet into the Black Sea, and threatened an attack on the Crimea: notwithstanding this, the Russians concentrated their forces in Bulgaria, and the grand vizir was obliged to retreat before them, across the Balcan, and take up a position at Adrianople; leaving, however, the strong and impregnable fortresses of Varna on the sea-coast, and Shumla on the ascent of the mountains, well secured at the other side. The feeble Selim, and his successor Mustapha, had both been strangled; and Mahomed had been called to the throne, who even then displayed the vigour which since has distinguished him. He set up the standard of the prophet at Daud Pasha, a large plain two miles from Constantinople, and issued a hatasherif, that all Mussulmen should rally round it. In this way he assembled, in a short time, a large army; appointed a new grand vizir, whom he sent on with the troops; and returned to the city. The new vizir, Ahmed Aga, was a man of the same energy as the sultan, and had distinguished himself by his defence of Ibrail. He immediately descended from the mountains, forced the detached corps of Russians in Bulgaria to re-cross the Danube, and made a fierce attack upon Rutschûk, defended by the Russian general Kutosov. The Russians, hard pressed, transported the inhabitants to the other side of the river, set fire to the town in four quarters, and then retreated themselves. The Turks rushed into the burning town, put a stop to the conflagration, and took up their position there. The grand vizir having thus driven the Russians to the opposite shore, was now determined to follow them; and he made the attempt in three places, Widdin, Rutschûk, and Silistria. He succeeded at Widdin, and established thirty thousand men in Wallachia. He also succeeded at Rutschûk, took possession of a large island in the river called Slobodsé, and, in perfect confidence, passed the greater part of his army to the other side, and established them in an entrenched camp. Kutosov was not idle; he immediately availed himself of the vizir's crossing over, and detached eight thousand men, under general Markof, to attack the camp he had left behind. A Turkish camp is formed without any regularity. The grand vizir's tent is always conspicuous in the centre, and becomes the nucleus round which all the rest are pitched, as every man chooses to place them. It is, however, their strong-hold, to which they always retire, as a wild animal to its lair; and they defend it with the same fierceness and obstinacy. On this occasion they were completely surprised; the whole of the camp, including the general's tent, fell into the hands of the Russians, and the fugitive Turks crowded into Rutschûk. Here they were cannonaded by the artillery of their own abandoned camp, and General Langeron, from the other side, directed one hundred pieces of cannon to bear upon them. The vizir having heard of this misfortune, threw himself into a little boat, and availing himself of a storm of wind and rain, he pushed across, and landed in safety; but the Russians now brought up their flotilla, and intercepted all communication between the divided portions of the Turkish army. They next attacked and carried the island, and turned the guns on the entrenched camp of the Turks, who were thus cut off from all communication or supply. In this state they endured the severest privations; and after feeding on the flesh of their horses, and giving up all hope of relief, they were compelled to surrender, having lost 10,000 men in the different assaults made on them. This was the last effort of the combatants. The Turks, who had entered Wallachia, at Widdin, retired to the other side, and the grand vizir, having received great reinforcements, concentrated them at Rutschûk; but while the combatants were preparing to renew the sanguinary conflicts, the exhausted state of the one, and the critical state of the other, invaded by the French, induced them to come to an accommodation; and the peace of Bucharest, concluded in 1812, gave another accession of territory to the Russians, extending their frontier from the Niester to the Pruth, and assigning to them all the country that lay between the two rivers, Bessarabia, and a considerable part of Moldavia. The Russians withdrew from the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, which they had occupied for seven years, and have never since entered them. They are now, however, in appearance, about to renew their desperate conflicts, and dye the Danube again with blood; and the general opinion is, that they will meet with no effectual opposition to their further progress; but certainly the events of the last campaign should induce us to adopt a different opinion. They availed themselves of a moment of their enemies' weakness, and advanced, with little opposition, to that river: here they stopped; and after a very sanguinary and persevering conflict of six years, we find them, at the end of that period, still on its shores. Whenever they attempted to proceed beyond it, they were driven back with carnage; and a single town, scarcely fortified, as contemptible in the eyes, as it would be weak in the hands, of European troops, effectually arrested their career. Should they force this artificial barrier, they have to encounter a natural one, infinitely more formidable, and that is, the Balkan mountains. Over this great rampart there are five practicable passes: one from Sophia to Tartar Bazargic; two from Ternova, by Keisanlik and Selymnia; and two from Shumla, by Carnabat and Haidhos. The three first lead to Adrianople; the two last directly to Constantinople. Of these, the roads by Ternova are the most difficult, as they pass over the highest and most inaccessible hills of the chain; that by Haidos is the most frequented, the chasm in the face of the mountain affording a greater facility of ascent than elsewhere. Any of the passes, however, do not appear to be impracticable for Turkish spahis. These are a kind of feudal cavalry, possessing hereditary lands, on the tenure of appearing in the field when called on. If they have no male children, the lands devolve to the commander, who assigns them to others on the same terms, and so the corps is kept up. It consists of sixteen legions, who are perhaps the best mountain horsemen in the world, though nothing can seem more unfavourable to their firm seat and rapid evolutions than their whole equipment. Their saddles are heavy masses of wood, like pack-saddles, peaked before and behind, and are the most awkward and uneasy in the way they use them. Their stirrups are very short, and their stirrup irons very cumbrous, resembling the blade of a fire-shovel, the handle of which they use to goad on the horse, as they have no spurs: this heavy apparatus is not secured on the horse by regular girths, but tied with thongs of leather, which are continually breaking and out of order. On this awkward and insecure seat the Turk sits, with his knees approaching to his chin; yet I never saw more bold and dexterous horsemen, in the most difficult and dangerous places. When formed into cavalry they observe little order; yet they act together with surprising regularity and effect: but it is in broken ground and mountain passes they are most serviceable, where the surface seems impracticable for European horsemen. They drive at full speed through ravines and mountain torrents, and up and down steep acclivities, and suddenly appear on the flanks or in

the rear of their enemies, after passing rapidly through places where it was supposed impossible that horsemen could move. Some of their troops are called, for their headlong and reckless impetuosity, delhis, or madmen; and the desperate enterprises they undertake justify the name. Such cavalry, in the passes of the Balkan, must oppose a formidable resistance to the most effective and best-disciplined troops; and no doubt the Russians, if they ever attempt this barrier, will find it so. Another obstacle will be afforded by the season of the year. The only time for operation is the spring: the country is then exceedingly beautiful and healthful, the rivers are full of sweet water, the grass and fodder abundant, and the air elastic and salubrious; but as the summer advances, the rivers dry up, vegetables disappear, and nothing is presented but an arid, burning soil, intolerable from the glare of the sun by day, and dangerous from the cold and the damp of the heavy dews by night; and the morbid effects of these, every army has experienced, campaigning in those countries at that season, both in ancient and modern times. To pass this chain in winter, with an army, seems a still more hopeless attempt: the morasses saturated with rain, incapable of supporting the heavy burden of waggons or artillery; the ravines filled with snow or mountain torrents, and passed over by tottering bridges of wood, so rotten as to break with the smallest pressure; the numerous defiles, which a few can defend against a multitude, affording so many natural fortresses, behind which the Turks fight with such energy and effect; the scattered villages, which can afford neither shelter nor supplies;—all these present obstacles, of which the Russians themselves seem very conscious. In their last campaign they were in possession of the whole of the country, from the Balkan to the Danube, with the exception of Varna, Nyssa, and Shumla, in which the Turks were shut up; and they had nearly 100,000 men in the plain below, completely equipped, and were at the very base of the mountain and the entrance to the passes; yet they never attempted to ascend, with the exception of a few straggling Cossacks, who made a dash across the ridge, and returned as speedily back again. The Turks seem to have no apprehension of an approach to the capital on this side: relying on the natural strength of this chain of mountains, they have not fortified any of the passes, nor do I recollect a single fortress from Shumla to Constantinople. Their great apprehension is, that the invasion will be made by sea; and in this persuasion, not only the Dardanelles, but the Bosphorus, resembles one continued fortress, from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea. In the year 1821, when a rupture was apprehended with Russia, all the castles were completely repaired, and additional batteries were erected on every point of land which bore advantageously on the channel, so as to present a most formidable obstruction to any approach by water. These batteries, however, were altogether untenable if attacked on the land side, the high ground above the shores of the Bosphorus every where commanding them; and if a landing were effected any where in the rear, which it was at that time said was the plan of the Russians, they must be immediately abandoned. But it seems as if the Turkish power in Europe was fast hastening to ruin, which the few convulsive efforts they occasionally make cannot avert or long delay. I had now travelled more than three hundred miles through the Turkish dominions in Europe, from their capital to the last town they possessed at the extremity of their empire. When I contemplated the extent of the territory, the fertility of the soil, the abundance of the resources, the cattle and corn it produced, and the interminable capability it possessed of producing more; the large cities of Adrianople, Shumla, Rutschûk, and the multitude of villages scattered over the country;—when I considered the despotic government that had absolute power over all these resources, to direct them in whatever manner and to whatever extent it pleased, and that this was but a small portion of the vast empire which extended over three parts of the globe,—it seemed as if the Turkish power was a sleeping lion, which had only to rouse itself and crush its opponents. But when, on the other hand, I saw the actual state of this fine country,—its resources neglected, its fields lying waste, its towns in ruins, its population decaying, and not only the traces of human labour, but of human existence, every day becoming obliterated;—in fine, when I saw all the people about them advancing in the arts of civilised life, while they alone were stationary, and the European Turk of this day differing little from his Asiatic ancestor, except only in having lost the fierce energy which then pushed him on:—when I considered this, I was led to conclude that the lion did not sleep, but was dying, and after a few fierce convulsions would never rise again."

Dr. Walsh animadverts on the obvious depopulation of the Turkish empire, and its decreased and decreasing means of resistance; but we cannot afford to follow him further in this No. of our Journal, having, indeed, we trust, executed our purpose of condensing the most material lights which he throws over coming events, in which all Europe is so deeply interested.

The Fall of Nineveh: a Poem. By Edwin Atherstone. The first Six Books. 8vo. pp. 288. London, Baldwin and Cradock.

THE fall of the Assyrian empire is a subject worthy of the historical epic; and Mr. Atherstone has genius to ensure its treatment in a grand and striking manner. We find it, accordingly, though heavy in parts, abounding in noble poetry, grand conceptions, and vivid descriptions. The commencement is formed on the model of Milton, whose immortal muse, indeed, seems throughout to be the source of his follower's aspirations: yet his style is not a servile imitation; nor can it be justly said of him, in any respect, that he is a copyist. On the contrary, much original talent is displayed in this composition, of which two or three short examples will convince our readers as fully as if we quoted a hundred pages. First, *Night.*

"'Twas midnight now: the melancholy moon,
With wasted face, unwillingly arose
To walk her weary course: upon the plains
Gleamed faintly the moist herbage: shadows drear
And long, from lofty and umbrageous trees,
Slept on the earth; pale light and dreamy shade
Covered the silent city; her huge towers,
Like a Titanic watch, all standing mute;
And in the centre, like the spectre-form
Of perished Saturn, or some elder god,
The dim vast mound. Within their tents the hosts,
Or on the earth, in heavy slumber lay;
Some of the battle dreaming—some of love—
Of home and smiling wives and infants some,—
The chase some urged—some at the wine-board sat,
And drank unmeasured draughts, and thirsted still."

Secondly, *Sardanapalus* after a defeat.

"Oh! ever hath he in a flatterer's breath
Found music! Hapless! sensual! fallen! and lost!
That in thy unstained youth didst seem a thing
For common men to worship as a God!
What thoughts are in thy fiery bosom now?
How feelest thou,—thy name and power defied—
Thy throne—whereon, for thrice five hundred years,
In splendour undisturbed, and awful power,
Thy fathers sat—the prize proclaimed now
For which with rebels thou must stoop to strive?—
And when the insolent soldier his base sword
Against thy crowned and anointed head—
Whereto earth's mightiest would have bent the knee,
And deemed it honour—bravingly doth lift,
Scoffing, perchance, with vulgar speech, thy state—
What saith thy proud heart then, Assyria's king?
A stern school hast thou now to learn how false
The praise of sycophants: yet, with strong heart,
From thy foul, sensual bed thou has uprisen,
And girt thee to the task; that praise be thine,
For little can I give. Oh! turn not back
Into the miry slough: then may the past,
Like a foul corse, be buried from my sight;
And a new glorious future,—how I dream!—
Even now, perchance, the weapon of a slave
May leave to him no future! Dreadful sight!
How many myriads must this night be stiff
Upon their gory beds, that with the sun
Rose joyously! how many wives will wail!
How many children will be fatherless!
Kind Heaven! Oh! comfort them!"

Fame.

"Ten thousand deeds heroic then were done,
Whereof no record tells; yet endless fame
Not less deserving than the vaunted acts
Of kings and conquerors, in song renowned,
Or lying history, that praises still
Worst deeds of men, for bloody victories
Misnamed great; their gentler acts untold,
Or blamed for weakness. But eternal fame
Each hoped for now, and to the battle leaped;
Greedy of death with honour; for their king,
And for Assyria's power and glory these;
Those for their country's freedom, and their own;
And to hurl down th' oppressor from his height,
And break his rod for ever."

These short examples will suffice to shew the spirit of the poem. We might perhaps add, that the battles are described at rather too much length, after the manner of the Grecian Homer; and the councils and speeches have the same fault, after the manner of the Homer of England. Still, however, we cannot withhold the meed of high praise from the *Fall of Nineveh;* though we fear it is deficient in popular qualities for this light and superficial reading age.

The Picture of Scotland. By Robert Chambers, Author of the "Traditions of Edinburgh." Post 8vo. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1828. W. Tait.

WE can do but imperfect justice to this miscellaneous and agreeable work; one of the best lounging books we have perused for a very long while. It is quite impossible to dip into any part of it without having the attention rivetted and the fancy pleased; so that, in truth, our only charge against it is, that it has often detained us longer than was expedient from other volumes and other affairs. "Without alluding," says the writer in his preface, which is a modest and becoming one; "without alluding to previous historical studies, I may be permitted to state, that after employing several months of the last year in the perusal of former topographical publications and manuscripts, I began, in the early part of summer, to make a round of deliberate pedestrian tours through the country. Instead of the pilgrim's scallop in my hat, I took for motto the glowing expression of Burns; 'I have no dearer aim than to make leisurely journeys through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the romantic banks of her streams; and to muse by the stately towers of venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes.' In order to secure an acquaintance with every remarkable locality, and with its popular legends, I carried letters from my city friends, giving me a claim upon the best offices of the most intelligent persons resident in the districts which I was to visit. I was thus generally successful in eliciting, over and above the kindness of many a worthy and true-hearted Scot, the best information that was to be had regarding all the more

attractive localities of my native land. Goldsmith speaks with just contempt of the travellers who are whirled through Europe in a post-chaise. I sedulously eschewed this practical absurdity. Except in cases where stage-coaches could convey me over a desolate and uninteresting tract, I constantly adopted the more deliberate and independent mode of locomotion which nature suggests. I had thus an opportunity of becoming familiarly acquainted at once with the face of the country and the traditions of the people; I could move fast or slow as I pleased, and make such digressions from the main route as seemed necessary. I traversed almost every vale in the lowlands of Scotland, and a great proportion of those in the more northerly region. I saw all the towns except three or four. My peregrinations occupied upwards of nineteen weeks, and extended to the sum of two thousand and twenty-six miles."

This extract fully explains the nature of the work; and a few paragraphs, taken almost at hazard, may suffice to indicate its entertaining and interesting character. First, as to the *general* shape and appearance of Scotland.

"Scotland is neither triangular like England, square like France, leviathan-like like Russia, nor boot-like like Italy. There is, however, one object in nature which it resembles, and by comparing it with which, it may almost be possible to communicate an idea of its real figure and proportions. This object is *an old woman*,—one who has a hunchback, and who may be supposed to sit upon her hams, while she holds out and expands her palms at a fire. The knees of this novel and somewhat startling personification of Caledonia are formed by the county of Wigton. Kirkcudbright, Dumfries, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Berwick, represent the lower part of her limbs, upon which the whole figure is incumbent. Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, Peebles, and the Lothians, represent the upper part of the limbs. Fife (including Kinross) stands, or rather sits, for the sitting part of the old lady. Argyll hangs in pieces from a lap formed by Dumbarton and Stirling. Perth is the abdomen. Angus and the Mearns make the back. Aberdeen, Banff, Moray, and Nairn, constitute the prodigious hump. Inverness is the chest. Ross looks like a voluminous kerchief enclosing the neck. Sutherland is the face, ears, and brow. And Caithness is a little nightcap surmounting all. To complete the idea:—the isle of Skye is the right palm turned upwards; that of Mull the left inclining downwards. The fire must be *understood*, unless the distant archipelago of Lewis be held as untowardly representing something of the kind: and the islands of Orkney and Shetland may be pressed into service by a similar stretch of fancy, in the capacity of a rock or distaff, which the figure bears over her head, after the manner of a flag-staff."*

Now as to a few *particulars*.

Berwickshire.—"It was at Coldstream that General Monk resided at the time when he only waited for a favourable opportunity to spring into England, and effect the restoration. During the winter of 1659-60, which he spent here, he raised that regiment, which was, therefore, and has ever since been denominated the *Coldstream Guards*. The third house east from the market-place of Coldstream is said to have formerly been the inn. It is an old thatched edifice of two stories, but might have at one time been the best house in the town. In this house many personages of distinction, including kings and queens of Scotland, are enumerated by tradition as having resided, and that occasionally for several days at a time, while waiting till the fall of the waters of Tweed permitted them to cross at the ford. It would be worth a traveller's while to inspect the humble apartments in which the royalty of former days found shelter and accommodation. * *

"Hume Castle was the station of one of the beacons erected during the last war, for the alarm of the country in case of invasion; and it partook in the mistake by which the militia of a great part of the south of Scotland were roused and collected in the course of a single night. * * * The false alarm is supposed to have arisen from what is termed a house-heating. Hownamlaw, in Roxburghshire, mistook the festive blaze which proceeded from the windows of a house in the neighbourhood of Dunse, for the beacon of Dunslaw. Dunslaw, in turn, lighted up at sight of the blaze on Hownamlaw. Owing to some delay or negligence, Blackcastle did not take up the alarm, otherwise the whole of the Lothians would have poured forth their patriot steel. The Berwickshire yeomanry came to Dunbar, and the Haddington volunteers went over to Dunse; those of Teviotdale assembled at Jedburgh. The emphatic prayer of an old woman, when the yeomanry were marching through Dunse, was worthy of a Grecian matron, 'Lord, grant that they may return victorious, or return no more.'† * *

"The village of Hume was once much more extensive than now, stretching to a considerable distance all round the castle, and inhabited by the numerous retainers of the Earl of Home. The bow-butts are yet to be seen where the men were exercised; and there is a field in the neighbourhood, called the *post-rig*, from having been the *dulcia arva* of the earl's running-footman, a personage of whom a singular anecdote has been preserved by the tradition of Hume. He was once commissioned by the earl to carry to Edinburgh a message which concerned a matter of the utmost consequence to his lordship. It was night; but the poor fellow did not hesitate instantly to take his departure for the capital, a distance of at least thirty-five miles. He was so expeditious that he returned before morning; when, the earl not being a-stir to receive intelligence of his despatch, he threw himself upon a bench in the hall, and sought some repose. By and by Lord Home rose, and coming into the hall, found his footman lying snoring upon the bench, instead of being engaged in the performance of his pressing errand; which so enraged him, that he drew his sword, and was on the point of killing his faithful vassal, when providentially the man awoke, and explained the cause of his seeming negligence. Perhaps, the *post-rig* was a donation in reward of his meritorious expedition."

"Marchmont House is a modern edifice, surrounded by an extensive park, most of which is planted, and is approached by an avenue about a mile and a quarter long, and an hundred yards broad, the most imposing thing of the kind I ever saw. The house is plain externally, but is well furnished, and possesses many paintings. On some person taking the liberty to represent to the last Earl of Marchmont, who built it, that ruble-work was unworthy of so fine a mansion, the eccentric and witty old peer said that he intended to live in the inside, not the outside of his house; a consideration but too little attended to in Scotland. The rooms are full of old family portraits, and others, which cannot fail to delight any dabbler in family history. There are no fewer than five of Patrick, the first earl, whose sufferings for conscience' sake, immediately before the revolution, have endeared his memory to the Whigs. In one original he is represented with a long beard, a cowl upon his head, and a psalm-book in his hand, as he appeared after his concealment for several weeks in the sepulchral vault underneath Polwarth church. One of the best portraits in the house is a fine full-length of Charles the Twelfth. There is still preserved in the house an old chair, which has no doubt been once very fine, though now in ruins—the last relic of a suite of furniture presented by King William to the earl, as a mark of his friendship. There is likewise, framed and glazed, a holograph letter of Queen Anne, in which she thanks the earl for his useful services in carrying through the Union. In the cellar of the house is preserved the trunk of the original Polwarth thorn, so celebrated in Scottish song. * * *

"Polwarth is not the only village of the Merse which modern times have seen fall into decay. There is, for instance, in its neighbourhood a place called Fogo, that once could boast of some importance; but is now reduced almost to the condition of a mere farm-stead. Fogo used to be distinguished for the excellence of its cooper, or rather for the progressive improvement and increasing dexterity of a long race of coopers; every successive member of which displaying greater skill than his father, gave occasion to the proverbial saying, 'Ye're just the cooper o' Fogo,' meaning that you are a better man than your father. Alas! both Fogo and its coopers are now alike non-existent. The same fate has overtaken a place called Sisterpathmill, where tradition records that there were once no fewer than five houses for the entertainment of the public, though there are not now half so many houses at the spot altogether of any sort. Sisterpathmill was truly a 'merry place in days of yore;' for it is at the same time recorded, that a convivial party, having met in one of the hostleries precisely as the landlady was *setting* a hen,—that is, placing it upon its eggs,—did not rise to depart until the chickens were running about the house!"

With these scanty examples, from one of the southern shires, we must be content this week; but the publication is filled with similar matter from every part of Scotland,—a land rich in local and interesting traditions. In such a work we have no right to criticise the Scotticisms, of which there are an abundance.

* "That this resemblance really holds good, is proved by an anecdote which I have since been told by a Perthshire clergyman. An old purblind Highland woman, visiting the manse one day, was shewn into the study, where there was a large map of Scotland hanging against the wall. The whole was highly coloured, and Caithness happened to be pretty strongly marked with scarlet. 'Eh!' cried the old woman, who had never seen a map in her life before, 'what a braw carline, sitting on her hunkers, wi' a red nightcap, and a pipe in her cheek!'"

† "The Teviotdale yeomanry marched into Jedburgh early in the morning of the alarm, playing the spirit-stirring old tune, 'Wha daur meddle wi' me?' On this being told to Leyden in India, he is said to have started up from his sick-bed on which he was reclining, and, shouting 'Wha daur meddle wi' me? Wha daur meddle wi' me?' at the top of his voice, rushed out of the apartment to give vent to his feelings. Intense nationality seems to have been one of the most remarkable characteristics of this wonderful man."

The Croppy: a Tale of 1798. By the Authors of "the O'Hara Tales," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

We have already alluded to these volumes in our "Sights of Books," but we cannot allow

them to pass through our hands with so brief a notice. Against Mr. Banim's orthography, however, we, on behalf of all English readers, must protest. We have *arl* for earl; *arly* for early; *av* for of; *iv* for if; *square* for squire; —and a thousand other words equally distant from the meaning which we in this country are in the habit of assigning to them. The plan which Mr. Banim appears to have followed in relating Irish conversations, is to spell each word as it sounds to the ear. This may do very well occasionally, but when made a general practice of, it becomes very tiresome; and, besides, it is very absurd, as any one may perceive who will apply the same rule to any—even the most polished conversation in this country.

Nanny, the Knitter, is the best character in these volumes; but she says a *little* too much. The mixture of sense and superstition, cunning and credulity, is well portrayed. Bill Nale, or Rattling Bill, a dice-player or conjuror, also occupies a very important place. The way in which this gentleman becomes acquainted with his wife is thus described:

"Bill was universally known to be a fellow of daring, bravado humour, which feared neither man, devil, nor angel. And he was going along, of a starry night, still more humorously and bravely inclined by the aid of whisky, and singing and shouting as loudly as he could, when suddenly he heard strange voices about him. He stopped and listened. 'A horse for me!' said a voice. He turned briskly to the quarter whence it came, but could see no one. 'A horse for me!' said another voice; and 'A horse for me!' 'A horse for me!' was repeated in quick succession at every point around him. 'And a horse for me, too!' cried Bill, giving a shout and a jump. The words were scarcely uttered, when he found himself on the back of a steed that capered and curveted 'in great style:'—he heard a 'huzza!' from a hundred tiny threats; away galloped his courser, like the north wind over a hill-side in winter; and as he swept along, he could not be ignorant that, before him and behind him, and at each side of him, other horses were racing just as fiercely. Away, away, over hedge, ditch, and brook, through thick and thin, Bill and his comrades galloped, until of a sudden, and of its own accord, his spirited steed stopped before a large house, situated—heaven knows where! And all the attendant horsemen stopped too; and Bill, looking round him, now saw the riders; and from amongst them one melancholy-looking wight came to his side and addressed him. 'Bill Nale,' said he, speaking in a brogue of tiny cadence, 'stand upon the back of your horse, and climb in through yonder window.' 'For what reason?' asked Bill. 'Upon a sofa, in the chamber into which it leads, you'll find a beautiful young lady sleeping: take her softly in your arms, and bear her down to us: we cannot assist you, because there is a certain spaniel dog, also asleep, at her feet,—so in with you.' 'Never say it again, ma-bouchal,' answered Bill; 'an' glad am I o' the offer;' and he climbed in at the window as desired, found the lady just as had been foretold to him, took her in his arms without ever awaking her, descended with her from the window, placed her before him on his horse, and—'Well done, Bill Nale!' was the general cry; and the whole cavalcade set off over the ground they had come at even a wilder pace than before, until they reached the spot where Bill first mounted his steed; and now there was a second halt, and they all surrounded Bill and the lady, shouting, 'Down! down! down!' But Bill Nale did not shout 'Down!' but remained quietly seated on his charger with the fair prize still asleep in his arms. 'Come down, Bill Nale,' added the personage who had before addressed him—'you must come down, at least;'—and Bill found himself standing on the road; but still he held the lady close. 'Give her to me, now,' continued the same individual. 'Give her to you, is id?' asked Bill. 'Yes; she is my sweetheart.' 'To the seventeen duouls wid you!' said Bill; 'I have a likin' for her myself, and never as much as a finger will you lay on her.' 'Give her up, Bill Nale, or rue it!' exclaimed his enraged rival. 'Give her up, give her up, or we'll cripple you!' shouted his friends. 'Bother!' shouted Bill, in return; 'd'ye think, ye *sheeogs* [fairies] o' the divil, that it's a *bosthoon* ye have to talk to? I know how to match ye! an' let ye only daare to come widin arum's length, an' see if I don't pelt ye, by dozens, over Donard Hill, into the sey! Aha! I'm the boy for ye! Give her up, *inagh*? Och, ay; give ye what's my own arnin?' 'We'll make you out a store of riches, Bill Nale, if you yield possession of my sweetheart,' said the most interested personage of the throng. 'That's more o' the yarn,' answered Bill: '*arragh*, go spake to them that doesn't know ye! Riches? Ay; ye'd fill me a bag full o' slates, lookin' like goold guineas, bud they'd be nothing bud slates in the mornin'. Make off, I tell ye! I have a charm here in my pocket; an' if ye don't, I'll shake id at ye—hah!'—a cock crew—'d'ye hear that? run for your lives now, or the cock 'ill ate ye!' Whether in despair of succeeding against him, or that the cock-crow was indeed a thing they could not withstand, the discomfited rout, with a low, wild wailing, that gradually died along the midnight blast, disappeared in a trice. And the lady thus won was, the neighbours said, the same he brought home to his cabin, and with whom he shortly after left the country, that is, the south of the county of Wexford, never again to appear in it."

A story is told, by Rattling Bill, of a mouse-trap-maker and a bishop, which we must insert here.

"There was a mouse-thrap-maker, an' he lived by his thrade; an' he'd make a rat-thrap just as handy. An'—(no help for id, I hear!)—his lordship's reverance was very round, an' amooth, an' comfortable to look at. 'Have you your prayers, my good man?' says he to the rat-thrap-maker. 'A neighbour's share,' says the other. 'Repate 'em for me.' The mouse-thrap-maker done his best; but he went asthray, an' made bud a middlin' offer enough; an' morebetoken, he put in a curse in the middle, becase his work went wrong wid him, from minding two things at the same time. 'I'm ashamed o' my life o' you, for one ould sinner,' says the bishop, 'to come to this time o' life, an' not to have your prayers.' 'Will you answer me a foolish sort iv a question?' says the mouse-thrap-maker. 'By coorse,' says the bishop, making answer. 'Well, asthore: what's the length o' this wire, that 'ill go to make a mouse-thrap?' 'I'm sartin I can't tell,' says the bishop again. 'Well, then, every man to his thrade,' says the other; 'an' so do you mind yours, an' I'll mind mine, and there'll be no jostlin' on the road betwuxt us.'"

We can only afford space for one more extract. The Insurgents, or Croppies, are on the point of killing Captain Talbot, but are interrupted by Talbot's rival, Sir William Judkin. There is something truly terrific in the blood-thirsty way in which these wretches quarrel for their victim.

"'Stop, Delouchery!' he said, in a deep, impressive voice; and before the smith could express his astonishment or rage at the interruption,—'stop!' he said again, in higher accents; 'this man,'—scowling as he used the term of contempt—'this man must be given into my hands—I must kill him;'—he continued in a whisper close at Shawn's ear—'I must kill him myself.' 'Why so?' growled the smith. 'He is the murderer of my father-in-law.' 'People here has just as good a right to him,' answered Shawn-a-Gow surlily, much vexed at the interruption he had experienced, and scarce able to stay his hand from its impulse: 'here's Pat Murphy, an' he hung the only born brother iv him; and Murphy must have a pike through Talbot: *I* had one through Whaley.' 'And he shall. But, Delouchery, listen farther: Talbot has forced off my wife—has her concealed from me—Sir Thomas Hartley's daughter: after murdering the father, he would destroy the child—and that child my wife. Before he dies, I must force him to confess where she is to be found—and then, Murphy and I for it, between us.' 'I'll soon force out iv him, for you, where the wife is.' 'No, Delouchery—he will tell nothing here.' 'An' where will you bring him to make him tell?' 'Only to yonder field, at the bottom of the hill.' The smith paused, and seemed resolving the proposition in all its points. He cast his eyes around. 'Mollony, come here—Farrell, come here,' he said. Two men advanced from the interior of the prison. 'Where's the rope that tied the Orangemen that cum into the camp from Benclody?' 'It's to the good for another job, Capt'n.' Without farther explanation, he forced Captain Talbot backward into the prison; reappeared with him, his hands tied behind his back; gave the end of the rope into Sir William Judkin's hand; then he called Murphy aside, and, in a whisper of few words, directed him to accompany 'Curnel Judkin,' an' give him a helping hand, or watch him close, as the case might seem to demand: and then turning to the baronet, 'There he's for you now; an' have a care an' do the business well.'"

We must leave our readers to guess at what follows, having only left ourselves room to say, that these volumes are fully equal, if not superior, to any thing Mr. Banim has as yet written, and that we have no doubt they will be generally read with very great interest, notwithstanding the barbarous mode of spelling, of which we have complained.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Memoirs of Granville Sharp, Esq. &c. &c. By Prince Hoare. *With Observations on Mr. Sharp's Biblical Criticisms.* By the Bishop of Salisbury. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn.

We rejoice to see this excellent biography of a most amiable and virtuous man, in a form better suited to general readers than the first quarto. The character of this esteemed person is summed up by his no less esteemed and estimable friend, Mr. Hoare, as combining the high qualities of the meek Christian—the intrepid champion of freedom—the unwearied vindicator of his country's laws, her constitution, and her church—the foe to error—and the friend to man. His bright example is here fairly set forth for imitation; and, with a philanthropy like his own, the profits of the publication are assigned to the African Institution.

The Bishop of Salisbury has given some remarks on Mr. Sharp's Biblical criticisms;—and as we also must be critical, we beg leave to point out an evidently typographical error in the only two Latin words quoted on the title-page.

Tracts relating to the Corn Trade and Corn Laws: including the Second Report ordered to be printed by the two Houses of Parliament. By W. Jacobs, Esq. F.R.S. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

EVERY syllable of this important publication having been not only canvassed in Parliament, but printed and reprinted in all the forms of periodical intelligence, it is unnecessary for us to dilate upon its merits. We will only say, that in this collected and convenient shape, the immense mass of information for which the country is indebted to the indefatigable zeal, industry, good sense, and judgment of Mr. Jacob, appears to be really wonderful, as the production of an individual. We ought also to notice, that the Appendix contains even more to elucidate the great question herein involved, than the Report itself. There is much of this new; and it affords data of great interest to every commercial nation, both for present and future times.

Observations on Some Passages in Lieut.-Col. Napier's History of the Peninsular War. By Percy, Viscount Strangford. Murray.

THIS pamphlet, of thirty-five pages, is, we are bound to say, a complete refutation of a charge which Col. Napier seems, on rather slight grounds, to have made against Lord Strangford;—namely, that certain despatches of his Lordship, though dated in the Tagus, were actually written at Salt Hill. Lord S. has vindicated himself in the most handsome and convincing manner; and we have no doubt but the gallant historian will be ready to acknowledge the error into which he has been led by opposite information.

The Continental Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Foreign Locomotion. By Dr. Abraham Eldon. 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn.

IT is long since we have met with so clever a publication. Be Dr. Eldon who he may (for it is a *nomme de guerre*), he is an acute observer of human nature, and has seen very much of society, both at home and abroad. We are sorry that we cannot exemplify his volumes in this *Gazette*: but will not let the week pass without recommending them, as sometimes sportive and amusing, oftener piquant and satirical—the jest and sneer alternate; and, withal, there is a fund of sound sense and valuable counsel for travellers.

Three Days at Killarney; with other Poems. 12mo. pp. 201. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

WE fear that though studiously faithful in his descriptions of three days spent at Killarney, we cannot compliment the author on having chosen the best method of giving these details. Poetry is inconsistent with the minute particulars of the subject.

A Complete Theoretical and Practical Table of the Conjugation of all French Verbs in general use. By M. Guillaume, Professor of Languages, &c.

SMALL, but one of the most useful little books (if under that head it can be classed, for it is but a single sheet) which has ever come under our notice. In it M. Guillaume has found room for what in a grammar takes one, two, and sometimes nearly three, hundred pages to explain. The rules are compressed, and rendered extremely simple; so that they can be readily comprehended by the youngest French scholar. Altogether, we recommend this *Table* to every student of that language.

A Comprehensive Grammar of the German Language, on a new Plan; condensed in two Synoptical Tables. By W. Klauer Klattovsky, &c.

THIS is another valuable example of the great facilities introduced by ingenious teachers into the art of acquiring languages. On the faces of two sheets of paper, we have here really one of the best and easiest understood grammars of the German tongue which can be met with.

While on the subject of education, we may mention *a New System of Teaching the French Verbs*, by Miss Galindo. (Bowdery and Kirby.) By this plan, the verbs are dissected on cards, and put together by the learner. A child is thus enabled, with a few months dallying between play and study, to become acquainted with a very important branch of the French language.

A Marriage in High Life. Edited by the Authoress of "Flirtation." 2 vols. Colburn.

A VERY pretty sentimental story, not over natural—but let that pass. The tale depending entirely on the interest of the narrative, we will not spoil it; but will only say, that there is a due proportion of tattle, Opera, Almack's, &c.—all that constitutes a fashionable novel,—with a very sweet heroine, and a tale which, if once begun, will, we think, be finished, even by fastidious readers.

The Mortimers; or, the Vale of Machynlaeth. 3 vols. R. P. Moore.

A MIXTURE of the old and new style of novel writing: fearful murders, haunted rooms, and an old castle in the country; "very genteel" indeed in London; with a sketch, caricature, call it what you will, of a lady, of whom our estimate somewhat differs from the author, as we hold her far more noted than fashionable.

Sketches and Reminiscences, principally of Paris. By J. Doran. S. Maunder.

AN entertaining little volume, some of the sketches very accurate: the narrative parts are those in which, we think, our author fails.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Captain Rock's Suppressed Volume.

THIS volume has made so much noise in the world of letters, and led to so many surmises, mistakes, and blunders, that we could not help wishing for a sight of the secret volcano, charged with libels to the very crater. By perseverance and good luck we have obtained one of the precious tomes, spared, for curiosity's sake, from the five-hundred impression committed to the flames under the wisest and best of legal judgments: and, like Hamlet's mystery, we find no harm in it i' the world, and neither treason nor murder in jest. We also discover that Mr. Thomas Moore is by no means the author of it: but that it is the work of a much superior personage, and, what *is more*, of a much greater Irishman. It is, in short, a letter to that lesser monarch King George the Fourth, from a sovereign of higher antiquity and of higher dignity (though, unfortunately, not at present *regnant*), namely—but we must keep our readers a little longer in suspense—Captain Rock. Then comes the question, who is Captain Rock? Many have assumed his terrible title, many have abused his dark authority, many have written, and some have even published, under his appalling *sobriquet*;—but who is the man? We cannot answer:—he is a being of more faces and disguises than Mathews or Yates; of more versatility and trick than Mazurier (the departed), or Gouffe (the invalid); of more ferocity and recklessness than the present Ibrahim or the late Ali Pasha; of more power than Don Miguel; of more influence than the Inquisition; of more ubiquity than the Jesuits; of more restlessness than Satan; of more impudence than any other of his countrymen. Such is the invisible, and perhaps, if unity is expected, the imaginary Captain Rock:—in the present instance, however, as we are informed, and do credibly believe, he is impersonated by no less exalted an individual than the descendant of the "supreme King of all Ireland," ay, and of Munster, Connaught, Tipperary, Kilmany, and Kilmore, to boot.

This mighty potentate (whom Heaven preserve for a thousand years!) has, it seems, condescended to address these his letters (not *patent* till opened by the magical key of the *Literary Gazette*,) to the gentleman whose brows are at this time encircled with the English crown, under the vulgar title of Georgius *Quartus*; and we trust it is neither disloyal nor seditious in us, to shew, by a few observations and extracts, in what fashion a prince, who doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus, writes to an inferior. Of offending the aforesaid Georgius or any of his vassals, we are not afraid; but our flesh trembles, lest, with all the purity of our motives, and with all the veneration we entertain for the Irish King, we should breathe a syllable which might, perchance, displease his Majesty or provoke his ire. Let us assure him,—on the faith of reviewers, who almost worship his ancient race, admire beyond expression his own accomplishments and genius, and who, at the expense of our lives (which we would not gage for a trifle) and our properties (which are bound up in this sheet), would avert every evil from his person and throne,—that our purpose is honest, liege, and true; and that we have no design but to shew our respect for him, and indulge the tastes of those who ought to be his subjects as well as of those who ought not. With this apology and declaration, turn we now to *Captain Rock's Letters to the King of England*, which are introduced by these three unintelligible and mystic words in an unknown tongue:—

DO UIA MORDA.

Letter I. opens thus—"Sir, my Cousin,—I might with propriety have added, 'and my brother,' our situations being similar in many respects: both kings *de jure*, neither kings *de facto*; both deprived of our lawful power and just prerogatives—you by a domestic, I by a foreign, usurpation. That your Majesty is perfectly well acquainted with the history, and what is called the constitution, of your country, is not to be doubted: it is as little to be doubted, that the indignities and insults heaped on the Prince of Wales and the Prince Regent prepared you for the control which awaited your Majesty, and fully informed you of the wide difference between the theory and practice of that constitution;—by the former of which you *appear* to be a personage of mighty importance, whilst by the latter you *feel* yourself reduced to the most pitiable insignificance. The idea of three estates, *King*, *Lords*, and *Commons*, combining regal, aristocratical, and democratic power, each a check on the en-

croachments of the 'others,—so beautiful in theory, loses its loveliness and its value by the fact, that all have merged into the most odious and dangerous of all modes of government, an *oligarchy*,—the members whereof, having destroyed the substance of grand institutions, preserve names and forms merely for purposes of deception, and have completed the organization, and put in operation, the machinery of treason against the commonwealth. This is worked by those creatures with whom the tyrants fill the chambers of declamation, on whom they lavish the earnings of the industry of the people; and by their opponents, who are no less serviceable, in provoking debate, which wears the appearance of every subject being submitted to the severe ordeal of free and fair public discussion and mature deliberation; whereas, in point of fact, every question has been determined by the faction long ere it makes its appearance before these combatants in the legitimate warfare which springs from the *honest*, *laudable ambition* of enriching themselves by prostituting their principles and consciences at the dictation of their masters."

From taking this *new* view of the British constitution, his Rock-y Majesty reverts to his own wrongs, who being a despotic monarch, with all the advantages of that happier mode of governing, appears to have been worse used than even his Cousin of England; for the latter is allowed something like the semblance of reigning, whereas the "supreme King" has been altogether driven out, plundered, and *kilt*.

"I am aware (says he) of the *incivility* of exposing to the possessors of Ireland their bad title, and vicious maintenance thereof. It is a fearful subject, on which the spoiler is loath to look, much less inquisitive to pry into: but the despoiled will think; reflection will brood over the loss the more intensely by his being reminded of his misfortunes at every step—to whatever point he turns his head or mind. It is trite to say, 'What, will you revive questions set at rest for centuries?' I ask, 'By whom set at rest?' By the malefactor. Doth length of time justify aggression, or sanction robbery? My horse is stolen from me in his prime; I discover him advanced in years, and ill-used: I claim him from the possessor: he denies not the fact; he answers, 'Oh! the horse has been mine now these ten years!' Will the law take this as a justification? I have been robbed of my clothes in a state of newness; I recover them when worn out: the wearer exculpates himself, urging long ownership. Is not the excuse an aggravation? I was cold the while.—For all the miseries my country hath endured, the Irish people lay not the lightest blame on your Majesty, nor on one of your family; you and they are guiltless. Their feelings are of the kindliest towards your Majesty as a man. They acknowledge the many amiable qualities of the English people. But in the oligarchy they recognise enemies of the most furious temper, moving in the most vicious course, who never smile but to deceive, nor speak but to betray; who have reduced Ireland to such a state of wretchedness and degradation, that it is of little moment who may be king."

"To render," he continues, "this interesting subject perfectly clear, I shall arrange it under the following heads:—1. I shall shew that Ireland *was once* an independent kingdom, subject only to her own laws and rulers. 2. I shall state the various titles of England to exercise the powers of government in Ireland. 3. I shall expose the procedure of the oligarchy of England towards the Irish people, under pretence of those titles. 4. I shall relate what the Irish did in opposition to these pretensions. 5. I shall speak of the conduct of the oligarchy towards their own colonies in Ireland. 6. I shall relate the consequences thereof. 7. I shall give a description of the tools used by the oligarchy for the completion of their work. 8. I shall contrast the views of the Irish people and the English colonists. 9. I shall declare to the world the results of the toil and labour of the oligarchy of England in the ruin of the kingdom of Ireland."

For the better understanding of these matters, his Majesty has the goodness to give us a dictionary of the unction, of which the following may serve as specimens.

"*Enemy.*—Between individuals, enmity has no respect to the state or condition of the parties; a master may be the enemy of his slave, the slave of his master; a rich man of a poor man, and *vice versâ:* between nations, the term implies, on the one side a determination to subjugate, and on the other to maintain freedom from subjection, let the difference be what it may between the states, as to importance.

"*Legitimate — Illegitimate.* — These two words are at 'handy-dandy,' each signifying the other according to existing circumstances. The true signification is, 'lawful and unlawful.' Yet what must seem strange to those who consider the genuine meaning of words, is, that the King of England is called the legitimate King of Ireland; and the M'Carthies, O'Sullivans, O'Briens, O'Connors, O'Moores, O'Fearals, O'Neales, and Cavanaughs, are all illegitimates; nay, called by the English, *aliens*, on their native soil!

"*Loyalty* is, respect for the law. It now is *supposed* to signify 'adherence to a predominant faction.' * * *

"*Rebellion.*—It has long been defined as 'resistance by force and arms to lawful authority;' howbeit, the true signification of the word is, 'the act of going to war again,' no matter under what circumstances. * * *

"*Robbery, Arson, Rape, and Murder.*—When these acts are committed by an individual, or by a few individuals in their own clothes (black, brown, or smock-frocks), the perpetrator or perpetrators is or are subjected, on detection and conviction, to condign punishment, and their names consigned to just infamy: but when these enormous crimes are effected by numbers, uniformly equipped in blue or scarlet, or by the operation of the law of the strongest, as in Ireland,—then they are glorious achievements, entitling the actors to immortal renown."

His Majesty, the Captain, now proceeds to demonstrate, that Ireland was an independent sovereign state in the year 964, *temp.* Edgar, and hath continued so ever since, in spite of the Dublin coinages of Edgar and Ethelred, of Henry II., of Pope Adrian IV. (a vile English pope), of Elizabeth, Henry VIII., and all other Danish, Norman, Saxon, and English pretenders. But—

But we shall have much more to say about this important and diverting work, especially when we come to speak of his Majesty's contumelious genealogies of the existing (pseudo) noble families of Ireland—the fungi of the last two hundred years—and only give the present whet to the public appetite. Should it resemble the ptarmigan to the English tourist in the Highlands—who was not a bit more hungry after he had eaten a bird of about the size of a barn-door fowl—we cannot help it. We can only promise that there are some savoury dishes for the repast. As the merest taste, we extract the following:

"*Landaff, Earl. Mathew.*—A Welsh family, and originally popish. They acquired large possessions in county Tipperary. Had they continued to think that the Bishop of Rome was a more befitting head of the church than a King of England, I should not have to record their nobility. Yet it was not tenderness of conscience which wrought their recantation of the creed of their fathers. Mr. Mathew was a man of great landed property, who carried hospitality to its utmost bounds. He was remarkable for the elegance of his equipage, which happening to excite the envy of a *Protestant* gentleman, the latter tendered him twenty pounds in the street of Cashel for the four horses attached to his carriage; and this sum Mr. Mathew, to save himself from the horrors of a premunire, was obliged to accept. To avoid the recurrence of any such circumstance, he abjured the *inconvenience* of *Popery* in Ireland. The great wealth and unbounded hospitality of this family gave them considerable influence in county Tipperary; and for this they received a title. * *

"*Clancarty, Earl. Trench.* — Descended from a Cromwellian republican soldier. The father of the present man styled himself Power Keating Trench. He was a plain, unaffected little man, and *represented* the county Galway. He was linked with the Castlereaghs, Knoxes, and Perys, who formed a confederacy to advance themselves by all manner of ways and means. He had no borough-ownership; but was thought of sufficient importance by his coterie to be advanced to the barony of Kilconnel and viscounty of Dunlo. The present man, wishing to eclipse the vulgar patronymic of Trench, by the splendid name of La Poer, has thought proper to metamorphose Power into La Poer. What pretensions he can advance to the title of Clancarty, it would be very difficult to discover: Clancarty was the title of the eldest branch of all the royal houses of Ireland. How many drops of their blood has a Trench in his veins?—Just as many as Castlereagh had of the blood of the Stuarts."

"*Normanton, Earl. Agar.*—Archbishop of Dublin. A Protestant divine, who began the world without a groat, and contrived to hoard together from the church nearly a million sterling. This man was very vain of his great wealth. It happened that he and Law, Bishop of Elphin, dined at the castle of Dublin with a Lord Lieutenant; when Law, who was an honest, disinterested priest, addressed the archbishop in his broad Cumberland accent as follows:—'It is not long since I have had occasion to defend your grace against a most shameful calumny; no less than that you have amassed the enormous sum of half a million sterling. God forbid that a Protestant bishop should have been guilty of so crying a sin—the thing is impossible!'—with much more to the same effect; to all which the archbishop every now and then bowed, and thanked the bishop for his friendship, at the expense of his (the archbishop's) pride, who felt the utmost chagrin at being reputed to be worth *no more* than *half* a million, whilst he had exacted to double that amount."

In the eyes of this ancient Monarch, every peer should descend from the Round Table. What drollery it is, at this age of the world, to think that a few generations more or less of doubtful gentility, should be reckoned in estimating the character of a man! Family pride is a good pride, if it stimulate to virtue and

noble actions: if not, as a poor modern writer has it—

> What can ennoble slaves or cowards?
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

[To be continued.]

Paris, May 21.

THE curiosity of the French public has been at length gratified by the appearance of Kean in *Richard the Third*. His *entré* on the stage was hailed by a three-times-three round of applause, which, *malgré* his royal hump, he received with much grace. The moment he commenced action, a profound silence reigned, and spectators scarcely seemed to breathe; every head bent forward, and all eyes looked with as much eagerness towards this much-talked-of Roscius, as though the fate of the whole theatrical empire depended on him. It is said that he disappointed hope; still, there were moments when he gratified expectation, particularly where Richard says—

> "Why I can smile, and murder while I smile."

Several ladies exclaimed, *C'est trop!* turning aside (the fashion here upon great occasions), as if unable to support the sardonic expression of his countenance. As for our *belle compatriote*, Miss Smithson, if she be proof against the adulation she receives, she must differ widely from Eve's daughters in general, and inherit little of the *foiblesse* which lost Paradise to man. The French call her the *soul of souls*; and a young Parisian nobleman is (if report speaks truth) dying of the tender passion for her. Were some of those love-sick swains really to die outright, it would be well, by way of proving the possibility of such a miracle; as yet, the malady has never proved fatal in this metropolis: and Monsieur l'Amour, to whom poets would fain give an immortality, is here reduced to a very transient existence. A fair Italian is also said to have thrown a *riche milord* into despair, having shut her eyes to his perfections, and preferring liberty to even golden chains. To avenge her cruelty and want of *bon goût*, he has threatened to blow out his brains, *si toutefois qu'il en a*,—a matter which is rather doubtful.

The Infanta of Portugal, the Marquise de Luly, created a considerable sensation on Sunday last at the Royal Chapel. Her presence caused not a little distraction amongst pious folks; even his Majesty could not forbear now and then taking some side-long glances; and his gentlemen in waiting, and young guards, appeared much more occupied with this beautiful foreigner, than with the salvation of their souls. Madame de Luly has not been presented at court, but is received by all the grandees of Paris; the English, in particular, pay her unbounded attention: she has refused several invitations.

Madame de Genlis is about to give birth to a new Adelaide and Theodore, which is already purchased by a *librarien*. There is nothing like making a good reputation in the first instance; it clears the road to folly, which is always bought, sold, and read, when a celebrated name graces the title-page. A gentleman, in speaking the other day of this famed authoress, declared she would write *her last agony*. This was, perhaps, rather a *mauvaise plaisanterie*; at the same time, were she to give rest to her pen, the world would be as wise, and she would be wiser: but vanity is a stumbling-block of which none keep clear. Madame de Genlis is, however, still charming in conversation; her manners are courtly, elegant; nor does she appear to have lost any of that energy and vivacity of feeling which is the attribute of youth. Her eyes are almost dim, and she is therefore obliged to employ an amanuensis. Her health is also rapidly declining, and she sees visions of saints, angels, &c. Every Sunday she receives visitors; but it is now very difficult for a stranger to gain admittance, though she seems flattered by their expressing a desire to see her.

The king has given orders for a monument, in white marble, to be erected in the church of the Madeleine to the memory of the late Count de Sèze, who was one of the counsel for Louis the 16th. This brings to my mind the astonishment of the French at there being no testimony of public admiration raised to Lord Byron, whom they considered the greatest mind of the age, and an honour to a country. They say we do not merit the possession of men of talent; England is an ungrateful soil. Here they go into the opposite extreme, and have Byron ribands, Canning pocket handkerchiefs (on which, by the way, is written, *civil liberty*), and missionary pocket handkerchiefs covered with crosses—thus profaning what is most sacred, by adapting it to the common uses of life.

A grand meeting of all the *académiciens* is to take place on Thursday, for the reception of M. Le Brun at the *Académie Française*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION: MUSICAL SOUNDS.

THE subject of the evening (9th May) was the nature of musical sound, and included a demonstration of the essential quality of such sounds, of simple methods of producing them, and of the application of one of these methods in the construction of musical instruments: it was delivered by Mr. Faraday, who, however, as before, when lecturing on phonics, referred to Mr. Wheatstone as the author of all his information.

What is called the pitch of sounds, is a peculiar quality of them, which has been marked by the terms high and low, acute and grave; and though these terms are arbitrary, having not the slightest reference, in their strict sense, to the property of sound which they are made to express, yet their application at present is so regular and constant (although it has not always been so), that no error arises from their use, and sounds cannot otherwise be better distinguished as to their pitch.

Sounds having a certain and determinate pitch are distinguished from sliding sounds, as the inflections of the voice, where the pitch is constantly changing; and also from noise, as the report of a gun, or the sound of a blow, when the ear fails in endeavouring to assign a pitch to the sound. It is the quality of pitch which renders sounds amenable to the laws of harmony and melody; and though the other qualities of sounds may be infinitely varied, yet if they have a distinct pitch, the most unpractised ear can instantly perceive their relation one to another.

Gallileo first assigned the true cause of the pitch of sounds: he demonstrated that wires or strings of a uniform thickness, and stretched by equal forces, if made to vibrate for an equal time, would have the number of these vibrations inversely as their length; thus, of two strings, one twice as long as the other, the latter would produce twice as many vibrations as the former: the sounds produced by these strings would be determinate as to pitch, that of the short string being an octave higher than that of the long one, from which he concluded that the pitch of sound depended in every case upon the number of vibrations or impulses generated by the sounding body in a given time.

Gallileo made another experiment, which he, in his dialogues, characterises as exceedingly important, but which has been forgotten since his time. Whilst drawing a blade over a copper surface to clean it, he observed that sometimes distinct musical sounds were produced; and on examining the metal plate, he found that every time a sound was occasioned, the blade had formed a series of dots upon the metal plate, the dots being placed with the most perfect regularity, and equidistant from each other. When no sound was produced, no dots were formed, but one continuous line; and when the sounds were acute, then the dots were closer together than when grave sounds were occasioned, even though the blade moved slower for the latter sound than for the former. These dots he considered as the registers of the vibrations or impulses which produced the sounds: they are proofs of the truth of the former observations regarding the nature of the pitch of sounds. The experiments are easily made by holding the blade of a penknife near the handle, and then carrying it sideways over a plate of tin or copper, with the edge perpendicular to the plate.

On carrying a sounding body, as a bell or a tuning-fork, over the smooth regular surface of a soft body, as wax, a similar series of impressions are made; and Mr. Hunt, of Birmingham, has proposed to construct a wheel which should have its edge and surface prepared in this manner, and then, making it move with a certain velocity, to bring sounding bodies near it, and, by the dots they leave, to number the impulses in a given time which belong to any given pitch of sound.

Hook devised an experiment, in which he also proved, that when a certain number of regular impulses were made to occur in a given time, they produced sound; and that the greater the number of the impulses, the higher the pitch of sound produced. Toothed wheels were fixed upon an axis and made to revolve, and a card or quill being held against the teeth, a sound was produced which, independent of the mere snap of the card against the teeth, was higher or lower according to the greater or smaller velocity of the wheel. This experiment is described in the account of Hook's life prefixed to his posthumous works.

Professor Robison produced the same general effect in a still more simple way, inasmuch as in his experiment no hard substances were made to strike against each other, but the impulses were communicated to air only. He constructed stop cocks, the plugs of which were made to revolve with greater or less velocity, whilst air was blown through the apparatus. In this way he produced regular sounds, which were higher or lower, according to the greater or smaller number of revolutions of the cocks. Cogniard de la Tour more lately applied the same principle in the construction of a very beautiful and simple machine, which he has called a *syren*. It consists of a box, in the bottom of which a pipe is fixed, and in the top of which are formed, at equal distances in a circle, a certain number of holes (there were sixty in the one exhibited). A plate lies upon this box, also perforated with an equal number of holes; so that when the plate is moved round, which is effected by an axis and a hand-motion, the holes in the box are alternately opened and closed by the perforated plate above, this being done sixty times as the plate moves once round: then, at the same time that the plate is revolved, if air be blown through the box, clear

musical sounds are produced, higher or lower according to the number of times that the holes are opened in a given period. What is still more striking, is, that if the syren be immersed in water, and water be thrown through the box when the plate is moving, sounds are also produced, and *exactly* of the same pitch as if air had been used, the sound being proved to depend altogether, as to this quality, upon the number of impulses in a given time, and not at all upon the substance or medium upon or by which these impulses are produced. This instrument constitutes the best *tonometer* that has ever been constructed.

A simple practical mode of producing these necessary impulses upon air was then referred to in the Munt-harmonica, a small musical instrument, of which numbers have been lately constructed in Germany, and which consists of a plate of metal having a number of long rectangular apertures formed in it. Elastic plates of metal are then fixed in these apertures: they are of such size as almost to fill them, but being attached at one end only, can vibrate within the aperture. When air is blown through the apertures, which is easily done by applying the lips over them, the elastic plates are thrown into a vibratory state, and striking the current at uniform intervals, produce those impulses which are necessary to give a sound of a determinate pitch: the number of impulses or of vibrations is determined by the thickness, elasticity, and other circumstances, of the vibratory plates, which of course determine the sound also. Very beautiful Æolian tones were produced from an instrument which Mr. Faraday had, containing eight of these springs.

The same principle was said to be applied in the construction of certain new musical keyed instruments, brought to this country by Mr. Schulz, and by him called Eol-harmonicas.* Two of these were in the lecture-room, and their powers and effects were exhibited in the performance of several pieces upon them by Mr. Schulz and his sons, the instrument being accompanied by two guitars.

The lecture was throughout illustrated by the performance of all the experiments referred to: and though we have set out with repeating the liberal and just compliment paid to Mr. Wheatstone by Mr. Faraday, it would be gross injustice to the lecturer himself, not to notice his own lucid and admirable way of explaining the subject. But for his own acknowledgment, we should have taken him for a skilful musician, as well as a most acute philosophical investigator of the science of phonics.

[Mr. Knowles' lecture on Ship-building is unavoidably deferred till our next.]

MAJOR LAING.—It is with pain we observe it stated in a recent sitting of the Geographical Society of Paris, that a letter from Saint Louis (Senegal), dated the eighth of last March, and addressed to Baron Roger, contains details corroborating the account of the death of Major Laing, near Timbuctoo. A Moor who had arrived there, related all the circumstances of this melancholy catastrophe. He possesses, it is said, papers which belonged to the brave but unfortunate traveller. The object of this Moor's visit to Saint Louis was to make purchases of European manufactures and goods, which it had been supposed were not known at Timbuctoo; as, for instance, a carriage, tea, a bed furnished with a mattress and musquito curtains, &c.

* Noticed in our last *Gazette*, p. 316. These instruments have been introduced with pleasing effect into many fashionable quadrille parties. The Schulz's on this occasion performed beautifully.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 17.—On Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. H. Oakeley, Oriel College, Prebendary of Worcester, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—E. V. Vernon, Student, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Rev. A. Turner, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; E. Roy, Pembroke College; Rev. T. Martyn, C. Palairet, Michel Fellow, Queen's College; Rev. C. B. Cooper, University College; Rev. J. S. Wiggett, Exeter College; Rev. E. Wix, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. T. Ellis, Brasennose College, Grand Compounder; H. Hamilton, Edmund Hall; T. Hawes, R. S. Hawker, Magdalen Hall; J. Hughes, Jesus College; S. Gaselee, Balliol College; J. Gregson, University College; W. Gregory, Wadham College; J. Sutton, Oriel College; G. F. Fessey, Lincoln College; J. Hart, Exeter College; R. Greenall, J. Kaye, Brasennose College.

On the same day, the Rev. J. J. Cory, B.D. and Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

CAMBRIDGE, May 17.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. J. Scholefield, Corpus Christi College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Thackeray, C. Loft, Fellows, King's College.

ORIENTAL TRANSLATIONS.

[Deeming this to be one of the most important literary undertakings of the age, we offer no excuse for continuing our details of it, and allotting a considerable space to them in our *Gazette*, even at a period when we have an unusual number of urgent claims upon it.]

AFTER the report, of which we gave a complete epitome in our last, was read, various resolutions founded upon it were submitted to the meeting by Lord Melville, Mr. Wynne, Sir A. Johnston, and other distinguished friends of the plan, who were present on the occasion. Sir A. Johnston addressed them at some length, taking an historical review of its origin and progress, and pointing out some of the extraordinary effects which might be anticipated from its general diffusion, and the exertions of its members and supporters. But that with which we were most struck, was his account of the interest taken in British literature, the fine arts, and sciences, by some of the sovereign princes of India, as well as by Bramins and others of different *castes*, whom we scarcely imagined to have bestowed a thought on such matters. Thus it appeared that the Rajah of Tanjore* had recently been elected an honorary member of the Royal Asiatic Society, upon the same principle which had previously led to the election of the Rajah of Sattarah; namely, his great love for, and encouragement of, the fine arts, science, and literature. The introduction and cultivation of European intelligence by princes so influential as these, is likely to produce very important results in India; and we are the less surprised to find, that their subjects are following in the footsteps of their rulers, as the following remarkable letter (which we print also as a literary curiosity) will shew. It is written, verbatim, in the English language, as we copy it, and addressed by a Hindu, a Bramin, to the Committee of Correspondence of the Asiatic Society:—

"Gentlemen,—With sentiments of respect, I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of a very kind letter from you, together with a copy of the Prospectus of the Society.

Your proposal to insert my name among your correspondents is most gratifying to me, and I beg to present my best and respectful thanks for the honour the Society intends conferring, which cannot but be highly acceptable to me.

Born and residing in such a country as this, where mechanical knowledge is very little cultivated, it cannot be expected that the natives should possess any elevated degree of knowledge in arts and manufactures, with the exception of what they are daily practising, the scanty remains of that which their forefathers have left, and the knowledge of which has descended through Mahomedan despotism and cruelty. As your invitation is flattering, I will not, however, fail to make every opportunity of keeping awake our correspondence connected with the sciences and polite literature of the Hindus.

The formation of societies for the promotion of the knowledge of science and literature is general, as well as of arts and manufactures, is beneficial to the country where such bodies are united; but when they link with similar societies or individuals of talent in other countries by correspondence, the benefit arising therefrom is universal, especially when those learned men communicate their ideas to one another without regard to nation or religion.

In this good work the Europeans have far surpassed other nations; and allow me to express my admiration of the plan the Society has adopted for the diffusion of knowledge, by opening a correspondence with the natives of Hindostan, who cannot but feel immeasurable pleasure and gratitude at the conviction, that their rulers, in common with your Society, are ever watchful to promote the welfare of the ruled, by the dissemination of the knowledge of literature and arts among them.

As the report of the Calcutta Agricultural Society, of which I have the honour to be Vice-President, will soon be published, I need not give you an account of the same here.

Some time ago, I published a Bangaly Spelling-book, in imitation of a similar useful work in English by Mr. Lindley Murray, a copy of which, as well as a copy of the first volume of a copious Dictionary, entirely in Sanscrit, compiled by me, on the plan of an Encyclopedia, I beg leave to send; and request the Society will have the goodness to give them a place in their library, allowing me at the same time permission to transmit the subsequent volumes, with the preface and appendix, when issued from the press.

Having lately had occasion to refer to the Agni Purana, I found a passage therein, which convinced me, that the division of the day and night into twenty-four hours, from midnight to midnight, by Europeans, is of Sanscrit origin; and as it may be a point deemed desirable to be known by many English gentlemen, I beg leave to transcribe the original,* accompanied with a translation of it.

"Ghatike dwe muhûrtah syât tai strinsatyâ divâ nise;
Chaturvinsati belâ bhi rahorâtram prachacsyate.

"Sûryodayâdi vijneo muhûrtânâm cramah sadâ, Paschimâ dardha râtrâdi horânâm vidyate cramah."

"Two ghaticas make one muhûrta, of which thirty a day and night. Twenty four belas are said to constitute a day and night. It is to be remarked, that the course of the muhûrtas is invariably from sun-rise, and that of the horâs from midnight."

The interpretation of the above two quatrains is this: that thirty muhûrtas are equal to a day and night, which two are comprised in twenty-four belâs or horâs; and that the computation of day and night by thirty muhûrtas is from sun-rise to sun-rise; and that by twenty-four belâs or horâs, from midnight to midnight. Hence, it appears, that the word *hour* is probably derived from the Sanscrit term horâ, especially when the exact correspondence of the latter with the Greek and the Latin *hora* is considered.

Wishing you success in your benevolent exertions towards effecting the objects of your interesting Society, I remain, with due respect and regard, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

Calcutta,
20th May, 1827.

RADHAKANT DEB.†

But to return to the two rajahs,‡ from whose characters, habits, and pursuits, this letter has diverted our attention; it may be explanatory to state, that when the Rajah of Sattarah was elected, it was part of the motion of Sir A. Johnston to read some passages of an address from that sovereign to the Hon. Mr. Elphinstone on his leaving the Presidency of Bombay. The extracts referred to are curious, as marking the wide difference between past and present times in India. Formerly, rupees and

* It is a fact worth recording, that Sir A. Johnston, who is so well acquainted with the feelings and wishes of the Rajah, as he is with those of other native princes, in sending a present to this monarch, could think of nothing more appropriate than a bust of Nelson. One from the chisel of Mrs. Damer was accordingly sent, together with his highness's diploma. The Rajah has already erected a splendid monument in his kingdom, to commemorate the great achievements of our naval and military heroes during the late war.

* We do not trouble our readers with the Sanscrit text, —*Ed. L. G.*

† Is there one of our thousands of readers who had any conception of such a state of European literary and scientific intelligence as this letter exhibits among the natives of Hindostan?!!—*Ed.*

‡ The Rajah of Tanjore, though a Hindu sovereign, was educated by Mr. Schwartz, the well-known and distinguished missionary, who probably implanted in his pupil's breast a predilection for European intelligence. His palace is adorned with statues, pictures, &c. from England and the continent; his library filled with well-selected English books, and several of the periodical journals and newspapers published in London are regularly read by this eastern potentate. By his example he has succeeded in removing many prejudices from the higher castes of his people: and innovations and changes of which a Bramin would not have dared to dream thirty years ago, have been made without a murmur, and will pave the way to still greater alterations.

diamonds would have been the royal testimony of approbation: now, the expression takes a higher and better tone.

"Permit us," says the Rajah, "to acquaint you that in order to evince that we are ourselves fully persuaded that no amelioration can be of more incalculable benefit to this country than the diffusion amongst our children and countrymen of that extensive knowledge, those noble modes of thinking, those wise and liberal principles of government, and those sublime views of moral rectitude, by which the British are so eminently distinguished, we have determined to raise a subscription amongst ourselves, which at the present moment amounts to upwards of two lacs of rupees, for the purpose of founding one or more professorships for teaching the languages, literature, sciences, and moral philosophy of Europe. Nor can we doubt that you will be pleased to comply with our earnest solicitation, that we may be allowed to honour these professorships, as a slight testimony of our unceasing gratitude, with that name which we so much revere and admire, and to designate them the 'Elphinstone Professorships:' and that you will permit your portrait to be drawn by an able artist in England, in order that we may place it in the rooms of the Native Education Society, as a permanent memorial of the liberal and enlightened founder and protector of that Society.

"(Sealed and signed by the Rajah of Sattarah and other Native Chiefs, &c.)"

Having shewn, by these singular documents, the progress of knowledge, and the evanishing of prejudices in the vast peninsula of India, we shall not prolong this subject farther at present; but conclude by wishing the utmost success to the Oriental Translation Society, whose labours promise to expedite and extend these important and desirable objects in a manner at once very interesting to literature, and highly beneficial in every other point of view.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 8th, a paper was read, entitled, *a Comparison of the Changes of Magnetic Intensity in the Dipping and Horizontal Needles throughout the day, at Truernberg Bay, in Spitzbergen.* By Captain Henry Foster, R.N. F.R.S.

The observations made by the author at Port Bowen, in 1825, on the diurnal changes of magnetic intensity taking place in the dipping and horizontal needles, appeared to indicate a rotatory motion of the polarising axis of the earth, depending on the relative position of the sun, as the cause of these changes. By Capt. Foster's remaining at Spitzbergen during the late northern voyage of discovery, a favourable opportunity was afforded him of prosecuting this inquiry. Instead of making the observations with a single needle, variously suspended, as had been done at Port Bowen, two were employed; the one adjusted as a dipping needle, and the other suspended horizontally. The relation between the simultaneous intensities of the two needles could thus be ascertained, and inferences deduced relative to the question, whether a diurnal variation in the dip existed as one of the causes of the observed phenomena; or whether, the dip remaining constant, they were occasioned by a change in the intensity.

The dipping needle used, was one belonging to the Board of Longitude, and made by Dolland:—both this and the horizontal needle were made in the form of parallelopipedons, each 6 inches long, 0.4 broad, and 0.05 thick. The experiments were continued from the 30th of July to the 9th of August, and were so arranged, that in the course of two days an observation was made every hour in the four and twenty; that is, part of them in one day, and another part in the other day.

The observations on the horizontal needle were made in the following manner. After being freely suspended by a silk thread divested of tension, the needle was turned somewhat more than 40° out of the magnetic meridian, and the oscillations counted only when the arc of vibration had decreased to 40°. The times of performing ten oscillations were then noted successively, until two hundred were completed: the terminal arc, and the temperature of the instrument, were also registered. The oscillations of the dipping needle were taken as follows:—one hundred with the face of the instrument east, previous to those of the horizontal needle being observed; and another hundred after the latter, with the face west,—a process which gives the mean time of observation nearly the same for both needles. Two tables are given: the first containing a register of the observations; and the second, the mean proportional intensities at every hour, in each needle, deduced from the respective times of the performance of one hundred oscillations. From a comparison of the changes occurring in the two needles, it appears, that at the time when an increase took place in the intensity of the dipping needle, that of the horizontal needle underwent a corresponding diminution, and *vice versâ*. On comparing these results with the hypothesis of a rotation of the general polarising axis of the earth about its mean position as a centre, and employing for this investigation the formulæ given by Mr. Barlow in his Essay on Magnetic Attractions, it is found, that the radius of this circle of rotation is very nearly eight minutes. The magnitude of this radius, however, will be considerably influenced by the sun's declination.

The change of intensity of the dipping needle, in as far as it is owing to a variation of the dip, would only be in the proportion of 3726 to 3732: whereas, its actual amount is found to be one eighty-third part of the whole. This, therefore, seems to imply changes in the general magnetic intensity of the earth: but the author, limiting his present inquiry to the variations in the dip, concludes that the times of the day when these changes are the greatest and the least, are such as indicate a constant inflection of the magnetic pole towards the sun during the diurnal rotation, and to point to the sun as the primary agent in the production of these changes.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 333. *The Trout Stream.* J. A. O'Connor.—Some artists burst suddenly upon the public view, as Pallas sprang from the head of Jove,—mature, and armed for the field. This remark does not apply exclusively to the individual who, under the humble title which this performance bears, has produced a grand and striking composition, worthy of the pencil of Gainsborough or Salvator Rosa; but is equally applicable to others, whose works have, within a very short time, come under our notice; and whose names have been hitherto strangers to us, although their pictures shew the practice of years.

No. 332. *Draught Horses, the property of Mr. Campern, of Jermyn Street.* A. Cooper, R.A.—This performance cannot fail to attract the attention of all who are capable of estimating the character and beauty of this peculiar and useful breed of horses. As a work of art, the colouring and effect, together with the style of execution, claim our admiration.

No. 339. *Maxeppa.* T. Woodward.—Since the picture of the Houyhnhnms of Gulliver, by the late Sawrey Gilpin, we do not remember to have seen the actions and passions of the horse exhibited with more skill and variety, and aided with more power of imagination, than in this very clever work. We do not, however, think that Mr. Woodward has been equally successful in his principal figures of the fallen and exhausted man and horse. Something more of dignity in the form of each would have conveyed a stronger poetical feeling to the subject.

No. 311. *Scene in the Grounds of H. R. H. the Duke of Orleans, at Neuilly.* W. Daniel, R.A.—We do not notice this garden-scene simply as such, but to point out the skill with which the artist has combated the difficulties which it presented to him. To make an overstocked plantation of formal upright poplars subservient to the purposes of art, shews a master's hand.

No. 284. *The Surprise.* Dubuffe.—*Buff*, indeed! Our *surprise* is, that the picture should be here.

No. 254. *The Golden Age.* J. V. Barber.—A beautiful landscape composition, well calculated to convey the idea of the tranquil happiness associated with all that we can imagine of the innocence and truth of the Golden Age. But, alas! scenes as enchanting are the haunts of wild beasts, and of

"Savage men, more murdrous still than they!"

The cries of despair, agony, and death, are but too frequently heard where Nature has stamped her creation with all the forms of loveliness and peace. Still, however, the contemplation of pictures like this of Mr. Barber's has a soothing and beneficial influence on the mind, and disposes it to pleasing thoughts.

No. 250. *The Gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh.* S. Drummond, A.—This is a grand and imposing performance. The shipping, the building, the costume of the period, are all admirable. The figures, however, are somewhat deficient in grace and dignity; and are not in strict accordance with the scene or the subject. The queen also appears to go out of her way to tread on Sir Walter's cloak;—but, on reflection, that is natural enough.

ANTE-ROOM.

No. 454. *Portrait of a Terrier, the property of Owen Williams, Esq. M.P.* E. Landseer, A.—Even in the presence of such fine portraits as that of *Lord Elden*, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; and the *Rev. C. Cogan*, by T. Phillips, R.A.; we are attracted by this picture of a dog and a hedgehog. So powerful is it in effect and colour, that it seems to light up the room. If any production in this class of art can be said to be perfect, the present is most assuredly so. The action, the expression, the meditated attack by the dog—the pause, the quietly defensive character of the hedgehog, create an interest equal to that of the set-to of two heroes of the Fancy.

No. 464. *The Morning Visit.* T. Clater.—Evidently a family group, and put together with considerable skill. Of the difficulty of such arrangements, and the sacrifice which artists are too frequently forced to make to them of many high and essential qualities of art, few of the public are aware. Here all appears in place, as well as in character; and there is an easy and natural air throughout; while the execution is in Mr. Clater's usual style of careful finish. We think that a portion of shadow thrown on the ground on the left, would balance and improve the whole.

No. 465. *A Sportsman and Dogs.* H. Pidding.—If the light and shadow of the last-mentioned performance is not sufficiently powerful, this is rather *ultra* in that respect. It is a very clever little picture, notwithstanding.

No. 458. *The Deluge.* W. Brockedon.—This scene of appaling desolation, exhibiting amidst the wreck of creation the last sad survivor of the human race, is one of dreadful

sublimity. It is a work of high talent. The spectator, while he contemplates it, is compelled occasionally to tranquillise his feelings, by recollecting that it is merely an illusion, which he views from a place of unmenaced security.

No. 412. *Going to the Fair.* E. V. Rippingille.—What a contrast to the above! Here is food for fun, and for philosophy to boot; for should there be no mirth at the fair, it is evident that there is plenty in going to it: and is not that the case through life? Is not pleasure found in the pursuit, rather than in the accomplishment of our wishes? The drama of this clever performance is developed with such skill that you may swear to its truth. The rustic wench, diving to the bottom of her pocket for something which it is quite clear she has lost; the short puffy gentleman in black, evidently beaten in argument by his knowing and lanky opponent; and, above all, the self-satisfied, half-witted bumpkin, with a laughing lass under each arm, and who seems to be singing, not "How happy could I be with either!" but "How happy may I be with both!"—are delightfully depicted. As a work of art, it is rather scattered and spotty; but in point of character and expression nothing can surpass this entertaining picture.

No. 487. *The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk demanding the Great Seal of Cardinal Wolsey.* R. T. Bone.—If the neglect which it experiences from the public is to be the destruction of historical painting in this country, surely it is not for a body of artists themselves, like the Royal Academy, to accelerate that destruction by not giving it even a fair chance of being seen. Here is another instance, to add to that of Mr. Bonnington's picture (mentioned in our last Number), of a work of considerable talent being placed below the eye, as well as below its merits.

No. 363. *The Rivals, or the Sailor's Wedding.* M. W. Sharp.—It must be allowed, that in the tender affairs of love, the smart and spruce soldier more frequently carries his point with the fair, than does the less gaily attired and less sweetly scented jack-tar. It is but right, therefore, now and then to exhibit an instance of the reverse, by way of balancing the account. There is much talent in this performance. We do not, however, quite like the manner in which Mr. Sharp has represented the rejected marine, who ought to have shewn more of the spirit of the old song—

> "So finding I was fairly tricked,
> Plump to the devil I boldly kicked
> My Poll and my partner Joe."

But the picture is painted to excite laughter, not reflection; so let the jest pass.

No. 470. *The Grand Canal, with the Church of La Virgine del Salute, Venice.*—R. P. Bonnington.—In a very short period this able artist has so distinguished himself by the brilliant character of his pencil, that his name to any piece is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence.

Besides other works of considerable merit in this room, the admirers of landscape scenery will find in No. 389, by F. C. Lewis; No. 401, by F. R. Lee; and No. 482, by F. Watts,—though strongly contrasted in style, the stamp of truth and nature.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Earl of Eldon. Engraved by G. T. Doo, from a Picture by Sir T. Lawrence. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

A FAITHFUL and highly characteristic portrait of the venerable ex-chancellor; engraved in line, with great force, and with a most judicious variety of texture. It is dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty.

The Right Hon. Robert Peel. Engraved by C. Turner, from a Picture by Sir T. Lawrence. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

THIS is a fine mezzotinto print. The figure and position are admirable; but, arising in all probability from the less marked expression of the original, we do not think the face, although certainly like, is so perfect a resemblance as that of the portrait which we have just mentioned. This engraving is also dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty.

John Wycliffe, D.D. Engraved by E. Finden, from the original Picture by Sir Antonio More, now an heir-loom in the Rectory of Wiclif, Richmondshire. Murray.

WE have seldom seen any thing more sweetly and tenderly engraved than this portrait of the great champion of the Reformation. It is, besides, the frontispiece to a Biography, to which our reviewer of that class of works will pay early attention.

Bridge over the Rhone at St. Maurice. Engraved by W. J. Cooke, from a Drawing by R. P. Bonnington. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

A SPARKLING and beautiful little print. The breadth of the masses is preserved with great skill.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE Rainers having resumed their Musical Entertainments in London, we take the opportunity of giving a translation from a German song, written by the elder brother, who is a poet, as well as a musician.

> Hearken, friends, let us sing
> Of the rising (levy) in Tyrol;
> Let us sing praise to the man—
> All know whom we mean.
>
> We speak of our great Hofer,
> Who enjoys the reward of his deeds—
> Who now lives in a better world,
> Where no tears of sorrow flow.
>
> High in the Passager valley
> Lived the man with true German soul:
> Simple, like all the ancients,
> He was named only the Sandworth (farmer).
>
> He, a man of spirit and active,
> Without falsehood and without cunning,
> He went always on the straight road,
> As is the German manner.
>
> And the wild French warrior
> He beat three times from out the land—
> Remained victor at Hall and Jensbruch,
> Stretching many a one in the dust.
>
> He shot well and aimed securely,
> As Wilhelm Tell before in Switzerland,—
> And as Friedrich to his Blucher,
> Francis gave him the golden wreath.
>
> And with his faithful bauers,
> Knowing every hill and dale,
> He stormed through walls and bastions,
> Resistless o'er the land.
>
> And when, the bloody fight being done,
> Francis closed the peace with France,
> Then again there was fresh booty—
> On Tyrol an attack was made.
>
> Countless through the meads and fields,
> They came now to Tyrol,
> With victory drunk, proud as peacocks,
> For their measure was not yet full.
>
> Hofer said to the people—'Brethren
> Homeward go—it gives me sorrow—
> And lay your weapons down,
> Until a better time.'
>
> On the highest mountain top,
> In a cottage roofed with stone,
> He fled away—the brave protector!—
> And there held himself concealed.
>
> But a villain has betrayed him
> For a blood-stained reward;
> For a hundred golden ducats
> He thither leads the French.
>
> Now they dragged away the brave man,
> Over hill and dale from thence;
> Wearing fetters like a slave,
> He must to Mantua go.
>
> Full of faith, to God submissive,
> And with visage cheerful yet,
> As in his whole past life,
> He stood before the martial court.
>
> 'Gladly shall I leave this world,
> Gladly,' said he, 'yield to death;
> Rather will I tenfold suffer,
> Than be the slave of France—
>
> Germans then I'd find again
> Free from pain and foreign hands.'
> With trembling down he kneeled,
> And the ball did strike his heart.
>
> Afterwards, the pain to lessen,
> Benevolent towards our land,
> Francis took him with his children
> Into the nobility of Austria.
>
> Francis caused, too, his remains
> Be hither from Mantua brought,
> And the people made a festival
> Such as seldom hath been seen.
>
> Now he lieth here among us,
> Where he one day wielded the sword,
> Where, after old German customs,
> A fine monument does him honour.
>
> If in the great German sphere
> He could now see the prosperity,
> Stand in the great sacred bond,
> Oh how would he rejoice!
>
> But it is so appointed, answered, closed—
> In short, we shall only all rejoice;
> Nothing remains to us but rest in peace—
> German man, we think of thee!
>
> VON FELIX RAINER.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BYRONIANA. NO. I.

*** Waiting the appearance of Mr. Moore's promised *Life of Byron*,—we having already published two papers relating to that distinguished person, viz. a recent Visit to Newstead, and another to his Tomb,—we flatter ourselves that a few recollections of his early days, under the title of Byroniana, will be acceptable to the public. Such is the following sketch, the first of an intended series: of course, some of the facts must be known, from the many works which have appeared on the subject; but we trust there will also be found much of novelty and interest in these Ana.—*Editor.*

BYRON's life seemed from the first fated for unhappiness: his warm affections were thrown away, both in friendship and love, upon objects unworthy of them. Few of his numerous associates shewed him any of that real kindness of which he was so worthy and so sensible, or prevented him from falling into those snares and difficulties which so embittered his days,—or after his death paid due honour to his memory. Like moths about the taper, they surrounded him only for the splendour cast on themselves—but, unhappily, did *not* perish in the flame. His earliest, and perhaps his only true love, Mary Chaworth, gave her hand to another, Mr. John Musters, and left her youthful adorer to disappointment and sorrow. How Byron, for years after, could remember with such fondness a woman who had shewn herself so regardless of him, and changed perhaps the whole course of his life—is matter of reflection for those who study human nature. Had the fates decreed the marriage of Byron and Mary Chaworth, how different would have been his career through life!—happier he might have been,—so great he would not have been. His lofty genius might have resolved into the ordinary duties of a domestic man—the world would not have been astounded by the display of his unparalleled powers: his memory, after a life spent, though in enjoyment, still in inactivity, might have passed away; and the eternal halo which now plays round the name of Byron would never have arisen. He himself took this view of the matter at an after period, where he says, in one of his minor poems—

> "For by the death-blow of my hopes,
> My memory immortal grew."

The family seat of the Chaworths was at Annesley, a village two miles west of Newstead Abbey: the grounds of the estates join. Byron first saw Miss Chaworth here, while he was

residing at Newstead. Mr. Musters was previously acquainted with her. His father had a large estate at Colwick, two miles east of Nottingham: his mother was a sister of Mrs. Orby Hunter. He used to ride over to Annesley to see her; and she would stand on the top of a hill, crowned with a peculiar diadem

> "Of trees in circular array, so fixed
> Not by the sport of Nature, but of man,"

to mark his approach. The hill thus mentioned in the *Dream* remains at this day as it then was: it overlooks Annesley Hall, but can scarcely be seen from the Abbey. They were united in 1805, when he was about thirty, and she nineteen. Byron had then entered the University. Since the period of Miss Chaworth's marriage, she has been dangerously ill and delirious for some time: to this, allusion is made in the *Dream*. She has a large family. After his father's death they have resided together at Colwick Hall, now become his property, where he keeps a pack of hounds, lives in style, and is one of the leading county men. Annesley also became his property—she being a heiress. Yet, the people in the neighbourhood of Newstead, when talking of her, are apt to exclaim—"Ah—when she thinks of him (Byron), she can never be a happy woman." Those who had known her in her younger days, on being questioned as to her personal appearance, did not speak much in favour of her beauty. Whatever attractions she may have possessed, however, they have yielded to an air of paleness and melancholy, as if of that sorrow which throws

> "Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

It is, probably, rather the result of ill health.

Among other verses addressed to her, are the following beautiful ones—not, it is believed, very well known; at least not published in Byron's works:—

> Remind me not, remind me not,
> Of those beloved, those vanished hours;
> When all my soul was given to thee—
> Hours that may never be forgot,
> Till time unnerves our vital powers,
> And thou and I shall cease to be.
>
> Can I forget, can'st thou forget,
> When playing with thy golden hair,
> How quick thy fluttering heart did prove?
> Oh, by my soul! I see thee yet,
> With eyes so languid—breast so fair,
> And lips, though silent, breathing love.
>
> When thus reclining on my breast,
> Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,
> As half reproached, yet raised desire;
> And still we near and nearer prest—
> And still our quivering lips would meet,
> As if in kisses to expire.
>
> And then those pensive eyes would close,
> And bid their lids each other seek;
> Veiling the azure orbs below—
> While their long lashes' dark'ning gloss
> Seemed stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,
> Like raven's plumage smoothed in snow.

For the purpose of studying the French language, Byron passed three vacations, of six weeks each, at the Abbé de Rouffigny's, in Took's Court (then the *foyer* of all the French emigrants, of whom about 200 or 300 lived in the neighbourhood), where he occupied two small apartments. The house where the Abbé lived is now Moyes's printing-office; and it is rather a curious coincidence, that his sitting-room was the very one where the Editor and Printer of the *Literary Gazette* now prepare these sheets for the press. His bed-room was over it. There are no anecdotes worth relating of him at this period, save that he was little given to study, and spent much of his time in fencing, and greatly annoyed the Abbé by making so much noise in his house. The worthy Abbé did not discover in him any indications of that talent which was to astonish the world—but put him down as a boisterous Pickle.*

His height was five feet eight inches, and he was broad in the chest. He wore his nails very short, and was very particular about his teeth and linen, but not otherwise remarkable in his toilette. From his portraits it has been supposed that he wore no cravat, but went with his neck open—which was not the case. He used to wear a small cravat, with the collar turned down; but always sat for his likeness without one. Besides the portrait of him by Phillips, there is a very good one by Saunders, in which he and his servant Rushton (the Page of Childe Harold, Canto I.) are painted in sailors' dresses. He was fond, from his early youth, of athletic exercises, and, under the tuition of Jackson, became a good boxer, and, perhaps, the best swimmer in England. Jackson said he was as good a ten-stone man as he knew. He was also an excellent shot with a pistol. His name was, and, I believe, still is, up at Manton's, (where he used to practise,) as the best shot there. Before embarking at Falmouth, for Lisbon, with Mr. Hobhouse, he shot a shilling at the distance of twelve paces: the shilling is rather curious, as being a perfect model of a horse's foot. He could hit a half-crown piece to a certainty. He was, however, nervous.

Mr. Hanson, whose daughter married Lord Portsmouth, was a guardian of Byron, and had the management of his estates during his minority. Mrs. Byron, his mother, at this time resided at Southwell, where she continued till Byron went abroad. She did not live with him at the Abbey after he took possession. She was a very fine woman, and wrapt up in affection for her son: but though the affection was mutual, they never lived together. He used to visit her at Southwell during the Harrow and Cambridge vacations, but spent most of his time in London. He did not take up his abode at Newstead till the summer before he came of age; but was occasionally there during the period that Lord Grey de Ruthyn occupied it. He was remarkable, during all the time he remained at the Abbey, in the years 1808 and 9, for his extreme abstinence. Biscuits weighed, and tea or soda-water, was his usual breakfast: the latter he was used to drink in great quantities—sometimes as much as half-a-dozen bottles before rising from bed. His dinner was fish and vegetables, and a very small allowance of wine:—even at this early period he had adopted the Pythagorean system, and abjured meats. This, however, did not prevent his indulging in the pleasures of the table when he had company at the Abbey. Those favoured ones were but few: Hobhouse, Scrope Davies, and Matthews (whom he mentions in the last note to Canto I. of *Childe Harold*), were the principal visitors there—and during their stay, he seems to have given loose to his convivial talents, and turned the old gloomy Abbey into a scene of hilarity. At other times, he half-starved himself.

* His principal associate and companion here, was Mr. King, second son of the American minister, with whom he fenced and disported in various exercises and amusements, from day to day, and all day long.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Dear Object of defeated care; a Canzonet.* 2. *Divertimento for the Piano-forte.* 3. *Waltz for the Piano-forte.* By Henry Craggs.

THESE little musical works are the production of a well-known piano-forte player, who has lately added to his professional reputation by his extempore performances. His success as a musical improvisatore has, no doubt, induced him to try his skill with the pen; and although the written Divertimento now before us is not equal to some of the *impromptu* sonatinas which we have heard Mr. Craggs perform, we think well of his Canzonet, and highly of his Waltz, which last, though it be only a trifle, is one of the most graceful kind. As a mere dance, it is somewhat ambitious in its harmony and modulation, and it includes a second movement, like the *trio* generally appended to the minuet in the works of the modern masters. Whether it be owing to the variety which this collateral air gives to the Waltz before us, or whether the whole composition be more than usually fortunate in its adaptation to the purposes of dancing, we know not; but we have heard it, arranged for the full band, in several assemblies, and it is at present a reigning favourite wherever the waltz is danced,—a distinction not common to waltzes composed for the piano-forte. The Divertimento is ill-planned; but the last movement is pretty, and well adapted for practice. Of the Canzonet, we may say that it reminded us, in style and expression, of the songs composed about twenty years ago by that promising, but ill-fated, genius, Pinto.

From this lone Rock; a Ballad, by Dr. Essex. Willis and Co.

THIS is a very simple and pretty ballad; though we do not think C the best key for a song.

Fantasia for the Piano-Forte on a favourite French Romance. By Sixto Perez. S. Chappell.

VERY beautifully, and, what is still more rare, very peculiarly written and varied. The third variation especially, resembling a conversation between a high and a low voice, has afforded us great pleasure.

Fantasia by the same on the Airs in Ricciardo e Zoraide. Clementi.

THESE sweet airs are well known to every player. The parts which Signor Perez has composed to them are fine and appropriate.

Grand Naval Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, by W. Carnaby, Mus. Doc. Willis and Co.

DEDICATED to the Duke of Clarence, and not unworthy of the highest name in our naval administration. The composition is altogether beautiful—the Arethusa, in particular, striking and effective. It reminds us of Incledon's singing that inspiring ballad.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

IT is too bad—we hebdomadal critics have positively no chance with the theatres now-a-days. If we do not snap at a piece as a cat would at a mouse—or rather, if, in imitation of the tender tabby, we let it *run a little*, in order to give it a gentle gripe just as it fancies itself clear off—ten to one but, like the tabby, we play with the mouse till we lose it. *Press* of matter—the standing apology of the *press*, let the matter be what it will—obliged us to defer our notice of *Taming of the Shrew* till to-day. And, lo and behold! in the mean while the bills inform us, that "Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* having been again received with unabated applause, due notice will be given of its next representation!" We are affronted—we cannot pester the public with auld-warld stories—the thing has gone by, and

our elaborate criticism may be put behind the fire.—We are compelled to say to our readers, in the words of Grumio—"Had we not been crossed, thou shouldst have heard how we liked the play, and *not* the music put to the play. Thou shouldst have heard in how bad a place Sir John Stevenson's beautiful glee of, "See our bark" (the only good thing in the piece) was introduced, and how it was mangled. How well Wallack acted—how Braham got three rounds of applause for speaking a speech admirably — how Miss Ayton warbled — how Harley chattered — how Russel looked the tailor, — with many other things worthy of memory, which must now die in oblivion, and thou return inexperienced to thy grave!"

FRENCH PLAYS.

MADEMOISELLE JENNY VERTPRE is bringing full houses here, and with Perlet, as well as other clever actors, fills up a very amusing and efficient company.

VARIETIES.

Chiloe.—Notwithstanding the many years during which Chiloe, in common with the other South American provinces, has been involved in war, it appears from a census taken in 1827, by order of the government, that the number of men in that province exceeds the number of women. It is calculated that it contains 5,369 men capable of bearing arms; that is to say, from fifteen to fifty years of age.

Mr. Theodore Lane.—This rising artist, whose pictures in the Suffolk Street Gallery, especially "the Enthusiast," have been so recently the theme of our praise, unfortunately lost his life by an accident on Wednesday last. He fell through a sky-light at the Horse Bazar (where he was probably studying some new characteristics in the betting-room below), and was killed on the spot.

Royal Hibernian Academy.—At a general assembly held this day (May 12), George Petrie, Esq. was elected an Academician, and the following gentlemen chosen Associates of the Royal Hibernian Academy:—W. H. Brooke, F.S.A. London; S. Lover, G. Nairn, and T. H. Sweetman.—*Dublin Morning Post.*

Arabian Jews.—Notwithstanding the destruction by Mahomet of the little Jewish kingdoms of Southern Arabia, several wandering tribes of Jews, it is stated by a recent traveller, still exist in Arabia, and occasionally levy contributions on the caravans.

Bohemia.—The continued existence of a Sclavonic people in the midst of a German population is very remarkable. Many inhabitants even of Prague itself are comparatively unacquainted with the German language. Bohemia, nevertheless, possesses a great stock of literature, chiefly history and poetry, which forms the subject of an annual course of lectures in the native language at the University of Prague. Once a-week at the Prague theatre there is a play in the Bohemian language. Nine years ago a society was formed at Prague under the title of "The Society of the National Museum of Bohemia." On the 1st of January, 1827, this society commenced the publication of two periodical works, one in the Bohemian language, quarterly—the other in German, monthly. The first number of the latter contains some curious historical, physical, and antiquarian disquisitions; and an article on the national poetry of Bohemia.

Royal Institute of France.—At the last annual meeting of the four French Academies, M. Fourrier, M. Geoffry-Saint-Hilaire, M. Alexandre Delaborde, and M. Quatremère, were the four representative orators. In speaking of the last, a French journal has the following whimsical passage:—"In the midst of his oration M. Quatremère afforded a new proof of his imperturbable character. The audience, finding some difficulty in retiring, in consequence of an obstruction in the passages, M. Quatremère stopped, very tranquilly gave orders to the door-keepers to remove every impediment, and having thus presided at the evacuation of the hall, resumed and finished his address."

College Gambling.—The University of Cambridge has recently been thrown into a ferment on account of a gambling transaction, and quarrel in consequence. The dispute arose, while playing at hazard, between Mr. Bryan Edward Duppa, B.A., of St. John's College, and Mr. H. A. Barnard, of Emmanuel's; and the result was, a challenge from the former to the latter, carried by Sir William Molesworth. Mr. Barnard, imputing unfairness to his adversary, refused to fight, and was posted as a liar and a coward by Sir W. Molesworth. The Vice Chancellor and heads of houses hereupon interposed, discommoned Mr. Duppa, expelled Sir W. Molesworth and Mr. Barnard, and rusticated a Mr. Desborough and several other young gentlemen who were involved in the affair.

African Raillery.—Most of the African tribes are Mahommedan, others are not so. Almani, the chief of one of the former description, sent the following message to Daniel, the chief of one of the latter: "If you and your people do not mend your manners, we will make you. Choose between these two knives: with this, Almani will shave Daniel's head, if Daniel will consent to turn priest, and obey the law of Mahomed; with this, if Daniel refuse, Almani will cut Daniel's throat!" The answer was in these words: "I thank you, Almani; I will not choose—I do not wish to make you either a barber or an executioner. Why do you trouble yourself about me? Do not you know that the prophet has said, 'Dispute not with the ignorant?' Keep then thy knowledge, and be quiet. As for my part, I remember that this sentence from the Koran was once read to me, 'Pardon him who offends you.' For that reason, I send your messengers back without clipping off their ears; but let them not return. Mahomet has also said, 'Resign yourselves to your fate.' If you make war upon me, I will resign myself to giving you a sound drubbing."—*Roger on Senegambia.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Verulam, devoted to science as well as learning, with the aid of finished engravings!!! (see Edinburgh Review, last No.!), the publication of which "*may* form an era in the history of knowledge; and instead of sinking science to the level of newspaper discussion, *may*, among other valuable consequences, have the effect of raising the standard of this species of publication"—(see the same high authority!),—this Verulam died a natural death on Saturday last, at the mature age of twelve weeks, having completely fulfilled all the important ends promised on its behalf by its sponsors of the Edinburgh Review. The closing hour of this celebrated periodical seems worthy of its mighty origin and splendid career,—for it has united itself to another journal, and, with unparalleled posthumous ingratitude towards its own merits, and libellous ingratitude towards the merits of its associate, naively states, that the single sheet henceforward will be as good as the two sheets have ever been together!!

Modern Greek Poetry.—A young Greek, of the name of Panago Soutzo, a brother of one of the heroic victims of the sacred battalion, has published at Paris several odes in modern Greek (accompanied by a translation into French), the poetical beauty of which has been highly extolled by his compatriots.

Geography.—A manuscript of Edrisi's Geography has been discovered in the Royal Library at Paris. Hitherto we have had only an abridgment of this Arabic geography; the manuscript now found is five times as copious. Edrisi composed his work at Almeria, the place of his birth, about the year 734 of the Hegira, or 1345 of Christ. His Geography abounds with exceedingly curious details of the state of various parts at the time at which he lived. A translation of it is in preparation.

Mr. W. B. Cooke has completed a publication which will speedily appear, entitled a Selection of Vases, Altars, Candelabra, and Tripods, in the Museum of the Louvre at Paris, engraved in a beautiful style by Henry Moses, with descriptive letter-press.

Mr. R. Ackermann is about to publish, in an imperial 4to. volume, with numerous Engravings, from Cingalese originals, Buddhuism: illustrated from Original Manuscripts of its Doctrine, Metaphysics, and Philosophy; demonstrative of their Scheme of the Universe and the Personal Attributes of the Buddhoo: also, Notices of the Planetary or Bali Incantations, and the Demon Worship still existing in that Island; by Edward Upham.

The Second Number of the Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, is also about to appear.

The Second Edition, enlarged, of Popular Premises Examined, or a Philosophical Inquiry into some of the Opinions of Lock, Berkeley, Hume, Newton, Clarke, King, Lawrence, &c.—is announced by R. Dillon.

The Cheltenham Album, a new Quarterly Magazine of General Literature, is announced for publication by G. A. Williams of Cheltenham. The first Number to appear very shortly.

The Rev. R. Warner announces the Book of Psalms according to the Authorised Version, with Practical Reflections and Notes.

The Life and Administration of the late Marquess of Londonderry, is, we learn, in an advanced state of preparation. The important measures in which his Lordship took so prominent a share certainly afford great scope for the biographer; and the period embraced in his political career is one of unequalled interest. We therefore look forward with much expectation to the fulfilment of the promise.

In the Press.—Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia, by an Officer of the Colombian Navy.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

May.		Thermometer.			Barometer.		
Thursday	15	From 41.	to	66.	30.02	to	30.00
Friday	16	—— 51.	—	71.	29.96	—	29.85
Saturday	17	—— 51.	—	72.	29.81	—	Stat.
Sunday	18	—— 51.	—	63.	29.79	—	29.76
Monday	19	—— 40.	—	64.	29.76	—	Stat.
Tuesday	20	—— 49.	—	66.	29.76	—	29.71
Wednesday	21	—— 45.	—	61.	29.56	—	29.54

Wind prevailing, N.E.

Except the 21st and 22d, generally clear: a little rain on the 17th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Fuller on Wheel Carriages, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—McCormac on Stammering, post 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Marriage in High Life, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Russell's Reformers, Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Forsyth's First Lines of Chemistry, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Ruddiman's Tales and Sketches, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Waverley Dramas, 2 vols. 24mo. 11s. bds.—Waldstein, or the Swedes of Prague, 2 vols. 12mo. 15s. bds.—Jardine's Index, forming Vol. XXXIV. of the State Trials, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Luby's Physical Astronomy, 8vo. 12s. bds.—My Early Years, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Fuller on Communion, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—James's Christian Charity explained, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Bennett's Lectures on the History of Jesus Christ, second edition, 2 vols. 8vo.—Ely's Female Piety and Zeal exemplified, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Cobbin's Elements of Geography, 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Rev. C. Williams's Missionary Gazetteer, 12mo. 8s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to A. C. C.'s sensible suggestions, we have to state, with regard to the Asiatic Translations, that it is not intended, except in very very peculiar cases, to have any of the works rendered into French.

With regard to the hint that a GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY would be an excellent Institution in England, we perfectly agree with our Correspondent. It is a great desideratum among our literary and scientific associations. Our numerous travellers returning home would continually bring novelty and information; and the meetings could not fail to be of the most agreeable and instructive kind. We are persuaded that it only needs three or four active and influential persons to originate such a plan, in order to ensure its perfect success. A branch TOPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY for the cultivation of the topography of the British isles, would, in our opinion, be a valuable addition to, or rather component part of, any Institution of this description. We trust to see this matter taken up by efficient hands.

We do not happen to recollect any thing about the matter on which Jonathan B. Holdew (as well as we can make it out) addresses us.

Many sweet and graceful poetical favours are received, and shall be inserted as quickly as we can.

The influx of novelties in every branch to which our Journal is devoted, will, we fear, prevent our return to our amusing friend Hajji Baba: we must, therefore, be content with our single notice, and dismiss the work with a fresh peal of praise.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.

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Mr. Atherstone's Poem of the Fall of Nineveh, will be found on the Table.

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Rushworth (whom he proves to have been in some statements better affected to the Parliament than to the development of the whole truth), Rapin, Dr. W. Harris, Hume, and other authorities, are largely referred to in these Commentaries; while later writers are handled with considerable severity, especially Mrs. Macauley and Mr. Brodie. Lingard and Hallam get a sup on two; though to both the author does as much justice as might be expected from a literary *cavalier*, not at all in love with Roman Catholics, or Puritans, or Republicans, or Presbyterians, or Whigs, or Methodists; but, on the contrary, assiduously exposing the ambition, the plots, tricks, and pretensions, of all such adversaries. Of the writers mentioned last but two he says, "That female historian was a person of high passions, which were displayed in the extravagant incidents of her life; but a masculine genius invigorated her historical compositions; and her levelling reveries, which at the time had the delusion of novelty, and perhaps her sex, created about her a party of political enthusiasts. She beheld a statue raised to herself, but she lived to see it pulled down for ever; and her unquoted name has long been deserted by every historical writer. Mr. Brodie's recent work is devoted to the degradation of the character of Charles I.; and, like a voluminous counsellor's brief, is a clumsy accumulation of *ex parte* evidence. The most tyrannical motives are assigned to Charles's conduct; the meanest notions are given of his capacity; and endless misrepresentations, unfounded surmises, and extravagant inferences, are industriously worked into the dark narrative. But the historian cannot boast of the skill of the executioner of Charles, who at least performed his evil task with the dexterity of a master. With such warmth and such bitterness, one might have expected at least an animated narrative; yet, such as it is, it may still be accepted as authentic history, should there still remain some Rampers of that secret society of which we used to hear something in our youth; and in that case, we would hail Mr. Brodie as the historiographer of 'The Calves'-head Club!'"

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the humblest of his people, the king himself remained unchanged; and whether we come to reproach or to sympathise, something of pity and terror must blend with the story of a noble mind wrestling with unconquerable fate. * * * It was fated that England should be the theatre of the first of a series of revolutions which is not yet finished. * *

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"So obscure, so cautious, and so undetermined, were the first steps to withdraw from the ancient papistical customs, that Elizabeth would not forgive a bishop for marrying; and auricular confession, however condemned as a point of popery, was still adhered to by many. Bishop Andrews would loiter in the aisles of Paul's to afford his spiritual comfort to the unburdeners of their conscience."*

But we have perhaps derived most data for reasoning upon, from four of the concluding chapters—a character of the Duke of Buckingham, leading to some curious remarks on royal favourites; observations on the patriots of this period; and an investigation of the origin of the anti-monarchical principle in modern Europe. As our readers, however, are aware that we eschew the evil of politics, we must illustrate these parts rather by extracts of rare matters, than by opinions and arguments.

"The fate of the Duke of Buckingham enters into the history of royal favourites; but histories of royal favourites consist only of satires and invectives, or, if they aspire to the dignity of a narrative, present but a shapeless mass, put together by those who collect every thing, and discern nothing. The subject, however, forms a chapter in the history of man, and political sagacity may yet unravel some truths out of the complicated knots and twistings of prejudice and passion. We perpetually find accounts of royal favourites; and it is sufficient to have been one, to incur the condemnation of historians, too apt to echo the cries of the past. Those monsters, or ministers, are sometimes exhibited as remorseless criminals, or wretches dissolved in wanton corruption. It is difficult to conceive how kings can be so insensible to their own interests, as voluntarily to choose such inept beings for favourites; but we are still more surprised when we discover the activity of these men, who having obtained all things by favouritism, without a solitary talent or an obscure virtue, still, like other men who have a name to create, and a career of glory to run, pursue life agitated by the same hopes, and mindful of the same labours. How did it happen that the dissolute or the trifler quitted the bed of roses on which he slumbered? The favourite who fills a space in history, who was the object of contemporary hatreds, and who still furnishes the declaimer with invectives, however his enterprises may have succeeded, or may have failed, is a distinct personage from the minion of caprice, who remains buried in his own inglorious obscurity. Attached to the household, the name of the latter personage rarely appears, his actions never. We may therefore suspect, whenever we discover any one of these royal favourites prominent in history, that his spirit was of another cast than it appears in this disguise of favouritism, and that he aimed at being something more than a royal favourite. * * *

"A royal favourite, whatever he may be, has the two great divisions of mankind arrayed in hostility against him: the great, into which class he has been obtruded; and the obscure, which he has for ever abandoned—and still his most formidable enemy has usually been found in himself. Many have been torn to pieces by the triumphant people; for whether the unhappy man be a Sejanus, a Marshal d'Ancre, or the Pensionary De Witt, the populace in every age, agitated by the same hatred of the abuses of power, imagine that they are satiating their vengeance in the single state-victim which has been cast out to them. We may, however, be struck by this curious fact, that there is hardly one of these renowned favourites but has found an unimpassioned apologist: and on a calmer investigation than their contemporaries were capable of exercising, they have been considerably exculpated from the errors or the crimes imputed to them; and some better designs have been manifested in these contemned men than the passions of their enemies could discover. * * *

"In our political history, we observe the alarm spread by party against the Hyde family and the Bute ministry."†

In Spain, when the famous Duke of Lerma was overthrown, "all the Lermates disappeared in a few days. At the fall of the Duke of Lerma, which occasioned so many removals from office, our James the First, expressing his astonishment, inquired the cause of his facetious friend Gondomar. That Cervantic Spaniard replied, by applying an apologue with his usual poignancy. To illustrate the fall of the duke and his creatures, he told, how once two rats, having entered a palace, were delighted at the spacious apartments and the frequent banquets. They whisked about unmolested, every day seemed a festival, and they at last concluded that the palace was built for them. Their presence was not even suspected. But, grown bolder by custom, they called in shoals of rats and ratlings, and each filled his appointment. Some were at the larder, some in the dining-room, some here, and some there. The little rapacious creatures were a race of lascivious livers; they dipped their whiskers in every dish, and nibbled at the choicest morsels. Not a department but had its rat. The people in the palace began now to cry out, that there were rats without number; and having once made up their minds as to the fact, they laid traps for them, here and there, and cast ratsbane up and down the palace."

To be concluded in our next.

* "This last remains of popery may still be traced among us; for since the days of our Eighth Henry, the place of confessor to the royal household has never been abolished. I am told that it is no sinecure. A respectable clergyman retains the obsolete designation."

† "The bitterness of the wit of a lampoon on Lord Clarendon, which I recovered from its manuscript state, will shew how a political family is treated by their contemporaries. It turns on the family name of the Clarendons.

When Queen Dido landed, she bought as much ground
As the *Hyde* of a lusty fat bull would surround;
But when the said *Hyde* was cut into thongs,
A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs;
So here in court, church, and country, far and wide,
Here's nought to be seen but *Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!*
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our *Hydes of Land*, 'tis now *Land of Hydes!*"

"The caricatures relative to Lord Bute's favouritism and Scottish patronage have been collected into volumes."

The Continental Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Foreign Locomotion. By Dr. Abraham Eldon. Edited by his Nephew. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

We very briefly adverted to this publication last week, and spoke its character in a few words, promising to illustrate its caustic remarks by extracts in our present No. Since then, it has been whispered to us, that the apocryphal Rev. Dr. Eldon and his editorial nephew are, as we fancied, one and the same person; and that Mr. Wise, the husband of Lucien Buonaparte's daughter, is the original of both. This justifies the accuracy of our supposition, that the writer was a person who had seen much of the world at home and abroad—from Wexford to Middlesex, and from London to Rome and Naples. This we notice as a hint to shew that we are very sagacious critics, and can have a sly jest as well as the author, to whose work we now address ourselves.

Some of its leading features are, 1. That it is not always easy to distinguish whether the writer is in jest or in earnest; and this makes his book far better as a gossipping companion than as a *Traveller's Oracle*, according to its title. 2. That in his lightness he occasionally verges on what the more serious portion of mankind would call profaneness; and that his allusions also sometimes border on the indecent. We do not mean to stigmatise these lapses as being very offensive; and should, perhaps, strictly speaking, employ the words irreverent and indecorous for profaneness and indecency; but we should not faithfully discharge our public duty were we not to indicate their existence. 3. Though generally successful in his hits, which renders the work, as a whole, one of

great entertainment, there are now and then failures, which are evidence that the attempt to be witty, and to say smart and piquant things, has never been absent from the writer's mind. Thus he would rather be caustic than strictly just; a defect in an *Oracle*, though perhaps a merit in a performance intended to entertain the world. 4. A vein of constant ridicule of English superiority and assumption of superiority runs through these volumes: a fair and legitimate subject for the satirical observer. Our "*mi-lordism*," indeed, cannot be too much quizzed; and we heartily wish that any quizzing could cure it. 5. In common with the foregoing qualities, a fund of acute remark and excellent advice, and hints without number, which may be very serviceable to continental travellers, are contained in these small tomes; and the playful application of many classical and other quotations, sheds a large degree of spirit and humour over their other lively and amusing ingredients. Now to the proofs of these dicta;—though not in regular order, they will go to demonstration. The book consists of a preface, some account of the author himself (107 pages), and three parts, devoted to the preparation before setting out,—the performance when out,—and the result, or how to employ what hath been done, when out. Of travelling, the learned Doctor avers, as a foundation for his treatise—"that the real purport and practice have been misunderstood, and the art, as an art, most singularly neglected. There is no rule laid down to make it either a pleasure or an economy; and every young raw twaddle-dee of a schoolboy or half-pay officer who comes out, runs thus up and down, knocking his head against a thousand errors, and going back with as meagre a face and purse as if all this time he had starved respectably at Brighton or London. I have made what use I could of thirty-five years of Vetturino travelling, and have had the advantage of sleeping on the same beds, and eating out of the same trenchers, through bad and good report, in all seasons, once or twice, at least, in every year of that entire time. I should wrong the bounteous dispensations of Providence—which gives us talents not to be put up under lock and key, like potted jam in the corner of a room, and shew a certain churlishness in return for its favours—did I not do all which lies within my power, for the perpetual improvement and bonnification of travelling. There are a thousand little secrets known only to the inquisitive and the endurer; and though I have no sinister hope of a patent, I think that a little of that favour, which of late years seems to have been lavished upon gas, Mechanics' Institutes, and what not, should be extended to improvements, or suggestions thereof, in matters of intellect,—discoveries which, if well managed, may in process of time turn out to mind, what gas has turned out to body. It is in this view I write—but '*Verbum sapienti sat*,' and I have paid, by my concision, that compliment to my reader. And if indeed I shall have saved a single penny in the richest purse, or tended to have given one flower more to the multifarious wreath which the traveller weaveth from inn to inn—I shall have done what I could; I shall have done my duty,—nor altogether have lived like the servants and rowers of Ulysses, but left some traces behind me of my existence, in the curses of innkeepers and the benedictions of travellers. I have lived but for this; and when I shall have seen it even partially effected, then may I depart in peace, and lay down my head quietly to die. I left Paris, a great town, with a little-minded people; filled with painted dolls, insolent soldiers, noise, dirt, and hatred of the English; and glancing at Switzerland and its goats and mountains, entered Italy by the Mont Simplon. It is now, I am told, a somewhat better road; if, indeed, like all new-fangled improvements, it is destined to last: money extorted can never come to good, and we all know how the Corsican paid his men. It is one thing to build from your own purse, and another from the purse of others; nothing more easy than to put your name upon the works of your neighbour. I arrived at Milan late one stormy evening, and saw it in a day. It looked fat, flourishing (this I say without offence to the general, Austrian or other, who may now govern it), and a place where a man might find good pavements, large churches, puppet-shows, chit-chat, and a proper sense of order and obedience. I shall say nothing of Turin, farther than to admire its garrison, its cocked hats, and its king, than whom there could not be a more respectable tutor-looking personage to govern a nation of little boys. There was less anxiety then than now about the university; but I foresaw there would be a barring out, by way of resolution, some day or other. Genoa I did not see; reserving it, as I still do, for a future visit. Of Florence I shall say nothing now: it is sufficient I have chosen it for my residence,—a choice which speaks volumes, and in itself is a sort of marriage. Bologna is a town not altogether unworthy of its learning and sausages, though, after much inquiry, I could find neither of such a quality as to satisfy me. Through Sienna I passed for the first time blindfold, and came out, as I went in, in the dark. On my return, I had a better opportunity offered me, and seized it. The women are as soft and seductive, I am told, as their language and accent; and as kind and courteous as bashful travellers can desire them. It is a pic-nic town, got up from the good and bad of all times, and seems to have had its streets and by-ways much bewrayed by torrents, bad men, and earthquakes. The country about it is bald and bleached, and looks as if vegetation had been washed or burnt out by volcanoes, the French, or other devastators, perforce. I passed through Rome, biting my lips that I could not stay to see St. Peter's, the origin of Protestantism; and hurried on, as fast as lame horses, and the fear of brigands, could carry me, to Naples. The Campagna struck me as an *argumentum-ad-hominem* evidence of the abominations of the church of Rome. Not a weed that grows there, but has been sown by some erroneous dogma. It is quite clear, agriculture can never flourish as long as they believe in transubstantiation, and that we never should have heard of the malaria under a Protestant church-by-law-established religion and priesthood."

This lengthened extract is a fair example of the author's style and manner. He proceeds:

"Naples delighted me exceedingly. I had got nearer to the sun, and basked away day after day. Living was like breathing; I never felt the burden so lightly, or felt less inclination to go to heaven. The sky is made expressly for a man who has no business at home; and the earth teems with such abundance, that you may roll about in it like a wild colt, without the least fatigue, the whole year long. I ate, drank, despised my gout, and promised myself an eternity of days, each, as the Italian saith, still happier than the other. * *

"On my way to Fondi, from some conversation I had with my companions, I perceived I had neglected seeing Pompeii, but this I do not so much regret: it is a shameful waste of money to attempt scraping and sweeping away the ashes from so miserable a village. One Italian palace, I have heard, is nearly as large as the entire market-place, and there is scarcely a church which would not swallow up the whole tribe of their temples. There is nothing, I must avow, which so completely sickeneth me as cant; and to pretend there is any thing wonderful, or out of the way, in an oven, or a baker's shop, or a poor cellar (which might be run dry in a night), because it is *ancient*, is, to say the best of it, but a most miserable affectation, worthy only of our black-letter gossips, and to be straightway banished from all modern travelling. Yet such is the force of habit and evil custom, you will see our daintiest dames putting their heads into every crevice, and conjecturing upon the use of every stone, when, without stepping out of their own land, especially if they be Irish, they may, any day in the year, meet ruined Citria, vestibules of ten feet, streets of twenty, and I know not what other marvels, with which every page of modern Recollections, Souvenirs, and Diaries, most inordinately abounds. With half the money expended in excavating this village, I would engage to build a most respectable market-town in any part of his Neapolitan majesty's dominions; and I cannot sufficiently commend the singular sagacity of that prince, who, to put an end to the abuse at once, or to perish in it, erected an expensive palace, of exactly the same size, immediately over Herculaneum. * *

"The winter had set in when I returned to Rome, and I was told by the first cicerone I met, that it was quite the season for sight-seeing. I remember hearing the same thing in October, and believed it. It is true, that the sun is hot, and the palaces damp; and for want of remembering the distinction, I soon caught a cold, which the doctors attempted to improve into a fever. I paid them off the second week, and disappointed them by rising. I had no great love for antiquities, as I have already mentioned, and would recommend gentlemen travellers, in general, to see these stones upon stones through the telescopes of other eyes; but soon finding it impracticable to appear in society without having seen my sights also, I learnt, in the order of their going, my catalogue of names; bought my modern antiques; ordered my mosaics; and invited and even dined my painter. This is grievous, if you will; but *corrigere est nefas*,—it is the shibboleth, without which no passing of the ford, no freedom of the corporation; without it you will travel, as you would in a balloon, and be put up, on your return home, with the trunks and bandboxes which had the good fortune to accompany you. All this then I did, and I think patiently, and *secundum artem*: no one laughed at me; and after a rehearsal of a few weeks, I was agreeably surprised to find myself making my mistake with as much decorum and authority, as if I had resided and talked ten entire years in the imperial city."

Leaving Rome, a magnificent sunset ushered our traveller to Bolsena, and he confesses (for this is the land of confessions)—"I scarcely ever remember a more delightful excursion, which was not a little heightened by the talkativeness and other attractive qualities of a young niece of the curate of San-Lorenzo, who was called suddenly, as she told me, to Florence, to receive the blessings of her dying aunt; and who did all she could to amuse and convert me (an excellent mode, by the by) during my journey."

In addition to these examples from the Introduction, we must now content ourselves

with some specimens of the *eighty-five* directions or oracles given in Part I.: for this is a publication so various, that we may break off and return to it *ad libitum*, as occasion suits.

"4. Children, destined by their parents to be travellers, should be thrown into a pail of ice the moment they are born, and then transferred for half an hour to the kitchen fire; they may have to swim across frozen rivers, and run a race in the torrid zone, more than once, before they die:—they should be often fed on bread and water, and sometimes not at all; in the deserts of Arabia there is seldom either:—they should be clad thinly; the brigands of Terracina frequently strip their victims:—they should know how to go naked on emergencies; tailors are not to be had in the wilderness. They may dislike this at the time, but they will thank their parents for it hereafter:—there was a reason for every branch of the regulation, and it was, besides, economical. Should their weakly constitutions sink under it, the parents ought not to have chosen this profession: the fault is with them, and not with my *dictum*. 5. Give the future traveller those books to read which stimulate most the natural curiosity; the more extravagant (truth can be had any where) the better. Munchausen is a good book, if he be intended for Germany. Carr will do for Holland, and, I believe, Ireland—(if any one travels there, now that he can travel any where else); Chateaubriand for Greece and the East; Eustace for Italy; Blayney, and the rest of the Fudge Family, for France; and as for Switzerland, I leave him to William Tell, Macready, and the Panoramas. 6. It is a false idea,—*experto crede*,—to teach a child the languages: lost time, words not things, much whipping, no less disgust; this is the harvest of those who sow the wind to reap the whirlwind, and do nothing but rear a cross child into a stubborn boy. A servant will perform the wonder which defied the pedagogue, in a single week. It is true, he will not teach reading—but a man may read to travel, but does not travel to read. Should he shew any genius that way, it cannot be helped. After a few days' chattering, add the vocabulary—Galignani's, if you like—if not, and you have no choice, my nephew's: I warrant you, he will never after want post-horses or a good dinner. As to the ladies,—a good person and a sweet smile speak every language. *Probatum est.* 7. But other accomplishments should not be neglected: smoking, for instance, which cannot be begun too soon. I would put a boy into the short-pipe at six, if possible; then get him at ten to the German, and to the Chibouque, and the Hookah, or Narghili (if intended for the *voyage outremer*), at twelve. The niceties, for there is as much idiom in sufflation as in snuff-taking, can only be acquired in the country itself. All that can be done is to prevent him from getting a bad accent, a brogue;—by early care, the manner at least may be kept pure. Travelling itself must do the rest."

Here we must stop for the present; but intend returning to these amusing volumes.

On Water, and the Supply to the Metropolis. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1828. Rodwell.

This is a little treatise that well deserves perusal. The Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Crown to inquire into the supply of water to the metropolis, contains matter which proves the indispensable necessity of losing no time in seeking for the means of saving ourselves from being poisoned by the filthy and deleterious fluid at present poured into our cisterns.* There is no subject more important and more pressing; and every man who throws a light on the shortest and best way to the desired object is a public benefactor. The pamphlet under our notice is divided into two parts. The first part, a General Essay on Water, although curious, is of no moment as compared with the second part, which strongly recommends to those who value their health to endeavour to obtain a supply of the *pure soft* spring water which abounds in inexhaustible quantities under the blue clay of all the county of Middlesex and the adjacent counties, known by geologists as the London Basin; and allowed to be the purest of all waters, having no connexion or communication with the common springs or pumps. We transcribe the description, for the advantage of our readers.

"The general substratum, after in some places passing the gravel, is a bluish or black coloured clay, remarkable for its horizontal layers of argillaceous lime-stone, in flattened masses, crossed by veins of carbonate of lime, or sulphate of barytes: it also contains pyrites of amber, fossil, resin, selenite, and phosphate of iron; and an abundance of organic remains of animals and vegetable matter. This clay extends beneath the soil in Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, &c.: its depth varies from 80 to perhaps 800 feet. Its colour, to the depth of from three to ten, and sometimes twenty feet, is a brownish red: a few feet lower it assumes a bluish tint; at forty feet a lead colour; and becomes generally darker, until almost black. Beneath this stratum is a layer of shells, from two to three feet in thickness, resting upon a reddish loam; and then succeeds a compact bed of shells, from two to six feet in depth: this stratum is almost invariably found in the county of Middlesex;—but a fine white clay occurs in other places: we next arrive at a layer of small pebbles of various colours, for the most part free from earthy mixture, of from one to twenty feet in thickness; after which there is a bed of sand of considerable depth, and abounding in fine pure soft water. To this stratum succeeds one of chalk interspersed with flints, varying in depth; and since water has never been drawn below this, the geological observations may close here with an analysis of the water (so procured), by an eminent chemist. The hardness of river and shallow well water depends upon their containing calcareous salts, with carbonate and sulphate of lime;† this water is also subject to become putrid, on account of the vegetable or animal matter which it contains, and is generally turbid from the suspension of earthy impurity; and when drunk it is flat, from the absence of air. The water from the deep wells is preferable to the above for the following reasons: it contains only half the quantity of calcareous salts found in Thames and New River waters, and about one-sixteenth of the quantity existing in shallow well water, and is therefore less hard in these proportions, and more fit for domestic use. It contains no suspended earthy impurity, and the air which exists in it renders it more pleasant for drinking. It contains neither vegetable nor animal matter, and may therefore be long preserved without suffering putrefaction. There is nothing new in the discovery of this water: the only novelty would be to give a plentiful supply of it to London. Able engineers have for some years been employed in procuring it; who give their opinion, that an inexhaustible quantity is to be had. It may be true, that this water, in most places in Middlesex, lies too deep for an individual to be at the expense of obtaining it for his sole use. A company was endeavoured to be established a few years ago for this most desirable object; an act of parliament was applied for, and the following were five of the reasons offered to support that application:—1. Because the intended supply of water will be from the deep springs below the blue clay forming the London Basin,—inexhaustible in quantity,—transparent at all times,—twelve per cent softer than the water now supplied by the existing companies,—and free from any animal or vegetable substances. 2. Because the proposed new supply of water has been experimentally ascertained to be superior, and eminently fit for washing and every domestic and culinary purpose. 3. Because the health and duration of life of the inhabitants of this metropolis will be benefited and prolonged by the substitution of the wholesome water proposed to be furnished, for the present foul and corrupt element, which the public, at times, are now compelled to use. 4. Because the water proposed to be supplied by this company, will in no way interfere with the pumps and wells in and about the metropolis, which water is hard, and formed of the land-springs; whereas that to be produced by this company, being found at a great depth from the surface, is entirely different in quality, and unconnected with common well and pump water, which will be excluded by iron cylinders in boring and sinking the shafts. 5. Because by the abandonment of the London Bridge and Beaufort Buildings Water Works, there are now two companies less than formerly (whilst it is notorious and indisputable that a most oppressive combination and monopoly exist), and the population has very much increased during the last few years. At the second reading of the bill in the House of Commons, a majority was found against the bill.—It met with great opposition, not only from the friends of the present Water Companies, but also from persons who had been at great expense in sinking wells to obtain the water. It is to be lamented the subject was not sufficiently investigated. It was erroneously thought, when pure spring water was mentioned, that it was the same as the common well water, which supplies the old pumps in London; and it is difficult to remove that prejudice from the public mind even now. It was urged against the bill, that the proposed company would drain dry all the pumps in the metropolis; whereas the great expense of procuring the pure water from under the blue clay would be in the quantity of tubes of metal required to prevent any communication with such springs, or the water in the clay, which contaminates the pure water, and renders it hard and unfit for washing, or brewing beer or tea, for which it is so greatly approved. Many families, who have been fortunate to obtain the use of this water, if from

* We regret to observe that Ministers do not think this necessary. What a strange nation we are—throwing away millions on objects of little or no interest, and yet parsimonious to an extreme in great useful public undertakings! The multitude of nuisances which disgrace the metropolis, and the multitude of improvements which might readily be effected (and which should be effected, before we boast of ourselves as a powerful and refined people), startle and excite the surprise of intelligent travellers at every step. We do not mean to say that, in comparison with other countries, much has not been done; but we do not hesitate to say also, that much remains to be done in almost every branch of our institutions, and even in our pleasures and domestic economy.

† "Mr. Dalton has shewn, that even one grain of sulphate of lime, contained in 2000 grains of soft water, will convert it into the hardest water that is commonly met with."

any cause they are deprived thereof, will send miles to obtain it, even for tea only. The well at Norland House, Kensington, kept several water-carriers constantly at work, who earned a livelihood after paying a rent of 50*l.* a year for the overflow of the well only. The great brewers, who have been at the expense of obtaining the water, find their profit in it: as it possesses the fine quality of extracting the virtue from the malt and hops in a much superior degree to any other water. The writer earnestly hopes some plan may be devised, either by the government, by the different parishes, or by a new company—for an immediate supply of such a valuable necessary of life, and which would so materially contribute to the health of this great metropolis. It may be asked, could not the present Water Companies be induced to dig for and give the inhabitants such pure water, if it were only at seasons when the water they now supply is in its most impure state? Or, could not the different parishes employ their paupers in carrying it for sale from house to house, until a better mode of obtaining it could be accomplished? If the public at large were once to become acquainted with it, by a trial of its value and virtues, the public voice would be raised to complete so grand an object."

At the end of this very useful pamphlet are particulars of different soft spring water wells, in and around the metropolis; and of the price of boring the ground for water, and of well-sinking.

We have also seen a plan, by Mr. Martin, the celebrated artist, (which plan is illustrated by a map and drawings) for supplying the western parts of the metropolis with pure water. Mr. Martin's proposal is, to bring the water from the Coln to a reservoir at Paddington; and this, he observes, may be effected by two courses:—

"By one plan the supply might be taken from a *branch* of the Coln, betwixt Hillingdon and Cowley, and thence carried by the shortest cut to the Paddington Canal; close to which, running for the most part parallel to its bank, it might be conveyed to the reservoir at Paddington. The advantage of this plan is, that it affords a level already ascertained, and that the canal would give facility for transporting the necessary materials. In a few places, where the banks of the canal are much elevated above the level immediately adjoining, there would be a necessity for aqueducts, or other means of conveying the water. But the second and the better plan would be, to take the water from the Coln itself, about three quarters of a mile to the north east of Denham, just above the point where the Paddington Canal crosses it. It must thence be conveyed through Uxbridge Common, throguh Furtherfield, near to the northern side of Downbarn Hill; and be brought close to the bank of the canal, near to the south side of Massenden Hill, and so on, nearly parallel with the canal, to the reservoir at Paddington. Of the practicability of this course a very brief survey would, it is believed, afford sufficient assurance. Its advantages over the line first mentioned consist in its allowing a shorter route, and in its giving the supply of water nearer the source, from a larger and purer stream. For the attainment of other objects incidental to the principal purpose, it would also permit an unfailing *quantity* of water, which, perhaps, by the former plan, might not be procurable. Into the reservoir at Paddington this stream would flow; and its elevation, nearly eighty feet above the Thames at high water, would permit its distribution, without the aid of a steam-engine, to all the western end of the metropolis, with the exception of those parts of Paddington and Mary-la-bonne which stand above its level. For supplying such parts with water, an engine of small power might be sufficient."

Mr. Martin also proposes, that from the Coln should be taken a quantity of water considerably greater than could be needed for consumption; and that it should be applied to the formation of an extensive public bath, to various purposes of ornament, and, above all, to setting in motion several waters, such as the basin in the Regent's Park, the Serpentine in Hyde Park, &c., which are now stagnant, and to a certain degree, therefore, pestilential. His plan likewise contains other important suggestions, calculated to increase the salubrity and beauty of the metropolis, and which appear to us to be highly deserving of consideration.

Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A. &c. &c. With Maps, Plates, &c. London, 1828. Wesley and Davis.*

To the leading statements in this work, which bore upon the approaching Turkish war, we paid particular attention in our last *Gazette*, when we had the satisfaction of making it known to our readers. But, as we then inferred, Dr. Walsh's observations also embraced a multitude of perhaps less important particulars, which yet may have considerable influence on the contest, and others of a curious general character; and we now turn to these, as being, in our judgment, well calculated to convey both information and pleasure to the public. They are, of necessity, of a very miscellaneous nature.

On entering the plain that surrounds Constantinople, the author says, "The first and most striking impression was the exceeding solitude that reigned every where around. We were within a few hundred yards of the walls of an immense metropolis, where 700,000 people lived together; but if we were at the same distance only from the ruins of Palmyra, we could not have witnessed more silence and desolation. The usual villas which are scattered near the suburbs of a large city were not to be seen, and the crowds which generally throng the entrance no where to be met with. A single team of buffaloes, dragging an aruba, or a solitary horseman scarcely visible on the horizon, were the only objects that indicated the existence of social life close by the great city. Nothing, perhaps, marks the indolence and inactivity of the Turkish character more than this circumstance. The shores of the Bosphorus are very populous, and from Constantinople to near the Black Sea is one continued village. The intercourse is proportionably great, and the surface of the water is a moving picture of boats passing and repassing. This mode of motion is peculiarly adapted to oriental indolence. The Turk reclines on a cushion, smoking his pipe, and is carried the distance he wants to go without exertion or discomposure. If he had a residence in this quarter, he could only walk or ride to it, as there are, generally speaking, no carriages or proper roads on which they could run; the vicinity of the city, therefore, on this side, is abandoned; and, with the exception of a very few scattered farms, it is a perfect desert. In about four hours we passed San Stephano, on the sea-shore, the usual residence of the Franks, particularly the English, during the autumnal months. It is built on a point of land which projects into the sea; and this promontory is the favourite haunt of quails, who make it their point of starting from, on their migratory excursions. The immense quantity of these birds found in different parts of the East, has been always a subject of remark; and the island of Ortygia, in the Egæan Sea, was so called from the flocks which frequented it. At Constantinople they are first a luxury, and then the commonest food, of which every one gets tired. They first appear, as I have been informed, on a promontory near Derkon, on the Black Sea; and then on the promontory of San Stephano, on the sea of Marmora. It should seem, therefore, that their migration was from Russia, and their progress towards Africa. When they land, and before they take their flight, the ground is covered with them, and as you walk along they spring up from every tuft or little bush: on the next day they are gone. It is very remarkable, that while every year presents this phenomenon, just under the eye, and circumscribed to a particular spot, nobody can really tell from whence they come, or whither they go. After the most diligent inquiry, I never could learn that they have been seen in a flock flying over either land or sea. To account for this, it has been asserted that they migrate in the night; but if they crossed the Black Sea, they must be on the wing during the day, for they have no resting-place till they arrive at Derkon."

The route on the first day is represented as extremely bad, even for an individual traveller; the weather, however, was stormy, and the season winter. Still it must present great difficulties against the approach of an army; and farther on, Dr. W. says, "The road which leads through these plains is nothing more than a beaten path over the grass, every one pursuing that which he prefers. In summer it is of a limited breadth; but in winter, when the rain sets in, the usual path is impassable, and every traveller seeks a new one beside the former; so that in some places the road is three or four hundred yards wide. The traveller, however, is directed by certain marks. At long intervals he sees two little tumuli, not quite so large as hay-ricks, between which the way passes; these are called Sandjâk Sherif Tepé, or the Hillocks of the Sacred Standard. On all expeditions against the infidels in Europe, wherever the army encamped for the night, two mounds were raised, on one of which was planted the standard of Mahomet, which formed the centre of the encampment. There are no tumuli of a larger size or more ancient date in this neighbourhood. As those, however, are at very distant intervals, other directions were necessary. In January and February a cold Scythian wind passes over these plains, carrying with it immense drifts of snow, which soon obliterate all appearance of former tracks. Travellers then miss their way, and numbers are every year found dead in the drift. About ten years ago a salictar, bearing important news from Shumla to Constantinople, missed his way in the snow for several days, and nearly perished, with all his suite. He, therefore, at his own expense, erected stone posts at convenient intervals along the whole line. Some few of these remain, but the greater number are broken or fallen; nor is it likely they will ever be restored by the Turks. They were the only resemblance of mile-stones in the Turkish empire. * *

"We arrived at Kinlikli. This was a large

* It was owing to an oversight that the publishers' names were not appended to our review of this well-timed volume in our last.

flourishing town twenty years ago. It now consists of two or three miserable houses. It was, unfortunately for the inhabitants, the scene of action in a conflict between the contending parties in the revolution of 1807 and 8; and several entrenchments, thrown up near the remains of the town, mark the field of battle, as do the ruins of houses, scattered over a wide space, mark the site of a large town. It is one of the numerous melancholy memorials of the rapid decay of this empire, and the extinction of its population. In twenty years a large town is reduced to three houses, and scarcely a trace left of the former, or its inhabitants."

At Burghas "the weather was dark and doubtful, at intervals spitting rain. We wandered from the road in the pitchy darkness, and got entangled in gardens and old houses, and here we floundered for a long time before we regained the road. At length the horizon became streaked with a parallel gleam of light, which indicated a clear day, and extricated us from our difficulties. We were now on the spot which was the limit of the Russian campaign in 1810. The main body of the army proceeded no farther than Shumla; but clouds of Cossack Tartars had passed the Balkan, and rode up to the suburbs of Burghas, which is within eighty-four miles of Constantinople, having plundered the country the whole way. The country was the same flat denuded plain as that we had passed the day before, and these Tartars must have felt themselves at home. About nine o'clock, however, we arrived at a wood, and the trees were the first we had met since we left Constantinople—a distance of one hundred miles. This wood was a grateful variety, and continued for three hours, to the vicinity of Kirklesi."

Here the author relates some singular characteristics of the Turkish nation. "The Turks of this place are so rude and ignorant, that they think a man degraded who understands any other language than Turkish; when I addressed Mustapha, therefore, in English, at the post-house, he could not answer, as it would have exposed us both to the contempt and insult of the fellows about us, from which he had no means of protection. It had happened to him, he said, in the same place before, and both he and the gentleman he travelled with were attacked, and in great danger. This determined hostility to knowledge is, perhaps, the most extraordinary trait in the Turkish character, and distinguishes them from every other nation at the present day. It is hardly possible to conceive a people priding themselves on being ignorant, and despising those who are not so. Nor is this confined to the rude rabble of Kirklesi. There is a number of janisaries attached to the palaces of the different missions at Constantinople, as guards of honour, and they are in constant communication with the inmates of the palaces. The only one I ever heard of, who acquired a knowledge of a Frank language, was Mustapha, and he was a renegado, and did it at the hazard of his life. The prejudice is not less among the upper and educated classes. The Turks, in their intercourse with foreign nations, are always obliged to use rayas as interpreters. The important function of dragoman to the Porte was always performed by Greeks till the late insurrection; and when the Turks thought they could no longer confide in them, there could not be found in the empire one, of themselves, capable or willing to hold a communication in a foreign language, and they were obliged to confer the situation on a Jew. They have since that, however, established a seminary for the instruction of a few young Turks in different Frank languages, that they may be able to undertake and discharge a duty so important and confidential, and no longer depend on the suspicious fidelity of strangers. This tardy and reluctant adoption of a measure so indispensable, is a strong proof of the pertinacity with which they adhere to ancient prejudices, which no one but a man of the energetic character of the present sultan could dare to oppose, or oppose with any effect."

Other traits of character are thus amusingly mentioned: Mustapha, the janizary, was under the hands of a barber; and Dr. W. observes, "Here I had occasion to remark the strange aptitude of a Turk to differ from a Frank, even in his most trifling habits. The house next to the barber's shop was in progress of building, and there was a man writing down some inventory. All the persons I saw engaged were working in a manner opposite to our usage. The barber pushed the razor from him—ours draws it to him; the carpenter, on the contrary, drew the saw to him, for all the teeth were set in—ours pushes it from him, for all the teeth are set out; the mason sat while he laid the stones—ours always stands; the scribe wrote on his hand, and from right to left—ours always writes on a desk or table, and from left to right: but the most ridiculous difference existed in the manner of building the house. We begin at the bottom, and finish to the top: this house was a frame of wood, which the Turks began at the top, and the upper rooms were finished and inhabited, while all below was like a lantern. However absurd these minutiæ may appear to you, they are traits of Turkish character, which form, with other things, a striking peculiarity. It is now more than four centuries since they crossed the Hellespont, and transported themselves from Asia to Europe; during all that time they have been in constant contact with European habits and manners, and, at times, even penetrated as far as Vienna, and so occupied the very centre of Christendom. Yet, while all the people around them have been advancing in the march of improvement, in various ways, they have stood still and refused to move; and such is their repugnance to any assimilation, that almost all the men who attempted to improve them, have fallen victims to their temerity, or the Turks themselves have perished in resistance; and, with very few exceptions, the great body of them are, at this day, the same puerile, prejudiced, illiterate, intractable, stubborn race, that left the mountains of Asia. And so indisposed are they to amalgamate with us in any way, that they still preserve a marked distinction in the greatest as well as in the minutest things—not only in science and literature, but in the movement of a saw and a razor."

Here we must again pause; but we purpose a return to Dr. W.'s interesting narrative.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Punch and Judy: with Illustrations by G. Cruikshank. Second Edition. Post 8vo. pp. 141. London, 1828. Prowett.

We thought our old and comical friend Punch would soon come to a second edition, indebted as he is to the literary editorial labours of Mr. J. Payne Collier and the pictorial labours of G. Cruikshank. This new tome is much improved as well as enlarged (for we do not always find the two go together); and we have even a sonnet in it, ascribed to Lord Byron, as followeth:—

"Triumphant Punch! with joy I follow thee
Through the glad progress of thy wanton course;
Where life is painted with such truth and force,
Its equal on our stage we never see.
Whether thou killest thy wife with jolly glee,
Hurlst thy sweet babe away without remorse,
Mountst, and art quickly thrown from off thy horse,
Or dance with 'pretty Poll,' so fair and free,
Having first slain with just disdain her sire,
Deaf to music of thy sheep-bell lyre:
Who loves not music is not fit to live!
Then, when the hangman comes, who can refuse
To laugh, when thou his head into the noose
Hast nimbly thrust, while he gets no reprieve?
Who feigns to grieve
Thou goest unpunish'd in the fiend's despite,
And slayst him too, is but a hypocrite.
'Tis such delight
To see thee cudgel his black carcass antique,
For very rapture I am almost frantic!"

One of Punch's extemporaneous varieties is told after this manner:—

"During one of the elections for Westminster, Sir F. Burdett figured on one of the street stages, and was represented kissing Judy and the child, and soliciting Mr. Punch for his vote. 'How are you, Mr. Punch? (inquired the baronet); I hope you will give me your support.' 'I don't know (answered Punch); ask my wife. I leave all those things to Mrs. P.' 'That is very right (continued Sir Francis); what do you say, Mrs. Judy? Bless me! what a sweet little child you have got, I wish mine were like it!' 'And so they may be, Sir Francis (observed Judy), for you are very like my husband; you have got such a beautiful long nose.' 'True, Mrs. Judy; but Lady R. is not like you (added Sir Francis, kissing her). A sweet little infant, indeed! I hope it has good health. How are its little bowels?' 'Charmingly, thank you,' was the answer; and Judy could not refuse the solicitations of so gallant and kind-hearted a candidate."

The more serious and important historical matter, particularly as it relates to the arrival of Punch in England, is also much augmented in this edition; but it is of too deep national consequence to be treated of in a short review, and we must therefore beg to refer the curious to Chapter III. for a load of invaluable information from the most authentic sources on this head.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages, Part I. Engraved under the direction of C. J. Smith. J. B. Nichols and Son.

This curious performance sets out with the time of Henry VIII.; and, besides fac-similes of the hand-writing and signatures of many celebrated persons, gives us extracts from their letters, &c. not unworthy of being preserved in this miscellaneous form, as well as slight biographical sketches, and notices of various kinds. We have no doubt but the work, when completed, will deserve a place in well-chosen libraries; and those who think that characters may be traced through the indications of scripture, may indulge in plenty of speculation over these pages.

The Art of Drawing on Stone. By G. F. Phillips. 1828. Laurie.

A superficial affair.

The Puffiad: a Satire. 8vo. pp. 128. London, 1828. S. Maunder.

The science of puffing has certainly attained great perfection in this commercial country, from hair-cutting to the cures of all diseases, and from blacking to books. The author of this poem seems to be grievously offended therewith, and has poured out a flood of wrath upon the professors, particularly in the literary

line; but, in our judgment, he has mistaken the right method of treating the evil. A light and sportive satire was called for to castigate this practice, and not a grave and harsh style of rebuke. Indeed, with occasional gleams of good writing and poetry, it does not appear to us that the author has stumbled upon his *forte* in this production. His comparisons are often mean; and his language vituperative and coarse, instead of being, as he intended, severe and strong. We must also express our disapprobation of the personalities in which he has indulged, as well as of the mintage of many new and uncouth words—a fault, by the by, censured in *others*, according to his own verse:

> "Plain English, undefiled, correctly pure,
> Where native force and nervous sounds allure,
> Now rarely greets us in the gaudy page."

And yet we find the critic using such words as funnycism, venalism, victimised, crim-conic, monkeyfy, vagabondic, pestful, &c. &c.

Thinking the writer's talents misapplied on this occasion, we shall, however, in compliment to his better powers, abstain from farther comment, and cite one example, the best we can find, of his style: it occurs in describing a gambling-house.

> "Now cease the puff in print for puff in stone,
> Which Hell itself hath bargained for its own.
> Go! blind adorers of the day, and see
> The Modern Temple of Iniquity:
> Full in that street where Fashion's pimpled apes
> Limp forth at noon, to shew their poker shapes,
> There in proud triumph mark a princely pile,
> Rear'd to advance the ruin of our isle:*
> Where midnight sharpers and their hideous crew
> Unite to see what knaves and dice can do.—
> How many hearts shall wither to the core,
> How many happy shall be so no more!—
> Yes; in yon room, where polish'd scoundrels meet,
> Night after night, to plunder and to cheat—
> There shall be seen the fiercely glaring eye—
> There shall be heard the riven bosom's sigh—
> There shall the hollow groan of anguish sound,
> And Ruin glances her deadly eyes around."†

A Companion for the Visitor at Brussels; with Notes of a Tour in Italy. By an Old Resident at Brussels. pp. 196. Hunt and Clarke. 1828.

Here is some good, and, we have no doubt, accurate information of the expense and manner of living at Brussels, with which, apparently, the author is well acquainted. It seems to us, however, to prove what, perhaps, he did not suspect; namely, that it would be quite as cheap, far more comfortable and more consonant to the usual habits of life of us English folks, to rusticate in some parts of Devonshire, or in any other reasonably cheap county of England, than to be expatriated to other lands, to be subject to other laws, to have to acquire other modes of living, in short, to put up with "the thousand ills" with which the stranger abroad will daily meet, during a residence there. We see in this account few inducements to emigration; but still, to those who wish for information on the subject, it is a useful work. *Au reste*, the tour in Italy is worth nothing, tells nothing that was not well known before, is not instructive enough to add to our stock of knowledge, nor entertaining enough to increase our store of amusement. The expense of a year's tour in Italy, for two persons, seems to be extravagantly calculated at 1,300*l*.

* A very awkward line.

† A little pamphlet, entitled Hints to Hazard Players, has just been published by Goodrugh and Richardson. We do not understand it, and hope few of our readers do: all that we make out is, that by some advantage, called the "*Poster of the Pull*," the bank must in due time ruin every adventurer who plays.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Captain Rock's Suppressed Volume.

[Second notice.]

The "Supreme King of Ireland" *in posse*, to whom in our last we swore allegiance, not having stooped from his aery* height to question our intermeddling with his suppressed manifesto, we feel ourselves at liberty to proceed with that important document. And first of the first, reverting to his kingdom in ancient times, his Majesty Captain Rock thus speaketh of the Bull of Adrian IV. (*i. e.* the English Nicholas Brakespere), granting Ireland, in 1156, to Henry the Second. "The pope himself having no more title than the devil to Ireland, it was not his to bestow; therefore this title of England falls to the ground." And as this is the oldest title which can be insisted on by England, *ergo* Ireland is an independent kingdom, whose sceptre ought to be swayed by an O'Connor! By this Bull, the authenticity of which Captain Rock doubts hugely, "1. Henry engaged to pay to St. Peter, *alias* the Holy See, one penny from every house in Ireland. 2. He undertook 'to study to form the Irish nation to virtuous manners and labour, by himself and others, whom he might judge meet for the work, in faith, word, and life, that the church might be there adorned; that the religion of the Christian faith might be *planted* and grow up; that all things appertaining to the honour of God *and the salvation of souls*, might be so ordered, that Henry might be entitled to the fulness of eternal reward from God.' How well," continues the Captain, "these duties were fulfilled, will be seen in the sequel: in the mean time let me notice but one passage from Sir John Davies:—'It is manifest, that such as had the government of Ireland under the crown of England, did intend to make a perpetual separation and enmity between the Irish and the English; intending, no doubt, that the English should in the end root out the Irish; *which the English not being able to do*, caused a perpetual war between the two nations, which continued during four hundred and odd years:' whereto let me add,—even unto this very hour. Happy mode 'of exterminating the roots of vice from the land, of planting virtue, and increasing religion!' Blessed practice 'for forming the nation to virtuous manners,' according to the hypocritical recommendation of the holy father! [How irreverently these Roman Catholic kings do speak of popes—the heads of their church!!] Howbeit, it must be acknowledged, that the various oligarchies of England have strictly adhered to the rules of the Son of David for promoting the benefits of that faith, of which Adrian, his vicegerent on earth, was the prince—Henry II. the *dearest son*,—and Henry VIII. the *champion and defender*,—as I find it translated from the Greek of the *goodspell* of Matthew into my native tongue.—Chap. x. 34. Ni measg ta me teacda sit faoidad air tur—ni tangas me sit faoidad, claoidam aod.—35. Gar ta me teacd acombrac fatad eideran atar, ocas an uia—an ingean, ocas an matar—An mna an uia le an matar a ceile.—36. Ocas bifid na naminde duine, lucd teic te fein. Thus rendered in the English language:—Chap. x. 34. Think not I am come to bring peace on earth—I come, not to bring peace, but a sword.—35. For I am come to cause strife between the father and the son, the daughter and the mother, the daughter-in-law and the mother-in-law.—36. And a man's foes shall be those of his own house.—How diligently and expertly the rulers of England have achieved these soul-saving exploits, let every page, yea every line of the sad story of my distracted country testify! Ralph, in his History of England, saith, 'that the constitution was crucified between the Whigs and Tories, as Christ between two thieves.' With how much greater correctness may it be affirmed, that Ireland hath been exposed on the cross for the space of six centuries and a half, tortured, not *between* but *by* two bands of malefactors, belonging to the pious pandemonium of Rome and the impious pandemonium of England! during which time (strange to think!) not one of her own sons being found comparable, for the management of the two most important concerns of society,—policy and religion,—to foreign infants, women, idiots, maniacs, and monsters, she hath been constrained to have recourse to any country save herself for a king, and to Italy for a high-priest. That is the root from which hath sprung all our afflictions! When our ancestors suffered their native sovereignty to slip through their hands, they entailed on their posterity insult and persecution,—our only inheritance:—

> Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where might makes right, and foreigners bear sway!

I do not know what title his Satanic Majesty, the best ally of his holiness, had to all the kingdoms of the earth, when he proposed to invest Christ with the dominion thereof. Did I lend an ear to revelations, I might be apt to think, that the God of the Jews handed over Ireland and Greece to the Devil of the Christians, as he did Job, to prove their patience under the lash of oppressions, which have ofttimes wrung from the tender daughters of this land, the exclamation—To your tents, men of Erin! Up, men, be valiant,—assert the rights of nature, or crawl to your lurking-places,—there lie down, curse God, and die!

(Signed) "Rock."

The submissions of the Irish kings to King John, and the march of King Richard to Dublin in 1396, are laughed at by Rock, as mere "pooh, pooh nonsense," unworthy of having any consequence whatsoever attached to these events, recorded by Norman and English historians. Indeed he states, on the authority of Irish writers, that so far from Richard being victorious, he was absolutely beaten from Waterford, where he landed, by Kilkenny, through Leinster, all the way to Dublin, where "he took shelter," and "found food"!! Nevertheless, Richard and his successors styled themselves *Lords* of Ireland, till Henry VIII. changed it into *King*; and the submission to the said king, though not general, is a sore grievance to our royal author.

"Now (says he) to shew what manner of submission this was, I ask, of whom was this parliament composed, who, with these demonstrations of loyalty, bestowed the state of *king* upon this self-created—I ask pardon, this pope-created, lord of Ireland? Was there an *Irishman* amongst them? And what kind of an assembly was it by whom this act was made? The English deputy and the English council, who neglected the *trifling* frivolity of law, 'because *they*,' &c., by whom it may be supposed is meant the *Irish* only; but it is not so: for Davies says, 'This was not only done by the *mere Irish*, but the chief of the *degenerate English* families did perform the same, as the Fitzgeralds, Barrys, Burkes, &c. &c.; for neither the Irish nor the English did

* *Query*, Area? — *Printer's Diabolus.*

yet know the English law,'—which expression will be presently explained. 'I freely confess, and it is with shame and indignation I acknowledge it, that some few individuals of the royal houses of Ireland disgraced themselves by suffering their blood to be tainted by the acceptance of English titles. In what family, long distinguished, are not knaves and fools to be found? But is this degeneracy of *two* to be imputed to all the royal families of Ireland? By no means: for instantly on the hideous treason, the princes assembled, and not only chose their own king, agreeably to their own law, but withdrew confidence from the apostates who had leagued with the enemy against their country. Davies says: '*All* the Irish lords' (by which name he and his countrymen never fail to call the kings and princes of this land when they call them no worse) 'acknowledged King Henry VIII.' Did either of the princes of the race of Er,—to wit, O'Connor Kerry, O'Connor Corc amarrig, O'Moore, O'Fearal, and Dunleve? Did one of the stock of the royal family of Connaught,—to wit, O'Connor Don, O'Connor Roe, or O'Connor Sligo? Did O'Connor Failge? Did one of the royal house of Iber,—to wit, the M'Carthies, O'Sullivans, O'Falveys, and O'Brians,—save O'Brian, the then chief? Did one of the race of Ulster, save O'Niaal, or one of the line of Ith, prove traitorous to their country? And is it to be said, because *two* false, abominable patricides betrayed the land of their fathers, and bent their neck to a foreign yoke, that *all* were so vile? I can answer the question in the negative. Rather let Davies himself answer it, as follows:—'And thus far did Sir Anthony St. Leger proceed in the course of reformation, which, though it was a good *beginning*, yet it was far from reducing Ireland to perfect obedience to the crown of England; for all this while the provinces of Connaught and Ulster, and a good part of Leinster, were not reduced to shire ground; and though Munster was anciently divided into counties, the people were so *degenerate, as no justice of assize durst execute his commission amongst them.* None of the Irish lords or tenants were *settled* in their possessions by any grant or confirmation from the crown, except the three great earls [to wit, O'Brian, O'Niaal, and M'William, which latter was not Irish, but a Norman, De Burgh] before named, who, *notwithstanding*, did govern their tenants and *followers by the Irish or Brehon law*, so as no treason, murder, rape, or *theft*, committed in those countries, was inquired of, or punished by the law of *England;* and, consequently, no escheat, forfeiture, or fine—no revenue, certain or casual—did accrue to the crown [of England, of course, this English lawyer means] out of these provinces.' From all which it appears, that notwithstanding this title of England to the kingdom of Ireland, there was at this era (1542 since Christ), but a bad or small part of Leinster reduced by England to obedience to *her* laws!!! And that the Irish did not acknowledge any title of England, we find by the said Davies, who states, that from shortly after 1542 until 1554, Sussex, the English deputy, was employed in 'subduing and thoroughly breaking the two most rebellious and powerful septs (princes) in Leinster, namely, the O'Moores and O'Connors, who possessed the territories of Leix and Offaly, which, by act of the [English thing, called a] parliament in Ireland, were reduced to shire ground by the names of King's and Queen's Counties, which were the first two counties that had been made in this kingdom since the 12th of John,'—that is, three centuries and a half, lacking seven years! *Such* are your Majesty's title and titles to the lordship and kingship of Ireland, by favour of *submissions* of the Irish; whereon let me observe, that the Irish and English had a very different idea of what was meant by the word, and that the palpable not-to-be-misconstrued facts of the continual wars are better evidence that our ancestors were not so base and traitorous as to surrender themselves, their liberty, and their country, into the hands of foreigners, than all the English pipe and close rolls, Tower archives, white books in the exchequer chamber, black books in chancery, and records of council chambers, &c. &c. are of the contrary.

(Signed) "ROCK."

Having thus brought down the real and genuine *Rock* Assurance history of Ireland to the reign of Henry VIII., we shall, as before, vary this paper by giving a few more samples of his Majesty the author's contempt for the *parvenu* modern noble families of Ireland—miserable caitiffs, who can hardly reckon back a century or two, whose coat-armour is below that of the meanest German gentle—in fact, nobodies.

"*Adair, Baron—Quin.*—This is a corruption of Coinn, the genitive case of Conn, a common appellation amongst the Irish. Fortunately for this man's grandfather, he happened, by God's mercy, to be a *Protestant*, and thereby enabled to acquire lands. His influence in the county of Limeric elections contributed to make a lord of him. * *

"*Carbery, Baron. Evans.*—A soldier of Cromwell's republican army, was paid by the grant of a spot of Irishmen's land, situate near Bruff, a little village in the county of Limeric, where he kept an alehouse. When other soldiers came wandering to his hut in quest of their allotments, the cunning Welshman gave them such a dreadful account of the place of their destination, (which he represented as distant many a weary step, though in the very neighbourhood), that they were glad to part with their debentures for a trifle. These Evans bought up, and *thus* became owner of a large tract of the richest land in that fertile country. The grandson of the republican soldier was made a lord in 1718. The reason assigned in the county of Limeric for his nobility, was his beauty, which gave occasion to a roving Irish bard, who wrote an elegy on his death, to express himself thus:—

> Carass now laments; Maag's swell'd with tears,
> Carbery is gone, the prince of all peers!
> Ennobled he was, and rank'd among the sages,
> Propter pul-chri-tu-di-nem ejus."

"*Belmore, Earl—Corry.*—The true name is Curad, in latter times Currie, which means a knight; but to what noble Irish family they belong, I cannot at this moment set forth. They were wholly ruined on the seizure of the six northern counties by James the First. The good genius of Protestantism in Ireland, industry, success, and their uncle Armar, the miller of Coole, raised them from poverty. Influence in the Fermanagh and Tyrone elections, backed by connexion with the Hobarts of England, produced the lordship. * *

"*Ennismore, Baron—Hare.*—This *nobleman's* true name is Ager: his father was a tallow-chandler in Cork, who, having made money, purchased Lord Kerry's estate for a song, by annuity. His vote as member for Cork city, at the time of the Union, assisted in making him a lord, by the name of Ennismore, without his knowing, *though of the most obscure Irish*, how to spell the title he had taken."

[Our Paris Letter of this week arrived too late for us to give it all: we insert the most temporary news.]

Paris, May 30.

ON Saturday the King returned from Compiegne: his chase was not very fortunate, so he is to re-commence his attack on wild boars in three weeks. Were he to turn his arms against the tame ones who infest society, the benefit to humanity would be generally felt; but, alas! these animals are unexterminable.

I have no theatrical news worth your notice. *La Muette de Bercy*, at the Porte St. Martin, drew considerable crowds: it is a parody on the *Muette de Portici:* its revolting immorality excited loud cheering from the mob. Our "God save the King" is introduced, accompanying a prayer offered up to the handle of a broom, which is the object of invocation. This profanation of an air which is sacred to every English ear, produced a disapproving sensation throughout the house; and, to do justice, Frenchmen were the loudest in their condemnation.

A second *William Tell* has appeared: I have not seen it; but *on dit* that it bears a strong family-likeness to the first. On Sunday, Mademoiselle Garnerin, after several disappointments, gratified the French curiosity by the new mode of horse-racing. Nothing could be worse. Her ascension in the balloon, however, was very fine; she appeared terrified; happily, she arrived safely in a garden in the Rue Rochefoucault, by means of the parachute. The balloon burst, and fell in the Rue Mathurin, which was blocked up completely by the multitude of the curious. A gymnasium is about to be erected at St. Cloud, for the use of the young Duc de Bordeaux, whom I saw with his little sister the other day: the latter is sweetly pretty, and promises to be very handsome: both she and her brother look more like English children than foreigners.

Paris is inundated with English, Welch, Scotch, and Irish professors, each depreciating the other's method of teaching English, which is now advertised to be perfectly taught in twelve lessons. I presume they will soon announce that it may be learned by *steam.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Ship-building.—Friday evening, the 16th inst., Mr. Knowles resumed his discourse "on the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Naval Architecture in Great Britain."

The lecturer commenced his observations with the Commonwealth, and stated, that although the ships were not then increased in size, or improved in form, yet in nine years the fleet was doubled in numbers and in force. The first frigate built in England, the Constant Warwick, was constructed at this time. This ship, although armed with 42 guns of different calibres, some of which carried shots of 9½ pounds in weight, was not larger than our present sloops of 14 guns.

The first ship of 74 guns (the Royal Oak) was constructed during the reign of Charles II. This vessel carried 32-pounder guns on the lower deck, but was smaller than some of our modern frigates, being only 157 feet 6 inches in length, and 41 feet 4 inches in breadth. Frigates were at this period so increased in size as to carry their guns 4 feet 6 inches from the water. The Constant Warwick carried hers only 3 feet from the line of flotation.

James I. paid much attention to naval af-

fairs. He, with the assistance of Mr. Pepys, formed books of regulations for the commanders and officers of the navy, and for the dock-yards, which were so perfect, that they have formed the ground-work of all subsequent instructions. At this time a table was formed of the solid contents of ships' bodies, which had never before been calculated.

William and Mary increased the fleet, and formed a naval establishment at Plymouth, now one of the most important in the kingdom. It was during their reign that the practice of girdling or doubling ships at the line of floatation, to give them stability, was introduced.

Queen Anne gave her whole attention to the army, and, therefore, neglected the naval force of the kingdom, which, in the end, caused the people to murmur.

Mr. Knowles here traced the difference in the sizes of ships of the same class, by rules laid down at different periods, viz. 1677, 1691, 1706, 1716, 1733, 1741, and 1745; which establishments, although he admitted in some degree their conveniences, he nevertheless designated "barriers to the advancement of naval architecture," in attempting to limit that which must necessarily change with circumstances and the practices of other nations.

George I. paid great attention to the fleet, and thus repaired the neglect of his predecessor. During his reign the practice of building ships to carry 80 guns on three decks, was discontinued; and in 1765 those of 60 and 50 guns were no longer considered as belonging to the line.

At the accession of George III. a very considerable increase took place in the dimensions of vessels of all classes; and great attention was paid to the force and condition of the ships. This enabled the country to meet the difficulties brought about by the first American war, and to combat the gigantic force which France possessed at the early period of the Revolution.

The lecturer alluded to the substitution of copper for iron bolts in ships' bottoms, and paid a well-merited compliment to Sir H. Davy, Bart. for an important discovery made by him in the theatre of the Royal Institution, of the voltaic effect produced upon two dissimilar metals when in contact, and also with sea-water; and the result, that the more oxidable one is rapidly destroyed, while the other remains perfect. He then shewed the talents of the late Sir W. Rule in the construction of the Caledonia, of 120 guns, and the Bulwark and Repulse, of 74 guns each; eulogised Earl Spencer for the employment of science and scientific men in our naval establishments; and pointed out the direct as well as indirect influence brought about therein by such men as Bentham, Barrallier, Brunel, and others of lesser note.

The new mode of ship-building by Sir Robert Seppings was fully explained, and compared, step by step, with that formerly in practice; and Mr. Knowles then gave, in a succinct manner, his opinion of the advantages which naval architecture has derived by this change in the construction of ships, and demonstrated practically the strength given by the system and combination of shelf-pieces, thick waterways, struts, and ties, in preventing them from arching, sagging, and separating side from side.

The dimensions of the ships of war at present building in France were adverted to, particularly the first-rates, said to be 232 feet long and 60 feet broad; these, Mr. Knowles designated rather as monuments of the riches and splendour of a nation than machines of usefulness.

The difficulties which the naval architect has to encounter in his attempt to improve ships, were pointed out; and a remark made, that the one good quality in a ship is at variance with another. The advantages which had been derived from science, and which were likely to result from the establishment of a college for the education of naval engineers, were shewn; and Mr. Knowles said, that "this country must look for the advancement of naval architecture to those men who unite the theory thereof with the practice—who are patient observers of the facts which experience brings to their view, and have sufficient science to account for these, either by laws long established, or if not, to endeavour to discover new ones."

The lecture was concluded with stating this pleasing fact, that at no period did England possess a better-conditioned fleet than at the present time.

Models of a ship of 48 guns, the Bristol, built in 1657; the Britannia of 100 guns, constructed in 1719; and the Caledonia of 120 guns, launched in 1808, were exhibited; and also internal models of ships as formerly constructed, and those now building after Sir Robert Sepping's plan, with their diagonal framing and round sterns.*

THE LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

The Linnæan Society held its Anniversary Dinner at the Freemason's Tavern on Saturday last; previous to which, however, there was a general meeting, A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair. At this meeting it was resolved to raise a subscription for the purpose of purchasing the late President's, Sir J. E. Smith's, library and botanical collections, offered to the Society at 4000*l.*—Davies Gilbert, Esq. was elected President; and the Duke of Somerset, Dr. Goodenough, Dr. Fitton, Messrs. E. T. Bennet, and J. F. South, members of the council.

FERNANDO PO.

Manners and Customs of the Natives.

[From another journal of a *trip* into the interior of this new settlement, we cull the following particulars, in addition to the details which we have already given. The English visitors took up their abode in the same hut that had been occupied by the first of their countrymen (see preceding *Literary Gazettes*, for his narrative), and were soon joined by Canning, who examined their bag, and found out its contents of iron hoops, &c.]

At day-light next morning they were awoke and taken to the king with this coveted store; of which, six pieces had to be given before his sable majesty was satisfied.

In their walks, they endeavoured to obtain the names of several new plants and trees; but could not comprehend their attendants' answers.

In the evening, when they wanted to go out again they were prevented; and one of the natives made a sign, that if they did, the *Cook-alookoo* (or king—and a good-sounding royal title it is!) would cut their throats. A chief came full of wonder at having seen (as they understood him) some one shoot a monkey, and wanted them to shoot a bird with a stick—in which he could not be gratified.

Next day, they saw the white (albino) woman and children. Their features are entirely like those of the other natives; but the children seemed more terrified at the apparition of persons of nearly their own colour, than the black *infantry* were.

Two ships were seen in the offing, and some of the natives thought Captain Owen was in one of them. On signs being made that he was not, they seemed very glad. A native was observed making a paddle, which he was chopping with a piece of iron hoop tied to a piece of crooked wood in the shape of a cooper's adze, as smooth and exact as any carpenter could have done it with plane and chisel. A number of chiefs, not seen before, were this day with the king. His majesty, after directing one of his wives to give our countrymen some "topy," made signs, that he wanted twenty knives, twenty hatchets, and a sword. The last he did by cutting a piece of wood flat, and tying a piece of bark round the handle for a guard, and pretending to slash away at all around. They would not comprehend the hint, and before he went he gave them a sort of puzzle, which on their making out, he signed to them to keep. At supper they had a vegetable resembling a potato in taste, but very different in appearance. An animal "very like a civet-cat" was roasted with its intestines, and eaten by the natives. Our party wanted to go to the beach to meet Mr. Holman (the blind traveller), whom they expected; but after accompanying them some distance, the people obliged them to return, intimating, that they could not depart for four days (that being the expiration of the time appointed for their stay). Mr. Holman, however, arrived in the evening, accompanied by Anderson, "the pretended interpreter." Mr. H. wished to be taken to the king, but was told that he was asleep.

At day-break next morning, the hut was visited by Canning and several other chiefs, who brought them a yam and some palm wine. Upon inquiring for the king from time to time, they were informed he was coming; but after waiting two hours, this "coming" became so unsatisfactory that Anderson was despatched to ascertain where his majesty was, and the reason of the procrastination. The messenger returned with intelligence that the king was getting his head dressed, and that as soon as he had finished his toilet he would make his appearance. He followed about eight o'clock, attended by some chiefs, and his manner at first was very reserved. But, after a little conversation, in which a prospect of his receiving presents was held out, together with an earnest of two large knives from Mr. Holman, the face of affairs was altered, the royal countenance cleared, and a show of royal favour shewn. His majesty grew very loquacious, animated, and agreeable, and the palm wine was circulated freely. In about an hour he retired. Six yams were presently received. A priest who remained had been colouring himself for a good while with yellow clay, and soon after the king's departure, began to exercise the mysterious functions of his office, by the frequent repetition of various short sentences, in which the subject of his magical incantations occasionally joined. He also now and then shook a bundle of rods over the head of the person, at the same time imitating the squeaking of a pig. This priest had resided in the hut all the time the strangers were there; but the only duty they had seen him perform, except a few prayers morning and evening, was by applying his mouth to the eye of a man, apparently to extract something from it, as he repeated the operation several times, and spat some white stony substance from his mouth each time. On returning

* On the table in the library, this evening, we noticed proof impressions of Harding's drawings on stone—excellent examples of his mode of retouching in lithography. There were also paste models of eight magnificent diamonds now in the possession of Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell. A note of their history would have been interesting.

from a walk after dinner, a hut was passed, with five hats hanging up in front of it: they were informed that the owner of them had lately died in that abode; their hats, knives, spears, and a few baubles, are evidently the possessions most valued. This day our people were sorely annoyed by ants.

Next day they returned the king's call, and were speedily motioned back to enjoy a feast which was sent by a shorter road. The king, who, on their visit, had seated Mr. Holman on a low stone at his right hand, speedily joined them, and the chiefs prepared to kill the sheep. They hung it up by the hind legs, and then cut its throat; taking care not to touch the windpipe till the blood had nearly all run out, which blood they preserved, apparently for some religious rite, as it was taken by the priest. The animal was next skinned, beginning from each fore-leg to the corresponding hinder one; and after removing the part which covers the belly, taking off the rest in the common manner. They proceeded to cut off all the fat and skin that adheres to the flesh, and separated the shoulders and one leg, leaving the remainder attached to the other leg. They next opened the belly, and having extracted the gall and bladder, which they threw away, took out the whole of the stomach and intestines. The next process was to slice off a large piece from the shoulder, and send it to the king, who cut it into a long string, beginning at the outside and continuing till he reached the centre. He twisted it round a stick and held it over the fire; and when partially roasted, divided it into small pieces, of which he gave one to Mr. Holman, and one each to the rest of the party and to the chiefs in succession. When the king's piece was eaten, they brought in the rest of the carcass and put the intestines on the fire, without the slightest previous preparation, except merely squeezing out the contents of the stomach and entrails; and when this mass was little more than warmed through, every one ate his portion with much apparent relish. The remainder, with the exception of a leg, a shoulder, a loin, and the breast, presented to the strangers, was shared out raw by his majesty for the chiefs to do as they pleased, only the head being reserved for himself. This he partially cooked, and sent away by one of his sons.

Upon opening the poor animal, two young ones, living, were found in the inside; and the king put the natural sack containing them, fluid and all, into Mr. Holman's hand, as a mark of peculiar favour, for they seemed to consider it a very delicious morsel. Mr. H. having laid it aside, it was again offered to him; and upon his shaking his head and signifying that he did not intend to use it, they placed it by the fire and pricked it in several places, so that the fluid escaped and the membrane dried. They then divided it and the young ones (about five inches long), and ate the whole without any cooking, offering portions to the English, and laughing at them for declining the delicate dish. The king soon after took his leave. There was much thunder and lightning in the evening. At night, for the first time, they heard the natives set up a tremendous howling. About eleven, P.M., they were also heard rattling the boxes which some of them carry round their necks. The box resembles the upper part of a sportsman's leathern bottle, and has a sheep's jaw in it for a clapper. After the rattling was over, there was much loud talking, intermingled with the same noise and hallooing, which lasted throughout the night.

The natives next day were desirous of scarifying or tatooing their visitors with a razor, in the same manner as they are themselves — on the face, and generally on the abdomen, where the common fashion is to have palm leaves represented. The hour of departure now arrived; and our countrymen (like true Englishmen) wanting to dine before they started, applied for some yam to eat with their reserve of mutton. This was refused; but at last an insufficient quantity was brought. They required more, which was obstinately resisted; and at last the natives became sulky and "almost savage." They tried to intimidate; and Canning rose with a menacing expression of countenance, and put his hand upon some spears and a shield* that were on the beams of the hut. Not desiring to push matters farther, our friends dined, coolly, as well as they could, packed up their things, and set off. On their way they overtook the presents of sheep, fowls, &c. for Captain Owen; and met the king returning home with some wood on one shoulder, and accompanied by a chief and some boys carrying different articles, instead of escorting them to King's Cove and proceeding on board, as they had all along been led to expect. His majesty, however, shook hands with them; and they went on with numerous attendants teasing them for palm wine, iron, &c. &c. &c. On their journey they passed two streams. On the beach they noticed a hook attached to a fishing-line, made from the wood of a tree just at the part where a thorn grew, which formed the bend of the hook, and had a very sharp point. The yam enclosures are surrounded by stakes about seven feet high; and defended by traps against the animals which invade them.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.

21st day.—The Sun attains its highest northern declination in the left foot of Castor, eight minutes after it has passed the meridian; the greatest distance from the equinoctial, and consequent obliquity of its path, being 23 deg. 27 min. 33·7 sec. differing half a second from that of the former year; its obliquity diminishing that quantity annually, as determined from the most accurate observations,—which result agrees with considerable precision with theory. Physical astronomy shews that this approach of the ecliptic to the equinoctial arises from a change in the plane of the earth's orbit, occasioned by planetary action, and that it will never exceed a certain small limit. The sun continues 7 days, 16 hrs. 49 min. 32 sec. longer in the northern signs than in the southern; for the earth being from March to September in those parts of its orbit most remote from the sun, it moves slower: hence the summer is longer than the winter. About the last day of the month it will have attained its greatest distance, and the sun its least angle of 31 min. 31 sec. On this day the sun is vertical to the tropic of Cancer; the inhabitants of the antarctic circle have their deepest midnight; and those of the arctic, the full effulgence of the solar influence without intermission; while those who live on the arctic circle have only the half of his disc hid for a few minutes, when—

The splendid sun, with re-ascending ray,
Sheds o'er the northern world a flood of day;
Serenely clear the heaven's blue concave glows,
And glittering sun-shine gilds the mountain snows;
The conscious skies the blushing tint extend,
Till with the azure dye its glories blend.

* The shield is part of a bullock's hide, spread out by two sticks in the form of a Latin cross: the perpendicular and longest stick, being intended to rest on the ground, affords protection to the whole body, while the person so covered can throw his spears.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter, in Aquarius .	4	11	2
● New Moon, in Taurus . .	11	20	12
☽ First Quarter, in Leo . .	20	2	52
○ Full Moon, in Sagittarius .	27	3	43

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Gemini	13	22	0
Saturn in Gemini	14	7	45
Venus in Cancer	15	17	0
Jupiter in Libra	22	21	0
Mars in Sagittarius	27	10	30

17th day, 12 h.—Mercury 1 deg. 38 min. north of the planet Saturn. 27th day.—Greatest elongation, and visible as an evening star.

Venus still continues the bright ornament of our summer evenings, and her appearance is connected with all that is delightful to the imagination.

Star, that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free;
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above;
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

13th day.—Venus is changing to a crescent form, and increasing in apparent magnitude as she approaches the earth, having four digits of her western limb illuminated, and an apparent diameter of 34 sec.

18th day, 17 h.—Mars in conjunction with ϵ Sagittarii. 30th day, 15 h.—In opposition. This position of Mars in its orbit relative to the earth, has long been of interest to the astronomer. Next to a transit of Venus over the sun's disc, it is the most eligible to determine the earth's distance from the sun; though observations of the transits of the one, and the opposition of the other, are methods of determination not immediate and direct; but which infer the distance required on the supposition that the planetary motions are known to a considerable degree of accuracy. A superior planet, at the time of opposition, is then nearest the earth, and its apparent place in the heavens coincides with its true place. The nature of the observation is to determine, with good instruments, at places in opposite hemispheres, separated each about 50 or 60 degrees from the equator, the position of the planet relative to the nearest fixed star at the same moment of absolute time: the difference of these distances will furnish sufficient data to solve the interesting problem. This has been done with considerable success from observations made at Stockholm, by Wargentin, and La Caille at the Cape of Good Hope; these places being nearly on the same meridian, differing only 19 min. 16 sec. in longitude, or 1 min. 17 sec. in time; a difference so small, as to require very little correction. La Caille observed Mars when 1 min. 25·8 sec. below λ Aquarii. Wargentin, at the same time, found it to be 1 min. 57·7 sec.; the difference of the two distances, 31·9 sec. Then, by a simple process, the horizontal parallax of Mars was found to be 23·6 sec. which approximated to that quantity found by another method. The last opposition of Mars occurred in May 1826, near 1 α Libræ, from which it was distant on the 5th of that month, 10 hrs. 15 min.—1 deg. 19 min. 50 sec., in latitude 51 deg. 28 min. 40 sec. north, and longitude 50 sec. west. But it is manifest that this, with many other observations that were taken previously and succeeding the 5th of May, were perfectly useless, from want of corresponding ones in the southern hemisphere. Should such have been made, a comparison of these will furnish a confirmation or modification of those at the Cape and at Stockholm, in October 1751. Mars will be similarly circumstanced at the time mentioned above, (30th

day, 15 h.), in the constellation Sagittarius; and the most eligible stars from which to take its distance, will be σ and ϕ Sagittarii: when it is hoped that observations will be made, with a view to approximate to that accuracy which, to a certain extent, is still a desideratum in astronomy,—the parallax of the planetary bodies. An *approximation* is all that can be hoped for; for when the smalness of the angle is considered, the probable errors of observation will bear so large a proportion, as to affect the certainty of the result.

The planet Jupiter divides the empire of the evening with the beautiful Vesper; the former appearing in the mid-heaven, as Venus declines towards the western horizon.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite	7	11	1	50
	30	13	14	32
Second satellite	3	11	47	39
Third satellite	4	10	18	21
	11	12	30	22

Saturn is fast advancing to the solar rays, and will soon cease to be visible as an evening star.

Uranus is in a favourable situation for observation, and passes the meridian at the following times respectively:—1st day, 15 hrs. 38 min.; 11th day, 14 hrs. 56 min.; 21st day, 14 hrs. 13 min.

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, May 23.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. R. Skinner, Sidney College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Bond, E. Holland, Trinity College; H. Roper, St. John's College; S. Barker, St. Peter's College; G. R. Barclay, Catharine Hall.

The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem by a resident undergraduate, was yesterday adjudged to Christopher Wordsworth, of Trinity College. Subject—*The Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Buonaparte.*

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 15th.—*Experiments relative to the Effect of Temperature on the Refractive Index and Dispersive Power of Expansible Fluids, and on the Influence of these Changes in a Telescope with a Fluid Lens.* By Peter Barlow, F.R.S.

In a paper lately read to the Society, the author stated that he had not detected any change in the focal length of the telescope by changes of temperature; but he has since ascertained that, in order to obtain the brightest and most perfect image, the distance of the object-glass requires a minute adjustment, amounting to 0·134 of an inch, corresponding to an elevation of temperature from 57° to 84°, or a depression from 57° to 31°.

In order to introduce greater clearness and precision, the author proceeds to define certain terms which he finds it necessary to employ. By the *length of the telescope*, he would be understood to mean the distance between the object-glass and the focus; by the *fluid focus*, that between the fluid lens and the focus; and by the *focal power* of the telescope, he means the focal length of a telescope of the usual construction, which gives the same convergency to the rays, or produces an image of the same size.

As it is difficult to determine the refractive index of the fluid under different circumstances, from which their effect on the focal power of the telescope might be computed, Mr. Barlow endeavoured to ascertain by direct observations the effect of changes of temperature on the power of the telescope, and thence computes the corresponding change in the refractive index of the fluid. The result is the amount of adjustment already stated. The correction for angular measurements was the 60th part of a second in every minute for every degree of thermometric change; a quantity which, he observes, is too small to deserve notice, except in cases of extreme delicacy. The dispersions at 31° and at 84° are in the ratio of 3067 to 3084. The change in the refractive index between 32° and 212°, supposing it to increase uniformly, would be about one tenth of the whole, a proportion which is very nearly the same as the actual expansion of the fluid. Hence the author considers it as probable that in this, and all other expansible fluids, the index of refraction varies directly as the density: on the other hand, it would appear that the dispersive ratio remains at all temperatures constantly the same.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

IF, in our limited survey of the present Exhibition, we have confined ourselves principally to performances interesting in consequence of their historical or imaginative character, it has not been owing to any unfavourable feeling towards portrait-painting. On the contrary, we think the leading professors of that department of art have done themselves great credit by the skilful and diversified manner in which many of their subjects are treated. It is true that they make no great figure in the catalogue; but it frequently happens that under the simple title of "Portrait of a Lady," or "Portrait of a Gentleman," we find not only grace, dignity, or sentiment, but qualities which belong to the classic in art. In several cases we observe a desire to escape from the monotony of individual representation, by means of some accessory or action; as in No. 92, *Portrait of a Gentleman*, by H. P. Briggs, A. The disposition of the historical painter also shews itself in that gentleman's *Album*, No. 26; which is evidently a portrait, in masquerade. The same may be said of No. 11, *The Little Gleaner*, by Sir W. Beechey, R. A., in which we see a fine display of his rich and harmonious colouring. No. 147, *The Minstrel of Chamouni*, by H. W. Pickersgill, R. A., is, likewise, a firmly painted and pleasing variety of this class. It is not to be denied, however, that the great number of portraits,* most of them of very moderate pretensions, and some of them absolutely miserable, occupying, as they do, so much space, and such favourable situations, throw into shade many works of merit in other branches of the arts, the contemplation of which would afford much greater pleasure to the majority of the visitors of the Exhibition. As an instance,

No. 202. "*How sweet it is!*" L. Cosse.—We have no doubt that if this picture were placed within the range of sight, its humour and finish would render it as attractive as any in the room. The thought is not new, and has been happily illustrated by Mr. Hood, in his "Whims and Oddities," with the line from Moore's fine melody—"O! there's nothing half so sweet in life!" Whether, however, the artist has seen the sketch to which we allude, or not, is of little consequence. The plunder of a sugar hogshead is a matter of such frequent occurrence, and generally collects so animated a group, that it can hardly have escaped the eye of an observant painter. Mr. Cosse has treated his subject with great skill.

No. 183. *The Blackbird and his Tutor.* A. Fraser.—A very pleasing little performance, humble enough in its subject; but, like the works of Flemish art, rendered interesting by its character, effect, and execution.

No. 152. *East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.; the Regatta starting for their moorings.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—In returning to a notice of Mr. Turner's works, it is not, we are happy to say, with the purpose of repeating the reluctant animadversions which the extravagance of his style in the two pictures by him that have been already mentioned, demanded from our justice. The present performance, and perhaps still more strikingly its companion, No. 118, *East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.; the Regatta beating to windward*,—display so much excellence in the varied character and action of the vessels, the playful undulation of the water, and the brilliant and natural effect of the whole, that it would be prejudice indeed not cordially to acknowledge that Mr. Turner has in these fine works renewed and confirmed his ancient claims to our admiration of his splendid talents.

Before finally quitting the Great Room, we must point out several performances which, though affording little matter for comment, well deserve the attention of the visitor. Among these are—No. 178, *The Standard Bearer*, a bold sketch, by Sir J. Stuart, Bart. H.; No. 84, *A Landscape*, very creditable to the talents of Sir William Elford, Bart. H.; Nos. 79 and 94, two exceedingly clever *Portraits of Ladies, with views of interiors*, by W. Long; No. 58, *Near Bonchurch, Isle of Wight*, a beautiful and natural piece of scenery, by T. Grieve; No. 217, *Echo*, a romantic and enchanting composition, by G. Arnald; No. 163, *The Conflict*, H. Singleton; and No. 27, *Sir Calepine rescuing Serena*, H. P. Bone; two striking and spirited productions; and No. 5, *The Good Samaritan*, J. M. Leigh, a picture of considerable promise.

ANTIQUE ACADEMY.

In this oddly assorted assemblage of paintings, drawings, miniatures, and engravings, there are so many that are either (to use a well-known painter's phrase) "toned down" for want of light, or rendered invisible from being hung in direct opposition to it, that, although in the catalogue they are described as works of art, they might really, in consequence of the miserable situations in which they are placed, be almost any thing else. We shall, however, mention some of these that may be seen; and do what we can to "drag" a few others "from their drear abode."

No. 490. *Portrait of His Majesty, from a Drawing by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.* R. J. Lane, A.E.—This very clever performance, executed on stone by Mr. Lane, may be considered a perfect fac-simile of the original drawing. There is a memorandum attached to it, we presume in the hand-writing of Sir Thomas, importing that it was in the year 1814 that his Majesty was graciously pleased to permit him to make the drawing; which, certainly, as a most pleasing resemblance (*en profile*), as well as a spirited and tasteful work

* In the Great Room, out of 226 Nos. there are 109 declared portraits; in the School of Painting, out of 148, there are 56; in the Ante-Room, out of 113, there are 43. Thus, in the three rooms, there are 208 declared portraits, out of 487 Nos. Many of the Nos., however, which profess to be other subjects, are, in fact, portraits; and therefore this, the principal part of the Exhibition, may be fairly said to be half portrait. Now, let us go down stairs. There are, in the Antique Academy, 311 Nos. which are portraits; and even in the Library there are 17. Some of these are sets in frames; so that the whole number of faces, on canvass, panel, ivory, and paper, is fully 600. We say nothing of the portraits of dogs, horses, and other beasts. Add to this, that in the Sculpture Room, out of 80 works, 48 are portraits. Was there ever so crowded a Vanity Fair!

of art, ranks among the best that we have seen from the masterly crayon of the accomplished President.

The Enamels by H. Bone, R.A. are in their usual style of finished excellence, and will perpetuate copies of the following valuable and characteristic paintings: No. 502, *His Majesty when Prince of Wales, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of Col. Braddyll;* No. 503, *Sir Anthony Carlisle, by M. A. Shee, Esq. R.A.;* No. 515, *Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto, in the collection of the Marquess of Lansdowne;* No. 516, *an Angel, by Albano;* and No. 517, *The Countess of Somerset, in the gallery of the Duke of Bedford, Woburn Abbey.* —Under the Nos. 500, 504, 505, and 506, will be found other enamel pictures, of very considerable merit, by W. Essex, W. Plant, and J. W. Higham.

No. 509. *The Sisters.* A. E. Chalon, R.A. —The works of this able artist occupy a considerable portion of the walls of the Antique Academy, and are all of them highly attractive. That immediately under our notice is a fine composition; and is executed with a union of vigour and delicacy which renders it perfectly fascinating. With reference to No. 533, *La Collasione*, we would ask, why not call it, in plain English, "The Collation;" except, indeed, the foreign title has been chosen to suit the costume and appearance of the ladies? And here we must once more protest against the too ready disposition of artists to imitate the hideous head-gear by which our fair countrywomen of the present day succeed, as far as their native loveliness will permit, in disfiguring themselves. Artists ought to lead the fashion in dress, not follow it. Are the extemporaneous and execrable inventions of some vulgar, ignorant, and flippant French milliner, to be put for a moment in competition with the pure and refined taste derived from the study, through a long course of years, of all that is beautiful and graceful in nature and art? Forbid it, common sense!—It must be allowed, however, in justice to Mr. Chalon, that he commits this error in a way as little offensive as possible; for it is with difficulty that he can dissociate elegance from the efforts of his pencil.

No. 548. *Portrait.* R. Bowyer.—Under this unassuming title will be found one of the most singularly executed heads that have, perhaps, ever appeared in a public exhibition. It is of the size of life, painted in water-colours, and finished as highly as a miniature. At the same time, however, it possesses great breadth, force, and solidity; the gradations of tone are admirably preserved; and there is an air of reality about it which we have seldom seen equalled. We have been the more desirous to mention this curious and elaborate work, because the place which it occupies is so unfavourable, that we question if one in a hundred of the visitors to Somerset House sees it at all.

No. 558. *Study in chalk of a Child's Head.* B. R. Haydon.—This is only a slight performance; but it shews as much of character in its few, as the last-mentioned work does in its multitudinous touches.

BRITISH GALLERY.

The annual treat with which the governors of the British Institution furnish the town, by opening their gallery with a collection of the works of the old masters, began for the present year on Wednesday last. Without meaning to say that we have not seen similar collections, at former periods, which, upon the whole, have, perhaps, been more interesting, we should be unjust and ungrateful were we not to avow the high delight which the assemblage now on view has afforded us. It is composed of nearly two hundred pictures; and is not confined to one school, but contains specimens of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch masters. In the Spanish school it is especially rich; and if we may judge from the contributions of the Duke of Wellington, his grace's acquisitions in the arts in the Peninsula were almost equal to his achievements in arms. An exhibition of this nature is not a proper subject for detailed criticism; but we cannot refrain from expressing our unqualified admiration of the works of Velasquez. One in particular—a portrait of a Spanish gentleman—seems absolutely alive; so piercing is its expression, and so powerful is its general effect. Murillo also shines with great lustre in these rooms, as likewise does Spagnoletto. There are several of Salvator Rosa's grandest and fiercest pictures; and these are happily contrasted by the amenity of the pencil of Claude. But, as we have already observed, we must abstain from particular remark, and content ourselves with stating, that Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Sebastiano del Piombo, Titian, Parmegiano, Guido, Caravaggio, Domenichino, the Caraccis, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Guercino, Paul Veronese, Carlo Dolce, Cuyp, A. del Sarto, Schidone, Teniers, Francesco Vanni, Sassa Ferrata, Bassan, Garafolo, Jan de Bellini, F. Mola, Albano, Poussin, Ruysdael, Wouvermans, Paul Potter, Maes (such pictures!), Berghem, F. Bol, Vanderneer, Hobbima, Snyders, Hondekoeter, De Hooge, Vandervelde, Canaletti, P. da Cortona, Jan Steen, Backhuysen, Du Sart, K. du Jardin, Bourgognone, Pynacker, Luini, Pens, Fyt, Boltrapio, Van Huysum, &c. combine to form this pictorial banquet; which, like all feasts of an intellectual nature, has this advantage over those of another description, that the tables will always be found fully served; and that the guests, if in mental health, will always find their appetites equally keen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

View in the Chapel of Henry VII. in the Abbey Church, Westminster; West Front of the Cathedral Church of York; Choir of the Cathedral Church of York; View in the Transept of Ely Cathedral. From Drawings by C. Wild. R. Jennings.

Four beautiful aquatinta prints; conveying, especially if coloured, a faithful idea of the magnificent and venerable edifices which they are intended to represent. The interior of Henry the Seventh's chapel is admirable.

The Wolf and the Lamb. Engraved by J. H. Robinson, from a Picture painted by W. Mulready, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Whether we consider the intrinsic merit of this print, or the purpose to which the munificent spirit of Mr. Mulready has induced him to devote a moiety of the pecuniary benefit that would otherwise have accrued to him from its publication,* we cannot but regard it with a most favourable eye. It is indeed a fine specimen of that style of art, to the attainment of excellence in which English genius seems principally to direct its efforts; namely, the illustration of familiar life. To all the beauty of effect and height of finish which distinguish the best Flemish masters, is here added an interest, of which their works are in general destitute:—a domestic story is simply, but perspicuously and affectingly, told. The original picture, however, excited too much notice and admiration when it was exhibited some years ago at Somerset House, and we at that time entered too largely into its merits, to render it necessary for us, on the present occasion, to say any thing further than that Mr. Robinson has been very successful in transferring to copper the various and contrasted expression with which Mr. Mulready so powerfully imbued the personages of his little pictorial drama.

* To the Artists' Benevolent Fund. See the *Literary Gazette* of the 17th instant. The other moiety, we believe, is given to the Artists' Fund.

Portraits of His Majesty, and of His Royal Highness the late Duke of York. Engraved by J. Bromley, from Pictures by R. Bowyer. Published by the latter.

A pair of very noble mezzotinto prints, powerfully resembling the illustrious and dignified originals. They do infinite credit to the talents both of Mr. Bowyer and of Mr. Bromley.

Mademoiselle Sontag, as the Lady of the Lake. Sketched from Life by H. Humphries. A. Marshall.

A slight lithographic whole-length, evidently the production of a young artist; but simple and pleasing.

Mont Blanc, from the Valley of Chamouni. Engraved by T. Lupton, from a Picture by W. de la Motte. Bulcock.

As faithful an idea as perhaps it is possible to convey on so small a scale of so stupendous an object.

The Traveller attacked. Engraved by W. Giller, from a Picture by D. T. Egerton. Bulcock.

Two to one are fearful odds; and although the honest man's cudgel seems to have laid the first ruffian low, we are apprehensive that the pistol of the second is too correctly pointed not to be effective. The composition is good, and the light well managed; but is not the moon somewhat of the largest?

The Golden Gift. W. B. Cooke.

The second Number of this elegant little work has just appeared, and deserves as high praise as its precursor, the Antique Vases. It contains seven views in Italy, printed in gold; they are beautifully executed, and admirably adapted to the decoration of the scrap-book and album.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

On Saturday grand concerts were given both at the King's Theatre and Drury Lane, to which the principal vocal and instrumental performers clubbed their talents. We are certainly becoming a very musical people; for we have concerts at all hours of the day and night, and every day throughout the week, at one place of entertainment or another.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Original Sacred Music, with Original Poetry; dedicated, with permission, to the King. Compiled and arranged by A. Pettet.

When we see such highly-gifted authors as Mrs. Joanna Baillie, Miss Bowles, Bernard Barton, William Knox, J. Montgomery, the Rev. H. H. Milman, Mrs. Opie, R. Southey, &c.; and such esteemed musical professors as Messrs. Atwood, Bishop, J. B. Cramer, Crotch, Callcot, C. Evans, J. Goss, Horsley, Holder, J. Jolly, Linley, Novello, Shield, C. Smith, Walmesley, S. Wesley, &c., uniting in aid of

this work, we open the volume with the expectation of being highly gratified; nor (on inspection) are we disappointed. The work, as a whole, we can recommend as an excellent selection, well calculated for its intended purpose. If the Editor had been content with the credit of a mere compiler, we should have been better satisfied, as we do not think his compositions and arrangements of harmony any recommendations of the work; but the excellence of all the other parts will secure it a favourable reception from a discerning and music-loving public.

A Sentiment set to Music, for Three Voices. J. M. Harris.

WHOEVER is the author of this, has produced one of the prettiest and sweetest trios in the whole circle of modern music.

Introduction, and Variations, &c. on the Melody of "Cease your funning," by Louisa Pyne. J. B. Cramer; Addison and Beale.

THIS is said to be composed by a girl of fourteen years of age, and must be considered a very extraordinary production. The only fault we have to find with it, is, that the air is not sufficiently preserved throughout.

Oh no, though I was taught to think. The Words by W. H. Hands; Music by C. W. Glover.

ONE of the many answers to the beautiful air, "Oh no, we never mention her," and, like its prototype, sweet and pretty; but still far inferior to the original composition.

When dews descend, and flowrets close; Serenade, sung by Miss Goward. The Poetry by W. G. Smith; Music by E. Merriott. H. Falkner.

THIS is a very pretty air, and savours much of one of older date. The same composer has, "Oh no, we never mention her," with some really beautiful variations — (Goulding and D'Almaine):—and "The smile of her I love," also a pleasing air.

Ellen, you told me; Canzonet. Music by J. R. Merriott. Falkner.

PRETTY well: nothing remarkable.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday *Otello* was repeated with much improved acting, and greater effect than before. Sontag threw more feeling into her *Desdemona*, and augmented her fame on this occasion. Some complaints about filling the pit before the doors were opened, led to very unpleasant consequences. A *row*, in which M. Laporte was knocked down, formed part of this extra-dramatic episode.

DRURY LANE.

A COMEDY in three acts, called *Ups and Downs, or the Ladder of Life*, was performed at old Drury; the climbing and descent of which dramatic ladder was assigned to no less able a hodman than Mr. Liston, as *Mr. Felix Mudberry*, a vulgar and worldly man, mixing folly with cunning, and compounding presumption with *mauvaise honte*. As he gets up the steps by the aid of good fortune, he changes his plans, and abandons in turns *Kitty Corderoy* (a city Miss, Love), and *Amelia Mammonton* (a gentler heroine, Ellen Tree), for the hope of uniting himself to a higher match in *Lady Charlewood* (Miss I. Paton). But he is by reverses tumbled down as fast as he had risen; and in his fall endeavours to catch at those whom he had previously deserted,—is rejected by all, and goes to the ground unpitied. The ladies, of course, have other choices; and in the end are united to the objects of their inclinations, *Miss Corderoy* taking to herself *Christopher Higgins* (J. Russell), her father's warehouseman, — *Miss Mammonton* preferring an Earl of the title of *Delamere* (Mr. Hooper), and *Lady Charlewood* doing the matrimonial agreeable with *Mr. Mammonton* (Mr. Cooper). Besides these parties, we have characters incidental to the piece: *Jack Pointer*, a fashionable match-maker (Mr. Jones); the *Dowager Lady Delamere* (Mrs. Davison); and *Mrs. Corderoy* (Mrs. C. Jones). The comedy was somewhat heavy on the first night, but the weight might be easily taken off; and we have no doubt it ran smoother, faster, and more spiritedly, on repetition. Liston made as much as possible of a character which we do not consider to be one of the best-suited to his talents; it was, nevertheless, very ludicrous, and admirably acted. Next to him in humour we must rank Mrs. C. Jones, who played a cockney dame, attempting to be fine, and talking most preposterously, with great unction. Jones was, as ever, full of vivacity, and hit-off his part excellently. Mrs. Davison was also happy in her antiquated efforts, and Cooper was very effective; but indeed we ought to bestow the meed of praise on almost every performer we have named, who all did their utmost to carry the author through successfully, which they accomplished; so that he has only now to look for the *Ups*, and disregard the *Downs*. The piece is from the French popular drama *les Trois Quartiers;* the plot simple, yet dramatic; and the dialogue lively and natural. The neatness and airiness of the latter made amends for the want of that bustle in which John Bull delights.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON the same evening a very sweet little opera, in two acts, by Mr. Planché, and composed by Signor Liverati, was produced at this theatre. It is entitled *Carron Side, or the Fête Champêtre;* and the plot and incidents are far superior to the dramatic vehicles usually constructed for drawing the music along. The scene is laid in Scotland, where *Colonel Campbell* (Blanchard) has a lovely daughter, *Grace* (Miss Cawse), whom he destines in wedlock for *Captain Allan Lindsay*, a gallant sailor (Mr. Sapio). But the captain has already surrendered his heart, and struck his flag to *Blanche Mackay* (Miss Stephens), a protegé of the colonel's, and reputed grand-child to one of his faithful followers, *Donald Mackay* (Bartley), an ancient trumpeter of the Scots Greys. To balance the heiress's loss in the captain, he has a military brother, *Cornet Hector Lindsay* (Mr. Wood), on whom the young lady secretly bestows her affections. *Sandy Sanderson* (Keeley), owner of the ferry, and his wify *Janet* (Miss Goward), sustain a lower range of character, and throw an air of drollery and merriment over the drama, which happily relieves the parts that are of an interesting cast, and affords room both for scenic and musical contrasts. We do not remember to have witnessed the first night of a more pleasing and successful performance: every one seemed charmed; and dialogue, poetry, music, and acting, gave equal satisfaction. There were several encores; and the compositions will long be favourites at the pianoforte. Mr. Planché's songs are not only beautiful, but full of what he has aimed at—Scots character. We are sorry we can do no more than subjoin two specimens:

"O! 'tis sweet at noon to stray
By the Carron's winding way,
Where the silver birches shiver
O'er the deeply dimpling river,
Which, like some coy beauty flies,
Trembling, to that shady cover,
From the sun, her glorious lover;
Who, adown the cloudless skies,
Rushing through the leafy bower,
Woos her in a golden shower,
As of old his father Jove
Won the maid of Argos' love!

Boot and saddle, bonnie Scot,
The fae! the fae's in sight, man!
Out wi' sword, and in wi' shot,
And shew that ye can fight, man!
See the saucy flag unfold,
Where Scotland's lion 'ramps in gold,'
Charge, my Highland birkies bold,
For royal Geordie's right, man!
Boot and saddle! bonnie Scot,
Shew that ye can fight, man!
Stint ye neither steel nor shot
For royal Geordie's right, man!

Brawly done, my bonnie Scot,
Ye've proved your Highland blude, man!
Sheathe the sword, and spare the shot,
They're brithers when subdued, man!
Furl old Scotia's flag o' flame,
Her bluidy lion now is tame;
But wow! he played a gallant game
For royal Geordie's gude, man!
Boot and saddle! bonnie Scot,
Hame wi' a' your might, man!
Love and honour be his lot,
Wha' strikes for Geordie's right, man!"

Different modes of announcing similar matters were exemplified in the play-house bills of Wednesday; Drury Lane being "for the benefit of Mr. Harley," and Covent Garden "Madame Vestris's Night." Both are deservedly popular favourites, and both had bumpers, notwithstanding their various ways of inviting their friends.

VARIETIES.

American Shipping.—By a list lately published in the New York papers, it appears that there belong to that port 595 vessels of different sizes; viz. 96 ships, 124 brigs, 137 schooners, 167 sloops, 24 tow-boats, and 43 steam-boats; besides a number of coasters, employed in the Sound, the North Sea, and elsewhere. Of the 96 ships, 33, whose tonnage amounts to 16,000 tons, were built at New York.

The Hon. Mrs. Anne Damer, whose sculptured works we mentioned only in our last No., died on Wednesday, at an advanced age. She was one of the few ladies of high family and rank who have devoted themselves to the cultivation of the Fine Arts in a superior degree; and her productions are well known to the public. They are generally graceful and elegant.

The Thames Tunnel has again been opened to visitors, and the shaft cleared for, we are told, 300 yards, to admit of the inspection of the curious.

Mr. Thomas Park.—The death of this African traveller, the son of Mungo Park, having been attributed to poison, administered by the priests, in revenge for his interference with some religious ceremony of the natives—a gentleman of Selkirk (the residence of his family and friends) has addressed a letter to the Edinburgh Journal, in which he rescues the memory of young Park from the imputation of this imprudence, and states that he died on the 31st of October, of the yellow fever, after an illness of nine days, during which, Akitto, the king of Aquambo, treated him with the greatest kindness. His papers and effects were sent to Captain Fry, the commandant of Accra, and have arrived in England by the Esk.

Medical Benevolent Association.—The Tenth

or Twelfth Anniversary of an association of the medical profession, in aid of their less prosperous brethren, takes place to-day, at the Albion Tavern. We notice this in the hope of serving so excellent a cause; for though we are not intimately acquainted with the details of the Institution, we know enough of them to be sensible that they relieve much distress, and produce much good, and that the Society is well worthy of the support of every medical man.

Pictures.—Mr. Zachary's well-selected collection of pictures, consisting of about sixty of the best masters (principally Dutch and Flemish), are submitted to the hammer to-day, by Mr. Phillips. The taste and judgment of their owner is a sufficient pledge for their excellence: many of them are, indeed, very choice productions; and the view of them is alone enough to command the attendance of every amateur.

Hume.—On the publication of his History, Hume received the compliments of the three young princes of France, sons of the Dauphin; —the Duc de Berry (Louis XVI.), the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.), and the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.). It was an extraordinary spectacle, at a court pretending to be Catholic, to see a child of four years' old, the Comte d'Artois, taught to prattle a eulogy on a philosopher who had run down all religious creeds; or who, at least, had manifested towards them an indifference a thousand times more injurious than active hostility!—*French Critic.*

Mustaches.—H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland's order to his regiment of horse-guards to stain their mustaches of a prescribed and uniform colour, has revived, in the convivial parties of that distinguished corps, the brave Wolfe's favourite song:—

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Whose business is to *dye!*"

Botany.—Recent microscopical observations afford some reason to suspect that the *conferva zonata* of Linnæus, an aquatic production, the green colour of which has hitherto led to its being considered a plant, is endowed with animal life.

Gastronomy.—A French critic, speaking of a work called "Les Méditations de Gastronomie transcendante," by the late M. Brillat-Savarin, says that "it is full of wit, originality, and even of a kind of very agreeable erudition"!

Crustaceous Fish.—In all crustaceous fish the gills are as fit to perform the functions of respiratory organs in the atmospheric air as in water; but when the gills become dry by evaporation, the fish die. In land-crabs there is a contrivance of nature to absorb and keep in reserve the quantity of water necessary to maintain the lungs in a proper hygrometrical state.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Universal Prayer, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. is announced.

Dick Martin, the late M.P., better known by the *sobriquet* of Humanity Martin, is, we hear with anticipations of delight, writing an Account of his Life and Times.

An octavo edition of Mr. Waterton's Wanderings in America is announced. The cayman will consequently be reduced in size!

Captain George Beauclerk, 10th regiment, who, with another officer of the garrison at Gibraltar, accompanied Dr. Brown, in July 1826, on a Medical Mission to the Sultan of Morocco, is about to publish an account of his travels, under the title of a Journey to Morocco.

The Byzantine Historians.—That able, learned, and indefatigable writer, M. Niebuhr (the author of the celebrated Roman History), has undertaken the superintendence of the republication of the Byzantine Historians. Agathias has already appeared, and will soon be followed by Cantacuzenus.

Russia.—The Emperor of Russia has just sent to M. Charles Pougens, Member of the French Academy, the order of Saint Anne; accompanied by a letter as flattering as honourable, from the Empress Maria to this laborious academician, so well known throughout Europe by his works of profound learning, as well as, more recently, by his productions of a lighter kind; and, among others, by his collection of Tales in Verse.

The Talmud.—The Jewish religion, as is generally known, is founded on two bases; the one is the written, the other the oral law. The written law is contained in the Bible; the oral law exists in that vast compilation called the Talmud. The translation of the Talmud into the French language has been undertaken by several Polish Hebraists. It will be preceded by an Essay, entitled Theory of Judaism, applied to the Reformation of the Jews.

Mr. Britton announces that the letter-press of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy will be ready for delivery, gratis, to the subscribers, on or before the first of July; and that the letter-press with the last Number of Peterborough Cathedral will be ready at the same time.

No. I. of Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, is announced, with 12 Engravings, by and under the direction of J. Le Keux.

In the Press.—A Second Edition of Poems, by Mr. Chandos Leigh: to which will be added, a Fourth Epistle to a Friend in Town.—A Vindication of the Church of England from the imputation of Inconsistency and Uncharitableness, in retaining the Athanasian Creed in her Liturgy, by the Rev. W. T. Myers, A.M.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Opie's Detraction Displayed, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Auldjo's Ascent to Mont Blanc, 4to. 1l. 1s. bds.—Smith's Compendium Floræ Britannicæ, fifth edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. bds. —Roberton on Mortality of Children, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Best's Transrhenane Memoirs, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Elmsley's Bacchæ and Heraclidæ Translated, 8vo. 4s. 6d. sewed.—Edinburgh Medical Transactions, Vol. III. Part I. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Snow's Minor Poems, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—D'Israeli's Charles I. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, by Dallaway, 5 vols. royal 8vo. 10l. 10s.; India proofs, 15l. 15s. bds.—Mitford's Our Village, Vol. III. post 8vo. 9s. bds.—Walsh's (Dr.) Journey from Constantinople to England, 8vo. 12s. bds.—At Home, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Memoirs of Savary, Duke of Rovigo, English Vers. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Rennie on Gout, Apoplexy, &c. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Alcock's Hospitals of Paris, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Marriage, by O'Donoghue, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Bailey's Exposition of the Parables, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Pusey's Theology of Germany, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Williams's Missionary Gazetteer, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Jewsbury's Letters to the Young, fcp. 6s. bds.—Blunt's Lectures, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Ely's Memoirs of Mary Anne Ely, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Horsey's Lectures to Young Persons, 8vo. 8s. bds.—History of Italy, from the Italian of Botta, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s. bds.—Vittoria, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s. bds.—The Puffiad, a Satire, post 8vo. 6s. bds.—Niels Klim's Subterraneous Travels, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Milne's Plans for Floating off Stranded Vessels, 8vo. 3s. sewed.—Fankay's Rhymes in Geography, 12mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Parsing Lessons to Homer's Iliad, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Thirty-Two Illustrations to Novels, Tales, and Romances, by Sir Walter Scott, 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.; 4to. 2l. 8s.—Eccelino da Romano, by Viscount Dillon, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Evenings of Mental Recreation, 18mo. 4s. 6d. hf.-bd.—De la Voye's French Pronunciation, post 4to. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

May.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday .. 22	From 47.	to	63.	29.54	to	29.56
Friday 23	—— 45.	—	64.	29.57	—	29.53
Saturday .. 24	—— 51.	—	62.	29.45	—	29.40
Sunday 25	—— 51.	—	63.	29.61	—	29.74
Monday 26	—— 45.	—	68.	29.74	—	29.62
Tuesday .. 27	—— 45.	—	63.	29.46	—	Stat.
Wednesday 28	—— 45.	—	62.	29.46	—	29.57

Wind variable, prevailing S.E., N.E., and S.W.
Generally cloudy, with heavy rain.
Rain fallen 1·375 inches.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We request attention to our remarks (see Review) on the important question of supplying the metropolis with wholesome water; the more particularly, as we observe there is to be a meeting on the subject next Monday, the requisition for which is most respectably signed.

Byronisms No. II. in our next.

The publications of Mr. Colburn are at this time absolutely too numerous and rapid for us:

Panting Reviews toil after them in vain.

ERRATA.—In our critique on the Exhibition last week, Nos. 383, Sharp's Sailor's Wedding, and 411, a Landscape, by F. R. Lee, were misprinted 363 and 401.—Also in the notice of the Rivals, *for* "rejected marine" *read* "rejected rival"—the man is in the army.—In the account of Captain Foster's paper, p. 331, col. 1, line 4 from bottom, *for* "tension" *read* "torsion."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.
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No. 594. SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Italy: a Poem. By Samuel Rogers. Part II. 12mo. pp. 188. London, 1828. J. Murray.

Italy; and other Poems. By William Sotheby. 12mo. pp. 342. London, 1828. J. Murray.

It is rather a curious coincidence, thus to have before us two volumes of the same title, by the same publisher, at the same time, and written by two bards who seek to entwine their laurels and myrtles round heads that have long been gray: we can hardly dissociate the *Italies*, as if they were *Siollies*, and so here they must go together.

The first part of Mr. Rogers' work was published about six years ago, and we remember that we mistook it for Southey's. We do not think that its continuation could lead us into that like error; for though the plan and style are very similar, we cannot but consider the whole as be inferior in power and interest. Indeed, the various subjects (Rome, the Campagna, the Pilgrim, the Fire-fly, the Bag of Gold, the Nun, &c. &c.) are but trifles, though it must be allowed they are pleasing and elegant trifles. A philosophic mind, dwelling on events [illegible] and ancient lore, as they are suggested by visits to their sites, will unquestionably raise sweet and tender images, and the descriptions of the altered scenes will occasionally flow into beauty and poesy; but there is likely to be, and there is in this production, a faintness and languor which fail in exciting any high emotions; and we retire from the contemplation of the whole, not only without any striking impression, but without any distinct remembrance of excellence. Still it would be injustice to deny that Mr. Rogers' *Italy* has afforded us a degree of gentle satisfaction, and that there is much polish, and a fair sprinkling of graces, to be found in his second, though not his better half. Let us therefore hastily run it through, pausing as we go, to point out a few of its defects and merits.

The opening poem, entitled the *Pilgrim*, is, in our opinion, a very poor composition. It shews the lark

> "at the gate of heaven
> Singing, as sure to enter when he *came*."—p. 1.

And within six lines we have odours that "*come* and go," p. 1; so that what is meant for simplicity sinks into meanness. The same remark applies to page 2, where there are—

> "The path that *led me, leading through a wood*,"

and a brook

> "that, in the day of strife,
> *Ran blood*, but now *runs amber*"!!

And further on, the Pilgrim, who gives a name to the poem, and who, in the veriest namby-pamby of the lake style, is declared to be "the first yet seen" by the writer; and lest that should be doubted, it is re-asserted that he is

> "*The first in sober truth, no counterfeit*."

This, to our sense of the poetical, is very galling. The next piece, called the *Interview*, is little else than graceful inanity, wherein we are told of a very agreeable meeting in the country with a party who were enjoying field-sports, and were happily provided with a capital lunch, with "flasks of delicious wine," of which they invited the poet to partake. But his ideas of hunting seem, to our home-bred experience, to be rather remarkable. We have knocked down in our day, with our good double-barrelled detonator, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock, the rail, the duck, the teal, the widgeon, and tumbled over hare and rabbit, —nay, we have coursed and hunted stag, fox, and hare; but never did we see or hear before of riding after quails and pheasants, as appears to be the practice in Italy: for—

> "Peasants approached, one leading in a leash
> Beagles yet panting, one with various game,
> In rich confusion slung, before, behind,
> Leveret, and quail, and pheasant. All announced
> The chase as over; and as long appeared
> Their horses full of fire, champing the curb,
> For the white foam was dry upon the flank."

There was also a falcon, however, which may explain a portion of this strange hunt; and let the Melton Mowbray look to it.

The third poem improves upon us; *Rome* inspires the theme.

> "I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
> Visits these eyes, waking at once to cry,
> Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
> And from within a thrilling voice replies,
> Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
> Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
> And I spring up, as girt to run a race!
>
> * * * *
>
> And I am there!
> Ah, little thought I, when in school I sat,
> A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn
> Glowing with Roman story, I should live
> To tread the *Appian*, once an avenue
> Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
> Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
> The dwellings of the illustrious dead—to turn
> Toward Tibur, and, beyond the city-gate,
> Pour out my unpremeditated verse,
> Where on his mule I might have met so oft
> Horace himself—or climb the Palatine,
> Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,
> Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
> Long while the seat of Rome, hereafter found
> Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
> Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
> One in his madness; and, the summit gained,
> Inscribe my name on some broad aloe-leaf,
> That shoots and spreads within those very walls
> Where Virgil read aloud his tale divine,
> Where his voice faltered, and a mother wept
> Tears of delight!"

The classic and tender recollections, which follow through several pages, are extremely pleasing, though they do not demand quotation. Of the ensuing poems, a *Funeral* is not so pathetic as it ought to have been; nor does the *Campagna* do much to redeem the level verse. The only fine expression we can detach from it ends the annexed brief example.

> "Once more we look, and all is still as night,
> All desolate! Groves, temples, palaces,
> Swept from the sight; and nothing visible,
> Amid the sulphurous vapours that exhale
> As from a land accurst, save here and there
> An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
> Of some dismember'd giant."

As we do not intend to go through these compositions *seriatim*, we may here notice, that though they generally occupy eight or ten pages, they seem to have been written almost like epigrams, for the concluding thought or point. Thus the *Pilgrim* hastens from his beloved one with this simple and natural saying:

> "My steps I quicken when I think of her:
> For, though they take me further from her door,
> I shall return the sooner."

And the *Fire-fly* ends—

> "Sending forth its ray
> Through the green leaves, a ray serene and clear
> As virtue's own."

Similar pretty thoughts are also scattered in various places; and of these we shall select two or three examples.

Truth and Fable.—"Every where
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;
Earth, sea, and sky, reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colours not their own."

Landscape.—"Here the vines
Wed each her elm, and o'er the golden grain
Hang their luxuriant clusters, chequering
The sunshine; where, when cooler shadows fall,
And the mild moon her fairy net-work weaves," &c.

Portrait of a Harper.—"A majestic man,
By time and grief ennobled, not subdued;
Though from his height descending, day by day,
And, as his upward look at once betrayed,
Blind as old Homer."

It is difficult to separate these minuter beauties from the whole, so as to afford means of forming a judgment; and we shall, therefore, complete our task by extracting a few of the longer passages, which have been most agreeable to our fancy. From the *Nun*.

> "'Tis over; and her lovely cheek is now
> On her hard pillow—there, alas! to be
> Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
> Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
> Her place is empty, and another comes)
> In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
> Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
> Even on her bier.
>
> 'Tis over; and the rite,
> With all its pomp and harmony, is now
> Floating before her. She arose at home,
> To be the show, the idol of the day;
> Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
> No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
> So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
> She will awake as though she still was there,
> Still in her father's house; and lo! a cell
> Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom discerned,
> Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
> And the gray habit lying by to shroud
> Her beauty and grace.
>
> * * * *
>
> Like a dream, the whole is fled;
> And they that came in idleness to gaze
> Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,
> Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell
> Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
> None were so formed to love and to be loved,
> None to delight, adorn; and on thee now
> A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropped
> For ever! In thy gentle bosom sleep
> Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
> To wither like the blossom in the bud,
> Those of a wife, a mother; leaving there
> A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
> A languor and a lethargy of soul,
> Death-like, and gathering more and more till Death
> Comes to release thee. Ah, what new to thee,
> What now to thee the treasure of thy youth?
> As nothing!
>
> But thou canst not yet reflect
> Calmly; so many things, strange and perverse,
> That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
> The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
> Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
> The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
> T the black pall, the requiem.

All in turn
Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
Hover, uncalled. Thy young and innocent heart,
How is it beating? Has it no regrets?
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
Peace to thy slumbers!"

From the *Banditti*.

"Now crafty, cruel, torturing, ere they slay
The unhappy captive, and with bitter jeste
Mocking misfortune; vain, fantastical,
Wearing whatever glitters in the spoil;
And most devout, though, when they kneel and pray,
With every bead they could recount a murder,
As by a spell they start up in array,
As by a spell they vanish—theirs a band,
Not as elsewhere of outlaws, but of such
As sow and reap, and at the cottage-door
Sit to receive, return the traveller's greeting;
Now in the garb of peace, now silently
Arming and issuing forth, led on by men
Whose names on innocent lips are words of fear,
Whose lives have long been forfeit.
Some there are
That, ere they rise to this bad eminence,
Lurk, night and day, the plague-spot visible,
The guilt that says, Beware! and mark we now
Him, where he lies, who couches for his prey
At the bridge-foot in some dark cavity
Scooped by the waters, or some gaping tomb,
Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox
Slunk as he entered. There he broods, in spleen
Gnawing his beard; his rough and sinewy frame
O'erwritten with the story of his life:
On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well earned
In foreign warfare; on his breast the brand
Indelible, burnt in when to the port
He clanked his chain, among a hundred more
Dragged ignominiously; on every limb
Memorials of his glory and his shame,
Stripes of the lash and honourable scars,
And channels here and there worn to the bone
By galling fetters.
He comes slowly forth,
Unkennelling, and up that savage dell
Anxiously looks: his cruise, an ample gourd,
(Duly replenished from the vintner's cask)
Slung from his shoulder; in his breadth of belt
Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleansed,
A parchment scrawled with uncouth characters,
And a small vial, his last remedy,
His cure, when all things fail. No noise is heard,
Save when the rugged bear and the gaunt wolf
Howl in the upper region, or a fish
Leaps in the gulf beneath—but now he kneels
And (like a scout, when listening to the tramp
Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear
Close to the ground, then rises and explores,
Then kneels again, and his short rifle-gun
Against his cheek, waits patiently."

This is very picturesque and descriptive; nor does the subjoined, (engrafting fine moral sentiments upon the view of natural objects,) from the *Fehuoa*, fall short of it.

"We embarked and left
That noble haven, where, when Genoa reigned,
A hundred galleys sheltered—in the day
When lofty spirits met, and, deck to deck,
Doria, Pisani fought; that narrow field
Ample enough for glory. On we went,
Ruffling with many an oar the crystalline sea,
On from the rising to the setting sun,
In silence—underneath a mountain-ridge,
Untamed, untameable, reflecting round
The saddest purple; nothing to be seen
Of life or culture, save where, at the foot,
Some village and its church, a scanty line,
Athwart the wave gleamed faintly. Fear of Ill
Narrowed our course, fear of the hurricane,
And that yet greater scourge, the crafty Moor,
Who, like a tiger prowling for his prey,
Springs and is gone, and on the adverse coast,
(Where Tripoli, and Tunis, and Algiers,
Forge fetters, and white turbans on the mole
Gather, whene'er the Crescent comes displayed
Over the Cross) his human merchandise
To many a curious, many a cruel eye
Exposes. Ah, how oft where now the sun
Slept on the shore, have ruthless scimitars
Flashed through the lattice, and a swarthy crew
Dragged forth, ere long to number them for sale,
Ere long to part them in their agony,
Parent and child! How oft where now we rode
Over the billow, has a wretched son,
Or yet more wretched sire, grown gray in chains,
Laboured, his hands upon the oar, his eyes
Upon the land—the land that gave him birth;
And, as he gazed, his homestall through his tears
Fondly imagined; when a Christian ship
Of war appearing in her bravery,
A voice in anger cried, 'Use all your strength!'

But when, ah when, do they that can, forbear
To crush the unresisting? Strange, that men,
Creatures so frail, so soon, alas! to die,
Should have the power, the will to make this world
A dismal prison-house, and life itself,
Life in its prime, a burden and a curse
To him who never wronged them! Who that breathes,
Would not, when first he heard it, turn away
As from a tale monstrous, incredible?
Surely a sense of our mortality,
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,
Or, if we linger—but a few short years—
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,
Should of itself incline to pity and love,
And prompt us rather to assist, relieve,
Than aggravate the evils each is heir to."

The concluding poem, a *Farewell to Italy*, displays the most amiable feelings; and indeed these predominate every where, and shew that in the writer, a good heart is the companion of a refined taste. Of the verse we shall say no more, but that its want of nerve is its chief imperfection; that (which we are surprised at from an author whose ear is attuned to the musical in composition,) the rhythm is far from being perfect; and that even grammatical errors have slipt into the construction. The prose sketches, in spirit resemble the poetical. One quotation, of the best, places Mr. Rogers' reflective talents in a fair point of view.

"Ours is a nation of travellers; and no wonder, when the elements, air, water, fire, attend at our bidding, to transport us from shore to shore; when the ship rushes into the deep, her track the foam as of some mighty torrent; and, in three hours or less, we stand gazing and gazed at among a foreign people. None want an excuse. If rich, they go to enjoy; if poor, to retrench; if sick, to recover; if studious, to learn; if learned, to relax from their studies. But whatever they may say, whatever they may believe, they go, for the most part, on the same errand; nor will those who reflect think that errand an idle one. Almost all men are over-anxious. No sooner do they enter the world, than they lose that taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honour; and on they go, as their fathers went before them, till, weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood. Now travel, and foreign travel more particularly, restores to us, in a great degree, what we have lost. When the anchor is heaved, we double down the leaf; and for a while, at least, all effort is over. The old cares are left clustering round the old objects; and at every step, as we proceed, the slightest circumstance amuses and interests. All is new and strange. We surrender ourselves, and feel once again as children. Like them, we enjoy eagerly; like them, when we fret, we fret only for the moment; and here indeed the resemblance is very remarkable, for, if a journey has its pains as well as it pleasures (and there is nothing unmixed in this world), the pains are no sooner over, than they are forgotten, while the pleasures live long in the memory."

We must now turn to the *Italy* of Mr. Sotheby, whose subjects are also diversified and numerous. We have, again, *Rome*, *Banditti*, and a concluding *Farewell*; besides other local themes, treated as by Mr. Rogers, with mingled recollections of past history and poetry, and descriptions of present appearances and circumstances. But having already occupied more of our limits than we can well spare to one topic, we are obliged to cut short all farther criticism, and permit Mr. Sotheby to be his own reviewer.

A Peasant of the Abruzzi Mountains is a favourable specimen.

"Alas for thee, poor mountain swain!
Alas for thee, whose fatal toil
Reaps death on Rome's sepulchral soil!
Rock, nor tree, nor kindly shed,
Shade from the Dog-star's flame thy head.
Poor mountain Swain!
Nursed by the spirit of the untainted wind!
Thy sweat-drop boils upon the parch'd chilagain
Interminably spread.
In vain thou cast'st thy look behind:
O'er-wearied, ere thy noon-task done,
Thou sink'st beneath the blazing sun:
Vainly before thy failing eyes
The pine-woods of Abruzzi rise:
Vainly in currents cool and clear,
As if to mock thy mortal wo,
Thou seem'st to see, thou seem'st to hear,
The fresh springs of Abruzzi flow.
The waving pine and waterfall
Thy spirit shall no more recall.
They who at Dawn's first roseate glow
Saw youth's keen ardour on thy brow,
While free winds with thy ringlets play'd,
Fresh'ning thy cheek with brightest bloom,
Ere Night lets fall her soothing shade,
Look on thy paleness in the tomb,
And weep upon their staff of age
Broke, broke, ere ceased their pilgrimage."

The Bandit is another characteristic sketch.

"Speed onward—day withdraws its light,
The shadows lengthen into night;
The woods a gloomier horror breathe,
And vapours spread th' envenom'd wreath.
Lo! where yon ruin'd cities rest,
Like clouds upon the mountain's crest,
There, in his den, 'mid rocky cells,
Hereditary Murder dwells.
Speed! ere down those pathless steeps
The Arab of Italia sweeps.
That spring of limb, that breadth of mould,
A Mercury and Mars infold.
Round the robber chieftain blaze
Stones that beam back the solar rays,
Love-tokens that gay brides have worn,
And rings that dower'd dames adorn:
A carbine, slung at either side,
Clangs from his girdle's plated pride,
And o'er his rich, embroider'd vest,
A cross and poniard guard his breast.
Speed! ere beneath th' impatient steel
Th' assassin's grasp thy blood congeal—
O'er life and death the balance hold,
Slow bartering limb by limb for gold.
Ah! if the promised ransom fail,
Deem not that mercy will avail.
Reft, like the eagle's living prey,
From earth and all her race away,
Where never whisper of thy wo
Shall reach the stranger-world below,
Akin to human kind no more,
Dead art thou, ere existence o'er,
Ere the last stab thy torture end,
And blood-hounds on thy corse contend.
Speed, traveller! speed! adown yon steeps
The Arab of Italia sweeps."

In the longer pieces the versification is irregular, and the monotony of Italian pictures is occasionally relieved by poems of a different kind, under the title of *Miscellaneous*, and addressed to religious, philosophical, domestic, and other objects. From these we take one of the shortest, wherewith to finish this notice, though it may, perhaps, in justice be required of us to pay our respects to this volume in a future *Gazette*.

"I knew a gentle maid: I ne'er shall view
Her like again: and yet the vulgar eye
Might pass the charms I traced regardless by:
For pale her cheek, unmark'd with roseate hue,
Nor beam'd from her mild eye a dazzling glance,
Nor flash'd her nameless graces on the sight:
Yet Beauty never woke such pure delight.
Fine was her form as Dian's in the dance;
Her voice was music—in her silence dwelt
Expression, every look instinct with thought:
Though oft her mind by youth to rapture wrought,
Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
The lightest touch of wo her soul would melt:
And on her lips, when gleam'd a lingering smile,
Pity's warm tear gush'd down her cheek the while:
Thy like, thou gentle maid! I ne'er shall view."

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo (*M. Savary*). Written by Himself: illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon. Vol. I. Parts I. and II. 8vo. pp. 637. London, 1828. Colburn.

Among the millions of girouettes of the French Revolution, Consulate, Empire, Chute, Restoration, Relapse, and Re-restoration, M. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, shines forth as possessing one rare quality—he seems to have

stuck to his principles and to his patron, Buonaparte, throughout. Even in a *séide*,* or satellite, this is a virtue, inasmuch as the thorough-paced, unflinching villain is less contemned than the equally wicked but wavering rascal; and "dying game" is more honoured among thieves than "dying dunghill." He (Savary) was a creature of Buonaparte's, laden with favours, and, as we may judge from his own story, well deserving of them, if to do the basest business, and execute the vilest and bloodiest acts in which man can be employed, deserve reward: and it is the sole redeeming point in his character, that, like many others equally guilty, he has not added apostasy to the black catalogue of his crimes.

These Memoirs are invaluable. Not so much for the secrets they disclose, as for what they unwittingly bring to a test by which the truth may be elicited. Speaking abstractedly, they contain so many bold and startling assertions of matters impossible of belief, of matters which utterly contradict themselves, that were we trying history by their evidence, we would not pin our faith to a tittle of M. Savary's interested narrative. Of his disregard of precise facts there are abundant proofs; but what could be expected from an author who sets out with the broad general position, that "Napoleon required peace above all things"?!!

But it is not our course to discuss such things at length; and we only mention the impression which this publication has made upon us. We have felt it, from beginning to end, to be the production of a partisan who had identified himself with the cause he undertakes to plead, and who stops at no measures to carry it through; and therefore, while we yield no more confidence than is reasonable to such an author, we are sensible of the importance of his labours, in shewing all that can be urged on one side, provoking all that can be opposed on the other, and teaching those who desire to ascertain what is true and what is false, to strike the balance, and come at conclusions which will not far deceive either the present age or posterity.

It would be out of our power, did we print a sheet daily instead of weekly, to discuss the multitude of topics set forth by M. Savary in this volume, from the period of his entering the army till after the battle of Auerstadt; and as he rigorously abstains from affording dates, it would be a sad waste of time to seek them in other quarters. Suffice it to say, that the writer served under Pichegru and Moreau, on the Rhine, previous to the famous treaty of Leoben, was in Egypt with Buonaparte, acquired his confidence and patronage, and served him ultimately and zealously till (and long beyond) the period to which this part of his Memoirs brings down the narrative of his faithful adherence and rich rewards. With him the Emperor is perfection, and every thing he did most just, wise, and glorious: in short, he is an Optimist in this respect, far above Candid and Pangloss combined, in their admiration of Thunder-ten-tronck. Moreau was a fool and a traitor—Talleyrand the basest of intriguers and murderers—Fouché a cheat and a scoundrel—all who ever opposed Napoleon, conspirators, liars, and rogues—while the god of his idolatry had neither vice nor stain. Thus he proves too much. These men are with him only rogues in cases where it is requisite to sacrifice them for the sake of justifying his great friend: during the rest of his long career they are his principal ministers, advisers, and associates, and as immaculate as himself!!

It is a curious circumstance, that all the violent attacks upon Buonaparte, and all the diatribes poured out against him, never impressed us with so blasting an opinion of him as a man and a ruler, as this production of his sworn defender and eulogist. After reading it, we are almost apt to doubt whether this wonderful person was really, what he must always be considered, one of the ablest and most extraordinary men that ever existed. Well might his ghost exclaim, "Save Napoleon and his memory from such friends as the Duke of Rovigo!"

We shall illustrate what we have advanced by a few extracts from the work; and, avoiding the rest, select subjects most interesting to the English reader.

We will preface this, however, with a picture descriptive of Paris, its court, and other circumstances, soon after Buonaparte rose to the rank of First Consul.

"The winter which followed the conclusion of peace was rendered remarkable by the great influx of distinguished foreigners: they came to France from all quarters. Our civil discords had, however, been represented to them in such a light, that they had pictured to their minds the capital as half destroyed. They were greatly surprised at not discovering any trace of such devastation, and at hearing it said in every direction, that the city exhibited a finer appearance than it did before the troubles which had been represented to them in such gloomy colours. The formalities of etiquette had not yet been established. Madame Bonaparte did not give any public receptions: she feared to involve herself in unpleasant scenes, by the pretensions that might be started by some foreign ladies, in a palace into which etiquette had not as yet found its way, or to offend their pride by the claims which she felt conscious were due to her rank: accordingly, nothing could be more dull at that time than the palace of the Tuileries. The First Consul never left his closet. Madame Bonaparte, in order to while away the time, was under the necessity of going every night to the theatre with her daughter, who never left her sight. When the representation was over, of which, however, she seldom waited to see the conclusion, she returned to finish the evening by a game of whist; or if the party was not sufficiently numerous, by a game of piquet, which she played with the second consul, or some other state personage. The ladies of the First Consul's aides-de-camp, who were of the same age as Madame Louis Bonaparte, came to keep her company: every day brought with it the same round of visitors, and the same amusements: the week ran on at Malmaison in the same way as it did in Paris. The second consul gave public receptions to the functionaries of government and the members of the magistracy: his residence was the only one in which any thing of the parade of state was to be seen. Foreigners, on the other hand, filled the state apartments, of which M. de Talleyrand did all the honours. It was in the course of this winter that the First Consul caused M. T—— to be arrested, and confined in the Temple, on his return from England by way of Holland. This arrest was represented as an act of tyranny. The following, however, were the real grounds for it:—M. T——, who had formerly been a member of the parliament of Paris, had been leading a very restless life ever since he had quitted France. He had successively resided in England and in Germany, and at last taken shelter in America. His unquiet spirit had crossed the seas with him; but he was a slave to his opinions: he preferred enduring every privation to the sacrifice of them. Such was his distressing condition when he learned the events that followed close upon General Bonaparte's return. Tired of roaming about the world, and anxious to see his children, he determined upon returning to Europe. He met some Dutchmen of Surinam on board the ship in which he had taken his passage, formed an acquaintance with them, and ascertained that the colony, unwilling to continue to belong to a government which could not afford it protection, was sending to treat with the British ministry; or, in other words, to invite them to take possession of the settlement. They were perfect strangers in London, and, nevertheless, felt desirous that their mission should not be known in Holland, from which they were now at so short a distance, and with which they kept up an intercourse. M. T—— removed all their difficulties: he had still retained some old connexions in England: he opened a correspondence with the government, and succeeded in quietly procuring for the Dutch the protection which they had come to solicit. The ministry, who obtained possession of Surinam by this intrigue, acted generously towards the manager of it; so that M. T—— saw before him the double prospect of returning to France, and of repairing his fallen fortunes. The negotiation which he had carried on opened a kind of intercourse between him and the British ministry. Mr. Pitt consulted him as to the degree of confidence which was due to a French ambassador, who had just addressed a paper to him respecting the means best calculated for curtailing the power of the First Consul. M. T——, who had known that personage previously to his emigration, imagined from such an overture that he had remained true to his original principles, and gave the minister a flattering account of him. Pitt intrusted him with the paper; and T——, on running it over, discovered in it his own opinions, and felt persuaded that he might rely on his old friend. He hastened to his place of residence, paid him a visit, related his good and bad fortune, and solicited his assistance. The other made him very fine promises; but threw out some expressions, in the course of conversation, which indicated political principles of a complexion widely foreign from those which his friend had anticipated. 'How canst thou tell all this to me?' was T——'s exclamation: 'I know thy real thoughts, having read thy memorial. Pitt himself confided it to me.' The diplomatist denied the fact, and yet redoubled his caresses and offers of service. The emigrant trusted to those protestations, and took his departure for Paris; but he had been pointed out to the police as an English spy, sent with large sums of money. His obliging friend had taken care to make known the part he had acted in the Surinam intrigue. The First Consul could not avoid ordering his arrest. Anxiety of mind, and that state of irritation which treachery never fails to create, soon brought T—— to the grave. He died in the bitterness of heart of a man perishing the victim of the designs of a false friend."*

* Satellites are so called in Paris from the character of Séid in Voltaire's Mahomet: to express that they are the ready and willing instruments of every perfidious and atrocious crime.

* "Towards the end of March 1802, (we are told, in a way which affords a curious idea of the first assumption of regal dignities,) some formality of etiquette was established, and the wife of the head of the state was thenceforward attended by ladies, and by officers of the household, who had the charge of superintending all matters of ceremony. The ladies did not at first chuse the

Here we have a foretaste of the treacheries, peculations, oppressions, and atrocities, which, according to the statements of M. Savary, (however he tries to shift the guilt from one to another, in order to screen himself and his master,) marked the whole course of the government of France, and has conferred immortal infamy on the perpetrators of these black and bloody deeds.

We observe, from the author, that the scheme of a descent on England was by no means the *brutum fulmen*, by way of a diversion, which it has been represented; but a serious and well-matured plan of invasion, sustained by the entire force of France. "The First Consul was constantly receiving projects of attack against England. He gave his attention to all, but adopted none, conceiving them to be premature. When every thing was prepared, he determined to strike the first blow." Hanover was conquered in the first year, and its horses remounted the French cavalry, while in its other stores, artillery, &c. were found sufficient *matériel* for a numerous army. In the ensuing spring Buonaparte visited Belgium; and at Antwerp we are told—

"He assembled a naval council for the purpose of discussing the means he had to contend with the English, and was soon convinced that the resources at his disposal were wholly inadequate to the object which he had in contemplation. The council was unanimously of opinion that the fleet of men-of-war afforded no chance of success. It required to be created anew, and exercised; and in its present condition it might be destroyed before it could be in a condition to fight. The only means, therefore, of contending with England on an equal footing was to attempt a descent; because, if once we could accomplish it, we should be enabled to fight with means more powerful than those which the English would bring against us. We stood, however, in need of a flotilla to effect a descent. It was certainly not yet in existence; but we had all the necessary materials for raising such an armament, although not in sufficient abundance for the building of ships of war. M. Decres, the minister of marine, who attended the council, was not in favour of the plan; he observed that, if we constructed a flotilla, the English would also raise one, and come to meet us. Admiral Bruix replied to this observation, that much would be achieved if we compelled them to do so, as they would then be under the necessity of disarming their fleet for the purpose of fitting-out their flotilla. Their means of recruiting for the navy were not, in fact, at that period so extensive as they have since become: the sailors of the maritime countries of which we had successively obtained possession were not yet compelled to volunteer to man their fleets for the purpose of earning their livelihood. The opinion of Bruix prevailed, and the descent was determined upon. The First Consul's attention was immediately devoted to the construction of a flotilla. He gave orders to the civil engineers to draw up the plans and estimates of the works which related to their branch of the service, desired the naval engineers to present models of the vessels which they deemed best adapted for the undertaking, and fixed for both a period within which they were to bring him the result of their deliberations. * * *

"Having shortly after his return received the plans and estimates which he had demanded of the engineer departments, he caused them to be discussed; and he definitively decided upon ordering the construction of an immense quantity of gun-boats, flat-bottomed boats, and other small craft. Each considerable city had voted money for the building of a man-of-war: those which were less wealthy and less populous offered gun-boats, the others flat-bottomed boats. These offers were accepted; and in order to prevent any delay in their building, or any obstacles in the way of the men-of-war which were on the stocks, the keels were laid along the banks of navigable rivers, where the carpenters and other workmen of the adjacent places were brought together under the superintendence of the ship-builders whom the naval department had sent for the purpose of carrying on their work. In this manner the banks of the rivers which discharge their waters into the ocean were lined with regular docks. The materials and workmen of the several districts being thus made use of and employed, the money remained in the places by which it had been voted, whilst it would otherwise have been withdrawn to defray the same expenses at other places. Holland likewise furnished her own flotilla, which was first assembled at Flushing: it was formed on the exact plan of the French flotilla, and commanded by Vice-Admiral Verheul, a resolute and able seaman; who, in spite of every obstacle, brought it from Flushing to Ostend, and from the latter place to Dunkirk, Calais, and Ambleteuse. * *

"While the navy was displaying this activity, the army finished completing itself. The regiments, two-thirds of which were composed of conscripts, quitted their garrisons, and proceeded to form camps of instruction, which extended from Utrecht to the mouth of the Somme. The camp of Utrecht was commanded by General Marmont, who had been succeeded in the general inspection of the artillery by General Songis. It extended to Flushing, and was numbered 2, because the corps of Hanover, then commanded by General Bernadotte, had taken number 1. The 3d, under the orders of General Davout, had its centre at Ostend, and extended to Dunkirk inclusively. General Soult commanded the 4th, which was formed at Boulogne, and extended from Gravelines to the left of Boulogne. The 5th, commanded by General Ney, comprised Montreuil and Etaples. It was subsequently known as No. 6, because a new corps was formed at Boulogne, and called No. 5. It was placed under the command of General Lannes, who returned from Portugal, where he was ambassador. A reserve, composed of twelve united battalions of grenadiers, assembled at Arras, under the orders of General Junot, who relinquished the government of Paris to take the command of this division. All the regiments of dragoons that were in France were formed into divisions of four regiments each. They were cantoned from the mouth of the Scheld to the banks of the Oise and of the Aisne. The chasseurs and the hussars were collected at St. Omer and Ardres. The troops thus distributed were employed and disciplined in the manner of the Romans. Each hour had its employment: the soldier but laid down the musket to take up the mattock, and the mattock to resume the musket. The engineers had to undertake immense works, which were all executed by the troops. They excavated the harbour of Boulogne; they constructed a pier, built a bridge, erected a sluice, and, finally, they dug a basin to receive the vessels of the flotilla. They did still more: the port of Vimereux was to be entirely created; the site which it was to occupy was fifteen feet above the surface of the water in the highest tides. They fell to work, and in less than a year they had excavated and lined with masonry a basin capable of containing two hundred vessels of the flotilla."

Other extensive works at Ambleteuse, &c. are next detailed; and "the troops (we are informed) went from work to exercise, from exercise to work. The mattock and the musket were never out of their hands. Hence all the naval establishments of a great port sprung up as it were by magic. Magazines were formed, ammunition was collected, stores of all sorts were brought together. Never did the head of man embrace so vast a conception; and, above all, never did it cause the different parts to move simultaneously with such activity, such unity, and such precision. Ports were dug, ships built, cannon founded, cordage and sails made, biscuit baked, and the army trained at the same time. The superintendence of these different operations seemed to surpass human powers; and yet the First Consul found time to attend to the affairs of France and Italy besides. The activity which he displayed cannot be conceived by those who were not witnesses of it. He hired near Boulogne the small mansion called Pont de Brique, which is on the road to Paris. He arrived there in general at the moment when the corps least expected him, immediately mounted his horse, rode through the camps, and was back again at St. Cloud, when he was supposed to be still in the midst of the troops. I made several of these trips in his carriages. He usually set off in the evening, breakfasted at the post-house at Chantilly, supped at Abbeville, and reached Pont de Brique very early the next morning. He was presently afterwards on horseback, and most commonly did not alight again till dark. He returned not till he had seen every soldier and every workshop. He went down into the basins, and ascertained with his own eyes to what depth the men had dug since his last visit. He usually brought back to dine with him, at seven or eight in the evening, Admiral Bruix, General Soult, Sganzin, superintendent of the works in the engineer department, General Faultrier, who commanded the *matériel* of the artillery, and the commissary charged with the supply of provisions; so that before he retired to bed he was better acquainted with the state of his affairs than if he had read whole volumes of reports. Works were carried on with no less activity in the interior than on

number of four: these were Mesdames de Rémusat, de Thalouëts, de Luçay, and Madame de Lauriston, for whom the First Consul entertained a particular regard. The four officers of the consular household were Messrs. de Cramayal, de Luçay, Didelot, and de Rémusat. This court had only been installed a few months when foreigners were introduced for the first time. The reception took place in Madame Bonaparte's apartments, on the ground-floor looking upon the garden. It was numerously attended, and consisted of the most elegant women from the neighbouring country, who exhibited a rich display of jewels, of which our rising court had not yet any idea. The whole diplomatic body were also in attendance. So great, in short, was the concourse of visitors at these ceremonious receptions, that the two saloons on the ground-floor were hardly sufficient to contain them. When every thing was ready, and the places were all taken, Madame Bonaparte entered, preceded by the minister of foreign affairs, who introduced the foreign ambassadors. She then went round the first saloon, the minister still preceding her, and naming each of the personages that lined the way. Just as she had completed the round of the second saloon, the door suddenly flew open, and in walked the First Consul, who appeared for the first time in the midst of this brilliant assembly. The ambassadors were already known to him; but the ladies beheld him for the first time. They all rose spontaneously, and exhibited the most marked indications of curiosity. He made the round of the apartment, followed by the ambassadors of the several powers, who named to him, in succession, the ladies of their respective countries. One of these receptions was the occasion on which he afterwards vented his displeasure at the conduct of England."

the coast. Boats were built, and being consigned to the currents of the rivers, they thronged to Bayonne, Bourdeaux, Rochefort, Nantes, and all the ports of Bretagne. They were equipped, armed, and even manned, by the detachments with which they gained the mouths of the rivers that run between Honfleur and Flushing. When they had arrived there, they were rendered fit to put to sea, formed into small squadrons, and sent forth successively from their retreats, as soon as it was judged that they could leave them with safety. For this purpose, such breezes were chosen as allowed them to *keep close along shore;* and for their better security, the light artillery of the army was placed on the capes or promontories, at the base of which there was sufficient depth of water to permit the English cruisers to intercept them. This was by no means an unnecessary precaution on various parts of the coast of Bretagne. Good luck and skill carried this great enterprise to a high pitch: our squadrons reached their destination without sustaining any other losses than those occasioned by the ordinary accidents of navigation. Every thing had succeeded to the wishes of the First Consul. All then vied with one another in zeal and devotedness. The army began to be expert in military exercises, and enjoyed excellent health. It was divided into twelve corps, including the troops which were on the coast and those which had been stationed on other points of the frontiers."

M. de la Bouillerie was, for the sake of better organisation, appointed paymaster-general of the whole army; but "the minister of the treasury, who viewed this nomination with an evil eye, apologised for not having proposed it. He had not done so, because M. de la Bouillerie, after giving in his accounts, owed to the treasury a sum of four hundred thousand francs, for which he tendered a bill of General Moreau's. 'Out of what fund was this sum paid?' asked the First Consul. 'Out of the fund placed at the disposal of the general-in-chief,' replied the minister. 'In this case,' rejoined the First Consul, 'M. de la Bouillerie is quite right, and you must accept the bill.' '*Parbleu*,' added he, 'you might as well require me to account too for all the sums which I ordered to be given when with the army of Italy, to the officers with whom I was pleased. That is neither just nor reasonable.'"

With this *naïve* anecdote, we conclude for the present, and shall return to the topics to which we have alluded, in our next; lamenting, with genuine British sorrow, that the invincible armament, so grandly planned, never had an opportunity of trying the fate of its precursor — the Spanish armada. But, though never directed against England, this force enabled Buonaparte to conquer all his other enemies, and reach despotic power in France.

Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

[Our hasty announcement, on the appearance of *Pelham*, would not have done justice to a production of a hundred times less merit; but we have been unable to return to it till now for a more regular Review.]

Our modern novels—we allude but to those composed of "modern instances"—may perhaps be divided into two classes: one set, to use a phrase of newspaper criticism, "novels of fashionable manners," Captain Parry-like voyages of unsuccessful discovery in the ice-guarded regions of that north pole, high life. Another set, to plagiarise again from the same quarter, are "aristocratic novels," where the writers really are of the world they describe, and have given us glimpses something like those caught by the crowd gathered beneath the lighted windows when some potentate of Grosvenor Square, &c. receives five hundred friends, to the varied thunder of the roll of carriages, and the sudden peal of the heavy knocker; the wind blows back a crimson blind, and a blaze of lamps, or a group of brilliant shapes, dazzle the gazers below; or perhaps the same favourable wind loosens the silken cloak of some young beauty, and a moment's vision of grace and fashion furnishes dreams for a week. But the great fault of these works has been their utter want of moral knowledge, their extreme deficiency of individual character. If we except *Cousin William*, so admirable in its tracing the workings of the human heart; and *Yes and No*, where the two heroes have human and distinguishing characteristics about them; —if we except these, we know of none that can aspire to higher praise than that of entertaining caricature, or perhaps an amusing story; but with nothing that afforded material for thought—nothing that made them, what all pictures of society ought to be, food for contemplation to the philosopher.

The creation of modern literature, that species of invention which alone could body forth the infinite variety of modern society—the Novel,—requires much peculiar to its period, and all that the mind has ever possessed of original power. The legends of a barbaric age are perhaps all that age had worth preserving; another, entirely military, is perfectly depicted in an heroic poem; where the character of a nation is exclusively political, its master-piece is history; chivalry, with its banners and brands, lives in its own spirited ballads; and as the varieties increased, and shades multiplied, the drama became the lively and accurate reflection of the passing panorama. But to an age, reading, thoughtful, languid, with every excitement of former times added to its own, with its strange mixture of all that can form a character, yet repress its display,—what could do justice — what give a picture so true, as may be given by the novel? The author of *Pelham* has remembered, what so many have forgotten, the extreme value of a good novel to posterity; and he has brought to his task endowments that ensure memory as well as popularity. We do not attempt to give a meagre outline of a most interesting story: suffice it to say, it does ample credit to the talent of invention. But there are two especial merits in *Pelham:* one, the great skill displayed in the characters,—the hero himself is a master-piece; and the other is, the wit, the keen, lively, uncommon wit, it displays,—the thousand little diamond arrows, flung seemingly so carelessly, but so true to the mark. Perhaps the first two or three chapters are as perfect a specimen of quiet but pointed satire as could be produced—almost every sentence tells. But we must now use the language of complaint; for never had we a book whence to select our quotations was more difficult. At first this seemed easy enough; we pencilled, and pencilled,—and it was not till the next week, when slip after slip from the printer proved that we had quoted rather better than three parts of our *Gazette*, while we thought we were doing scant justice. We have now made a selection of detached passages, *multum in parvo*, and will at least give some of the remarks, if our limits forbid whole conversations: indeed, the very spirited dialogue is one of *Pelham's* most characteristic merits.

A well-educated Boy.—"As I was reckoned an uncommonly well-educated boy, it may not be ungratifying to the admirers of the present system of education to pause here for a moment, and recall what I then knew. I could make twenty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe, *without* an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones *with it;* I could *read* Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had only been eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one can never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five and twenty. As I was never *taught* a syllable of English during this period; as when I once attempted to read Pope's poems, out of school hours, I was laughed at, and called '*a sap;*' as my mother, when I went to school, renounced her own instructions; and as, whatever schoolmasters may think to the contrary, one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration; so of every thing which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left Eton, in the profoundest ignorance."

Farewell at College.—"I went to take leave of our college-tutor. 'Mr. Pelham,' said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, 'your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grass-plats, nor set your dog at the proctor—nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night—nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication—nor the lecture-room, in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behaviour of young men of family and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honour to your college.'"

Critical observations.

"*Rousseau's Héloïse.*—The chief beauty of that wonderful conception of an empassioned and meditative mind, is to be found in the inimitable manner in which the thoughts are embodied, and in the tenderness, the truth, the profundity of the thoughts themselves. When Lord Edouard says, 'c'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie,' he inculcates, in one simple phrase, a profound and unanswerable truth. It is in these remarks that nature is chiefly found in the writings of Rousseau; too much engrossed in himself to be deeply skilled in the characters of others, that very self-study had yet given him a knowledge of the more hidden recesses of the heart. He could perceive at once the motive and the cause of actions; but he wanted the patience to trace the elaborate and winding progress of their effects. He saw the passions in their home, but he could not follow them abroad. He knew *mankind* in the general, but not *men* in the detail. Thus, when he makes an aphorism or reflection, it comes home at once to you as true; but when he would analyse that reflection, when he argues, reasons, and attempts to prove, you reject him as unnatural, or you refute him as false. * *

"'What political writer is generally esteemed as your best?' 'It is difficult to say,' replied Vincent, 'since with so many parties we have many idols; but I think I might venture to name Bolingbroke as among the most popular. Perhaps, indeed, it would be difficult to select a name more frequently quoted and discussed than his; yet I will boldly aver that his political works are the least valuable part of his remains; and though they contain many lofty

sentiments and many beautiful, yet scattered truths, they were written when legislation, most debated, was least understood, and ought to be admired rather as excellent for the day than estimable in themselves. The life of Bolingbroke would convey a juster moral than all his writings: and the author who gives us a full and impartial memoir of that extraordinary man, will have afforded, both to the philosophical and political literature of England, one of its greatest desideratums."

The general remarks.

"I went away the first, in order to give the men an opportunity of abusing me; for whenever the men abuse, the women, to support alike their coquetry and the conversation, think themselves called upon to defend. * *

"How few there are in the world who retain, after a certain age, the character originally natural to them! We all get, as it were, a second skin; the little foibles, propensities, eccentricities, we first indulged through affectation, conglomerate and encrust, till the artificiality grows into nature. * *

"Say what we will of the power of love, it borrows greatly from opinion; pride, above all things, sanctions and strengthens affection. * *

"My new-made and mysterious acquaintance drew himself up to his full height, and bowed very slightly to my own acknowledgment of the introduction. A low person would have thought him rude: I only supposed him ignorant of the world. No real gentleman is uncivil. * * *

"I was soon dressed, for it is the *design*, not the *execution*, of all great undertakings which requires deliberation and delay. *Action* cannot be too prompt. * * *

"'We are all,' said Glanville, with a faint smile, 'we are all, in the words of the true old proverb—'children of a larger growth.' Our first toy is love—our second, display, according as our ambition prompts us to exert it. Some place it in horses, some in honours, some in feasts, and some—*voici un exemple*—in furniture. So true it is, Pelham, that our earliest longings are the purest: in love, we covet goods for the sake of the one beloved; in display, for our own: thus our first stratum of mind produces fruit for others; our second becomes niggardly, and bears only sufficient for ourselves.' * * *

"Few men in office are wise enough to trust the young; as if the greater zeal and sincerity of youth did not more than compensate for its appetite for the gay, or its thoughtlessness of the serious. * * *

"So true is it, that there is no situation which a little tact cannot turn to our own account: manage *yourself* well, and you may manage all the world. * * *

"Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him."

One specimen of the narrative part, and we must close our quotations.

"I am an only child. My father was the younger son of one of our oldest earls, my mother the dowerless daughter of a Scotch peer. Mr. Pelham was a moderate whig, and gave sumptuous dinners;—Lady Frances was a woman of taste, and particularly fond of diamonds and old china. Vulgar people know nothing of the necessaries required in good society; and the credit they give is as short as their pedigree. Six years after my birth there was an execution in our house. My mother was just setting off on a visit to the Duchess of D——: she declared it was impossible to go without her diamonds. The chief of the bailiffs declared it was impossible to trust them out of his sight. The matter was compromised—the bailiff went with my mother to C——, and was introduced *as my tutor*. 'A man of singular merit,' whispered my mother, 'but *so* shy!' Fortunately the bailiff was abashed; and by losing his impudence he kept the secret. At the end of the week the diamonds went to the jeweller's, and Lady Frances wore paste. I think it was about a month afterwards that a sixteenth cousin left my mother twenty thousand pounds. 'It will just pay off our most importunate creditors, and equip me for Melton,' said Mr. Pelham. 'It will just redeem my diamonds, and new furnish the house,' said Lady Frances. The latter alternative was chosen. My father went down to run his last horse at Newmarket, and my mother received nine hundred people in a Turkish tent. Both were equally fortunate, the *Greek* and the *Turk*; my father's horse *lost*, in consequence of which he pocketed five thousand pounds; and my mother looked so charming as a sultana, that Seymour Conway fell desperately in love with her. Mr. Conway had just caused two divorces; and, of course, all the women in London were dying for him—judge then of the pride which Lady Frances felt at his addresses. The end of the season was unusually dull; and my mother, after having looked over her list of engagements, and ascertained that she had none remaining worth staying for, agreed to elope with her new lover. The carriage was at the end of the square. My mother, for the first time in her life, got up at six o'clock. Her foot was on the step, and her hand next to Mr. Conway's heart, when she remembered that her favourite china monster and her French dog were left behind. She insisted on returning—re-entered the house, and was coming down stairs with one under each arm, when she was met by my father and two servants. My father's valet had discovered the flight (I forget how), and awakened his master. When my father was convinced of his loss, he called for his dressing-gown—searched the garret and the kitchen—looked in the maids' drawers and the cellaret—and finally declared he was distracted. I have heard that the servants were quite melted by his grief; and I do not doubt it in the least, for he was always celebrated for his skill in private theatricals. He was just retiring to vent his grief in his dressing-room, when he met my mother. It must altogether have been an awkward *rencontre*, and, indeed, for my father, a remarkably unfortunate occurrence; for Seymour Conway was immensely rich, and the damages would, no doubt, have been proportionably high. Had they met each other alone, the affair might easily have been settled, and Lady Frances gone off in tranquillity;—those d——d servants are always in the way! I have, however, often thought that it was better for me that the affair ended thus,—as I know, from many instances, that it is frequently exceedingly inconvenient to have one's mother divorced. I have observed that the distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society is a calm, imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least; they eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money, in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it. To render this observation good, and to return to the intended elopement, nothing farther was said upon that event. My father introduced Conway to Brookes's, and invited him to dinner twice a week for a whole twelvemonth. Not long after this occurrence, by the death of my grandfather, my uncle succeeded to the title and estates of the family. He was, as people justly observed, rather an odd man: built schools for peasants, forgave poachers, and diminished his farmers' rents; indeed, on account of these and similar eccentricities, he was thought a fool by some, and a madman by others. However, he was not quite destitute of natural feeling; for he paid my father's debts, and established us in the secure enjoyment of our former splendour. But this piece of generosity, or justice, was done in the most unhandsome manner; he obtained a promise from my father to retire from Brookes's and relinquish the turf: and he prevailed upon my mother to take an aversion to diamonds, and an indifference to china monsters."

We must content ourselves with only referring to Lady Frances's inimitable letters, the scenes in Paris, the many clever dialogues, the excellent sketch of Mr. Jobson, the dinner at Lord Guloseton's, and the powerfully told tale of Sir Reginald—all so excellent, though so different; and conclude by giving the author of *Pelham* the high praise of having produced a first-rate novel.

There is, however, one striking drawback, the book is abominably printed; and a complete errata, particularly in foreign languages, would occupy many pages. It is not only the duty of an author to write correctly, but to see that what he has so written is correctly laid before the public.

D'Israeli's Charles I.

As our author may appear, from the quotations with which our last No. concluded, to be an apologist for favourites, he, by way of balance, is at least no apologist for patriots or pseudo patriots. He thinks they must, like other folks,* have their passions, their vices, and their selfish objects. Sir John Eliot and Dr. Turner are *shewn up* in fine style, and Hampden is barely allowed to have been tolerably stout and pure: but the most curious of all is the account of a man who produced a powerful effect in the revolution, and whose doings have never before appeared so completely disclosed. With this we shall conclude.

Fulke Greville (the first Lord Brooke),

* Even the greatest of antiquity; for it is stated: "among the manuscripts of Bishop Rennet, I found a curious list of the infirmities of the best men in sacred writ. Moses was passionate, Abraham lied, Aaron was idolatrous, Sampson was a woman's slave, and the incredulity of Thomas, the persecutions of Paul, and the denial of Peter, enforced this extraordinary result of the infirmities of men, who, we might suppose, would have been exempt from ordinary weaknesses. May we not, therefore, be forgiven, if we sometimes start at the tales of those romantic patriots, who, pure and exalted above the sphere of human passions, and often performing incredible or incomprehensible actions, so prodigally adorn the histories of the poetical Greeks and the declamatory Romans!† Our own age, among the annals of patriotism, can only boast of a single patriotic character, the grandeur of whose mind was circumscribed by his civic duties: the ambition of Washington terminated in the emancipation of his country. It would be delightful to trace patriotism in all its integrity, pursuing the noblest ends by the most irreproachable means: but too rare indeed are those great characters, who having opened the first scenes of political revolutions, have escaped the imputation of indulging their personal vanity, their private interest, or their boundless ambition."

† "The learned Niebuhr has elaborately explored into the fabulous history of the Romans; he has been preceded by M. Beaufort, an ingenious writer, in his 'Incertitude des cinq Premiers Siècles de l'Histoire Romaine;' but the Abbate Lancelloti, in his 'Farfalloni degli Antichi Historici,' would have had the merit of having first hostilely entered into this sacred land of imposture, had the dignity of genius sustained the erudition of the writer of 'The Flim-Flams of Antiquity.'"

about 1628, "founded an historical lecture at Cambridge, endowing it with no penurious salary for that day—one hundred pounds per annum. Why an Englishman was not found worthy of the professorship, has not been told. The founder invited the learned Vossius, of Leyden, to fill this chair; but the states of Holland having at that moment augmented his pension, Vossius recommended to his lordship Dr. Dorislaus, an excellent scholar and a doctor in civil law. The learned Hollander, so early as in 1628, was sent down to Cambridge by Lord Brooke, with the king's letters to the vice-chancellor and the heads of colleges, who immediately complied with the design of the noble instituter of this new professorship. Dr. Dorislaus delivered two or three lectures on Tacitus, but he had not yet gone beyond the first words, *Urbem Romanam primo reges habuere*, when he discovered that he was addressing critical ears. He dissented on the change of government in Rome from kings to consuls, by the suggestion of Junius Brutus; he dwelt on the power of the people; and touching on the excesses of Tarquin, who had violated the popular freedom which the people had enjoyed under his predecessors, he launched out in vindication of his own country in wresting their liberties from the tyranny of the Spanish monarchs. There was a tone of democracy in the lectures of the Dutchman, a spirit of republican fierceness, to which the heads of houses had not yet been accustomed; and though the doctor had particularly excepted such monarchies as those of England, where, he said, 'the people had surrendered their rights to the king, so that in truth there could be no just exception taken against the sovereign,' yet the master of Peter-house, quick at analogies, and critical at deductions, communicating with the master of Christ College and the vice-chancellor, a murmur rose, which reached London, and at length the king's ear, of the tendency of these republican doctrines. Dr. Dorislaus at first offered to clear himself before the heads of houses: he proposed to despatch letters to his patron and other eminent personages, to explain his opinions; but at length resolving to address himself personally to Lord Brooke, he suddenly suppressed these letters, observing, that 'he would see an accuser, before he replied to an accusation.' What occurred at court is obscure. The Bishop of Winchester, in his majesty's name, suspended our history-lecturer; but shortly after, the suspension was annulled, and the doctor allowed to return to his chair. Fuller, who alludes to this transaction, tells us, that 'Dorislaus was accused to the king, troubled at court, and after his submission hardly restored to his place.' His first patron, however, who differed in his political sentiments from his successor, the republican Lord Brooke, in a letter to the doctor requested that he would retire to his own country, assuring him, however, of his stipend during life. Lord Brooke, shortly after this generous offer, was assassinated by his servant. The doctor, it is certain, never contemplated returning to his republic, and it is suspected that he had his reasons. This scholar and adventurer was 'a fair-conditioned man,' as indeed appears by his portrait. He married an Englishwoman, was established a professor at Gresham College—and this foreigner, whom Fuller describes as 'a Dutchman, very anglicised in language and behaviour,' became a very important personage in the great Revolution of the land of his adoption. A history of this Dutch doctor of civil laws, and republicans, would furnish a subject of considerable interest in our own political history. Although we have not hitherto been enabled to trace the private life of this remarkable character, for the long interval of twenty years, in which he was settled in this country, yet it is quite evident, that during this period he cultivated an intimate intercourse with the English republicans of that day; for he became their chief counsellor, a participator in their usurpations, and acted in a high station in the commonwealth. His death was not less political than his life. The first patron of Dr. Dorislaus, Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, was succeeded in his title by his cousin, Robert Greville, whom he had adopted as his son. The young lord was then scarcely of age; and the republican sentiments of the second Lord Brooke, imbibed by the generous temper of youth, were so opposite to the monarchical character of the first lord, that we have no difficulty in discovering his tutor in his own historical lecturer of Cambridge. In the dreams of his soul, lofty views of human nature broke forth; and in a romantic passion of patriotism and misanthropy, he had planned, with another discontented noble, Lord Say and Sele, to fly to the forests of New England, to enjoy that delusive freedom which he conceived that he had lost in the old. Whether Dr. Dorislaus would have accompanied his pupil, and have forsaken the academy of Gresham for an American savannah, may be doubted. The doctor had abandoned his own republic for a more comforting abode in a monarchy. The founders of sects are often very different in their views and temperaments to their proselytes. A cool head has often inflamed hot ones, as water feeds fire. Lord Brooke's motives were the purest which human nature can experience; yet such a secession from our father-land may be condemned as betraying more sullenness than patriotism. It was this Lord Brooke who afterwards sided with the parliament, and whose extraordinary prayer on the day of his death, at the storming of the church-close at Litchfield, has been adduced by those who presume to explore into the secret ways of Providence, as a demonstration of what they are pleased to term particular providences, or judgments; while the opposite party, who do not object to these divine catastrophes whenever they happen to their enemies, never recognise one in the fate of their friend: thus it happens that the man whom one party considers as the object of divine vengeance, is exalted by the other into the beatitude of a saint. It would have been more reasonable to have remarked, that this very prayer, from the pure and noble mind of Lord Brooke, perhaps argued some painful doubts about the cause which he had espoused, and for which he was to die. If we consider the intimacy which this Lord Brooke must necessarily have cherished with the historical professor placed on the foundation of his relative, and the whole tenour of his lordship's actions from his early days, it will be evident that this noble enthusiast was the political pupil of his republican professor of civil law. When the rebellion or the revolution broke out, our speculative philosopher, Doctor Dorislaus, became a practical politician. The notions of government which he maintained well suited that base minority, who in those unhappy days triumphed over the monarchy and the aristocracy of England; and an indissoluble bond of political connexion was formed between Dorislaus and the popular chiefs. The Dutch doctor of civil law became their learned counsellor and their resolute agent, and the political adventurer received the gratitude of the co-partners and the profits of the co-partnership. We discover Doctor Dorislaus as the judge advocate in Essex's army; we find Doctor Dorislaus presiding as one of the judges of the Admiralty; we behold the republican foreigner standing between the attorney and the solicitors-general at the trial of the King of England; and when his ability had served the English commonwealth so zealously at home, we see him commissioned by his friends in power to return to his native land as their representative—the ambassador of England! There, when scarcely arrived, and in a manner the most unexpected, the doctor terminated his career. His character was too flagrant not to attract the notice and indignation of the English emigrants. Some cavaliers, maddened by loyalty and pastich, who knew how actively Dorislaus had occupied himself in forwarding the unparalleled catastrophe which the world had witnessed, avenged the murder of their sovereign by an unpardonable crime—the crime of assassination. A party rushed into his apartment while he was at supper, and despatched the ambassador of the new commonwealth. This foreigner must have obtained an ascendency in the government not yet entirely discovered; and had been most intimately consulted on the events of the times, and more particularly in the conduct of the most criminal of the acts of the men in power. This appeared by the predominant party decreeing him a public funeral, attended by the council of state, the judges, and the whole parliament. Evelyn has chronicled this public funeral for 'the villain who managed the trial against the king.' It has been urged in favour of Dorislaus, that he did not speak at the trial of the king. It is probable that this foreigner might not have acquired all the fluency of forensic elocution necessary to address those who were called the English people, on an occasion so tremendously solemn. Those, moreover, who had been forced up into supreme power, might also have still retained some slight remains of decorum, and scarcely have desired that a stranger, with a foreign accent, should plead for the English people against their sovereign. But was Dorislaus less active because he was mute? As a civilian, he was most competent to draw up the indictment, such as it was; and he acted so important a part in the trial itself, that in the print we may observe this Dutch doctor standing between the commonwealth's council, Cooke and Aske. Such is the story of Doctor Dorislaus, a foreigner who was more busied in our history than appears by the pages of our historians. The concealed design of his historical lectures, when the professorship was first founded at Cambridge, seemed doubtful to many, but less so to discerning judgments. The whole tenour of the professor's life must now remove all doubts. Dr. Dorislaus was a political adventurer, a republican by birth and principle, the native of a land where, in the youthhood of the republic, a nation's independence had broke forth; there was no small town, scarcely an obscure spot, which did not commemorate some stratagem of war, some night assault, some voluntary immolation, or which bore not the vestige of some glorious deed. There the siege had famished the city; there the dyke, broken by the patriot's hand, had inundated his own province. The whole face of the country was covered with associations of unconquered patriotism. Dorislaus had willingly deserted this popular freedom and poverty, to endure the servitude of mo-

narchy in ease and competence. The Dutch republican consented to join the English people, to adopt his own expressions, in 'surrendering their rights to their sovereign.' Perhaps he afterwards deemed that 'the majesty of the people' retained the power of revoking their grant. His Roman intrepidity, if our lecturer on the seven kings of Rome ever possessed it, was now lurking among intriguers, and his republican pride at length was sharing in the common spoil. Such is the picture of a republican whose name appears in our history, and who acted a remarkable part in it, but who has not hitherto received the notice which he claims."

And here we end. Mr. D'Israeli's style is easy and conversational, without being very correct or highly polished. His sentiments are determinedly Jacobite, royalist, and high-church. Taking his side, he seems earnestly to seek truth; and if his statements are to be received as coloured by his feelings, no one can suspect them of being disingenuously perverted.

At the conclusion of his volumes, which we sincerely hope he will soon multiply till he finishes his task, we cannot help being strongly impressed with the sense that all historical discussions which involve religious differences are more bitter, passionate, and intolerant, than any others; that they generate more falsehoods and evil acts on both sides, and are attended by grosser contradictions, misrepresentations, and personal persecutions.* Is not this strangely inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity? Yet so it is.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

ORNAMENTED with an admirable likeness of the Poet, from the easel of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and engraved in the finest style by Mr. John Burnet, this handsome, though small, edition of Mr. Campbell's poetical works must be received with universal favour. They are now collected for the first time, the copyrights of his earliest productions having only recently, we believe, reverted to the author, who has thus been enabled to fulfil a popular desideratum in our elegant literature. The first volume contains the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, Theodric, and several translations from the Greek; the second has the exquisite minor pieces, such as Lochiel's Warning, Hohenlinden, Ye Mariners of England, &c. &c. Of the whole it is past all time now to speak—public taste has long confirmed the awards of criticism, and Mr. Campbell stands justly in the foremost rank of modern British bards: but we will not dismiss these volumes without warmly recommending them for one distinguishing quality. Never did poet produce a work more deserving of female acceptation; for, with all the fervour of his minstrel art, Mr. Campbell has never uttered a thought unfit for the chastest mind, nor penned a line which, on dying, he could wish to blot.

The Voyage of Captain Popanilla. By the Author of "Vivian Grey." 12mo. pp. 243. London, 1828. Colburn.

A SATIRICAL squib, the gist of which is to shew that the people of England live in too artificial a state. The frame-work consists of the adventures amongst us of Popanilla, a native of a natural island, where the good folks rise at sun-set, and dance and sport their (days, we were going to say) nights away. He turns political economist, is banished, and arrives at Hubbubub (London), where various extraordinary inconsistencies and follies are presented to his study. The volume displays so much ingenuity and talent, that we may probably yield it a longer notice; but at present we must dismiss it, as a *jeu d'esprit* of considerable merit, though unequal, and not so racy as a Swift of 1828 might have made it.

The Lairds of Fife. 3 vols. London, 1828, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Edinburgh, Constable and Co.

WE must confess we do not understand the aim of these volumes: they have no literary merit; and the satire, if such be meant, is too much of mere local gossip. We, at least, cannot catch its wit or meaning.

Victoria: or, the Male Coquette and the Dupe. 3 vols. 12mo. J. Robins and Co. London and Dublin.

AN historical novel, such as novels were twenty years ago—with no distinguishing features or feature.

Waldstein; or, the Swedes in Prague; from the German of Madame C. Pichler. By J. D. Rosenthal. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Rodwell.

A VERY well-executed and skilfully abridged translation of what is a most favourable specimen of German romance. The narrative is interesting throughout, and many of the characters excellently drawn. *Johanna* is a particularly sweet sketch.

Eccelano da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua: a Poem, in Twelve Books. By Henry Augustus Viscount Dillon. 8vo. pp. 420. London, 1828. E. Lloyd and Son.

LORD DILLON'S Epic is too mighty for us to grapple with it on its first shewing. It contains some poetical images and ideas, and some as queer materials as we have often met with, either as regards thought or composition.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Captain Rock's Suppressed Volume.

[Third Notice.]

THE vanity and pride of the real representative-descendant of the genuine "King of all Ireland" are excessive. With him the gracious Majesty of Great Britain is little more than a Guelph, who has played his ancestors and him a dog's trick by mounting his throne. We fear to interpose where such mighty interests are in conflict: the weak generally come off second best when they interfere between the issues of the strong; and we have seen meddlers crushed—for, as the poet truly says,

> They that in quarrels interpose,
> Must often wipe a bloody nose.

Now, as our nose is an extremely delicate and sensitive feature, we beg to be understood as being entirely neutral in the present case. If George the Fourth, whom we dearly love and admire, is pleased to call for our assistance in any other case, we will come forward with heart and soul; nay, we would even serve his Majesty at the risk of taking office in the Administration, which is a great deal: but we beg and entreat that he will not require of us to take any part against Captain Rock, or the heir and inheritor of the titles of the Milesian kings. There is a point beyond which even loyalty ought not to be stretched; and how dared we to incur the displeasure of the royal author of this dreadful book? What would he make of such poor creatures as we are, seeing that he makes nothing of the highest Paladins of the age? What should we be to the grasp which extinguishes the noble races of the Boyles, the Stewarts of Londonderry, and even the Wellesleys?—why, dust and dirt, to be pulverised and trampled upon.

The illustrious house of Boyle is but chaff in the estimation of this man of antiquity, before whose eyes a Welsh pedigree (having Adam somewhere about the middle of the tree) would be a mere modern instance. But this portion of the genealogies we must defer for conclusion in our next.

His Majesty observes, with great composure, that *his genealogies* will be found to differ somewhat from those furnished by themselves, as set forth in Debrett's Peerage; but we fancy the day has gone past, when mankind will pay much deference to names of a century of more or less antiquity, "without the stamp of merit," which is now, in these liberal times, considered to be equal to length of race.

But if the *Boyles* are contumeliously treated, what shall we say to the royal writer's contemptuous usage of the far more exalted family of *Wellesley*? To him, the conqueror of Napoleon is a plebeian cipher: the four brother peers, whose names adorn this glorious race, are not superior to paupers in a work-house: the Premier of England a petty clerk to a chandler. We remember at our humble King's coronation, being as it were lifted up by seeing the mother of these, to our senses, elevated and illustrious men, proud with all a parent's feelings, and looking upon the Hall below, where three dazzling coronets had rewarded the splendid military achievements and the valuable civil services of her progeny. Since then, another glittering circlet has been bound round another of their brows, and the peerage of Cowley joined to those of Wellington, Wellesley, and Maryborough!! But what are trifles like these, to one to whom M'Carthy king of South, or O'Brien king of North Munster, or M'Murrogh king of Leinster, or O'Niaal king of Ulster, or Brien Bouroo himself, or any regal MAC or O whomsoever, beneath the dignity of an O'Connor, supreme king of "all Ireland and half of Westmeath?" No wonder that heroes and statesmen of the nineteenth century are despised, and that even the splendid race of Wellesley should be thus metamorphosed.

"The name (says his pseudo Majesty) of this family is M'Cule. As their history is most extraordinary, it calls for particular notice—both of itself, as well as to shew that their real claim to birth is much higher than their pretended one—of which fact a better judgment may be formed from the perusal of the following authentic relation. There was a man called Garret Wisely, who had been a trooper in Marlborough's wars, and who, being disbanded, returned to his native country, the county of Meath, in Ireland. As a travelled man, who could tell surprising stories, a good shot, and a great drinker, he was received as an humble companion at the side-tables of the gentry of the country: but at none of their houses was he so welcome as at Dengan Castle, near Trim, then possessed by a female of the name of Cusack. This lady had married a cousin of her own (to preserve the estate in the family), who was rather simple, and therefore a cipher in the house. She had no children; and fame, too frequently busy with character,

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* See all the histories of the age of Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, and the Stuarts. See the late Parliamentary Debates on the Catholic Question. The last part of Constable's Miscellany is by a Mr. Bell, and begins a life of Mary Queen of Scots, which strikingly illustrates the same argument—that wherever the doctrine of peace and good-will is brought into the dispute, then surely ensues aggravated hostility and hatred.

spoke aloud of the lady's partiality for the man of war, who, though he had never occupied a higher station on the muster-roll of his regiment than that of *sergeant*, was, through courtesy of the squiralty of the neighbourhood, honoured with the rank of *captain*. These injurious reports had been for some time in active circulation, when Mr. Cusack was one morning found dead beneath the window of his bedchamber, from which, it was given out, he had leaped in the frenzy of fever. After the usual and *decent* time of mourning had elapsed, the lady surrendered her person and all her fair domains to the gallant captain, now her lord, on whom was *instantly* bestowed, by all the vicinage, the title of *colonel*,—generally attached, in Ireland, to the possessor of two thousand pounds a-year, even though a civilian! This union the lady did not long survive. Garret consoled himself for his loss, in the possession of a good estate, which made him a person of consequence in his neighbourhood, and the ownership of half the borough of Trim, which enlarged the sphere of his importance. It is now to be mentioned, that Garret had no relations, save two sisters; one of whom had married a poor labouring fellow of the name of Branaghane, who toiled from morning to night, and was all but starved on four-pence a-day: she was therefore not to be known by her more fortunate brother, though she had united herself in her own proper class. The other sister was married, with her brother's approbation, after he became a *gentleman*, to a wealthy grazier in the county of Longford, named Harman, to whom Garret gave, as a portion, his *bond* for one thousand pounds,—some years' interest of which being due—in truth all, (Garret never having paid a groat to him, or any one else, without the intervention of law)—Harman imprudently sued the *colonel*, enforced payment, and thus put an end to all communication between them. Garret, now disencumbered of wife and relations of every degree, bethought him of an old crony of his, of the name of Cooley (a corruption of M'Culè), a miserable *brogue-maker* at a place called Carbury, in the county of Kildare, with whom he renewed his former acquaintance, and to whom he was in the habit of rendering some small kindnesses. This poor fellow had, as usual in Ireland, a large family, and amongst them a boy named Dick, breeding up to his father's wretched occupation, for whom Wisely promised to do something better; and accordingly bound him apprentice to one Hickey, a kind of pastry-cook in Dublin. Shortly after the expiration of the boy's time, his patron procured for him the civil employment of cook at Dublin Castle; and as he had a good voice, and Garret *had told him* beforehand to be a *Protestant*, he was now installed as one of the choristers of Christ Church. Nor did Garret stop here; he enabled him to rent a house in Church Lane, where he kept a pastry-cook shop, and distilled spearmint, rose, and lavender waters, and suchlike. Garret had lived riotously, and now became infirm. Dick Cooley, whose mind's eye had speculation in it, quitted his shop, abandoned his situation in state and church;—I am aware church has always preceded state, but my attachment to order of time will not admit of it on the present *important* occasion;—and went to Dengan Castle just to look after his benefactor, where he instantly invested himself in the office of major domo, or *dominus factotum*. At length, Garret Wisely died, and Dick Cooley happened *to stumble upon a will*, by which he himself became possessed of all the estate, absolutely and without control or remainder. It has been noticed, that the borough of Trim was an appendage to the estate of Dengan, and by that ladder our hero (now *Richard* Cooley Wisely, Esq.), being of an aspiring genius, mounted to the viscounty of Mornington. This Right Honourable Lord Viscount Mornington married the daughter of an attorney of the name of Slade. Her *ladyship the viscountess* had one son, named Garret, in compliment to the benefactor of her lord—(I like to preserve these small traits in *great* personages), which son changed the names of Cooley Wisely to Cowley Wesley, and afterwards to Westly, becoming, by means of the said borough of Trim, *Earl* of Mornington. This noble lord had five sons:—the present marquess, who has changed the names of Cooley Wisely, Wesley, or Westly, to Colley Well-es-ley. William, to whom a small gentleman of the name of William Poole stood godfather, and left his estate (of about 300*l.* a-year at the time), and who now calls himself William Wellesley Pole,—I marvel much if it is not De la Pole, and that kindred is not claimed with the old dukes of Suffolk of that name. Arthur, an officer in the army in India, who is gathering fruit from trees of others' planting,—governor of Seringapatam, (not taken by his prowess:)—who, *if ever he should chance to rise*, will mount on the errors of his opponents, not on his own deserts. Gerald Valerian, a parson—so called, though christened *Garret Wisely* after his father: but Gerald is a great Norman name—the Fitz-Geralds, Fitz-Maurices, and Fitz-Thomases, being known in history by the distinction of *the Geraldines;* whilst Garret is an uncommonly vulgar appellation in Ireland:—and Henry, an ambassador at some court. These men advance as truth, that their ancestor came to Ireland with Henry II., as standard-bearer to that prince. I have before me the names of all the officers and men of note who invaded Ireland at that time, and no such name appears as either Wisely, Wesley, Westly, or Wellesley, or any thing like them—nor, indeed, at any other time, that any memorial records,—so very obscure were they; neither is the name to be found in the annals of Normanno, or Anglo, Ireland, save in one solitary instance, as follows:—'Walter Wellesly, alias Wesely (*Catholic*), prior of Conal, promoted to the see of Kildar, 24th September, 1531, retaining his priory: he died 9th December, 1539, and lies buried in his convent.' From all which it appears, that, let the Wiselys, Wesleys, Westlys, or Wellesleys, be as conspicuous as for many a century they were in truth obscure, these men have no relation whatever even to Garret Wisely, who had neither consanguinity nor affinity with Cooley:—I must, therefore, now speak of them by that name. I have heard some of them say, that they are descended from a man of the name of Colley, who passed from Rutlandshire to Ireland in the time of Henry the Eighth, where he was master of the rolls, or in some other very ostensible situation:—but of this Richard Cooley Wisely, *alias* Westly, the father of these men, never thought;—that happy suggestion being reserved for the present time, when their family name was changed from Cooley, or Cowley, to Colley, for the purpose of establishing kindred with the Colleys of Rutlandshire,—of whom, by the by, no human being ever heard any thing, good or bad.—Now to the *undoubted fact*. Their name is M'Culè; and their distant ancestors were heralds to O'Niaal, king of Ulster, their portion of land being denominated *Feirnaoi* (now called *Fearny*), the meaning of which is '*the shield land*,' appertaining to their office,—a high dignity. So true is this, that the M'Coolies assumed and still bear the shield of the king of Ulster as their own. I have now before me the most ancient impression of Keating's History of Ireland, wherein I find the following note in the hand-writing of Jeoffry Keating himself (amongst a great many of the like sort):—'This Harry Colley is of the M'Coolies of the Ferny, shield-bearers to the O'Niaals; and they bear the arms—a lion chained—the achievement on the banner of the O'Niaals.' To conclude, though their motto says, '*Unica virtus necessaria*,' I much doubt whether, without Protestantism and the borough of Trim, their *virtue* would have raised them from poverty, misery, and Carbury, to competence, much less nobility."

Can aught exceed the folly of such diatribes as these? Alas, for human dignity!

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Friday, the 23d, Mr. Brockedon gave a brief but highly interesting account of a new mode of projecting shot, discovered by Mr. Sievier. It appears that Mr. Sievier was amusing himself by firing off gunpowder in a syringe, in the side of which he had made a small touch-hole near the bottom, and had arranged the charge of powder until it was competent to throw the piston across the room, when the body of the syringe was held fast. He then thought of inverting the order of things, and of holding the piston whilst the syringe was allowed to be projected; supposing it would go perhaps half-way across the room, instead of which it darted through the ceiling, and was picked up in the room above. This effect seemed to result, in some way or other, from the generation of a power acting much more forcibly upon that which contained the charge of powder, than upon that which, like wadding or a shot, merely helped to confine it; and accordingly shot were made hollow, and with a bamboo for the powder, and were fired from off mandrels fitted on blocks of wood. The effect of these kind of shot was described as being very extraordinary, when the small charge of powder was taken into account; and Mr. Brockedon considered the nature and principles of the recoil of guns, and stated that he thought there were sufficiently evident reasons for the effect produced. One very great advantage of the method of throwing shot, consists in the exceedingly light mandrel and carriage which may be substituted for the heavy gun and its appurtenances necessary to throw a shot of a given weight.

Some very fine specimens and drawings of fulgarites, or lightning tubes, from Westphalia, were exhibited in the library by Dr. Fiedler, and their nature briefly explained by Mr. Faraday in the lecture-room, after Mr. Brockedon had concluded his account of the shot. Some very rare minerals were also laid upon the tables; and pictures, with numerous fine engravings and specimens of natural history, were placed about the room.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Monday the annual distribution given by this Society took place in the King's Theatre, Lord Radnor in the chair. Not having previously heard of this meeting, we can only speak from common report, that it was numerously attended; and that several apparently

very useful mechanical inventions were distinguished by medals and other rewards.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE Blossom, Captain Beechey, is on her way home to old England, after her long and arduous voyages. The latest accounts are from Acapulca, of March 17th, when the ship was getting under weigh for Valparaiso; so that our gallant countrymen may be expected at Portsmouth in August or September.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's Atlas. Part VIII.

A NEW Part, and a repetition of our praise. The work is now nearly half-seas-over, for the next Part (IX.) is the mid-channel of the *seventeen*; and we must say that it has been fully kept up to its launch. Southern Germany, the United States, and the Pacific Ocean, studded with islands and archipelagos, which constitute the present fasciculus, are as well done (they could not be better!) as any that have gone before.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES.

THE opposite inclinations of human minds to be too easily led into any belief, or to be too difficult of conviction; or, in other words, those different dispositions which we designate by *credulous* and *incredulous*, may equally tend to defeat the ends of truth, and perpetuate the dominion of ignorance. As simplicity perplexes by crediting too much, so does scepticism pervert by crediting too little: the former is all upon the surface, and the latter seeks another bottom below the actual bottom of the well. We are induced to offer these remarks, in consequence of having recently bestowed some pains and attention upon the investigation of a method of curing consumptive diseases as practised by Mr. Long, of Harley Street. The question whether that gentleman is right or wrong, is of prodigious importance to society; and having heard several well-authenticated instances of the cure of these fatal maladies, we could not hold ourselves justified in rejecting as visionary and unreal what appears to be so convincingly vouched for by disinterested persons of high respectability and great intelligence. Our Journal, we felt, was, in one of its best branches, devoted to the development of discoveries in science; and as no science so nearly affects humanity as medicine does, and as no part of medicine is so deeply and universally interesting as that which is involved in the single term CONSUMPTION, we have considered it to be our duty, both to the public and to Mr. Long, to inquire diligently and minutely into this matter.

It will be perceived, at once, that this could not be readily accomplished. No person who pursues a secret course of practice, and whose patients are bound never to divulge the method by which they have been restored to the blessings of health, can be very willing to admit any other individual within the pale of his privacy. And another objection existed against us in the present instance: it was known that we belonged decidedly to the class of the sceptical and incredulous with respect to Mr. Long's discovery. Under these circumstances, it at least augured well of that gentleman's confidence in himself and in his system, that he agreed to afford us (under the common pledge of secrecy) every opportunity of witnessing his proceedings, of seeing his patients, and of examining the results. And here we confess at once to have been much struck, not only by the entire novelty of the treatment of his cases by Mr. Long, but by the openness with which it was attended. There was no mystery, except in the arcanum itself; every one saw what was done with every other, and was thus enabled to form a judgment, not merely from his own individual case, but from the effects produced on many cases. A man may be deceived, or partially deceive himself, in the estimate of his being better or worse; but no art whatever could succeed in blinding him to the facts, whether a dozen persons around him, for several weeks, obviously retrograded, remained stationary, or recovered. We insist the more upon this, because we deem it a very distinguishing feature of Mr. Long's method, and because the cheering prospect of seeing those afflicted with the same disease as themselves, rapidly advancing under his care to convalescence, is itself a medicine of no small efficacy.

Intending to express our opinions more at length upon this vitally important subject, and to develop, as far as we may, what is proposed to be, what is, and what has been, done by Mr. Long, we must for the present shape our remarks to the space we can allow, and simply advise such of our readers as are directly or remotely concerned in this investigation, not to receive our very favourable impression, but to seek what they can very readily find, as we have experienced, the testimonies of those whom this discovery has lifted from the bed of sickness, almost of death, and restored to the enjoyments of society and life.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 31.—Saturday, being the last day of Easter Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. J. Jones, Fellow of Jesus College.

Bachelor in Civil Laws.—Rev. T. V. Bayne, M.A. Scholar of Jesus College, and Head Master of Warrington School.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. W. Cary, Rev. G. Price, Magdalen Hall; H. H. Dod, Rev. T. A. Holland, Worcester College; Rev. T. Fogg, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. C. Tufnell, Balliol College, Grand Compounder; B. Simpson, Scholar, R. Pain, H. Smith, Queen's College; J. F. E. Warburton, M. J. Taylot, Brasennose College; A. E. Sketchley, R. Pritchard, Magdalen Hall; W. P. Powell, J. C. Young, Worcester College; J. Pearson, W. R. Ward, J. B. B. Bateman, Balliol College; Right Hon. A. Viscount Acheson, T. P. Bridges, I. H. Pring, Christ Church; E. E. Hughes, J. V. Lloyd, H. R. Thomas, Jesus College; J. L. Brown, T. J. Cartwright, University College; E. J. Phipps, Exeter College; E. Benbow, Pembroke College; L. A. Sharpe, Fellow, O. Philpott, St. John's College.

Wednesday, the first day of Act Term, the Rev. W. T. P. Brymer, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Medicine (with License to practise).—J. M. Calvert, Oriel College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. A. Rew, Fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—J. E. Denison, Rev. S. Smith, Student, Christ Church, Rev. T. Twysden, Merton College, Grand Compounders; Rev. J. Horsford, W. R. Bigg, Queen's College; Rev. J. Wakefield, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Pughe, Rev. H. Hughes, T. Bevan, Rev. H. Vaughan, Rev. T. Lloyd, Jesus College; Rev. W. Milner, Worcester College; G. J. Penn, H. Labouchere, Christ Church; J. Parry, Fellow, Brasennose College; Rev. C. Floyer, G. D. Tyler, Trinity College; Rev. H. R. Harrison, Lincoln College; Rev. S. Cragg, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. T. Gaskell, Trinity College, Grand Compounder; P. Turner, Pembroke College; R. Rolland, St. Mary Hall; F. H. Hele, W. J. T. Dodgson, H. Moule, Queen's College; T. Sutton, J. R. Redhead, St. Edmund Hall; T. Curme, Worcester College; R. Pennefather, H. C. Smith, C. S. Twisleton, Scholar, R. Scott, Balliol College; J. G. Phillimore, Student, M. W. Ridley, T. C. Whitmore, H. R. Beaumont, R. F. Laurence, Student, Christ Church; K. Trimmer, J. Slade, H. N. Goldney, J. Lawson, St. Alban Hall; W. Harding, University College; J. Hamilton, J. Higgon, T. W. Booth, Brasennose College; J. J. Richardson, Oriel College; J. A. Giles, Scholar, Corpus College; W. Pilkington, J. H. Hughes, Demys, Magdalen College; H. D. Sewell, W. A. Trenchard, J. Purton, Trinity College; F. T. New, St. John's College; J. C. Crowley, R. G. Lewis, T. B. Saunders, Wadham College; G. E. Elliott, J. Manisty, Lord Crewe's Exhibitioner, Lincoln College; E. E. Villiers, Postmaster, W. Nettleship, Merton College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 22d, a letter was read from Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., addressed to the President, containing *an Account of some Circumstances relating to the Economy of Bees.*

In a former paper the author stated his having observed that, several days previous to the settling of a swarm of bees in the cavity of a hollow tree adapted to their reception, a considerable number of those insects were incessantly employed in examining the state of the tree, and particularly of every dead knot above the cavity which appeared likely to admit water. He has since had an opportunity of noticing, that the bees who performed this task of inspection, instead of being the same individuals, as he had formerly imagined, were, in fact, a continual succession of different bees: the whole number in the course of three days being such as to warrant the inference, that not a single labouring bee ever emigrates in a swarm without having seen its proposed future habitation. He finds that the same remark applies not only to the permanent place of settlement, but also to the place where the bees rest temporarily, soon after swarming, in order to collect their numbers.

The swarms which were the subjects of Mr. Knight's experiments shewed a remarkable disposition to unite under the same queen. On one occasion, a swarm which had arisen from one of his hives settled upon a bush, at a distance of about twenty-five yards; but instead of collecting together into a compact mass, as they usually do, they remained thinly dispersed for nearly half an hour, after which, as if tired of waiting, they singly, and one after the other, and not in obedience to any signal, arose and returned home. The next morning a swarm issued from a neighbouring hive, and proceeded to the same bush upon which the other bees had settled on the preceding day, collecting themselves into a mass, as they usually do when their queen is present. In a few minutes afterwards a very large assemblage of bees rushed from the hive from which the former swarm had issued, and proceeded directly to the one which had just settled, and instantly united with them. The author is led from these and other facts to conclude, that such unions of swarms are generally, if not always, the result of previous concert and arrangement.

He next proceeds to mention some circumstances which induce him to believe that sex is not given to the eggs of birds, or to the spawn of fishes or insects, at any very early period of their growth. Female ducks, kept apart from any male bird till the period of laying eggs approached, when a musk drake was put into company with them, produced a numerous offspring, six out of seven of which proved to be males.

The mule fishes found in many rivers where the common trout abounds, and where a solitary salmon is present, are uniformly of the male sex: hence the spawn must have been without sex at the time it was deposited by the female.

Mr. Knight states that he has also met with analogous circumstances in the vegetable world, respecting the sexes of the blossoms of monoecious plants. When the heat is excessive, compared with the quantity of light which the plant receives, only male flowers appear: but if the light be in excess, female flowers alone are produced.

At this meeting His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

In continuing our notice of the works in the Antique Academy, our task will not be an arduous one; for, with the exception of those which we have already mentioned, and of the miniatures, there is not much (at least within the sphere of vision) to attract attention.

No. 540. *Windsor Castle, from the Playground, Eton;* and No. 541. *Windsor Castle, from the north-west.* W. Danieli, R.A.—The name of Windsor must always be associated with the recollection of the grand and beautiful in English scenery. Of some of the pleasing varieties of that scenery these chaste and well-executed drawings afford an admirable representation.

No. 549. *The Chamois: sketched in the Tyrol.* J. F. Lewis.—To this, as to all his works of a similar description, Mr. Lewis has imparted an interest beyond that which belongs to the mere portrait of the animal.

No. 560. *Two Students watching the Clock of Eternity.* T. M. Von Holst.—We looked for this picture in the hope that it might possess some quality which would redeem the absurdity of its title; but we were disappointed. O! that the clock had *struck* while the artist was at work upon it!

No. 571. *Portrait of David Wilkie, Esq. R.A. in a masquerade costume: drawn at Rome.* J. Hellins.—It is an old saying, that "when people are at Rome they must do as Rome does." But for that maxim, we should certainly have been much surprised to see Mr. Wilkie so attired. We hail it, however, as a symptom of the cheerfulness attendant on that returning health, which none, even the personal friends of that admirable artist, can wish him more cordially than we do.*

No. 575. *Still Life.* G. Lance.

"Goose—rabbit—pheasant—pigeons—all;
With good brown jug for beer—not small!"

Some of the good things with which this performance abounds are lost for want of a good light; but there are parts of it which are not worthy of Mr. Lance's hitherto wonderful execution. The great fault, however, is, that the whole is a confused jumble, but too true to the Hudibrastic quotation; and that it is deficient, not only in arrangement, but in harmony of colouring.

No. 583. *The Miniature.* Rose Emma Drummond.—Here are two ladies, with a miniature between them, on which, however, neither of them appears to look; and for the best of all possible reasons; namely, that, if she did, a great portion of her own features would be lost to the spectator. Of the picture, however, we may justly say, that, with the exception of a little hardness, it does great credit to the fair artist.

No. 619. *Prometheus chained.* W. Bromley, A.E.—This artist exhibits considerable talents in design, as well as in engraving. His subjects are generally of a classical character; and, without attempting to catch the eye by a display of vivid colours, are excellent as compositions.

No. 629. *Frame containing four Designs from Monstrelet.* T. Stothard, R.A.—These, and Nos. 641, *Arabian Nights*, and 642, *From the "Tales of my Landlord,"* together with a small painting in the Great Room, No. 98, *May Morning*, (none of them of recent production,)—are in the most characteristic style of this admirable artist.

No. 638. *Enamel Portrait of the late John Flaxman, Esq. R.A.; painted from the original Picture by John Jackson, Esq. R.A.* W. Essex.—This, and No. 646, *Enamel, from a Picture by Giorgione, in the late Lord Radstock's Collection*, T. Roth, are interesting in subject and character, and clever specimens of the class of art to which they belong.

No. 906. *Smugglers sinking their Cargo.* A. G. Vickers.—An admirable drawing, clear and forcible; although hung far too high to enable us to judge of the execution of its details.

As the portraits in large, above stairs, so the portraits "in little," below, are to many of the visitors of the Exhibition among its principal attractions. The latter may certainly boast of as much talent, and of as full a display of some of the best qualities of art, as the former. Their size and portableness confer upon them advantages which their more unwieldy rivals do not possess. By the aid of miniature, a man may carry his wife or his mistress about in his waistcoat pocket; and a whole family may be deposited in a reticule, or be transported in the recesses of a writing-desk to any part of the globe. Fashion, capricious as she is, has never withdrawn her attention from these treasured gems of art, although she may have occasionally moderated it. Hence their multitude and excellence; and although they do not furnish much matter for critical remark, we will point out a few of the most striking. Occupying a conspicuous place on the first screen, we find,

No. 696. *Portraits of Mrs. George Bankes and Children.* S. J. Rochard.—A very clever group; although the shadows of the flesh are a little too cold and black, and the pencilling is a little too hard.

No. 699. *Sketch for the four Seasons.* Anne Mee.—These Seasons cannot belong to this country; or, if they do, the year is sadly flattered; for Winter, instead of occupying two thirds of it, is scarcely visible!

No. 697. *Portrait of Miss Charlotte Johnson.* W. C. Ross.—Distinguished among many other fine miniatures from the same pencil, by its beautiful character, both in composition and in execution.

No. 709. *Portrait of Miss Noyes, as Psyche.* Mrs. Green.—Playful and captivating, and beautifully coloured.

No. 705. *Portrait of a Lady in the Costume of the 17th Century.* C. R. Bone.—There is great taste and promise in this young artist's performance.

No. 696. *Portrait of H. Bone, Esq. R.A.* W. Bone.—A highly finished and characteristic portrait.

No. 735. *Portrait of Mrs. J. Hankey.* Mrs. J. Robertson.—This lady's works are replete with taste and beauty; and possess as many and as high qualities of art as could be exhibited on the largest canvass.

Among many other able miniatures, are, No. 676, *Portrait of R. Medcalf, Esq.*, M. Haughton; No. 682, *Portrait*, Miss J. Ross; No. 756, *Portrait of a Lady*, A. E. Chalon, R.A.; No. 776, "*Tick, tick*," Miss Sharpe; No. 766, *Portrait of Mrs. Boddington*, Mrs. Green; No. 775, *Portrait of Mrs. Forbes of Callander*, Mrs. J. Robertson; No. 865, *Portrait of Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Heaphy, Esq. as Isabella, Countess de Croye*, Miss Heaphy; No. 856, *Portrait of J. J. Buxton, Esq.*, A. Robertson; No. 853, *The Age of Bliss—Portrait of Miss Donaldson*, Miss M. Ross; No. 923, *A Ball-Room*, Miss L. Sharpe; and No. 924, *Portrait of Mrs. Johnstone*, Mrs. J. Robertson. We trust that the last-mentioned portrait is paid for doubly; the profile in the glass being as beautiful in character and execution as the rest of this admirable performance.

* The last accounts of our accomplished countryman were from Bordeaux, where he was in good spirits, and on his route home from Madrid. It is curious enough, that his letter spoke enthusiastically of the paintings of Velasquez, which he had seen in the Spanish capital, at the very time when the Exhibition in the British Gallery enables us to form so complete a judgment of the excellencies of that truly great master.—*Ed.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Outlines from the Ancients. Etched by F. C. Lewis; with Descriptions by G. Cumberland, Esq. Parts I. and II. Septimus Prowett.

The importance of a close study of the best remaining specimens of Greek and Roman sculpture, as the only legitimate preparation for the pursuit of the highest objects of art, has been too strongly insisted upon by authorities from which there is no appeal, to render it necessary for us to say a single word on the subject. The present publication will be found a pleasing and valuable auxiliary to that study. Mr. Cumberland tells us, in an introduction replete with judicious remark, that the Outlines which he now produces were collected by him during a visit that he made to Rome so long back as the year 1784; at which time there existed in that city "a diligent school of real students, both in sculpture and in painting." Of those students, four—Deare, Robinson, Woodford, and Grignion—were eminently skilled in drawing; but Deare (of whom an interesting biographical sketch is given) soared above the rest in execution. With these young artists Mr. Cumberland associated. He drew with them, he obtained many of their drawings, he traced others; and hence the stores which he has at length begun to open. The work is to consist of about eighty engravings, with letter-press descriptions, and is to be completed in eight parts. The Outlines in the two parts already published are arranged in various classes; viz. ornamental designs, playful subjects, theatrical subjects, three varieties of motion, character in heads, pensive subjects, composed grave compositions, and gentle action. They are etched in a free style by Mr. Lewis; and, we are persuaded, must have a very beneficial effect on the student in art; more especially by awakening his attention to the ancient principles of harmony in the flow and arrangement of lines—the foundation of all beauty, grace, and dignity.

Portia and Bassanio. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from a Picture by H. P. Briggs, A.R.A. Ackermann.

There are a manly simplicity and a breadth in all Mr. Briggs's works which are exceedingly to our taste; and which render them peculiarly fit subjects for the engraver. Mr. Harding has transferred these qualities to his stone very successfully.

Views in the Tyrol. Drawn on stone by F. Nicholson, from original Sketches taken on the spot. No. I. Engelmann and Co.

Slight, but spirited representations of the bold and romantic scenery of a country which the name of Hofer will ever endear to the lovers of liberty.

Sketches of Character. By C. Henderson; drawn on stone by M. Gauci. Nos. III. and IV. Engelmann.

Very humorous and entertaining. We believe that the story on which the twenty-fourth Sketch is founded was originally told in the

Literary Gazette. The series are capital adjuncts for the table, either during the tedious half-hour *before*, or the lounging hour *after*, dinner.

Portrait of the Right Hon. Harriet, Countess of Sheffield. Engraved by — Dean, from a Picture by J. Jackson, R.A.

THIS is the forty-second of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, and ornaments the Number of "La Belle Assemblée" for the present month. The original picture is No. 200 in the Exhibition at Somerset House. It is full of feminine grace and beauty; and Mr. Dean has engraved it admirably.

Breaking-up. Drawn on stone by G. F. Childs, from a Picture by J. Boaden. Engelmann.

PICTURESQUE and interesting. O! happy urchin, with thy wand, banner, and medal! "Breaking-up"—What a flood of delightful recollections does the repetition of that boyish phrase pour on our minds! Alas! at present—but let us try a verse in humble imitation of our friend Hood:

> In school we breakfast, dine, and sup;
> In school, in London town;
> We never have a breaking-up,
> And so—we're breaking down!

FRENCH ARTISTS: HOBDAY'S GALLERY.

SINCE the pictures by Mr. Stothard were placed in this gallery of modern art, a considerable accession has been made to it in the shape of works by several of the painters of the French school. They are twenty-eight in number. Among the principal and most attractive are those by Horace Vernet. No. 1, especially, *Episode of the Battle of Hastings*, representing the finding of the body of Harold, is a very clever and carefully painted example of historical composition. The principal figure, —Edith, surnamed the Swan-necked Beauty,—who has been successful in the search, has much of grace in her action; and although her costume is richly ornamented, it does not appear loaded, nor does it in any way interfere with the beauty of the form. She is powerfully contrasted by the monarch's corpse, the attendant monks, &c. The colouring of the whole is very clear. No. 36, *The Punishment of Maseppa*, by the same artist, is a grand and animated illustration of the subject. The horses, however, appear to be too well groomed for their wild state, and too variously tinted for nature. The figure of Mazeppa, and the fallen horse, are remarkably fine and expressive: there are instances of bad taste in other parts, which need only be hinted at. No. 29, *A Storm at Dieppe*, in 1826, E. Isabey. Rendered memorable, it seems, by the presence of H. R. H. the Duchess de Berri, who animated and encouraged the sailors to assist the distressed vessels. The character of this tempest is one of deep gloom, and the partial lights, sparingly introduced, leave more for the imagination than is quite consistent with what is within the reach of the eye. No. 25, *Dr. Faustus in his Study*, by E. Delacroix. We noticed a picture by this artist in the late Exhibition at the British Gallery, and praised its Venetian tone of colouring. The same may be said of the present performance; but the characters are not equally well sustained. Indeed, who can take Faustus or Mephistophiles out of the hands of Retsch? No. 20, *A Woman pursued by a Buffalo*, by Roger. This, and No. 44, *A Neapolitan Family*, by the same artist, are so much in Eastlake's style, that they might pass for his works: we trust they will not be considered the worse for that. "The horse and his rider" might be adopted as the motto of Mr. H. Vernet's studies, as may be seen in No. 37, *A Huntsman leaping a Barrier*; No. 58, *The Rendezvous of the Chase, &c.*:—No. 49, *The Interior of his Study*; No. 41, *Quail Snaring*; and No. 42, *A Poacher*, are varieties from his pencil. Other productions of the French school deserving attention are, No. 21, *The Death of Géricault the Painter*, by Scheffer, sen.; No. 14, *The Interior of a Convent*, by De Forbin; No. 27, *Pilgrims received at the Gate of a Convent*, by R. Leopold; and No. 62, *Portrait of Carle Vernet*, R. Lefevre. We must not omit to mention, that, among several interesting novelties of British art, there is a fine whole-length portrait of the *Countess of Jersey*, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. But the chief merit of this Collection is, that it enables us to institute a fair comparison between the French and English Schools, which may be further aided by Le Thière's fine picture of *Virginius*, still exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BYRONIANA. NO. II.

BYRON would at times exceed the limits of temperance, and was then particularly kind—not violent, or lachrymose. He was certainly rather fond of wine, and could bear a good deal. He has been known to put a bottle of claret to his mouth, and drink it off at a draught. He kept monks' gowns and hoods at the Abbey; and used to delight sometimes in frightening his visitors in the gloomy galleries and chambers, so favourable to superstition and romance. One of his frolics was as follows:—A member of the select at the Abbey was somewhat given to boasting, after a sufficient quantity of wine, of his freedom from superstitious fear. One dark midnight, Byron told him that he dared not go over the Abbey alone at that hour; which piqued him so, that he forthwith took a candle, and proceeded to shew his fearlessness. Byron had previously put a servant into the stone coffin which then lay in the hall, dressed in the costume of a monk, who was to rise on a given signal, as though disturbed from his eternal sleep. It was not long before the hero of the scene had occasion to pass through the room where the coffin was; and as he approached it, up rose the monk, down went the candle—all was darkness; and the shrieks of the affrighted adventurer brought in the rest of the party to laugh at his terror.—Boxing-matches were frequent among them; but Byron would never allow them to be carried beyond the limits of sport; for on one occasion, when two of the party got up from table at twelve o'clock at night to box, and waxed rather warm, Byron rose, and said to another person, also at table—"Come, we must part them—these people who are boxing now, will be shooting each other to-morrow morning;"—and he accordingly made them shake hands. He always slept with loaded pistols near him; and was very careful in seeing that they were in good order every day. The house, or rather the habitable part of it, was regularly examined by him, to ascertain that every thing was secure: he would poke into every corner of it, to be sure that windows were fastened, doors shut, &c. Doubtless, the dilapidated state of the Abbey rendered these precautions necessary; especially as the populace of the county is known to be the most disorderly in the kingdom, and to set at defiance a magistracy in general too much addicted to the sports of the field to pay particular attention to other matters. When there was no other person at the Abbey, he used to box with his favourite servant, Rushton, for an hour every day, enveloped in seven flannel jackets and a Turkish cloak, till the perspiration ran from him: he would then hang down his head and shake the drops off like a dog. He kept a carriage, (which, however, he seldom used) and riding horses; and always travelled with four horses when he came to London. He seldom went out any where; and was little known by the people about Newstead: but all those with whom he was in any way connected, speak of him as a good landlord and a kind man. He would allow no intrusion when occupied in writing: if his servant entered the room when he was engaged, either in that way or in meditation, he held up his hand, as a sign for silence until he had committed to paper what was in his mind. In this manner he would frequently keep a servant waiting a considerable time. From its extreme dulness, Newstead never was a favourite residence of his: he lived there only to devote himself more effectually to composition, and work up his imagination to a pitch not so easily compassed elsewhere. It was only in solitude that his mind had full play; and in this place, so favourable to meditation and exalted feelings, his genius seems to have expanded itself under the gloomy influence of local associations, and to have formed that style of deep and romantic interest which became a peculiar feature of his poetry. From his limited income, his establishment was of course small. Murray had been a family servant: Fletcher and Rushton, afterwards a favourite servant, he found in the neighbourhood of Newstead. The latter he first saw when he (R.) was sixteen years old; and being pleased with the lad's appearance, afterwards took him under his protection, had him educated, and fixed him in his service.* The two latter were the only persons who remained with him for any length of time. In the dedication of Childe Harold, Byron complains that people were determined not to make a distinction between the Poet and the Pilgrim. With reference to this, while on the subject of his establishment at Newstead, a few words may be said, which cannot be unimportant to any attempts to vindicate the character of Lord Byron. From the description in stanza 7, &c. of Canto I. of Childe Harold, referring *in part* doubtless to Newstead Abbey—

> "Monastic dome! condemned to uses vile!
> Where Superstition once had made her den,
> Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile," &c.

nothing has been able to persuade some people that he did not convert the Abbey into a scene of debauchery and sensuality. Now it is affirmed, on the most undoubted authority, that there never was a woman of the description alluded to, kept at the Abbey; and that so far from its being the resort of abandoned people, and a place of riot and dissoluteness, it was one of severe study, seclusion, and Pythagorean ab-

* As an account of this person is inadmissible in the text, we must dismiss him in *minion*.

Robert Rushton, celebrated as the Page of Childe Harold, may perhaps be taken as another instance of the inconstancy in Byron's adherents. He had been taken from a low estate, and educated by Lord Byron, to whom it may therefore be thought he was much indebted. He accompanied him as far as Gibraltar when he first went abroad; and from that place, as he was of too tender an age to encounter the hardship of travelling in Greece, was sent back under charge of Murray. On Byron's return to England he again lived with him, and went abroad with him the second time to Geneva. There, though treated rather as a secretary than a servant, he left him complaining that more had not been done to serve him, and he had not been rendered independent, &c. Byron, nevertheless, used to write to him up to the time of his quitting Genoa for Greece. He is now settled at Arnold in Nottinghamshire, where he keeps a "seminary for young gentlemen," and Mrs. Rushton, an "establishment for young ladies."

stinence. Even had it been otherwise, *that* was no matter for the consideration or even supposition of the public, still less for those calumnies heaped, without inquiry and mercy, on the head of Lord Byron. His grooms, with the servant above named, made up his male establishment: the females, except one, who had lived with his mother at Southwell, were of the immediate neighbourhood, and, of course, known. If, in the words of Horace,

Ancilla aut verna est prestò, puer impetus in quem.

he was occasionally of the same opinion as the Roman poet, that circumstance afforded no grounds for attacking his moral character.* He never fought a duel; but he used to say, that if ever he was called upon, he would as soon kill a man as look at him; and he thought a person would stand but little chance against him.

It has been said, by enemies of Lord Byron, that his temper was so bad that nobody could long remain with him; that he and his associate, Hobhouse, notwithstanding all their reputed friendship, were constantly at variance; that even in their travels in Greece they were seldom together, but that one always went on first, and they only met occasionally; and, moreover, that he once turned Hobhouse out of his house, and fought a duel with him, &c. &c. All, or nearly all, of these assertions are false. Mr. Hobhouse's own masterly "Journey through Albania" sufficiently disproves one part of the calumny. If sometimes, as is the case with the best of friends, they had tiffs—rather than consider such as quarrels of consequence, we should apply the old saying of

Amantium iræ amoris integratio.

They never fought—save and except with sundry gloves, foils, and single-sticks, had and provided at the Abbey, *pro bono publico* (for Byron was everybody's customer);—and never handled pistol near each other, but as a trial of skill at a mark: all of which the curious reader and admirer of Byron is requested duly to observe and understand; and not to believe, that because they once disagreed about some female attendant at Newstead Abbey, they were so ill-suited as to be unable to live together and endure each other's society. In speaking of Byron's residence at Newstead, it ought to be mentioned, that the bear *who* had taken his degree at Cambridge was also a constant companion at the Abbey. *This* animal was perfectly tame, and would stand on his hind paws and lick the face of Murray, the old servant, like a dog. During Byron's travels, it came to an unhappy end:—having roamed one day beyond due limits, some country folks who found it, put a cord with a running noose round its neck, for the purpose of bringing it home, and having fastened it to a cart, the poor bear was strangled to death.

The Hours of Idleness, which were published during Byron's residence at the Abbey, were printed at his own expense. A groom carried over to Newark the manuscript sheet for the dress, and regularly brought back the printed proof of the preceding sheet. The following verses (not in his works) were addressed also to the object of his affections, then married:

There was a time I need not name,
Since it will ne'er forgotten be—
When all our feelings were the same,
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour, when first thy tongue
Confessed a flame which equalled mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unfelt by thine;

None—none hath sunk so deep as this,
To think how all that love hath flown,
Transient as every faithless kiss—
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes, my adored! yet most unkind,
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes, 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine,
Whate'er thou art, or e'er shalt be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

From his estate of Rochdale, it appears that Byron never derived any profit: it was involved in a law-suit, which used to give him much uneasiness. There was a trial about it in Lancashire in 1807; and afterwards in the King's Bench; in both of which he was successful: but still he received no advantage from it. He had an aversion to races, which he never would attend: and though at one time he became a frequenter of the hells of St. James's, his gambling was only in a small way; and he left it off entirely some time before his marriage. It is only surprising, that with his small income he managed to live as he did; for his charitable acts were numerous and are well known.

* B.'s language was rarely gross: but he was wont to damn and abuse Fletcher sometimes in no very measured terms; and occasionally spoke of women not in the most respectful manner.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday *Semiramide* was *suddenly* substituted for the *Lady* of the Lake, in consequence of the *sudden* indisposition of Mdlle. Sontag. We have often observed, that, both physically and morally, performers, and especially singers, are more liable to be affected by the flying diseases of the season, in our uncertain climate, than any other class of persons. We have wished that some eminent and skilful physician would write a treatise on "The Disorders incidental to the Stage:" but these grave fellows, the college, and even the irregular practitioners, seem never to have considered this important subject to be worthy of their consideration; and the only notice we ever knew them take of it, has been to sign a certificate of the inability of Mr., Mrs., Miss, Signor, Signora, Mde., or Mdlle. so and so, to do their duty on some particular night.

In the present instance, however, we understand there is little doubt either as to the nature of the malady or the character of its cure. Mdlle. Sontag has, since her benefit, been afflicted with an extreme thirst, and, from the strange accompanying symptoms, it has been inferred, with delirium: for she insists upon bleeding the manager, M. Laporte, *usque ad debilitatem*, as the only method of enabling her to leave her bed of sickness, and to *appear* in public. She cries out (in this delirium) for five hundred pounds of liquid currency; and, such is her imaginary drought, protests she would swallow every drop. Doctor Laporte, on the other hand, having already administered five hundred pounds for her Benefit, declares, upon his skill, that so much more would not only be pernicious to her, but, after the heavy rains of the spring, absolutely destroy the hay market, which, he thinks, ought to have a crop on the king's side of the meadow, and not be entirely eaten up by the warblers or grasshoppers on that part of the farm, any more than by the morris-dancers opposite.—Not being referred to as umpires, it is not for us to determine how these disputes ought to be settled. We have long fancied that musical and saltatorial talent has been very insufficiently paid. Five thousand pounds in three months is but a poor recompense for a fine voice or a fine pair of legs; and it is a pity that a more adequate reward is hardly possible, in the present impoverished and unsatisfactory state of (hardly) Great Britain. Perhaps the happy time will come when we can afford as much *per night*;—in dreaming of which we assume our night-cap.

We observe, by the bills, that the disease has been cured by some specific or other; and that Sontag plays *Desdemona* this evening, on her new engagement.

Mr. Macready returns to Paris in about a fortnight. We regret to find that some difference arose between him and the manager of Drury Lane respecting the receipts on his benefit night, when Mr. M. was prevented from performing by severe indisposition. The enthusiastic admiration of the Parisians will, no doubt, soon console him for this chagrin. Kean has rather improved in the opinion of our French neighbours; but his style was not of a kind to please them entirely.

VARIETIES.

Brass Wire.—When long brass wire has been extended for several days in the open air, and especially in damp weather, it easily breaks if bent in a rather sharp angle, so that it cannot be twisted round the pins of a harpsichord or piano-forte, as it could have been before having been so exposed. This fragility seems to indicate some particular change in the moleculary state of the metal.

Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—We learn with pleasure, that Mr. Beckford has become the possessor of Danby's grand and imaginative picture of the Sixth Seal: the author of Vathek is, of right, a fit owner of such a production. Mr. Beckford has not only given 500*l.* for this painting, but has commissioned the artist to execute four other subjects for him on a smaller scale, as its companions. The British Institution, to shew their sense of Mr. Danby's exertions in the higher walk of art, have presented him with 200*l.*: they had previously, for a similar reason, presented 100*l.* to Mr. Davis, whose Shrewsbury Family adorned the walls of their last Exhibition.

The French Press.—The commission appointed by the Chamber of Deputies to consider the *projet* of the law respecting the periodical press, has made a report, which is said to be full of doubt and hesitation, and to abstain from grappling with the real difficulties of the question.

Criticism.—In a French critique, in *Le Globe*, on Kean's performance of Othello, at Paris, the critic quotes Othello as having loved "*no* wisely, but too well;" and, adverting to some of the passages in the play omitted in the representation, gives the following as Othello's last words:—

"I kiss thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon *a kiss*."

Dramatic Readings.—A gentleman of the name of Wigan gave a Lecture at the Argyll Rooms on Saturday last on Dramatic Poetry, illustrated by Readings from Shakespeare. Mr. Wigan is evidently a man of talents and education. It being his first appearance in public, a very pardonable diffidence seemed to prevent him from exhibiting his powers to their full extent; but he nevertheless acquitted himself with great credit, especially towards the close of his arduous undertaking; and was frequently and warmly applauded by a crowded and brilliant audience.

Vauxhall Gardens opened on Monday, with many entertainments and pretty high prices, when the whole *et-ceteras* are put together. What with paying for entrance, seats, galleries, &c., Vauxhall is no longer what Vauxhall was.

Monument to George III.—We have to express our hope, that the meeting, advertised for the 11th, on the subject of this grateful memorial, will be able to determine on a plan of proceeding which will do honour to "the best of kings," though, under the circumstances, and with the delays that have taken place, the grand original design must probably be abandoned.

Royal Precocity.—The New Monthly Magazine highly disapproves of, what it says is contemplated, a marriage between the little Prince George of Cumberland and the little Princess Victoria. Its political and other objections do not appear to us to be very potent; but we confess that we are staggered by the fact stated by the editor, against the match, in these words:—"*We have heard it is unpalatable to the young princess.*" Now, really to force a disagreeable union upon a child, ten years old last birth-day, seems to be very tyrannical, and highly unconstitutional; and we hope such improper conduct will not be persevered in. We'd rather,

"O my stars!
Poke her doll's head between the bars," &c.

Mr. Lane's Picture.—The Advertisement of the Exhibition of Mr. Lane's grand, sacred, and allegorical Picture, having been accidentally omitted in our *Gazette* for two weeks, we owe him the amends of noticing that it is still visited by numbers of the patrons and lovers of the arts, and that, like all great works, it provokes objections, at the same time that it excites admiration.

French Wines.—The proprietors of vineyards in the department of La Gironde have addressed a petition to the French Chamber, in which they complain of the injury they suffer from the duties imposed on the importation of French wine into foreign countries, as a retaliation by those countries for what are called the protecting duties, imposed in France for the supposed benefit of French manufactures. It appears, that the cultivation of the vine in La Gironde alone, occupies a population of 226,000 persons; and that the produce, at the present price, is worth 63,000,000 francs. The duties imposed by foreign states on French wines are stated to be as follows:—

By Sweden, on every hogshead of red or white wine	400 francs.
Norway	200
Prussia	590
Russia	750
England	1,200
The United States	189

Before the year 1789, 100,000 hogsheads of wine were annually exported from Bourdeaux. Instead, however, of increasing, the petitioners, in support of their complaints, state, that since the year 1820 the annual exportation from Bourdeaux has been only as follows:—

1820	61,110 hogsheads.
1821	68,244
1822	39,955
1823	51,529
1824	38,625
1825	46,814
1826	48,464
1827	54,493

They add, that the exportations of the last two years have been chiefly speculations, and not legitimate mercantile transactions.

Irish Foundation Stone.—Of a public work about to be commenced in America, an Irish correspondent has handed us a notice from the Argus, wishing, he says, to do honour to "the gentleman who is to perform the ceremony of *laying its foundation stone.*" "It is proposed to commence the Baltimore and Ohio rail-road on the 4th of July next, and to request the venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, *to lift the first sod.*" The land of the *sod* could not afford a better illustration.

Stanzas by John Q. Adams, now President of the United States.

From lands beyond the vast Atlantic tide,
Celestial freedom's most beloved abode,
Panting I climb'd the mountain's craggy side,
And view'd the wondrous work of nature's God.

Where yonder summit, piercing to the skies,
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain,
O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,
And anxious sought my native home—in vain.

As to that native home which still enfolds
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear,
Still you, my parents, in its bosom holds,
My fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.

Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair—
"Pilgrim, forbear! still upwards raise thy mind,
Look to the skies—thy *native home* is there!"

Caufield's Lottery Argus.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Anniversary; or, Poetry and Prose for 1829, edited by Allan Cunningham, and illustrated with Engravings (eighteen in number) from the most distinguished Pictures and Drawings—is a new Annual announced for publication.

The Winter's Wreath, for 1829, is promised by Mr. George Smith, of Liverpool: to contain twelve beautiful line Engravings, combined with the literary efforts of many of our favourite authors.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnott's Elements of Physics, third edition, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Edinburgh Annual Register, 1826, 8vo. 1*l.* bds.—Emma de Lissau, 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.* bds.—Ross's New Series of Sermons at Cambridge, 8vo. 8*s.* bds.—Sweet's Practice of the County Courts, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

May.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday	29	From 52, to 62.	29.53 to 29.59
Friday	30	— 52. — 69.	29.83 — 29.91
Saturday	31	— 50. — 69.	29.80 — 29.86
June.			
Sunday	1	— 49. — 67.	29.94 — 29.96
Monday	2	— 50. — 67.	29.86 — Stat.
Tuesday	3	— 46. — 64.	29.91 — 29.84
Wednesday	4	— 59. — 50.	29.61 — 29.46

Wind prevailing S.W.

Except the 30th ult., and the 1st and 2d inst., generally cloudy, with frequent showers.

Rain fallen ,9 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The pressure of novelties obliges us to postpone Reviews of Salathiel, Dr. Eldon's Oracle, &c. as well as the continuation of curious journals relative to the tribes of Fernando Po, and other interesting matters. We purpose to conclude Captain Rock's Suppressed Volume in our next.

The Wolf and the Lamb.—Some confusion seems to have been created with respect to the donation of the profits of this engraving to the Artists' Fund. The Lord Chancellor, at the Anniversary, complimented the painter, Mr. Mulready, in the highest tone of after-dinner eulogy, on his having given 1000*l.*, the sum cleared by the engraving from his picture, to the Fund; and Mr. Mulready was so overpowered by the chairman's address, that he was unable to explain the error on which it proceeded, when he returned thanks. The real state of the case is, that a committee, consisting of twelve members of the Artists' Fund, was formed, with a view to ascertain how far the means of that Institution could be augmented by the publication of prints; and Mr. Mulready's picture was, by a ballot complimentary to that gentleman, selected to be engraved; and his Majesty most graciously lent the picture (which he had purchased, and which was in the royal collection) for that purpose. Mr. Robinson was commissioned by the Committee—the names of whom are attached to it—to engrave the plate; and the members themselves, by their strenuous exertions, procured subscribers to the print. It was by this united effort, sustained by great personal sacrifices, that the sum of 1000*l.* was realised, and the Artists' Fund, and its benevolent branch, severally augmented by the sum of 500*l.*

P. P. shall receive due attention: the subject on which he writes has been for a long while before us, and we have better materials for a history and illustrations of it, than are to be found even in the royal depositories. In good time! We beg leave to retain his letter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*
WILLIAM BARNARD, *Keeper.*

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*
JOS. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, in Pall Mall East, will CLOSE for the present Season on Saturday, the 31st instant.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 6*d.*
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

MR. J. B. LANE'S great PICTURE, painted at Rome, and by which he incurred the Censure of the Inquisition, is now OPEN, at the King's Mews. Entrance from Charing Cross.
Admission, 1*s.*—Explanation and Statement, 6*d.*

Fall of Nineveh, Deluge, &c. &c.

THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, Painted by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," is now OPEN, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, from Nine o'Clock till Six.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*
Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition Room, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allsop Terrace.

THE EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS of the most Illustrious Personages of English History, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is now OPEN, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East.
Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be had, free of expense, on application as above.
Children under Fourteen, and Servants, not admitted.

MONUMENTAL TROPHY to His late MAJESTY. The Subscribers to the above are respectfully apprised, that the Public Meeting intended for the 4th instant, was, in consequence of Ascot Races, postponed to Wednesday next, the 11th instant, at the Thatched House Tavern, at Two o'Clock precisely.
By order of the Committee,
C. BLEADEN, Secretary.

This day is published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXL. for June 1828.
Contents: I. Old North and Young North; or, Christopher in Edinburgh, and Christopher in London: a Midsummer-Day's Dream—II. A Strange Secret; related in a Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd—III. The Wig—IV. The Man of Ton; a Satire—V. Wilson's Illustrations of Zoology—VI. Nature's Farewell; by P. H.—VII. The Irish Yeoman; a Tale of the Year Ninety-Eight. Chaps. 3, 4, and 5—VIII. The British Colonies; Letter to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c. &c.; from James M'Queen, Esq.—IX. The Siege of Bhurtpore; Letter from a Bengal Engineer—X. The Reviewer reviewed. By Phelim M'Gillicuddy, a suffering Papist—XI. Illustrissimo Vivo—XII. The Poor Laws.
Printed for William Blackwood, 17, Princess Street, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for June 1 contains, among various other original Articles—1. Public Affairs—2. A Sermon by the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, now first published from the original MS. in the possession of Mr. Upcott—3. The Marquess of Londonderry's Narrative of the Peninsular War—4. Mademoiselle Sontag—5. Dr. Parr and the Tempus Fugit Club—6. Gog and Magog, by one of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses"—7. Table Talk Abroad, No. 4: the Bar, the Court of Exchequer, Barons Graham, Wood, Thompson, and Garrow; the Lord Chief Baron Alexander, &c.—8. Fashionable Novels; a Marriage in High Life; Pelham, or Adventures of a Gentleman; At Home, &c.—9. Walks in Rome and its Environs; the Forum—10. Anthropology—11. Sketches of Parisian Society, &c.—12. Travelling Abroad—13. Rambles in New South Wales—14. The Beings of the Mind; a Poem, by Mrs. Hemans—15. Kiatli Ogloo and the Smyrna Residents—16. Epigram on Mademoiselle Sontag—17. Reviews of the New Publications of the Month—18. The Drama, Fine Arts, Public Amusements, Varieties, &c. &c.
Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. IV. will be published on Thursday, June 19th.
20, Soho Square, June 2d, 1828.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE, Third Series, No. III. contains—I. Reforms in the Law; No. 1, The History of a Suit—II. Mr. Hunt in Paris—III. Our Village—IV. A Visit to an Abbey of La Trappe, with some Account of the Rules and Regulations of the Order—V. The German Gibbet—VI. On the State and Prospects of Portugal—VII. The Deserted House—VIII. Notes on Art—IX. Contemporary Foreign Authors and Statesmen; No. 3, M. Laffitte, with a Preliminary Notice of the Chamber of Deputies—X. Supply of Water in London—XI. Private Correspondence; No. 3, House of Commons, Session 1828—Supply of Anatomical Subjects—XII. Foreign Portfolio, No. 2—XIII. Diary for the Month of May—XIV. The Editor's Room.
Published by Henry Hooper, London Magazine Office, Pall Mall East.

No. V. price 5s. of the

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, and HISTORICAL and ANTIQUARIAN MAGAZINE.
Contents.—Review. 1. Letters of Charles Bertie, Envoy to Denmark, 1672, MS.—2. Anthropometamorphosis—3. Archæologia, Vol. xxii.—4. Itinerary of Fitz Simeon, 1322—5. Memoirs of Baber, Emperor of Hindostan. Historical and Antiquarian Magazine: 1. Observations on the Fourth Report of the Lords Committees on the Dignity of a Peer of the Realm—2. Shrines and Pilgrimages—3. Remarks on the Real Author of More's Life of Sir Thomas More—4. Early Poetry—5. Ionian Order of St. Michael and St. George—6. Society of Antiquaries—7. Adversaria; Exhibition of Historical Portraits, William the Lion, Banners, &c.—8. Critical Notices—9. Promotions, Changes of Names, &c.
London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock; and Payne and Foss.

This day is published, in 8vo. No. I. (to be continued every Two Months, alternately with the "Gardener's Magazine"), price 3s. 6d. of

THE MAGAZINE of NATURAL HISTORY, and JOURNAL of ZOOLOGY, BOTANY, MINERALOGY, GEOLOGY, and METEOROLOGY.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1825-6, and 7. By John Franklin, Captain R.N. F.R.S. &c. *Including an Account of the Progress of a Detachment to the Eastward.* By Dr. Richardson, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 477. London, 1828. Murray.

To enlarge upon the judgment, indefatigable zeal, and ability, with which Captain Franklin has commanded this as he did the former Expedition intrusted to his charge, would be a work of supreme supererogation. It is unnecessary even to allude to conduct which under every variety of difficult circumstances, privations of the most severe description, toils of prolonged and laborious continuance, an intercourse with barbarians, which required the nicest management, as well as the utmost coolness, prudence, and humanity,—it is unnecessary, we repeat, under these circumstances, to do more than indicate their existence, and pay the homage of our unqualified praise to the gallant officer who has so steadfastly and honourably passed the ordeals they successively presented, to be overcome by his activity, good sense, and resolution. Of the manner in which he has communicated the events of his Expedition to the public, we have also to speak in terms of high commendation. The narrative is clear, easy, and unaffected; the incidents interesting, and the geographical and other useful intelligence such as to merit the attention of every reader to whom knowledge is welcome.* Valuable maps add to this species of information; and a number of plates,† by E. Finden, at once ornament and illustrate a volume altogether worthy of its subject and of the authority (the Colonial Secretary) under which it has appeared.

Having in several Numbers of the *Literary Gazette* (particularly in No. 547) gone over the ground traversed by Captain Franklin, we may be absolved from the task of minutely following him again in that course. We will merely recall to memory, that in June 1825 the Expedition set out from the Methyr River (lat. 56 deg. 10 min., long. 108 deg. 35 min. W., which is almost at the head of the waters that flow from the north into Hudson's Bay,) crossed the long portage, and rendezvoused at Fort Chipewan. Departed thence for the Mackenzie River, descended it to the sea, and returned to the Great Bear Lake in the first week of September, where the winter-quarters were established. In June 1826 the Mackenzie River was once more navigated to the sea; and amidst various adventures, with thick, foggy, and dismal weather, the coast was explored to the westward, in the hope of meeting Captain Beechey; which hope being baffled, the Expedition returned. To this Dr. Richardson's journey formed an episode. He took the eastern channel of the Mackenzie, and having also reached the sea, proceeded in an easterly direction along the shore to the Coppermine River, which he ascended, till obliged to abandon the boats and stores. He then crossed, overland, the Copper Mountains, and happily rejoined Captain Franklin and his companions. A second winter was spent at Bear Lake; and in June 1827 our countrymen commenced their homeward route. During the whole time, it should be noticed, Mr. Drummond and the assistant botanist diligently pursued their inquiries in several quarters, and made great additions to the natural history of the country; adding not only rare, but new specimens of quadrupeds, birds, and plants, to our preceding stock in this important branch of scientific desiderata.*

With this broad outline of the transactions, we shall revert to such parts of the Narrative as may best serve to exemplify the work and to gratify the curiosity of our readers; and we find no extract to begin with more suitable than the description of the struggle with the Esquimaux near the mouth of the Mackenzie, on the second descent, in July 1826.

"Whilst the crews were stowing the boats, (says Captain Franklin,) I obtained an observation for latitude in 68° 53′ N., and having walked towards the mouth of the river, discovered on an island, which formed the east side of the bay into which the river opened, a crowd of tents, with many Esquimaux strolling amongst them. I instantly hastened to the boats, to make preparations for opening a communication with them, agreeably to my instructions. A selection of articles for presents and trade being made, the rest of the lading was closely covered up; the arms were inspected, and every man was directed to keep his gun ready for immediate use. I had previously informed Lieutenant Back of my intention of opening the communication with the Esquimaux by landing amongst them, accompanied only by Augustus; and I now instructed him to keep the boats afloat, and the crews with their arms ready to support us in the event of the natives proving hostile, but on no account to fire until he was convinced that our safety could be secured in no other way. Having received an impression from the narratives of different navigators, that the sacrifices of life which had occurred in their interviews with savages had been generally occasioned by the crews mistaking noise and violent gestures for decided hostility, I thought it necessary to explain my sentiments on this point to all the men, and peremptorily forbade their firing till I set the example, or till they were ordered to do so by Lieutenant Back. They were also forbidden to trade with the natives on any pretence, and were ordered to leave every thing of that kind to the officers. On quitting the channel of the river we entered into the bay which was about six miles wide, with an unbounded prospect to seaward, and steered towards the tents under easy sail, with the ensigns flying. The water became shallow as we drew towards the island, and the boats touched the ground when about a mile from the beach: we shouted, and made signs to the Esquimaux to come off, and then pulled a short way back to await their arrival in deeper water. Three canoes instantly put off from the shore, and before they could reach us, others were launched in such quick succession, that the whole space between the island and the boats was covered by them. The Esquimaux canoes contain only one person, and are named *kaiyacks*; but they have a kind of open boat capable of holding six or eight people, which is named *oomiak*. The men alone use the kaiyacks, and the oomiaks are allotted to the women and children. We endeavoured to count their numbers as they approached, and had proceeded as far as seventy-three canoes and five oomiaks, when the sea became so crowded by fresh arrivals, that we could advance no farther in our reckoning. The three headmost canoes were paddled by elderly men, who most probably had been selected to open the communication. They advanced towards us with much caution, halting when just within speaking distance, until they had been assured of our friendship, and repeatedly invited by Augustus to approach and receive the present which I offered to them. Augustus next explained to them in detail the purport of our visit, and told them that if we succeeded in finding a navigable channel for large ships, a trade highly beneficial to them would be opened. They were delighted with this intelligence, and repeated it to their countrymen, who testified their joy by tossing their hands aloft, and raising the most deafening shout of applause I ever heard. After the first present, I resolved to bestow no more gratuitously, but always to exact something, however small, in return: the three elderly men readily offered the ornaments they wore in their cheeks, their arms, and knives, in exchange for the articles I gave them. Up to this time the first three were the only kaiyacks that had ventured near the boats, but the natives around us had now increased to two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons, and they all became anxious to share in the lucrative trade which they saw established, and pressed eagerly upon us, offering for sale their bows, arrows, and spears, which they had hitherto kept concealed within their canoes. I endeavoured in vain, amidst the clamour and bustle of trade, to obtain some

* An account of the objects of Natural History collected in the Journey, being too voluminous to be inserted in the Appendix, is announced for a separate work, by Dr. Richardson and Professor Hooker.

† The plates are numerous and interesting. They are engraved by Mr. Finden, from drawings by Captain Back and Mr. Kendall, principally by the former. Among the most striking, are the Esquimaux pillaging the boats—the Winter-houses of the Esquimaux—Vale of the Clearwater River, from the Methyr portage (a singularly picturesque scene)—the boats running for shelter from a storm—a young Esquimaux Woman of the tribe west of the Mackenzie (we blush to say it, with her hands in her breeches' pockets, or elsewhere!)—the winter view of Fort Franklin—the Expedition crossing Back's Inlet—the Portraits of Esquimaux west of the Mackenzie (talk of the ideal beauty of Grecian sculpture!)—the Rapid in Mackenzie River—the boats in a swell amongst ice—Foggy Island—&c.

* The collection amounts to about 1500 plants, 150 birds, 50 quadrupeds, and a considerable number of insects!!!

information respecting the coast; but finding the natives becoming more and more importunate and troublesome, I determined to leave them, and therefore directed the boats' heads to be put to seaward. Notwithstanding the forwardness of the Esquimaux, which we attributed solely to the desire of a rude people to obtain the novel articles they saw in our possession, they had hitherto shewn no unfriendly disposition; and when we told them of our intention of going to sea, they expressed no desire to detain us, but, on the contrary, when the Lion grounded in the act of turning, they assisted us in the kindest manner by dragging her round. This manœuvre was not of much advantage to us, for, from the rapid ebbing of the tide, both boats lay aground; and the Esquimaux told us, through the medium of Augustus, that the whole bay was alike flat, which we afterwards found to be correct. An accident happened at this time, which was productive of unforeseen and very annoying consequences. A kaiyack, being overset by one of the Lion's oars, its owner was plunged into the water with his head in the mud, and apparently in danger of being drowned. We instantly extricated him from his unpleasant situation, and took him into the boat until the water could be thrown out of his kaiyack; and Augustus, seeing him shivering with cold, wrapped him up in his own great coat. At first he was exceedingly angry, but soon became reconciled to his situation, and looking about, discovered that we had many bales and other articles in the boat, which had been concealed from the people in the kaiyacks by the coverings being carefully spread over all. He soon began to ask for every thing he saw, and expressed much displeasure on our refusing to comply with his demands; he also, as we afterwards learned, excited the cupidity of others by his account of the inexhaustible riches in the Lion; and several of the younger men endeavoured to get into both our boats, but we resisted all their attempts. Though we had not hitherto observed any of them stealing, yet they shewed so much desire to obtain my flag, that I had it furled and put out of sight, as well as every thing else that I thought could prove a temptation to them. They continued, however, to press upon us so closely, and made so many efforts to get into the boats, that I accepted the offer of two chiefs, who said that if they were allowed to come in, they would keep the others out. For a time they kept their word, and the crews took advantage of the respite thus afforded, to endeavour to force the boats towards the river into deeper water. The Reliance floated, but the Lion was immovable; and Lieutenant Back dropping astern, again made his boat fast to the Lion by a rope. At this time one of the Lion's crew perceived that the man whose kaiyack had been upset had a pistol under his shirt, and was about to take it from him, but I ordered him to desist, as I thought it might have been purchased from the Loucheux. It had been, in fact, stolen from Lieutenant Back; and the thief perceiving our attention directed to it, leaped out of the boat and joined his countrymen, carrying with him the great coat which Augustus had lent him. The water had now ebbed so far, that it was not knee-deep at the boats, and the younger men wading in crowds around us, tried to steal every thing within their reach; slyly, however, and with so much dexterity, as almost to escape detection. The moment this disposition was manifested, I directed the crews not to suffer any one to come alongside, and desired Augustus to tell the two chiefs, who still remained seated in the Lion, that the noise and confusion occasioned by the crowd around the boats greatly impeded our exertions; and that if they would go on shore and leave us for the present, we would hereafter return from the ship, which we expected to meet near this part of the coast, with a more abundant supply of goods. They received this communication with much apparent satisfaction, and jumping out of the boats, repeated the speech aloud to their companions. From the general exclamation of '*teyma*,' which followed, and from perceiving many of the elderly men retire to a distance, I conceived that they acquiesced in the propriety of the suggestion, and that they were going away; but I was much deceived. They only retired to concert a plan of attack, and returned in a short time shouting some words which Augustus could not make out. We soon, however, discovered their purport, by two of the three chiefs who were on board the Reliance jumping out, and, with the others who hurried to their assistance, dragging her towards the south shore of the river. Lieutenant Back desired the chief who remained with him to tell them to desist; but he replied by pointing to the beach, and repeating the word *teyma*, *teyma*, with a good-natured smile. He said, however, something to those who were seated in the canoes that were alongside, on which they threw their long knives and arrows into the boat, taking care in so doing that the handles and feathered ends were turned towards the crew as an indication of pacific intentions. As soon as I perceived the Reliance moving under the efforts of the natives, I directed the Lion's crew to endeavour to follow her; but our boat remained fast until the Esquimaux lent their aid, and dragged her after the Reliance. Two of the most powerful men, jumping on board at the same time, seized me by the wrists, and forced me to sit between them; and as I shook them loose two or three times, a third Esquimaux took his station in front to catch my arm whenever I attempted to lift my gun or the broad dagger which hung by my side. The whole way to the shore they kept repeating the word *teyma*, beating gently on my left breast with their hands, and pressing mine against their breasts. As we neared the beach, two oomiaks, full of women, arrived, and the *teymas* and vociferation were redoubled. The Reliance was first brought to the shore, and the Lion close to her a few seconds afterwards. The three men who held me, now leaped ashore, and those who had remained in their canoes, taking them out of the water, carried them to a little distance. A numerous party then drawing their knives, and stripping themselves to the waist, ran to the Reliance, and having first hauled her as far up as they could, began a regular pillage, handing the articles to the women, who, ranged in a row behind, quickly conveyed them out of sight. Lieutenant Back and his crew strenuously, but good-humouredly, resisted the attack, and rescued many things from their grasp; but they were overpowered by numbers, and had even some difficulty in preserving their arms. One fellow had the audacity to snatch Vivier's knife from his breast, and to cut the buttons from his coat, whilst three stout Esquimaux surrounded Lieutenant Back with uplifted daggers, and were incessant in their demands for whatever attracted their attention, especially for the anchor buttons which he wore on his waistcoat. In this juncture, a young chief coming to his aid, drove the assailants away. In their retreat they carried off a writing-desk and cloak, which the chief rescued, and then seating himself on Lieutenant Back's knee, he endeavoured to persuade his countrymen to desist by vociferating '*teyma*, *teyma*,' and was, indeed, very active in saving whatever he could from their depredations. The Lion had hitherto been beset by smaller numbers, and her crew, by firmly keeping their seats on the cover spread over the cargo, and by beating the natives off with the butt-ends of their muskets, had been able to prevent any article of importance from being carried away. But as soon as I perceived that the work of plunder was going on so actively in the Reliance, I went with Augustus to assist in repressing the tumult; and our bold and active little interpreter rushed among the crowd on shore, and harangued them on their treacherous conduct until he was actually hoarse. In a short time, however, I was summoned back by Duncan, who called out to me that the Esquimaux had now commenced in earnest to plunder the Lion; and on my return, I found the sides of the boat lined with men as thick as they could stand, brandishing their knives in the most furious manner, and attempting to seize every thing that was movable; whilst another party was ranged on the outside ready to bear away the stolen goods. The Lion's crew still kept their seats; but as it was impossible for so small a number to keep off such a formidable and determined body, several articles were carried off. Our principal object was to prevent the loss of the arms, oars, or masts, or any thing on which the continuance of the voyage or our personal safety depended. Many attempts were made to purloin the box containing the astronomical instruments, and Duncan, after thrice rescuing it from their hands, made it fast to his leg with a cord, determined that they should drag him away also if they took it. In the whole of this unequal contest, the self-possession of our men was not more conspicuous than the coolness with which the Esquimaux received the heavy blows dealt to them with the butts of the muskets. But at length, irritated at being so often foiled in their attempts, several of them jumped on board, and forcibly endeavoured to take the daggers and shot-belts that were about the men's persons; and I myself was engaged with three of them who were trying to disarm me. Lieutenant Back perceiving our situation, and fully appreciating my motives in not coming to extremities, had the kindness to send to my assistance the young chief who had protected him, and who, on his arrival, drove my antagonists out of the boat. I then saw that my crew were nearly overpowered in the fore part of the boat, and hastening to their aid, I fortunately arrived in time to prevent George Wilson from discharging the contents of his musket into the body of an Esquimaux. He had received a provocation of which I was ignorant until the next day, for the fellow had struck at him with a knife, and cut through his coat and waistcoat; and it was only after the affray was over that I learned that Gustavus Aird, the bowman of the Lion, and three of the Reliance's crew, had also narrowly escaped from being wounded, their clothes being cut by the blows made at them with knives. No sooner was the bow cleared of one set of marauders, than another party commenced their operations at the stern. My gun was now the object of the struggle, which was beginning to assume a more serious complexion, when the whole of the Esquimaux suddenly fled, and hid themselves behind the drift timber and canoes on the beach. It appears that by the exertions of the crew, the Reliance was again afloat, and Lieut. Back wisely judging

that this was the proper moment for more active interference, directed his men to level their muskets, which had produced that sudden panic. The Lion happily floated soon after, and both were retiring from the beach, when the Esquimaux, having recovered from their consternation, put their kaiyacks in the water, and were preparing to follow us: but I desired Augustus to say that I would shoot the first man who came within range of our muskets, which prevented them. It was now about eight o'clock in the evening, and we had been engaged in this harrassing contest for several hours; yet, the only things of importance which they had carried off were the mess canteen and kettles, a tent, a bale containing blankets and shoes, one of the men's bags, and the jib-sails. The other articles they took could well be spared, and they would, in fact, have been distributed amongst them had they remained quiet. The place to which the boats were dragged, is designated by the name of Pillage Point. I cannot sufficiently praise the fortitude and obedience of both the boats' crews in abstaining from the use of their arms. In the first instance, I had been influenced by the desire of preventing unnecessary bloodshed; and afterwards, when the critical situation of my party might have well warranted me in employing more decided means for their defence, I still endeavoured to temporise, being convinced, that as long as the boats lay aground, and we were beset by such numbers, armed with long knives, bows, arrows, and spears, we could not use fire-arms to advantage. The howling of the women, and the clamour of the men, proved the high excitement to which they had wrought themselves; and I am still of opinion that, mingled as we were with them, the first blood we had shed would have been instantly revenged by the sacrifice of all our lives. The preceding narrative shews that, had as the general conduct of the Esquimaux was, we had some active friends amongst them; and I was particularly desirous of cultivating a good understanding with them, for we were as yet ignorant of the state of the ice at sea, and did not know how long we should have to remain in their neighbourhood. I was determined, however, now to keep them at bay, and to convince them, if they made any further attempts to annoy us, that our forbearance had proceeded from good-will, and not from the want of the power to punish them. We had not gone above a quarter of a mile from Pillage Point before the boats again took the ground, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the shore; and having ascertained by the men wading in every direction, that there was no deeper water, we made the boats fast side by side, and remained in that situation five hours. Shortly after the boats had been secured, seven or eight of the natives walked along the beach, and carrying on a conversation with Augustus, invited him to a conference on shore. I was at first very unwilling to permit him to go; but the brave little fellow entreated so earnestly that I would suffer him to hand and reprove the Esquimaux for their conduct, that I at length consented, and the more readily, on seeing that the young chief who had acted in so friendly a manner, was amongst the number on the beach. By the time that Augustus reached the shore, the number of Esquimaux amounted to forty, and we watched with great anxiety the animated conversation he carried on with them. On his return, he told us that its purport was as follows:—'Your conduct,' said he, 'has been very bad, and unlike that of all other Esquimaux. Some of you even stole from me, your countryman, but that I do not mind; I only regret that you should have treated in this violent manner the white people, who came solely to do you kindness. My tribe were in the same unhappy state in which you now are, before the white people came to Churchill; but at present they are supplied with every thing they need, and you see that I am well clothed; I get all that I want, and am very comfortable. You cannot expect, after the transactions of this day, that these people will ever bring goods to your country again, unless you shew your contrition by returning the stolen goods. The white people love the Esquimaux, and wish to shew them the same kindness that they bestow upon the Indians. Do not deceive yourselves, and suppose that they are afraid of you; I tell you they are not, and that it is entirely owing to their humanity that many of you were not killed to-day; for they have all guns, with which they can destroy you, either when near or at a distance. I also have a gun, and can assure you, that if a white man had fallen, I would have been the first to have revenged his death.' The veracity of Augustus was beyond all question with us; such a speech, delivered in a circle of forty armed men, was a remarkable instance of personal courage. We could perceive, by the shouts of applause with which they filled the pauses in his harangue, that they assented to his arguments; and he told us that they had expressed great sorrow for having given us so much cause of offence, and pleaded, in mitigation of their conduct, that they had never seen white people before, that every thing in our possession was so new to them, and so desirable, that they could not resist the temptation of stealing, and begged him to assure us that they never would do the like again, for they were anxious to be on terms of friendship with us, that they might partake of the benefits which his tribe derived from their intercourse with the white people. I told Augustus to put their sincerity to the test, by desiring them to bring back a large kettle and the tent, which they did, together with some shoes, having sent for them to the island whither they had been conveyed. After this act of restitution, Augustus requested to be permitted to join a dance to which they had invited him, and he was, for upwards of an hour, engaged in dancing and singing with all his might, in the midst of a company who were all armed with knives, or bows and arrows. He afterwards told us that he was much delighted on finding that the words of the song, and the different attitudes of the dances, were precisely similar to those used in his own country when a friendly meeting took place with strangers. Augustus now learned from them, that there was a regular ebb and flow of the tide in this bay, and that when the sun came round to a particular point, there would be water enough to float the boats, if we kept along the western shore. This communication relieved me from much anxiety, for the water was perfectly fresh, and from the flood-tide having passed unperceived whilst we were engaged with the Esquimaux, it appeared to us to have been subsiding for the preceding twelve hours, which naturally excited doubts of our being able to effect a passage to the sea in this direction. The Esquimaux gradually retired as the night advanced; and when there were only a few remaining, two of our men were sent to a fire which they had made, to prepare chocolate for the refreshment of the party. Up to this period we remained seated in the boats, with our muskets in our hands, and keeping a vigilant look-out on Augustus, and the natives around him. As they had foretold, the water began to flow about midnight, and by half-past one in the morning of the 8th, it was sufficiently deep to allow of our dragging the boats forward to a part where they floated. We pulled along the western shore about six miles, till the appearance of the sky bespoke the immediate approach of a gale; and we had scarcely landed before it came on with violence, and attended with so much swell, as to compel us to unload the boats, and drag them up on the beach. The whole party having been exhausted by the labour and anxiety of the preceding twenty-four hours, two men were appointed to keep watch, and the rest slept until eleven o'clock in the morning, when we began to repair the damage which the sails and rigging had sustained from the attempts made by the Esquimaux to cut away the copper thimbles. We were thus employed when Lieutenant Back espied, through the haze, the whole body of the Esquimaux paddling towards us. Uncertain of the purport of their visit, and not choosing to open a conference with so large a body, in a situation so disadvantageous as our present one, we hastened to launch the boats through the surf, and load them with our utmost speed; conceiving, that when once fairly afloat, we could keep any number at bay. We had scarcely pulled into deep water before some of the kaiyacks had arrived within speaking distance, and the man in the headmost one, holding out a kettle, called aloud that he wished to return it, and that the comiak which was at some distance behind contained the things that had been stolen from us, which they were desirous of restoring, and receiving in return any present that we might be disposed to give. I did not deem it prudent, however, for the sake of the few things in their possession which we required, to hazard their whole party collecting around us, and therefore desired Augustus to tell them to go back; but they continued to advance until I fired a ball ahead of the leading canoe, which had the desired effect: the whole party veering round, except four, who followed us for a little way, and then went back to join their companions. I have been minute in my details of our proceedings with these Esquimaux, for the purpose of elucidating the character of the people we had to deal with; and I feel that the account would be incomplete without the mention, in this place, of some communications made to us in the month of August following, which fully explained the motives of their conduct. We learned, that up to the time that the kaiyack was upset, the Esquimaux were actuated by the most friendly feelings towards us, but that the fellow whom we had treated so kindly after the accident, discovering what the boats contained, proposed to the younger men to pillage them. This suggestion was buzzed about, and led to the conference which the old men held together when I desired them to go away, in which the robbery was decided upon, and a pretty general wish was expressed, that it should be attended with the total massacre of our party. Providentially a few suggested the impropriety of including Augustus; and for a reason which could scarcely have been imagined: 'If we kill him,' said they, 'no more white people will visit our lands, and we shall lose the opportunity of getting another supply of their valuable goods; but if we spare him, he can be sent back with a story which we shall invent, to induce another party of white people to come among us.' This argument prevailed at the time; but after the

interviews with Augustus at the dance, they retired to their island, where they were so much inflamed by the sight of the valuable articles which they had obtained, that they all, without exception, regretted that they had allowed us to escape. While in this frame of mind, the smoke of our fire being discovered, a consultation was immediately held, and a very artful plan laid for the destruction of the party, including Augustus, whom they conceived to be so firmly attached to us, that it was in vain to attempt to win him to their cause. They expected to find us on shore; but to provide against the boats getting away, if we should have embarked, they caused some kettles to be fastened conspicuously to the leading kaiyack, in order to induce us to stop. The kaiyacks were then to be placed in such a position as to hamper the boats, and their owners were to keep us in play until the whole party had come up when the attack was to commence. Through the blessing of Providence, their scheme was frustrated."

Our Village. By Mary Russel Mitford. Vol. III. 12mo. Whittaker.

We dwell upon Miss Mitford's delightful little volume with much the same feeling that makes us linger in the Water-Colour Exhibition;—both alike present the same series of fresh, green, animated pictures of nature. Our readers will be glad to see so many old favourites, collected from various periodical repositories, in a less scattered form—another claimant for the especially-pet shelf in the bookcase. But this very merit to others, makes it a difficult task for one journal to select from what has already been so popular in the pages of many others. The introduction is, however, quite new; and we cannot do better than see how "Our Village" goes on.

"Any changes in our village since the last advices? What news of May, and Lizzy, and Fanny, and Lucy? Is the pretty nymph of the shoe-shop married yet? And does the Loddon continue to flow as brightly as when we gathered musk roses together in the old grounds of Aberleigh? * * *

"You used to say, and there was too much truth in the assertion, that for pigs, geese, and children, and their concomitants, dirt and noise, this pretty place was unrivalled. But then you were here when the two first evils were at their height, in June and July. At present, the geese have felt the stroke of Michaelmas, and are fatted and thinned; pigs too have diminished; though as the children are proportionably increased, we are not much better off in point of cleanliness, and much worse in regard to noise:—a pig being, except just when ringing or killing, a tolerably silent animal; and a goose, in spite of the old Roman story, only vociferous by fits and starts; whereas, little boys and little girls—at least, the little boys and little girls hereabout—seem to me on the full cry, or the full shout, from sunrise to sunset. Even the dinner hour, that putter down of din in most civilised countries, makes no pause amongst our small people. The nightingale, who sings all day and all night to solace his brooding mate, is but a type of their unwearying power of voice. His sweet harmony doth find intervals; their discord hath none.

"Lizzy! Alas! alas! you ask for Lizzy!—Do you remember how surely at the closed gate of the flower-court, or through the open door of her father's neat dwelling, we used to see the smiling rosy face, so full of life and glee; the square sturdy form, strong and active as a boy; the clear bright eyes, and red lips and shining curly hair, giving such an assurance of health and strength? And do you not recollect how the bounding foot, and the gay young voice, and the merry musical laugh, seemed to fill the house and the court with her own quick and joyous spirit, as she darted about in her innocent play or her small housewifery, so lively and so vigorous, so lovely and so beloved? Do you not remember, too, how when we stopped to speak to her at that ever-open door, the whole ample kitchen was strewed with her little property, so that you used to liken it to a great baby-house? Here her kitten, there her doll; on one chair an old copy-book, on another a new sash; her work and needle-book and scissors and thimble put neatly away on her own little table; her straw hat, ornamented with a tuft of feathery grasses or a garland of woodbine, hanging carelessly against the wall; and pots of flowers of all sorts, of the garden and the field, from the earliest bud to the latest blossom, ranged in the window, on the dresser, on the mantel-shelf, wherever a jug could find room. Every thing spoke of Lizzy, her mother's comfort, her father's delight, the charm and life of the house; and every body loved to hear and see so fair a specimen of healthful and happy childhood. It did one's heart good to pass that open door. But the door is closed now, always closed; and the father, a hale and comely man, of middle age, is become all at once old and bent and broken; and the smiling, placid mother looks as if she would never smile again. Nothing has been displaced in that sad and silent dwelling. The straw hat, with its faded garland, still hangs against the wall; the work is folded on the little table, with the small thimble upon it, as if just laid down; jars of withered flowers crowd the mantel and the window;—but the light hath departed; the living flower is gone; poor Lizzy is dead! Are you not sorry for poor, poor Lizzy? But this is too mournful a subject:—we must talk now of the Loddon, the beautiful Loddon—yes, it still flows; ay, and still overflows, according to its naughty custom. Only last winter it filled our meadows like a lake; rushed over our mill-dams like a cataract, and played such pranks with the old arch at York-pool, that people were fain to boat it betwixt here and Aberleigh; and the bridge having been denounced as dangerous in summer, and impassable in winter, is like to cause a dispute between those two grand abstractions, the parish and the county, each of which wishes to turn the cost of rebuilding on the other. By their own account, they are two of the poorest personages in his majesty's dominions; full of debt and difficulty, and exceedingly likely to go to law on the case, by way of amending their condition. The pretty naughty river! There it flows bright and clear, as when we walked by its banks to the old house at Aberleigh, looking as innocent and unconscious as if its victim, the bridge, had not been indicted—No—that's not the word!—*presented* at the quarter sessions; as if a worshipful committee were not sitting to inquire into its malversations; and an ancient and well-reputed parish and a respectable midland county going together by the ears in consequence of its delinquency."

Perhaps the best praise for Vol. III. is to state, that it is quite equal to its predecessors; and that is saying a great deal.

Contrast. By Regina Maria Roche, Author of the "Children of the Abbey," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Newman and Co.

Written under the pressure of altered circumstances, in ill health, which made the necessity of exertion doubly painful,—by an old favourite, over whose pages many a young and pleasant hour has been past,—these volumes come forth with no common appeal to the sympathy of the reader; and a most respectable list of subscribers shews that such appeal has not been made in vain. But, setting even these considerations aside, the book itself well deserves patronage. A very entertaining tale inculcates the purest morality; and the two heroines relieve and heighten each other. Our limits will not permit us to analyse the story; indeed, we should be sorry to break in upon the interest of the narrative; but one or two passages will serve to give an idea of the style. The following is the scene which introduces one of these heroines:—

"The city, with its intervening plain, was completely hidden from his view by the wild, luxuriant thickets of aloes and Indian fig that overran the unequal surface of the ground, intermingled with oleander and palmetto, surmounted by lofty beech and chestnut again clad in spring's green livery, while as yet hardly a tender bud in colder climates marked the glad return of the genial season. He went on, looking about him for some place at which he might inquire his way, when he suddenly found himself on the edge of a deep rift or glen in the very heart of the mountain, at the opposite extremity of which stood a very ancient, solitary-looking building, with the green summit of the steep acclivity on which it was erected appearing above it, casting a soft shadow on the nether scene. Here De Montville thought he might obtain the direction he required, and accordingly, throwing the bridle of his horse over the arm of a tree, he descended into the glen, but did not advance without frequently pausing to admire the profusion of glowing flowers with which it was enamelled, sending forth a cloud of fragrance as his foot carelessly pressed them, and the sunbeams playing in the wild eddies of a beautiful stream that meandered through the verdant turf, uniting its soft murmurs to the still softer ones of the Sicilian dove. As he drew near the building, he perceived it was in a very ruinous state, and altogether had such an aspect of decay and desolation, as inclined him to fear he had incurred his present trouble to no purpose. Determined, however, to ascertain whether it was untenanted, as he had such reason to imagine from its appearance and the profound stillness that reigned around, he knocked loudly at the old portal; but no answer was returned, and after repeating the knock several times, he became confirmed in his surmise of its desertion. By this time there was a curiosity awakened to view the interior, and he went reconnoitring about to try if he could discover any way of entering, conceiving there could be no great impropriety in intruding into a place that was abandoned. At length his diligent scrutiny discovered to him, within a deep niche or recess in one of the old towers that flanked the portal, a small door that with very little difficulty yielded to his hand, and admitted him into a spacious court, surrounded by the building. Here all was silent as the grave—all evinced the melancholy omnipotence of Time; the fine entablatures of the marble colonnade that ran round it were mutilated and defaced; the fountain, that had once diffused an agree-

able freshness through the place, no longer played; its basin was covered with slime and weeds; and the waving of some tall cypresses added, if possible, to the mournful aspect of the place. De Montville looked and listened, to try if he could see or hear any indication of an inhabitant; but nothing of the kind met either eye or ear, and he ventured to advance into another cloistered court, thickly planted with orange, lemon, and citron, and containing in the centre a capacious marble basin of limpid water. The heat was by this time intense, and to obtain a temporary refuge from it, he sat down upon the step of the colonnade, refreshed by the cool look of the water, and the diversified tints and balmy fragrance of the agrumi. As his eye wandered, he every where beheld evidences of decay and desertion, in shattered windows, and mouldering turrets hung with streaming grass. A sensation of melancholy was impressed upon his mind, and he gradually sunk into a fit of musing, from which he was suddenly roused by the low creaking of a door, at the end of the colonnade under which he had taken shelter; but whether through the influence of the air or the movement of a hand, he could not of course decide. Keeping his eye fixed, he saw it in the course of a few minutes gradually open, and a female, of an elegant form, issue from it, her head shrouded in the antique veil of the Sicilian women. She advanced with not merely a cautious, but fearful air, and, with her looks directed to the other side of the court, was within a few paces of De Montville, when his sudden, perhaps involuntary, rising at her approach, betrayed him to her: she started back, her veil at the same instant escaped from her hand, and her face revealed to his view, he beheld one of surpassing beauty."

We must also introduce her fair companion Helena, whose fortunes make the detail of the other pages.

"She wished to visit the grave of her parents before her departure, and one gloomy evening bent her steps in the direction of the lonely road the funeral of her father had so lately marked. An ancient tomb covered the sepulchre of the family. With difficulty she made her way to it, so unequal was the surface of the ground, and completely choked up every path with danky weeds. Nothing indeed could be more wild, or waste, or desolate, than was the aspect of the place, lying open as it was to every intrusive foot, and belonging to one of those numerous dilapidated churches that are scattered over Ireland. Every thing here spoke of mortality and the effects of time; white bleached bones were scattered about, while many of the graves were tenantless, from their great antiquity and long exposure to the piercing winds, and plashing rains, and melting snows, of revolving ages. If the strongest minds cannot always successfully struggle against the chilling emotions, the awful sensations, excited by a visit to mortality, how much less could it be expected that one that had never yet given itself time for deep reflection, could do so? Helena shuddered and wept; and while a feeling of chill dismay would have hurried her from the spot, she was still detained by the thought, that he so lately loved and honoured, the life and ornament of the social circle, was now reposing within a few yards of her. She sat down beside the old tomb of the family, just where a solitary tree threw the shadow of its skeleton arms upon the marble, and sought to look within the grating that had so lately opened to admit the remains of her father to their destined bed: and was the cold wet earth this bed? was he who, but a few days ago, was the source of joy and happiness to all around him—was he now nerveless, voiceless, senseless—already given up to the worm?—and she wept still more bitterly at the images conjured up by a fertile fancy, too ingenious in tormenting itself. But he was lamented; and if the departed can look down, must not the kind, domestic tear be pleasing to them? But she—she, were it her lot to go hence that hour, what complaint would there be—what tear to please her pale ghost, or grace her mournful bier? should she not be allowed to pass away like a flake of snow—like a morning mist—or like a valley-flower, that opes it golden cups at sunrise, and shuts at eventide?—and her falling tears streamed more profusely at the idea."

We can now only recommend Mrs. Roche's new work to the general circulation which we hope it will meet, both as an amusing fiction, and, still more, on account of the claims it possesses on our better feelings:—it ought to find many patrons and readers.

Italy as it is; or, Narrative of an English Family's Residence for Three Years in that Country. By the Author of "Four Years in France." 8vo. pp. 441. Colburn, 1828.

We take some blame to ourselves for not having earlier noticed this work. Its subject (notwithstanding the title) is not, however, of a temporary nature. Italy is almost of all time, and has been treated of by poets and historians, by monks and warriors, by merchants and travellers, in prose, in verse, in letters, in notes, in diaries, in sketches—in short, in every possible division of literature; till it is (or ought to be) nearly as well known in the precincts of Grosvenor Square, as upon Mount Aventine itself. St. Peter's and the Vatican are "familiar in our mouths as household words;" the Pontine Marshes common as the Lincolnshire Fens; the Via Appia nearly as much trodden by the English as the York Road; and the Cascades of Terni and Tivoli absolutely better known than the solitary Fountain which we boast in the Middle Temple Gardens.

The author of the present volume (Mr. Best), whose former work and conversion we noticed in our volume for 1826 (pp. 482—501), professes to strike out a new course for his literary labours, observing, that the narrative of a *residence* in a foreign country will differ from a tour;—the tourist may see and observe, the resident will reflect and compare. The narrative of the residence of *a family* will differ from that of the residence of an individual. The one records the impressions made on himself; the members of a family communicate to each other in conversation the varied and multiplied impressions which each severally receives:—and he mentions some other distinctive qualities which ought to exist between the mere passer-by and the sojourner. These principles are good; but the promise is hardly fulfilled in the execution. We have still the usual description of the places of which we have been accustomed to read; we hear of the same statues which have so long enchanted the world; of the pictures celebrated throughout Europe; and of the cathedrals and palaces which have already furnished food for many a goodly quarto to descant upon. Nevertheless, though Mr. Best does not quite act up to his preface, his descriptions are given with discrimination, and his narrative is generally amusing.

We shall not follow him from one Italian city to another; but rather extract here and there a few desultory observations, which his residence may well qualify him to make, and which have less to do with the sights of Italy than the major part of his work.

"As to social intercourse with the Italians, from what has been already written, the reader may form an opinion how far this is practicable, and in what part of Italy it is most easy, or, to speak more clearly, least difficult. The government of Sardinia and Tuscany pay civil attentions to foreigners; but in no part of Italy are the English beloved. This has been accounted for. Whatever they themselves may think of the matter, their separation from catholic unity, at the bidding of *a bloody tyrant, a boy, or a profligate woman*, is not considered by impartial judges as a symptom of magnanimity; nor the insult and degradation inflicted on the catholics of our *united* kingdom as a proof of justice or good sense. I was told at Nice, 'if you pass the summer here, you will have society.' An unwillingness to meet English company could not have been more clearly expressed; and such is the sentiment *general* [ly?] prevailing throughout Italy. An Englishman, or an English family, alone, in a provincial town, would, doubtless, be hospitably and cheerfully received. From my intercourse with the Italians, I am qualified to pronounce that the want of such intercourse must be a great privation to the English traveller or resident."

Without stopping to remark on the improper flippancy with which our converted friend mentions Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth, or the complacent silence in which he passes over Mary of sanguinary memory, we will proceed to his remarks on servants.

"In a villa it was necessary to have a kitchen, as the town and its means and appliances for dining were half a mile off. We changed our cook three times in four months at Leghorn. The first took snuff; the second required that a little boy, only fourteen years old, should be invited daily to eat her dinner for her, as she had no appetite herself; the third bought the refuse of the market, in every sort of viand—and this, as the price accorded not with the quality, I considered as a symptom of dishonesty: he delighted, moreover, in that excitement of ideas for which wine is so much commended by the poets. On these two points I endeavoured to descant in a way that, as I thought, might edify him, as a persuasive to an honest and sober life. I reminded him that we must all appear before the great judgment-seat: he answered, instead of trembling and putting off the conversation to a 'more convenient season,' '*Chi lo sa?*' (Who knows that?) This confounded me, and entirely altered the theological state of the question. He is the only example of drunkenness and infidelity that I have met with, in his condition of life, in France or Italy. Of the higher orders, it is superfluous to say, because it is so well known, that in the use of wine they seldom proceed even to exhilaration: of their religious belief, I may speak hereafter. One of the great inconveniences of sojourning abroad with a family, is the difficulty of procuring good servants. I have been assured that two footmen were taken away from behind a foreigner's carriage at Florence, for some cause which had attracted the notice of the police. The very refuse of domestics offer themselves to those who have but scanty means of knowing their characters, or are perhaps indifferent about them. A good servant will not displace himself to enter a foreign family, on the stability

of whose residence he cannot depend; and the English, having the reputation of spoiling their servants by carelessness and high wages, he avoids their service as likely to be an objection to his being received afterwards by one of his own country. In Italian families, the servants are numerous, and receive but low wages; but a service is, in some sort, an establishment for life. Many of them are married, and, attending during a portion of the day only at their master's house, exercise some additional means of gaining a livelihood; a pension, too, is generally allotted to them in their old age. This easy mode of life, with the prospect towards the close of it, they would not barter even for high wages, with constant work and uncertain tenure."

With Mr. Best's religion we have certainly nothing to do, farther than he has chosen to display his feelings on the subject in the publication before us; which, unfortunately, he does but too often. A querulousness and soreness betray themselves incessantly, which to us seem utterly inconsistent with the meek and quiet spirit of the Christian faith. He is, as our readers may recollect, a Roman Catholic; who, having formerly been of the English established religion, has chosen to renounce his faith (for reasons which appeared to us but little satisfactory), and was received into the bosom of the Romish church. However, on this subject we can have no cause of complaint: his creed is his own; but it is exceeding painful to see a sensible man omitting no opportunity of shewing his chagrin that our Protestant belief still flourishes; nor hardly less so, to find him endeavouring to gloss over the miserable relics and miracles with which Italy abounds, and trying to persuade his readers, at any rate, of the utility, if not of the infallibility, of these legends.

"The cathedral of Turin is well deserving of attention, at least as much so as the chapel situated between it and the king's palace;—a chapel much visited by Protestants, because in it is kept the 'holy napkin' (*sindone santo*). This relic is shewn only on an appointed day yearly: at other times, it may be exhibited on especial application, a mass being said on the occasion. It is not to be supposed that Protestants ever become applicants for a view to which such a condition is annexed; but they go into this chapel for the sake of saying in their 'tour!' something *about* relics, as the colonel put sticking-plaster on his shoulder, that he might in his despatches report himself wounded. Fortunately for the mockers, there is somewhere in Flanders another 'holy napkin:' it follows, therefore, that no veneration is to be paid to relics, and that popery is a cheat throughout. Q. E. D."

This is idle, at least. The napkin cannot tell for much as a relic; and the sample of reasoning might just as well have concluded thus:—"It follows, therefore, that every possible veneration is to be paid to relics, and that popery is proved to be the true religion in every respect. Q. E. D."

Read, too, his account of the famous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.

"Of the churches of Naples, five or six principal ones were indicated as especially worthy of being visited. The churches, generally speaking, are handsome. The cathedral is a very venerable pile; three great churches are united by a vast nave. In the eastern church are the much-spoken-of busts of the twelve Apostles in silver: in the transept on the right hand is the precious treasure, or precious trickery, as faith or incredulity may decide, of the blood of St. Januarius. Kneeling at the rails of the altar in this church, I touched with my lips, and by consequence had very near to my eyes, a phial, in which was a liquid substance resembling blood. Persons of my family testify to having seen this substance in a solid state a few minutes before, when the phial was turned in every direction by the hands of the priest."

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Even Mr. Best cannot refrain now and then from a good story at the expense of a saint. He tells us there is one named Agricol, of Avignon, who is said to be very efficacious in procuring rain for his devotees whenever requested. In a time of drought, the clergy of that diocese waited on their bishop, to propose that the image of the saint should be carried through the streets in procession, with prayers for rain. The bishop went to look at his barometer, and seeing the top of the mercury to be quite spherical, said, "*Messieurs, ne compromettons pas le credit du saint: attendons.*" This is very good, but perhaps not better than the Irish pastor, who professed to have a similar power over the weather, and who, when applied to by one of his flock for a shower of rain, told him he should be happy to oblige him, but he had had several previous applications for dry weather; and as it would be impossible for him to disoblige any of his congregation, he was under the necessity of declining to interfere.

We quit this subject, which is the chief cause for censure in this work; and but that the feeling against the Protestant faith is obtrusive, and displayed continually on occasions when it is totally uncalled for, we should have refrained from noticing it. As an account of Italy, the book is amusing, and may be pleasantly and usefully consulted.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.

[Second Paper—conclusion.]

Le Globe, Parisian journal, of May 31st, remarks very justly upon this publication, that it hardly extends our knowledge one iota beyond what we had already learned from M. Savary's *Extrait*, which appeared in 1823; and that instead of affording us revelations, such as the *ancien ministère* of the police could abundantly divulge, it baulks curiosity by reiterating the oft-repeated stories of French victories and conquests, marching from the Rhine to the Nile, from Egypt to Marengo, and from Marengo to Austerlitz and Jena. But the writer's object was not to inform, but to *mystify*; not to tell the truth, but to shift the responsibility and ignominy of crime from his own and his master's shoulders upon any other shoulders he could devise most likely to bear them. Thus Bernadotte (the King of Sweden), Talleyrand, Fouché, Baron Dalberg, &c. are all conspirators, traitors, and bloodthirsters, without any peculiar objects of their own to gratify, but simply to promote views which we can very readily perceive tended to augment the power, and apparently rivet the stability, of Buonaparte. A *coup d'œil* over the statements respecting the murder of the Duke d'Enghien (the most interesting portion of this volume), will perhaps shew in the clearest manner the villany and ruthlessness of the actors in that infamous tragedy.

In a mission into La Vendée, M. Savary acted the part of a most accomplished *spy and informer*, and discovered some clue to the motions of George Cadoual and his associates, who were disembarked in France, and had assembled in Paris to prosecute their dark designs against the First Consul. On returning to Buonaparte with the intelligence he had wormed out of those who confided in his assurance of being a friend and partisan, he, Buonaparte, we are told, said some flattering things about his courage and resolution in running such dangerous risks—and the narrative proceeds:

"*He then determined to employ severe measures to elicit truth from darkness.* He had an inconceivable tact for judging when he was upon a volcano, and for laying his finger on the precise spot where any thing was to be discovered. Since he had been at the head of the government, trials by council of war had been extremely rare; he had even entertained the intention of suppressing them, excepting in cases of military discipline. There were, nevertheless, in the prisons several persons detained by the police as spies, or charged with political machinations; and they were not ordered for trial, because the First Consul said that the time would come when no farther importance could be attached to those intrigues, and they might then be set at liberty. On this occasion he desired to be shewn the list of all those persons, with the date of their apprehension, and notes of their different anterior circumstances. Among them was a man named Picot, and another named Le Bourgeois, who had been apprehended a year before at Port Audemer in Normandy, as coming from England: on their departure from London, a description of their persons had been given by an agent whom the police kept there, and who had learned from themselves the atrocious design with which they were going to France, and which was nothing less than to assassinate the First Consul. The government had hitherto contented itself with keeping them in prison. The First Consul directed that they and three others should be tried: they were brought before a commission. The *first-mentioned two manifested an obstinacy that was not expected; they refused to answer, and were condemned and shot without making the slightest confession.* They seemed even determined to defy authority; and perished, declaring that it would not survive the war. This bravado diminished the painful impression which an execution always produces. *Not a single step had been gained.*"

This military murder of two unfortunate men, who had lain a year in prison without notice, because of the unimportance of their intrigues (or imputed intrigues), was, indeed, a fit prelude to the higher catastrophe which was about to ensue. Querel, another prisoner, was picked out from the miserable list of the suspected, and condemned to die: in order to save himself, he accused Cadoual and some twenty more, and indicated where other parties coming to join them in Paris, were at this period disembarking at Biville, near Dieppe. The subservient Savary was instantly despatched on a business which seems to have been particularly suited to his disposition, namely, to watch for, entrap, and betray for sacrifice, the victims of whom he had thus got scent: and he says, with ineffable coolness; "I took young Troche" (a wretched accomplice, who had been terrified into the cowardly act of betraying his associates) "along with me, because the party would not have landed unless it had perceived him on the shore. On the road he related his adventures to me with the utmost frankness. He had but just dis-

covered that he had been employed in intrigues which might have brought him to the scaffold; and he shewed as much zeal in laying a snare for those who were coming, as he could have done to serve those who had already passed."

Language and sentiments of more utter baseness could not disgrace the character of the vilest hangman; yet they are the boast of a Duke of France, and one of the most exalted favourites and adherents of Napoleon. The fellow hid himself like a common thief-taker, and watched for eight-and-twenty days and nights; but was foiled in his honourable aim, and obliged to return to Paris without *snaring* a single person. One chuckles at the disappointment of such a blood-hound. However, as nobody could be caught on the coast, it was thought the more expedient to pour out the full measure of vengeance upon the plotters in Paris—George Cadoual and his friends, who, it seems, had got together for the purpose of despatching Napoleon, but had remained six months in the capital without attempting to strike a blow!! Moreau was arrested, and all France was inflamed with the story of a horrible conspiracy to assassinate the Consul, whom the whole republic "besought, for the sake of the future, to turn a deaf ear to clemency." "Every functionary, whether present or at a distance; every officer, of every rank whatsoever, *and particularly all who aspired to favour*, thought of nothing but how to avail himself of this circumstance to prove his devotedness to the person of the First Consul." Thus strengthened by popular credulity, the government hastened on to fulfil its sanguinary intentions. It was discovered that a person of some consequence had been in the habit of visiting Cadoual every ten days or fortnight; but it puzzled the police to ascertain who this mysterious individual was. It turned out ultimately to have been Pichegru; but before the truth was known, suspicion fell upon the Duke d'Enghien; and the consequence was, that the unfortunate prince was seized on a neutral territory, hurried to Vincennes, submitted to a midnight mock-trial, and butchered in the castle ditch by the break of day. Our worthy historian* labours through wile and falsehood to shift the odium of this atrocious deed off its real perpetrators and those who had advantages to expect from it: and every word he utters only convicts him and his party of perfidy and baseness which may well be designated infernal.

"*Means were dexterously contrived* to convict General Moreau of having seen Pichegru:" but Moreau was too powerful to be safely disposed of (though the jury was suppressed on the occasion), and he escaped the scaffold* and the equally sure prison-room, where Pichegru strangled himself, and where Captain Wright also fell by his own hand!! To absolve Buonaparte and himself, and other ready satellites, from the guilt of these foul transactions, M. Savary has the hardihood to assert the monstrous lie, page 48, that "*He* (Napoleon) *was ignorant of the existence of the Duke d'Enghien*"—"the duke was described to him as the head of George's party: he consented to his seizure." Innocent Lamb!—"It has also (says his experienced apologist) been asserted, that the First Consul had a direct personal interest in ridding himself of a prince whom he knew to be of a firm and enterprising character. To reason in this manner is to admit that the First Consul had not rejected the proposal of a crime. *But then, instead of making such a stir at Paris, the same end might have been attained with greater certainty and less noise at a hunting party on the other side of the Rhine, or even at Ettenheim. There would have been no want of assassins, had they been sought after.*" Yes, ingenious and able suggester of plans of murder, a good argument, perhaps, were it true that scoundrels always take the wisest methods of perpetrating their atrocities. But what was the horror or repentance of Buonaparte when he found (as we are to believe) that the Duke d'Enghien had been put to death in a mistake for General Pichegru? Did he lament the bloody deed? did he sorrow for the hapless fate of a youthful prince cut off in the midst of his gay career? Not he: he only regretted that the murder was not likely to produce him any benefit: "HERE IS A CRIME (quoth he), AND WHICH LEADS TO NOTHING." Comment upon so damning a sentence would be most superfluous: its prodigious villany surpasses imagination. But let it not be supposed that we are of a party arguing for the guilt of one or other, more or less, of the accomplices in this individual murder. Do we think one of them innocent or resisting? one of them not acting or consenting? one of them not interested or subservient? Far be the folly from us, to fancy that persons inured to the daily blood and massacres of the French Revolution cared a pin for such a deed, or would hesitate a moment at putting an obnoxious scion of the house of Bourbon out of their way. The only thing to provoke our contempt and indignation is, to see such fellows attempting to consider this a crime now, and endeavouring to excuse themselves.

We are not inclined to observe at any length upon the strange mode of incarcerating Pichegru and George so near each other—only a small room between:—on Buonaparte's other extraordinary expression when Savary went to tell him the *news** of the former's having strangled himself—"this is a *pretty* end for the conqueror of Holland"—or the no less strange remark of M. Real when he and Savary went in to see the corpse of the *suicide*:—"Well, though nothing was ever more clearly proved than this suicide, yet, in spite of all we can do, it will be said, that because he could not be convicted, he has been strangled:"—on the remarkable attachment of the gendarmes (who alone could enter the Temple) to their virtuous commander, Savary:†—or on the probable story, that Captain Wright "cut his throat in despair, after reading the account of the capitulation of the Austrian general, Mack."

But this work hardly deserves even the consideration we have bestowed on it. Upon every unprejudiced mind it must produce conviction entirely opposite to what the writer intended; and also prove himself to be unworthy of credit—a tool and a ruffian.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Letter on the Present State of the Affairs of the Thames Tunnel Company. Ridgway.

THIS Letter is addressed by a Shareholder to the Deputy Chairman of the Company. The writer remonstrates against the clause in the new act of parliament by which the directors are empowered to dispose of the Tunnel; a clause which he considers as tending absolutely to annihilate the property of the original shareholders. He is sanguine in his opinion both that the Tunnel may be completed, and that, if completed, it would afford to the proprietors a fair chance of receiving about three per cent for their money. He recommends to the directors to publish a clear statement of the present condition and future prospects of the Tunnel, as well as of the engineer's plan of proceeding; then to try, resolutely and promptly, to raise money by loan; and, if that fail, to

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* It is with infinite scorn we read the imputation, coming from so degraded a quarter as the spy and informer of La Vendée, and the baffled way-layer of Biville, that, "notwithstanding the disclosure made by certain subordinate agents of George's, relative to daggers which they carried about them at the moment of their apprehension, every one felt convinced that this enterprise was no other than the work of the English ministry, which was bent on getting rid at any rate of the First Consul. It was thought that, alarmed at the wisdom with which he had repaired every thing, and tranquillised the country, it had determined on his destruction; but to avoid the odium of such an attempt, it had contrived to engage the wretched relics of a party, which it had never ceased to feed with false hopes, in the execution of its design. It abused their unfortunate condition by deceiving them with the assistance of the reports furnished by the agents whom it kept in France: it violated hospitality by causing an attempt to be made, in their name, to commit a crime which could not fail to extinguish the interest excited by their misfortunes."

What was Lord Hawkesbury's reply, in April 1804, in his note to the foreign ambassadors in London?—

"His Majesty has in consequence directed me to declare that he hopes he shall not be reduced to the necessity of repelling, with merited scorn and indignation, the atrocious and utterly unfounded calumny, that the government of his Majesty have been a party to plans of assassination:"—an accusation already made with equal falsehood and calumny by the same authority against the members of his Majesty's government during the last war—an accusation incompatible with the honour of his Majesty and the known character of the British nation; and so completely devoid of any shadow of proof, that it may be reasonably presumed to have been brought forward at the present moment for no other purpose than that of diverting the attention of Europe from the contemplation of the sanguinary deed which has recently been perpetrated, by the direct order of the First Consul in France, in violation of the right of nations, and in contempt of the most simple laws of humanity and honour."

* "The pleadings lasted twelve days: they were constantly attended by a crowd which filled all the avenues of the palace. A fault had been committed in persuading the First Consul to agree to the suppression of the jury for this occasion only, in consequence of the alarm, whether well or ill-founded, excited by the language held since the catastrophe of the Duke d'Enghien. This measure, though vigorous, produced a bad effect, and awakened still more distrust in the public mind in general."—Rare admissions!

* The manner in which this is described is so *curious*, that we yield the space of a note to it, in the author's own credible words, and on his unblemished testimony. "I arrived at the Temple at the same time as M. Real, who came on behalf of the grand judge to learn the particulars of this event. I went with M. Real, the keeper and the surgeon of the prison, straight to General Pichegru's room; and I knew him again very well, though his face was turned of a crimson colour, from the effect of *the apoplexy* with which he had been struck. His room was on the ground-floor, and the head of his bed against the window, so that the seat served to set his light upon for the purpose of reading in bed. On the outside there was a sentinel placed under this window, *through which he might easily upon occasions see all that was passing in the room.* General Pichegru was lying on his right side; he had put round his neck his own black silk cravat, which he had previously twisted like a small rope: this must have occupied *him so long as to afford time for reflection, had he not been resolutely bent on self-destruction.* He appeared to have tied his cravat, thus twisted, about his neck, and to have at first drawn it as tight as he could bear it, then to have taken a piece of wood, of the length of a finger, which he had broken from a branch that yet lay in the middle of the room (part of a faggot, the relics of which were still in his fire-place): this he must have slipped between his neck and his cravat, on the right side, and turned round till the moment that reason forsook him. His head had fallen back on the pillow and compressed the little bit of stick, which had prevented the cravat from untwisting. In this situation, apoplexy could not fail to supervene. His hand was still under his head, and almost touched this little tourniquet. On the night-table was a book open and with its back upward, as if laid down for a moment by one who had been interrupted while reading. M. Real found this book to be the Seneca which he had sent to him; and he remarked that it was open at that passage where Seneca says, that *the man who is determined to conspire ought above all things not to fear death.* This was probably the last thing read by General Pichegru, who having placed himself in a situation to lose his life on the scaffold, or under the necessity of having recourse to the clemency of the First Consul, had preferred dying by his own hand."

† "I had (he tells us) infused into them all the zeal for the First Consul with which I was myself animated; and I had no greater pleasure than in availing myself of the advantages of my situation to do good for them or their relatives."

apply to his Majesty's government for assistance, in any way in which they may think fit to grant it. We confess, that for our own part, it would give us great satisfaction to hear that any measure had been adopted, calculated to bring this great national undertaking to a successful termination.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. After the Drawings of Dr. Meyrick, by Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XII. Oxford, J. Skelton.

ANOTHER beautiful Number. This admirable and unique publication has now advanced nearly half way in its course, during which, it has uniformly preserved the high character with which it commenced. It is really melancholy to observe what pains and expense have been bestowed, in all countries and at all periods, in ornamenting and enriching weapons intended for the destruction of human beings! The forms of some of the poniards and daggers, in the plates of this Number, are singularly graceful.

The Principles of Union in the Church of England, considered in a Charge of the Archdeaconry of London, at a Visitation, held May 12, 1828. By the Venerable J. H. Pott, M.A. Archdeacon of London, &c. 8vo. pp. 31. C. and J. Rivington.

LEARNING, piety, and a sincere love for that church of which his whole blameless and benevolent life has made the author an ornament, are the distinguishing features of this Charge. Its moderate tone and soundness of principle combined, recommend it to the attention of our junior clergy, as well as of every member of the Church of England.

The Manual of Rank and Nobility; or, a Key to the Peerage: containing the Origin and History of all the various Titles, Orders, and Dignities, &c. &c. of the British Nobility. pp. 598. Saunders and Otley.

THIS book is very neatly got up; but we fear we can say nothing in its favour as a work of reference for the antiquary or herald. It seems to be compiled from sources of no great authority, and is by no means correct. The writer, whoever he is, has not done justice to an excellent design: we recommend the publishers to have a new edition, under competent superintendence.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Captain Rock's Suppressed Volume.

[Concluding notice.]

WE had intended to conclude our remarks on, and extracts from, this work in the present No. of the *Literary Gazette*; but if we had wavered in that intention, the following letter, just received, with the post-mark "*Kil-cool*, County Wicklow," upon it, would have decided our trembling purpose.

"YE VILLEN,

"This is to giv ye nottis, that if ye dare betray anny mor of our opinyuns or manings, ye shall be Piked, if in the middell of Westmonster Church, or burnt in yere own house befor ye kno where ye are. So Be Ware—Rock."

After this, we have but one course;—we promised our readers another paper, and Rock himself shall not make us break our word to them, though he *pike* us at the altar, or burn us (as his own 500 copies were burnt) in our study.—The annexed, therefore, are the genealogical quotations to which we are pledged.

Sir Philip Boyle, a knight of Arragon, *temp.* Henry VI. of England, is a mere *parvenu*; and may as well seek to derive himself from the cork trees of his native Arragon, as pretend to be the founder of the Cork family in Ireland. The "Great Earl of Cork" is himself doubted; and our author asserts, that, instead of the received account of him being true—viz. his own relation:—"When I first arrived at Dublin, June 23, 1588, all my wealth was 27*l.* 3*s.* and two tokens, which my mother had formerly given me, viz. a diamond ring, which I still wear, and a bracelet of gold, worth about 10*l.*; a taffety doublet, cut with and upon taffety; a pair of black velvet breeches laced; a new Milan fustian suit, laced, and cut upon taffety; two cloaks; competent linen and necessaries; with my rapier and dagger." We repeat, the author asserts in contradiction to this:—"I happen to have in my possession a most curious manuscript, which contains the true history of the origin of the *illustrious* house of Boyle, and satisfactorily accounts for our traveller's steering his course for Ireland, in preference to all" other points of the compass; shewing, in fact, that he was *returning* to the land of his fathers, *unattended* indeed, but not unattending.

"The real name of this family (he proceeds) is Bocalac, pronounced Boohaly,—the Irish term for a herdsman,—anglicised to Boyle. The father of our hero was a poor Irish fellow, who hired himself as servant to an Englishman of distinction of the name of Roper, who had come to Ireland in quest of plunder, and whom he attended on his return to England, where he married a poor wench, Janet Naylor, the waiting-maid of Mr. Roper's mother: the fruit of this union was our traveller, who received old Mr. Roper's name of Richard, and, as his good genius would have it, was reared in the *Protestant* faith. After some time of servitude, Rory Boohaly, alias Roger Boyle, left Mr. Roper's house, and kept a kind of tap at Faversham, where he owned a boat: here, their son Richard was reared till he entered into the service of a man named Mawood, a lawyer, who in the time of Elizabeth was sent to Ireland; whither Dick Boohaly, now Richard Boyle, a *Protestant*, attended him. He had not been long in his father's land before he married the widow of an apothecary named Lecky, who died shortly afterwards, leaving him a few score pounds, but no child. It seems Sir Roger Mawood had advanced Boyle to be his amanuensis, in which capacity he attended the knight to Limeric; his original occupation being concealed. Here he insinuated himself into the good graces of a rich old man, of the name of Apsley, with one daughter rather stricken in years, who, thinking God had forgotten her, made advances to Mr. Boyle, and he by the help of his master bore off the prize. This union Mr. Apsley did not long survive: and the lady having died in childbirth of her first child, left our hero a gentleman of landed property and with a good deal of money; which latter he proceeded, as occasion offered, to invest in lands. At this time, indeed at all other times, there were jealousies in Ireland amongst candidates for the public money, and for extension of power. The principal competitors of the day were Sir Henry Wallop, treasurer of Ireland, and Sir George Carew, lord-president of Munster, who designed to supplant Wallop; and for that purpose employed Boyle to acquire some knowledge of the manner of the treasurer's passing his accounts. This circumstance having transpired, the treasurer wrote to the English government, that 'a person who called himself Boyle, and had come poor and friendless to Ireland but a few years before, was strongly suspected of being an agent of *Spain*; which suspicion was confirmed by his having made many purchases, the money for which could be furnished only by *Spain*—and from the circumstance of his being an *Irish Papist* instead of an English Protestant, for which he had given himself out.' These charges were notified by the English government to Sir George Carew, whose creature Boyle was; and Sir George advised him to go off to England forthwith, giving him a letter to the Earl of Essex, who would protect him in case of need. When Wallop heard of Boyle's having escaped his clutches, and being actually in London, he renewed his charges with greater virulence; in consequence of which Boyle was arrested and thrown into prison, from whence his friend and principal, Carew, had him released. Carew now turned upon Wallop; and on account of the insight which Boyle had got into the manner of Wallop's passing his accounts, the rival statesman brought him forward as *informer*. Wallop was displaced; Carew was appointed treasurer in his stead; and his instrument, Boyle, was nominated clerk of the council of Munster: and so successfully and deceitfully did this clerk play his cards, by always filching the best trump, that he amassed such a sum of public money as enabled him to purchase the entire of the enormous estate of Sir Walter Raleigh, whereon he planted colonies from England with Protestants (always affecting, like many *counterfeit* converts in religion and politics, greater zeal than *sterling* professors of good principles), as at Youghall, Bandon, Dungarvan, Charleville, Lismore, and Tallow; which were all erected into boroughs, by means whereof he became *the great* Earl of Cork, and three of his younger sons were made lords. The vast wealth of this family, thus acquired, has caused report of them in history:—that consulted, they appear, from all concurrent testimony, to be a most greedy pack, with cunning not to be surpassed. They have been too prone to desert those, if adversity assailed them, to whom they appeared most attached: witness their conduct from the time of the resistance to Charles the First, and during the usurpation of Cromwell, to the restoration of his son Charles—the exclusion of his son James—the revolution, Hannoverian succession, and regency, during the administration of Lord Buckingham; on all which occasions they fled with the timid hare, and ran with the eager hound. Now, reader, judge of the illustrious house of Boyle, which in good truth doth not rest on an Arragon knight, nor on a Kentish esquire, but is sprung from a poor Irish creature, whose father had been a herdman, *Boohaly*, a name changed, with religion, to English *Boyle*, by his son, who, as good luck would have it, was born of an English Protestant mother, and whose father most fortunately happened to go to England. One word more:—as my humour leads me to defeat pretensions assumed without a shadow of truth, I beg leave to notice, by the way, that a family of undoubted consequence long before these Boyles appeared prominently,—I mean the house of Glasgow in Scotland,—do not derive their origin from a Spanish knight of Arragon, but from Irish progenitors. How did it come to pass, that when Dick Boohaly, afterwards the *great* Earl of Cork, became rich enough to assume coat armour, he took that of the Lords of Glasgow? Again: look on Pynnar's Survey of the County of Donegall, where you will find as follows: 'Lands granted to *Irish servitors*, Mulmorie, M'Swyne—M'Swyne Banagh—Tirlagh Roe O'Boyle—Donnell M'Swyne Farne—Walter M'Laughlen M'Swyne. These do

all plow after the Irish manner.' Again:—'The plains and the borough of *Boyle*, in the county of Roscommon, as called by the English, are always written in Irish, *Bocalao:*' and, to conclude, let us remember the declaration of Sir Henry Wallop, when the family was just from the mint—the impression legible—'that Richard Boyle was an *Irish Papist*, not an *English Protestant*, for which he had given himself out.' All these circumstances leave no room to doubt of their origin, rise, and progress; but though it is established beyond doubt, I understand the Irish are not very proud of them as kindred, because, though we are very poor, and for the most part very corrupt, we have never forgotten how the *great earl* chased from their possessions all the Irish Catholic inhabitants on the lands he had purchased from Sir Walter Raleigh, to make room for Protestant English settlers."

"*Londonderry, Marquess. Stewart.*—The history of this family is curious, and merits particular notice. The real name is Gregor, the first of whom, who figured in Ireland, was one Rob Gregor, a Scotch pedlar, who had been in the practice of trading to the county Down, in cast clothes; but having, in a broil at the fair of Dumbarton, knocked out a man's eye, he fled his country altogether, and became a pack-carrier through Ulster, in the service of one Robinson, a shopkeeper in Newtown Ards, with whom, heretofore, he used to do his little traffic on his own account. After a while, Robinson died childless, leaving his shop and a bishop's lease of a couple score pounds a-year value, to his widow, who married Rob. They had a son bred to the father's and mother's business, who grew up, and, in process of time, paid his addresses to a girl of Newtown Ards, of the name of Orr, a kind of mantua-maker, to whom the youth was attracted by a prospect she was said to have from a man of the name of Stewart, her maternal uncle, who had been gone some years to seek his fortune in India, where, report said, he had been successful; and who, at length, died abroad, and left his niece a considerable property,—so much beyond Gregor's anticipation that he even wanted assurance to continue his suit. The true-hearted girl expressed to a mutual friend her surprise and regret at her lover's absence, in terms which modesty did not forbid, nor could decorum censure. They were married, and Gregor, thereupon, assumed the royal name of Stewart, *without license* from the Herald's office,—not so much in respect to the memory of his wife's benefactor, as to gratify a pride from which the poorest and meanest are often found not to be exempt. They had a son, Rob, or Robert, who was to be educated as *a gentleman*, now of a great name; and who, in process of time, was sent to the Temple, to study the law—or rather to eat his way to the bar. Stewart, the father, had purchased estates with Miss Orr's money, and had gained some footing in the borough of Newtown Ards. A great man of land in county Down, at that time, was the Earl of Hertford, an English nobleman. To him our young Stewart became known, and actually obtained one of his daughters in marriage. His father dying, he was now a man of property, with a great alliance,—*owner of a borough;*—in fact, *one of us;*—and at length being raised to the *peerage*, became of so much influence that, in the year 1790, his son Robert was a candidate for the representation of the county Down, on what is humorously called the *popular* interest; opposed even to the powerful leading of the Marquess of Downshire, to whose servants' hall the grandfather of Robert would have had a difficulty to gain admittance. This son of Lord Londonderry was the famous Castlereagh; or, as he was jocosely called in the county Down, Castle-*rag*, in allusion to the occupation of his grandfather, the dealer in old clothes. His appointment by the late oligarchy to the prominent situation of manager of the theatre of St. Stephen, proves what a very small portion of talent is requisite for the office. His acts belong to the page of history: at present, they will, of course, be represented favourably or unfavourably, according to the peculiar opinions or prejudices of those who affect to judge them, and scarcely in any instance on record has party feeling been more strongly expressed."

Paris, June 9.

WILLIAM TELL, at Le Théâtre de Gaieté, is attracting immense houses, and producing strong political sensations. Pocket handkerchiefs are waved in all directions. This melodrame of Mr. Pixérécourt, with the words "*la patrie*" and "*la liberté*," (the signals for loud acclamations) carries all before it. After witnessing it the other night, I was not a little glad to quit the heated and suffocating sphere of the theatre to breathe the fresh air of the boulevards, which looked like a world of moving lights, owing to the rapidity of equipages driving in every direction. As I walked home, I had an opportunity of witnessing those scenes which, because they are real, excite little commiseration: misfortune contrasted with luxury met my eyes at every step. Here lay an unfortunate child, fast asleep in the dust; there, a poor wretch packing together mouldy crusts she had collected during the day, herself inspiring disgust: farther on, an old man, pale and worn down, playing on a violin as a last effort to excite pity from the passers by. In fact, the streets of Paris are a *crève-cœur:* turn which way one will, the slightest enjoyment is ever counterbalanced by the sight of human suffering, and the degradation of our species.

A revolution has been threatened in the republic of letters ever since the arrival of English actors: the epoch is favourable, still I fear *qu'on l'attendra long-tems;* as those who hold the reins of dramatic government will make every effort to prevent innovations. The entire monopoly of stage literature is in the hands of a few, who, having once proved they possessed genius, are *patented* to write folly the rest of their lives.—Serious thoughts, I hear, are entertained of permitting actresses to be virtuous women, and to recall the anathema against that class. Monsieur le Pape must be consulted, however, ere the gates of Paradise are allowed to be accessible to them, he alone being in the secret of state affairs with regard to the soul. *Peu-à-peu*, it is to be hoped reason will get the better of prejudice, and ignorance no longer pass for wisdom. One would wish to accelerate the "march of intellect;" but time, it appears, has its fixed periods for breaking down the barriers of absurdity, and no *pas de géant* is admitted by him. On the 1st of the month the Bois de Boulogne was completely deserted for the Park of St. Cloud, which was crowded with foreigners of all nations; and as the court was there, much of what is called the *beau monde* arrived at the hour of five o'clock. Though the least princely of the royal residences, it possesses the greatest charm; and a king might have the pleasure of fancying himself *un simple particulier*, were it not for his guards, and the ceremonies from which even a country retreat does not exempt him.—Great good to society is expected to arise from *les sociétés philanthropiques*, of which M. le Duc Doudauville is president; more than eight hundred persons have been inscribed since the last ministry: but until some real advantages are produced by these meetings, one must doubt their use. Days, months, and years, are occupied in words; but projects are never realised—suffering never ameliorated. At one of the last *séances* it was proposed to put the question to *concurrence—l'abolition des haines nationales:* this project was not carried, but is to be again brought forward.—Saturday the Archbishop of Paris held an ordination at Notre Dame: 233 persons renounced for ever the pomps and vanities of this world, and the charms of the *beau sexe*, for the *calotte*.—They speak of introducing steam carriages, in imitation of English experiments; so that travelling, like *la médecine*, will be effected *à force d'eau chaude*. French ladies say they are already sufficiently infected with English vapours!

If we calculate the faithful of this metropolis by the numbers of those who swell the ranks of religious processions, Paris is indeed a chosen city, as for some hours yesterday its inhabitants seemed inspired with one spirit of devotion; and every street was transformed into a temple of praise. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Thoughts, however, force their way against the will—and mine, I own, were little charitable; for, notwithstanding appearances, the supposition came into my mind, What would be the fate of this *belle ville*, if, like Sodom and Gomorrah, its safety should depend on finding seven righteous men? The resolving of the problem I leave to wiser heads; and, *en attendant*, hope that good may exist otherwise than in long faces, knit eyebrows, stately walk, grave mien, gloomy countenances, fine phrases, and amens. The King, the Duchesses d'Angoulême and de Berri, walked on foot, as is customary at the *fête Dieu*, from the chapel of St. Germain l'Auxerrois to St. Thomas de Louvres, preceded by priests, bishops, archbishops, young virgins, and military—for bayonets are necessary evils on all occasions, and cannot be dispensed with, even when guarded by the *bon Dieu*, of which an archbishop was the bearer, as being the purest of the congregation. Whatever may be our ideas or prejudices with regard to ceremonies which certainly savour rather of heathenish than Christian times, still the sight was imposing; and the music being divine, produced a temporary illusion on the senses—making people fancy themselves in purer regions. The young girls also being dressed in white, and veiled, were an interesting contrast to old, weather-beaten soldiers, with long beards and furrowed foreheads. Youth, too, not having had time to learn the utility of hypocrisy, is generally sincere in its devotion; therefore it must be hoped that their offerings purified the incense of older offenders. The Dauphine was magnificently dressed, and looked most queen-like: she rather inspires fear at the first *coup d'œil;* but her smile is peculiarly benevolent and gracious; and religion is the home of her heart, whatever may be the sentiments of her subjects, who are "all things by turns, and nothing long." After the ceremony, the King returned to St. Cloud. The court there is rather of the serious order, society being very limited and chosen—owing, perhaps, to the profound piety of the princes, who seem to have abandoned lighter pleasures. I know some who have the honour to be invited *au jeu du roi;* and though for worlds they would not renounce the privilege of being

received, yet they always complain of the monotony of these *soirées*. Politics are never brought forward in conversation by the royal family; neither do theatrical subjects interest them: so that it becomes no easy matter to find topics to talk away time. As for the King, his amiability *lui reste toujours*, and his *dévouement* to the church has by no means diminished either the charm or politeness of his manners. Were the officers of his household, and gentlemen in waiting, to take example in this respect by their royal master, ladies would not so often lament that the age of Troubadours is past. A brave colonel evinced, a short time ago, his ignorance of the laws of courtesy to the fair sex, by desiring an English lady, somewhat roughly, to go out of the way, as his majesty was about to pass through the gallery of the Tuileries, where she stood with her little girl: but when about to retire, the king, who had overheard what had happened, stopped, kissed the child, and bowed graciously to the mother, who was sufficiently revenged of M. le Colonel.

A few days since, a brilliant dinner was given at the house of a *soi-disant* great man, to the literati and the *beaux esprits* of Paris. Toasts were proposed, as is usual, during the dessert; and a young author gave "*La Jolie Fille de Perth*," who is the grand subject of conversation. *Les belles dames de Paris* pardon, however, this rivalship, in admiration of Walter Scott; of whom a French lady of known wit and beauty observed, "*Plus l'homme vieillit, plus l'auteur rajeunit.*" Indeed, if genius be accessible to flattery, the Scottish Bard must often feel the effects of foreign adulation. Not to have read him—not to admire him—is a *péché mortel*, from which there is no redemption on this side the water.

The French were enchanted with the English theatrical piece, played by Kean, entitled, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*,—I mean with the title: such a secret is much wanting in this capital, where usurers play a most gaining game, and are not easily the dupes of stage tricks.

I know not what will become of our *journaux non-politiques*, if ever the English theatricals leave us; as they furnish long columns to editors, who make money by having the talent to persuade their readers that they give them news. The widow of the great Talma has taken new vows to honour, love, and obey; and is become Countess de Chalan, to the great indignity of Melpomene's nauses, who cannot forgive her having so soon drank of the river Lethe.

I know not whether anecdotes at the expense of the nation of blunders can afford you amusement. Yesterday, an Irishman, fresh from the land of botheration, not finding his conscience lightened from crossing the seas, sought a confessor, and was recommended to the curate of *St. Thomas d'Aquin*. Accordingly, with a well-stored purse and a long catalogue of sins, he set out in quest of his reverence: but unfortunately the way was long and memory short, so that the latter part of the address given to him was but faintly recollected. Being, however, of a ready genius, he quickly found a substitute for the word *d'Aquin*, and asked the *concierge*, with much *sang froid*, for *Le Curé de St. Thomas l'Arlequin*; which apparent *mauvaise plaisanterie* was nearly costing the traveller dear:—happily, it was proved that he belonged to the Green Isle, the inhabitants of which are considered the *Gascons* of England.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—There are extreme cases which may require an author to acknowledge his own misconceptions, or his critic's, however reluctant he may be to enter into a public discussion with anonymous writers. This duty I cheerfully perform to so respectable and useful a person as yourself.

You assert, that in my Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, "my sentiments are determinedly Jacobite, Royalist, and High-church."

"A Jacobite" I conceive to be a non-entity. Can you reproach an English historian for being "a Royalist?" I do not perceive how I could be a constitutional writer without being a Royalist.

You ascribe to me "High-church sentiments." It has been my fortune, in a long career, to have been accused of very opposite opinions: yet on this subject I am not sensible of any change. Whatever religion is inimical to civil freedom, is the religion I protest against.

In a word, allow me to remark, that in writing these Commentaries, as a supplement to the history of their period, I was not unmindful that I should subject myself to many misconceptions, as well as many intentional misrepresentations. He who is of no party will, in general, be agreeable to no party; for he tells the truth, which parties cannot afford to love. Yet, in a country which has suffered so much from party as England, it is not, I trust, a chimerical supposition to conceive, that the time may yet arrive, when a majority may maintain the principles of rational freedom, pure as our infirmities can permit—alike safe from the passive obedience of Tories, the factious intrigues of Whigs, and the disorganising malignity of Levellers. I remain, &c.

June 10, 1828. I. D'ISRAELI.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Friday the 30th ult. Mr. Curtis delivered a lecture on the structure of the ear. In this he compared the membranum tympani (or drum) to the strings of a violin, liable to minute modifications of sound, produced by the contraction or relaxation of the muscles or keys.

Friday, June 6th, Mr. Gilbert Burnet explained to the members of the Institution the nature of the experimental researches made by himself and Mr. Mayo on the irritability of the sensitive plant, and exhibited several of the sensitive plants on which the experiments detailed in the Journal of Science of last October had been performed, and also several others which had not then been devised. The general train of experiments and reasonings was illustrated by enlarged sketches and models; and not only the irritability of the sensitive plants dwelt upon, but the motions of plants generally stated and considered.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society has not only taken firm root, but is rapidly spreading its branches far and wide. Its number of members is not only largely increasing, but its collections of every kind are daily acquiring important additions. We have lately had great pleasure in examining the many novelties in natural history which have been liberally contributed to its stores; such, in fact, as extend the sphere of science far beyond what could have been anticipated in so short a period as that during which it has been established—we had almost said in any definite period. From Fernando Po, in particular, the zoological specimens are possessed of remarkable interest: they seem to embrace animals of the New World, of the Malayan peninsula, and, in short, of almost every quarter of the globe. It is curious to conjecture how the animals of so many climes have come to be naturalised in this island. Among others, the Malay *Porcupine* (*fasciculatus*) is quite common; and there are a variety of monkeys hitherto unknown,—though we can hardly include one of the species, a creature with whiskers and hair round his jaws and chin, precisely resembling that class of our captivating fashionables who sport their ursine honours in contradistinction to the other effeminate-looking class with curled hair over their cheeks, as if they had been meant by nature for girls, but were made males by some mistake. But comparisons are odious; and this monkey is a very respectable monkey:* we mean no disparagement.

A Mr. Pentland has also brought from Peru some extraordinary animals, whose *habitat* was chiefly near, or in, a lake at a high mountain elevation above the sea. Several of them are quite monstrous, and look more like the different parts of different creatures put together, than individuals of a real order. Some of those from Fernando Po are equally grotesque, and seem to be patchwork of heads and tails, rather than distinct animals.

By a new regulation, we observe that the visitors to the gardens and museum of the Zoological Society are to pay a shilling each, besides having an order from a member. We are sorry for this, though it may be expedient;—and would rather we could see something national and free, than corporate, and obliged to be supported in so paltry a way.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES.—NO. II.

IN our last we opened an interesting inquiry into the cure of consumptive diseases, a discovery claimed by Mr. St. John Long, and vouched for by most respectable individuals, who have experienced the restoration of health from his treatment. As our wish is simply to elicit the truth,—to remove prejudice, if prejudice unjustly exists,—to destroy pretension, if not supported by evidence,—and, at all events, to disseminate the knowledge of this remedy,—we shall proceed, as we proposed, to state the facts concerning it which have been brought under our own observation, and the grounds on which we attach importance to this new method of combating the most subtle and fatal enemy of the human race. In the first place, however doubtful the question, we should be disposed to try any tolerably authenticated specific for a disease which is abandoned by the faculty as incurable: our argument would be, we may be in a better, we cannot be in a worse, condition, than that of being told, the healing art can do nothing for you. With this principle in view, we directed our investigation, in the first instance, to the *negative* point, whether, if Mr. Long's practice failed in producing a sanative effect, it could be accused of having any injurious tendency. And we have been perfectly satisfied that no objec-

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* We cheerfully insert this letter from our respected correspondent, in explanation of his own sentiments, though he has completely mistaken ours, in fancying we employed the terms commented upon, as a reproach to him. On the contrary, we meant them in compliment.—*Ed.*

* We are sorry to say that it is dead—only a stuffed skin; but we trust that a living specimen will soon be imported, from which the said Fashionables may study the natural habits and manners of their prototype.

tion whatever can exist against it on the score of its by possibility hurting the constitution or aggravating the disorder. It is, indeed, a singular quality of this system, that it is perfectly innocent,—that it produces not the slightest effect where there is no malady—and that its operation is only visible and notorious where disease is seated. Thus, a gentleman of great intelligence and information (whose name, if given, would be of much weight with the public,)* assured us, that he had gone through an entire course of Mr. Long's treatment, in common with a class of patients; but that he was not at all affected by the process as they were. His parental feelings induced him to make this experiment, before he committed a beloved child to the care of one who had not been educated professionally, and whose skill he, as a man of experience and judgment, had therefore, *primâ facie*, the usual reason to doubt. The result was, that the object of his deep solicitude became a patient of Mr. Long's; and, though a case of fearful anxiety, it has hitherto been attended with favourable symptoms, which, if fulfilled to the utmost of their promise, must establish the powers and reputation of this discovery, to an extent hardly credible. In other cases, gentlemen* have declared to us, that even in their own persons the remedy was efficacious in the localities of their disorders; while elsewhere, if experimentally applied, it was utterly unproductive of any effect.

We mention these things as curious illustrations of our subject; and though, as we have said, they only refer to the *negative* point, they are not, perhaps, the less worthy of serious consideration. When an individual intrudes (we do not use the word in an offensive way) into any learned or scientific profession to which he does not belong, it is a good common-sense question to ask and to determine,—If his method does no good, does it do any harm? Assuredly, according to the incontrovertible testimony to which we have alluded, this branch of the inquiry must be answered most favourably for Mr. Long. But he stands upon much higher grounds; and as we have set out with his practice, we shall, in our next paper, discuss some of his claims to *positive* success; though we can only say now, that some of the strongest cases we ever met with, support him in this extraordinary position—"the cure of consumption."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, June 7.—The prizes for the year 1838 were this day adjudged to the following gentlemen:—

CHANCELLOR'S PRIZES.

Latin Verse.—Machinæ et vaporis impulsæ. Thomas Legh Claughton, Scholar of Trinity College.

Latin Essay.—Unde evenit, ut in artium liberalium studiis præstantissimus quisque apud singulas civitates eodem fere sæculo floruerit? George Anthony Denison, B.A. Fellow of Oriel College.

English Essay.—The domestic virtues and habits of the ancient Greeks and Romans, compared with those of the more refined nations of modern Europe. William Sewell, B.A. Fellow of Exeter College.

SIR ROGER NEWDIGATE'S PRIZE.

English Verse.—Richard Cœur de Lion. Joseph Anstice, Student of Christ Church.

Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Medicine (by incorporation from Dublin).—D. C. Macright, Magdalen Hall.

Masters of Arts.—W. Palmer, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounder; Hon. and Rev. E. R. B. Fielding, Oriel College, Grand Compounder; Rev. S. Tudor, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. W. M. Williams, Balliol College; Rev. J. B. Birtwhistle, Lincoln College; C. Morrall, Hulme Exhibitioner, Brasennose College; Rev. S. Lane, W. D. Dick, Exeter College; Rev. R. J. W. Wright, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Auriol, Christ Church, A. Hussey, Balliol College, J. C. Eggington, Exeter College, Grand Compounders; J. Emra, Scholar, Balliol College; R. Holden, J. W. Warter, J. Wood, Christ Church; R. Skipsey, J. J. Jervis, Queen's College; J. M. Longmire, St. Edmund Hall; H. Ware, W. H. Braund, W. F. Walker, Magdalen Hall; J. Blackwell, H. B. Williams, Jesus College; J. Birchall, Brasennose College; T. W. Lynne, Worcester College; W. Young, C. E. Henry, Oriel College; J. Kay, Lincoln College; W. Hellington, Pembroke College; W. D. Bernard, Wadham College.

In a convocation, holden the same day, two schools of geometry and medicine were permanently annexed to the Bodleian Library.

* As public Journalists, delicacy restrains us from giving the names of the parties alluded to in these remarks; but it ought in fairness to be stated, that Mr. Long himself is (as they unanimously assured us) at perfect liberty to refer individuals to them, and that they consider it to be truly grateful and just to furnish all the information in their power.—ED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 5th, a paper was read, entitled *Description of a Sounding-Board in Attercliffe Church, near Sheffield.* By the Rev. John Blackburn, Minister of Attercliffe.

The church of Attercliffe had long been remarkable for the difficulty and the indistinctness with which the voice from the pulpit was heard: these defects have been completely remedied by the erection of a concave sounding-board, having the form resulting from half a revolution of one branch of a parabola on its axis. It is made of pine-wood; its axis is inclined forwards to the plane of the floor at an angle of about 10 or 15°; it is elevated, so that the speaker's mouth may be in the focus; and a small curvilinear portion is removed on each side from beneath, so that the view of the preacher from the side galleries may not be intercepted. A curtain is suspended from the lower edge, for about eighteen inches on each side. The effect of this sounding-board has been to increase the volume of the sound to nearly five times what it was before; so that the voice is now audible, with perfect distinctness, even in the remotest part of the church; and more especially in those places, however distant they may be, which are situated in the prolongation of the axis of the paraboloid. But the side galleries are also benefited, probably from the increase of the secondary vibrations excited in a lateral direction. Several experiments are related illustrative of these effects; among which the most striking was one in which a person placed so as to have one ear in the focus of the paraboloid, and the other towards a person speaking from the remote end of the church, heard the voice in a direction the reverse of that from which it really proceeded. The superior distinctness of sounds proceeding from the focus, is accounted for by their all arriving at the same moment of time, at a plane perpendicular to the axis, after reflection from the surface of the paraboloid: which is a consequence of the equality of the paths which they have described.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY: SCULPTURE ROOM.

OF the busts below, as of the portraits above, we must observe, that the leading artists in this department of sculpture have acquitted themselves with great success; and that their productions (like the representations of individuals, on canvass, in the Great Room) occupy the best situations and the best lights that the miserable apartment in which they are huddled can furnish. Thus the performances in this way of Chantrey, Baily, Behnes, F. C. Smith, &c. afford an opportunity of gratifying the curiosity of those visiters who imagine, and in many instances not without good cause, that distinguished persons must possess something remarkable in feature or expression. Such works, however, are more fit for private than for public comment. Not so with those which occupy the centre, and other portions of the room. They are, for the most part, of general interest; and to them, therefore, we shall direct our attention. And among the first in novelty and character, is

No. 1180. *The Shield of Æneas; to be executed in gold, after the style of Benvenuto Cellini.* W. Pitts.—This is the young artist whose fine outlines from Virgil we some time ago mentioned, with the commendation due to them. His present production is a model of the Shield of Æneas, as described in the Eighth Book of the Æneid; and is three feet six inches in diameter. The Wellington Shield, from designs by Mr. Stothard, and the Shield of Achilles, from designs and a model by the late Mr. Flaxman, are, we believe, the only performances of the kind, possessing any high character, which have been executed in this country; and the variety of invention and classical beauty of form and composition displayed by Mr. Pitts in this model for the Shield of Æneas, promise to render it a worthy companion of those magnificent and valuable works. The model consists of a centre, and of inner and outer circles.—The centre is composed of Catiline, surrounded by the Furies, Cerberus, and the Harpies. The Ghost of Cato, bearing a tablet of laws, attended by Mercy, Peace, Truth, and Justice. Above are represented the assembled deities.—The inner circle exhibits the naval engagement between Marc Antony and Octavius Cæsar, as fully described in the poem.—The first compartment of the outer circles consists of Faustulus discovering Romulus and Remus. On the right is shewn the rape of the Sabines. In the back ground is seen Romulus folding his robe about him, which was the signal for carrying off the women; also the altar and sacrifice in honour of Neptune. On the left, the interposition of the Sabine women; Hersilia throwing herself between Romulus and Tatius. In the back ground, Peace uniting the Sabines and Romans. A Sabine woman lamenting over the dead body of her husband, who had fallen in the conflict.—The second compartment consists of a confirmation of the peace between the Romans and Sabines, shewing Romulus and Tatius at the altar of Jupiter, swearing their alliance. In the back ground, the Romans and Sabine women looking with joy at the ceremony. On the left, Metius dragged by horses. On the right, Tarquin on his way to Rome, with Tanaquil his wife.—The third compartment consists, in the centre, of the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii. On the left, the combat of Brutus and Aruns. In the back ground the lictors bearing away the dead bodies of Brutus's sons. On the right, Mutius thrusting his arm into the fire before Porsena. In the back ground, the tents, with the assassinated secretary.—The fourth compartment: in the centre, Cocles defending the bridge. On the left, Cloelia encouraging her fellow-captives to swim across the Tiber. On the right, the Salian priests, with the sacred shields.—The fifth compartment: Manlius defending the capitol. In the back ground, the geese alarming the state. On the left, the procession of matrons to the temple of Juno. On the right, the lupercal dance.—Such is a sketch of the details of this elaborate performance: they are full of taste and beauty; and their general effect is singularly striking. As the Shield itself is to be executed by Mr. Pitts (who possesses a knowledge of the peculiar part of the goldsmith's art, necessary to its completion), he will have an opportunity of doing justice to the merits

of his model; and we have no doubt will produce a work in the highest degree creditable to his talents.

No. 1213. *Statue, in marble, of the Right Hon. Warren Hastings: part of a Monument to be erected in Calcutta.* R. Westmacott, R.A. —What a theme for reflection! The object of a seven years' impeachment by the House of Commons of Great Britain, pursued with persevering rancour by men of the most splendid talents and eloquence, and charged with every crime, in mass and in detail, that can disgrace human nature, dies,—and presently public monuments are raised to perpetuate the memory of his wisdom, of his moderation, of his justice, and of the numerous benefits which he conferred upon the very country that he had been accused of mis-governing and oppressing!

No. 1209. *The Pugilist, a Statue in marble.* C. Rossi, R.A.—Without any reference to the character of the subject, we may with truth say that this is one of the most *striking* figures in the room. It deserves to be admired as a fine specimen of manly strength and just proportion;—the rest we must leave to the critics of the Fives-Court.

No. 1214. *Group, in marble, of a Nymph and Zephyr, from the Gallery of Earl Grosvenor.* R. Westmacott, R.A.—This group comes in apt contrast with the last-mentioned statue. Light and playful in its character, Mr. Westmacott has, in our opinion, very successfully availed himself of those forms of grace and symmetry, the union of which constitutes the beau ideal in art.

No. 1193. *A Monument in marble.* E. H. Baily, R.A.—Like the rest of Mr. Baily's works, distinguished by its unaffected simplicity. The attitude and expression of the figure are those of that manly grief which has reached pensive melancholy, and ought to end in resignation. The whole is an admirable piece of ornamental sculpture.

No. 1201. *Figure of Henry, son of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, in a sleeping attitude peculiar to the Child.* T. Carline.—There is no inventing any thing like this. It is one of those accidental hints, which the artist to whom they are presented ought never to forget. Study may produce fine combinations of form and grace; but Nature frequently throws off, at a single stroke, what years of labour can never equal. This beautiful figure well deserves to be perpetuated in marble.

No. 1212. *A Group; Affection. To be executed in marble.* H. W. Sievier.—The quotation in the Catalogue demands a third figure; which, in our opinion, while it would have given more interest to the subject, would have assisted the composition.

No. 1139. *Cupid and Psyche.* C. Smith.—There are few subjects of a classical nature which have so frequently been treated by the sculptor as this exquisite fable; and, indeed, there are few which afford a finer opportunity for the display of taste and talent. In the elegant group under our notice, Mr. Smith seems to us to have very happily expressed the tender sentiment which belongs to the story.

Besides the works already mentioned, the Sculpture-room contains others of considerable merit; such as No. 1208, *Reconciliation of Adam and Eve, after the Fall;* S. Nixon: No. 1211, *Grecian Archer;* G. Rennie: No. 1185, *Part of a Monument;* J. E. Hinchliff: No. 1195, *Psyche;* W. Butlin; &c. Some of these, however, although they exhibit the talents of the artist, do not come within the range of what may be considered the legitimate subjects of sculpture; the influential character of which is more general, and may be said to belong more to the public, than that of any other branch of the fine arts. It is for this latter reason that we have always reprobated the practice of shutting up, for mercenary purposes, in St. Paul's, in Westminster Abbey, and in other buildings, works intended to honour the dead, and to stimulate the living;—works executed at the public expense; and to which the public ought to have at all times unrestricted access. We repeat it, that by such an unwarrantable exclusion, the influential character of sculpture is in a great measure lost in this country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Duke of Wellington. From a Sketch by J. Jackson, R.A. Being Plate VIII. of Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists. By Richard J. Lane, A.R.A. J. Dickinson.

EXCEEDINGLY like his Grace. Nothing can surpass the masterly manner in which Mr. Lane handles his lithographic chalk.

Queen Elisabeth and Lady Paget. H. Fradelle. R. Ackermann.

THIS is a fine mezzotint engraving by Mr. W. Say, of Mr. Fradelle's pleasing historical imagination, which represents Queen Bess pointing out to Lady Paget the ambitious lines inscribed by Raleigh on her window:

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

Her Majesty is much indebted to both artists for beautiful looks. The lights are well managed, and the whole scene of a very agreeable character.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANKS.—Of graphic humourists, certes George Cruikshanks is George the *first*. We have just looked over six pages,* with half a dozen subjects on each, of caricatures—if such playful and characteristic satires on the follies of the day can be so called—which are designed, etched, and published, by that able artist. If there be any truth in the old adage, "Laugh and grow fat," Mr. Cruikshanks is the person to make this a corpulent nation. His drollery seems inexhaustible. We have here some of the most amusing specimens of it. One of his fancies struck us prodigiously. It is called, "the Pursuit of Letters." In the foreground three or four infantile monsters, in go-carts, are scrambling after A, B, C, who are scampering off as fast as possible. In the back-ground, a whole pack is in chase of "Literature;" the letters of which word, being furnished with nice little legs for the purpose, are in full gallop. We never before had a distinct conception of what is called "a running hand." Another sketch, in the same plate, "the Age of Intellect," is admirable. A precocious brat, of five or six years old, mounted upon a stool, is teaching its grandmother how to suck an egg. "You see, gran-ma, before you suck this egg, or more properly before you extract the matter contained within this shell by suction, you must make an incision at the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base." "Eh, dear!" replies the old lady, "how very clever! They only used to make a hole at each end in my time." A table, covered with philosophical apparatus, and a toy-basket filled with such trifling works as Newton, Euclid, Shakespeare, Milton, Gibbon, &c. complete the idea. The enormous and detestable bonnets at present worn by the ladies, are happily ridiculed. Half a dozen milliners, with the assistance of ladders, pulleys, &c. are constructing one of the size of a hay-stack; and there is a section of a carriage built for the convenience of the wearer of the odious deformity. "Ignorance is bliss," is capital. Two fat, lazy rascals, in livery, are lolling at the door of a rich mansion. One of them, picking his teeth with a pen, drawls out to the other, "What *is* taxes, Thomas?" To which, Thomas, with the utmost nonchalance, answers, "I'm sure I don't know." In one, all kinds of practices "at the bar" are most whimsically illustrated, from the crow-bar in burglary to the bar at the Old Bailey; including the head of "a gentleman intended for the bar;"—a face and expression never to be forgotten. In another plate, the various conveniences and advantages of having a wooden leg are illustrated with singular felicity. A drunken and roaring negro, in particular, who, impatient "to hab tea," thrusts his ligneous supporter into the fire, to make "the kettle bile," has thrown us into such a convulsion that we can write no more; and can only just ejaculate to our readers, "Bye! bye!"

* *Scraps and Sketches*, published by J. Robins.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BYRONIANA. NO. III.

BEFORE going abroad, Byron took leave of his mother at Southwell, and slept that night at Newark. She was much grieved at his departure. Here, again, the Poet and the Pilgrim have been confounded, and Byron accused of want of affection and feeling; Canto I. opening

"Childe Harold had a mother, not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun;
* * * *
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none."

On the contrary, Byron took a kind farewell of his friends. All of his friends, however, seem not to have been quite so well disposed towards him; for he mentions with just indignation, in the Notes to Canto II. of Childe Harold, the refusal of one of his noble and intimate associates to take leave of him, "because he had to attend a relation to a milliner's." Besides his own servants, B. took a courier with him to Lisbon, at which place he engaged another, named Sanguinetti, to accompany him to Gibraltar. He travelled in great haste; stopping at Seville only two nights and a day, and at Cadiz three or four. The servants, Murray and Fletcher, and baggage, were sent round from Cadiz to Gibraltar by sea. At Seville, where it is well known they lodged in a house kept by two unmarried ladies, both young and beautiful, they all slept in one small room on the ground floor, with pistols at their heads. At this time there was a strong feeling against the English, who were often butchered: Lord B. mentions, in the Notes to Canto I. of Childe Harold, having had a specimen of it one night at Lisbon as he was going to the theatre. Unlike most Englishmen, and especially noblemen, Byron seems to have been well adapted for a traveller, for he accustomed himself from the first to *rough* it. At Seville, the great Poet and his companion were to be seen before the fire frying a piece of bacon, poaching eggs, or peeling the onions for dinner. Mr. Hobhouse soon found out how useless a thing an English servant is in foreign travels, and congratulated himself on not having taken one (see his Travels). B. was invited by one of the fair ladies to take his night's rest up stairs, but declined, and said, "A d—d good joke, to go and sleep in a room at the top of the house, and get our throats cut in the night!" From Gibraltar they went to Malta; and thenceforward, up to the time of his quitting Byron to return to England, Hobhouse gives an account

of their peregrinations. Once more alone, Byron gave himself up to meditation and writing, and composed his immortal poem of Childe Harold. Circumstances that occurred between this period and his arrival in England in 1811 have, for the most part, been related by himself and others; excepting the identities of Childe Harold, which may possibly be noticed in another place. His mother (who, during his absence, had taken up her abode at Newstead) was over-joyed at his safe return: her great anxiety to see him again probably hastened a complaint which, it is well known, carried her off very shortly after his arrival, and before he had seen her. Byron was informed when in London of her being unwell; but the surgeon did not at first perceive any danger, and his departure for Newstead was not, therefore, so speedy as it might have been. The surgeon afterwards became alarmed, and requested B. might be hastened down. A servant was despatched from the Abbey for this purpose; but shortly after, her ladyship died; and Rushton (who was then at the Abbey) was sent on horseback after him with the information, and overtook him near Nottingham; so that *B. knew of her death before he left London.* She was forty-six years of age.* Byron was for some time after his return at an hotel in St. James's Street; then at one Dolby's, a hatter; then he took a house, No. 4, Bennett Street; whence he removed into the Albany, on the ground floor of the mansion. All his establishment there was Fletcher and Rushton, and a female servant.

From this time till his marriage, it is well known that Byron entered into all the amusements of fashionable life, and became a distinguished character in society. In D'Israeli's work on the Literary Character—where it is observed, that Byron, as well as Alfieri, was rarely seen in his own brilliant circle—he himself makes a *MS.* note, that "this was not the case: I have been but too much in that circle; especially in 1812–13–14."

Here we leave him till that unfortunate period of his life, when he married; and shall attempt, in the next Number, to throw some light upon a separation, round which so much mystery has been woven, and of which so many false and absurd reports have been spread.

Upon his departure from England, Byron wrote the following beautiful and tender verses, which may well stand in comparison with the celebrated lines on a similar subsequent occasion,—"Fare thee well, and if for ever."

'Tis done! and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast—
And I must from this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest,
I should not seek another zone,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again;
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face:
And even in crowds I'm still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home:
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting place:
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's or love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in wo;
But friend or lover I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go! but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me,
There's not a kind congenial heart
Where I can claim the meanest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene—
Of what we are, and what we've been—
Would whelm some softer hearts with wo:
But mine, alas! has stood the blow,
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear, loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see;—
And why that love was early crost,
Thou knowest the best—I feel the most:
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters, too,
With charms, perchance, as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well—
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him who wanders o'er the deep,—
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee—I love but one.

* These particulars are stated thus minutely, as an incorrect account has gone forth on this matter; and the writer conceives, that every thing relating to Byron is of sufficient importance to be determined with accuracy.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

On Friday, the 6th, Mr. Pio Cianchettini had his annual concert at the Argyll Rooms; which we notice not so much for the purpose of detailing the entertainments, which were various and excellent, as for the sake of naming one of the most respectable and meritorious (as well as ingenious and able) of the class of foreigners in London who practise the musical profession. We could wish that private character, like that of M. Cianchettini, were always taken into the consideration of the public patrons of this fine science, but still more especially into the consideration of parents and teachers. Much of danger and contamination would thus be avoided.

On Monday Mr. Sedlatzek, the famous flute-player, announces his morning concert, with some fine instrumental music.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

'Tis the Spot where we parted. Words from "Songs of a Stranger," by L. S. Costello: Music by J. L. P. Essex. S. Chapell.

This simple and pretty air is the composition of a young lady who has certainly an hereditary title to musical talents, and who shews that she is most likely to grace her inheritance.

How sweet are the Joys of the Table! C. M. Sola. Willis and Co.

The day of Anacreontic composition and singing, like the day of Anacreontic poetry, is so nearly gone by, that we are "quite refreshed" with so spirited a chant as the present. When given by its able composer, with all his good taste and expression, it has completely the proper effect on convivial souls.

'Tis that dear Song. The Same. Clementi.

Very, very sweet music to an uncommon rhythm.

'Tis best to part. The Poetry by a Lady. P. Vereni. T. Boosey and Co.

This is a simple and pathetic ballad, which well deserves a place in the well-selected portfolio of sweet music.

DRAMA.

The Haymarket Theatre is announced to open on Monday, with a new piece, of a light, summer construction, and a well-selected company. The house has been, we hear, judiciously altered; the inconvenient boxes having been converted into a circular form, and the whole newly ornamented in a tasteful style.

VARIETIES.

The Magnetic Equator.—An examination of the observations made by Captain Duperrey shews, 1st, that the magnetic equator is not fixed; 2dly, that it has no regular motion, whether from the west to the east, or in any other direction; 3dly, that it moves in a manner irregular, changing its form according to laws which it is important to ascertain.

Geographical Society of Paris.—At a late sitting of the French Geographical Society, letters were read from M. César Moreau, communicating information from London respecting the death of Captain Clapperton, the colonisation of Fernando Po, and the formation of a Russian scientific expedition to the north-east parts of Siberia, to determine, if possible, the place of the magnetic poles. This intelligence was entirely derived from the *Literary Gazette*, of preceding weeks, to which it might, perhaps, be as well for the Society, or its correspondent, to refer. It looks silly to be giving that as original which has run the gauntlet of the press. At the same sitting, M. Jomard communicated an original letter written by a moor who had arrived in Senegal from Timbuctoo, confirming the assassination of Major Laing. It was transmitted from St. Louis on the 18th of February, by M. Prosper Gérardin, who, however, says, that the English established on the Gambia declare that they have recent letters in the handwriting of Major Laing himself.

National Gallery.—We have been favoured with a prospectus of a work of engravings from the pictures in the National Gallery, to which we take pleasure in giving publicity, being confident, from the distinguished names of the artists engaged,* that it will be highly beneficial to the art of engraving in this country, and honourable to the parties concerned. The design is to engrave the best pictures in the National Gallery,—one of the first is our countryman Wilkie's Village Festival, with a Rembrandt, Claude, and Vandyke;—and with his Majesty's name in the front of its patronage, there can be no doubt of its meeting with pre-eminent encouragement from the amateurs of engraving.

Monument to Lord Byron.—A monumental statue to the memory of Lord Byron, to be erected by public subscription, has at length been determined upon. A committee of fifty noblemen and gentlemen have placed themselves at the head of this undertaking, and have, we understand, subscribed, *en masse*, 1000*l.* towards its completion: but however we applaud their purpose, as "personal acquaintance or correspondents" of the noble Bard, we certainly cannot praise this device of *lumping* a subscription, so that it can neither serve for an example to others, nor be pleasant to the parties concerned. It must be painful to any private individual of moderate fortune on the committee, to feel that he ought either to pay as much as the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Dudley, Lord Lansdowne, or other noblemen

* J. Burnet, G. Cooke, G. T. Doo, W. Finden, E. Goodall, J. Le Keux, H. Le Keux, J. Pye, and J. H. Robinson.

of great revenue, or that he may appear to have his contribution (liberal when compared with his means) exalted into a worthless *éclat*, under the cover of their larger munificence. As the guinea of the less wealthy is as honourable as the hundreds of the man of princely income, it is a pity to blend and confound them in one; and it is calculated to have a bad effect upon the subscription generally,—for few persons will be so willing to put down their names after a broad sum of a thousand pounds, as they would after fifty separate sums amounting to as much, but varied according to the circumstances of the subscribers. We hope, therefore, that this injudicious scheme will be abandoned.

Monumental Trophy to his late Majesty.—On Wednesday a meeting of the committee and subscribers was held at the Thatched House Tavern; but the attendance was very limited. Sir John Campbell was called to the chair: and after some conversation, it was resolved, that the fund subscribed being inadequate to carry the grand original design by Mr. M. Wyatt (of George III. in a triumphal car drawn by four horses) into execution, the amount realised, and fairly to be calculated upon, should be appropriated to an equestrian statue, or such other tribute of public remembrance and gratitude as might be determined upon. At the same time, it was felt to be a compliment due to our gracious Monarch, humbly to submit to him (if consistent with propriety) this deviation from the plan first proposed, which has been defeated by particular circumstances, and to seek the royal approbation for any other application of the subscription. We have no doubt but that a public monument, not altogether unworthy of the occasion, though certainly not on the magnificent scale which was contemplated, will yet be raised. The fund amounts to nearly 3000*l.*; together with from 2000*l.* to 3000*l.* yet uncalled for, and consequently uncollected.

The Literary Fund.—A numerous meeting of the friends of this admirable charity is promised for next Wednesday, at Greenwich; where it is really anticipated that *sprats* (hitherto by a gross error in ichthyology called *white-bait*) will be found in quantities sufficient to satisfy the most zealous ichthyophagist. The Lord Mayor is not expected.

A gracious instance of royal condescension and kindness has just been afforded by the King, who on Wednesday postponed a party at the palace, that it might not interfere with Braham's benefit at the theatre, by depriving him of his vocal and musical supporters.

Mines.—In the course of the year 1825 and the first half of the year 1826, no less than 14,305 pounds of gold; being of the value of nearly 895,000*l.* sterling, were obtained from the mines in the Oural mountains, near Catherinebourg, in the government of Perm, in Russia. 845 pounds of platina were also obtained during the same period.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Hydrophytology.—M. Bory de Saint Vincent, of the French Academy, is about to prepare for the press, under the title of the Garden of Amphitrite, a general history of aquatic plants, both of the sea and of fresh water, illustrated by lithographic plates, executed, and the impressions tinted, by himself.

Finland.—The dreadful conflagration by which the town of Abo was lately destroyed, and its inhabitants reduced to deep distress, has already excited the sympathy of the British public, and between 800*l.* and 900*l.* for the relief of these distant and destitute sufferers, has been subscribed and distributed. "A few years ago," says Mr. Bowring, "the University of Abo was in a most prosperous and improving condition. It had many distinguished professors, and was the seat and the source of the civilisation of the whole country. A literary journal was established there, and almost all the works published in Finland issued from the press of Abo. Attached to the university were a valuable museum of natural history, extensive philosophical apparatus, and a library consisting of more than 30,000 volumes, rich in records and unpublished manuscripts relating to the history of Finland and Sweden. With the exception of about 800 volumes, of which not more than 200 form perfect works, the whole of this interesting collection perished in the flames; and the circumstances were so much the more distressing, as the library funds had been wholly exhausted, and even anticipated for years, in order to gain possession of works which were then obtainable, and which were deemed of great importance to the establishment. In a country like Finland, so little visited, so far removed from the attention and sympathy of the civilised world, the destruction of the only large public library, is a calamity the greatness and extent of which can hardly be estimated here." Under these circumstances, it is hoped that many of the literary and scientific individuals of our country will contribute their own writings, or those of others, to repair the dreadful loss with which Finland has been visited, and assist in the re-formation of this library. So much have even the Finnish peasants been touched by the destruction of the Abo library, that in some places, where money is little known, they have subscribed the produce of their farms towards its restoration: and among them the villagers of Wichtis sent fifty barrels of rye; the University of Dorpat has contributed 394 scientific works, besides many philosophical instruments and collections in natural history. One liberal Russian bookseller (Mr. Hartmann, of Riga) has presented books to the value of 5357 silver rubles, or nearly 800*l.* sterling. His townsman, Mr. German, sent 193 volumes; Dr. Hassar, of Petersburg, 995; and Professor Storch, 269. Many other useful and generous donations have been received; and Messrs. George Cowie and Co. have undertaken to receive and forward any works, instruments, &c. which may be liberally given to the Abo University Library by the benevolent patrons of literature in England.—Transactions of learned and scientific societies will be particularly acceptable.

Notions of the Americans, by Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, will appear immediately.

In the press.—The Bride, a tragedy, from the pen of Joanna Baillie.—Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochin-China, by Mr. Craufurd.—In Monthly Parts, Carpenter's Popular Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures: with Maps and Plates.—Scripture Illustrations. First Series. Scripture Difficulties Examined, with a view to their Solution.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Rogers' Italy, Part II. fcp. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Williams on the Lungs, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—The Voyage of Captain Popanilla, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Campbell's (Thos.) Poetical Works, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Gauci's Views of Virginia Water, Part I. 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.*; India proofs, 10*s.* sewed.—Lardner's Elements of Euclid, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Taylor's Survey of German Poetry, Vol. I. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Wood's Letters of an Architect from France, 2 vols. 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.*; India proofs, 5*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Johnstone's Specimens of the Lyric Poets, 24mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Faber's Supplement to Difficulties of Romanism, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—The Betrothed Lovers, translated from the Italian, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Watt's Insects in Council, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Woodhouse on the Apocalypse, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Westoby's Helps to Devotion, 12mo. 3*s.* bds.—Franklin's Second Expedition, 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Woodbridge's Rudiments of Geography, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sheep.—Harwood's Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, post 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Stevenson on Deafness, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Light's Views of Pompeii, folio, 3*l.* 10*s.* bds.; India proofs, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Tecumseh: a Poem, 7*s.* boards.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If, as we flatter ourselves, or, more frankly speaking, as we know, our remarks on the Fine Arts are often substantially beneficial to those to whose works they relate, it is, among other reasons, because the honourable and candid part of the public does us the justice to believe that we are incapable of being influenced in the discharge of our critical office by any unworthy motive. Unfortunately, however, there are, in this commercial country, many people who sincerely and unaffectedly suppose that money ought to purchase, and can purchase, any thing. For example, we have just received a letter from a Mr. S. enclosing a pecuniary consideration, to induce us to praise a certain well-known picture in one of the Exhibitions now open, of which picture he is—we rejoice to say, not the painter, but—the proprietor; and which picture he is, it seems, desirous of selling to the best advantage! As we are persuaded that, in making us such an offer, this gentleman was perfectly unconscious that he was committing any impropriety, we abstain from publishing his name; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of fining him for his mistake (as we have heretofore fined several other persons who have fallen into similar errors), by sending his cheque to the treasurer of the Literary Fund.

We do not comprehend the allusion of "A Sincere Whig"—at all events, we cannot enter upon the subject he moots.

ERRATA.—In Byroniana in our last, p. 364, col. 3, line 37, *for* "sixteen" *read* "ten." Rushton was sixteen when he went abroad with Byron. Also, by a not unusual accident in printing, two typographical errors occurred in p. 365, col. 1, lines 64 and 67. The letters having fallen out, were incorrectly replaced, so that during is made puring, and press dress.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

INCORPORATED LITERARY FUND SOCIETY. Greenwich Meeting. The Annual General Meeting of the Members and Friends of this Society will be held at the Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich, on Wednesday, 16th June. This Meeting is neither exclusive in its object, nor limited to the Members of the Society. The presence of any Nobleman or Gentleman who may feel an interest in the purposes of an Institution for the relief of Literary Men, their Widows, and Orphans, and who may be disposed to gratify at the same time benevolent and social feelings, is both welcome and desirable. An intimation of such intention is requested to be left with Mr. Snow, at the Society's Chambers, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the day previous to the Meeting.

Dinner on the Table at Four o'Clock precisely.
No Subscriptions.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.
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JOS. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS, in Pall Mall East, will CLOSE for the present Season on Saturday next, the 21st instant.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 6*d.*
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

MR. J. B. LANE'S great PICTURE, painted at Rome, and by which he incurred the Censure of the Inquisition, is now OPEN, at the King's Mews-Entrance from Charing Cross.
Admission, 1*s.*—Explanation and Statement, 6*d.*

The Fall of Nineveh, Deluge, &c. &c.

THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," is now OPEN, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, from Nine o'Clock till Six.
Admittance, 1*s.*—Catalogue, 1*s.*
Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allsop Terrace, New Road.

H. BUCHAN, PROPRIETOR of the COUNTY of HANTS PICTURE GALLERY, Southampton, established July 1827, respectfully acquaints the Artists in London, that the Gallery will open its Second Annual Exhibition on the 1st of August next, and that the time for receiving Pictures will be from the 8th to the 28th of July previous.
All packages are to be directed to the Hants Picture Gallery, Southampton, and forwarded to go by Messrs. Wallington's Waggon, from the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street. Reference may be obtained at Messrs. Rowney and Forster, 51, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London.
Carriage Expenses to and from the Exhibition will be paid by the Proprietor.

MONUMENT to LORD BYRON. It is proposed to raise a Monumental Statue to Lord Byron, by public Subscription, and a Committee has been formed for that purpose, composed of Individuals who were either his personal Acquaintance or Correspondents, and who are anxious to manifest their admiration for the genius of that illustrious Poet.

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Communications may be directed to 50, Albemarle Street, addressed to such Members of the Committee as belong to either House of Parliament, and Subscriptions will be received at the following Banking Houses, both in Great Britain and on the Continent.

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BELL'S LIFE in LONDON, and SPORTING CHRONICLE, price only Seven-pence, of Sunday, the 22d of June, will contain a reprint of the Twenty Engravings which have appeared under the head of the "Gallery of Comicalities," during the last six months. They will occupy the space of four folio columns, and consist of three Series, viz. Six Prints of Hogarth's Harlot's Progress, Six spirited Sketches of British Sports, and Eight of Monkeyana, or the Gambler's Progress. The cost of the Twenty Prints, for Drawing and Engraving, was One Hundred Guineas, the whole of which may be bought for Seven-pence, in Bell's Life in London, of Sunday, the 22d of June.

Persons in the Country, desirous of having "Bell's Life in London" of Sunday, the 22d instant, containing the above Series of engraved Comicalities, can order it for that day only, from any Newspaper Agent, or can commission a friend to buy it at the Office, No. 148, Strand, London; being a regularly stamped Newspaper, it can be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United Kingdom. It will be kept on sale at 148, Strand, properly folded up in franks, for the country, without extra charge, until Wednesday, the 25th of June, inclusive.

*** It was in Bell's Life in London of Sunday, June 8th, that the spirited Engraving of Ascot Heath Race-Course, the King's Stand, &c. appeared, the size of which print was nine inches by six. This number is reprinting, and can also be had until the 25th of June.

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No. III. will be published in July.

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. IV. price 7s. 6d. is published this day, by Treuttel, Wurtz, and Co. 30, Soho Square.

June 12th.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Notions of the Americans: picked up by a Travelling Bachelor. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

THE title of *Notions*, though vague, is, nevertheless, not misapplied to these volumes, if we allow, as we must allow, their author to be the very pink of *notional** writers; the genuine elaborator of Prior's line of—

"Notional good, by Fancy only made!"

Notions *of* the Americans, too: does this mean Mr. Cooper's Notions of his countrymen, or his countrymen's Notions of themselves, embodied and set forth by him? Be this as it may, the Notions themselves are certainly pretty considerable specimens of bursting inflation, overweening vanity, and measureless boasting. We have often and often censured the propensity for this silly indulgence, so common in the English character; but the arrantest egotism and rankest braggardism of John Bull, are modesty and diffidence when compared with these qualities in his offspring Jonathan.

"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!"—
"We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay;
They never meet us but they wish us away"—

and all such ebullitions of self-importance, are absurd enough symptoms of national pride and vain-gloriousness; but hereafter they shall be quoted as words of humility, and the essence of puff, puff, puff, shall be extracted from American sources, and especially from *Mr. Cooper's Notions of the Americans.*

According to this gentleman's dicta, they are a people not only

"Adorned with every virtue under heaven,"

but without vice, fault, blot, or blemish. According to his Notions, they are not only as perfect as it is possible for human nature to be *already*, but they are becoming every day more perfect, and they will in a few years be *still* more perfect *still*: an extraordinary phenomenon, it is true, and one that could be witnessed no where but in America; but there it is "the commonest thing i' the earth;" and though persons of the Old World may not be able to comprehend it, they must have faith in this historian, and believe that the New World does contain mysterious truths and absolute facts, even more unfathomable than these to worn-out understandings. They must, within the first hundred pages of Mr. Cooper's work, implicitly confess that the Americans are (we employ only the writer's own epithets,) the most active, quick-witted, enterprising, orderly, moral, simple, vigorous, healthful, manly, generous, just, wise, innocent, civilised, liberal, polite, enlightened, ingenious, moderate, glorious, firm, free, virtuous, intelligent, sagacious, kind, honest, independent, brave, gallant, intellectual, well-governed, elevated, dignified, pure, immaculate, extraordinary, wonderful, (as Dominie Samson would add, pro-di-gi-ous), and *improving* (and that is the chief miracle of all, seeing they are now so superhuman and godlike in every respect,) people that ever existed, or ever can exist. Arcadia is to America what a row of pig-sties would be to a range of palaces; El Dorado a poor and miserable desert; Paradise itself a *kail-yard.* Being in very deed

"That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,"

the astonishment of the reader is kept alive by the promise of what America is to be. Like Macbeth,

"Greatest of all by the all-hail hereafter,"

it is to make its ten millions twenty millions in some twenty years; and then it is to whip England, blot Britain out of the map, and dictate laws to such portions of Europe as it may think proper to suffer to remain above water. Africa is to be made a hot-bed to raise vegetables for the colder regions of the "vast continent;" and Asia is merely to be kept for a playground, change of scene, and China oranges for the American children.* The Moon will be taken such care of as may be necessary, and subjected to proper regulations; as for the Sun, it is not at present contemplated to make any alteration in it, because, as Mr. Cooper assures us, it behaves better towards America and the Americans than it does to any other country or people.†

It may be fancied that we are using the tone of ridicule unfairly, and without sufficient foundation, in thus speaking of the production before us: but we will be judged by our extracts; and if any individual can say that we have been more exaggerated, hyperbolical, and vapouring, than the author himself, we will for once consent to eat our words (rather than the *Sun-inspired*), and acknowledge Mr. Cooper to be the modest oracle of lowly pretension. We do not dislike or disapprove of national predilections—not even of national prejudices; and far less of the love of country.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

But we are firmly persuaded that every sensible mind in America will feel disgust and contempt for the nonsensical farrago of eulogy and panegyric contained in these two volumes; of boasting, which causes the Copper Captain, Bobadil, and Monsieur Parolles, to appear as it were models of moderation and bashfulness. To the proof,—in addition to our foregoing notes.

The author tells us, in his preface, that he has attempted nothing more than "to give a hasty and general sketch of most things of interest, and to communicate what is told in as *unpretending* and familiar a way as the subjects themselves would conveniently allow." He then proceeds to shew the mighty importance and incalculable superiority of the United States to the rest of the world, in this his peculiarly unpretending manner. But, for the sake of contrast, we are called upon to set out with considering America, at a particular point of time, in a light of degradation as much below the actual standard, as we must now esteem it to be above that standard, and rapidly approaching the perihelion of mortal splendour.

"The writer has not the smallest doubt that many orthodox unbelievers will listen to what he has said of America in this work with incredulous ears. He invites all such stout adherents to their own preconceived opinions, to submit to a certain examination of facts that are perfectly within their reach. He would propose that they inquire into the state of America as it existed *fifty years ago*, and that they then compare it with its present condition. After they have struck a balance be-

* "*Notional.* Imaginary; ideal; subsisting only in idea; visionary; fantastical."—See Dr. Samuel Johnson, his Dictionary, passim.

* "Reflection on this subject (says the *Notions*) is likely to derange the ideas of the gravest man. Imagine, for instance, that Africa were a populous and civilised region; that Spain were peopled by an active and enlightened population; that their habits were highly commercial; and then assume that Gibraltar was not only one of the most noble, convenient, and safe havens of the world, but that, from its central position, it had secured an ascendency in European trade. Remove all serious rivals which chance or industry had raised in the other parts of Europe, to the prosperity of this unrivalled mart, placing it already foremost among the cities of our hemisphere. Then, suppose the Mediterranean, with all its tributaries, a narrow, convenient river, having direct communication with vast lakes, whose banks were peopled by men of similar educations and opinions, wants and wishes, governed by the same policy, and subject to the same general laws,—and I commit you to your own imaginative powers to fancy what the place would become in the space of a century. With these views unavoidably before the eye, it is difficult to descend to the sober reality of existing things. I can now easily understand the perspective of American character. It is absolutely necessary to destroy thought to repress it. I fear we owe a good deal of our exemption from the quality we laugh at from the same penetrating faculty of the mind. A state of things may easily exist, in which it is quite as pleasant to look back as forward; but here, though the brief retrospect be so creditable, it absolutely sinks into insignificance compared with the mighty future."

† At New York alone, "either owing to the freshness of the soil, or the *genial influence of the* SUN, or to both, there is an extraordinary flavour imparted to most of the animal and vegetable food. * * Most of the meats, no less than the fruits, possess this peculiar richness and delicacy of taste. * * In Europe the value of land is commonly so great, that the cattle are obliged to crop *all* the herbage; whereas, in America, the animal is usually allowed to make its choice, and that, too, often amid such a delicious odour of the white or natural clover of the country, as might cause even a miserable victim of the anger of Djezzar Pasha momentarily to forget his nasal dilapidation. I wish now to be understood as speaking literally, and not in those terms of exaggeration which are perhaps appropriate to the glories of a well-ordered banquet. I scarce remember any fragrance equal to that I have scented in the midst of a field of this clover. My companion tells me, he was first made sensible of this peculiarity in the herbage of his native country, by remarking how comparatively devoid of scent was a field of buck-wheat, by the side of which he was once walking in the centre of France. Now buck-wheat, in this climate, is a plant that exhales a delicious odour that is often to be scented at the distance of a quarter of a mile. *In short, so far as my own observation has extended, the* SUN *imparts a flavour to every grass, plant, or fruit here, that must be tasted, and tasted with discrimination, in order to be appreciated.*"

tween the two results, they can safely be left to their own ruminations as to the probability of a people as barbarous, as ignorant, and as disorganised, as they have been accustomed to consider the Americans, being very likely to work such miracles."—*Preface*, p. xiii.

"Really there must be something extraordinary in a people, who, having had so much to do, and so very short a time to do it in, have already become the subjects, not only of envy, but of a seemingly formidable rivalry, to one of the oldest and wealthiest nations of Europe! It strikes the writer, that while these gentlemen are so industriously struggling to prove the existence of some petty object of spleen, they prove a great moral truth in favour of America. What should we think of the boy whose intellect, and labours, and intelligence, were drawn into bold and invidious comparison with those of aged and experienced men!"—*Ibid.* p. xv.

The utter folly of such reasoning as this, is too apparent to require a comment. Fifty years ago the Americans were no more barbarous and ignorant than the children of the same fathers who remained at home. Was crossing the Atlantic to obliterate all their ideas, and reduce them to a state of childhood; so that it would be quite invidious to compare them with the old, experienced graybeards who stopped in Europe? The great Atlantic must indeed be a great Lethe, to warrant Mr. Cooper's inferences. He talks, to be sure, of "a quarter (I had almost written half) of the globe, where new scenes, *a state of society without a parallel, even in history*, and so much that is fresh, both in the physical and moral world, invite our attention." Now this is just prating as if going to a new country made new men, men of other capacities, and of other natures! than which nothing can be more preposterous. From change of clime, animals may cast their furs and change their colours, birds may moult their plumage or gain a thicker feathery coat, the fish or reptile may languish or die, and the human creature may improve in health or grow languid from disease;—the mind, the passions, the intelligence, remain the same, slightly modified by the state of the body; but in every quality which distinguishes, and in every impulse which governs man, unaltered and unalterable. To speak, therefore, of a population which, merely because they occupy a particular land, are to be esteemed different and superior beings to the rest of their species, is a piece of gratuitous Cooperism, and sheer Yankee vanity.

The author has involved and stultified his opinions by a contrivance which is no doubt vastly clever, but which is also extremely confusing, perplexing, and unnecessary. Though we well know that it is Mr. Cooper who *notionises* throughout in his own proper person, he has taken it into his head that it would improve his work to write as if he were a stranger to his native country, and a visitor to America. By this ingenious machinery he is able to afford us two sets of notions; firstly, the notions of the author in masquerade, as a travelling bachelor; and secondly, the notions of a genuine American, personified in one Cadwallader, who is the *beau ideal* of himself, as seen by himself. And a high-rate sort of a fellow is this Mr. Cadwallader; an unparalleled specimen of the unparalleled people of the unparalleled New World.

"I found (says Mr. C., in humbly estimating his representative in *phantasie*) this calm, reasoning American so fresh, so original in his way of treating things which long use had rendered to my imagination fixed and unalterable as the laws of nature themselves, and so direct in the application of all his opinions to the practices of the world, that I early became alive to the desire of examining a state of society which, I am fond of believing, must have had some influence in giving birth to so much independence and manliness of thought."*

Our friend *Cad.* has a mortal antipathy to the Englishers, and goes very gravely to work to lecture them upon their past misdeeds, and the punishments which await them. When the Americans had beaten these stupid islanders in the war of the Revolution, he condescends to say, with infinite and very becoming complacency—

"It is not necessary to ascribe any peculiar qualities of magnanimity or of Christian charity to the American people, in order to maintain that fewer instances of a generous and manly forgetfulness can be furnished in the history of nations, than what they generally manifested towards their former rulers. The past presented recollections on which they were not ashamed to dwell, while the future was replete with the most animating hopes. In such an enviable position, a community, like an individual, must have been odiously constituted to find pleasure in the contemplation of any but the brighter parts of human character. We gave the English credit for the possession of all those virtues which, in the weakness of natural vanity, we are fond of ascribing to ourselves."

But this was too much. The English soon betrayed how unworthy they were of such confidence, and the Americans discovered that "the official documents of England," (on the subject of the war with France), even though promulged in "our," *i. e.* the American "language," were little better than misrepresentations and lies. They discovered, at the same time, that we had become horridly jealous of them, and could not bear to behold "that diffusion of intelligence to which we owed our own national supremacy, in *danger of being exceeded* from a quarter of the world which we had been accustomed to regard with the complacency of acknowledged superiors." This, of course, begot a little bile in their amiable dispositions, though "the American, conscious of the possession of physical advantages which are beyond most of the chances of worldly vicissitudes, *and firm in the belief that he enjoys a higher state of moral existence than any other people whatever*, little suspects, even now, how completely his country is without the pale of European thought"!!!

The result is, that it would be well for Great Britain, as our friend Cadwallader graciously and kindly hints, to take warning in time.

"Wilful ignorance (he pronounces, in a tone of prophetic and terrifying solemnity) is sure to entail its punishment. It has been the misfortune of England to remain in ignorance of America, and of American character, from the day when the pilgrims first touched the rock of Plymouth to the present hour. She *banished our ancestors from her bosom, because they would not submit to an oppression** against which she herself has since revolted. She cumbered our infant efforts with her vicious legislation, and drove us to *a premature majority.*† It remains to be seen whether she will have us, in our strength, as a friend or an enemy. *The time for her election is getting short*, and more may hang on the issue than millions who exult in their present power are willing to believe. *The steady, deluded, and confiding friend we once were, it is too late to expect.* But a nation which feels no pressure, and which is conscious of no unworthiness, is neither vindictive nor obdurate. *We may be disposed to forgive*, though it will be hard indeed to forget."

Illustrious and resplendent people! We will throw ourselves on your mercy. At your feet let us implore the manifestation of a few of the sublime qualities with which you are so profusely invested—by Mr. Cooper Cadwallader. We feel with that profound personage, and we tremble while we feel, "what a noble promise for the future *has England not jeoparded!*‡ The decline of empires, though more tardy, is not less certain than that of man. *The wane of the British dominion might have been distinguished by features that the world has never yet witnessed.* * *

"Wisdom might prescribe a course which would have secured a devoted friend in every dependant as it was released from the dominion of the parent. How far that course has been pursued in respect to us, the past and the present time sufficiently shew. Why is Russia already occupying that place in American politics which England should have nobly filled? *Why did America choose England for her foe, when equal cause of war was given by France, and when the former was certainly most able to do her harm?*"

Why, indeed? But Mr. C. observes that these are questions easily answered. We wish he had told us why America, with equal cause of offence from France, joined that power, and turned her hostilities against England. It never could occur to Mr. Cad. that commercial envy or other base motive might influence an American: the elder vices, and the viler passions, are all left in Europe, and have nothing to do with "man new made." But list again to the dread prophet.

"The day is not far distant when the conflicting interests of the two nations shall receive support from equal power. Whether the struggle is to be maintained by the ordinary rivalry of enterprise and industry, or by the fiercer conflict of arms, depends greatly on the temper of America. To us the question is purely one of time. The result may be retarded; but he is deplorably ignorant of our character, of our resources, and of our high intentions, who believes it can ever be averted. That Almighty Being, who holds the destinies of nations in his hands, must change the ordinary direction of

* By this happy plan of supererogation, it will thus be observed we have as good as two authors; and it must have been very pleasant to escape from direct self-praise by hitting on so admirable a contrivance. It is amusing, too, to come so often upon the bachelor's want of intelligence, which his friend with the Welch name can so amply supply, as: "I should say (quoth the former), that we give to hundreds of Americans a place in their own society, which in fact they cannot claim, merely because we discover in them certain qualifications that few or none possess in Europe, who are not actually members of her social *élite*. But this is anticipating a subject on which I may be much better prepared to write a twelvemonth hence." And then *Cad.* steps in with another whimsical instance of this Janus-like association, or, rather, of the division of a writer into two halves, where Cadwallader is talking to Mr. Cooper as if he, Cooper, were making a tour of New England for the first time, while he, Cad., had spent much of his life there: "You speak the language (says he, Cad., to him, Cooper) with what we call the intonation of an Englishman. In America, while there are provincial or state peculiarities in tone, and even in the pronunciation and use of certain words, there is no patois. An American may distinguish between the Georgian and the New Englandman, but you cannot. In this particular our ears are very accurate; and while we can and do pass for natives every day in England, it is next to impossible for an Englishman to escape detection in America."

* Many of them for other cogent reasons, friend Cad.—*Ed. L. G.*

† A queer confession!

‡ "*Has England not jeoparded.*" Why, our very mother tongue is departing from us!!

his own great laws, or the American population will stand at the head of civilised nations long ere the close of this century."

As things are so soon to arrive at this consummation, it is hardly worth while, perhaps, to trouble our readers with the present condition of the United States. Two or three characteristic touches, for the sake of the author, is therefore all we shall add.

"The inn-keeper of Old England and the inn-keeper of New England form the very extremes of their class. The one is obsequious to the rich, the other unmoved, and often apparently cold. The first seems to calculate, at a glance, the amount of profit you are likely to leave behind you; while his opposite appears only to calculate in what manner he can most contribute to your comfort, without materially impairing his own. It is a mistake, however, that the latter is filled with a sense of his own imaginary importance. It troubles him as little as the subject does any other possessor of a certain established rank, since there is no one to dispute it. * * *

"A striking and national trait in the American, is a constant and grave regard to the feelings of others. It is even more peculiar to New England than to any other section of our country. It is the best and surest fruit of high civilisation. Not that civilisation which chisels marble and gilds *salons*, but that which marks the progress of reason, and which, under certain circumstances, makes men polished, and, under all, renders them humane. In this particular, America is, beyond a doubt, the most civilised nation in the world. * * *

"The effects of this diffusion of common instruction is pre-eminently apparent throughout New England, in the self-respect, decency, order, and individuality of its inhabitants. I say individuality, because, by giving ideas to a man, you impart the principles of a new existence, which supply additional motives of concern to his respectability and well-being."

In short (says Mr. Cooper), "I think the inhabitant of New England has a better right to claim an elevated state of being than any other people I have ever visited. * *

"To me (he has now got from New England to New York) woman appears to fill in America the very station for which she was designed by nature. In the lowest conditions of life she is treated with the tenderness and respect that is due to beings whom we believe to be the repositories of the better principles of our nature. * * The condition of women in this country is solely owing to the elevation of its moral feeling."

But why should we proceed? Where every thing is the best, of the best, and for the best, there is no need of being particular. We have gone over only a few of the author's pictures of the perfectibility of America and the Americans; and as he has informed us they are drawn in the most "unpretending" manner, we reap the greater delight from their contemplation. The demi-gods of antiquity were somebodies, but they were not many in number, and perhaps fable mixed up in the descriptions which are handed down respecting them. Not so in these Notions of twelve millions of living people.—The castle and territory, and governors and inhabitants, of Thunder-ten-tronckh were passable enough for European optimism; but the metaphysico-theologico-cosmolo-nigology of Mr. Cooper casts Pangloss entirely into the back settlements. The only thing in favour of the latter was, that by his fertile imagination he fancied *le meilleur des mondes* before it existed—the former has absolutely seen it in Virginia, Ohio, and the rest of the United States.

In conclusion, we have to repeat our entire conviction, that the good sense of America will reject this gasconading gallimawfry with more derision and dislike than it can excite in any other quarter of the globe. None have so much reason to be displeased with the author as his countrymen, and those who admire what is really valuable and estimable in the American character—of which there is no lack; but such sickening rodomontade is offensive to every reader of taste and discretion. The Americans are truly a powerful and great nation: that they may not be made a ridiculous one, let them throw these volumes into the Potomac; and let Mr. Cooper stick to his novels and romances, if he does not wish to discredit the land of his birth, and make himself a common laughing-stock.

Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochin China; exhibiting a View of the actual State of those Kingdoms. By John Crawfurd, Esq. F.R.S., &c. late Envoy. 4to. pp. 596. London, 1828. Colburn.

In November 1821, Mr. Crawfurd was appointed ambassador, and charged with letters and presents from Lord Hastings, then Governor-General of India, to the Kings of Siam and Cochin China. He was accompanied by Captain Dangerfield, a man of high scientific attainments, especially in geology and astronomy; by Mr. Finlayson, a medical officer, and able botanist and zoologist; and by Lieutenant Rutherford, in the command of a guard of thirty sepoys.

To the flood of intelligence which has of late years been pouring in upon us relative to these far eastern countries, the present volume is an addition not only of great interest, but of great importance and authority. By details such as it affords, we are enabled to institute comparisons, and thus throw new lights upon the hitherto inexplicable policy of such states as the Burman, the Siamese, the Cochin Chinese, the Tonquinese, the Japanese, and the Chinese; and to become more intimately acquainted with the very peculiar habits, customs, and feelings, of the rulers and population of these regions, differing so entirely as they do from our European manners and opinions. Without tracing the route of the Embassy from Calcutta to Penang, Malacca, Singapore, Siam, the Sichang Islands, Saigun, and Hué the capital of Cochin China,—we shall perhaps better illustrate the character of this work, and convey more of its abundant and curious information to our readers, by passing rapidly from place to place, and extracting some of the most striking statements which are scattered throughout its pages. While in the capital of Siam, Mr. Crawfurd's Journal notices the following.

"*June* 29.—I had brought to me to-day an individual of the wild race called Ka. This people inhabit the mountainous country lying between Lao and Kamboja, and still preserve their rude independence. The Siamese make no scruple in kidnapping them whenever they can find an opportunity. In consequence of this practice, a good number of them are to be found in a state of slavery at the capital. My present visitor had been taken about three years before. His features differed strikingly from those of a Siamese, and so did that of others of his nation who had been pointed out to me in my walks. In intelligence I found him greatly superior to what might reasonably have been expected. * * *

"*July* 10.—I had, in the course of this forenoon, a visit from a person of singular modesty and intelligence, Pascal Ribeiro de Alvergarias, the descendant of a Portuguese Christian of Kamboja. This gentleman holds a high Siamese title, and a post of considerable importance. Considering his means and situation, his acquirements were remarkable; for he not only spoke and wrote the Siamese, Kambojan, and Portuguese languages with facility, but also spoke and wrote Latin with considerable propriety. We found, indeed, a smattering of Latin very frequent among the Portuguese interpreters at Bang-kok; but Señor Ribeiro was the only individual who made any pretence to speak it with accuracy. He informed us, that he was the descendant of a person of the same name, who settled in Kamboja in the year 1685. His lady's genealogy, however, interested us more than his own. She was the lineal descendant of an Englishman of the name of Charles Lister, a merchant, who settled in Kamboja in the year 1701, and who had acquired some reputation at the court, by making pretence to a knowledge in medicine. Charles Lister had come immediately from Madras, and brought with him his sister. This lady espoused a Portuguese of Kamboja, by whom she had a son, who took her own name. Her grandson of this name also, in the revolutions of the kingdom of Kamboja, found his way to Siam; and here, like his great uncle, practising the healing art, rose to the station of maha-pet, or first physician to the king. The son of this individual, Cajitanus Lister, is at present the physician, and at the same time the minister and confidential adviser of the present King of Kamboja. His sister is the wife of the subject of this short notice. Señor Ribeiro favoured us with the most authentic and satisfactory account which we had yet obtained of the late revolution and present state of Kamboja."

On leaving Siam, and coasting along Cochin China, the Mission arrived at Kandyu, on their way to Saigun, where a great Mandarin, the Governor of Lower Cochin China, resides. A despatch was sent, requesting permission to visit him; and waiting the answer (which was favourable), our countrymen remained with an old chief at Kandyu.

"Kandyu (says the Journal) is but a poor place, and the chief's residence a very paltry one; but the hospitality of our reception made some amends for the homeliness of our entertainment. At an early hour this morning he visited us again. A number of fishermen had come on board in the course of yesterday, and furnished us with an ample supply of fine fish, at very low prices. Encouraged by our prompt payment, they had repaired to us again this morning, and the old chief found two of them on board. It appears they had come *without orders*, and the followers of the man in office began, in a manner quite unexpected to us, to punish them summarily on the spot for this alleged breach of duty. Our attention was called to this practical illustration of oriental government, by seeing one of the fishermen taken into custody; the officer, as he carried him off, cuffing him over the face, and kicking him with such ludicrous address, that his foot, at every effort, reached sometimes the loins and sometimes the shoulders of the alleged offender. The fisherman's defence consisted in throwing himself on his face on the deck, making three prostrations, acknowledging his offence, and crying for mercy. I complained

to the chief of this piece of violence; but he treated the matter very lightly, and seemed to regard the fisherman's offence rather as a breach of etiquette, or neglect of customary forms, than as any thing more serious; and assured us that it should be attended with no inconvenience to us, or farther injury to the fisherman, who was immediately released."

During a shooting excursion into the country, "we visited two temples about a mile distant from the village. They were built of brick and lime, and roofed with red tile, having the ridges and eaves ornamented with figures of animals carved in wood and painted. Each consisted of two chambers, in the first of which was an altar of brick and lime, having upon it two figures of storks opposite to each other. The inner chamber contained a number of elevated masses of brick and mortar, resembling tombs. The walls were painted with figures of tigers and fish, and with dragons and other monstrous animals. There seemed no distinct object of worship, either statue or picture. We were told, however, that the temples were dedicated to certain great fishes, which were represented as the tutelary deities of the place, and the protectors of the fishermen of Kandyu and its neighbourhood. The mounds of brick and mortar, resembling tombs, of which I have spoken, were alleged to contain the remains of some of the fishes in question, which had been stranded on the shore of the bay of St. James. Connected with each of the temples was a poor mean-looking house, where justice, we were told, was administered. Near at hand was an extensive burying-ground, the tombs commonly consisting of rude mounds of earth, the outer sides now and then cased with rough stones."

They proceeded up the river in barges to Saigun, about fifty miles from the sea. Here "the principal bazar is a wide and spacious street. The numerous shops were not rich, but sufficiently neat. The principal articles exposed for sale were Chinese earthenware, manufactured silks, chiefly of Tonquin and of the place itself, and commonly made up into dresses, paper, and great quantities of amazingly coarse tea from the northern provinces, which had more the appearance of broken tobacco-leaves than real tea. There was abundance of poultry, including the common fowl, ducks, and geese, which last are not reared in Siam, and rarely in any Malay country, except where Europeans reside. Here were also plenty of hogs of an excellent breed. The want of intercourse, direct or indirect, with European nations, was sufficiently evinced by the general absence of European manufactures. A few common glass-bottles, and some broad cloth, were all that was to be seen. Women alone attended in the shops. The sex was to be seen going abroad every where, without any reserve."

The audience of the governor is thus described:

"Every thing was arranged last night for our audience, and, at the desire of the mandarins, a Chinese list of the presents, written according to the custom of the country upon a scrap of pink-coloured paper, was transmitted. Little previous arrangement was made for our reception, or for the ceremonies we were to perform on our introduction; indeed, no stress appeared to be laid upon matters of this last description. Every thing being ready, about half-past seven o'clock I made a demand for the palanquins or elephants that were to convey us. There were none ready, and I was given to understand indirectly that it was expected we should go on foot. I gave those that communicated with us to understand that we would not move a step without a suitable conveyance—and in less than ten minutes five elephants were produced to accommodate us. This was evidenaly an attempt of some of the lower mandarins to impose upon us, and I make no question was wholly unknown to the governor. About eight o'clock we quitted our house for the palace, accompanied by thirteen of our attendants, but leaving the guard of sepoys behind us. Mr. Finlayson carried the letter of the governor-general. A number of spearmen on foot, and some horsemen mounted on small spirited ponies, similar to those of the Indian islands, accompanied the procession. In about twenty minutes we reached the fort, to which the canal, on the banks of which our house was situated, leads by a straight course, having a good road on each side of it. A great number of spearmen were drawn out to receive us along every avenue of the fort through which we passed, and especially in front of the hall of audience. We did not dismount from our elephants until we came within a hundred yards of the latter. This building was quite open in front, very long but narrow, and entirely constructed of wood, no where either varnished or painted. It was altogether a poor place; and the houses of the Chinese, which we visited yesterday at Saigun, were real palaces compared to it. It is the custom of the Cochin Chinese to sit either upon broad tables, elevated about a foot and a half from the ground, or upon platforms raised about eight or nine inches from it; those of highest rank, in either case, sitting in front, and those of inferior rank behind. These benches, or platforms, are always covered with handsome mats. In the middle of the hall was one of the platforms in question, somewhat higher than usual, on which the governor was seen sitting. We advanced in front and made him a bow, which was not returned. Chairs were pointed out to us to the governor's right hand, of which we took possession. On his left was seated by himself the second in authority, a venerable and fine-looking old man about seventy. The rest of the governor's court were seated on the same side with us, but behind us, upon another platform. * * *

"In the course of conversation, the governor asked my companions' age and my own. Our Indian servants and their dresses excited his notice, as they did that of every body else during our visit. The Cochin Chinese are total strangers to the inhabitants of Hindustan, of whom not an individual is found residing at Saigun. Their persons, features, manners, and costume, therefore, excited a far greater degree of curiosity than any thing respecting ourselves. After tea was served to us, we were invited to be present at an elephant and tiger fight; and for this purpose mounted our elephants, and repaired to the glacis of the fort, where the combat was to take place. The governor went out at another gate, and arrived at the place before us in his palanquin. When the hall broke up, a herald or crier announced the event. With the exception of this ceremony, great propriety and decorum were observed throughout the audience. The exhibition made by the herald, however, was truly barbarous. He threw himself backward, projecting his abdomen and putting his hands to his sides, and in this absurd attitude uttered several loud and long yells. The tiger had been exhibited in front of the hall, and was driven to the spot on a hurdle. A great concourse of people had assembled to witness the exhibition. The tiger was secured to a stake by a rope tied round his loins, about thirty yards long. The mouth of the unfortunate animal was sewn up, and his nails pulled out. He was of large size, and extremely active. No less than forty-six elephants, all males of great size, were seen drawn out in line. One at a time was brought to attack the tiger. The first elephant advanced, to all appearance with a great show of courage; and we thought, from his determined look, that he would have despatched his antagonist in an instant. At the first effort he raised the tiger upon his tusks to a considerable height, and threw him to the distance of at least twenty feet. Notwithstanding this, the tiger rallied, and sprang upon the elephant's trunk and head, up to the very keeper who was upon his neck. The elephant took alarm, wheeled about, and ran off, pursued by the tiger as far as the rope would allow him. The fugitive, although not hurt, roared most piteously, and no effort could bring him back to the charge. A little after this, we saw a man brought up to the governor, bound with cords, and dragged into his presence by two officers. This was the conductor of the recreant elephant. A hundred strokes of the bamboo were ordered to be inflicted upon him on the spot. For this purpose he was thrown on his face upon the ground, and secured by one man sitting astride upon his neck and shoulders, and by another sitting upon his feet, a succession of executioners inflicting the punishment. When it was over, two men carried off the sufferer by the head and heels, apparently quite insensible. While this outrage was perpetrating, the governor coolly viewed the combat of the tiger and elephant, as if nothing else particular had been going forward. Ten or twelve elephants were brought up in succession to attack the tiger, which was killed at last, merely by the astonishing falls he received when tossed off the tusks of the elephants. The prodigious strength of these animals was far beyond any thing which I could have supposed. Some of them tossed the tiger to a distance of at least thirty feet, after he was nearly lifeless, and could offer no resistance. We could not reflect without horror, that these very individual animals were the same that have for years executed the sentence of the law upon the many malefactors condemned to death. Upon these occasions, a single toss, such as I have described, is always, I am told, sufficient to destroy life. After the tiger-fight we had a mock battle, the intention of which was to represent elephants charging an intrenchment. A sort of *chevaux de frise* was erected to the extent of forty or fifty yards, made of very frail materials. Upon this was placed a quantity of dry grass, whilst a show was made of defending it, by a number of spearmen placed behind. As soon as the grass was set on fire, a number of squibs and crackers were let off; flags were waved in great numbers; drums beat, and a single piece of artillery began to play. The elephants were now encouraged to charge; but they displayed their usual timidity, and it was not until the fire was nearly extinguished, and the materials of the *chevaux de frise* almost consumed, that a few of the boldest could be forced to pass through. After these amusements were over, the governor begged us to come near and converse with him."

The governor and the people readily acquiesced in the wish of the Embassy to establish an unembarrassed and equitable commercial

intercourse between Cochin China and Great Britain and India.

From Saigun the Mission proceeded to Hué, where the usual difficulties in negotiations with oriental courts were experienced. Here the arsenal presented an extraordinary spectacle.

"A violent fall of rain, and night coming on, prevented us from inspecting the whole of this; but what we did see was more than sufficient to excite our surprise and gratify our curiosity. The iron cannon were first pointed out to us, consisting of an extraordinary assemblage of old ship-guns of various European nations—French, English, Dutch, and Portuguese. These were objects of little curiosity, compared with the brass ordnance, the balls, and shells, all manufactured in Cochin China, by native workmen, from materials supplied by Tonquin, and after French models. The ordnance consisted of cannon, howitzers, and mortars. The carriages were all constructed, finished, and painted, as substantially and neatly as if they had been manufactured at Woolwich or Fort William, and the field-carriages especially were singularly neat and handsome. The cannon are of various calibers, from four to sixty-eight pounders, with a large proportion of eighteen pounders. Among them were nine remarkable guns, cast by the late king; these carry each a ball weighing seventy Chinese catties, or, in other words, are ninety-three pounders; they are as handsomely modelled and as well founded as any of the rest, and placed upon highly ornamented carriages. On these remarkable pieces of ordnance is inscribed the name of the late king, Ja-lung, and the day and year in which they were cast. The king used to say, that these would prove the most durable monuments of his reign—no great compliment to his administration. The art of casting good brass cannon, under the direction of Europeans, appears to have been long known in this part of the world; for among the cannon in the arsenal were a good number of very well-founded ordnance, apparently of the size of long nine-pounders, as old as the years 1664 and 1665. These had an inscription in the Portuguese language, importing that they were cast in Cochin China, or Kamboja, and bearing the dates in question, with the name of the artist. Although very inferior indeed to those recently cast under the direction of the French, still they were very good specimens of workmanship. The balls and shells in the arsenal throughout were neatly piled up, and arranged in the European method: the gun-carriages were all painted,—and, in short, the arsenal was in the most perfect and complete order in all its organisation. The chief of the artillery had been directed to exhibit the whole of it to us, and we found him waiting for us on our arrival. This was one of the old warriors of the late king, a venerable and fine-looking old man, habited in a rich suit of velvet. Besides being chief of the arsenal and artillery, this master-general of the ordnance was also intendant of the household; and in this last situation, according to all accounts, was charged with certain details scarcely compatible with his military character. It was his business, for example, to superintend the royal kitchen; and to make a registry of all the pregnancies and births within the seraglio, that all possible care might be taken to exclude illegitimacy from its sacred enclosures. * * *

"It is hardly necessary to say, that against an Asiatic enemy this fortification is impregnable: its great fault is its immense extent. I presume it would require an army of 50,000 men, at least, to defend it;—a force which would be far more effectually employed in harassing a European enemy (the only enemy to be apprehended) by those common desultory modes of warfare, which it is alone safe for an Asiatic enemy to oppose to a disciplined army. A European force, either by making regular approaches, or by a bombardment, could not fail to render itself soon master of the place; and this occurrence, by putting it in possession of the treasure, the granaries, and principal arsenal of the kingdom,—by destroying the principal army, and thus cutting off all the resources of the government,—would be virtually equivalent to conquering the kingdom at a single blow."

The late king appears to have been a person of great intelligence and activity. Making an excursion into the environs of Hué, Mr. C. says—

"Our journey, which lasted several hours, took us over a good deal of the country on both banks of the river. Although the soil is light and sandy, it is every where in a high state of cultivation; and this consists of rice, mulberry-trees, cotton, and orchards of fruit-trees. It is thickly strewed with villages, universally surrounded by hedges of live bamboo; and I am told this last appearance is general throughout the inhabited country. The banks of the river are well raised, and in some places extremely picturesque and beautiful, more resembling the scenery of a European than a tropical country. Hué is, I dare say, the only Indian city in the East the neighbourhood of which has good roads, good bridges, and canals. Here are a number of highways, straight, broad, and well-constructed, and besides the stone bridges connected with the fortifications, there are a number of wooden ones, extremely neat, and built on European rules. In the course of the excursion now described, we passed along the banks of a deep and regular canal, which extends, as we were told, for twelve or fourteen miles, and serves the double purpose of irrigation and navigation. Boats laden with rice, just as it had been reaped, were passing along it to the city. By means of many canals of the same description, and embankments towards the sea, extensive tracts of land have been rendered available to agriculture, which were before flooded by the tide, and therefore a waste. All this was the work of the late king."

Among other things, he "constructed a splendid mausoleum, and laid out extensive gardens, as a place of interment for himself and his favourite queen, upon which thousands of his subjects were occupied for years. The following account of these gardens was given to us. They are situated in a romantic part of the mountains, and about ten leagues to the north of the capital. The tombs are the least splendid part of this undertaking, which consists, besides, of spacious gardens and groves, laid out in walks and terraces, and, as it is said, with no mean taste. In the course of this splendid undertaking, hills were levelled, mounds thrown across from one hill to another, canals and tanks dug, and spacious roads constructed. The queen, a woman of great beauty and merit, who had accompanied her husband in his exile in Siam, in his retreat among the desert islands, in the gulf of that name, and who was, besides, his constant companion in all his warlike expeditions by sea and land, was buried here about seven years before our visit. Four years afterwards, the king himself was placed by her side. The same spot, before being decorated in the present magnificent manner, was also the ancient burying-ground of the predecessors of the present race of kings. The place was represented to us as a delicious and a romantic spot, exceeding in beauty every other scene in the country. We wished for permission to pay it a visit; but were politely informed that the king was always reluctant to permit the visits of strangers, whose presence, he said, might '*trouble the repose of the spirits of his ancestors.*'"

To be resumed: though we must observe, before closing the book even with this imperfect notice, that a capital map adds much to its value, and that it is adorned with many interesting plates.

At Home: a Novel. By the Author of "English Fashionables Abroad." 3 vols. Colburn.

LIGHT, lively, and amusing,—mixing up politics and fashion, satire and sentiment—as only a woman, and a clever one, could do. Had the fair writer lived a few years ago, she would have left a six-feet oaken chest of letters, at least, behind her; but in the present day, the gay and sketchy pen is of course devoted to a novel. The story is not very original; but the merit, or rather amusement, of these volumes, is their succession of cosmorama-like pictures of dining and drawing-rooms, with their varied show of persons and plate, pretension and pier-glass. We will e'en choose a scene at chance—an after-dinner one:

"At last, the 'strife was o'er,' and the ladies left the gentlemen to port and politics. 'What a bore it is, Madame Hervey, that we don't adopt the fashion of your social country, and bring the gentlemen out with us after dinner!' said the duchess, throwing herself on the couch, preparatory to her siesta. 'Vous avez bien raison, ma chère dame; mais, après tout, expliquez-moi ce petit mot là: qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un *bore?* j'entends toutes les dames Anglaises qui se plaignent des *bores*, et je ne puis pas les comprendre;' and so saying, Madame Hervey placed herself on the *tabouret* at the duchess's feet. 'C'est qu'à Paris il n'y en a pas, ma belle.' 'C'est donc un des priviléges Anglais qui sont tant vantés par-tout—comme votre Chambre des Députés, par exemple! Moi je suis bien fâchée que mon pauvre mari n'a pas l'honneur d'être un *bore.*' 'Il peut facilement le devenir, je crois; mais demandez tout cela, je vous prie, à Miladi Susan.' 'Miladi Susan! Dieu m'en garde! veux-tu que je m'adresse à une dame si parfaitement blonde Anglaise? Elle a l'air glacial tout-à-fait—mais, tenez—cette Miladi Harriet, qui a une si belle chevelure—je parierois qu'elle peut très-bien me dire ce que c'est qu'un mari *bore*—je vais la questionner tout de suite.' 'How could you be so wicked, my dear duchess,' observed Miss Mortimer, as she carefully laid her grace's cachemires over her feet. The duchess scarcely took the trouble of concealing her laughter. * * *

"Soon after, tea was announced, and the ladies adjourned to the saloon; Lady Harriet and Lady Charlotte discussing, as they went in together, the difficult question, whether it was or was not an improvement in modern arrangements to have tea *en buffet.* One of its advantages the ladies were perfectly aware of; namely, that it afforded a *point de réunion* for both beaux and belles, which is always so much wanted before music begins; and calculating on this important circumstance, Lady Charlotte possessed herself of the chair which was the most accessible of the whole group. Miss Mortimer, with equal foresight, stationed her-

self at the fire: — 'Good generalship,' whispered Lady Hauteville to the duchess, as the two experienced matrons communicated together *sur les petites ruses*, which the actors fancied were unperceived: Lady Harriet Moreton rose a step higher in the scale of prescience; conscious of her own powers of attraction, she was perfectly indifferent as to her position, or rather chose one that it would require exertion to approach; whilst Madame Hervey kept her chair at a considerable distance from that of Mrs. Branton, under the pretext 'de ne pas chiffonner les volants de Madame.' Mr. Jessop was the first of the male party who deserted the dining-room. Taciturn himself, he was by no means averse to being talked to, or even at; and he was of course perfectly aware that the commission he had the honour to bear in his majesty's sixtieth regiment of dragoons was equal to a patent for the exercise of those prerogatives. Lady Charlotte looked very handsome; the duchess looked very conversable; both seemed ready to receive his silent attentions: meanwhile, the *femme-de-chambre* nearest to him abruptly inquired whether he chose black tea or green. This interrupted the course of his previous deliberation, and he finally found himself *debout* behind Madame Hervey, who, without further preface, saved him the trouble of talking for the next half-hour. Not so Mr. Lawson; he was a dandy too, but of another caste. Not sufficiently sure of his own station in society, he was one of the many who walk upon stilts to keep themselves out of the dirt: Lord Calvert had long been his model of exquisitism; and having narrowly watched him at dinner, he perceived that he was affable, and even vivacious; he therefore gradually relaxed his *air farouche*, and drawing his chair near that of Lady Charlotte, he prepared himself for active service by unpocketing an enormous silk handkerchief, which he continued to have recourse to, till he had collected a sufficiency of words and ideas to remark, 'how very cold it was.' The rest of the gentlemen soon followed. Sir Henry, who by no means looked as well in coloured clothes as in his uniform, relaxed nothing of his military deportment. A small proportion only of his figure rested on a corner of the ottoman beside her Grace of Chester, a large superfluity of legs stretched out in front, and, resting his elbows on his knees, he carelessly played with his teaspoon, as, leaning quite forward, he led the duchess very adroitly into an animated discussion on the beauties of the *Lago di Como*. The duchess had not much sentiment, but she was possessed of a lively imagination, and a peculiar fluency of expression. She had read a great deal more than she had felt, and perhaps seen more than either. The consequence was, that she possessed much of that mechanical eloquence (if the term is admissible) which frequently constitutes the sole merit of French novelists. Madame Hervey once observed,— 'qu'elle s'extasie à merveille;' but the excitement was genuine whilst it lasted. She could describe an Italian sun-set as Claude Lorraine would paint it; or she could tell a story so as to excite the sympathy of all her hearers and her own at the same time. But both these would be to her merely the exercises of imagination. The tears she shed for the tales of wo were not those of artifice. She really wept as much, and as deeply grieved at the sorrows she recited as she would have done at seeing a tragedy, or reading a pathetic poem; but she would have been disgusted with the actual view of those miseries, and only delighted in them as interesting images of fancy."

After all, it is something to scrutinise lords and ladies, recline on satin sofas, eat off silver dishes—whose nomenclature is the glory of *l'artiste*—though only in a book; and we must say, these pages are very entertaining annals of the caballistic reign of "fashionable life."

Dr. Eldon's Traveller's Oracle.

As we observed in our last notice, this is a book to be taken up any where, at any time, and at any turn. We proceed with the dicta relative to preparations for travelling, before setting out.

"14. I hate oil-painting; it is only fit for house-painters. The turpentine is deleterious; and an old lady of my acquaintance died of the smell, by inhabiting a house next to a portrait-painter, though she had resisted a dropsy in the chest for nearly a year. I never saw a young lady who painted in oils, but smelt and looked it. I believe the effluvium fixes in the eyes and cheeks, and devours one after the manner of the vampire. A man who is to gain his livelihood may do it, for there are sweep-chimneys and what not in the world; but a lady's fingers should be kept inviolate from ink and oil, if she means to be presentable in public. The very name, like that of a marriage or a steam-packet, sickens me. I have always taken care never to paint, myself, not knowing the moment I may be obliged to receive a visitor. * * *

"21. As music has become the law and the prophets, something must be learnt of it,— at least by ladies, whether they have ears or hearts. I am not one to fly in the face of the usances, and tolls, and customs of society: — this is one of them — but then we may choose our coin, though we are obliged to pay it. Now this, after all, is perhaps the principal point, as any one knows who has read the report of the Bullion Committee, and is not convinced that gold is paper. To come then to music: the music that was played in my youthful days was a well-conducted, steady, decent, John Bull, high-church kind of music enough, and left the heart and the head very nearly where it found them. I never remember being in the least whit moved except once, and that was with the Duke of York's march; but then I had heard rumours of invasion about a quarter of an hour before. The Irish airs were what the Scotch are now — the best dancing airs for a village wake that can be imagined; till they were introduced (by a certain Mr. Moore,) into the families of great persons, and of course debauched — like many other villagers. We are now thrown, *pejor ætas*, upon Italian airs, which, as long as young ladies knew nothing of Italian words, did as well as the last anthem: — but now that *amore* no longer means hobgoblin, (as my old maiden aunt explained it), nor *di tanti palpiti*, her dandy cousin,— I must say the thing is quite altered. Ladies who are in the habit of calling their masters *mio caro speme* six days in the week, are likely to call him *mio caro bene* on the seventh. Whether they find him so, depends much on papa and mamma; but *andante* and *adagio* are great match-makers, and would to God they were nothing worse! I have known more *mésalliances* from crotchets and quavers put improperly together, than from any other combination against domestic happiness extant. I therefore say it again and again, ladies who have voices will make use of them and sing, and much it behoveth guardians and teachers to put their voices, so singing, in the way in which they should go. I would bring them, morning and evening, to church, and make them devout and sweet singers before the Lord by contagion. People speak of 'airs singing in one's ears,' and 'not getting an air out of one's head.' Had I the care of a young lady, I warrant you I would so put into her ears and head 'Praise ye the Lord on the cymbal and organ,' that she should find no room for French or Italian airs for many years to come. Nor need she be apprehensive of her master. — There is no instance in which a serious singer has been known to turn aside after the ways of vanity. He has eyes which see not, he has ears which hear not, (except in the way of his profession); he will not trick out the body at the expense of the soul; but lead both, by the flowery paths of an elegant accomplishment, into the haven of eternal salvation. * * *

"25. She should be taught that the continent is a lion's den, and Frenchmen and Italians little better than two-legged lions. If, after that, she chooses to be eaten up, I must only say the fault is with her; and her parents' conscience and reputation are altogether out of the scrape. The world will, or ought to say, she has been devoured after due notice, and got into trouble because she liked it.

"26. Now for literature: our ancesters did without it, and lived longer and better than we do. Next to matrimony and pomade (both *divine* until tried), bluism is the greatest cause of wrinkles. I believe it to be of no use to any one but parsons, and to them only until they have got their livings. As to young ladies, they might as well wear mustachios as pretend to any thing so masculine. Remember the tree of knowledge—what a shocking hand they made of it! An amiable ignorance is a part of the sex: woman looks quite unfeminine without it. * * *

"30. Italian dishes are nothing more than French deserters in the Italian service. The traveller has nothing to do when he gets to one of their inns, but to stick an *o* or an *i* at the end of some of Very's inventions, and he runs a good chance of being comprehended and served at the same time. If this will not answer, particularly when at a stand in the mountains, why I see nothing so good as pulling out a Latin phrase—if he has not left them all behind him with his sons in England —and beating the boy until he consents to understand him. If it be not obstinacy, and he has forgotten the language of his ancestors, indeed, it is a still stronger reason why he should be punished. Nothing but the Pope and idleness could have brought him to that pass. Even Irish, I am informed, is still spoken in Ireland."

The remarks on waltzing are very severe; perhaps they are very just.

"35. But there are dances and dances; and it behoveth much the youth of both sexes that they be taught, ere it be too late, to make and maintain the distinction. Now, however I approve, or permit rather, such inevitable amusements as quadrilles, I cordially abhor, condemn, and renunciate, under all their denominations, both waltzes and waltzers. The waltz is formally forbidden by the Bible. I once wrote a dissertation to prove this, which was read by my maiden aunt, an old clergyman, and his lame nephew, and so highly approved of by each, that I had the intention of publishing it, and dedicating it to the King, as head of the church, and distributing it gratis at the door of every assembly-room during the season, from Spa to Cheltenham. I see no difference between an inveterate old waltzer and Potiphar's wife. This is the Ionic mea-

sure reprobated by Horace; and Lord Byron (who, I am glad to perceive, shewed dispositions to be converted before his death, and, had he lived to my age, would have been still farther convinced of the vanity of all flesh)—Lord Byron, I say, has dedicated his powerful talents to the extirpation of the same abuse. I was never nearer marrying imprudently than after my first waltz. It is the champagne of the art; a single round is sufficient to intoxicate. It is a fiery furnace; Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, could not pass it. I think it necessary thus to cry out, in good season, 'fire!' because it is usually a very long time before the stupidity of our present generation can perceive even the smoke. I should like to see our great-grandmothers at such a spectacle! 'This,' might they well exclaim, 'has come of leaving off trains and hoops. The most decent amongst them is not better than an Herodias.' And how could it be otherwise?—the snares are manifold, the fowler active, and the poor bird blindfold. First, Mademoiselle (or Miss, if she has not travelled) dances with Mademoiselle—and surely there is no harm in that;—then, Miss, or Mademoiselle, finds she has a brother, which is one point gained in the chain,—by whom shall I say, if not by the Devil?—then the brother becomes the cousin—german, of course, for a week or two,—but after that, on he goes from first to second, and from second to third; so that, before the month is out, he has arrived at the thirty-third or forty-third; and at last the whole of her acquaintances are *cousined*, and the relationship, in the spirit of an embracing and waltzing philanthropy, spreads out to the entire world! And when now she has no one to *refuse*, she begins to *choose*, and things travel to such a pass, that I protest to God, I think a German marriage is the lighter and lesser union of the two. It is quite right that young ladies, and not a whit less old ladies, should see and be seen, in order to be married; they are only taking proper means to second the designs of Providence; for Adam and Eve existed, and had children, long before there were nunneries: but inasmuch as I dislike a '*fumo di carne cotta*' before dinner, so also do I profoundly abhor all this play and circumstance before marriage, if indeed it hath always the good fortune to terminate in that. I do therefore ardently beseech all parents, as having the bowels of a parent myself, to look well to it, or ere they intrust wittingly and willingly such tender flowers to the handling and spoiling of the Evil One. For I say it, as of a certainty of which there needeth little proof, that sooner shall the dew which is once shaken be renewed, or the brilliancy of the butterfly once brushed off be refreshed, than purity of maiden which hath felt the touch and soil of a waltzer. 'All that' will come time enough, as any mother will tell; but as ladies were never intended to have several husbands, so do I see no good reason why they should crave or have, in their lieu, several or sundry waltzers. I have thus lengthily extended my caution, because, if there be any one abuse of the age more besetting than another, it is surely *this*: nor for this reason only do I cry, but because none other so disparages, or brings into evil repute, the innocent and moral profession of travelling. Germany is said to be always waltzing—when it is not smoking; France is a giddy-headed and giddy-headed nation, and the Rhine but a poor *cordon sanitaire* against the contagion. Italy has nothing to lose; and it is of less moment whether she waltzes or not. But why should I speak? Is England—vice-suppressing, bible-reading, preaching, praying, proper, perfect England,—is England herself pure? Are there not, at this very moment that I write, mothers and daughters in every ball-room, performing before hundreds these impious rites? A girl waltzes before she can well stand—*de tenero meditatur ungue*—before she has cut her nails or teeth. What can we expect from others, when we are the first to spread the pestilence ourselves? My worst foe cannot say that of me. '*Maxima debetur puero reverentia*,'—I have neither blasphemed nor waltzed before any of these little ones. Let others say or do as much, and save the nation what it annually expends in buying and binding Testaments. Why search for Pagans abroad, when we have them at home?—why seek to improve the morals of the Hindoo widows, when we cannot prevent our own daughters from waltzing?"

We conclude with a humorous dictum.

"52. There are other assistants equally indispensable with letters and introductions. You must know your way, and how you are to get over it. This is only to be done by charts. Get, then, a collection before you think of venturing out of harbour. When I say charts, let me be understood in the largest sense of the word—not maps only, or itineraries, but hints, notes, recollections, sketches—things on the spot, from the latest travellers, touching the rocks and dangers to be avoided, and avoidable, in your course. Lord Blayney will give you the best report of the best creeks for watering and victualling: it is to be lamented he did not extend his peregrinations to the South—a sort of *terra incognita* to the scientific eater,—where he might have discovered inns, or founded them for posterity. Mrs. Starke is an authority on the prices of washing and of—pictures. Eustace will teach you how to ride over a Frenchman, and to hash up an antiquity. But books in general are holiday counsellors—paraders in court costume—mere land-sailors: you must see men who see things themselves; who, if they travel, travel better than their trunks; if they sail, take care to be wrecked; and if they return, bring back lean purses, but heavy memories, and can talk for three hours without telling more than the same number of lies. If such a man is to be had in a country-town, hire him, get him, and keep him, by all honest means in your power. Entrap him to yourself, dine him, let your dinner be of the best, and your wines better than your dinner: silence till twelve, then let loose upon him with your questions. It is the hour of truth—three bottles have been despatched—the incantation is complete. You will extract more in one half hour from his oracular mouth, than from ten years' reading, and a library of folios and Mendes Pintos. They all write as if they were asked for their affidavits, and all lie as if they had given them."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

An Investigation of the Properties of the Thames Water. By William Lambe, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. pp. 65. T. Butcher, and T. and G. Underwood.

We do not profess to be remarkably fond of water as a beverage, but we are very desirous that the little we do drink should be "the pure element." Besides, we cannot forget how frequently water enters as an ingredient into the composition of our food, of various descriptions. We confess, therefore, that we were astonished at the indifference with which the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Home Department appeared, on a recent occasion, to treat the report of the commissioners appointed to examine into the state of the supply of water furnished to the metropolis; supported as that report is by the most respectable and conclusive evidence, to shew the disgusting and deleterious compound which, under the name of water, the good people of London and Westminster are compelled to swallow, every day, by hogsheads. This is a matter, however, of much too great importance to be passed over so slightingly. The public attention has been strongly attracted towards it; and we have no doubt that, ere long, some effectual means will be devised and adopted to remedy an evil which, to use Dr. Lambe's words, "is not merely injurious to cleanliness and comfort, but saps the foundations of life, and brings multitudes to a premature grave."

The Anti-Pauper System; exemplifying the positive and practical Good realised by the Relievers and the Relieved, under the frugal, beneficial, and lawful Administration of the Poor Laws, prevailing at Southwell and in the neighbouring District; with Plans of the Southwell Workhouse, and of the Thurgarton Hundred Workhouse: and with Instructions for Book-keeping. By the Rev. John Thomas Becher, M.A., Chairman of the Quarter-Sessions for the Newark Division, &c. 8vo. pp. 58. London. Simpkin and Marshall.

This pamphlet is a very important one in several respects: it is on a subject of great interest to all classes of society; not only to those who pay to the poor-rate, but to those who receive assistance from it. It avoids theoretical illusion; and instead of supposing what may be done, it enters into a practical detail, and shews what has really been effected, in reducing the annual expense of the poor at Southwell, from 2,200*l.* to 700*l.*; and in promoting the morality and comfort of the poor. It proves that more blame is to be attached to the inefficient and slovenly administration of the poor-laws, than to any inherent defect in those laws. We most conscientiously recommend it to the careful perusal of every one concerned in parochial affairs.

We ought to notice, with praise, at the same time, from the pen of the same useful and intelligent writer, the fourth edition of the *Constitution of Friendly Societies upon Legal and Scientific Principles, &c.*, which also well deserves the attention of the political economist and of the general public.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FERNANDO PO:

Third Excursion from the Ship and Settlement to another Native Town.

Cut-throat,* (Dec. 3d) a native who had long frequented the ship and the establishment on shore, with a companion of great vocal powers (whom Captain Owen christened *Incledon*), dined and spent the evening with the captain, he, Cut-throat, having long been considered the representative of some great chief. This chief yesterday made his appearance, but neither entreaties nor promises could induce him to venture on board; though he promised to return on the morrow for some iron which the captain might give him. It being desirable to ascertain the power of this individual, whose proxy Cut-throat was, as he had frequently shewn his friendship and good-will, as well by

* Sic in Journal: it is by no means a pretty name!—Ed.

causing stolen articles to be restored, as by displaying considerable authority over the numerous tribes assembled at the market-place, an officer was appointed to go with Cut-throat and Incledon to his residence. His journal is the most characteristic and interesting we have yet met with.

An hour after day-break the chief arrived at the shore, and was presented by Capt. Harrison with an axe and a quantity of iron. Unlike the other chiefs, he did not evince the slightest sign of joy; but, like them, he importunately begged for *boullio* (bar-iron). This was promised him if he should return with the officer (whose journal we are now abridging) after two days' stay at his abode. Captain H. accompanied the party to the boundary line: it consisted of the chief, his two wives and a daughter, Cut-throat, Incledon, three natives, a Krooman to carry our countryman's necessaries, and the narrator. The route on starting lay along a narrow path on the banks of the Hay River, thickly studded with huge trees and brushwood. On arriving at Burn's Fall* they struck rather more into the interior. At a short distance from the fall they crossed the river in very shallow water, running S.W. by S. They continued the same course till they reached another stream, Horton Brook, larger than the first, and running in nearly the same direction. This they also crossed; and in about half an hour suddenly emerged from the impervious thicket into a delightful grove of palms. For two hours more they continued journeying on an inclined plane to the more abrupt base of the mountain, the whole of which distance was in cultivation, either as yam or cocoa plantations, intersected occasionally by a palm-grove. Not a single native was met with on the way, nor a single dwelling seen: and now the party suddenly halted, and a shrill whistle (as if the signal to a banditti resort in romance) was given by the ominous-named Cut-throat,—when, in an instant, as if by magic, a native made his appearance with a large calibash of topé in his hand—"no disagreeable sight," says the writer, "for my parched palate." The liquor was served out by the active Cut-throat, after plentifully helping himself. The chief refused to take any; but not so his wives and daughter, who drank freely out of an English earthen-ware jug, which the men would not use, preferring the small calibash they generally carry about their persons.

The topé consumed, they continued their course due S. for the next two hours up a precipitous ascent, and almost entirely through a palm-tree forest, with here and there patches of cocoa, upon a path where the steps from stone to stone were placed like a staircase. They now came to the first hut which they saw,—it was open on every side; and from the different groups assembled in it, appeared to be a sort of resting-house or African caravanserai, so necessary to shelter the natives from the heavy rains or intense heat of the sun, as they travelled towards the sea-side to dispose of their sheep, fowls, &c. &c.

"Being much fatigued (the journalist proceeds), I persuaded my companions, with the exception of the chief, to enter the hut with me. Within were several parties going to the coast, who freely offered me their topé and roasted yams, which proved highly acceptable in my exhausted state. Continuing to ascend from the time of leaving the hut, we were, at about half a mile from it, met by twelve men, each armed with three spears. These, on our approach, fell out of the road, and stood until the chief went up and addressed them: they then turned about, and formed our escort back. They seemed to be on their way to the sea-side, to ascertain what had become of their leader, who had slept near the establishment, to be ready for the morning's presents, and thus caused some alarm to his tribe." The way of the party now, under a vertical sun, and not a breath of air stirring, lay up a yet more precipitous ascent, which, from the preceding rains, and the argillaceous nature of the soil, was rendered extremely fatiguing and difficult. Many were the tumbles of our countryman, and much were the natives amused by them. They attributed the mishaps to his shoes, which they offered to take off; but preferring the disease to the remedy, he contrived to jog on; and though he could not always preserve his equilibrium, he, at any rate, preserved the defences of his feet. In about another mile they arrived at a second hut, and again rested and refreshed. Here the chief, as before, remained outside while his party entered; declined drinking the topé, and gave it to his daughter, who, to the exclusion of his two wives, appeared to engross the whole of his attention. She was an intelligent-looking girl, of about fifteen years of age; but in her father's presence assumed much of his severe and pensive cast; and during the whole march, these two (he maintaining a sullen, solemn silence) kept a long way in the rear of the rest. A mile above the second hut they reached a circle of cleared ground, about 150 yards in diameter, where (as is supposed) the natives of that part of the island perform their martial exercises, hold councils, pursue amusements, perform religious rites, and observe all their other ceremonies. There was an open hut at one end; and the space was a fine level parade, without a weed or a blade of grass upon it. In the centre were two or three small trees, and round them a circle of stones, neatly placed, apparently as a kind of fence, all within being in a high state of preservation.

From this beautiful spot they entered a broad lane, and within a few hundred yards were met by hundreds of men, women, and children; who, on seeing them, set up the most discordant yells. Faint and burning with heat, our countryman was almost suffocated by the stench arising from the compound of palm-oil and clay, and other exudations from the number of bodies pressed closely round him, and pulling him to and fro. Finding it impossible to get rid of them, especially of the women, who shewed themselves to be excellent haulers, he was obliged to call Cut-throat to his aid, who soon relieved him from his tormentors, and placed him in the middle of a party, with directions to keep off the crowd. At the distance of about every two hundred yards from the circle, they came to a town, consisting of from thirty to fifty huts, standing alternately on each side of the path; and after passing perhaps a dozen of these hamlets (for the mob and noise prevented accurate observation), they arrived at one in which the chief resided. Here the journal is kept in so curious and interesting a manner, that we adopt it entirely, without abridging a narrative full of so many new particulars.

"I was directed to stand on one side of the entrance to the court, while the chief and the whole of his party entered, with the addition of some hundred visitors of both sexes from the neighbouring townships. I was now led into a large hut facing the entrance to the yard, round which the assembled crowd had congregated: it was with difficulty that a passage was made for my entrance. In the centre of the hut I found the chief seated on an ornamented block of wood, in the form of a coffin, scooped out. One of his wives was employed anointing his person with a layer of clay, which appeared to have been burnt, and mixed up with palm-wine instead of oil. This ceremony over, another wife came in and stuck some small green twigs into every part of his motley dress. This finished, the head men took their seats on small blocks a little in advance of him; the others sat down wherever they could — as many as could stow themselves came inside the hut, the rest remained without. I was seated on a small block of wood on the right of the chief, who now commenced an energetic speech to those assembled. Frequent references were addressed to me, as I perceived, by his making a pause, and every one casting their eyes on me. Finding I returned no answer, he quietly resumed his discourse. Being unfortunately seated close to a fire, of which there were three burning in the hut, I found myself nearly suffocated by the time he had been speaking ten minutes; so I got up and made a hasty retreat, much to the astonishment of the assembled crowd. After an absence of five minutes, I was sent for and obliged to resume my seat, greatly to my annoyance and misery. What with the stench from the bodies of those inside, conjoined with the fires, and the stoppage of all circulation of air by those without, I was nearly fainting, when, fortunately for me, the chief finished his harangue; which, from every one quitting the hut, appeared to be the signal of departure. He then went out and addressed a few words to *all hands*, when they retired to their respective dwellings. During the whole of his speech the most profound silence and utmost decorum was observed; he assuming the dignity of the monarch and the gravity of the judge. Finding him alone, I took the opportunity of asking for something to eat. Immediately a fowl was sent for and given me. I gave it to my Krooman to kill and cook, who speedily laid it on the fire. While this was going forward, I asked the chief where I was to sleep. He took me back to the hut, and pointed out a spot in one corner of it. To this I objected, as the roof was nearly gone, and the *mansion* quite open on the sides. I took him to another hut, which was water-tight, where I requested permission to rest. At this he appeared very angry: seizing me by the hand, he led me back to my former spot, and gave me to understand I must sleep there. Again calling his attention to the state of the roof, he immediately spoke a few words to a man standing beside him, who went off, returning in a few minutes with half-a-dozen others with the needful materials. The chief then set them to work. In about ten minutes they had completely new thatched the hut on every side, rendering it perfectly water-tight. The fowl being by this time ready, I went into the hut to partake of it. Scarcely had I commenced eating, when a man came in with a quantity of boiled yam, which he said the Coco la Co had sent me. This proved very acceptable to the poor Krooman, who had long been complaining of hunger, and could not see much in a fowl to satisfy it. The chief coming in, I presented him with part of the fowl, which he received, but instantly handed to some one near him. Wishing to erect a bed-place, I went in search of Cut-throat to assist me. Not being able to

* So called from its discoverer, the surgeon of the Eden. It is about 12 feet from water to water, and appears to have been formed by the washing down of large stones from the mountains; but so closely wedged together, that they look as if placed there by mechanical means.

see him, I determined upon going into the huts for him. Fortunately, the first one I entered exposed him to my view sound asleep in the middle of seven women. He was awoke by one of them, when, perceiving me, he appeared displeased; but shortly resumed his usual good nature. With his assistance, the Krooman soon erected as good a bed-place as I would wish to sleep on, it being made of palm-leaves and branches. Just before dark, several chiefs called upon my friend. They chatted together some time. Each of them, I observed, brought a bottle of topé with him. This I have before observed to be a general custom; every visitor bringing his own cheer. About dusk the chief left me. I walked for some time about the court-yard, and observed that the fires, which all day were merely kept a-light, now resumed their wonted powers. In every hut were gathered from ten to twenty natives round these fires, eating yams and drinking topé. Returned to my hut, where I found a cheerful blaze, which proved very acceptable, as the night-air had become extremely chill: round it were assembled Cut-throat, Incledon, and eight or nine others. On my entrance, I was seated with them by the fire. They then commenced singing, every one in his turn, and obliging the Krooman and me to do the same. This carousal continued for about three hours, when the topé and yams being consumed, each betook himself to his home. Cut-throat, Incledon, and two others, slept in the hut as my guard. The fire was stirred up, and fresh wood put on, it by this time having become extremely cold. I laid myself down, and was asleep in a few minutes."

[As the further particulars are new and curious, we shall continue this journal at intervals.]

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES.—NO. III.

The number of letters we have received on this interesting subject,—though some of them of the foremost professional respectability advise it to be discussed no farther,—seems to us to render it inexpedient, even were we so inclined, to discontinue the inquiry. As we set out by stating that our object is simply to elicit the truth, we shall therefore proceed with the results of our investigation, quite indifferent, in the abstract, whether it prop a beneficial or destroy a rotten system. If the discoverer of this remedy effects cures, he ought to be supported: if he does not effect them, he ought to be put down by the College of Physicians, or by such authenticated facts and reasoning as would demonstrate to the good sense of the public that he was unworthy of confidence. With this preface to our correspondents, our present business is to pursue the matter, as we promised at the close of our paper last week, confining ourselves to published statements.

So long ago as the 10th of February there appeared in the *John Bull* newspaper three letters from parties who had placed themselves under the direction of Mr. St. John Long, and who had experienced the utmost benefit from his method of treating their cases. Two of these letters are signed by their writers, persons of credit and respectability, and bear the strongest possible testimony in favour of the discovery: the other letter is without a signature; but the writer offers to satisfy any individual inquirers. Now, what we would observe upon this publication is, that the same evidence in a court of justice would be sufficient to dispose of property, or decide between life and death. If Mr. Braithwaite, a man of unquestionable repute, an intelligent and able engineer, who has here given his name and sanction to a statement of an extraordinary cure performed upon himself, were to do the same in any supposable case whatever, it must be received as very convincing and conclusive evidence *quoad* the point at issue.

"The cough to which I have been subject for the last fifteen or sixteen years, invariably increased towards the winter months; but a twelvemonth back, I found myself attacked by a severe cold, which aggravated the cough to an alarming degree, so that in April last it was attended with frequent hæmorrhage, purulent expectoration, together with restless nights, lassitude, and general debility. Under these desperate circumstances, I had the good fortune to be made acquainted with the astonishing cures which had been effected by your new discovery; in consequence of which I placed myself under your care, and am truly thankful to be thus able to state, that, in the short space of seven weeks, the cough and every other bad symptom has subsided, and that my health is perfectly re-established."

The next witness is a Mr. Samuel Wilding, of Shropshire, who also describes the most aggravated and distressing symptoms of long-continued cough, expectoration, and internal hæmorrhage; and concludes by declaring that within two months his health and vigour had been perfectly restored. The third is to a similar purpose, only describing some variety in the disorder (a pain and enlargement in the left side), and finally testifying that the writer was then as well as ever before.

It will not be forgotten, that in our preceding short papers we have expressed ourselves very sceptical respecting what may be deemed irregular practice and discoveries in any science supposed to be made without long and deep study, and an educated acquaintance with that particular science. But we also know, that a multitude of the most important acquisitions in the history of mankind and the progress of knowledge, have been derived from accidental circumstances, or the occurrence of extraordinary ideas to certain minds; and we are not inclined to shut the door entirely to the possibility of such things happening again, and happening often. A lucky thought, a trivial event, have led to the most important consequences in almost every branch of human inquiry; and in no branch, perhaps, could we, *à priori*, look for these occurrences more frequently than in medicine. Without entering upon the pathology of the three cases to which we have alluded, we must confess that they make a sensible impression upon us: we cannot see why we should reject them in this medical, as we could not in any legal, instance; and this consideration will, we trust, be our best apology for resuming the subject in a subsequent No. of our Journal, when we purpose to enter upon some of the most prominent of a great many recent cases, the parties concerned in which have personally and obligingly given us the benefit of their experience.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, June 14.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year, viz.:—

For Latin Verses.—M. T. Cicero cum familiaribus suis apud Tusculum.

For an English Essay.—The power and stability of federative governments.

For a Latin Essay.—Quibus potissimum rationibus gentes à Romanis debellatæ ita afficerentur ut cum victoribus in unius imperii corpus coaluerint?

The first of the above subjects is intended for those gentlemen who, on the day appointed for sending the exercises to the registrar of the University, shall not have exceeded four years, and the other two for such as shall have exceeded four, but not completed seven years, from the time of their matriculation.

Sir Roger Newdigate's prize, for the best composition in English verse, not limited to fifty lines, by any undergraduate, who, on the day above specified, shall not have exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation.—*Voyages of discovery to the polar regions.*

No person who has already obtained a prize will be deemed entitled to a second prize of the same description.

The exercises are all to be sent under a sealed cover to the registrar of the University on or before the first day of May next. The author is required to conceal his name, and to distinguish his composition by what motto he pleases, sending at the same time his name, and the date of his matriculation, sealed up under another cover, with the motto inscribed upon it.

Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Colborne, Wadham College, grand compounder; Rev. M. Brock, St. Mary Hall; G. Morris, Scholar of Corpus Christi College; Rev. W. P. Hopton, Trinity College; Rev. F. Leicester, Queen's College; Rev. J. H. Watson, Wadham College; Rev. R. B. Pinneger, J. Des Sausmares, Scholar, Pembroke College; T. Davidson, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—B. Botfield, Christ Church, H. Barton, Brasennose College, Grand Compounders; W. H. Fellowes, Christ Church; G. Forester, Brasennose College; C. Whitefoord, R. C. Fell, O. S. Harrison, J. O. W. Hawels, J. T. Smith, Queen's College; A. Duboulay, St. Alban Hall; C. Reed, F. J. H. Keodall, St. Vincent L. Hammick, Exeter College; W. Thornber, Trinity College.

Cambridge, June 14.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. S. Birch, St. John's College, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Compounder.

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. J. T. Austen, Fellow, Rev. N. Flott, Fellow (Compounder), Rev. J. Hindle, Fellow (Compounder), St. John's College; Rev. T. Chevallier, Catherine Hall, Compounder; Rev. H. Venn, Fellow (Compounder), Rev. W. Burgess, Queen's College; Rev. J. H. Caunter, St. Peter's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. S. Crowther, Clare Hall; R. Heathfield, Jesus College; Rev. B. Weaver, Sidney Sussex College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. S. Davies, Queen's College, Compounder; R. S. King, Sidney Sussex College.

Licentiate in Physic.—H. Burton, Caius College.

Bachelors in Physic.—J. Farish, B.A., E. Augustus Domeier, B.A., C. M. Le Mann, Trinity College; W. P. Borrett, B.A., J. B. Wilmot, R. Elmhirst, Caius College; C. Brooke, H. T. Moor, St. John's College; J. B. Stuart, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. H. Gorton, Trinity College; E. Hall, St. John's College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

We have to apologise for our neglect of this learned and important Society, the proceedings of which we have carefully attended, but have still been prevented, week after week, from reporting to our readers, by the pressure of other matters, which, having been once begun, left us no option of breaking them off, to make room for new subjects, however interesting. We shall now, however, the annual report having been made, bring up our history of the Royal Society of Literature.

The annual general meeting was held on the 24th of April; and, at two o'clock, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Salisbury, the President, took the chair. Preliminary business having been gone through, his lordship read an admirable address, of which the following is a brief outline:—

The success, his lordship stated, which had attended the establishment of this Institution, had greatly exceeded the expectations of its most sanguine friends; the number of its Members and Honorary Members, its Associates and Honorary Associates, amounting to nearly three hundred. He had, however, to lament the loss, by death, of some of its most conspicuous and most estimable members; and, among them, during the last year, of one [Mr. Canning] who was a distinguished ornament of English literature—whose early maturity of genius exhibited an unusual promise of future excellence—whose talents raised him, in early youth, to a seat in the great council of the nation, and at length placed him at the head of his Majesty's government. The accession to the Society of one so gifted by nature, so adorned by letters, so allied by talent to those branches of literature which are the chief objects of this Society, and, at the same time, so high in the confidence of the Society's munificent founder and patron, was an event which excited an interest equalled only by the regret at its very sudden extinction. The Society had also to lament the decease of a most estimable member, who was long known to the public as one of the first promoters, if

not the founder, of a Society which was instituted to give effect to the royal proclamation for the encouragement of piety and virtue, and vigilant in the protection of the moral interests of religion and literature.

Having stated, that the number of royal associates, partakers of that unexampled bounty to literary merit which his Majesty has placed at the disposal of the Society, continues undiminished, his lordship next adverted to the recent adjudication of the king's gold medals. To the eminent names of Mitford and Maï, of Wilkins and Rennell, of Stewart and Schweighæuser, of Southey and Scott, he had now to add the names of Crabbe and Coxe, the poet and the historian, to whom the council of the Society had this year adjudged its honorary rewards: to the former, as the first of living poets in that species of moral and characteristic poetry which he had made peculiarly his own; to the latter, for his various historical works, and more especially for his Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, and of the Duke of Marlborough.

His lordship farther observed, that the Abbate Maï, one of those eminent persons on whom this distinction was first conferred, continued to deserve well of all lovers of classical and sacred literature, by his indefatigable industry and acuteness in the development of the contents of Palimpsest, or rescript manuscripts of the Vatican. One volume of his *Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio è Vaticanis Codicibus* was lately published, containing several inedited works of Hippolitus, Eusebius, and Phocius, with one classical work—an oration of Aristides *adversùs Demosthenem de Immunitate.* The second volume, very recently published, contains many interesting fragments of Polybius, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Diodorus Siculus, Dio Cassius, Appian, and several other later writers.

In our own country, his lordship also stated, that some of the fruits of the discoveries of Mr. Lemon, a member of this Society, in his Majesty's State Paper Office, would soon be made public. Very important historical papers, relative to the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., were on the eve of publication, under the sanction of the commissioners for printing state papers; the first volume of which would comprise the original letters of Cardinal Wolsey, together with the domestic correspondence of the king with his ministers, in, and subsequent to, the year 1540. Mr. Lemon's unwearied researches had also brought to light three Latin documents, of the year 1652, two of them written in the name of the parliament of England, during the Latin secretaryship of Milton. One is a declaration of the parliament against the States-general of Holland, in 1652. The second is a reply of the parliament to three memorials, presented by the ambassadors of the States-general, in June 1650. The third, not in the name of the parliament, but written in the same year, and found in the same series of Sir Joseph Williamson's collection of manuscripts, is a relation of the naval engagement between Admiral Blake and Van Tromp, in the Downs, May 19, 1652.

The President commented, at considerable length, upon the additional evidence likely to be thrown upon the question respecting the authenticity of the theological work found in the State Paper Office, and ascribed to Milton, by the labours of Mr. Robert Lemon, jun.

His lordship then adverted to the development of the hieroglyphic characters, which he designated as one of the most curious literary discoveries of modern times. Among the most appropriate and useful objects of the Society, was that department of its labours which is devoted to the publication of those interesting remains of Egyptian learning. The difficulties attending the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics had been, in a great degree, removed by the profound researches of Dr. Young and M. Champollion; confirmed and verified by the Greek translation of the inscription on the stone of Rosetta, and by the fortunate discovery of other Greek antigraphs of hieroglyphic originals; all of which were contained in the four fasciculi of the Society's hieroglyphics. The Greek inscriptions, printed in the fasciculi, and in the concluding paper of the first part of the Society's Transactions, he characterised, exclusively of their connexion with hieroglyphics and Egyptian antiquities, as interesting, from their being curious and authentic specimens of Greek paleography.

His lordship had the pleasure of informing the meeting, that the second part of the Society's Transactions, which, with its precursor, would form the first volume, would be published with all practicable despatch, and before the next anniversary. Of the interesting character of the papers which had been read to the Society during the preceding year, an estimate might be formed from the summary of their contents, which, with other details of business, would be now read to the meeting by the secretary.*

The President's address being concluded, the secretary read the annual report of the Society's proceedings, as prepared by him, under the direction of the Council.

LITERARY FUND.

THE *sub*-anniversary at Greenwich on Wednesday was attended by between sixty and seventy of the supporters of this noble and beneficent Institution; Lord Torrington, one of the Vice-Presidents, in the chair. Among the company were many literary characters, and a number of the most respectable publishers, booksellers, printers, and others connected with literature, in the metropolis. The noble chairman conducted the business of the day with his usual good humour, and displayed great zeal in behalf of the charity; while, at the same time, he contributed much to the pleasures of the friends who surrounded him, by various addresses and remarks, which called up others to add to the social and charitable enjoyments of the day. Among the latter, Sir W. Clayton, Mr. Sheriff Spottiswoode, Mr. Mackinnon (the author of Public Opinion), Dr. Arnott, Mr. Joplin, Mr. Bulmer (the dean of the typographers present), and Mr. Burn, one of the treasurers of the Society, addressed the meeting on various topics; and toasts and song filled up the rest. An accidental occurrence, also, took place, which led to much hilarity at the moment, as well as to the permanent advantage of the charity. The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, with a party, happening to be in an adjoining room, and hearing that a benevolent Institution was celebrating its annual fete so near them, kindly made inquiry into the object of the meeting and of the Fund; upon being informed of which, their graces immediately subscribed ten pounds (we believe, annually), which was announced by the chairman amidst great applause. The compliment of drinking the new subscribers' healths was immediately paid; and soon after, his grace, accompanied by Lord Ennismore, joined the company, and returned thanks. The health of the noble lord being also drank, his lordship expressed his acknowledgments, and promised his future support to this excellent Society, becoming at the same time a subscriber of ten pounds.—Although the Greenwich meeting is not held, like the anniversary in London, with a view to obtain this species of support, it is, of course, very agreeable to receive such volunteer co-operation; and though we are inclined to blame any remarks addressed to the pockets of visitors on this occasion, we cannot be displeased at having to state that other sums of ten pounds, &c. were given by several gentlemen present, hitherto unconnected with the charity, and the still more valuable assurance of their being its advocates and patrons hereafter. We have little doubt but that the Duke of St. Albans, Lord Ennismore, and other eminent persons, will consent to be stewards next year, and thus augment a list already so richly graced by names of the highest consequence; so that the Institution may fairly anticipate a brilliant and advantageous accession to its members and interests. About nine o'clock (rather too early) the chair was vacated; and the guests departed highly satisfied with the entertainments provided for them by Mr. Lovegrove, whose cuisine and cellar are worthy of the Crown and Sceptre, or Mitre either!!

* Of these we shall, in our ensuing Nos., give concise epitomes.

FINE ARTS.

Ports of England. Engraved by T. Lupton, from original Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. No. III.

THE plates in this Number are "Sheerness" and "Portsmouth." They are replete with animation and spirit. One of the noblest sights in the world, certainly, is a first-rate man-of-war, with her sails full, seen from to-leeward. This fine object is happily introduced in the second plate.

The Visions of an Amateur. By Sir James Stuart, bart. Carpenter and Son.

THIS is the first time that Sir James Stuart's etchings, published at various periods, have been collected; and we understand that very few copies of them have been printed. Sir James has inscribed them to Sir Walter Scott. They are above forty in number; and are chiefly of a chivalrous and romantic character. Several of them are evidently illustrations of the works of Scott and Byron. The story of "Mazeppa," for instance, is very spiritedly told. They do the highest credit to Sir James's taste and artist-like feeling; and prove how bold and picturesque an effect may frequently be produced with very little labour. The frontispiece is from No. 178, in the present Exhibition at Somerset House;—*The Standard-bearer, a Sketch;* which we noticed in the *Literary Gazette* of the 31st ult.

Sketches from Nature. By Samuel Lines, jun. Birmingham, 1828. Printed by C. Hullmandel.

FIVE series of these studies have been published, making altogether twenty-eight Sketches. They are free, spirited, and clever; and we have not seen any work of the kind better adapted for being put before students, for imitation and instruction. The subjects are very various, many of them extremely pretty, and all of them replete with good taste. The compositions ascend with great propriety from simple objects to beautiful scenery, figures, and more elaborate distances. We cordially approve of and recommend Mr. Lines' production.

Law. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding, from an original Picture by E. Bristow. T. Flint.

One of the best illustrations of Fontaine's "Si vous êtes satisfaits, la Justice ne l'est pas," that we have ever met with. The determined self-appropriation of the judge, and the "ignorant impatience" of the suitors, are very significantly expressed. When will mankind discover, or, if discovered, agree to cure, the folly of this kind of "equitable adjustment"?

Miss Chester, in the character of Lady Teasle. Drawn and engraved by J. Stewart. Colnaghi.

Mr. Stewart has thrown an air of great elegance and fashion into his portrait of this lovely woman and animated actress; but we cannot say that the likeness strikes us.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by J. Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming; with historical and descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Parts I. and II. Glasgow, J. Swan; London, Moon, Boys, and Graves.

This work is to contain a selection of the many romantic, picturesque, and beautiful scenes which the banks of the Clyde, or their immediate neighbourhood, display; commencing above the town of Lanark, and continuing down the course of the river, until it joins the sea. Each engraving is to be accompanied by an illustrative notice, in which will be given copious historical and descriptive information as to the various objects which it embraces. The publication will be completed in about ten or twelve quarto Parts; each containing three prints and twelve pages of letter-press. The two Parts already published do great credit to the painter, the engraver, and the illustrator. It gives us pleasure to see so much taste for the fine arts in the West of Scotland.

BIOGRAPHY.

ARCHDEACON COXE. DUGALD STEWART.

These two venerable men have been removed by death from the bright firmament of our national literature, in which they have for many long years shone among the most distinguished luminaries. William Coxe, Archdeacon of Wiltshire, was born in London in 1747, and began to publish nearly half a century ago, his first work being Sketches of Switzerland, addressed to William Melmoth, in 1779; since which period his literary labours have been unremitting, abundantly productive, and of a high character. Though originally intended for the medical profession, to which his father belonged, his own inclinations pointed to the church, and he was ordained a priest in 1772, after which he travelled as a tutor for two years with the Marquess of Blandford, and subsequently with the Earl of Pembroke, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Portman, and Marquess Cornwallis. The experience thus acquired, and the intimacy and confidence of these distinguished individuals, gave the tone to his pursuits and publications, which led to theological works, travels, the memoirs of persons and families linked to general history, and also to history itself. A bare enumeration of his many productions would occupy two of our columns: suffice it to refer to them, and indicate Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, Memoirs &c. of Horace Walpole, Historical Tour in Monmouthshire (with Sir R. Colt Hoare), History of the House of Austria, Life and Works of Stillingfleet, Memoirs of the Bourbon Kings of Spain, Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough, and the Shrewsbury Correspondence, besides sermons, letters, tracts, biographies, &c. &c. amounting in all (as we may say at a rough estimate) to some forty volumes, of which more than one-half were in quarto. No wonder that, with such claims to respect and consideration, the venerable archdeacon was universally esteemed and respected. His domestic and literary character entitled him to the regard of private friends and to public honour; and his life was largely blessed with both. The last of his earthly triumphs was the vote of its golden medal* to him by the Royal Society of Literature, the reception of which was acknowledged by the aged author in a strain of touching gratulation. Within a month the grave closed over him.

Dugald Stewart, whose name will ever remain an honour to the philosophy and literature of Scotland, was the son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, formerly professor of mathematics in the same University (Edinburgh) where his more celebrated descendant was for many years professor of moral philosophy. He was born in 1753, studied under Blair and Ferguson, and enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Reid, to whom he has been infinitely indebted for fame founded on his metaphysical writings. In 1792 Stewart put forth his Philosophy of the Human Mind, in 2 vols. 4to.; and the next year his Outlines of Moral Philosophy. He continued to publish—Adam Smith's Essays with a Memoir, the Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson, the Life and Writings of Reid, Philosophical Essays; and very recently two new volumes, of which a letter from an eloquent and distinguished gentleman in Edinburgh, dated June 16th, thus forcibly speaks:—"Dugald Stewart is to be buried to-morrow. A great light gone out, or rather gone down,—for its glory will long be in the sky, though its orb be no more visible above the horizon. He corrected his two last volumes with his own hand within these three months. What philosopher, — especially palsy-struck ten years ago,—could ring in better. Glorious fellow! I hear his splendid sentences and exquisite voice sounding in my year at the distance of nearly thirty winters. His peculiar merit was the purity and loftiness of his moral taste. For about forty years he raised the standard of thought and feeling among successive generations of young men, to a range it would never otherwise have attained." To this we only add, long may such standard be acknowledged by the youth of Scotland; and may every teacher deserve a eulogy like this from their pupils, after thirty years of their intercourse with the world—a eulogy which, to our sense, does equal honour to the master and the scholar.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BYRONIANA. NO. IV.

[This Paper is in the first person, as written by our informant.—*Ed.*]

It is pretty generally known that Byron's marriage with Miss Milbanke, by whom he had been once refused, took place against the will of her mother, Lady Ralph Noel (then Milbanke); and that, both before and after that untoward event, she entertained towards Byron the most intense hatred. To this hate, and to her unceasing endeavours to prejudice the mind of her daughter against him, and not to any immediate cause arising out of his conduct towards Lady B., are principally to be ascribed the difference and consequent separation between him and his lady. I am no stranger to the absurd and atrocious rumours spread abroad against Byron upon the subject of this separation, and devoured with eager anxiety by a public to whose appetite a thing is the more agreeable as it is more scandalous. I would I could collect into specific charges all the ill that has been said, as then it would be an easy matter to combat and to vanquish all the calumnies, till these foul rumours should vanish

> "into air,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a rack behind."

Some are too foolish even for fools—others too malicious even for villains. There are, however, those which have been generally received, and those I shall notice. Lady Byron, as is too often the case with only children, was a spoilt and wayward child: but she allowed herself to be influenced in this matter by her mother and another designing woman, whom she had raised from the lowest grade to be her companion and confidante, and who was a principal agent in poisoning her mind against her husband. Lord and Lady Byron lived in a house in Piccadilly, belonging to the Devonshire family, facing the Green Park. One of the most general accusations against him is, that he intrigued with Mrs. Mardyn in this house, and introduced her to his table. Mrs. M. called once at this house, and once only; was then seen in presence of a third person; and never dined there: even had she, that would have been of small consequence. Now here is fact: and from this trifling circumstance of her once calling on Byron, it was asserted and believed that he intrigued with her in his own house, and received her at table in presence of Lady B. But, furthermore, it is affirmed that he never intrigued with her at all. The accusation was never supported by the slightest particle of proof; was denied both by him and by her at the time; and after his renouncing England for ever, when he could have no possible motive for concealing the fact, has been denied by him again. In calumny the weapons of offence are great—those of defence small; but in this case, fortunately, it may be shewn from Lady Byron's own conduct that there was no foundation for the charge, and that this was *not* the cause of their separation. They continued to live together in this house, notwithstanding all the attempts made by Lady Noel and Mrs. Charlmont to alienate their affections and produce discord, until towards the end of the year (1815); when, it is very well known, Byron's affairs became much involved, and an execution in the house followed. *At this time there was no appearance of a separation.* Lady B., then far advanced in pregnancy, quitted London to go to her father's seat, Kirkby Mallery, near Hinckley, in Leicestershire, whither B. was to follow in a fortnight. There was no irreconcilable rupture between them at the time; and it was supposed, and with good reason, that her departure was chiefly in consequence of their pecuniary difficulties. Between London and Kirkby Mallery, *she wrote him an affectionate letter*—(would she have done this, if her quitting him were owing to an intrigue with Mrs. Mardyn? certainly not). This letter Byron did not answer:—here he was wrong; but the state in which he was at the time is to be considered. From Leicestershire she wrote him another letter;

* One of the two medals, of the value of fifty guineas, which the Society is annually enabled to bestow through the munificent bounty of our illustrious King. It is worthy of notice, that Dugald Stewart was also the possessor of one of these marks of literary distinction.—*Ed.*

of which also he took no notice for some time. This offended her: she thought herself neglected—and all that could be done by Lady Noel and Mrs. Charlmont was done to cherish those feelings. Unfortunately, they were but too successful. She never returned to Byron's roof. Had she not been in the situation in which she was at this time, nothing could have been a sufficient excuse for her forsaking the chief duties of a wife, and leaving him in the midst of all his troubles. When these were somewhat blown over, Byron wrote to her repeatedly, anxiously desiring a reconciliation. Packets after packets were sent to her, written in the kindest manner: but she returned no answer, and persevered in throwing off his protection, and placing herself, in defiance, under the authority of her parents. Lady Noel, most undoubtedly, influenced her not to write to her husband: she did all in her power to make her break off the connexion, and sue for a separation; and declared "she would sooner follow her daughter to the grave, than see her again with Byron." His cousin, George Byron (now Lord B.), was then sent down to Leicestershire, to negotiate for a reconciliation; but all attempts to effect it proved nugatory.

Again: Lady B. is said to have been in constant terror from B.'s violent temper. Now to what does this amount? To his sleeping with pistols under his pillow: a habit to which he had been long accustomed. The lawyer who was sent in company with Dr. Baillie to Lord Byron, for the purpose of making out *whether* he was of unsound mind, declared, it is said, to him that one of the causes of her separation from him was his sleeping with pistols. That he ever exercised any violence towards her has never been shewn in any way; and surely it is not to be inferred from the fact of his sleeping with pistols, when it is known that such had long been his usual practice. As to general inconstancy, it is very easy to charge any man with it—and equally difficult, unless specific cases be mentioned, to disprove it. It is one of those mean kinds of accusation to which wicked minds have recourse, when they can allege no distinct offence. Byron, like all great geniuses, had eccentricities, and never could entirely escape from the sphere so peculiarly his own—that of a great poet. These Lady B. had not the pliability to overlook, or at any rate to bear as a wife might, the peculiarities of a husband. She had been too long mistress of her own actions, in every way, to submit her wishes to those of another: she lost sight of the poet in the man, forgetting that great spirits cannot stoop to all the trivial punctualities which common minds will endure. She would have spoilt the philosopher and poet to make good the man and husband. Fortunately, her power was not so great; and the world, notwithstanding the opprobrium it then cast on him, has since had cause to rejoice at the event. Still, these differences of opinion and habits between them would not have led to the separation, had it not been for the interference of Lady Noel. During the time that the deed of separation was preparing, they both remained in London; Byron at his house in Piccadilly, and Lady B. at an hotel.* B.'s sister, Mrs. Leigh, lived with him after it was effected until he went abroad. In spite of what I think of this lady's conduct at a subsequent period, and what I have elsewhere said, I cannot but pay a just tribute of praise to her behaviour at this juncture towards Lord B. She took upon herself the management of his household, transacted his business, and was in every respect a kind sister to him under his reverses. On one occasion of a mediator waiting upon B. on the subject of a reconciliation with his wife, he produced from a desk a paper on which was written, "Fare thee well," and said, "Now, these are exactly my feelings on the subject—they were not intended to be published, but you may take them."

* He used to send letters to her repeatedly, but she never answered them; nor, I believe it may be asserted, ever wrote to him after the letter she sent from Leicestershire.

VAUXHALL.

On Wednesday, being a grand gala night in honour of the victory of Waterloo, we were induced to visit this place of resort—we would say of entertainment, had we found any; but a more miserably perverted source of public amusement than these same "Royal Gardens" have become, it has never been our lot to endure. The entire character of the thing is altered, and glare and mummery have destroyed the original form and nature of the scene. Time was, when, from the bustling of business and the turmoil of the city, and even from the routs and crowded assemblies of fashionable life,—persons found an agreeable variety at Vauxhall. There was a lamp illumination, it is true—but here and there the turf was verdant, and every where the trees were green: there were sights—but they properly belonged to a rustic order, such as gentle transparencies, congenial landscapes, and at the utmost a fantoccini to divert the younger classes: there was music, too—but it was in the single orchestra, to which the promenader approached at times to hear a pretty ballad, and thus diversify the gossip-spent hour. Altogether, the Gardens were what they ought to be—essentially rural and recreative; now they are a hot, glittering, and noisy compound of all that is inferior in theatrical representations, shows, and vulgar nonsense—a mixture of Astley's, Bartholomew Fair, and *barn*-play-*house* exhibitions, offensive to the eye and ear, and either tedious or distracting to the mind, as you happen to witness one performance, or be hurried to another. The company, too, which was always rather of a mixed description, is now much lowered, in consequence of the altered kind of the amusements. A mob of less attractive London *matériel* than we met on Wednesday can hardly be imagined. Low varlets, from the desk, the counter, and the shop-board, staring most impudently in the face of every woman, were only not so disgusting as usual, because the vast majority of the *females* were precisely of *castes* to whom such vulgarity could give no displeasure—in short, the *Joes* were well matched with the *Jills;* and a premium might have been safely offered for the discovery of any one gentleman or lady in "the hundred," or, indeed, of twenty persons of respectability in the whole mass. Then there was prepared for this worshipful company a poor vaudeville in the *Row-tunder* (as most of them called it), and a wretched ballet in the theatre. There were pictures, and cosmoramas, and Ching Louro, and a *consort* (also agreeably to the language of the place). But, above all, there was a mimic battle of Waterloo; and such a battle as ear never saw, nor eye heard! At the end of a walk, a crowd of men in uniform marched in and marched out; and Mr. Ducrow, dressed like the portrait of Buonaparte, capered and fidgetted about on a pale horse; while his Grace of Wellington curvetted on a piebald with a white face, which had nearly floored his excellent rider several times in the course of his masterly though limited evolutions on the field of war. After the *footmen* had walked here and there for about half an hour, and the *horsemen* had cantered up and down through the ten or a dozen trees and back again for as long a space of wasted time—the patient crowd of spectators waiting all the while and wondering what would come of it—a fierce attack was made upon a canvass "Hugomont," muskets were popped off, squibs thrown, and at last a rocket or a Chinese candle was supposed to set fire to the place, which was burnt down, to our great edification, and the curtain drawn. To this puerile and absurd spectacle succeeded the fire-works; and the weary visitors began to troop off as fast as they could, from so gay, so grand, and so delightful a treat—except a few of the most carnivorous and tipsy, who remained in congenial society—how long we cannot tell.

The expense incurred in rendering Vauxhall so stupid and tiresome must be very considerable—but as complete success seems to have attended the effort, it is not to be grudged; and in these times of national distress the citizens of London, their wives and children, have no right to any relaxation. To be sure it must be paid for pretty smartly, if they are admitted to any comfort in these Gardens. Of old, a half-crown at the door, and the price of such comestibles as were devoured, were grumbled at, as tax enough; but now the account stands in a fairer form, because you are distinctly charged for every item separately, so that you know what you are paying for, and may choose or reject as you think fit. Thus Mr. Bull, from Aldgate, with Mrs. Bull, and only four of the younger Bulls and Cows, numbering six in all, makes good his entry at the cost of 1*l.* 4*s.*—Books to tell them what they are to see and hear, the when and the how, are 3*s.*—Seats for the vaudeville (average of modest places), 9*s.*—ditto for the ballet, 6*s.*—ditto for the battle, 6*s.*—ditto for the fire-works, 6*s.*—total, 2*l.* 14*s.* But, then, they are not charged for seeing the lamps; there is no charge for walking round the walks; there is no charge for looking at the cosmoramic pictures; there is no charge for casting a glance at the orchestra; there is no charge for staring at the other people; there is no charge for bowing or talking to an acquaintance, if you meet one—all these are gratis; and if you neither eat nor drink, there is no charge for witnessing those who do mangle the long-murdered honours of the coop, and gulp down the most renovating of liquors, be they hale or stout, vite vine, red port, or rack punch.

Our account of these superb and captivating entertainments has, we regret to observe, stretched to a greater length than we could have wished; but when it is recollected that we do not intend to go to Vauxhall again very soon, we trust our particularity will be excused, and our tedious prolixity thought very appropriate to the subject.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

On Monday Mr. Sedlatzek gave his morning Concert at the New Argyll Rooms, which was numerously attended by a brilliant display of fashionable company. The performances which gave the most gratification were—the Concerto on the flute by Mr. Sedlatzek;—the Grand Septetto, by Messrs. Moscheles, Moralt, Lindley, Anfossi, Vogt, Sedlatzek, and Schunke;—a Fantasia on the violin by Mr. De Beriot;

Swiss Airs, with variations, by Madame Stockhausen, with oboe and harp obligati by Messrs. Vogt and Stockhausen;—and a Fantasia on the flute by Mr. Sedlatzek, with distant accompaniments. This piece closed the Concert, which was throughout received with great applause.

On Wednesday Mr. and the Masters Schulz gave a concert, under the auspices of the Prince and Princess Esterhazy, which was also full and fashionable, as, indeed, almost all the innumerable concerts of this musical-mania season have been. Among the pieces with which we were particularly pleased, we may notice (though all the entertainments were pleasing) quartetts, instrumental and vocal, by the Hermanns; an aria by Miss Atkinson; a ballad by Collyer; a duo brillante with two guitars by Mr. and Master Leonard Schulz (which was beautiful as well as extraordinary); and a concertante by Mr. Schulz and his two sons, in which the new sol-harmonica was added to the guitars with delightful effect.

Yesterday Mr. and Madame Stockhausen also gave a morning concert of the highest order of excellence. It was too late, however, for us to notice the details; and we can only say, that the oftener we hear Madame Stockhausen the more we are charmed by her talent, and much regret that she has been kept in the back-ground by dramatic arrangements, so as to have been far less before the public than could have been wished by the lovers of feeling, expression, and melody in music.

ITALIAN REFUGEES.

A morning concert on behoof of these unfortunates is announced for Thursday, at Freemasons' Hall. Velluti, Curioni, Torri, Pellegrini, Zuchelli, Caradori, Mde. Puzzi, and most of their distinguished country-musicians in London, assist on this charitable occasion; and Pistrucci's improvisations are to vary the entertainments, and, we may add, enhance their attractions.

DRAMA.

Covent Garden Theatre closed last night. When Drury Lane follows its example—and the sooner the better for all parties concerned—we shall review the campaign.

HAYMARKET.

"Summer is y-coming,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth meed,
And springeth the wood now."

All the sweet signs of the merry season are appearing in due order, and amongst them rises the green curtain of the Haymarket. This pleasant little theatre opened on Monday evening; its palm-tree pillars gorgeous with gold leaf; its ceiling gay with a new allegory; its stage-doors turned into stage-boxes, and its dress-*circle* no longer a mismomer. According to the laudable custom of this house, the entertainments commenced with a new piece in one act. *A Daughter to marry* is a free translation of *La Fille à marier*, a vaudeville by the inexhaustible Scribe. It has been adapted, with his usual admirable taste and knowledge of stage effect, by M. Planché, and, being well acted, was eminently successful. It was followed by the comedy of the *Hypocrite*, in which the principal novelty was, the appearance of Miss F. H. Kelly as *Charlotte*. This part, coarse enough in itself, was not at all softened down by the acting of Miss K., who has returned to London with all those faults confirmed which we regretted to see her, day by day, contracting at Covent Garden. No actress ever promised fairer than did Miss F. H. Kelly at her outset; and would she even now be advised by those who wish her well, she might yet arrive at distinction in her profession. Let her instantly, and without hesitation, abandon those everlasting efforts to produce effect—those unnatural cadences which indiscriminately mark every speech, however simple or common-place. Let her dare to be as unaffected and lady-like in manner and dress *on* the stage as she is *off*—forget she is in a theatre, and fancy herself in a drawing-room—and she will write us a letter of thanks before the season is over. A Mr. Doyne from Bath, and a Mr. Brindal from Dublin, played *Sir John Lambert* and *Darnley* very respectably; but we seriously advise the former gentleman to burn his wig, and the latter his whole wardrobe.

The pretty sister of the enchanting Vestris made her first appearance on Tuesday evening, as *Rosina*, in the *Barber of Seville*.

Miss Bartolozzi has a voice of much sweetness and power, and tolerable compass. Her lower notes were exceedingly husky on Tuesday, probably from stage-fright, under which she laboured to a most distressing degree. We have little doubt of her eventually becoming a favourite; but the *Barber of Seville* was a most unfortunate selection for a *début*. The Haymarket company is not equal to the performance of such pieces, and we wish Mr. Morris would not attempt them. We are impatient to hear Miss Bartolozzi under more favourable circumstances.

JOE GRIMALDI.

Our immense favourite, Grimaldi,—under the severe pressure of years and infirmities,—is enabled, through the good feeling and prompt liberality of Mr. Price, to take a benefit at Drury Lane on Friday next;—the last of Joseph Grimaldi!—Drury's, Covent Garden's, Sadler's—every body's Joe: the friend of Harlequin and Farley-kin—the town clown—greatest of fools—daintiest of motleys—the true *ami des enfans!* The tricks and changes of life—sadder, alas! than those of pantomime—have made a dismal difference between the former flapping, filching, laughing, bounding antic, and the present Grimaldi. He has no spring in his foot—no mirth in his eye; the corners of his mouth droop mournfully earthward; and he stoops in the back like the weariest of Time's porters. *L'Allegro* has done with him, and *Il Penseroso* claims him for its own! It is said, besides, that his pockets are neither so large nor so well stuffed as they used to be on the stage: and it is hard to suppose fun without funds, or broad grins in narrow circumstances.

Our recommendation of this benefit has also been pressed upon our willing mind by the following characteristic note:—

"Pray publish in your *Gazette*, that on Friday the 27th instant, this inimitable clown will take his leave of the boards, at Drury Lane Theatre, in character. After that night, the red and white features of Joe Grimaldi will belong only to tradition! Thenceforth he will be dead to his vocation,—but the pleasant recollection of his admirable fooling will still live with childhood, with manhood, and with

"T. Hood."

We understand that Mr. Ebers's benefit, which we lately mentioned to be in contemplation, is now fixed to take place on Wednesday the 9th of July next. It is gratifying to us to be able to state, that the performers have evinced the most liberal feeling, in the promptitude with which they have consented to lend their services on the occasion. This is a handsome return for Mr. Ebers's liberality towards them when manager; and the frequenters of the Opera will, we doubt not, testify by their attendance on the evening of the benefit, their commiseration of the heavy losses which Mr. Ebers has sustained in the service of the public.

FRENCH THEATRE.

Last night this well-conducted enterprise *will have* closed (we write in French-English as to times and tenses), and our notice of Saturday's date being penned the day before, we can only speak by anticipation of what is past. The whole season, though the first, has been in good style, and, we have no doubt, made a worthy ending: so that we may expect continued improvements as experience brings us better acquainted with the *artistes* of France. On Monday Mdlle. Mars commences an engagement for six nights at the King's Theatre: all the side boxes are already engaged, and the *spec* promises to be very successful.

VARIETIES.

Earthquake.—The shock of an earthquake was experienced over a considerable tract of the west of Scotland on the 20th ult.

Map of France.—A new map of France, on a large scale, is at present executing under the direction of the Royal Corps of French Geographical Engineers. It promises to be exceedingly beautiful.

Printers' Pension Society.—Last Friday the first general meeting of this benevolent Society dined at the London Tavern, Lord John Russell in the chair. The company amounted to about 150; and after doing justice to Mr. Bleaden's sumptuous fare, the more especial business of the day was proceeded with. His Lordship, in a luminous and feeling speech, dwelt upon the humane object of the association to relieve the aged and infirm of a most meritorious class of artisans, whose labours more than those of any other mechanic entitle them to public favour and protection. He adverted to some letters which had appeared in the *Times* newspaper, contending that this, instead of being a charity, would encourage combinations among the workmen; and expressed his conviction, that an Institution to save the old and the sick from the sufferings of want and wretchedness, could not by possibility be perverted to such a purpose.

[In consequence of some observations made in the course of the evening by Mr. Alderman Venables and Mr. R. Taylor, his Lordship assured the meeting that any doubt excited in his mind by these publications had been entirely removed.]

Other appropriate addresses, in explanation of the principles on which it was founded, and warmly recommending the Society to the attention of the philanthropic and merciful, were delivered as occasion offered; and we must say that the impression made was deeply in favour of this infant Institution. For ourselves, we cannot see that there is likely to be less industry and good conduct in the whole body, because there is a more general sympathy and aid for the unfortunate among its members; on the contrary, we think it will be a stimulus to exertion, sobriety, and proper behaviour,—and we therefore earnestly add our testimony on behalf of the Printers' Pension Society, the subscriptions to which, we rejoice

to state, are considerable, both from the friends of literature, and from annual savings of from five to forty shillings raised among the printers themselves.

Literary Curiosity.—In the last No. of Blackwood's Magazine there are some satirical verses, addressed to Mr. Brougham, under the title of *Vir Illustrissime;* the original hint for which, we are told, was taken from the following dedication of Lord Grenville's pamphlet on the Sinking Fund, of which inscription only a few copies got into day-light.

Clarissimo Viro
Henrico Brougham,
Suavem spirat odorem, atque inviolata colores
Servat adhuc vivo flore corolla micans,
Quam memori curâ Torquato* texuit olim
Tullius, æternum pignus amicitiæ,
Hanc, decus ipse fori, Henricus lumenque Senatûs
Angliaci, in nostrum transtulit ecce caput,
Egregiosque suos inter grandesque labores,
Vult aliquem et nostris laudibus esse locum
Hoc proprium ingenii est, fovet has quibus eminet artes,
Immeritisque etiam dat decus esse suum.
Ergo iterum et scripto huic faveas, benique benigno
Accipias animo, dona suprema mei.

Gazelles.—The menagerie of the Museum of Natural History at Paris has lately received the addition of two beautiful gazelles from Senegal. One is a male kevel, still young, but which already shews all the characteristics of its species; horns with double curves, fine fallow hair, a black tail, and black line on its flanks, and two white spots on the sides of its nose. The other is a female guib, which therefore has no horns, and the fallow hair of which is agreeably varied by cross lines and white spots.

Albert Durer.—A jubilee in honour of Albert Durer, the greatest artist of whom, in the fifteenth century, Germany could boast, was held on the 6th of April last (the anniversary of his death) at Nuremberg. A statue in bronze, to the expense of which that enlightened friend of artists and the fine arts, the King of Bavaria, has contributed 3,000 florins, is also about to be erected to his memory.

Oysters.—Every one knows that oysters are a favourite dish in France; and that a native of that country often begins his dinner by swallowing half-a-hundred of them in a raw state. Under the rather strange title of the *Manual of the Amateur of Oysters*, a treatise has just been published at Paris, in which oysters are considered in every point of view, literary, medicinal, and gastronomic. They are subdivided into forty-six kinds; and we are quite flattered to find that the kind which is deemed the most delicate, frequently goes by the name of "the English oyster."

New Nomenclature.—It seems to be a great injustice and insult to the living relatives of the individual lately arrived in England (see our last *Gazette*), that the common and generic name of "*Fernando Pos*" has been given to our young men of fashion, who encourage cleanly crops of hair round their jaws, from tip of ear to tip of chin, and thus certainly make themselves resemble the tribe of the stranger in question. Still, it is unpolite to foreigners (many of whom may hereafter come to this country) to treat them in so derogatory a manner;—how should any of us like, if we visited Fernando Po, to hear the nasty Albinos among the natives called *Englishers?* It may perhaps serve to check this impropriety, if the Zoological Society should think it right to denominate their new acquisition the "Exquisite of 1828."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Memoir of General Miller, one of our countrymen in the Peruvian service, is nearly ready for publication. This spirited officer crossed the Andes from Buenos Ayres at the beginning of the revolution in Chili and Peru, where he joined the Patriots, and took a distinguished part in all the great actions fought, as well as in the general affairs of their struggle for independence. He served as an officer of marines with Lord Cochrane, as a captain of artillery, and finally as a general in high command; so that his opportunities of seeing much were multiplied in almost every way and in every quarter. The narrative also contains much of personal adventure; and from what we have seen of it, we feel authorised to take this early notice of it before it meets the public eye.

A work of considerable interest is announced shortly, under the title of Journal of a Voyage to Peru, Journey across the Pampas, and a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes, by Lieutenant Brand, R.N., who performed the journey on foot in the snow during the severe winter of 1827, and is stated to have accomplished several objects in which the celebrated Humboldt had failed.

Mr. Planché, the Author of Lays and Legends of the Rhine, has in the press his Descent of the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna, during the Autumn of 1827; with Recollections, Historical and Legendary, of the Towns, Castles, Monasteries, &c. on the banks of that River: in one volume 8vo.

Forty Views on the Danube, in illustration of this volume, will also speedily appear, lithographed by L. Haghe, from Sketches made on the spot by Mr. Planché.

Mr. Ebers, the late Manager of the King's Theatre, is about to appear before the public in a new character, that of historiographer of the Opera, particularly during the period of his management. Of his opportunities of making his intended work highly interesting, it is unnecessary to say any thing—they are obvious. We shall probably be able to give an account of his forthcoming Seven Years of the King's Theatre in our next No. It is now ready for publication.

Sidi-Aly.—Sidi-Aly, surnamed Kiatibi-Roumi, was one of the most celebrated and one of the best informed naval men in the Ottoman empire in the sixteenth century. He began his career under Khaireddin-Pasha (Barbarossa), and was afterwards employed by Soliman, as the admiral of the Egyptian fleet, to assemble at Suez the Ottoman fleets which were in the Persian Gulf and the Indian Sea. On several occasions Sidi-Aly successfully encountered the Portuguese squadrons in those latitudes; but a tempest dispersing his fleet, wrecked several of them; and he was himself thrown on the coast of Guzzerat. He sold the remains of his unfortunate ships to the sultan of that country; and a part of his troops entered the India military service. For himself, accompanied by only fifty followers, he determined on returning to Constantinople by land. The history of his travels has lately been translated into French from the German of M. Diez, and is replete with interest.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

April.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	5	From 46. to 62.		29.29 to	29.50
Friday	6	—— 48. — 65.		29.56 —	29.74
Saturday	7	—— 45. — 63.		29.88 —	29.96
Sunday	8	—— 46. — 64.		30.11 —	Stat.
Monday	9	—— 45. — 70.		30.15 —	Stat.
Tuesday	10	—— 44. — 66.		30.20 —	Stat.
Wednesday	11	—— 55. — 72.		30.20 —	30.16

Wind prevailing N.W.

Generally clear; a little rain on the 5th.

June.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	12	From 54. to 64.		30.16 to	30.14
Friday	13	—— 43. — 72.		30.16 —	Stat.
Saturday	14	—— 44. — 72.		30.16 —	Stat.
Sunday	15	—— 49. — 73.		30.16 —	Stat.
Monday	16	—— 54. — 68.		29.94 —	29.80
Tuesday	17	—— 55. — 73.		29.58 —	29.53
Wednesday	18	—— 50. — 68.		29.43 —	29.50

Wind prevailing N.E.

Except the 12th, 13th, and 14th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers. Lightning in the N.E. about eight in the evening of the 16th. Thunder from seven to eight in the evening of the 18th.

Rain fallen, ·075 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Or Elsewhere"—Honi soit qui mal y pense.

ERRATUM.—In our last, p. 361, col. 1, line 23, *for* "her ladyship," *read* "she."

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H. BUCHAN, PROPRIETOR of the COUNTY of HANTS PICTURE GALLERY, Southampton, established July 1827, respectfully acquaints the Artists in London, that the Gallery will open its Second Annual Exhibition on the 1st of August next, and that the time for receiving Pictures will be from the 8th to the 25th of July previous.
All packages are to be directed to the Hants Picture Gallery, Southampton, and forwarded to go by Messrs. Wallington's Waggon, from the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street. Reference may be obtained at Messrs. Rowney and Forster, 51, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London.
Carriage Expenses to and from the Exhibition will be paid by the Proprietor.
The Exhibition will close about the latter end of October.

MR. J. B. LANE'S great PICTURE, painted at Rome, and by which he incurred the Censure of the Inquisition, is now OPEN, at the King's Mews. Entrance from Charing Cross.
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THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," is now open, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, from Nine o'Clock till Six.
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Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allsop Terrace, New Road.

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MR. CHRISTIE respectfully informs the Public, that the Sale of the Library of the Right Hon. George Canning, deceased, advertised for this Day, is deferred until Thursday next, the 26th of June, and following day.

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* L. Torquatus, à Cicerone laudatus in Bruto, cap. 155.

THE QUARTERLY MUSICAL MAGAZINE and REVIEW, No. XXXVI. is this day published by Hurst, Chance, and Co. St. Paul's Churchyard.
June 16, 1828.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the 8th and 9th of August, 1827. By John Auldjo, Esq. Trin. Col. Cambridge. 4to. pp. 129. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

UNLIKE the hero who

"with twenty thousand men
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again,"

Mr. Auldjo has climbed his mountain to some purpose; for he has produced one of the most ornamented volumes to illustrate Mont Blanc, and one of the most interesting accounts of its perilous ascent, which we have ever seen. The lithographic plates, charmingly executed, are no fewer than twenty in number, besides a very useful geological and comparative table, and a plan shewing the heights of the principal mountains on our globe; where, indeed, Ossa would literally be a wart.

There is a strange natural pleasure, especially if the task be accompanied by difficulties and danger, in tracing rivers through their entire course, or in reaching the summits of those appalling elevations where the foot of man has seldom or never trod; and the reader of narratives describing such exploits, enjoys a reflected gratification which has always made works of this class popular. In the present instance we think this will be, without a pun, *pre-eminently* felt. The details differ considerably from those of De Saussure and other preceding *ascendants;* and some of the incidents possess a *high* degree of interest. To these parts, therefore, we shall turn our attention, and exemplify the character of Mr. Auldjo's volume, by extracting so much of them as the case requires. The weather being favourable, the author set out from Chamonix, accompanied by eight guides, four of whom had been previously up to the top of Mont Blanc. There was much weeping and wailing among their friends and relatives before they started: they were also accompanied by some persons; but having mounted to a considerable height, the latter took leave, while they connected themselves together by ropes, and proceeded on their perilous way; hastening to avoid avalanches where they prevailed, crossing crevices by the aid of their batons, and otherwise taking every precaution which their safety demanded. At the *Grands Mulets* they scaled a wall of ice, drawing each other up, after the first guide had made his way by cutting footsteps with his hatchet, where a false movement would likely have been fatal to more than one of the party; and here they displayed a red handkerchief, as a signal to the people at Chamonix that they had attained this point in security. It was now, however, four o'clock; a fire was lighted, dinner was cooked, and preparations were made for passing the night.

"While Coutet, (says Mr. Auldjo,) who always acts as cook in these expeditions, was preparing our dinner, I sat on the summit of the rock, perfectly astounded with the magnificent spectacle around me: magnificent indeed it is,—beautiful, and extensive. The panorama, the finest that could possibly be presented, embraces within its mighty grasp, mountains than which there are none more sublime—masses of ice and snow vying with them in grandeur—valleys smiling in sunshine and verdure—the placid lake Leman, shewing like molten silver—the far blue hills of Jura,—and forms a picture more varied than can be conceived, the effect of which was much heightened by the deep colour of the sky, and the clearness of the atmosphere."

After dinner, which was devoured with keen appetite, Mr. A. tells us—"I attempted to smoke, but the rarity of the air rendered the scent of the tobacco so powerful and disagreeable, that I was obliged to desist. I then amused myself by looking down upon Chamonix, and plainly saw, with the aid of my telescope, the people crossing the bridge. It was not long before the tent was in order. By placing the batons in a sloping direction against the rock which formed a back to our structure, and laying a sheet over them, we made a very comfortable covering, though it scarcely admitted of our sitting up under it. A good supply of straw had been left by the last party who had made the ascent, and this we found acceptable and useful. The sun, now about to set, tinged with a purple of softest hue the whole scene below us, which, gradually deepening into a beautiful crimson, shaded every thing with its colour, the Jura seeming on fire, and the lake of Geneva reflecting the glow. Every moment, as the sun retired from the world beneath us, the hue shed by his departing rays became deeper, and then wore into a dull gray: the lake, the lower mountains, were soon clothed in the sombre shade; but we still enjoyed the presence of the god of day. Now the violet tint was on us, but the summit of the mountain was still burnished with a line of bright gold. It died away, leaving a bright lovely red, which, having lingered long, dwindled at last into the shade in which all the world around was enveloped, and left the sky clear and deeply azure. It was getting cold, (the thermometer had descended to 45 deg. Fahrenheit,) and as we were to be early risers, I was not reluctant in preparing for my stony couch. I had the first place, Devouassoud next to me, and the rest of the guides, in a row alongside each other, lay as close as they could. I soon fell asleep, though the thunder of the falling avalanches might well have kept me awake. In the middle of the night I awoke, but experienced none of the unpleasant nausea and sickness which have attacked others when sleeping on this rock; nor did the guides appear to suffer from any such feelings. A solitude and stillness prevailed, which affected me more than any of the occurrences of the day, though they now crowded on my mind. None of the beauties, none of the dangers, have made a more lasting impression on me than the awful silence of that night, broken as it was only by the loud crash of falling ice, echoing and re-echoing with thrilling sound in the death-like stillness. The sky had become more darkly blue, and the moon shone in the softest brightness, the stars shedding a dazzling and brilliant lustre. The avalanches continued falling, but neither they, nor the reflection on the past day, nor the anxieties for the coming one, could keep me from sleep, into which I again sunk. But before I did so, I sat up and looked at my companions, all sound at rest, thinking not of the dangers they had past, nor of those which they must meet with before the expedition they were engaged in could be finished. They slept placidly, yet I longed to get out of the tent, to behold the wonderful scenery under the influence of the moonlight; but I could not have done so without awakening every one of my dormant guides, and I was unwilling to sacrifice their repose to this gratification. I laid me down, and it was not long before I participated in the sound sleep which they enjoyed, and, with the return of morn, was prepared to continue my journey."

To this striking picture succeeded the morning, one of intense cold, owing to the rarefaction of the atmosphere; so that the party could hardly restore their animal feelings, as they directed their exertions in the most active possible manner towards the *Dôme du Goûté*. A fearful crevice was here passed. "The side of the mass along which we were obliged to proceed was perpendicular. By clinging to the ice above the head, with the hand placed in a hole cut for the purpose, and stretching the feet from one resting-place to another, also cut with the hatchet, we contrived to pass; but the footing was very slippery, uneasy, and dangerous. There was no bottom to be seen to the abyss below, and it certainly required a considerable exertion of nerve and determination to enable any one of us to get over such a spot. So perilous, indeed, was it, that had a false step or a slip been made, by any unlucky individual, it would have proved fatal to him, as well as to some of the guides, since the precarious hold afforded by their position, could scarcely have enabled them to sustain the weight of any who should fall, and who must therefore drag with him, into the abyss, those to whom he had been fastened for mutual security."

By sunrise they reached the plain where De Saussure slept on the second night of his ascent, and thence climbed a long steep hill, in a zigzag direction, which was fatiguing and dreadfully cold. At last they arrived at the "Grand Plateau, the largest of the plains of ice on the mountain, having the base of Mont Blanc on the further side, the Dôme du Goûté on the right, a precipice of ice and snow, with the Rochers Rouges, and the Mont Blanc du Tacul, on the left. The view from this situation is very fine. These mountains, all rising directly from the plain, have a most striking appearance: some large crevices intersect it, and others extend immediately under Mont Blanc, where the guides were lost in 1820. There is also a great accumulation of broken ice and

snow from avalanches, on the part close to Mont Blanc and the Dôme."

Here they breakfasted on frozen chickens and cheese (particularly relished), and recruited their exhausted strength, though the thermometer, at twenty minutes past seven, was 18¼° of Fahrenheit, or 6° below zero of Reaumur.

"The meal was no sooner finished, than we prepared to depart, leaving most of the provisions, and all the knapsacks which we had brought there, except one, containing one chicken, in case any of us should feel disposed to eat when on the summit, and bottles of lemonade, and of a negus composed of vinegar, wine, and water, boiled with spices and a great deal of sugar,—a capital beverage for such an expedition. We traversed the Plateau, winding towards the left, or Mont Blanc du Tacul, leaving the old route, which led right across the plain, and up the steep masses of snow and ice which hang on this side of the Mont Blanc, so delicately and dangerously poised, that the slightest noise, or concussion of the air, even that proceeding from speaking, may move them from their situation, and they fall, rushing down the declivities with overwhelming velocity, widening as they proceed, till at last they extend from one side of the mountain to the other, and cover the plain below with debris. It was one of those avalanches, or slips of snow, which, in this very spot, involved and buried under its mass, in a deep crevice, the three unfortunate men who were lost in the expedition formed by Dr. Hamel. At last (continues the narrative), the sun shone upon us with animating heat, and welcome it was, for our pace was too steady and slow to give us an opportunity of keeping ourselves warm by exercise."

Near the Rochers Rouges, Mr. Auldjo first felt the effect produced on the body by the rarity of the air. It occasioned "an oppression on the chest, and a slight difficulty of breathing; a quickness of pulsation soon followed, with a great inclination to thirst, and a fulness in the veins of the head; but still I experienced no headach, nor was there the slightest symptom of hæmorrhage. Most of the guides suffered in the same way."

"Every few paces that we ascended," he adds, "the oppression and suffering became greater." They, however, dropped again into the original line, from which they had deviated, and followed the course of Messrs. Hawes and Fellows, of the 25th of July preceding.

"We crossed (continues the narration) a plain of snow which rose gently from the Rochers Rouges; at the end of it was the only crevice we had met for some time: it was deep and wide. One bridge was tried, but it gave way. A little further another was found, over which we managed to pass by being drawn across on our backs, on batons placed over it. Two or three managed to walk across another, using great care; but, when we had proceeded some little distance up the acclivity before us, we were surprised by a shrill scream, and on turning, beheld Jean Marie Coutet up to his neck in the snow covering the crevice. He had wandered from the party, and coming to the crack, sought and found the place where the guides had walked across, and attempted to follow their course; but not taking the proper care to choose their footsteps, had got about eighteen inches on one side of them, and the consequence was, that when in the centre of the crevice, he sank up to his shoulders, saving himself from inevitable destruction by stretching out his arms, and by his baton by mere chance coming obliquely on the bridge: otherwise he would have slipped through, and all attempts to have saved or raised him out of the chasm would have been impossible. The perilous situation he was in was appalling; all ran down to him, and he was drawn out, but had nearly lost his presence of mind, so greatly had he been terrified. However, he soon recovered, and acknowledged his want of precaution, which had very nearly destroyed the pleasure of the undertaking, when so near its happy conclusion. The ascent from this point was very steep, and the difficulty of surmounting it was greatly increased; for those effects of the rarity of the atmosphere which we had felt previously, now became exceedingly oppressive. I was attacked with a pain in my head; the thirst became intense; the difficulty of breathing much greater. The new symptoms I now experienced were, violent palpitation of the heart, a general lassitude of the frame, and a very distressing sensation of pain in the knees and muscles of the thigh, causing weakness of the legs, and rendering it scarcely possible to move them. The 'Dernier Rocher,' or the highest visible rocks, are merely a small cluster of granite pinnacles, projecting about twenty feet out of the snowy mantle which envelope the summit, and clothes the sides of the mountain. On reaching these rocks, I was so much exhausted that I wished to sleep; but the experienced guides would not permit it, though all appeared to be suffering more or less under similar sensations. From these rochers we saw that there were many people on the Breven, watching our progress; among them we recognised some female forms,—a discovery which renewed our courage, and excited us to still greater efforts than before. Turning to the side of Italy, a spectacle was presented of great magnificence, from the assemblage of the vast and numberless white pyramids which appeared on the left of the view: Mont Rosa, in its surpassing beauty, being the most distant, the Cel du Géant, and its aiguille, the nearest; while all the snow-clad rocks which lie on each side of the glacier running from Mont Blanc down the 'Mer de Glace,' and again up to the 'Jardin,' added splendid features to the scene.

'Snow piled on snow; each mass apparent
The gathered winter of a thousand years.'

"On the south, a blue space showed where the plain of Piedmont lay; and far in the back-ground of this, rose the long chain of the Apennines, and lofty Alps forming the coast of the Mediterranean, and running thence towards the right, meeting the mountains of Savoy. Gilded as they were by the sun, and enveloped by a sky almost black, they made up a picture so grand and awful, that the mind could not behold it without fear and astonishment. The impression of so mighty a prospect cannot be conceived or retained. It was with some difficulty that I could be persuaded to leave these rocks, for all my enthusiasm was at an end; the lassitude and exhaustion had completely subdued my spirit. I was anxious to get to the summit, but I felt as if I should never accomplish it, the weariness and weakness increasing the moment I attempted to ascend a few steps; and I was convinced, that in a few minutes I should be quite overcome. I was induced to proceed by the exhortations of the guides. We had to climb about one hour to get to the summit; but this part of the undertaking required a most extraordinary exertion, and severe labour it was. From the place where the rarity of the air was first felt, we had been able to proceed fifteen or twenty steps without halting to take breath; but now, after every third or fourth, the stoutest, strongest guide, became exhausted: and it was only by resting some seconds, and turning the face to the north wind, which blew strong and cold, that sufficient strength could be regained to take the next two or three paces. This weakness painfully increased the difficulty of advancing up the ascent, which became every instant more steep. Although the sun was shining on us, I felt extremely cold on the side exposed to the cutting blast; and the other side of the body being warm, it increased the shivering, which had not quite left me, to such a degree as to deprive me almost of the use of my limbs. Some of the guides also were similarly affected, and even suffered more than myself; but all were anxious to get on, evincing a resolute determination that was quite wonderful in the state they were in. Their attention to me was marked by a desire to render me every possible service, while they endeavoured to inspire me with the same firmness of which they themselves gave so strong an example. This earnest solicitude which they showed, much to their own discomfort and annoyance, to keep my spirits up, was in vain; I was exhausted—the sensation of weakness in the legs had become excessive—I was nearly choking from the dryness of my throat and the difficulty of breathing. My eyes were smarting with inflammation, the reflection from the snow nearly blinding me, at the same time burning and blistering my face. I had, during the morning, as a protection, occasionally worn a leather mask, with green eye-glasses; but lastly I found it oppressive, and wore a veil instead: that also I was now obliged to discard. I desired to have a few moments' rest, and sat down. I besought the guides to leave me. I prayed Julien Devouassoud to go to the summit with them, and allow me to remain where I was, that by the time they returned, I might be refreshed to commence the descent. I told them I had seen enough; I used every argument in my power to induce them to grant my request. Their only answer was, that they would carry me, exhausted as they were, to the summit, rather than that I should not get to it; thus if they could not carry, they would drag me. Being unable to resist, I became passive, and two of the least exhausted forced me up some short distance, each taking an arm. I found that this eased me, and I then went on more willingly, when one of them devised a plan which proved of most essential service. Two of them went up in advance about fourteen paces, and fixed themselves on the snow; a long rope was fastened round my chest, and the other end to them. As soon as they were seated I commenced ascending, taking very long strides, and doing so with quickness, pulling the rope in; they also, while I thus exerted myself, pulled me towards them, so that I was partly drawn up, and partly ran up, using a zig-zag direction: and the amusement derived from the process, kept us in better humour than we were before. I was less fatigued, and felt the effects of the air less by this process, than by the slow pace in which I had hitherto attempted to ascend. I had taken very little notice of the progress we were thus making, when I suddenly found myself on the summit. I hastened to the highest point (towards Chamonix) and, taking my glass, observed that the party on the Breven had noticed the accomplishment of our undertaking, and were rewarding us by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, which salutation we returned. I noticed, also, that the people in Chamonix had also collected in considerable num-

bare on the bridge, watching our progress and success. It was exactly eleven o'clock. The wind blew with considerable force. I was too much worn out to remain there long, or to examine the scene around me. The sun shone brilliantly on every peak of snow that I could see; hardly any mist hung over the valleys; none was on the mountains; the object of my ambition and my toil was gained; yet the reward of my dangers and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyment enough to gratify me for a few moments. The mind was as exhausted as the body, and I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold, and throwing myself on the snow, behind a small mound which formed the highest point, and sheltered me from the wind, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun, nor the piercing cold of the snow, could prevent or disturb. In this state I remained a quarter of an hour, when I was roused to survey the mighty picture beneath. I found myself much relieved, but still had a slight shivering. The pain in the legs had ceased, as well as the headach, but the thirst remained. The pulse was very quick, and the difficulty of breathing great, but not so oppressive as it had been. Having placed the thermometer on my breast, in a position in which it might be as much in shade as possible, I went to the highest point, to observe my friends on the Breven and in Chamonix once more, but was summoned immediately to a repast; and willingly I obeyed the call, for I felt as if I had a good appetite. Some bread and roasted chicken were produced, but I could not swallow the slightest morsel; even the taste of the food created a nausea and disgust. One or two guides ate a very little; the rest could not attempt to do so. I had provided a bottle of champagne, being desirous to see how this wine would be affected by the rarity of the air. I also wished to drink to the prosperity of the inhabitants of the world below me; for I could believe that there were no human beings so elevated as we were at that moment. The wire being removed, and the swing gone, the cork flew out to a great distance, but the noise could hardly be heard. The wine rolled out in the most luxuriant foam, frothing to the very last drop, and we all drank of it with zeal. But not three minutes had elapsed when repentance and pain followed; for the rapid escape of the fixed air which is still contained, produced a choking and stifling sensation, which was very unpleasant and painful while it lasted, and which frightened some of the guides. A very small quantity was sufficient to satisfy our thirst, for nine of us were perfectly satisfied with the contents of one bottle, and happily its unpleasant effects were but of short duration. The most peculiar sensation which all have felt who have gained this great height, arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voice of those speaking to one another, for its feeble sound can hardly be heard. It weighs deeply upon the mind, with a power the effect of which it is impossible to describe. I also experienced the sensation of lightness of body, of which Captain Sherwill has given a description in the following words: 'It appeared as if I could have passed the blade of a knife under the sole of my shoes, or between them and the ice on which I stood.'"*

Here we must conclude: the champagne is finished, and we will not pursue the laborious task of returning from that heavenly bottle to the lower earth. The account, however, of a dreadful storm is perhaps the most powerfully attractive description in the volume; and our readers will, we are sure, find much fireside satisfaction in perusing it, as well as all the other curious details in this extremely interesting publication.

* No living thing was visible on the summit. Mr. Fellows what there saw a butterfly [I'd be a butterfly!] borne by the wind rapidly over his head.

Minor Poems. By Jos. Snow. 12mo. pp. 178. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

We have of late had several occasions to mention the Literary Fund Society; and have perhaps too long neglected this modest effusion of its most meritorious Secretary, a gentleman whose connexion with that Institution does equal honour to it and to himself. It is not, however, with his services and deserts in this capacity that we have at present any concern; and we only pay him the passing tribute from our knowledge of his assiduity, zeal, usefulness, and excellent conduct, before we proceed to speak of him as an author and a poet of very considerable talent.

"The following trifles," says an unassuming and ingenuous prefix, "scarcely demand the formality of a preface. It would be idle to affect an indifference to their reception; but I can with truth assert, it has not been without much hesitation that I have committed them to the press. I have cast my mite into the treasury of my country's poetry, with an humble but honest conviction, that if this volume shall do but little good, it will give no offence to the interests of religion and virtue."

Of the sixty or seventy short pieces thus introduced, we may safely declare that they deserve a higher character than their writer has given them. Their general tone is melancholy and pious; and, throughout, they display a fine, if not a very high, tone of poetical feeling. We would quote, for example, *Rosanne* as a lovely picture of domestic virtue.

"The dial's finger points the hour of ten!
And the first music of its silver bell
Rung sadly on the ear of one—for then
Came parting, and that dismal word—farewell.
Yet he was pledged, and he might not rebel:
He rose and pressed her hand, then spake a word
Which on the maiden wrought as by a spell;
Deeply she blushed, although alone, she heard
The voice which to their depths her woman's feelings stirred.

He is departed—and her following eyes
Have gained their sweet serenity again:
Yet on her father's placid brow there lies
A smile half playful, not unmixed with pain;
While her fond mother, anxious to restrain
Her rising feelings, turns away her face.
Futile expedient! and attempt how vain!
Rushes Rosanne into her warm embrace,
And now their mingled tears flow silently apace.

Oh, how akin to grief is happiness!
Who would not deem, this weeping group to see,
That some o'erwhelming cause of deep distress
Had fallen suddenly upon the three?
Not so—to-morrow, and Rosanne will be
The fond, confiding, and the happy bride
Of one who loved her long and tenderly;
Of one whose virtues justify her pride,
And with her parents' wish her choice is ratified.

Rare is such union on earth—forsooth
The stars 'gainst lovers bear unholy spite,
'The course of true love never did run smooth'—
Alas! the saying is as true as trite.
Yet here one happy instance we may cite
Of love that knew no 'agony,' but ran
In the calm 'course' of sunshine and delight.
From the deep blush that answered for Rosanne,
To that important moment when our tale began.

The only olive-branch that Heaven did spare
To grace their table and to bless their sight—
All that was left of many blossoms, where
The tree was once with richest promise white—
Such was Rosanne: and it may well excite
The heart's deep trembling and the purest tears
(Even where the hopes are promising and bright),
To yield such solace of declining years
Into another's charge;—and such were now their fears.

They deem'd this solemn hour might be the last
Which they might spend together: they might meet
No more on this side heaven. These feelings past,
A calm succeeded, and their bosoms beat
Less painfully, as, in communion sweet,
Her parents pour'd their blessings on her head.
Then came the well-known signal for retreat,
The kiss succeeded, and the prayer was read,
And each in holy frame now sought a peaceful bed.

Strong in her faith, of clear and open soul,
Rosanne the young, the innocent, the fair,
Enter'd her chamber, and a slight blush stole
The lily from her brow—for on a chair
Her bridal vestments lay arranged with care;
And, be her maiden vanity forgiven,
A silver rose she placed upon her hair;
But soon the transient thought away is driven—
She drops the flow'r, and turns her dark blue eyts to heav'n.

To Him who what is best, best understood,
Oh with what fervency of soul she pray'd
That He would make her holy, pure, and good:
No word for her own happiness o'er stray'd
Into the prayer of this betrothed maid—
Goodness was happiness in her pure creed,
Not to be purchased, were all India laid
A dowry at her feet,—yet in her need
If God her portion was, oh! she was rich indeed.

It is a gracious sight in form so young
To see devotion's heavenly spirit there;
A gracious sound to hear a youthful tongue
Pour forth the simple eloquence of prayer.
Oh! what rich blessings may not others share
By early faith and piety brought down!
What anchor for themselves do they prepare,
'Steadfast and sure' in earth's severest frown,
Who discipline the soul for an immortal crown!

She rose refreshed, as they will rise who seek
Strength in submission to superior will:
Her head is on her pillow, and her 'cheek
And quiet spirit' now is hush'd and still,
Yet visions of delight her slumbers fill,
And brilliant dreams which fancy could not paint,
Float o'er her brain and all their balm distil—
Scenes that might cause the waking sense to faint,
Yet pure as ever trance that bless'd the holiest saint.

Yet something of the morrow is mixed up
With all the images that fill her mind—
Still something of that joy's delicious cup
Prepared for her, is pictured as designed
A foretaste of the bliss she is to find—
The white-stoled priest, the altar, and the pray'r,
'Virgins that be her fellows,' and who bind
The wreaths of roses in her flowing hair,—
All is confused she sees, yet every thing is there.

Thus passed her first and joyous sleeping hours:
But now she restless grows, the frequent start
Betrays uneasy sleep:—ye guardian powers
Who watch o'er innocence, your aid impart!
'A change is o'er her dream'—her lab'ring heart
Beats fearfully—her breathing now is thick,—
Is it the fabled night-mare's cruel art
That works this outrage? and behold how quick
Her fluttering pulses play, until her soul is sick.

There is a wild and hurried noise without,
And hasty feet are running to and fro:
And hark, there comes a wild terrific shout,
And a loud knocking at the doors below;
Follow'd by smoke, whose dense black volumes show
That the house blazed with infernal fires:
Then bursts a loud appalling shriek—ah no,
It must not be—oh, say not, truth requires,
It is Rosanne's wild shriek, who in that shriek expires.

This is an awful sketch, and if it shake
The faith of one in Heaven's all-seeing eye,
Or if one timid spirit it shall make
Doubtful of prayer, if faith too hard it try,
Or if obedience stagger,—I reply—
On you who falsely reason be the blame,
For we are God's; he knows the when, the why—
Who may dispute? for he his own may claim
By quick or ling'ring death—in pestilence or flame."

Having found place for an entire poem of such length, we will only cite from another, entitled the *Felon*, a few lines of striking effect descriptive of the night previous to execution, and the afflicting finale.

"The night is pass'd, as pass it will,
To those who watch and those who sleep—
The same bright morn, revealing still
The eyes that gladden or that weep:
All is prepared—the crowd are met,
His step is firm, his look composed,
Yet still his eager eyes are set
On that bright page, ne'er to be closed
Till Death shall loosen from his grasp
The pow'r that took from Death his sting:
Long as his fetter'd hands can clasp,
So long to this dear book they cling,—
One struggle, and but only one—
'Tis o'er—the work of Death is done.

There is a mourner at his bier—
God grant her patience at this hour!

God grant her but a single tear,
To ease the tortures that o'erpow'r!
It is a mother now that stands
Beside his corpse—she grasps his hands,
And strives—but who shall dare to name
Such struggles o'er a child of shame—
——— a mother!—God alone
Has pow'r to speak to such an one—
To put her dreadful load away
Is given to none—
For who in his own strength can say—
'Thy will be done.'

Desolate mourner! childless now!
Oh, think not on the time when thou
Didst watch thy cradled babe, and bless
The Pow'r that gave him to thy pray'r,
When thou didst guard this only care
With more than mother's watchfulness.
Forbear—for dark was his career;
He knew no bonds of faith or fear.
The rest his present fate may tell—
The trial found him weak—he fell."

We read an *Epistle to a Friend* with sincere regret, because it too evidently speaks the canker-worm of sorrow and disappointment preying on the heart of the amiable writer; and every one who has met him, as we have done, discharging his duties to a charitable society, in a way which reflects (as we have observed) infinite credit upon him as a sympathising and indefatigable friend of the unfortunate, must be grieved to see that he is himself touched by the sharp arrows of life. He says:

"I write as one who, taking part
In all the changes of the past,
Rejoiced with thy rejoicing heart,
And sorrowed with thy hopes o'ercast.
I write as one a little changed
By evil tongues and 'evil days,'
From the world's heartless joys estranged,
And careless of its blame or praise.
Yet still, for thee and thine, I bring
A heart unchanged as in its spring."

But we must take leave of these mourning strains, to conclude with a different note of Mr. Snow's livelier mood—*Fourteen.*

"All hail to fourteen! that spring-time of youth,
Whose skies are all azure, whose pathways are green,
When the eyes in their brightness are mirrors of truth,
And the hopes of the heart are the hopes of fourteen.

And such is thine age, lively Fanny, to-day—
And if pray'rs could avail, not the world in its spleen
Should sadden thy bosom, or tarnish a ray
Of the pleasure that beams in thine eyes of fourteen.

Thy life is before thee, dear niece of my love,
I will not disclose its least danger unseen;
Thy comfort be this, that in regions above
There are joys more enduring than joys of fourteen."

To these pleasing extracts we hope we need not add one word of praise. They must recommend the author to the favour of every good and generous heart, as well as of every lover of gentle poesy.

Practical Suggestions on the general Improvement of the Navigation of the Shannon between Limerick and the Atlantic, and more particularly of that part of it named by Pilots the Narrows; with some Remarks, intended to create a doubt of the fairness of not keeping faith with the Irish Roman Catholics, after they had been lured into a Surrender of Limerick (their principal fortress) by a Treaty. By Thomas Steele, Esq., one of the Protestant Members of the Irish Catholic Association, M.A. Magdalen College, Cambridge, and an Associate Member of the London Institution of Civil Engineers. 8vo. pp. 151. London, 1828. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

WITH politics we have never meddled beyond our quaint weekly allowance of five lines. They are not much to our taste; but here we have them forced upon us under the garb of suggestions for the improvement of the river Shannon. We must, therefore, having first noticed these suggestions with the attention which they seem to us to merit, offer, ourselves, some remarks intended to create a doubt of the fairness of not keeping faith with the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, after he had been lured into a review of this truly hydrographical work. Mr. Steele's suggestions for the improvement of the navigation of the Shannon occupy fifty-eight pages, which certainly might have been with advantage compressed into twenty. For Mr. Steele—instead of, from the commencement, pursuing his subject with a steady current of thought—whenever a bubble arises, indulges his fancy by following it, forgetful of his main object, until the bubble bursts, when he has to labour back to his former position. For instance, instead of simply recommending the establishment of a light during the winter months in the beacon-tower on the rocks called the Beeves, and stating his reasons for the recommendation, viz. the existence of the tower, the small expense of maintaining the light, which would probably be entirely supported by the ship-owners, and that it would enable vessels to pass down the river at any time of the night, without apprehension of being drifted on the Herring-rock, Mr. Steele proceeds:—

"I have lately read of a natural light which has burst forth upon the shores of Lake Erie, in North America. The flame ascended through a chasm of the rock, and burned uselessly upon the ground. A hollow pedestal was reared over it, that the flame might ascend through it, and gleam from its summit as a beacon-light for vessels. They had the light, and wanted the pedestal—now we only want the light, for we have the pedestal ready formed in the beacon tower."

But Mr. Steele's manner of leaving his *Practical Suggestions* will be, perhaps, best illustrated by the following extract, which perfectly justifies, as far as piracy goes, the quotation he has placed on his title-page from the Notes to Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*:—

"The Greeks—a kind of Eastern Irish Papists."

"Among the perils of the Narrows it is heart-sickening to be constrained to mention the atrocious spirit of the Cratloe peasantry, who, descending from the woods and mountains in the vicinity when vessels are in distress, instead of affording them any succour, approach in their boats only for the purposes of plunder. This may be observed even in Limerick itself, from the turrets of the steeple of St. Mary's cathedral, with a telescope, where (as there is a view of eighteen miles down the river) the ship-brokers have a watch to give notice of the approach of vessels from the Atlantic.—The day before that on which I was aboard the Lord Newborough, the crew had been under the necessity of preparing their arms, to prevent some of the Cratloe-men, who were in a boat alongside, from forcing their way on board; and the day after, one or two of them, who, under some pretext, were admitted, while the crew were engaged in throwing the cargo into lighters, contrived to open the chest upon deck in which the arms had been laid the day before, and stole out of it a pistol, with which they got away.—The son of another Limerick ship-broker (Mr. Mullock, jun.) mentioned to me, that, in the last year of the late war, his father had been obliged to send a corporal's guard on board some of his ships, to prevent them from being boarded and plundered in passing this part of the river.—A western boat was some years ago plundered by these mountain robbers: the unhappy crew was murdered, and then buried in the mud.—There is, near Kilbaha bay, in the lower Shannon, a spot believed to be haunted. The crew of a Portuguese vessel was here savagely murdered, and their spirits are believed by the peasantry to glide at midnight about the place where this deep damnation was perpetrated.—Among many other superstitions and romantic legends of this part of Ireland is one of a spectre ship, that shews itself amidst the storms."

Thus rambles on Mr. Steele, from the dangers of the Narrows to the Flying Dutchman of the Adelphi Theatre, about which and Mr. T. P. Cooke's admirable personification of Vanderdecken, it was quite a chance, we have no doubt, that we were not favoured with some further particulars. Mr. Steele flounders dreadfully through a commencement of no less than ten pages—he talks of pilots and fishermen, and his opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of his subject: to this we cannot object; but then he cites Locke on the Human Understanding—tells us of a conversation he had with a gentleman (Mr. Turrell) near whom he sat one evening "at a meeting of the institution," and with whom he was looking over some drawings, which had, we presume, for he is silent on this point, nothing whatever to do with the navigation of the Shannon. Then Mr. Steele quotes—ay, in Greek, quotes—Zenophon and Socrates—talks of Bacon—Locke again—Newton and Descartes—to end in what? In the *exquisite* remark, that "the devil has invented practice to contradict theory;" which, Mr. Steele is pleased to inform us, is his "rule of gold of Ophir of philosophising—in physic—in physics and metaphysics too."

Mr. Steele next tells us, that his plans for the improvement of the navigation of the Shannon occupied his mind when he was absolutely "under water in his own diving-bell." He then proceeds with somewhat stale quotations from the author of the Faërie Queene and Sir John Davis, about Ireland; and at last he arrives at Limerick, and delivers himself in a glorious burst of Erin's engineering eloquence,—worthy of any member, Protestant or not, of the Irish Catholic Association:—

"Like one of the spirits described in the Revelation as bound in the great river Euphrates, so is the commercial spirit of this city bound in the great Shannon; and my object is to loose it, that it may join 'the spirits that hold the winds of heaven,' by breaking its bonds, by annihilating those obstacles that now create *retardation* and peril to the navigation. Let any one, supposing these obstructions and perils to be removed, expand before his eyes the map of the world; let him read the history of the steam-engine; and let him, at the same time, take the other quantity, as a third element, into his calculation, viz. 'the quantity of mind' working fervidly and incessantly all over the world since the days of Watt, to bring steam navigation to still higher and higher progressive perfection;—now, after working his calculations, with these geographical, physical, and metaphysical elements as his data, let him point out another spot upon the globe so likely as Limerick to become such a point of contact as I have described. (*Hear, hear!*) This city, venerable by its antiquity, and, as I have said and say again, almost sanctified in Irish history, abounds at this hour with objects of picturesque, and solemn, and romantic interest. The antique castle, built by King John of England, with its massive towers, washed by the waters of the majestic river—(*Cries of Question!*)—the ancient bridge, Thomond bridge, *over which are seen the mountains of Clare;* and at the end of the bridge, opposite the castle, at Thomond Gate, is the stone—'the stone of sorrow,' on which, according to

tradition, were signed, in presence of both armies, the treaty of Limerick! (*Hear, hear, hear!*) At a short distance from the castle stands the Gothic cathedral, the church of St. Mary, originally the palace of one of the Irish kings, with dark trees beneath its tower. In the lower part of the old town, near gardens and orchards, towards that part of the Shannon (*Question! question!*) called the Abbey River, (*Question!*) are the remains of priories, monasteries, and convents, and some of the ancient city walls are to be seen near St. Peter's cell. Here the nuns of St. Clare have their convent, their solemn little Gothic chapel, and an extensive school. On two sides of their garden are ancient Gothic ruins. The convent of the Ursalines is on the opposite side of the Shannon. (*Question!*) The knights templars had a preceptory near the river, (*Question! question!*) but the site alone is known at present. Baal's bridge is an ancient structure, connecting the Irish and English towns, with houses upon its western side. The convents of the Dominican and Augustinian friars are in the new town, which is built upon what was formerly called St. Prior's Land. This new town (New Town Pery) is beautiful. There are extensive quays for shipping. A new bridge is in progress, *which is very much wanted*, and will be an extraordinary improvement. The surrounding country is delightful; the women of Limerick are lovely, the men are patriotic, hospitable, and brave! (*Thunders of applause.*) Such," continues our orator, "is Limerick at the present hour. The pool of Limerick is in the Shannon, about a mile below the town In the pool are several rocks," &c.

Mr. Steele then proceeds, at page 11, in a business-like way enough, to state the dangers of the navigation—although, we think, in doing so, he is much too fond of laying emphasis on particular words; but, in justice to him, we admit that his conclusion exhibits much good plain sense, and in style resembles rather an address from Cobbett to the "most thinking people," than the flowery language used by his "persecuted and hard-drinking" countrymen, as Blackwood calls them. We will quote the passage, as it briefly states the improvements suggested:—

"In what I recommend to have done for the improvement of this navigation, I could undertake, in all cases, to point out advantages, in constant and steady proportion to any sums which might be named; from 50*s.* to 50,000*l.* For example:—How might 50*s.* be laid out in a useful improvement? Send a painter with a brush and a pot of white paint to graduate the tower of the Scarlets and paint figures, that the depth of water may be always known.—How 10*l.*? Put down a buoy, with a ring in it, to check vessels by, in the heavy current on the tail of the Whelps.—How 20*l.*? Put down another, of the same kind, on the tail of the Scarlets.—How 100*l.*? Diminish the danger of the North Channel.—How 200*l.*? Remove the Kippen.—How 2000*l.*, 3000*l.*, 4000*l.*, 5000*l.*? Widen the Channel at the Cock-rock.—How 20,000*l.*, 30,000*l.*, 40,000*l.*, 50,000*l.*? Make the canal, &c. &c. &c."

We now come to an examination of the political part of Mr. Steele's extraordinary work, of which he very candidly says:—"I have no doubt, to many, that in uniting this with the foregoing subject, I do something like tying together by their tails two crotchets which are in discord to each other in music." He then proceeds with extracts and quotations from Macchiavelli, Lord Byron's Don Juan, the Holy Scriptures, (of which we deeply lament the introduction in such association), Spencer to satiety, Curry, Bagnal Harvey that imbecile rebel, the comedy of the Beaux Stratagem, the Abbé Gregoire's Discourse on Religious Liberty, a Connaught newspaper, the Edinburgh Review, Curran's Speeches, the Midsummer Night's Dream, Walsh's Reply, Captain Rock, Chancer, &c. Now, the result of all these authorities appears to us, from Mr. Steele's own summary, to prove neither more nor less than that his politics are not mere theory, but are absolute romance; and in proof, although the extract is somewhat lengthy, we take Mr. Steele's conclusion, (as, notwithstanding all his faults, we have shewn how ably he can sum up his arguments,) which conclusion is really not unworthy of Mr. Banim, of *O'Hara* notoriety, or Mr. Griffin, of *Hollandtide* celebrity:—

"There is a spot, upon a mountain promontory in Fingal, where, in my early boyhood, external Nature first burst upon my vision in beauty and sublimity, not separated, but in combination. Upon the eastern side of the solitary mountain, where it shelves abruptly to the sea, and so near its summit that there was a glorious expanse of horizon, was a little fountain, bursting among the rocks and wild flowers and sunbeams. A bee hummed over the flowers, close to the fountain and its little rill; some sea-gulls wheeled and floated in the air, high above the sea that broke upon the shore; and there was a distant bark, with white sails, holding on her course upon the swelling tide. Whenever I call this scene to remembrance, 'pure, bright, and elysian,' it floats in my imagination like a vision of enchantment. This is the pure elysian enchantment of external nature, without any intermingling feelings inspired by the history of the times of old.* 'Canst thou loosen the bonds of Orion, or canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?' No; and there are other sweet influences too, that, while man retains his nature, never can be bound;

* * * there is given
Unto the things of earth that time hath bent
A spirit's feeling; * * * *
* * * * there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement.

And when I stand in the ancient cathedral of Limerick, and listen to the choir and the organ; when I hear the chant of the high mass and ringing of the mass bell, and view the incense ascending from the altar in one of their convent chapels; when I wander through the garden of the holy sisterhood of St. Clare, and view their figures gliding among the Gothic ruins, or when I stand within the sanctuary of their convent chapel; when I sit upon the ancient bastion in St. Munchin's cemetery upon a gloomy evening, and listen to the sullen *swough*† of wind among the dark elms over my head, and the rushing flood of the Shannon that sweeps at its basement, and hear the roar of the bugles, the beat of the drum, and 'the voice of the trumpet,' within the court of the castle, I become inspired by a feeling, solemn and mournful, different from that of which I am susceptible in any other place in the world, but not very unlike that with which, upon the shore of the solitary lake where he reposes, I hear the wind whisper at night in the grass around the grave of my father, whom I have never seen."

Thus terminates Mr. Steele's political work: but we must, before we conclude, give a specimen of his algebraical mode of treating his subject.

* Book of Job. † Chaucer.

"Put x for liberty, the quantity sought; put a for your sense of justice; b for your sense of expediency; c for your ignorance of the state of Ireland; d for your prejudice; p for your pride: and I think that from these elements we shall evolve a mathematical speech which may defy the attorney-general; for as liberty will be obtained by adding the square root of your sense of justice to the square root of your sense of expediency, minus the fourth power of your prejudice, minus the square cube of your ignorance of the state of Ireland, minus your pride (which is infinite $\overline{p \times \infty}$) raised to that power whose index is infinity,—the rhetorical formula will be as follows:

$$\sqrt{a} + \sqrt{b - \sqrt[3]{c^3 - d^4 - \overline{p \times \infty}|^{\infty}}} = x$$

Now this formula, spoken (like an Admiralty speech) by a telegraph, without any of the carnations, and hyacinths, and violets, and roses, and wild roses, and passion-flowers of oratory, will be an admirable substitute for the impassioned harangues of the popish agitators of the Catholic Association, every man of whom, too, (except myself) speaks with the brogue; which is an additional reason why they ought to be silent, lest the people of England should find their accent become 'degenerate English,' by reading their speeches in the newspapers."

Mr. Steele is, we believe from his book, labouring to do service to his country; of the wretched state of which in 1821-22 he has drawn a powerful, though, we are inclined to think, an over-coloured picture. The details given by him of the affair at Carrickaminny, near Macroom, where some of the misguided peasantry were dispersed by about fourteen of the rifle brigade, led on, if we recollect correctly, by Mr. Hedges Eyre and an officer on half-pay, who was a resident in the neighbourhood, named Ash, are certainly exaggerated; for Mr. Steele speaks of the "red soldiers," besides the rifles, with "a party of the 6th dragoon guards, and the Macroom yeomanry cavalry on the left of the line," &c. &c. However willing as we are to do full justice to Mr. Steel's motives in the publication before us, yet we doubt much if this scientific, political, romantic, algebraical, and historical work will advance the purposes for which it is intended.

Crawfurd's Embassy to the Courts of Siam and Cochin China.

(Second Notice.)

We have this week only room to continue the acquaintance of our readers with this excellent volume, by selecting one interesting extract, giving an account of the grand funeral of the last king of Siam.

"Immediately on the death of the king, which happened in July 1824, the building of a large edifice, in the form of a temple, was commenced for a funeral pile for burning the body on, according to the custom of the country, not only in regard to the kings, but to all classes of the people. This building, which took nine months in finishing, was very extensive, and covered at least half an acre of ground. It consisted of a large open dome, about fifty feet high, supported upon immense wooden pillars, the finest that could be procured in Siam. The roof, which was of various fantastic forms, the parts rising one above the other until it came to a point, was covered with tiles. From the centre of it rose a spire, composed of five or six flights or stories, decreasing in size as they rose, and each flight

terminating in a gallery, or circular walk. The edifice was crowned with a tall slender rod. The height of the whole fabric I could not exactly learn, but, from its appearance, I should think it could not be less than three hundred cubits. The whole of the interior as well as exterior of the building was painted partly green and partly yellow, and in some places covered with gold and silver leaf, which gave it a very rich and splendid appearance, especially at a distance. It was also surrounded with a variety of images representing their deities. Inside the great dome there was a small temple, precisely in the form of the large one; in the centre of this, and about two-thirds up, was a platform, over which was a small spire, supported upon four pillars about thirty feet high. On this platform was to be placed the body. The whole of this interior building, but particularly near the place where the body was to be deposited, was highly gilded, and otherwise richly decorated with gold and silver leaf. The great building was surrounded with low sheds or houses, for the accommodation of the priests who flocked from all parts of the kingdom to assist at the ceremony. Outside of these sheds there were erected twelve small pagodas, at convenient distances from each other, and these also were decorated in a manner corresponding with the large temple. The ground within the sheds just mentioned, which was about thirty yards wide, was covered in with basket-work of bamboos, as were also all the passages leading from the palace, for the better accommodation of the royal pedestrians. This was the state of the preparations a few days previous to the commencement of the ceremony. The 23d of April, 1825, was the day fixed upon for the removal of the remains of his late majesty from the palace to the funeral pile. I was invited, along with some of my friends, to see the ceremony. We reached the place appointed for us as early as seven o'clock in the morning, to avoid the bustle of the crowd collecting from all parts. The situation appointed for us was not the most convenient, being only an open shed close by the road along which the procession was to pass. Here we were much annoyed with heat and dust, but being as well provided for as the Cochin Chinese ambassador, who had come to Siam for the express purpose of honouring the ceremony, we had no right to complain: we had, moreover, the honour of being accompanied by the Prah-klang's son, and by the intendant of the Porte. The procession began to move at nine o'clock, or in Siamese time at three o'clock, and in the following order.—Several hundred soldiers, dressed principally in blue and red camlet, with caps of the same material, walking at a slow pace, without order, and bearing in their hands long poles of bamboo in the manner of flag-staffs, on the tops of which were artificial flowers of large size.—A similar number of men, not soldiers, carrying banners of silk and cloth, of a triangular shape, upon which were various devices, consisting of dragons, serpents, and other monsters, painted or embroidered.—Two carriages, each drawn by a single horse.—The figure of a rhinoceros of the size of an elephant, upon a sledge or carriage on low wheels, drawn by men and horses, with a small temple on its back, in which was a quantity of yellow dresses, to be given to the priests as offerings.—Two figures of elephants (very large), drawn as above.—Two figures of horses, similarly drawn.—Four figures of large monkeys, two and two.—Four figures of eagles, two and two.—Four figures of cocks, two and two.—Four figures of wild men or giants, two and two.—Four figures of lions of immense size, two and two.—These were followed by the figures of a variety of other indescribable beasts and birds, two and two; and each figure bore its supply of dresses for the priests.—Eight hundred men dressed in white, with white caps or helmets. These represented celestial messengers, and their purpose was as if to show the soul of the deceased king the way to heaven. Along with these were many bands of music.—The late king's household. Some of these bore over their heads a large umbrella or canopy, composed of three or four tiers, and having long fringes suspending from it. Others had swords of state in their hands; and all walked in the procession in great disorder and confusion.—The late king's brother, in a handsome open carriage, of singular form and workmanship, highly gilded and ornamented, and the roof terminating in a small temple containing cloth for the priests. This was drawn by a number of men and horses.—Choufa, the late king's son, in a similar carriage, but still handsomer.—Choufa Noi, the late king's nephew, a boy, in a very superb carriage, holding in his hand the end of a sash of gold tissue, the other end being attached to the next carriage immediately after him, and which contained the body of the late king. This last was most elegantly gilded and decorated, and supported by the great officers of state, walking in single files at the sides of the carriage, all dressed in white, having helmets on their heads, sandals on their feet, and carrying white wands in their hands.—A carriage containing a quantity of sandal-wood and other perfumes for the pile. The bier was followed by soldiers, figures of animals, musicians, and messengers, of the same number and kind with those which preceded it, and in the same order. After these came the late king's brothers, forty in number, all on horseback, in single file, and according to seniority. Each was followed by a train of servants on foot, dressed in white. The procession terminated at twelve o'clock, with little confusion and no outrage whatever, notwithstanding the immense crowd which was collected, and which consisted of nearly the whole population of Bang-kok, and a vast number of strangers from the most distant provinces of the kingdom. On the following day we were invited to see the body lie in state on the funeral pile, in the small temple, within the great dome, previous to its being burnt. On our arrival within the palace enclosure, we were conducted in by old Phya Chula and his son, who of course did not forget to exact from us all the necessary marks of respect to the body of their late master. The large dome had four entrances, each of which was guarded night and day by a prince of the blood, from the time the body was placed within it. On our arrival at one of these entrances, we were obliged to take off our shoes. Having then paid our compliments to the prince, we proceeded to the place where the body lay. On approaching it, we made our obeisance, and sat down, of course, on the floor, which was, however, well covered with mats. The scene presented here was the most magnificent I ever saw. From the roof of the large dome were suspended the most beautiful ornaments of Siamese manufacture in gold and silver, made for the occasion, as well as an infinite variety of European chandeliers, lamps, &c. But the small temple was still more sumptuously ornamented, being literally covered with gold and silver leaf. Over the body were suspended a variety of gold and silver branches, or small trees; and the floor round it was covered with a variety of musical instruments, clocks, looking-glasses, and other furniture, all that could be begged or borrowed throughout the country. The whole had a surprising effect. Having taken our leave of this place, with the same reverence as we entered it, we proceeded to view the amusements provided for the evening; consisting of fire-works, tumbling, rope-dancing, wrestling, &c. The most amusing part of the exhibition was the scrambling of the mob for the pieces of money scattered among them from four small tablets erected for the purpose. These were placed at short distances from each other, immediately before the place where the king and his suite sat. From each of these were thrown occasional handsful of coin, consisting of half and quarter ticals. In this manner a few hundred ticals were expended nightly during the continuance of the festival, which lasted ten days. In addition to this, there were given away in alms daily at the palace, during the same period, five hundred ticals. The amusements generally were very poor. What appeared to me deserving of more admiration than any thing else, was the very orderly manner in which the people conducted themselves, notwithstanding the vast concourse collected from all parts of the country. The preparations and conduct of the whole affair did the Siamese much credit, and would not disgrace any country in Europe. They certainly thought not a little of it themselves, and frequently asked me if I ever saw the like before. I was obliged to confess I had not. The fire from which the pile is lighted they pretend is celestial, having, as they allege, been taken from a ball of fire which fell at the door of the palace several centuries ago, and which has never since been suffered to extinguish. Charity to the lower animals is considered by the Siamese as a religious virtue of great merit, and this frequently gives rise at funerals to a disgusting and abominable rite, never performed, however, except in compliance with the dying request of the deceased. It consists in cutting slices of flesh from the corpse, and with these feeding the birds of prey and dogs, which are seen in numbers about the temples waiting for this horrid feast. After this ugly rite, the remains of the body are buried in the usual manner. The only honourable funeral amongst the Siamese consists in burning the body, and the practice is very general. It seems to be viewed as a religious rite, and as a ceremony necessary to assist the passage of the soul to a higher grade in the scale of transmigration, and finally to its extinction or rest. The persons not deemed worthy of this rite, are women dying pregnant, or in child-birth; persons who come to a sudden death; persons who die of the small-pox; and malefactors. The death of all such is considered as the punishment of some offence in the present or a former state of existence. They are consequently deemed unworthy of regular funereal rites, and buried. Under ordinary circumstances, so much importance is attached to the rite of burning the dead, that if the ceremony cannot be performed soon after death, either from poverty, or from the party dying at a distance, the body is first buried, and afterwards, as soon as convenient or practicable, disinhumed, and consigned to the funeral pile. Of persons of distinction, a few of the bones are kept, and either preserved in urns in the houses of their relatives, or buried, with little pyramidal monuments over them, in the ground adjacent to

the temples. Of these monuments we saw a good number; they are small and paltry, without any inscription. The practice of immolating living victims with the dead, as practised in Hindostan and some other countries of the East, is unknown to the Siamese in any form—one advantage, at least, if there be no other, which humanity gains from the avowed principle of the doctrines of Buddha, which denounces the shedding of blood. There is one species of suicide, however, which is reckoned meritorious. This is considered as a solemn religious sacrifice of the highest order. The victim who devotes himself to self-destruction, sits down on the ground, covered all over with quantities of cloth dipped in oil, and smeared with other combustibles. He sets fire to the materials himself, and patiently suffers death, with his hands raised before his face, in an attitude of devotion. The relations of one who performs such a sacrifice are for ever after taken under the special protection of the sovereign. Such sacrifices as these are extremely rare, as may be inferred from the nature of the reward."

[To be continued.]

The Elements of Physiology, by *J. Fred.* Blumenbach, M.D. F.R.S. Prof. Med. Gött. *Translated from the Latin, with Copious Notes*, by John Elliotson, M.D. Cantab. *&c. 4th edition.* 8vo. pp. 582. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH we do not in general undertake to review medical publications, yet the fourth edition of Blumenbach's *Physiology*, translated by Dr. Elliotson, has so many claims upon the public, that we cannot permit it to issue from the press without expressing our high estimation of its value. We do not hesitate to declare, that the faithful translation of that learned physiologist's original text, together with the very comprehensive Notes subjoined by his translator, render it the most complete work on the subject which has ever come under our inspection. In the "march of intellect," of which we hear so much in most of the departments of science in the present day, it is most satisfactory to observe that physiology is not in the rear; and the recent experiments made by its modern patrons and disciples have thrown such light upon the functions of the different organs—but especially the brain and nerves—of the human body, that the subject is rapidly emerging from the confines of medicine, and assuming a tone of general interest. Many men, indeed, of superior intellect, as Bacon, Locke, &c., have evinced an almost professional zeal in matters of such vital importance. Gibbon the historian considered his education to incomplete without a knowledge of the history of himself, that he began the study of anatomy when he was advanced in years: and as government appears determined to facilitate the attainment of the science, a few comments on the work before us may not be *mal-à-propos*.

In his chapter on the Blood, Dr. Elliotson has offered some interesting remarks respecting its motion and properties, and given a concise view of the analyses and experiments which have been made; by which it appears, that the ingredients of which it is composed are the same in brutes as in ourselves, and differ only in their proportions. In his notes on the Mental Faculties, he has introduced some strong arguments in support of Phrenology; but certainly not to our conviction.

Notwithstanding the obscurity in which the subject of metaphysics is inextricably involved, it would be difficult to name any work in which a more clear and rational view of it is taken, than in the few pages which Dr. E. has annexed to Blumenbach's sixth section. Unfettered by bigotry, and unbiased by mere philosophy, he appears as a mediator between the two extremes; and so reconciles the opposing differences, by adducing the pith of the most *vehemehes* on either side, as to establish the Christian religion on its firmest basis. These are his opinions—

"In contending that the mind is a power of the living brain, and the exercise of it the functions of that organ, I contend for merely a physical fact; and no Christian who has just conceptions of the Author of Nature will hesitate to look boldly at Nature as she is, lest he should discover facts opposite to the pronunciations of his revelation; for the Word and the works of the Almighty cannot contradict each other. * * *

"Seeing that the brain thinks, and feels, and wills, as clearly as that the liver has the power of producing bile, and does produce it; and as salt the power of assuming a certain form, and does crystallise—the physical engineer leaves others at liberty to fancy an hypothesis of its power being a subtle, immaterial, immortal substance — exactly as they fancy life to be a subtle fluid. * * *

"They should reflect, that the belief of an immaterial substance removes no imagined difficulty, as it is the peculiar doctrine of Scripture, in distinction to that of all the heathen philosophers and people, that the resurrection will be positively of *body*—that in our *flesh* we shall see God; and that therefore our minds must appear as much a property of body hereafter as at present. This only, the Christian, doctrine of a future state is reasonable. The heathen doctrine was grounded on the supposed inherent immortality of a supposed substance distinct from the body: the Christian doctrine teaches the resurrection of what we obviously are—bodies; and that through a miracle of the Almighty."

We regret that our narrow limits preclude us from entering upon many or all of the subjects which the work embraces; for we feel confident that the interesting information conveyed in the chapters on Respiration, Animal Heat, Perspiration, the Voice, &c. would obviate any necessity for apology on the score of prolixity. Speaking of the hair, he says:

"The hairs have been represented destitute of life; but they have turned gray in a single night from distress of mind (and other causes). In illness they often grow soft and hang about the head. I know a lady whose hair will not keep in curl if she is in the slightest degree indisposed; and a young gentleman whose profuse curly hair becomes straight under the same circumstances. On the other hand, a case is recorded in which it always curled in a fit of the gout, &c."

The notes on the Functions of the Nervous System, &c. &c. are perhaps more adapted to the medical than the public eye; and hence we pass them over, although they abound in curious facts, anecdotes, and experiments, which evince indefatigable and extensive research in the writer. Those on Sleep, on Food and Hunger, on Digestion, &c. are most instructive and entertaining.

In his notes on the general Differences of the Sexes, he says—

"Inferior to man in reasoning powers and corporeal strength, woman possesses more sensibility of both body and mind—more tenderness, affection, and compassion—more of all that is endearing and capable of soothing human woes; but less firmness of character, except, indeed, when affection subsists. Although *varium et mutabile semper femina*, is a true character; yet nothing is too irksome, too painful, or too perilous, for a mother, a wife, or a mistress, to endure or attempt for the object of her love."

His description of all the celebrated human varieties, lusus nature, and monstrosities which have been seen, and are well authenticated, is highly interesting. In a note on the "nisus formativus" he says—

"The circumstance of longing during pregnancy is rather curious.—Many long for certain nice articles of food, and become much distressed if not gratified; but others for coals, sealing-wax, flax, tar, chalk, raw meat, and live fish. Tulpius mentions a lady having devoured 1400 herrings in her pregnancy. But Ludovicus Vives tells us of a woman who longed for a bite in the back of a young man's neck, and would have miscarried if not gratified: and Langius, of another who had set her heart upon biting a baker's shoulder, which she saw bare and white as he carried his bread to the oven every morning. The husband bribed the baker at so much each bite. The poor fellow stood two very manfully; but when a third was talked of, his courage failed. A woman at Andernach on the Rhine longed for her husband, and is declared to have murdered him, eaten what she could, and salted the rest."

There is, in short, no limit to the anecdotes, observations, and researches of the translator; and whether we look into it with a view of obtaining knowledge or deriving amusement, we are sure of our object. The work concludes with a disquisition on the Growth and Decrease of the Human System—on the Corporeal Characteristics of Man—and on the Varieties of Mankind. He divides the latter, with Blumenbach, into five—the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malay; and observes farther—"Not only have the five varieties their distinctive characteristics, but the different nations comprehended in each variety have each their peculiarities, both mental and corporeal: among the Caucasians, for example, the Germans, French, Spaniards, and English, are extremely different from each other. Nay, the provinces of the same country differ, and the families of the same province; and, in fact, every individual has his own peculiar countenance, figure, constitution, form of body, and mental character. A question here presents itself—Are the differences among mankind to be ascribed to the influence of various causes upon the descendants of two, or of more, but all similar primary parents:—or to original differences in more than two primary parents? This being a physical subject, is now always physically investigated; without reference to the Bible, except as an historical work, in conformity both with the opinion of Locke, that only matters above human reason are the proper subjects of revelation; and of Bacon, that religious and philosophical inquiry should be kept separate, and not pompously united. A true revelation cannot suffer by the progress of philosophy; but philosophy has seriously suffered by ignorant appeals to Scripture. Besides, many will not listen to arguments from Scripture in matters of philosophy, alleging the want of proof of inspiration. Dr. Bostock, one of the most careful and amiable of inquirers, does not hesitate to say, 'that we do not find that the writer of the Book of Genesis

lays claim to any supernatural source of information with respect to natural phenomena; while the whole tenor of his work seems to shew, that on such topics he adopted the opinions which were current among his contemporaries.' "

After a review of the leading opinions on this interesting topic, he concludes—

"We have reason to believe that among the myriads of worlds, and systems of worlds, in the universe, world after world, and system after system, are, like countries, and like animals and vegetables, silently and successively destroyed, and others produced. Our new earth Lamarck imagines to have been endowed by the Creator with such powers, that, under certain circumstances, portions of its matter became animated and organised; and these animated portions he imagines to have been endowed with the property of becoming more and more complicated in their structure, and excellent in their properties, till, in the course of countless ages, the world came to abound as it does in all the varieties of living beings, with the human race at their head."

The Rector of Overton: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. Fisher and Son.

THIS novel takes indeed high ground: it is meant to defend the higher orders of society in England from the shafts aimed at them by the flying novelists (*quære*, what is a flying novelist?) of the last few months;—these said higher orders conducting themselves in a very different manner from what has been represented by the pseudo fashionable painters. Of their blundering ignorance, the following authentic specimens will suffice to convict them. *Ex. gr.: a dinner.*

"Dr. Mostyn, being asked, solicited a blessing in a few words, for he thought long prayers, on such occasions, absurd and unmeaning; and the whole of the guests began their refection with an eagerness that shewed the air of Woodland Mount was conducive to appetite. The hostess was politely attentive to every one of the numerous party; Lord Derington was all attention to see how his bride was admired; Sir William Freeman, at the bottom of the table, made all happy that were near him; but the Rector, by his brilliant yet dignified conversation, charmed every one. * * *

"In the mean time, the Duchess of M——, at another part of the table, was relaxing her fine but rigid features into something like a smile, while she entertained those who were near her with remarks or suggestions of sterling brilliancy and virtue. Lord Benson shone with modest lustre whenever there was an opportunity for unobtrusive remarks, and his attentive services were addressed to all. In this way, every one feeling happy, the dinner was unusually prolonged; and, at last, when the Rector of Overton had offered a concise thanksgiving for the refreshment, the sound of distant music was heard. Lady Derington immediately rose, as did the rest of the company, and Lord Benson gracefully, and with deep respect, taking her hand, led her out of the dining-room."

A Dessert.—"In the middle of the longest table, opposite to the bridal chair, stood an epergne, if it might be so called, executed in massive silver, by order of Lord Benson. On a fine ornamented base, it shewed, in large chased figures, Cupid and Hymen binding Time with rosy bands to an altar, on which stood two closely united hearts, round which an elegant personification of Minerva was placing a serpent: on the friezes of the altar was, on one side, 'For ever;' on the second, '*Pour toujours:*' and on the third, '*Per semper.*' From the corners of the altar rose twisted branches, which terminated in half-figures of boys, holding finely cut glass dishes, now filled with various kinds of preserves and confections. At the four corners of the chief table were large figures of solid silver, representing the seasons, and near their pedestals were placed, in gold dishes, exquisite specimens of the fruits appropriate to each; while the middle of the table all along was covered with fruits and ices of every kind, in vases or dishes of the most beautiful porcelain. The plates for the guests were of silver gilt; the spoons, forks, and knives, were gold; and superb decanters of wine were placed on various parts of the table, in large embossed silver flagons. * * *

"The grand party in the pavilion were most agreeably engaged in lively, elegant conversation, till Lady Freeman was asked to sing. She looked at Sir William (who seemed to approve), and immediately, without excuse or apology, she sung a very fine Scotch air with great taste and feeling. Her ladyship then asked for a song from Mrs. Mostyn, assuring the company, at the same time, how greatly she should be out-done by her sister. Mrs. Mostyn offered to sing one part of a duet with the Doctor, and, as they were accustomed to sing together, those who knew them well anticipated much gratification. Mrs. Mostyn, with a very fine voice, had made advantage of the best instruction, to cultivate a fine taste: the Rector had a rich tenor voice, and was a complete master of music."

It is thus the "higher orders" shew their "moral elevation;" so, at least, states our author, from having lived among them. We should like to know in what capacity.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Nouveaux Tableaux de Paris, ou Observations sur les Mœurs et Usages des Parisiens, au commencement du XIXe Siècle. 2 tom. in-12°. A Paris, chez Pillet aîné. 1828.

FROM these volumes something of Parisian habits may be learnt; but they want the piquancy which imparts value to such publications, and form but a poor sequel to the Papers of the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin.

Emma de Lissau, &c. By the Author of "Sophia de Lissau." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Gardiner and Son.

SOPHIA DE LISSAU is a curious and interesting narrative, which exhibits many striking features of Jewish prejudices and customs. It seems, however, that the authoress had wrought out her vein in that performance,—for the present is little more than the dross of the same mine.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 17.

THE last week has been remarkably gay; for we have had a *fête*, a funeral, and a review,—and all received, in the language of the playbills, "with unanimous approbation." There are two descriptions of persons in this world: one who will not be pleased—the other easily satisfied: of the latter class I avow myself a member. The processions at the *fête Dieu* give ample scope for both parties: one who can trace in it nothing but mummery and paganism—the other not willing to quarrel with a mass of persons because they choose to worship God after another fashion:—and, after all, there is something really imposing in the chant of a thousand voices in the open air; though that effect is frequently destroyed by the harsh and ungenial sound of the drums accompanying the military part of the procession. The splendid habits of the priests—the display of banners—five hundred females in pure white, with their voices swelling in the wind—and a strong military escort, formed, altogether, a scene sufficiently imposing: the streets through which they passed were hung with tapestry, white drapery, &c. &c. France has lost another of her marshals in the person of the Marquis de Lauriston: he died of a fit of apoplexy, at the house of Le Gallois, one of the dancers at the Opera; but as the papers have it, at his own house, receiving the aid of religion, and surrounded by his family. He is, however, regretted as a great friend to the arts, and is said to have had sufficient judgment blended with his taste. The funeral-service was celebrated with great pomp, and the body conveyed to Père la Chaise with all the splendour of military display;—the interest not a little increased by seeing so many of his old companions in arms—marshals and generals whose fame and fortune have survived the master who led them on to riches and glory.

After repeated disappointments, it was at length finally arranged, that his Majesty should review the troops in and about Paris. Some uneasy recollections probably interfered to retard it; for it was in consequence of the conduct of the national guards at one of the last reviews, that the ordonnance appeared for the disbanding of that celebrated body. On Saturday, however, it took place on the Champ de Mars. It was certainly a splendid sight: the cuirassiers were almost too dazzling to look upon, from the strong reflection of a brilliant sun upon their highly polished breastplates; the garde royale, the garde du corps, the gendarmerie, and the artillery, were as fine bodies of men as ever graced a field; the troops of the line, far, far inferior, I should say, to even our local militia. There were about 18,000 men: no evolutions were performed; but the king and a very brilliant staff passed down each line, and they afterwards marched by him. The Dauphine, the Duchess de Berri, and the Duc de Bordeaux, were in a carriage, and followed the king's cortège round the field. The heat was so extreme, that many of the cuirassiers literally fainted under their load:—I will not go the extent of saying they were roasted alive; but certainly they were *over-done.*

I take this opportunity of correcting a great error into which our countrymen have fallen. They foolishly imagine that we distinguished ourselves at the battle of Navarin:—no such thing; it was all managed by the French. I was at the Circus on Saturday night, to see a grand melo-dramatic spectacle—the *Death of Bisson.* The French admiral who commanded is one of the leading characters; and from the description he gives in the piece, it was quite evident that the whole glory and danger belonged to the French. It is true, I believe, that Sir Edward Codrington and the Russian admiral were there, but I suspect in the characters of aides-de-camp: they were both introduced in the scene, but had not a word to say for themselves. By the way, what is our Lord High Admiral about? I find that he has changed the uniform of the admirals: for if the French, who pride themselves so much upon correctness of costume, are not very wrong indeed, the dress is now *green*, with a red sash and a *large military feather!!!*

Macready plays *Virginius* on Monday next.

Another Correspondent, speaking of the Duc de Lauriston's funeral, says:—As rank follows rank, the principal part of the *haute noblesse*, the officers of state, and the king's household, marshals, and generals, assisted at the ceremony, and conveyed to his last home him who only the Sunday before followed in the procession of the *fête Dieu*, appearing in all the vigour of health. About eleven in the forenoon the cortège quitted the family residence in the Place Vendôme for the chapel of the Assomption in the Rue St. Honore: the hearse, decorated with four pair of colours, trophies of former victories, was drawn by six horses decked with black plumes: on the coffin lay the marshal's ducal mantle, *le baton de maréchal*, and different orders—emblems of human vanity. The whole of the way was lined with military, and a band of music preceded, performing one of those solemn marches which fill the mind with not unpleasing melancholy. Brilliant equipages were numerous; but the duke's own steed, covered all over with black crape, and led by two *scugers*, looked neither the least noble nor interesting of the procession. As custom is most arbitrary here, the torch-bearers were chosen from the dregs of misery. The *catafalque*, under which the coffin was placed during the service for the dead, was sumptuous. The streamers were held by the Dukes de Reggio and Belluno: the chief mourner was the Maréchal Lauriston's youngest son, a very fine young man: he never ceased to weep, and seemed totally unequal to the task imposed on him. Père la Chaise received the remains of the duke; and if any thing could reconcile one to return to their mother earth, it would be this palace of tombs, where the winding-sheet of the dead appears a beautiful verdure, enamelled with flowers. I can imagine nothing more beautiful than this spot, particularly at this season, when all nature is in its freshness. As I entered the gates of the burial-ground, I perceived a family in deep mourning, amongst whom was a young man bearing a rake. As he looked in deep despair, I went, from curiosity, to the tomb he had been arranging, and found written in pencil-marks — "*Ton Auguste ne sera jamais heureux jusqu'il te rejoindra.*" Could I have believed in the immortality of his attachment, I might have sympathised somewhat in his affliction; but I never yet knew a Frenchman whose philosophy could not conquer love, or whose affection could combat against interest.

I lately went to the Jardin des Plantes to visit our *new* relatives (according to M. Bory St. Vincent): indeed this connexion between man and monkeys is not very flattering; as of all animals they are the least interesting, and look rather like a parody on our race than like creatures having an affinity to it.*

Last week crowds of the curious ran to see the wonderful child whose eyes are the miracle of Paris, having the words *Emperor Napoleon* written distinctly in the circle which surrounds the sight. Though the police has interfered to prevent the exhibition of the child, still the mother has managed to gain large sums of money.

Anglo-mania continues, in some minor respects, to influence the manners and customs of Paris: *par exemple*, white hats for gentlemen are all the rage; so are hunting vests *à l'Anglais*; wristbands of *chemises* peep from beneath the sleeve of the fashionables, in imitation of London elegants; tea is no longer considered a medicine, but an excellent beverage; knives and forks are changed at table; finger-glasses are adopted; love of horses increased; carpets are laid down in winter, and the word *comfortable* is admitted; doctors give mercury to lay up a store of future disease; builders run up houses so that they may tumble within a few years; English wives are liked when they possess English fortunes—nay, even the wedded wife has the honour sometimes of being sued, loved, and forgotten, and Milord Anglais obliged to wear the willow in consequence. If such ingredients compose an Englishman, the chief part of the fashionable world here may then be mistaken for such; but as for any harmony of sentiment, ideas, or taste, it does not exist.

The arrival of Macready in Paris has created a sensation not easily described. The French are grateful to him for having been the first to give rise to a theatrical revolution, and turn the balance of stage laws in favour of the natural. As yet, however, no essential good has been derived from a change of *goût*: authors are abundant, but genius most sterile in the dramatic line; and notwithstanding the puffs of newspapers, I have seen nothing worth recording, or capable of exciting interest, in the late theatrical compositions.

M. de Pougerville has published his second edition of his Translation of Lucretius, and speculates on the vacant place at the Académie Française, formerly occupied by the late M. de Sèze: his competitor is M. de Barante, who, in all probability, will succeed. Mr. Say's Treatise on Political and Practical Economy has made a great noise here. A refutation of his opinions is preparing, by a man of considerable genius, and will appear in the ensuing month. Sir Walter Scott's Sermons are much sought after: the French say, if he will come and preach himself, they promise him a full house, and proselytes without number. As he is read in the original, his language is sufficiently appreciated, which is not always the case when translated. Efforts are making to create a tragedy from Mr. Bulwer's Rebel; but as Frenchmen are totally ignorant of Irish character, I cannot conceive their supplying the scenes necessary for stage-plot and effect. I read the French translation of his poem, and own I found it totally unworthy of the original.

Kean's having visited Talma's tomb at Père la Chaise has much flattered the Parisians; particularly as they discovered on the stone the words "*Tu vivras*," traced with the point of a knife, and signed, "Kean." This action is quite sufficient to immortalise our tragedian;—so much do the French admire any display of sensibility and sentiment in others, though so short-lived with themselves—blooming but to die, and dying never to revive.

* Apropos of this subject, Letters from a Monkey, by an author of renown, are about to be published—that is, if they can escape the censure; but it appears M. Le Singe, though full of wit, is no courtier, and grimaces somewhat impolitely at certain high personages. This monkey author attacks the naturalists for daring to make the comparison between him and man, proving his own superiority. The irony the work contains is said to be admirable.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

1st day — the sun forms the vertex of an isosceles triangle with the two bright stars Castor and Pollux; the earth, as seen from the sun, in conjunction with the double star 2 Sagittarii, and very near the planet Mars. 18th day — the sun enters the constellation Cancer.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter, in Pisces . .	3	18	1
● New Moon, in Gemini . .	11	13	29
☽ First Quarter, in Virgo . .	19	16	3
λ Virginis	20	5	2
○ Full Moon, in Capricornus .	26	10	19

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Gemini	11	21	15
Mercury in Cancer	13	3	0
Venus in Cancer	13	11	30
Jupiter in Virgo	20	6	0
Mars in Sagittarius	24	10	15

11th day—Mercury stationary. 24th day, 6 hrs. 30 min.—in inferior conjunction, 4 deg. 42 min. south of the sun.

6th day—Venus stationary. 11th day—one digit of the western limb illuminated, and apparent diameter of 52 sec. This is the most pleasing and advantageous form in which this planet can be seen, its delicate crescent being beautifully defined, and appearing under nearly its greatest angle of 57 sec. The cusps of Venus reach considerably beyond a semicircle; occasioned, it is supposed, by the atmosphere being more luminous than the orb of the planet, on which it is exceedingly rare that any spots are seen. One of her horns is occasionally observed to vary its appearance, alternately blunt and sharp, arising, probably, from the shadow of some mountain, which, by the rotation of the planet, intercepts periodically the light, and furnishes an opportunity of determining her diurnal revolution. 27th day, 20 hrs—Venus will pass 6 deg. 15 min. to the south of the sun, and cease to be "Vesper, the star of eve." Shortly after this conjunction, this planet will reappear as Phosphorus, or "Lucifer, the son of the morning." It is under these denominations that the poets refer to this bright world: they dignify the beautiful orb when east of the sun as of the loveliest sex; and when west of the sun, or the morning star, as of the nobler gender. Thus Dryden—

> "So from the seas exerts his radiant head,
> That star by whom the lights of heaven are led;
> Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,
> Dispels the darkness, and the day renews."

Mars is now a conspicuous object, appearing under his greatest angle of 26 sec., passing the meridian about midnight, at a very little elevation above the horizon, being not only in the most southern sign, but having his greatest southern latitude.

1st day—Jupiter having retrograded from Libra, is stationary near λ Virginis. 28th day, 7 hrs. 30 min.—in quadrature. There will be only two visible eclipses of the satellites this month.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite . .	16	9	32	40
Third satellite . .	17	10	11	32

30th day, 9 hrs. 30 min.—an interesting configuration. The first satellite behind the disc second and fourth in conjunction, and the third to the east of the primary.

16th day, 2 hrs.—Saturn in conjunction, after which this planet will appear in the east, a little before sunrise.

22d day, 19 hrs. 15 min.—Uranus in opposition. This planet may be found by the two stars in the head of the Goat, which point directly to it, being distant from the most southern star (β Capricorni) about five degrees, or twice the distance of these pointers from one another. Uranus passes the meridian at the following times respectively:

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	13	30	11	12	43	21	12	6

Deptford. J. T. B.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, CHARING CROSS.

On Monday this new and patriotic design was thrown open to view, and a great number of persons of all ranks, from the peer to the artisan, hastened to visit and inspect the Exhibition. The extensive gallery which runs from end to end of the King's Mews has been very neatly fitted up for this purpose; and various articles of curious and highly wrought manufactures—models of looms, bridges, &c. &c.—and specimens of useful and improved articles for domestic comfort or foreign commerce, were arranged with labels, descriptive of the peculiar qualities which obtained them admission.*

Excellent as this plan appears to us to be, it does not seem to have at first taken the deep and wide root which we should have expected. The English people are either slow to move in such matters, or their habits lead more to separate and individual exertion in the way of trade, than to national and congregate efforts. Yet no one can doubt but that a Repository like this, under judicious management, may be made to contribute most essentially, not only to private interests, but to general benefits. The wealthy speculator, manufacturer, and tradesman, may have sufficient power to publish the merits of his products, and push his adventures throughout the community; but the poor ingenious man is often doomed to toil in obscurity, while his clever devices and improvements are lost to society. To the latter class, a public depôt must be an object of the utmost importance; and we are rather surprised at seeing so few instances in these rooms of their having availed themselves of the facilities it affords them. Perhaps, as the thing becomes better known, to which we trust this notice will conduce, the authors of mechanical and other useful inventions will pour in their contributions, and avail themselves of the opportunity of serving themselves, at the same time that they may promote the credit and advantage of their country. One obstacle certainly intervenes to prevent this in a considerable degree: we allude to the jealousy with which inventors and projectors regard their own suggestions. They are afraid of their ideas being stolen and appropriated by others; and hardly hope to protect, when openly displayed, what all the guards of patent rights so obviously fail to shield from infringement. As there is much force in this objection, at least to the exhibition of *novelties*, it is desirable that some rules should be laid down to save them, from invasion, for their original proprietors. In other respects, we look to see this collection gradually enriched with the productions of British ingenuity, till it assumes a very prominent place among our public institutions. Already it boasts of beautifully executed works in chasing, cutlery, &c.; of weaving in silks of remarkable patterns, &c. with the "operative" employed; of models of engines and machinery for many purposes; of little-known manufactures;—and, in short, of a multitude of curiosities well calculated to interest the visiter, and to induce practical results favourable to British arts and British commerce.

* Agreeably to the plan of the Repository, the specimens admissible are divided into three classes.

First.—Entirely new and ingenious constructions of any sort, where a new principle is discovered, or one before known but never practically adopted, is brought into operation.

Second.—New adaptation of some known principle, but in a manner essentially different from all that has been done before in that line of manufacture or mechanical workmanship.

Third.—Every sort of improvement upon a discovery already made, by which the preparation of any article is facilitated, or its utility increased. In this class may be exhibited also such objects as are highly finished, or distinguish themselves by exquisite taste; likewise every description of elaborate ornamental workmanship, such as would not find a place in an exhibition of arts.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES.—NO. IV.

Agreeably to the pledge in our last No., we have now to say a few words on some of the recent cases in which the practice of Mr. St. John Long has been represented to us, by the individuals concerned, as eminently successful; but first, perhaps, we might with propriety indicate, in part, of what that practice consists. Mr. Long, we are assured, administers no drugs; he utterly disapproves of bleeding; and he maintains these broad principles—that nothing ought to be given to the invalid which is not susceptible of being converted into nourishment;—that nothing ought to be given to the adult which might not safely be given to a child;—that nothing should be given in small quantities which might not be given in large quantities;—and that nothing ought to be given for an internal disease that would not be curative of an external malady. From these premises it seems fair to infer that there is at least no danger in the course of medicament professed to be pursued; and this brings us to the statements of patients to which we have alluded.

These parties, of the rank, and consequent intelligence, of colonels in the army, clergymen, the highest mercantile character in London, various liberal professions, and ladies, have severally and unitedly given us the most solemn assurances of their past almost hopeless condition, and of their present improving health or complete convalescence. We cannot, therefore, entertain a doubt of the efficacy of their treatment: they were ill, had suffered long under chronic disorders, were considered incurable—they are recovering strength, appetite, and spirits, or they are cured. The term *consumption*, it is true, is not easily defined; and it would puzzle more learned persons than those who bear this testimony, to shew that the complaints actually removed, were, strictly speaking, consumptions,—whether catarrhal, apostematous, tubercular, or dyspeptic. But if we find such symptoms as languor, cough, difficulty of respiration, expectoration of purulent mucus, quickness of pulse, &c. yield to any process employed in the healing art, we think we are in candour bound to acknowledge that such process deserves the name of a "Cure for Consumptive Diseases"—which we have placed at the head of these notices. If one class is amended by myrrh, and another by balsam of copaiba, and a third by tar, in regular practice,—what is there to make us utterly incredulous of the superior value of some other general agent in conquering this appalling scourge of the human race? That such are the powers of Mr. Long's remedy, we have the personal affirmation* (though, as writing for the public, we do not feel at liberty to mention names) of several ladies of high respectability, of two distinguished military officers, of an eminent merchant of London, of a clergyman of the church, of an able surveyor, and of some other individuals, who (seeing our investigation of this subject) have come forward to detail their own cases to us,—in justice and gratitude, as they say, to Mr. Long, and in humanity to their fellow-sufferers. So stands this matter, then, in so far as we have inquired into it. We commit ourselves to no opinion; but we cannot help thinking that many of these cures are not a little extraordinary; and the parties are equally willing, or rather desirous, to communicate the same information to others which they have communicated to us. We have, therefore, done our duty by opening the inquiry: and here we will pause, at any rate for some weeks, till, from new materials and more experience, we farther ascertain the beneficial result; though from some of the earliest cures remaining firm and without relapse, we confess we are inclined to consider little more necessary.

* Independently of which, Mr. Long keeps a book, in which cures are attested by discharged patients; and we have seen sixty or seventy of these, of the strongest kind.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, June 21.—Wednesday being the day appointed for the Encænia, or commemoration of benefactors, the noblemen, heads of houses, &c. went in procession to the theatre, where the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law was conferred on Captain Sir R. T. Rickets, bart. The prize compositions were recited by the several authors—Mr. Claughton, of Trinity College; Mr. Sewell, of Exeter College; Mr. Denison, of Oriel College; and Mr. Anstice, of Christ Church.

The following subject is proposed, for an English essay, as the theological prize for the year 1829:—*What were the causes of the persecution to which the Christians were subject in the first centuries of Christianity?*

On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Harding, Rev. W. Thomas, Christ Church; F. Russell, St. Mary Hall; Rev. E. Hewitt, Queen's College; Rev. T. Middleton, Rev. T. Riddell, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. P. Jacobs, Corpus Christi College; Rev. G. Moberly, Fellow, R. D. Hampden, Balliol College; Rev. G. E. Eyre, Rev. W. J. Copleston, Fellow, Oriel College; T. Sale, W. Robertson, Demyst. Magdalen College; W. J. Hamilton, Pembroke College; Rev. E. W. F. Latimer, Lincoln College; Rev. H. K. Cornish, Rev. W. Heberden, Fellows, Rev. W. Gardener, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Rickett, W. Monkhouse, G. Chester, Scholars, Queen's College; F. B. Nave, Oriel College; E. Vivian, E. F. Glanville, Exeter College; R. Martin, New College; Hon. E. Phipps, Trinity College; H. S. Trimmer, Merton College.

Cambridge, June 20.—The Person prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakespeare into Greek verse) was on Wednesday last adjudged to C. Wordsworth, of Trinity College. Subject—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. Scene 3, beginning—"Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back," &c. and ending—"And dares great Mars to faction."

ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 5, 1828.—A paper was read, entitled, *on the Laws of the Deviation of Magnetised Needles towards Iron.* By S. H. Christie, Esq., M.A. F.R.S., &c.

The author had pointed out, several years ago, the law of deviation of a magnetised needle (either freely suspended, or constrained to move in any particular plane,) from its natural position, by the influence of masses of iron in its vicinity. This law was founded on the hypothesis that the iron *attracted* both the poles of the needle, the position of which, resulting from this action, might be determined by that of an imaginary minute magnetic needle, freely suspended by its centre of gravity, reduced to the plane of revolution. The author had considered this law as fully established, from its accordance with experiment; but Mr. Barlow, in a paper which was published in the last volume of the Philosophical Transactions, denies that such an accordance exists; and infers, from the results of some experiments which he made on horizontal needles, having their magnetism unequally distributed in their two branches, that the theory on which the preceding law is founded is fallacious. In opposition to the views of Mr. Barlow, the author contends that the phenomena observed are precisely those which must result from the theory he had himself adopted, and that they tend in no way to support the hypothesis of their being simply the effect of the magnetic power which the iron receives by induction from the earth.

The author was also led to suspect the accuracy of another conclusion which had been

drawn by Mr. Barlow; namely, that the length of the needle has no sensible influence upon the extent of its deviations. In order to determine this point, he began by ascertaining, more scrupulously than had yet been done, the values of several of the elements of the calculation, such as the exact positions of the points where the intensity of the magnetism is the greatest, and also of the point of neutrality, or of the magnetic centre; and he next subjected to a more severe scrutiny a law which had been regarded as established by experiment, namely, that the tangent of the deviation is proportional to the rectangle of the cosine of the longitude, into the sine of the double latitude of the position of the centre of the needle, with relation to the mass of iron, as referred to a hollow sphere.

In the course of his experiments, the author ascertained, that if any bar of steel, uniformly magnetised by the method of double touch, have its state of magnetism disturbed by drawing the end of a magnet from its centre to the end, having the same polarity as that applied to it, then the pole at that end will be shifted towards the centre, while the opposite pole will be removed farther from it; and a corresponding change will occur in the position of the magnetic centre. Changes will also take place in the absolute intensities of the magnetism at each pole. Considerable differences were observed in the extent of the deviations of a needle six inches in length, and of one of two inches long, when successively placed in the same position with relation to the iron shell; at the distance of sixteen inches they amounted to more than two degrees and a half; and the difference continued to be very sensible even at the distance of twenty-four inches from the shell. In general, when the needles were near to the north or south of the centre of the shell, the deviations of the longer needle exceeded those of the shorter; and the reverse took place when the needles were placed on the east or west sides. Hence he concludes, that the efficacy of a small mass of iron, placed near to the needle as a compensation to the effects of more distant masses, will depend upon its being itself at such a distance from the needle as that the difference of its effects upon a long and a short needle shall be insensible.

The author proceeds to deduce, from the law which he has proposed, various forms of equation for determining the deviations of a horizontal needle due to the action of an iron sphere or shell, applicable to different circumstances and conditions of the case. In one set of equations, the actions and positions are referred to three rectangular co-ordinates proceeding from the centre of the needle; and in another, to polar co-ordinates, relative to the vertical and to the plane of the horizon. He next deduces equations for computing the deviations of a needle in which the magnetism has been disturbed by applying to one of its poles the corresponding pole of a magnet. He then proceeds to the detail of experiments for investigating the above-mentioned laws, and to their comparison with the results deduced from theory. These experiments appear to him to establish beyond all doubt the influence which the length of the needle has on its deviations, produced by the attraction of the shell of iron. When examined by the test of the formulæ given by the author, the law of the tangent of the deviation being proportional to the rectangle of the cosine of the longitude into the sine of the double latitude, on which such implicit dependance had been placed, is found to give results inconsistent with one another, that it cannot be considered as even affording an approximation to the truth, and must therefore be wholly rejected.

The close agreement which the author found between the observed and the computed deviations of needles whose magnetism had been disturbed by contact with a magnet, as well as those which had suffered no disturbance, fully confirmed the author in the views which he originally took of the action of iron on magnetised needles. He conceives that his hypothesis, instead of being at variance with observation, is not only consistent with all the experiments that have been made, but by affording the proper corrections to be applied to them, derives the strongest support from these observations.

He concludes by mentioning a fact which he conceives to be irreconcilable with the hypothesis of induced magnetism; namely, that a steel bar, rendered as hard as it was possible to make it, produced, when its ends are reversed, precisely the same effect on the needle as a bar of the softest iron under similar circumstances.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

We have lately gone through the gay assemblage of modern art, as through a garden of tulips; and have noticed the tints of some productions, and the forms of others: but the prevailing character, the impression of which is left most strongly on our memory, is that of exaggerated colour. Who that enters the great room at Somerset House, but, on casting his eyes around the walls, must be instantly reminded of the painter's palette? Red, blue, and yellow, obtrude themselves in all the vividness of prismatic separation. Middleton, Brown, Newman, and Smith,* have evidently been tasked to their utmost efforts. It is a trial of skill in the luxuria of art. That certain subjects may, to a certain extent, require this glare and glitter, we admit; but its general introduction belies natural representation, and is an offence to good taste. It justly exposes many of our artists to the sarcastic remark of Raphael to an unsuccessful pupil who was loading his picture with ornaments:—"So, young man, unable to make your Helen beautiful, you are making her fine!"†

That fine colours are not essential to fine colouring, the charming collection at present exhibiting in the Gallery of the British Institution sufficiently proves. Harmony is its distinguishing quality. The best pictures are characterised by what Sir Joshua Reynolds happily calls "a deep-toned brightness." We enter this Exhibition as we occasionally pass to cool and sober reflection, after having witnessed some gorgeous and tumultuous show, and when our reason and judgment have leisure to appreciate its real value. The British Gallery, from its establishment, while it has afforded the public the gratification of beholding in succession many of the various splendid examples of art which adorn the noblest mansions in this kingdom, has furnished to our artists the most ample opportunity of examining and studying the best works of the best masters of every school. And yet, with all these advantages, the taste for the gaudy and the meretricious still prevails. Why is this?

Let any one contemplate that graceful and dignified portrait by Vandyke of *The Duchesse de St. Croix*; or that other exquisite portrait, by the same great artist, of *Anthony Triesta*; or that wonderful portrait, by Velasquez, of *A Spanish Gentleman*,—and ask himself by what magic such a powerful effect has been wrought? The answer must be—by profound knowledge and intense feeling. Certainly not by fine colours, or by any vehicle unknown in the present day. We have recently seen a copy, by Sir William Beechey, after Vandyke, which it would puzzle the artist himself, could he rise from the dead, to distinguish from the original. This copy has been painted these thirty years; and had Sir William, at the time he executed it, taken the trouble to note down the means which he used, he would not have needed to resort to any further experiments in the art of colouring.* The same may be said of some of Hogarth's pictures in the National Gallery; and also of *The Florentine Gallery*, and *The Royal Academy*, by Zoffany, exhibited, not long since, in the British Gallery. These paintings have triumphantly passed the ordeal of climate and atmosphere; and are now so firmly fixed, that, with ordinary care, they may bid defiance to time as boldly as any pictures in existence. No doubt the mechanical means used in their production were simple; but it appears that they were abundantly adequate to all the best purposes of art.

Let us also ask by what magic the singularly beautiful and natural effect of light in *The Outside of a House with Figures*, by De Hooge (now in the British Gallery), has been effected? Evidently, by nothing, in the shape of colour, that is not perfectly accessible to any artist in the present day. But, without the eye to observe, and the hand to execute, neither the brightest, nor the deepest pigments,—no megelp, or gumtion, however *recherché*, or secret in its preparation,—will be successful. By the by, the works of this last-mentioned and able artist seem of late to have attracted more attention than formerly. His reputation is deservedly increasing. He does not appear to have been properly appreciated when "The Lives of the Painters" were written, or more would have been said of him, and of his pictures, which are, in some respects, of almost unrivalled excellence.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Selection of Vases, Altars, Candelabra, and Tripods, from the Louvre, at Paris. Engraved by Henry Moses. With descriptive Letter-press by T. L. D. W. B. Cooke.

To those who have visited Paris, the splendid specimens of Greek and Roman ornamental sculpture of which these plates (nine in number) are admirable representations, must be familiar, as they occupy the most conspicuous situations in the saloons and halls of that magnificent building, the Louvre. The Grand Candelabrum of Piranesi, especially, which is the chief attraction of the "Salle du Candelabre," in the centre of which it is placed, is a most striking and beautiful object. The drawings for this interesting work are by Mr. T. Boys and Mr. W. B. Cooke; and they have been engraved by Mr. Moses with his usual skill and taste: the descriptions are full and satisfactory; and the publication is altogether one of great elegance. This Selection is dedicated to the Duchess of Bedford, and is, indeed, well worthy of her Grace's taste and patronage.

* Eminent colourmen.

† One of the most distinguished poets of the present day, as well as one of the most recondite philosophers, thus felicitously expressed his opinion to us on the collection at Somerset House:—"The pictures (said he) are not *Paintings*, they are *Paintedness*."—*Ed. L. G.*

* We do not mean to say that he doth: we rather believe that he employs the same means down to the present time.—*Ed.*

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery. From Drawings by Captain Batty. Part VII. Jennings.

This neatly got-up publication, which is devoted to the representation of the picturesque scenery of the North of Europe, makes a very agreeable variety among the numerous topographical works of the present day. The *Bode-Thal*, and the *Stadt Haus, Bremen*, are two of the most pleasing plates in the present Part. Of the latter it is said, "This splendid edifice is strikingly characteristic of the period when the Roman style of architecture began to find its way into the North of Europe, and was frequently joined with the remains of Gothic buildings, forming a very rich *ensemble*, without possessing the simplicity of the former, or the florid embellishments of the latter."

Cologne, on the Rhine. Engraved by J. H. Kernol, from a Picture by Clarkson Stanfield.

We believe this is the first engraving that has been published from any of Mr. Stanfield's paintings. It is an auspicious commencement; and we hope will prove only the forerunner of a brilliant succession of transfers of his works to copper. The scene is very picturesque. The fine mass of pointed architecture which the magnificent and ancient, though incomplete, minster exhibits, the grotesque and varied forms of the vessels, the clearness of the sky, the trembling lucidity of the water, the tenderness of the distance, with its bridge of boats, and the contrasted boldness of the foreground,—combine to make a highly interesting composition. Mr. Kernol has done Mr. Stanfield great justice.

Monkeyana. Designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Part IV. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Mr. Landseer perseveres, with great humour, in shewing how successfully poor human nature, in all its varieties, may be *aped*. The plates contained in the present Part are, Distressed Poet; or, Three Weeks in Arrears—a Queer One to look at, and a Rum One to go—In at the Death; or, a Fox-hunter's Salute—and Advanced Guard in Retreat. The Charioteer and the Ghost hit our fancy the most.

Illustrations of the Miseries of Slavery. A Series of Engravings on Wood, by S. M. Slader; from original Designs by W. Harvey. Part I.

The intention of this little work is better than the execution of it. And yet there is a great deal of talent in the variety of expression exhibited in the Sale of a Negro Family. It seems published to enlist the feelings on the side of the abolitionists, who so actively contend, by every means—the press, parliament, &c. &c., and now these prints—against our colonial proprietors.

DAVID WILKIE.

This eminent painter returned to London on Saturday last, after a long residence in Italy, Germany, and Spain. Wherever he went, he found the fame of his works before him, and was received with distinction and kindness. He went abroad to amend his health; he has come back with an increase of fame. He has painted various pictures, in the spirit of the nations which he visited, or, more properly speaking, in the general spirit of human nature. Four paintings for Italy, and three for Spain, and numerous sketches—each containing the germ of a future picture — are the fruits of his study. Of these, three are finished—the others are in a forward state. The Washing the Feet of the Female, and the Washing the Feet of the Male, Pilgrims—the Confessional and the Shrine,—are in his finest manner, both in conception and execution. There is a devout and tranquil loveliness, an air of reverence and awe, breathed over them, united with the most exquisite ease, grace, and simplicity. The colouring is deep, massive, and brilliant. His Spanish pictures are in a similar spirit, though the subjects are essentially different. A Midnight Council of Priests and Warriors, the Repulse of the French by the Heroine of Saragossa, the Guerilla Chief departing to battle,—are all conceived in the same style of simplicity, and touched with the same vigorous hand. Wilkie has taken, in these works, a step or two higher up the ascent of fame. This deeper feeling—this devouter and loftier mood—this expression of sentiment by few figures — and this solid and splendid style of colouring,—are all improvements. We are glad of this; for no one wears his honours more meekly, or seems less conscious of the hold he has taken of his country's heart, than this great artist. We wish he would paint us a Sacrament among his native mountains during the persecution.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PLEDGE.

Come, let your cup flash sunshine-like
To friends now far away:
"Here's to the absent and the loved!"
The absent, did you say?

And wherefore should we drink to them?
It is a weary toast;
What boots it to recall the friends
Whom we have loved and lost?

Fast cuts our good ship through the sea—
What does it leave behind?
There is no path upon the wave,
No track upon the wind.

Like that swift ship we have past on,
And left no deeper trace;
The circle parted from at home
Has now no vacant place.

Fewer and happier years than mine
On thy young brow are set;
Soon thou wilt learn Time's easiest task
Is teaching to forget.

I'll fill as high, I'll drink as deep—
Or, must a toast be said?
Well, here are all I ever pledge—
"The present and the dead!" L. E. L.

MUSIC.

CONCERTS.

On Monday, Madame de Vigo, whose animated looks, gestures, and voice, seem to illustrate a Spanish soul personified, gave a charming evening Concert at the villa of Mrs. Cooper in Regent's Park, which was fully and brilliantly attended. Among the entertainments, we have to notice, in terms of high praise, a beautiful air by Pasta; her share of a duet by Brambilla; a duet, violin and piano, by De Beriot and Piu Cianchettini (the latter substituted for the harp of Labarre, who did not appear in his place); a song, all life and humour, by De Begnis; a Spanish bolero, composed by Perez; and *San Anton*, a fine song and chorus by Madame de Vigo and a young English pupil. In the second part this debutante sang a cavatina very sweetly: a duetto, piano and French horn, by Miss Cianchettini and Schunke, delighted us greatly; a lovely ballad by Miss Paton—the Guitar by M. Carcasi—and Sola's duetto, Enchanting Eyes, by that composer himself and Madame de Vigo, were prominently pleasing. Mr. Braham and Madame Stockhausen were announced, but did not *keep time*.* Curioni, Torri, and other eminent artists, varied the entertainments by their exertions in several airs and pieces.

Madame Stockhausen's Concert was postponed from Friday week to yesterday; and the excellent selection announced in the programme, and in our last *Gazette*, were fulfilled only on the latter day.

CONCERT FOR THE ITALIAN REFUGEES.

Never was a concert more thinly attended—not one quarter of the room was filled: nor is it possible to speak in high terms of the entertainment itself, probably chilled through want of encouragement. The principal morceau was an aria by Velluti, and a tolerable improvisazione by Pistrucci, on "La citta di Venezia." There was also a variation on the mandolino by a Signor Sarmiento, who did as much as can be done with such an instrument. In the first act the overture to Frieschutz was well performed—a thing by far too powerful for such a room. We fear the net proceeds in favour of the Italian refugees will amount to—nothing!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Tyrolese Melodies; with the original German Words, and an English Translation by W. Ball. The Adaptation of the Music by J. Moschelles. Vol. II. Willis and Co.

We can hardly express a higher opinion upon this publication than by saying that it is equal to the first volume. With effects generally original, there are also a multitude of lesser musical combinations new to the ear accustomed chiefly to Italian music and native productions. In the hands of Moschelles it may well be supposed that no characteristic feature or beauty, worthy of preservation, would be suffered to lose its interest, or fail to assume its due importance.

Sing to me: Canzonet. Composed by J. Barnett. J. Power and Co.

We cannot say more than he deserves of this beautiful composer. The present is one of his efforts well calculated to be admired. He stands in need of no public singing to make his music popular.

No. 1. *Albert was the bravest Knight*; 2. *Fair Christobel*; 3. *The Mountaineer's Return*; 4. *At a Moonlight Hour*; 5. *A Highland Minstrel Boy*; 6. *Two Pages met*; 7. *Come, strike the Harp*; 8. *I knew a Sicilian Maid*; 9. *A Harper sat*; 10. *In earlier Days*; 11. *A Minstrel Savoyard*; 12. *Merrily sounds the Horn.* The Words by H. Stoe Van Dyk: Music by John Barnett. Mayhew and Co.

These compositions are entitled "Songs of the Minstrels," and do equal honour to the poet and the musician. They contain airs of twelve different nations, and very happily preserve the various characters of them all. Indeed, we may well pronounce them to form another of Mr. Barnett's truly characteristic works, adapted to words at the same time highly lyrical and expressive. The Scotch, Venetian,

* Performers ought not to allow their names to appear in programmes without fulfilling their pledge to the public. We are aware that they are often induced to promise, by the importunities to which they are exposed: but it is bad policy to promise and disappoint expectation.

Savoyard, German, and Spanish airs, are particularly attractive; and we are sure that when its merits are known, this series will find a place in every drawing-room.

Roland the Brave: a Legend by T. Campbell: Music by Mrs. Robert Arkwright. Same Publisher.

QUITE a triumph for a lady to have achieved. The composition is altogether beautiful; the accompaniment very stirring and appropriate to Campbell's poetry.

DRAMA.

FRENCH PLAYS.

As we mentioned in our last, the French company at the Lyceum terminated its season on Friday the 20th; and the long-continued applause which followed the descent of the curtain was a gratifying testimony to the managers and performers of the success of their past efforts, and, we hope, an encouragement to renewed and still more spirited exertions. We have from the first declared ourselves strongly in favour of the establishment of a French theatre in London. We are convinced that it will do more towards the regeneration of our stage than all the criticism that could, or at least would, be written on the subject; and, with the cause of the Drama at our hearts, we care not a button for the outcry of those monopolists and speculators whose dread of a foreign rival is one of the strongest proofs of the inferiority of their own entertainments. Our stage has no longer a school. Charles Kemble, "the last of all the Romans,"* has struggled manfully, but vainly, against the tide of error and vulgarity which has rushed through the breach made in the classical ramparts of the Drama by the splendid but fatal genius of Kean, and overwhelmed all that was noble and chaste with the mean and the meretricious. He is sinking, like Constantine Palæologus, amid the ruins of the wall he has so bravely defended against the torrent of barbarism—"the last but ineffectual barrier!" In this dilemma we turn our eyes upon foreign *artistes*, worthy, indeed, of that title, and rejoice that the French performances at the Lyceum are succeeded by those at the King's Theatre. Mars! the inimitable Mars, is in England! She performed for the first time on Monday last, in Casimir Delavigne's popular comedy *L'Ecole des Vieillards*, and in Scribe's drama of *Valerie*—exquisitely illustrating the natural and forcible situations of the first, and absolutely reconciling us to the outrageous violation of all probability, which is the principal characteristic of the latter;—a production every way unworthy of its indefatigable and sprightly author. It is useless to attempt to criticise this incomparable actress. Perfection is the only term which can describe her performance. What Siddons was in tragedy, Mars is in comedy. The world has never beheld, we were about to add, never will behold, the equal of either. All we will say of Mademoiselle Mars to the public is, "Go and see her; *that* is acting."

We are aware that many persons have objected to the want of support afforded to the principal actors, and complained of the imperfection of the French company. Let us see how a similar objection to our English actors in Paris has been met by a French journalist. Some time ago a letter appeared in *Le Globe*, from one of its subscribers, who avowed himself "admirateur passionné de Shakspeare," complained of the incapacity of the English company then in Paris to do justice to the beauties of our immortal bard, and, after a severe critique upon a late performance, concluded his epistle in the following words:—"Let Mr. Laurent think seriously of this. It is not such a company as his that can establish an English theatre in Paris. Miss Smithson is delightful, but she is not a host in herself; and the icy A—— and the *grimacier* T—— are but poor auxiliaries. . . . . We shall not long be amused by Shakspeare burlesqued. Instead of paying for mediocre talent all the year round, let Mr. Laurent engage, for two months only, the great actors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and shew us Hamlet and Lear, Othello and Richard, Julius Cæsar and Romeo, in all their spirit. With such inducements the public will crowd to his theatre; without it every body will be losers: he (Mr. Laurent) of his money, the town of a novel amusement, and criticism of a fortunate opportunity for study and comparison." To this the editor replied in a note: "We wish that Mr. Laurent may be able to procure the services of some of the great actors of London; but in the meanwhile we have imitated the public—we have had patience. We do not think that a foreign and 'unique' company should be treated with all the rigour of criticism; and it seems to us, that to be too particular would be to war against our own amusement. The good sense of the public has caught the proper feeling to admiration. However defective the performance, not a murmur has been heard. Like the public, we have thought proper to avoid the serious criticism of the actors. In so doing we have thought to serve the interests of the art, and enter into the sentiments of the spectators." Such is the liberal feeling of the Parisian press. Heaven forbid, then, that we should be behind hand in the race of courtesy and kindness! besides which, there is far less merit in our toleration, as the French company in London has an infinite advantage over the English company in Paris—a natural, a national advantage, in as much as, though the best of our actors may well dispute the palm with the best of theirs, there is no comparison between the inferior performers of the two countries. In England, from high respectability we drop at once into utter incapacity. What words can express the awkwardness, vulgarity, and stupidity of dozens who disgrace the boards of our London theatres? Not so in Paris—we may say in France. The man who has merely to deliver a letter, does it as well as such a thing can be done. The lowest performer in the theatre is perfectly competent to the execution of the service allotted to him; and when by accident he is intrusted with better business, he is never so completely detestable as an actor of the same grade would be in England. The fact is, they are all actors by nature, and they are all soldiers by education. Their mercurial dispositions admirably adapt them for the task of catching and depicting the varying shades of passion and character; and their military exercises give them a *maintien*, which we look for in vain in the runaway apprentices of tailors and cobblers, who abandon the shears and the lapstone for the foil of Hamlet and the truncheon of Richard. The proofs are before us. With the splendid exceptions of Perlet, Odry, Jenny Vertpré, there was scarcely a member of the French company in London who would have been permitted to play any thing above third or fourth-rate characters in a Parisian minor theatre—and yet how respectable and satisfactory were their performances!—There is another important cause of the perfection to which the French stage has arrived. It is the summary and resolute way in which the most intelligent portion of the audience resent any impropriety of gesture or inaccuracy of expression on the stage, and any, the slightest, interruption in the body of the theatre. From the first note of the overture to the fall of the act-drop or curtain, not a whisper is suffered to distract the attention; nay, the applause elicited by the piece or the acting is, however enthusiastic, confined to an exceedingly short period,—and wo to the straggling hand that attempts its prolongation! An actor evidently imperfect is a thing almost unknown on the French stage. So gross a dereliction of his duty to the public would be visited by such condign punishment as few would hazard receiving. Were such the case in London (and such, should the French theatre happily flourish, we are convinced will be the case), were the carelessness and impertinence (for to impertinence that carelessness frequently amounts) of a performer to be attended with such serious consequences, what an improvement would speedily take place in the acting, what justice would be rendered to the author! And were the riot and rudeness of the females and drunkards who nightly infest our lobbies and galleries, checked by those who really constitute the *audience*, how many more hundreds of respectable people would visit the theatres in the course of the season, how many more thousands leave them delighted!

* This is spoken of the manager, as well as of the performer: if of the latter alone, we could not omit the mention of another Charles—the excellent Young.—*Ed.*

THEATRICALS, &c.—The tents of the theatrical camp in Drury Lane will be struck this evening. The next campaign will open on the first of October. General Price, the commander-in-chief, has appointed Young to lead the tragic division, and Cooper adjutant-general *vice* Wallack, who embarks in August on an expedition to America. Mathews and Liston "stand at ease" during the summer; Harley goes on a foraging party to the North; and Jones remains at head-quarters, drilling his pupils in elocution.

VARIETIES.

Human Stature.—A curious paper was lately read to the French Academy, on the middle height of man in France; and on the causes which operate to increase or diminish the stature. This paper was founded on tables of the heights of the conscripts, kept during the space of eight years by the prefects of several departments.

Comets.—Several of the German journals have predicted the appearance in 1832 of a comet which will destroy our globe. This intelligence has frightened all the old women, who are as numerous in Germany as in any other country. The fact is, that the comet which will make its appearance in 1832, at its nearest approach to the earth will be sixteen millions of leagues distant from it. It might come a thousand times nearer without danger. In 1770 a comet approached to within 750,000 leagues of the earth, being nine times nearer than the moon is. It has been calculated by astronomers, that at the distance of 13,000 leagues a comet might produce a sensible derangement in the earth.

Solar Microcosm.—We earnestly advise all our young friends who visit London for the midsummer holydays, to see the Solar Microcosm in Regent Street. Leaves, wings of insects, sections of various woods, and, above all, living animalcules in water, magnified

many hundred thousand times, present scenes at once the most extraordinary and the most instructive that can be offered to the youthful contemplation. All the incantations of the Freischutz are far surpassed by the monstrous forms in a single drop of water; and it is impossible to convey any idea of these wonderful phenomena without witnessing this surprising exhibition of their shapes and habits. A fine sunny day must be chosen for this spectacle—certainly one of the most curious which our vast metropolis at present affords.

Horticultural Fête.—This grand and fashionable entertainment went off with the utmost *éclat* last Saturday; and will, no doubt, become an annual favourite.

Oysters (encore).—The greatest fishery for oysters on the coast of France is in the neighbourhood of the bay of Cancale. It is carried on by means of a government vessel, the fishing being prohibited to others. No preparation of nets, &c. is requisite. The whole apparatus consists of an iron drag, with a chain. The vessel, driven by the wind, tows the drag, which collects the oysters in large quantities from the bottom of the sea. Formerly, the small oysters were thrown in again; but they are now carefully preserved, as they soon grow as large as the others. The oysters are then deposited in reservoirs of salt water, and after some time lose their acerbity, and become delicate.

Storks.—It is well known that storks generally build their nests on the highest parts of buildings or trees. Two of the species, who have been for some years in the Royal Menagerie at Paris without exhibiting any disposition to produce offspring, this year built their nest in a bush, on the ground. The female laid five eggs, which she sat upon for thirty-one days, at the expiration of which time five young storks came forth, and have been treated with great care by their parents. The larger kinds of wild birds,* when placed in situations not natural to them, very seldom shew any wish to produce young; and some great change in their habits seems necessary for that purpose.

Obstetric Science.—Means have been discovered, by the application of galvanism during a painful and protracted labour, to ascertain positively whether or not there will be a still-birth.—*Paris Journal.*

Weaving.—A wash has been discovered, which, containing hydrochlorate of lime, attracts the humidity of the air, and may thereby render the occupation of a weaver less unhealthy than it is at present, by allowing him to carry it on in a dry place.—*French Paper.*

Gold Printing.—We have lately seen a number of very beautiful specimens of gold printing, both from type and from copper, by Howlett and Brimmer, gold printers to the Society of Arts; published by Mr. Sams. Among them are *The Regal Tablet*, by the Rev. John Davies, A.M.; *The Missionary; A Character of the late Marquess of Rockingham; The Better Land*, by Mrs. Hemans, &c.

Human Combustion.—The possibility of the spontaneous combustion of the human body has frequently been doubted. A memoir lately read to the Académie des Sciences, however, completely establishes the fact; and states the following as the principal circumstances attending it, derived from chemical and medical observations on no fewer than fifteen cases of its occurrence. 1. The greater part of the persons who have fallen a victim to spontaneous combustion, have made an immoderate use of alcoholic liquors. 2. The combustion is almost always general, but sometimes is only partial. 3. It is much rarer among men than among women, and they are principally old women. There is but one case of the combustion of a girl, seventeen years of age, and that was only partial. 4. The body and the viscera are invariably burnt, while the feet, the hands, and the top of the skull, almost always escape combustion. 5. Although it requires several faggots to burn a common corpse, incineration takes place in these spontaneous combustions without any effect on the most combustible matters in the neighbourhood. In an extraordinary instance of a double combustion operating on two persons in one room, neither the apartment nor the furniture was burnt. 6. It has not been at all proved that the presence of an inflamed body is necessary to develop spontaneous human combustions. 7. Water, so far from extinguishing the flame, seems to give it more activity; and when the flame has disappeared, secret combustion goes on. 8. Spontaneous combustions are more frequent in winter than in summer. 9. General combustions are not susceptible of cure, only partial. 10. Those who undergo a spontaneous combustion are the prey of a very strong internal heat. 11. The combustion bursts out all at once, and consumes the body in a few hours. 12. The parts of the body not attacked are struck with sphacelus. 13. In persons who have been attacked by spontaneous combustion, a putrid degeneracy takes place, which soon leads to gangrene.

French Periodical Press.—During the year 1826, which was one of considerable political agitation in France, it appears that in the French journals and monthly publications, the amount of which is estimated at 10,450 sheets, or about 400 ordinary octavo volumes, there were only eleven libels prosecuted to conviction. This seems to have been a very insufficient ground for the establishment of the censorship in France. It is, however, alleged, we know not with what truth, that at that period many of the courts of justice in France, by whom persons charged with libellous offences were tried, manifested an undue favour towards the accused.

* Of animals too. The admirable grues belonging to the King, at the Sandpit-Gate Menagerie, in Windsor Park, evince no disposition to breed, though in the highest health and condition.—L. G.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Italian Literature.—During the year 1827 about forty almanacks, of more or less merit, were published at Milan, some interesting to females, others to artists, others to literary men. There were a few of them which concealed a political object. Among the most remarkable of these works were: *Delle Donne nelle cinque Parti del Mondo* (Women in the five Parts of the World); *Le Nozze di tutti i Popoli dell'Asia* (the Wedding Ceremonies of all the Asiatic Nations); *La Storia di Milano compendiata* (the abridged History of Milan); *I Saggi Morali di Bacone* (Bacon's Moral Essays); *La Galleria del Mondo* (the Gallery of the World); *La Greca Scultura* (Greek Sculpture); *Il Colpo d'Occhio sullo Stato attuale delle Belle Arti in Lombardia* (Rapid Glance at the present State of the Fine Arts in Lombardy); *I Sorci letterati in Biblioteca* (the learned Rats in the Library); &c.—All these things shew how this part of the Continent is advancing in civilisation, even under very unfavourable circumstances.

Spanish Literature.—Dr. D. T. J. G. Carvajal has published the sixth volume of his "Los Libros Poeticos de la Santa Biblia;" or, the Poetical Works of the Holy Bible. In the first instance this work was condemned as heretical by a commission of monks appointed to examine it. From that decision Carvajal appealed to the Council of Castile, who gave him a license to publish it. A copy of it having been sent to the Pope, his holiness wrote a letter to Carvajal, expressing his approbation of his object, and of the manner in which it had been executed. This letter, published at the beginning of the volume, as well as the favourable opinion of the Archbishop of Toledo (the primate of the Spanish church), were necessary to secure the circulation of this pious and admirable work, which combines in itself the three merits of brilliant poetry, great purity of language, and a literal version, closely adhering to the text, and fully explained by notes replete with oriental erudition, and by a commentary which points out the beauties of thought and of style which abound in the sacred writings.

Waverleyana!—It was but lately that a Spanish imitator of Sir Walter Scott appeared, and obtained our warm approbation. We allude to Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosia, who produced the Spanish historical romance of Gomez Arias; or, the Moors of the Alpujarras. Another imitator of our highly gifted countryman has arisen at Stuttgart, in the person of A. M. Spindler, from whose pen a work has been published called the Jew; or, a Picture of German Manners during the First Half of the Fifteenth Century. The author brings together three families, belonging to the old citizens of the *ci-devant* free city of Frankfort, the Jews of the same city, and the military of the neighbourhood, who from the top of their keeps watch travellers, in order to seize and plunder them, according to the custom of the time. The action of the story is at the epoch of the Council of Constance, which occupies a large portion of it; and all the circumstances attendant upon which are treated with great talent. The celebrated fair at Frankfort is also introduced with much effect.

Mr. Lewis Goldsmith, whose political and editorial career made his name so familiar to the British public for many busy years, has for some time been residing in Paris, where, though not employed as before, his time had not, we understand, been passed in idleness. On the contrary, he has been preparing, and has nearly ready for the press, a work on the Present State of France, its Finances, Mode of Taxation, Statistics, Manufactures, Hospitals, Prisons, Army, Navy, Judicial Order, Crimes, Punishments, Literature, Fine and Useful Arts, Commerce, &c. We should look for a great deal from his various experience and abilities.

No. I. of a new topographical work, entitled, Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, with Twelve Engravings, by, and under the direction of, Mr. Le Keux, illustrative of the Architectural Antiquities of York, Lincoln, and Gloucester, to be comprised in Six Nos., is announced for early publication.

The whole of the letter-press, by Mr. Britton, to accompany the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, is likewise announced to be given away to the subscribers to the engravings of that work. The reasons for this unusual circumstance are detailed in the preface, which contains an address to the legislature, urging the repeal of that odious tax of presenting eleven copies to private corporate bodies of all published books, however expensive in getting up, and however limited the sale of such books. We cannot sufficiently commend this author for his perseverance in representing this grievous and oppressive legislative enactment.

In the Press.—Hints to Counsel and Juries on the Examination of Medical Witnesses, by a Medical Jurist.—A First Series of Dramas, comprising Jagellon, a Tragic Romance, and the Siege of the Scots, or Appleby in 1173, an Historical Play, by H. W. Montagu.—The most Easy Greek Exercises for the use of the Lower Forms, by the Rev. W. Moseley.—Part I. of the Chronological Guide, comprehending the Chronology of the World, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Notions of the Americans, by a Travelling Bachelor, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Useful Hints to Travellers, 18mo. 4*s.* bds.—Burns's Christian Sketch Book, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Ethics for Youth, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Pitcairn's Law Reports, Vol. VIII. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Barrington's (Viscount) Theological Works, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—First Steps to Astronomy, 18mo. 2*s.* bds.—Mancalla, 3 vols. 12mo. 15*s.* bds.—Grant's Last Things, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Simpson's Translation of Paul's Epistles to the Hebrews, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hewett's Sermons, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Plain Sermons, preached in a Village Church, by the Rector of Calverton, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Burgess's Perspective, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

June.	Thermometer.		Barometer.
Thursday .. 19	From 55. to 70.		29.46 to 29.60
Friday 20	—— 52. — 70.		29.91 — 29.92
Saturday .. 21	—— 52. — 66.		29.83 — 29.82
Sunday 22	—— 49. — 64.		29.83 — 29.86
Monday 23	—— 54. — 68.		29.06 — 30.00
Tuesday .. 24	—— 51. — 73.		30.16 — 30.21
Wednesday 25	—— 41. — 78.		30.22 — 30.30

Except the 21st and 22d, generally clear.
Rain fallen, ·3 of an inch.
Wind prevailing S.W. and N.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37′ 30″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The Celestial Phenomena will in future appear on the *last Saturday of the month*, so as to anticipate the succeeding month, for the convenience of our country readers, who receive the Numbers of the *L. G.* only monthly.

The MS. Legend of Another World is left at our office for the writer.

Mr. Stothard.—We understand that we were in error in supposing that the picture of "May-Morning," in the present Exhibition at Somerset House, was not a recent work of Mr Stothard's. It was, we are assured, begun within three months of the opening of the Exhibition, and finished on the day on which it was sent to the Academy. The drawings by the same hand are not recent works.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, is open daily, from Nine till Six.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
JOS. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

The Fall of Nineveh, Deluge, &c. &c.

THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," is now open, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, from Nine o'Clock till Six.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition-room, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allsop Terrace, New Road.

THE EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS of the most illustrious Personages of English History, from the Galleries of the Nobility and from Public Collections, is now open, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, Booksellers, 4, Pall Mall East.
Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be had free of expense, on application as above.
Children and Servants not admitted.

ARMY and NAVY. The Editors of the "Naval and Military Magazine" have the honour to apprise their Friends and Subscribers, that the Publication of the Work will in future be conducted by Messrs. Saunders and Otley, of Conduit Street, to whose care they request all Communications may be addressed. The delay in the publication of No. VI. has arisen from circumstances over which the Editors had no control. Its present respectable Publishers are a guarantee against further delay or disappointment. The new Number, containing a variety of interesting Articles, will appear on the 1st of July.

DIDO DIRECTING the EQUIPMENT of the CARTHAGENIAN FLEET. The large Picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. now exhibiting at Somerset House, No. 70, will be engraved by Mr. J. Pye, as a Companion Plate to the Temple of Jupiter, after the same Artist. Prints (to Subscribers only) 1l. 11s. 6d.; proofs 3l. 3s.; India proofs 4l. 4s.; proofs before the letters 6l. 6s.
Names are received by Mr. Turner, 47, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Bride; a Drama. In Three Acts. By Joanna Baillie. 8vo. pp. 112. London, 1828. Colburn.

WHEREVER the honoured name of Joanna Baillie appears, we may look for what is benevolent and virtuous, as well as for what is eminent in literature. The object of this drama is that, being translated into Cingalese, it may be performed in Ceylon, and so addressed to a people whose moral intelligence and Christian instruction are most likely to be promoted by this visible mode of appealing to their sense. The preface thus feelingly speaks of the design.

"I heard with the most sensible pleasure, some months ago, of the intended translation of my drama, called 'The Martyr,' into the Cingalese language, as a work which might have some good effects upon a people of strong passions, emerging from a state of comparative barbarism, and whose most effectual mode of receiving instruction is frequently that of dramatic representation, according to the fashion of their country.—A gentleman, to whom Ceylon owes the great benefits conferred on a people by the pure and enlightened administration of justice, and to whose strenuous exertions they are also indebted for the invaluable institution of a trial by native juries, entertained this opinion of the drama in question, and afterwards did me the farther honour to suppose that I might write something of the kind, more peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances of that island, which would naturally have a stronger moral effect on the minds of its inhabitants. Pleased to be made, in the humblest degree, an instrument for their good, I most readily promised to endeavour at least to do so. And when they read this piece, or when it is brought before them in representation, they will regard it as a proof that their former judge and friend, though now absent and far separated from them, still continues to take a deep interest in their welfare. So considered, it will not fail to make an impression on their minds to which its own power or merit would be altogether unequal. But should the individual effects of this drama be ever so inconsiderable, the profits arising from its publication in England may be the means of procuring translations into the Cingalese language of more able and useful works, and make, as it were, a first, though a low, step to an invigorating moral eminence. In these days, when many excellent men are striving, at the expense of health and ease, and all that is valued by the world, to spread the light of Christianity in the East; when the lamented Bishop Heber, with the disinterested devotion of an apostle, joined to the mildness, liberality, ability, courteousness, and good sense, which promote and grace every laudable undertaking, has proved himself to be the genuine and noble follower of his blessed Master,—who will not be willing to lend some aid and encouragement to so excellent a purpose? I hope, and strongly hope, that good will be derived, even from such a feeble effort as the present; and that the time will come when the different races of the East will consider every human creature as a brother; while Englishmen, under whose rule or protection they may live, will contemn that policy which founds its security upon ignorance. All past experience is unfavourable to the unmanly and ungenerous maxim. And in the present time, when perfect undisturbed ignorance cannot be obtained, the preservation of it in a middle state, to take no higher view of the subject, will be found to be a very precarious and expensive means of governing. But do I not wrong my countrymen, connected with the East, in supposing that the great proportion of them do entertain such narrow views? Of this, at least, I am thoroughly persuaded, that if such a supposition does not wrong them at present, it will do so grievously some years hence: for the ignorance I speak of is that which stands opposed to the useful, simple learning which promotes industry and charity. Of those superfluous fantastical acquirements which the overstrained refinement of modern plans of education seems anxious to extend to the lower classes of society, I do not speak."

The grand moral inculcated is that of the forgiveness of injuries; to supplant, if possible, by that mild Christian doctrine, the strong passion of the demi-barbarous state, which places the highest glory in the indulgence of terrible revenge. The drama is very simple. A ruler, Rasinga, falls in love with a mountain chieftain's beautiful daughter, whom he has rescued from banditti; and, agreeably to the custom of the country, resolves to make her his second, or younger wife. Artina, his first and devoted partner, is broken-hearted in consequence of this event; and her brother, Samarkoon, a young chief (who is also a lover of the fair mountaineer), way-lays the royal escort, and appropriates the bride to himself. Rasinga marches against him and takes his fortalice by assault; loads him with chains, and orders him to be executed. Artina, his own mother Montebesa, and Juan de Creda, a Spanish physician, in vain endeavour to avert his purpose; and Artina, attempting to save her brother, is only involved in his fate, and also doomed to die. In the end, her son, a boy, Samar, by nobly determining to perish with his parent, forces his father to relent; and happiness is restored to all the parties. Such is the plot: the character of this boy is simply and forcibly drawn; and wherever he appears, the interest is the deepest and most affecting, though the other parts are depicted with much talent. A few extracts will put it in the power of our readers to judge of this.

Samarkoon, on hearing a whisper of Rasinga's intention of marrying the "Bride," utters the following soliloquy:—

"Hateful suggestions! base and vague conjectures,
Which vulgar minds on slight foundation rear!
All false!—
And yet they are upon my heart
Like the compressure of a coiled boa,
Loathly but irresistible.
A bride!
It cannot be!—Though her unveiled face
Was of surprising beauty—O how lovely!
Yet he bestowed on her but frigid praise,
And still continued to repress my ardour,
Whene'er I spoke of the fair mountain maid,
With silent stern reserve.—Is this like love?
It is not natural.
Ah! but it is;
It is too natural,—deep subtle nature.
How was my idiot soul so far beguiled
That I ne'er thought of this?
Yes, yes, he loves her!
Loves her whom I so well—so dearly love,
That every female image but her own
Is from my heart effaced, like curling mists
That, rising from the vale, cling for a while
To the tall cliff's brown breast, till the warm sun
Dissolves them utterly.—'Tis so: even she
Whom I have thought of, dreamt of, talked of—ay,
And talked *to*, though in absence, as a thing
Present and conscious of my words, and living,
Like the pure air around me, every where.
(*After a pause*)
And he must have this creature of perfection!
It shall not be, whatever else may be!
As there is blood and manhood in this body,
It shall not be!
And thou, my gentle sister,
Must thy long course of wedded love and honour
Come to such end!—Thy noble heart will break.
When love and friendly confidence are fled,
Thou art not form'd to sit within thy bower
Like a dress'd idol in its carved alcove,
A thing of silk and gems and cold repose."

The same speaker, in mentioning the cruel invaders of his country, the associates of the good *De Creda*, says finely—

"Solitude in trackless deserts,
Where locusts, ants, and lizards poorly thrive,—
On the bare summit of a rugged peak,
Where birds of prey in dusky circles wing
The troubled air with loud and clam'rous din,—
Were to an honest heart endurable,
Rather than such associates."

We have some difficulty in exemplifying the spirit of *Samar*, it is so mixed up with other dialogue; but the subjoined are striking traits. The first scene is where his mother expresses her wretchedness on learning that she is to have a rival queen.

"*Rasinga*. Yes, dear Artina, * * *
Thou wert, and art, and shalt be loved and honour'd
While there is life within Rasinga's bosom.
Why didst thou think it could be otherwise,
Although another mate within my house
May take her place to be with thee associated,
As younger sister with an elder-born?
Such union is in many houses found.
Artina. I have no skill in words, no power to reason:
How others live I little care to know:
But this I feel, there is no life for me,
No love, no honour, if thy altered heart
Hath put me from it for another mate.
Oh wo is me! these children on thy knees
That were so oft caress'd, so dearly cherish'd,
Must then divide thy love with younger fav'rites,
Of younger mother born? Alas! alas!
Small will the portion be that falls to them.
Rasinga. Nay, say not so, Artina: say not so.
Artina. I know it well. Thou thinkest now, belike,
That thou wilt love them still; but ah! too soon
They'll be as things who do but haunt thy house,
Lacking another home, uncheer'd, uncared for.
And who will heed their wants, will soothe their sorrow,
When their poor mother moulders in the grave,
And her vex'd spirit, in some other form,
Is on its way to gain the dreamless sleep?
Kneel, Samar, kneel! thy father loved thee first,
In our first happy days.—Wilt thou not, boy?
Why dost thou stand so sullen and so still?
Samar. He loves us not.
Artina. Nay, nay, but he will love us.
Down on thy knees! up with thy clasped hands!
Rasinga, O Rasinga! did I think

So to implore thy pity, me and mine—
So to implore thy pity, and in vain!
(Sinks on the ground exhausted with agitation.
Rasinga (raising her gently in his arms).
Dearest Artina! still most dear to me;
Thy passionate affections waste thy strength;
Let me support thee to another chamber,
More fitting for retirement and for rest.
Come also, children.—Come, my little playmates!
Samar. We're not thy playmates now.
Rasinga. What dost thou say?
Samar. Thou dost not speak and smile and sport with us
As thou wert wont: we're not thy playmates now.
Rasinga. Thou art a fearless knave to tell me so."

But the higher touch is where the child determines to share his mother's fate; and we cannot do better than quote the scene, as one of the best illustrations of the author's talents.

"*Scene II.—A large court or open space, with every thing prepared for the execution of Samarkoon: a seat of state near the front of the stage. Spectators and guards discovered.*
First Spectator. There is a mass of life assembled here:
All eyes, no voice; there is not even the murmur
Of stifled whispers.—Deep and solemn silence!
Second Spectator. Hush, hush! Artina comes, and by her side
Her son in the habiliments of woe
Prepared for death. This surely cannot be:
It is impossible.
First Spectator. I hope it is.
Enter Artina and Samar, with Sabawatte on the one side of them, and Juma de Creda on the other; attendants following.
Artina. Alas, for thee, my noble, generous child!
Samar. Fear not for me, dear mother! Lean upon me.
Nay, let me feel your hand press'd on my shoulder,
Press'd more upon me still. It pleases me,
Weak as I am, to think I am thy prop.
Artina. O what a prop thou wouldst have been to me!
And what a creature for a loathly grave—
For death to prey upon!—Turn, turn! oh, turn!
Advance no farther on this dreadful path.
Samar. I came not here to turn; and for the path,
And what it leads to, if you can endure it,
Then so can I: fear not for me, dear mother!
Nay, do not fear at all; 'twill soon be over.
Artina. Oh, my brave heart! my anguish and my pride,
Even on the very margin of the grave.
Good Sabawatte! hold him; take him from me.
Sabawatte. I cannot, madam; and De Creda says,
'Tis best that you should yield to his desire.
Artina. It is a fearful—an appalling risk.
Sabawatte. Is there aught else that you would charge me with?
Artina. Yes, dearest friend, there is—it is my last.
Let not my little daughters know of this;
They are too young to miss me. Little Moora
Will soon forget that she has seen my face;
Therefore whoe'er is kind to them they'll love.
Say this to her who will so shortly fill
Their mother's place, and she will pity them.
Add, if thou wilt, that I such gentle dealings
Expected from her hands, and bade thee teach them
To love and honour her.
Sabawatte. My heart will burst in uttering such words.
Artina. Yet for my sake thou'lt do it; wilt thou not?
(Sabawatte motions assent, but cannot speak.
Enter Samarkoon chained and guarded.
Artina (rushing on to meet him).
My brother, my young Samarkoon, my brother,
Whom I so loved in early, happy days;
Thou top and blossom of my father's house!
Samarkoon. Weep not, my sister—death brings sure relief;
And many a brave man's son has died the death
That now abideth me.
Artina. Alas! ere that bright sun which shines so brightly
Shall reach his noon, of my brave father's race
No male descendant shall remain alive—
Not one to wear the honours of his name—
And I the cursed cause of all this wreck!
Oh, what was I, that I presumptuously
Should think to keep his undivided heart!
'Twere better I had lived a drudge, a slave,
To do the meanest service of his house,
Than see thee thus, my hapless, noble brother.
Samarkoon. Lament not, gentle sister; to have seen thee
Debased and scorn'd, and that most wondrous creature,
Whose name I will not utter, made the means
Of vexing thee—it would have driven me frantic.
Then do not thus lament; nor think that I
Of aught accuse thee. Let us now take leave,
In love most dearly link'd, which only death
Has power to sever.——
(to Samar, as first observing him)
Boy, why art thou here?
Samar. To be my mother's partner and companion.
'Tis meet; for who but me should cling to her?
Enter Rasinga, and places himself in the seat; a deep silence follows for a considerable time.
Mihdoony (who has kept guard with his spearmen over Samarkoon, now approaching Rasinga).
The hour is past, my lord, which was appointed;
And you commanded me to give you notice,
Is it your pleasure that the executioners
Proceed to do their office on the prisoners,
Who are all three prepared?
Rasinga. What dost thou say?
Mihdoony. The three prepared for death abide your signal.
Rasinga. There are but two.
Mihdoony. Forgive opposing words, there is a third.
Rasinga. A third, sayst thou? and who?
Mihdoony. Your son, my lord;
A volunteer for death, whom no persuasion
Can move to be divided from his mother.
Rasinga. I cannot credit this; it is some craft,
Some poor device. Go, bring the boy to me.
[Mihdoony leads Samar to his father.
Why art thou here, my child? and is it so,
That thou dost wish to die?
Samar. I wish to be where'er my mother is,
Alive or dead.
Rasinga. Think well of what thou sayst!
It shall be so if thou indeed desire it.
But be advised: death is a dreadful thing.
Samar. They say it is: but I will be with her;
I'll die her death, and feel but what she suffers.
Rasinga. And art thou not afraid? Thou'rt ignorant;
Thou dost not know the misery of drowning—
The booming waters closing over thee,
And thou still sinking, struggling in the task,
On whose deep bottom weeds and water-snakes,
And filthy lizards will around thee twine,
Whilst thou art choking. It is horrible!
Samar. The death that is appointed for my mother
Is good enough for me. We'll be together;
Clinging to her I shall not be afraid,
No, nor will she.
Rasinga. But wherefore wilt thou leave thy father, Samar?
Thou'st not offended me; I love thee dearly;
I have no son but thee.
Samar. But thou wilt soon.
Thy new young wife will give thee soon another,
And he will be thy son; but I will be
Son of Artina. We'll be still together:
When in the form of antelope or loorie,
She wends her way to Boodhoo, I shall still
Be as her young one, sporting by her side.
Rasinga (catching him in his arms, and bursting into tears).
My generous boy! my noble, valiant boy!
O such a son bestowed on such a father!
Live, noble creature! and thy mother also!
Her crime is pardon'd, if it was a crime;
Ye shall not be divided."

The *dénouement* follows to the utmost extent of forgiving and gratitude.

As examples of the author's lyrical powers, we quote the only two songs which are to be found in the drama: the first sung by Sabawatte, the faithful attendant of Terebesa; and the last an epithalamium on the entrance of the *Bride* into Samarkoon's castle.

"The gliding fish that takes his play
In shady nook of streamlet cool,
Thinks not how waters pass away,
And summer dries the pool.

The bird beneath his leafy dome
Who trills his carol, loud and clear,
Thinks not how soon his verdant home
The lightning's breath may sear.

Shall I within my bridegroom's bower
With braids of budding roses twined,
Look forward to a coming hour
When he may prove unkind?

The bee reigns in his waxen cell,
The chieftain in his stately hold,
To-morrow's earthquake—who can tell?
May both in ruin fold."

"Open wide the frontal gate,
The lady comes in bridal state;
Than wafted spices sweeter far,
Brighter than the morning star,
Modest as the lily wild,
Gentle as a nurse's child,—
A lovelier prize of prouder boast,
Never chieftain's threshold crost.

Like the beams of early day,
Her eyes' quick flashes brightly play—
Brightly play and gladden all
On whom their kindly glances fall.
Her lips in smiling weave a charm
To keep the peopled house from harm.
In happy moment is she come.
To bless a noble chieftain's home.

Happy be her dwelling here,
Many a day, and month, and year!
Happy as the nested dove
In her fruitful ark of love!
Happy in her tented screen!
Happy in her garden green!
Thus we welcome, one and all,
Our lady to her chieftain's hall."

With these we take our leave of this estimable performance, in which the latent genius of the much-admired writer displays its wonted fires—if not in the full blaze which a more stirring subject might have excited, at least in a fine glow and sheen of milder lustre, consistent with the end in view. We have been somewhat amused at the skill with which eastern words, phrases, and imagery, have been woven into the theme: they look as if written with a pen from the wing of an oriental bird of paradise, instead of the common gray goose quill of our northern regions.

Seven Years of the King's Theatre. By John Ebers, late Manager. 8vo. Plates. London, 1828. Ainsworth.

If any one unacquainted with the writer's name and character were to ask us who is the author of this book, we conceive we could give no more comprehensive reply than is conveyed in these words: "*Mr. Ebers has been manager of the Opera House seven years, and has lost by it forty-five thousand pounds.*" The knowledge of these two facts would be enough to create an interest in the work, were other causes of interest wanting. It would also yield some grounds for forming a due estimation of the author's qualifications for his task.

In the autumn of 1820 the King's Theatre was left, by the sudden disappearance of Mr. Waters, the then proprietor and manager, "a huge hulk, floating without a pilot." The performers were turned adrift, the engagements were unsatisfied, and the theatre was seized by the hands of the law. Those who felt interested in the Italian Opera were at a loss; plans were formed for its re-establishment, and successively abandoned. In this emergency, when no one else would venture on undertaking a concern so apparently ruinous, Mr. Ebers, at the urgent request of certain distinguished subscribers and others, volunteered as manager, under the patronage of the King, and aided by a committee, consisting of the Lords Ailesbury, Mount Edgcumbe, Fife, Lowther, and Count St. Antonio.

The great point of Mr. Ebers's first season was the establishment of the ballet on a footing vastly superior to what had been previously known in this country. The third or fourth-rate gleanings from the Académie de Musique, which had hitherto constituted the only strength of the ballet, were discarded, or reduced to their original grades, to be succeeded by such splendid ornaments of the dance, as Albert, Coulon, Noblet, and Bias. A double establishment was retained in the second part of the season; and the amount of the engagements of dancers alone was upwards of 10,000*l.*

The next two seasons were distinguished by the talents of Camporese, Curioni, Caradori, Zuchelli, Albert, Anatole, Barré, Mercandotti, and Paul, with others of less, though still considerable, merit, both in the departments of the opera and the ballet. At the conclusion of the season of 1823 the theatre passed into the hands of Mr. Benelli, who deserted it at the end of the following season, leaving the concern loaded with encumbrances, and a host of unfulfilled engagements, for some of which Mr. Ebers was *legally* liable, and by which he sustained a loss of several thousand pounds. With a hope of reimbursing himself, that gentleman now retook the Opera, which continued in his hands until the conclusion of the season of 1827, when his career terminated, though the losses of that year were considerably less than those of any previous year of his management.

It may now be as well to mention the immediate cause of the increased embarrassments which occasioned Mr. Ebers's failure.

The first year of his management the house was let to him at the moderate rent of 3180*l.*—the proprietor being thus reasonable in his demands, because nobody else would have the place at any rent whatever. But Mr. Ebers comes to renew his lease at the end of the first year, and Mr. Chambers demands a rent of 10,000*l.*; and after this has been paid for four years, his assignees require and exact the enormous sum of 15,000*l.* per annum for the house! As Mr. Ebers's only hope of retrieving his past losses resided in the chance of better fortune in succeeding years, he was compelled to accede to these demands, though the unreasonableness of them has since been tacitly admitted, by the theatre being let to the present managers at not more than 8000*l.*

It is obvious that, with drawbacks like these, success was next to impossible; though such had been the manager's unwearied exertions to establish the character of the theatre,—so great an improvement had consequently taken place in the relative amounts of receipt and expenditure,—that had he been allowed to have the theatre during his last season at the rent *now* paid, the balance in his favour on that season would not have been less than 4000*l.*

The present managers of the King's Theatre, impressed with the hardships to which their predecessor has been subjected, have granted him a benefit at the house, which we hope may be as gratifying as possible to Mr. Ebers in its result.*

With the information and experience derived from his management during the seven years 1821–27, Mr. Ebers has come to the task of authorship as the chronicler of his own times in the King's Theatre, and this task he has executed, not merely with ability, but with so much spirit, so much liveliness, and so much judgment, as to produce a work which must rank among the most entertaining and interesting of the day—a work not merely valuable (we give all due importance to dramatic matters) for the curious information with which its pages are pregnant, but highly amusing from the anecdotes and *morceaux piquants* of personal history with which it is embellished.

Preparatory to entering on the period to which the work avowedly relates, Mr. Ebers has given a rapid but clever sketch of the history of the theatre since the rebuilding of the house in 1789, which the delineation of the eccentric character of Mr. Taylor, the then proprietor and manager, renders very pleasant reading. Mr. Taylor, who, from a somewhat subordinate situation in life, elevated himself to such a station in fortune and repute as to obtain the Opera-house, appears to have been one of the most practised hoaxers on record; and Mr. Ebers has given several specimens of his character in this light, which we regret our limits do not allow us to lay before our friends. The boldness he seems to have displayed in breaking the rules of the King's Bench, in which he was long confined and where he died, is entertaining. Another name, equally celebrated in operatic history, is that of Mr. Waters, first as the representative of Mr. Goold, who bought a share in the theatre, and afterwards in his own right as a proprietor in the Opera. Mr. Waters, who was a decorous and God-fearing man, did not well coalesce with Taylor, who was of the *poco-curante* school, and fond of joking upon his more orderly partner.

The chancery suits which were commenced between Messrs. Taylor and Waters terminated in the latter ceasing to have any connexion with the Opera, which was thenceforward conducted by Mr. Waters alone, until his abrupt departure from London in 1820.

Another change of ownership has subsequently occurred, in the purchase of the theatre by Mr. Chambers, the banker, who had previously an interest in the house as a mortgagee to a considerable extent. Mr. Chambers bought the theatre from Mr. Waters, who commenced a suit in Chancery to set aside the sale; and Mr. Chambers having since become bankrupt, the cause is now pending between his assignees and Mr. Waters.

This introductory chapter brings us to the time of Mr. Ebers's management. His familiarity with the arcana of the place—his knowledge of persons and things connected with it, must obviously render a man of half his tact capable of writing a curious and entertaining book.

It is as inconsistent with our limits as with our usages to give any thing like a detailed account of the contents of works of this kind; they are, indeed, of much too diversified and miscellaneous a nature for such a course. We can only request our readers to run with us through the volume, gleaning, as we go, such of its anecdotes as may give an idea of the very amusing nature of the whole. Take these out of several relating to Mr. Taylor, so long a party in the Italian Opera.

"A party of friends, with whom this humourist had been dining, had, by well-timed raillery, driven him to invite them to breakfast on the morning of the day appointed for laying the foundation of the new theatre. Determined to enjoy a joke at the expense of his friends, and at the same time to be reimbursed for his breakfast, he wrote a note, in the name of a common friend, to each of the gentlemen who had engaged themselves to partake of his *déjeûner*. The billet informed them, that the supposed writer had learned that Taylor intended to practise a joke on his visitors, by setting them down to empty dishes, and recommending them to turn the tables on him, by taking, each man, his provision with him, and upbraiding their host with his narrow conduct. The advice was followed by the guests to a man, every one sending or taking in his carriage a supply of provisions more than adequate to his own wants, and the whole number rejoicing in the confusion with which Taylor would, as they expected, be overwhelmed. Their astonishment was considerable, when, on entering the breakfast-room, with half-suppressed laughter at the anticipated joke, they found the tables set out with the choicest materials for their meal. A good deal of exchange of looks ensued between the guests, terminating in a roar of laughter, from which none refrained, save only Taylor, who, looking on with suppressed exultation, enjoyed the fun, which was increased when the company caused their various importations of game and meats to be introduced. The host very quietly ordered these into his own larder, and the company sat down in high glee. Breakfast over, under pretence of shewing them a valuable picture, Taylor introduced his friends into an adjoining room, where, apologising for a momentary absence, he left the room, locked the door softly, and set forth to join the procession to the site of the new theatre. The unconscious prisoners, beginning presently to wonder at his prolonged absence, tried the door of their place of durance, and, by repeated knocks and vociferations, brought up the servant. The man protested he had no key to the door, but would instantly follow Mr. Taylor and procure it. This he did; and the released captives issuing forth, were greeted with a large placard, announcing to the public an unparalleled novelty in natural history, in the exhibition of fourteen full-grown jackals, or *lion's providers*, to be seen at the house of Mr. William Taylor, all living in one den, in perfect amity! Finally, after renewed laughter, the jackals, on posting to the Haymarket, arrived there just after the conclusion of the ceremony; while Taylor expressed his surprise that so contemptible an inducement as a *wild-beast show* could have detained them from the foundation laying."

"Taylor, entirely cut out of the concern, found great amusement in practising on the fears of Mr. Chambers, by means of anonymous letters, and otherwise prophesying the inevitable ruin of Waters, and the consequent loss to ensue to Mr. Chambers. I particularly remember his addressing a letter to Mr. Chambers, informing him that Michael Kelly, then at Brighton, was lying on the point of death at an hotel there, and wished, while he yet lived, to communicate to the banker some particulars respecting Waters. Mr. Chambers departed immediately for Brighton in a post-chaise and four, eager for information, and dreading lest he should arrive too late. Alighting at the hotel, the first object that presented itself to his sight was the vivacious Michael, not in the agonies of death, but basking on a shady balcony, with his cool bottle of claret and pine-apple before him!"

Of Camporese we have the following mention:—

"Whilst in Paris I was introduced to Camporese, in the autumn of 1816, by Pucitta, at the house of the celebrated composer Paer. She did me the favour to sing, and was accompanied by that great master. The next place where I saw her was at the Scala at Milan. The people crowded nightly to hear her. She was an immense favourite; and many anecdotes were told of her kindness and the excellence of her disposition. An intimate acquaintance waited on her one morning to make a request. In the hospital for the insane a man was confined, literally *fanatico per musica*; he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labour of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate had by some accident heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the city, and immediately conceived an ungovernable wish to hear her. For awhile his representations passed unnoticed, he grew ungovernable, and had to be fastened to his bed. In this state Camporese's friend had beheld him. She was

* When we consider the immense total of loss which, by the subjoined statement, Mr. Ebers will be seen to have sustained, how little in comparison do the proceeds even of the best imaginable benefit appear, and how much do his claims to public support seem augmented! Indeed, when the nature of the Opera, as a subject of individual speculation, is considered, a manager must be admitted to have a title to every aid in his misfortunes which the public can grant him. In other countries the government lends its support, and supplies the deficiencies: here it is not so; and surely the maintenance of the Opera, as the resort of the fashionable world and the aristocracy of the land, requires that those who undertake its conduct should be reimbursed, as far as possible, by the public of a country ever regardful of the dictates of justice and liberality. We renew, in this place, the expression of our hope, that on Wednesday night the result of Mr. Ebers's benefit may prove the actual influence of such a spirit as we have alluded to.

The following is the statement compiled from Mr. Ebers's work of the losses sustained by him in the course of his seven years:—

On the season of 1821	£7,075
1822	5,367
1823	9,206
1824	3,771
1825	6,150
1826	7,537
1827	9,974
	44,099

sing for an evening party when this re-entation was made to her. She paused a ıent on hearing it. Then throwing a k over her shoulders, said, 'Come, then.' hither?' 'To the Ospedale.' 'But why? e is no occasion to go now—to-morrow, or next day.' 'To-morrow—no, indeed, if n do this poor man good, let me go in-tly.' And they went. Being shewn into oom separated from that of the maniac by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in next room observed their patient suddenly ıme less violent, then composed, at last he ıt into tears. The singer now entered, she down, and sang again. When she had luded, the poor composer took from under bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an of his own composition, and handed it to There were no words, and nothing in music; but Camporese running it over, g it to some words of Metastasio, with such etness, that the music seemed excellent. ıg it me once more,' said the maniac. She so, and departed accompanied by his prayers the tears of the spectators."

Ve read with interest the ensuing anecdotes ecting Velluti, a performer who is here ten of with that respect and estimation to ch his character and talents equally entitle

At Milan, Velluti was the idol of the ıle; he was received *con furore*, and his e spread on every side. A Milanese gen-ıan, who had a rich uncle who was ill, met friend in the street. 'Where are you ıg?' 'To the Scala, to be sure.' 'How? ır uncle is at the point of death.' 'Yes, but luti sings to-night.'

At Vienna, the place of his next engage-ıt, he was still more flattered; he was vned, medallised, and recorded in immortal e. From Vienna his next remove was to ice, where, I believe, he afterwards sang ı Catalani. Velluti sang at Verona the ata, 'Il vero Omaggio' with wonderful suc-. Every body applauded except an old trian officer, who thought nothing good of Germany. 'But is not this good?' said to him. 'Yes, it is good—but I w a man at Vienna that would sing it as again!' After going the tour of the cipal Italian and German theatres, Velluti ved at Paris, where the musical taste was prepared for him. Rossini being at this engaged at Paris under his agreement to ıt there, Velluti did not enter into his s; and having made no engagement there, came over to England without any in-tion, but strongly recommended by Lord gherah and other people of distinction ad."

uring the representation of *Pietro l'Ere-*, one of those not unfrequent altercations h enliven the business behind the scenes rred between Madame Ronzi de Begnis Camporese, and is thus neatly detailed by Ebers:

The beautiful quartett in the second act, manca la voce,' was accidentally the cause most inharmonious interruption of busi-. At a rehearsal of this opera, Camporese nenced the piece in her character of *Agia*. ıttering the initial word, Ronzi de Begnis, whisper not too gentle for Camporese to hear, said, '*E vero!*' a remark which pro-d a retort courteous, somewhat more than ing on the limits of decorum, though not eeding to the extremity asserted by ru-r, which would have been as inconsistent with propriety as with the habitual dignity and self-possession of Camporese's demeanour."

Speaking of the last-named opera, he says:—

"*Pietro l'Eremita*, Lord Sefton, one of the most competent judges of the day, pronounced to be the most effective opera produced within his recollection; and the public confirmed the justice of the remark, for no opera brought out during my management had such unequivocal success. It was, indeed, the strong point of the season, to strengthen which every effort was made. The subordinate aids of scenery and decoration were unsparingly resorted to, to give effect to this opera; and the nature of the story rendered these important.* A gentleman well known in high life, indeed, not satisfied with telling me that I deserved well of my country, positively testified his admiration of the opera by avowing a determination to propose the manager at White's.

That pretty contralta, Brambilla, (of whom we have so often spoken with praise, and of whom, *par parenthèse*, we have here an excellent portrait, as we have elsewhere another enthusiastic one, which does justice to the loveliness of Ronzi de Begnis,) is the subject of an anecdote equally brief, pointed, and characteristic.

"Brambilla was certain of popularity, for her beauty ensured it, had her voice been less excellent than it was. 'She has the finest eye,' said a gay cardinal, 'the sweetest voice, and the best disposition: if she is discovered to possess any other merits, the safety of the Catholic church will require her excommunication.'"

Our next is an extract from a letter relating to Mlle. Toso, now Madame Puzzi:—

"I have seen La Toso, whom, you tell me, Signor Puzzi has engaged; a friend of mine is acquainted with her parents, and speaks highly of the whole family. Giacinta is a beautiful woman, stately and graceful as a cedar. Her figure is magnificent, her countenance full of pleasing expression. She has made many admiring cavaliers sigh, but all in vain; she seems proof against all the machinery of love. They tell a story of an enamoured swain, who received proof palpable of her powers of resistance. This *giovanetto* having employed the usual means of ogling at church, verse-writing and letter-writing, with music and serenades, to no purpose whatever, scaled the wall of a garden, in which Toso was seated alone, about sunset, and, availing himself of her being unattended, fell on his knees, and would have exhausted his eloquence in endeavouring to soften her hard heart, but she rose at his exordium, and proceeded towards the house. The disappointed gallant sprung before her, and attempted to detain her. She, inspired by the exigency of the occasion, seized his throat with both hands, and held him, half strangled and black in the face, until her cries brought assistance, when he was dismissed with as little ceremony as could possibly be shewn to an *inamorato*. I do not believe a word of this story, but I give you what I hear; and as it was told me, so I tell it you."

Among many engagements for which Mr. Ebers made arrangements, is that of the fascinating Sontag, whose correspondence, which he gives, contains her assent to the terms offered her for the present season, so long ago as the latter end of 1826.

"Wherever Sontag went," says Mr. Ebers, "the estimation of her beauty and her talent was the same. The sentiment excited towards her in the earlier part of her career was that of astonishment, which was succeeded by unbounded admiration. A crowd of worshippers attended her footsteps, and many were the romantic tales in circulation about her. One of these has denoted her as the destined bride of a German prince, another has bestowed her on an ambassador at the French court. A report of more interest, though perhaps of no greater authenticity, was retailed to me: its purport is as follows:—A few years ago, an attachment subsisted between the beautiful Henriette and a young student of good family and excellent character. His application, his learning, and his abilities, had gained him the highest estimation at Jena; but his mistress valued him more because he had maintained an unsullied reputation, keeping free from the excesses in which other youths of the university too frequently indulged. In an evil hour, under the excitement proceeding from having obtained some academic honour, the student was induced to indulge beyond his wont in the festivals of the table; and as one temptation yielded to, levels the path for another, he was led to play: unaccustomed to games, he rose from the table a loser of five hundred florins. The report quickly spread; but his mistress received the information from a better source—the lover himself wrote to her, with the confession of his error. 'I still love you,' was the reply; 'but you are no longer the same, and we must not meet again. Farewell.'

"An Italian gentleman at Paris, the firmest item of whose creed was that none but Italians could possibly sing well, refused to admit that Sontag (whom he had never heard) could at all equal the singers of Italy. With great difficulty he was induced to hear her. After listening five minutes, he rose to depart. 'But do stay,' said his friend; 'you will be convinced presently.' 'I know it,' said the Italian, 'and therefore I go.'"

In mentioning a lady whose distinguished qualifications are yet well remembered—we mean Mrs. Hughes Ball—Mr. Ebers has done himself much credit by the very delicate and discriminating tone in which he has touched on the union of that estimable person with Mr. Ball. The account of her first introduction to the stage is highly pleasing.

"During Lord Fife's residence in Spain, where he had served in the progress of the Peninsular war, he had become acquainted with a widow of a respectable family, whose daughter evinced all the capabilities of a first-rate dancer, united with all the charms of Spanish beauty—the darkly bright and impressive beauty of romance. At his lordship's recommendation, Mlle. Mercandotti and her mother visited England, where Maria, then only fifteen years of age, displayed, on a single evening, her powers in dancing the bolero of her native country. This was at the Opera; she afterwards danced a very few times at Brighton, in the presence of the late Queen Charlotte, and never without unbounded applause. To perfect herself in her art, she be-

* "One part of the mechanical arrangements only failed. A body of troops pass (in our case, they only *ought* to have passed) over a bridge, which breaking in the midst, they are submerged in the waves. These troops being made of basket-work, and pulled over the bridge by ropes, unfortunately became refractory on their passage, and very sensibly refused, when the bridge was about to give way, to proceed any farther; consequently, when the downfall of the arches took place, the basket-men remained very quietly on that part of the bridge which was left standing, and, instead of being consigned to the waves, had nearly been set on fire. The audience, not giving the troops due credit for their prudence, found no little fault with this compliance with the law of self-preservation. In the following representation of the opera, the bridge and basket-men, which, *en passant*, (or *en restant* rather,) had cost fifty pounds, were omitted."

came, by the same advice, a pupil in the schools of the Académie Royale de Musique. At the time of which I speak she had not made her public début in Paris, but all the city was in expectation of witnessing her performance, the announcement of which was presently made. After many fixings and postponements of the time of her appearance, she at last came out. Lord Fife wrote to Mr. Allan on her début:—'Maria made her début under great disadvantages, very much alarmed, and wearied to death; but the result was most satisfactory for an artist. I believe it is admitted there has not been so brilliant a début in the memory of any one. The whole house rose and saluted at the end; of course there are jealousies without number. The whole corps are displeased and agitated; and the only thing they can find to say is, that the house was packed, when it had only the night before been known certainly that she was to appear.' That Lord Fife did not exaggerate, appeared from the communications of Lord Lowther and Mr. Bramsen. 'The Spaniard,' says the former, 'dances again to-night. Her first début seems (from what I can collect) to have given general satisfaction. I think she will be a trump for you; novelty, beauty, and talent, attract what you, as a manager, would desire; namely, a full house.'"

We pass on to the subsequent passage, which records Mdlle. Mercandotti's marriage.

"Mercandotti, who had been gaining ground till she was at the height of public favour, on the first night of this ballet (the 8th of March) took the part of the king's page in this performance, and looked and danced it admirably. —Among the number of hearts on whom the bewitching eyes of the fair Spaniard had made an impression, was that of a gentleman well known as a man of wealth and fashion, Mr. Hughes Ball. This worshipper, like many others, had long and assiduously devoted his attentions to Mercandotti; but she was one of those rare examples that now and then occur to ornament the female biography of the stage, who, in a situation of all others the most trying to the best virtues of woman, preserve unsullied the integrity of their reputation. On the 16th March I received a note in the following words:—

16 *Mars*, 1823.

'Monsieur,—Ma santé étant extrêmement dérangée, j'ai consulté ma médecin, qui m'a conseillé d'aller à la campagne pour passer quelque temps: je m'empresse de vous en prévenir afin que vous puissiez donner mon rôle à une autre personne.—J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur,

'MARIA MERCANDOTTI.'

The honour of being Maria Mercandotti was one which she did not long retain. However, this plea of illness, which I had at the time no positive reason to doubt, was on the next night of performance stated as the reason of Mademoiselle Mercandotti's non-appearance in the ballet. It was soon made public that Mercandotti had a more agreeable cause of absence than ill health, and that she accepted the hand offered to her, at length, by Mr. Ball. That gentleman had on the day before I received the above note been elected a member of Brookes's, had been there at eleven o'clock, and going thence home, had the same night set out for Banff, whither the lovely Maria and her mother in another carriage were also bound. The marriage, as every body knows, took place; Mrs. Hughes Ball is well known as an amiable and estimable woman, whose manners and disposition ornament the society in which she moves."

We wish our limits would allow us to give some of the anecdotes of Rossini, Colbran, Pasta, Boisgerard, and other persons of interest. We must now, however, take our leave of this work; but it would be wrong to conclude our remarks without acknowledging how much we, and we are sure the public will join us in the acknowledgment, are indebted to Mr. Ebers for his very novel and entertaining volume. The matter and the manner are alike praiseworthy, and the defects too slight to impair the value of the book. Judging from our own impressions, we think no one will peruse it without sustained pleasure, and with an estimation of its author, as a sprightly, well-informed, and gentlemanlike writer upon a subject in which "all the world" takes an interest.

Descent of the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna, during the Autumn of 1827. *With Anecdotes and Recollections, Historical and Legendary, of the Towns, Castles, Monasteries, &c., upon the Banks of the River.* By J. R. Planché, Author of "Lays and Legends of the Rhine," &c. London, 1828. J. Duncan.

IN addition to the many pleasant evenings which the public owe to Mr. Planché as the author of some fifty dramas, in almost constant representation at one or other of our theatres, as well as for the *agrémens* which he has lent to the concert and drawing-room, by his Legends of the Rhine, and other poetical compositions set to music, we have now to confess an obligation of a different kind. His Descent of the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna, is a volume of such varied merit and interest as to ensure its popular reception for the morning lounge, the study, and the travelling-carriage, and, finally, its safe deposit on the library shelf, thence to be removed at all times when it is desired to pass a gratifying literary half or whole hour. It is singular, that while we have a multitude of tours of the Rhine, and are as well acquainted with the Seine, the Po, and most other continental rivers, as with the Thames,—the Danube, a stream so replete with interest, and its banks covered every where with memorable remains, has attracted as little notice as the Irtis or the Obi. The present is the first publication on the subject with which we are acquainted; and, independently of its perpetual claims to consideration, as connected with the picturesque in natural scenery, the curious in legendary lore and antiquarian research, and the peculiar in existing manners, possesses at this moment an accidental or temporary importance from the posture of political affairs, and the movements of hostile armies.

To afford our readers some taste of the excellent mélange which Mr. Planché has placed before us, we shall simply extract examples of his narrative, touching the several points to which we have just alluded,—the style of travelling, the landscapes, the legends, and the modern aspect of the people.

"The regular passage-boat (says the author at Ratisbon) to Vienna was to start on the following morning at eight o'clock, and for the very moderate sum of five florins, not quite ten shillings English, would have landed me in the Austrian capital in about five or six days, according to the weather. But as neither I nor my companion was willing, for a slight pecuniary consideration, to risk a serious diminution of the pleasures of the voyage, by a crowded deck, a filthy cabin, bad company, and miserable fare, I applied to a schiffmeister of Stadt-am-hof, the little fauxbourg of Ratisbon, on the left bank of the Danube, who agreed to furnish us with a boat, steersman, and crew, for the sum of twenty ducats, about ten pounds sterling, and to assure our arrival at Vienna in four days, or four and a half at farthest. The boats on the Danube, though of various names and sizes, are nearly all of one shape. That which I hired is called, in the peculiar *patois* of the Bavarian boatmen, a weitz-zille, and is the sort of conveyance particularly appropriated to private travelling. It is about forty feet long, and composed of rough deal planks, nailed rudely together, the ribs being of natural branches, and caulked with moss. In the centre is a kind of awning, or rather hut, of the same unpretending materials. It is flat-bottomed, as are all the craft upon this river, and, in short, is little more than a large rude punt. Sails are unknown upon the Danube; it is therefore rowed by two men, and steered by a third, with long clumsy-looking paddles, tied to upright posts, upon which every now and then water is flung to make them work easy, and avoid ignition. The coche d'eau, or common passage-boat, is rather larger, and is called a gamsel, or a kellhaimer. Those used for the conveyance of merchandise are known by the names of hochnauen, klobzillen (facetiously termed vessels of the line by Professor Schultes), nebenbeys, schwernmern, &c., all of the same fashion, keelless, sailless, their plain deal sides daubed with broad perpendicular stripes of black paint, their only ornament. Some of the larger are nearly one hundred and fifty feet long; and, in ascending the river, are towed, four or five together, by from thirty to forty horses. The drivers are called jodelen, and a more singular set of beings can scarcely be imagined. In appearance they are something between the English dustman and drayman; but the lowest of either of those worthies might pass for a scholar and a gentleman by the side of a real jodel. From the moment the Danube becomes navigable, till it is again chained up in ice, these fellows never enter the humblest hovel, or mix with men of other callings, but even sleep upon the river's bank beside their horses. A miserable superstition exists amongst them. They believe that some of their number must every year be sacrificed to the Spirit of the Waters, and, consequently, when an accident occurs, they all scramble for the drowning man's hat, but never think of stretching out a finger to save him, whom they look upon as a doomed and demanded victim. Professor Schultes declares that he once saw five jodelen, with their horses, precipitated into the river, when their companions hastily cut the ropes, to prevent the rest of the team from following, and drove on, leaving the poor wretches to their fate."

Having descended to Hayenbach, in the Austrian dominions, we are presented with the following view:—

"Nearly facing Waldkirche rises the ruin of Hayenbach, or Kirchbaum, as it is called by the schiffers, upon the ridge of the long, lofty, and nearly perpendicular mountain which terminates the chain on this side the valley, and forms a promontory, round which the river, suddenly and rapidly wheeling, completely doubles itself, and enters a narrow defile, the romantic, and I may say awful, beauty of which surpasses all description. So acute is the angle here made by the Danube, that the ruin of Hayenbach, though consisting of only one quadrangular and not very lofty tower, now presents its northern side to the eye in apparently the same situation that it did its southern side scarcely ten minutes before.

Enormous crags, piled one upon the other, to the height of from three to four hundred fathoms; their weather-blanched pinnacles starting amongst the black firs and tangled shrubs that struggle to clothe each rugged pyramid from its base to its apex, form the entrance to this grand and gloomy gorge, through which the mighty stream now boils and hurries, winding and writhing, till at length you become so utterly bewildered, that nothing but a compass can give you the slightest idea of the direction of its course. The castle of Hayenbach, which seems to guard this extraordinary pass, belonged in the fifteenth century to the Oberhaimers, the lords of Falkenstein and Marsbach, who no doubt found it admirably situated for the prosecution of that predatory warfare in which they 'lived, moved, and had their being.' Falkenstein, with which this castle of Hayenbach, or Kirkbaum, is confounded, lies above Rana, and is not visible from the Danube, and the same vague tradition is attached to each ruin; namely, that it was originally built by a knight of the thirteenth century, who, having slain his brother, passed the rest of his days with an only daughter in that castellated hermitage. For upwards of an hour we glided through scenes increasing in sublimity, and calling forth exclamations of wonder and delight, till my companion and I mutually confessed that we had exhausted our stock of epithets, and stood gazing in far more expressive silence on the stupendous precipices which towered above us, almost to the exclusion of daylight, their jagged sides

'Horrid with firs, and intricate with thorn;'

and on the rapid stream that, like Milton's fiend,

'Through the palpable obscure sallies out
His uncouth passage . . . . . .
. . . . . plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal night and chaos wild.'

The pencil of a Salvator Rosa could alone do justice to these wondrous scenes. The grandest views upon the Rhine sink into insignificance when compared with the magnificent pictures which the Danube here presents us at every turn. The two rivers would have admirably illustrated Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. Nature has contrasted them precisely according to the rules he has laid down."

Of the legends we are tempted to transfer more than one to our pages; they are extremely pleasing, and add greatly to the entertainment with which the author has diversified his narrative. Our first is from Straubing in Bavaria.

"In a small chapel in the churchyard of St. Peter's, in the Alt-stadt, is a red marble tablet, on which reclines the effigy of a female surrounded by the following inscription:—'Anno Domini, MCCCCXXXVI, XII die Octobris, obiit Agnes Bernauerin. Requiescat in pace.'—The fate of this unfortunate lady has furnished the subject for a tragedy to the Count of Torring Seefeld, and one more deeply affecting is scarcely to be found in the page of history. Albert, the only son of Duke Ernst of Bavaria, was one of the most accomplished and valiant princes of the age he lived in. His father and family had selected for his bride the young Countess Elizabeth of Wurtemberg. The contract was signed, and the marriage on the point of taking place, when the lady suddenly eloped with a more favoured lover, John Count of Werdenberg. The tidings were brought to Albert at Augsburg, where he was attending a grand tournament given in honour of the approaching nuptials; but they fell unheeded on his ear, as his heart, which had not been consulted in the choice of his bride, had just yielded itself, 'rescue or no rescue,' to the bright eyes of a young maiden whom he had distinguished from the crowd of beauties that graced the lists. Virtuous as she was lovely, Agnes Bernauer had obtained amongst the citizens of Augsburg the appellation of 'the angel;' but she was the daughter of a barber, an employment considered at that period, in Germany, as particularly dishonourable. Regardless of consequences, however, he divulged his passion, and their marriage was shortly afterwards privately celebrated in Albert's castle at Vohberg. Their happiness was doomed to be of short duration. Duke Ernst became possessed of their secret, and the anger of the whole house of Munich burst upon the heads of the devoted couple! Albert was commanded to sign a divorce from Agnes, and prepare immediately to marry Anna, daughter of Duke Erich of Brunswick. The indignant prince refused to obey; and being afterwards denied admission to a tournament at Regensburg, on the plea of his having contracted a dishonourable alliance, he rode boldly into the lists upon the Heide Platz, before the whole company declared Agnes Bernauer his lawful wife and duchess, and conducted her to his palace at Straubing, attended as became her rank. Every species of malice and misrepresentation was now set at work to ruin the unfortunate Agnes. Albert's uncle, Duke Wilhelm, who was the only one of the family inclined to protect her, had a sickly child, and she was accused of having administered poison to it. But the duke detected the falsehood, and became more firmly her friend. Death too soon deprived her of this noble protector, and the fate of the poor duchess was immediately sealed. Taking advantage of Albert's absence from Straubing, the authorities of the place arrested her on some frivolous pretext; and the honest indignation with which she asserted her innocence was tortured into treason by her malignant judges. She was condemned to die; and on Wednesday, October 12th, 1436, was thrown over the bridge into the Danube, amidst the lamentations of the populace. Having succeeded in freeing one foot from the bonds which surrounded her, the poor victim, shrieking for help and mercy, endeavoured to reach the bank by swimming, and had nearly effected a landing, when a barbarian in office, with a hooked pole, caught her by her long fair hair, and, dragging her back into the stream, kept her under water until the cruel tragedy was completed. The fury and despair of Albert, on receiving these horrid tidings, were boundless. He flew to his father's bitterest enemy, Louis the Bearded, at Ingolstadt, and returned at the head of an hostile army to his native land, breathing vengeance against the murderers of his beloved wife. The old duke, sorely pressed by the arms of his injured son, and tormented by the stings of conscience, implored the mediation of the Emperor Sigismund, who succeeded after some time in pacifying Albert and reconciling him to his father, who, as a proof of his repentance, instituted a perpetual mass for the soul of the martyred Agnes Bernauer. Albert afterwards married Anna of Brunswick, by whom he had ten children."

A wood-cut of the tomb illustrates this sad tale; and we may here observe, that a well-engraved frontispiece of the Emperor of Austria's summer palace, a map, and other embellishments, adorn and give further value to this volume. The following animated description would furnish materials for an admirable picture to any of our best and most imaginative painters. The scene is below Ips, in Austria.

"Before us now lay the two Pechlarns; Great Pechlarn on the right, and Little Pechlarn on the left bank. At the first we determined to breakfast, were it only to feast where the fair Chrimhilt had feasted, in

'Die Burg zu Bechelarn.'

No relics of the 'Burg' itself, however, exist; but an old gateway, some round towers, and here and there a few feet of crumbling wall, attest the early grandeur of the place, and fancy fills up the chasms which time has made, with court and keep, buttress and battlement, crowded with fair damsels and fierce soldiery, 'all, all abroad to gaze' at the advancing pageant. There, round that point of land, comes the royal fleet, the banners of Hungary, Burgundy, Bavaria, Pechlarn, and Passau, flinging their blasoned glories on the breeze, and proudly announcing to the admiring burghers the rich freight of rank and beauty which the swelling Danube is wafting to their port. Five hundred 'Kempe of Hungary,' their bright hauberks glittering in the sun, crowd the decks of the first vessels. On the prow of the foremost stands the valiant Markgraf, Rudiger of Pechlarn, than whom

'A truer soldier never
Was in this world yborn,'

bending eagerly forward to distinguish, amongst the bevy of beauties at 'the open windows' of the castle, the fair forms of his beloved wife and daughter. Beneath the rich canopy that shades the deck of yonder bark, with the gilded oars, now doubling the little promontory, sits the peerless bride of the mighty Etzel, but she hears not the shout of welcome that rises on the shore, she marks not the gay multitudes that crowd to pay her homage. Her brow is clouded, heavily lip quivers, tears like liquid diamonds tremble upon the long dark silken lashes of her downcast eyes; the form of the noble Siegfried is constantly before her. She hears but the voice of her murdered champion calling for vengeance; she sees but the ghastly wound which treachery dealt, bleeding afresh at the approach of the dark and deadly Hagen. Yet, passing beautiful is she even in sorrow, and still warrants the glowing description of the old minnesenger, Henry of Ofterdingen.

'From out her broidered garments
Full many a jewel shone,
The rosy red bloomed sweetly
Her lovely cheek upon.
He who would in fancy
Paint that lady fair,
In this world has never
Seen such beauty rare.

As the moon outshineth
Every twinkling star,
Shedding careless splendour
From out her cloudy car;
So, before her maidens,
Stood that lady bright,
And higher swelled the spirit
Of every gazing knight.'

By her side stands a venerable figure, clad in the gorgeous and sacred vestments of his office. The flowing stole of embroidered silk, the pallium of cloth of gold, the jewelled mitre, the 'gilt shoon,' and the massive, but richly wrought, cross and crosier, borne by two of his attendants, distinguish him as the holy Pilgerin, the wealthy and powerful Bishop of Passau, uncle to the queen, and related also to the noble Rudiger. The pale youth near him, his hands reverently crossed upon his bosom, is his clerk Conrad, who afterwards assisted him to write, in 'the Latin tongue,' the adventures of the Nibelungen. On the other hand of the lovely Chrimhilt stands the faithful Duke Eckewart, who has sworn to escort his

liege lady to Hungary; and the remainder of the flotilla bears the five hundred chosen knights of Burgundy, who follow his standard. The vision is over, the airy castle has vanished—

'The knights are dust,
Their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust.'

And a rude and solitary boat is rocking under the windows of a poor white-washed wirthshaus, which, with half-a-dozen humble cottages and some mouldering walls, now marks the site of the once strong and gay burg of Pechlarn! Rudiger of Pechlarn, as well as his kinsman, the Bishop of Passau, is an historical personage. He was count of the frontier during the reign of Arnulph, Duke of Bavaria, and died in 916. His son, Markgraf Rudiger II., died in 943, and with him the direct male line became extinct. The little town of Pechlarn is now principally inhabited by potters."

We must make room for yet another tale; but reserve it till another No.

An Essay on some Ancient Coins, Medals, and Gems; as illustrating the Progress of Christianity in the Early Ages. By the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., Author of a "Journey to Constantinople," &c. &c. Second Edition, enlarged, &c. London, Howell and Stewart.

On the first edition of this work we spoke in the terms of high approbation which its merits commanded; but we are disposed to bestow still higher praise upon the additions now made to the *Essay*, and especially by the introduction of those remarkable specimens of which only the erudite and curious are aware,—*the numismatic monuments of the Gnostics.*

The Gnostics seem to have been the most obscure, and at the same time the most important, of the early Christian sects. They are so seldom noticed, that little has been hitherto generally known of their practices and opinions; yet they were so universally spread, that the whole Christian church was identified with them; and their conduct appears to have brought destruction on the entire Christian community. The following very curious account of them is given by Dr. Walsh, previously to his introducing specimens of their strange and magic coins.

"As the time that Christianity was promulgated to mankind, the nations under the dominion of the Romans, that is, the larger part of the civilised world, were greatly addicted to mysterious practices; supposing that there existed in nature certain influences which they could control and manage by occult signs, expressed in different ways and on different materials; and among the nations most notorious for these opinions were the Jews and the Egyptians. As Christianity originated with one, and many of its earliest professers were found amongst the other, it is not surprising that they should have brought with them, and engrafted on the new religion, such opinions and practices as they had entertained in the old. Accordingly we read that very early the apostles themselves found it necessary to guard the disciples against such persons, cautioning them to avoid 'profane and vain babblings, and oppositions to what is falsely called science,' (1 Timothy, vi. 20); and in several passages of the epistle are evident allusions to similar errors among the first professors of Christianity, even in the apostolic ages. Nor did the evil cease as the doctrines of the gospel expanded themselves beyond the local proposessions of its early converts: a number of persons, in succession, for two centuries afterwards, are recorded as distinguished leaders of these wild opinions, which mixed up the sacred truths of the gospel with the fantastic imaginations of a visionary science; and a vast multitude of disciples all over the then known world were found to adopt them. The first person mentioned as a leader of these opinions was Simon, a man of Samaria. He had addicted himself to occult practices, and had so beguiled the understandings of the people, that he persuaded them he was some extraordinary person, and they all affirmed that 'the man was the great power of God,' (Acts, viii. 9, 34.) * *

"From hence he went to Rome, and continued there during the time of Nero's persecution, and taught his followers that they might indifferently conform to the worship of idols; and so they escaped the cruelties perpetrated upon their more conscientious brethren. (Origen contra Cels. lib. vi.) It appears that he had made such a progress in mechanical knowledge, that he undertook to fly in the theatre before all the spectators, and actually did support himself in the air, as Arnobius says, in a fiery chariot, while all the Romans were looking at him;* but he failed in the attempt, and was crushed with the fall; which the fathers attribute to the intercession of Peter and Paul, who were at Rome at the time, and witnessed the experiment: they prayed that the demons who supported him should be made to abandon him, and the consequence was that he fell to the ground. Many of his opinions and practices are recorded, and form a strange and deformed picture of the first sectarian in the Christian church. He brought about with him a woman named Helena, who he affirmed had animated formerly the body of her who had caused the Trojan war, and by various transmigrations had passed into her present form; he said she was the first conception of his mind, and by her he had himself created angels and archangels; and that by these angels the world was afterwards formed,—a fancy which continued to be cherished by all his followers, under different denominations, for several succeeding centuries. * * * His disciples preserved certain representations of him under the form of Jupiter, to which they annexed great efficacy and sanctity, and were perhaps the first of those Christian amulets which afterwards became so numerous. The practices of his followers, as described by Epiphanus, are too foul to particularise."

Simon was followed by Nicholas, also mentioned in Scripture as a proselyte of Antioch (Acts, vi. 1); and he was followed by Menander, of whose actions and opinions an account is given; and next comes Basilides, "who eclipsed, by the singularity of his tenets, and the success with which he spread them, the fame of all his predecessors. This man was a native of Alexandria, who was particularly distinguished in the reign of Hadrian, about one hundred and twenty years after our Saviour's birth, for the profoundness of his mysteries, and the extravagant extent to which he carried them. (Eusebius, Eccles. Hist. lib. iv. c. 7.) He formed a new race of angels, and invented appropriate and extraordinary names for them. He enjoined the doctrine of silence, like Pythagoras, and prescribed it to his disciples for five years. (Ibid.) He taught that God had sent his first-born into the world, who was called Christ; that he appeared as a man, and accomplished all virtue, but did not suffer death really, as was supposed; for Simon, the Cyrenean, was substituted in his place, and the Jews in error crucified him, while he assumed the form of Simon, and stood by uninjured, laughing at their folly, and so ascended into heaven invisible to them all, (Irenæus, lib. i. c. 23.)—His maxim was, 'Know all, but let none know you;' and hence his followers never performed their mysteries openly, or divulged them to the uninitiated. They denied the resurrection of the flesh strenuously, and insisted that no promise was made about the salvation of the body. (Tertul. de Præs. c. 46.) The opinion they entertained of themselves was most extravagant, founded on the supposed superiority of their knowledge and attainments: they esteemed themselves only, and the members of their sect, as men; and all the rest of the world, including all other sects of Christians, as dogs and swine; and it was constantly inculcated by Basilides, that his followers should hold no communication with others, and so not cast their pearls before swine. (Epiph. Hæres. 34.) In order to give greater weight and authority to his doctrines, Basilides composed a *gospel*, according to the testimony of Origen and Ambrosius, which he inscribed with his own name.—He died at Alexandria, in the reign of Hadrian, about the time that Barchochebas persecuted the Christians. He seems to have been the most extraordinary and notorious of all those who deformed Christianity with their own impurities."

Basilides was followed by Saturninus, whose practices and opinions seem less revolting than the rest; but his successor, Carpocrates, was a very extraordinary person indeed.

"His opinions and practices were so wild and flagitious, that a writer detailing them says his mind shudders at the recital, as altogether unfit for Christian ears, for their portentous and horrible turpitude.* He was born at Alexandria, and, like Basilides, engrafted his Christianity on the monstrous follies of Egypt. He too affirmed that the world was made not by God, but by angels. He admitted, however, that Christ was the son of Joseph, born like other men, and distinguished for his probity; but affirmed that he himself and his followers resembled him in all things, and were more powerful, inasmuch as they had demons bound and subject to their art, to perform whatever task they assigned them. He applied several texts of Scripture to an extraordinary purpose, particularly that of St. Matthew, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way, lest he deliver thee to the judge,' (Matt. v. 25.) This he interpreted to mean an injunction not to oppose, but to comply, with all the desires and passions of our nature.—The practices of the sect were correspondent to this dogma, if we are to believe the contemporary and other early writers who describe them, particularly Epiphanius: he says, 'shall I blush only to tell what they do not blush to do?' and accordingly he details minutely a series of ceremonies and actions so singularly foul and flagitious, that it requires no small effort of our belief to assent to the possibility that any state of the human mind could be so depraved as to devise or adopt them. I shall notice but one as a specimen, and that the least impure and revolting;—they took an unborn child, and having pounded it in a mortar, and mixed spice with it, the company and their dogs fed on the mass, calling it a paschal feast!"

Carpocrates was succeeded by his son Epi-

* "Videserunt enim (Romani) cursum Simonis Magi et quadrigas ignea."—*Arnob. adv. Gentil.* lib. ii.

* "Ob turpitudinem portentosam nimium et horribilem."—*Euseb. Ec. Hist.* tom. i.

pheus, who had divine honours paid him in the island of Cephalonia; and after him came another very extraordinary leader, Valentinus, about the year 145.

"He brought with him all the fancies of the poets and philosophers of the Grecian school, and mixed them up with the doctrines of his new religion, such as he found it in the gospel of St. John, which alone he read and adopted. He held that there were thirty gods, one half of which were male and the other female, from whose intercourse many were generated. These deities he called Æons, and from them the Saviour of the world was formed and perfected, with all good gifts, like the Pandora of Hesiod. (Epiph. Hæres. 3.)—He divided the human race into three classes, spiritual, animal, and carnal; the first was already perfect, and to this class he and his disciples belonged, and were saved, both body and soul. The second required abstinence, martyrdom, and other sufferings from which his followers were exempt, to arrive at the first state; they then could save their souls, which were married to angels, but their bodies perished. The third class was in a hopeless situation, and could not, by any meritorious exertion or good works, emerge from it, or obtain salvation for themselves. The practices of the Valentinians were conformable to the professions of men who held themselves exempt from the performance of any good work. They said they rendered to each part of the human being its proper attribute; to spirit, spiritual; to the flesh, fleshly things. They therefore indulged in all carnal inclinations without restraint; eating idol-offerings, and partaking of other feasts of Gentile worship; withdrawing wives from their husbands, and living with women in the most unlicensed debauchery, and declaring what was sinful in others was to them harmless. 'Thus,' said Irenæus, 'they slander us, who fear to offend God even in word or thought, as idiots, and without knowledge; but themselves, committing every odious and irreligious act, they esteem perfect, and the seeds of election.' Contrary to the universal usage of the early Christian church, which was accessible to all, and its ceremonies practised in the open day, the Valentinians sought to cover their rites with concealment, like the Eleusinian mysteries; they were performed in an interior room, in profound silence, with many doors and veils interposed between them and the public.—From the school of Valentinus rose Euphrates, who founded the sect of the Ophites. They held that wisdom was embodied in the serpent; that that wisdom was Christ, who tempted Eve with the knowledge of good and evil; and that so knowledge was communicated to man. They professed to hold in detestation the God of the Jews, who, they said, envied the human race. They not only worshipped the serpent in the abstract, but for the celebration of their rites they nourished a large one: and having erected an altar over its den, they induced it, by the presentation of such things as it was fond of, to issue from its cavern, and glide over the altar, licking and tasting the food; then rolling itself about the offering of bread, it broke it in pieces, and presented with its mouth portions of it to the bystanders, who used it as elements in the eucharist; offered, as they affirmed by Christ, who had assumed the form of a serpent for that purpose. They then saluted him, by kissing his mouth, and he retired to his concealment.—That nothing might be wanting in this early age to complete the dismal picture of the folly and depravity of the human mind, and perverse abuse of the sacred Scriptures, there were at this time many sects who adopted for their appellations the names of persons mentioned in the Bible, some of whom were only notorious for their wickedness, and some for the extravagant follies they furnished those men with a pretext for practising. Prodicus, of the family of Carpocrates, founded the sect of the Adamites. Their churches are represented as brothels, where they resorted naked. They affirmed that they thus restored man to his primitive innocence and simplicity, and that when they assembled together, they should meet in the same state as Adam and Eve in Paradise.—Another sect called themselves Cainites, from their veneration for the character of Cain. They asserted that he was the offspring of a more powerful efficacy, and therefore subdued Abel, who was derived from a more weak and feeble origin. Others took the name of Judas Iscariot, and professed to hold his character in the highest respect. They alleged that Christ wished to subvert the truth, and it was therefore that he was given up by Judas to condign punishment. Lastly, a sect was established, which avowed the practices that brought destruction upon Sodom of old. Indeed, it should appear, that to invert the ordinary notions of right and wrong, and so allow a latitude to the most depraved inclinations, was the end of those sectarians; and to invent any thing that would confound the received opinions of good and evil, and pollute the sacred source from whence they were derived, was sufficient to establish a new sect, however impious in profession, or flagitious in practice. The opinions and actions of all those sectarians are so abhorrent from the general reason and feeling of mankind, that we should be inclined to doubt all the accounts of them, were they not handed down to us by contemporaries of unimpeachable veracity, who had ample means of information, who are above the suspicion of intending to deceive others, and who could not be deceived themselves. They were eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses, and therefore they only detail what they themselves saw and heard."*

[To be continued.]

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Young John Bull; or, Born Abroad and Bred at Home: a Novel. By Francis Lathom. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. A. K. Newman and Co.

THE name of Francis Lathom is well known to novel-readers for many years. His present performance is slightly founded on an old French tract (erroneously) ascribed to Voltaire: the moral is, or rather the morals are, very praiseworthy; and the execution is of the same class as the other numerous performances of the author.

The French Drama. With Notes by A. Gombert. J. Souter.

AT a period when a new and increased interest has been imparted to the French Drama in London by the regular performance of French pieces, and by the admirable acting of Mars, Jenny Vertpré, Perlet, Laporte, and others, it may oblige the frequenters of the theatre among our readers to be aware of this small, but good, edition of plays, in the course of publication by Mr. Souter. We have nine of these neat pocket tomes before us, viz. Racine's Andromaque, Plaideurs, and Athalie; Molière's Misanthrope (in which is one of Mars' best characters, and we hope she will perform it); Corneille's Cinna; Mollère's Avare; Racine's Esther; and Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme and Tartuffe. The text is very correct, and there are some most useful notes, in English, to point out refinements and various meanings, &c. in the language; so that this work is not only an admirable companion to the playhouse, but every way desirable for the student.

The Betrothed Lovers; a Milanese Tale of the Seventeenth Century. Translated from the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. C. and J. Rivington.

As a romance of *interest*, this work, notwithstanding its Italian reputation, is decidedly *uninteresting:* as the repository of several pictures of the times, closely copied from history, it deserves a very different character.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 30.

VARIETY and contrast being considered *bon goût*, I open this letter with a ball, having commenced my last to you with a funeral: and when I name the Salon de Mars as the rendezvous of the lovers of Terpsichore, you will, no doubt, expect a description of splendid apartments, sumptuous decorations, a fine orchestra, costly refreshments, fair dames, and chivalrous knights: but notwithstanding the god-like appellation of this assembly room, and the martial hero who figures on the sign-board, I can only present to your attention, tailors, cobblers, tinkers, butchers, grisettes, cooks, housemaids, fish-women, &c. &c. I can conceive it is the first time you have been introduced to such a society; however, as the Irishman said to those who were not satisfied with purgatory, "One may go farther and fare worse." Etiquette and decorum are scrupulously observed, and much beauty and grace to be found, at least amongst the ladies of the company, who seem perfectly to understand "the poetry of motion," and whose *jolie tournure* would do honour to a more elevated rank. I cannot say as much for the gentlemen of the party: their plebeian birth discovers itself, in spite of well-cut coats, stiffened cravats, frizzled hair, smartly-polished shoes, long watch-chains, and new gloves; and their imperturbable gravity when performing in the mazy dance, is truly ridiculous: however lovely their gentle partner, she never attracts their regards; their eyes are fastened on their own feet, which appear alone to engross their attention and admiration. No flirting takes place—at least visibly—either during or after the country-dance; when Monsieur hands Madame to her seat in all due form; and there she remains *in statu quo* until some other beau gives her a fresh opportunity of exhibiting her *petits pieds*. Behind the Salon is a small garden laid out with little tables, on which neither nectar nor ambrosia are served; but coffee, brandy, beer, orgeat, and lemonade, are found excellent substitutes. Cupid is said often to hold his court there: if so, his nerves are not very delicate, as the fumes of tobacco are almost insupportable, and would be, I should think, an antidote to soft breathings and tender declarations. However, *le dieu d'amour* has whimsical tastes; and what gave me a violent headach may serve to mount his imagination: the pleasure of seeing so many human beings apparently happy and gay, fully indemnified me for a little temporary inconveniency.

It is the fashion to visit the Institute, and

* "Epiphanius acknowledges himself to have been a Gnostic in early life, seduced, as he says with great candour and simplicity, by some women. Jortin accuses Epiphanius of a propensity to scandal; but it is not to be believed that he would misrepresent wilfully what he had thus the means himself of seeing and hearing."

to be baked to death for the pleasure of hearing wise men hold forth. I suppose it is my stupidity, but both M. Cuvier—who *dissertated* on the virtues of M. Ramond, a *ci-devant* philosopher—and M. Majendie, who talked most learnedly on the fluid of the brain, and his experiments on an unfortunate fox—set me to sleep, whilst others stretched and yawned; and if any of the hearers experienced interest in those discussions, their looks were far from expressing their feelings; I therefore presume that going there is merely to be *à-la-mode*.

I spent a day lately at the *Galerie du Musée Royal*. There were crowds of English, who appeared peculiarly attracted by *Le Tableau d'Atila au Tombeau*. There were at least thirty young artists, who have the privilege of copying from those *chef d'œuvres* of art; and in observing the choice of their subjects, it was easy to discover the spirit of the age, or more truly speaking, the *fashion*. Virgin Marys, popes, saints, and religious pieces, were almost invariably the models from which they drew. One of these artists had almost finished a copy of Vandyck's Charles the First of England dismounting from his horse. This copy is intended for London, and appears to me excellently done.

In the literary world here there is little worth mention. Memoirs are the order of the day; the effect of which is, that not only no man is a hero to his valet de chambre, but all illusion being taken away, we shall have soon no use for that term; as the details about great men diminish their glory not a little, and reduce them to very common-place beings; but *il faut de l'argent*; and when we cannot make money of the virtues, we must turn to the vices of the dead. I do not know if a work entitled *Les Causes de Notre Barbarie*, par M. Durand, is known in England; it has had a partial success here. Mr. Durand attacks M. Gall as a *mauvais plaisant*, and insists that the organ of theft is not in the head, but in *un estomac vide*.

M. Soulie's imitation of *Romeo and Juliet*, from Shakespeare, has had great success.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

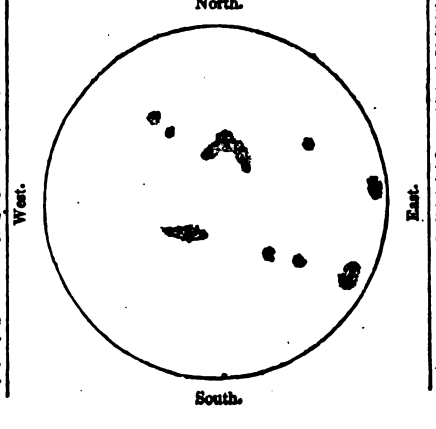
SOLAR SPOTS.—These have been latterly unusually frequent on the sun's disc. From the mystery attending the cause of this phenomenon, little has been done towards its explanation beyond recording the circumstances which are found uniformly to prevail during their appearance: as to connecting them with any meteorological phenomena on our earth, there does not seem to be sufficient ground for the hypothesis. Eminent astronomers have supposed, that when these spots appear copiously, they indicate the approach of warm seasons, and the consequent luxuriance of vegetation; and this opinion it has been attempted to maintain by a comparison of years in which the spots have been most frequent, and the table of the price of wheat in Smith's Wealth of Nations; and results have been obtained which, on the whole, appear to favour the hypothesis. From repeated observations during late years, it must, however, be stated, that the solar spots have an equal claim to be considered as influencing a low temperature and great humidity, as some of the largest and most numerous at one time have been observed during the prevalence of a cold and damp state of the atmosphere.

The solar spots are component parts of the sun's orb, and not masses of matter revolving about him: this is evident from their preserving the same relative positions to other spots, and always disappearing during equal times, whether they are of greater or less magnitude. The most probable opinion is, that they are caused by emissions of aeriform fluid, not yet in combustion, which, displacing the sun's luminous atmosphere (determined by calculation to be three hundred miles in height), is afterwards itself to serve the purpose of supporting combustion, the irruption causing openings that assume the appearance of spots, from exposing to view the opaque body of the sun. That these are openings, cannot be doubted; and the conviction is established by long-continued observations, and particularly from those now visible. A faint umbra surrounds a part of greater darkness: this umbra is of equal breadth when occurring near the central parts of the disc; but when on the eastern or western edge, *that side* of the faint shadowing only is visible which is *nearest the edge* of the disc, exhibiting such a change of form as must occur in an opening during its rotation with the globe of the sun.

These spots are usually found in a zone parallel to the sun's equator, and distant from it, north and south, about 30 deg.: as a most unusual occurrence, one was observed some years since 40 deg. distant. No spot is ever seen without a faint shadowing or umbra surrounding it, the boundary between which is always well defined. A spot will frequently change its form and magnitude; and the dilatation or contraction of the nucleus is always attended with a corresponding change in the umbra. The exterior boundary of the umbra is generally curvilinear, and never angular, whatever the outline of the nucleus is, which is frequently very irregular. The nucleus sometimes separates into two or more parts: if about to disappear, the nucleus vanishes first. A spot has been seen to separate into two pieces, which recede from each other with great velocity; others have been observed to burst like a piece of ice, which when thrown upon a frozen pond, breaks into fragments, and slides in various directions.

Those spots, traversing the disc at the present time (24th day, noon), are in four distinct clusters; that to the north of the sun's centre, in the form of a crescent, consisting of nine, of unequal magnitudes, and evidently connected with one another: the largest spot is near the western limb, and is of an oval form; its nucleus is very dark and well-defined: the cluster approaching the centre seems to be in great confusion, and has changed its form considerably during a few hours: other solitary spots are scattered over the disc: the whole that are distinct, with a telescopic power of 180, being about twenty-five.

Appearance of the Solar Disc on Tuesday Noon, 24th inst.



The solar spots were first observed in England in December 1610: the first discovery of them is contended for by Galileo, Scheiner, and Harriot. Not long after their discovery, the inclination of the solar axis was ascertained to be inclined to the ecliptic at an angle of 82½ deg., and the time of revolution 25 days 10 hours.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

THIS important body of men in a manufacturing, commercial, and scientific country, has just been united by a royal charter of incorporation. Mr. Telford, so well known by his great and able works, many of them rivalling those of the ancient Romans, is the first president; and the objects of the Society, under him, are declared to be, the acquisition and promotion of every species of knowledge connected with the profession of the civil engineer, bridge, aqueduct, dock building; the construction of roads, canals, ports, moles, breakwaters, light-houses; draining, navigation, steam, and other machinery, &c. &c.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, June 28.—Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. E. Winterbottom, St. John's College, Grand Compounder; J. S. Masters, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 28.—The Members' prizes of fifteen guineas each, to two Bachelors of Arts, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, were on Saturday last adjudged to B. H. Kennedy, of St. John's College, and V. F. Hovenden, of Trinity College.—Subject, *De origine Scripturæ Alphabetica*.—Undergraduates, no prize adjudged.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Analysis of the Proceedings 1827-8.

I. A THIRD portion of "Remarks on Brut Tysilio, a Fabulous Chronicle, erroneously attributed to a British Prince of the Seventh Century, and printed in the second volume of the Myrvyrian Archæology of Wales." By the Rev. Edward Davies, R.A.R.S.L.—In the portions of this manuscript read at two former meetings, the writer endeavoured to prove that this romance is not the work of Tysilio, nor of any other ancient Briton; that it is not historical, nor founded upon a Welsh tradition. The substance of the tale is, that an empire was established in Britain by a prince of the house of Troy, governed by Trojan laws, "which," says the author of the work, "the English still maintain;" that the Saxons afterwards getting possession of the island, all title to the crown was resigned into their hands by the sovereign, Cadwallader, then an exile in Armorica, in consequence of a divine command to that effect. The conceit of deriving a descent from the royal house of Troy is Gothic, not Celtic. It came into Britain with the Saxons, Angles, and other nations from the shores of the Baltic, and from this origin appears to have been gradually moulded into the form which it now bears under the Anglo-Saxon princes of Wessex, after they had begun to conceive the idea of monarchy. It was employed as a political instrument, setting forth the dignity and prerogatives of the crown of Britain, and asserting the rightful succession of the Saxons to that crown, with all its privileges, as well as to the private estates and property of the whole island, which they had acquired by the sword. This hypothesis is confirmed by the positive evidence of various historical and antiquarian details, from which it likewise appears, that the language and spirit of the story were afterwards eagerly adopted, for the same purposes, by the Norman kings. The writer asserts, that the story was unknown to the Welsh till it was announced to them by Walter de Mapes, chaplain to Henry the First;

and he considers it to be equally cruel and absurd to ascribe its fabrication to that people, whose injurious treatment by their conquerors it was intended to justify.—*Read May* 2, 1827.

II. "On the Resemblance between the Anglo-Saxon and Persian Languages." By Sharon Turner, Esq. R.A.R.S.L.—The most probable derivation of the Saxons is from the Sacæ-Sunii, or Sacæsani, a people mentioned by Pliny and Strabo, as originally inhabiting the parts of Persia about the Caspian Sea. In support of this derivation, it has been observed that several words in the Persian language closely resemble those of the same signification in the Saxon, of which resemblance some remarkable instances are adduced by Cambden from Jos. Scaliger. This hint has suggested to Mr. Turner the present attempt to ascertain, by a comparison of the two languages, whether such a number of coincidences are discoverable, as materially to confirm the belief that Persia was originally the country of our Saxon progenitors. Although, supposing that belief well founded, a separation of the two nations for at least two thousand years, the progressive migrations of the Saxons along the north of Asia and through the whole breadth of the upper surface of Europe, together with the numerous vicissitudes which have befallen them, must have greatly tended to obliterate the marks of resemblance between their languages; yet the result of the comparison has been the discovery of 162 Persian words, which have a direct affinity with as many Anglo-Saxon terms of the same meaning. To these the writer has added a list of fifty-seven similar resemblances between the latter language and the Zend, or ancient Persian; and forty-three coincidences of it with the Pahlvi, or intermediate language of Persia, between the modern Persian and the Zend. He is of opinion that a more elaborate investigation of these analogies would still further confirm the Asiatic derivation of the Saxons.—*Read May* 16*th*, 1827.

III. "On the Use of Poetry as the early Vehicle of Information; and upon the Music, Dance, and Drama of the Ancient and Uncivilised Nations." By J. P. Thomas, Esq. M.R.S.L.—*Read June* 20*th*, 1827.

IV. "On the Meaning which is most usually and most correctly attached to the Term, *Value of a Commodity*." By the Rev. T. R. Malthus, R.A.R.S.L.—*Read Nov. 7th*, 1827. These two papers are not of a nature to bear abridgment.

V. "On the Reasons of the absence of Hieroglyphics from the Walls of the Pyramids." By J. Landseer, Esq. F.S.A.—Mr. Landseer, adopting the statement of Herodotus, that the largest of the pyramids was built by Cheops, the smallest by his daughter, and the third by his brother and successor, Cephrenes, accounts in this manner for the remarkable fact, that, of all the edifices of Egypt, these alone are found to be unencumbered with Hieroglyphic inscriptions: he says, that both the royal brothers are described by that historian as profligate and impious sovereigns, who shewed their contempt for the religion of their country by shutting up the temples of the gods, and other acts hostile to the received worship; whence he infers, that they despised too much the sacred language of their country to permit its being employed upon those costly structures which they caused to be erected as memorials of themselves. By the adoption of the above statement of Herodotus, the silence of Holy Writ respecting the pyramids is likewise accounted for; because Cheops began to reign only 861 years before Christ, and therefore the principal Hebrew Scriptures were composed before the period of his death.—*Read November* 21*st*, 1827.

(A continuation in our next.)

THE KING'S LIBRARY.

THIS splendid gift of his Majesty to the nation is now being removed into the magnificent apartments prepared for it in the British Museum. We are sorry to hear it whispered that some misunderstanding and dissatisfaction have sprung up connected with this, in every previous respect, so gratifying subject. It is stated, that some person or persons in office in the Royal Library having, possibly, been disappointed at not being promoted to place along with it on its new destination, have prevailed in obtaining some kind of sanction for withholding a portion of the most famous and valuable works, such as King Charles's folio Shakespeare, the first Psalter, and about thirty more of the greatest rarities in the collection; thus, as it were, robbing his Majesty's munificent donation of its chief ornaments and grace. We can hardly suppose that when this matter is known at head-quarters it will be allowed to proceed farther. Surely no librarian, even though a royal one, can have authority to mar his royal master's bounty; or, for the indulgence of any private feeling, to interfere between a monarch and a national behest, which reflected so much honour on the crown, and which any paltry reservation would dim of half its lustre.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Duke of Wellington. Painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by S. Cousins. M. Colnaghi.

THIS exquisite print, which is from the celebrated three-quarter portrait of his Grace that ornamented the Great Room at Somerset House about four years ago, shews of what the mezzotinto-scraper is capable, when in the hands of an engraver who possesses a painter's feeling. It is replete at once with vigour and with delicacy. Sir Thomas's firm and tasteful drawing, and his tender and deliciously discriminated broken tints (the *effect* of which is all that is noticed by an ordinary spectator, who gazes with vacant and unappreciating eye on the *means* by which that fascinating effect is produced), have been rendered by Mr. Cousins with consummate skill. It is altogether a *chef-d'œuvre* of art.

The Deluge. Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Engraved by J. P. Quilley. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

GRAND in general composition; but we are unable to speak in terms of commendation of the details, some of which are almost ludicrous. Mr. Quilley has, however, executed his task in a very creditable manner.

Granville Sharp. Engraved by S. Cousins, from a Bust by Francis Chantrey, R.A.

THE fine expression which Mr. Chantrey threw into his bust of this amiable and lamented philanthropist, has been completely and happily caught by Mr. Cousins, who has engraved this little head in a most delicate and pleasing style. We ought to notice, that it is the same which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Prince Hoare's interesting biography of Mr. Sharp; and it may also be well to correct a mistake, respecting the new octavo edition of this work, which we observe in the newspapers. It is there stated, that Mr. Moore has allotted the profits to the African Institution; this is not the case—the African Institution derived above 500*l.* from the first quarto edition; and the author, with his wonted liberality, benevolence, and discrimination, has assigned the present edition for the benefit of the houseless poor.

Thomas Moore, Esq. Engraved by W. H. Watt, from a Picture by G. S. Newton.

THE first requisite in every portrait is resemblance. We have seldom seen one more striking than the present. It is Mr. Moore himself, in one of his most animated moments. We may be in error; but we cannot help thinking that there is something singularly national in the form and marking of the features, and in the general expression; and that they bear indubitable proofs of belonging to a native of "the Emerald Isle." But while we do justice to Mr Newton for his fidelity and taste, we must not omit to congratulate Mr. West on the talent he has displayed in the execution of the plate. It is, in every respect, most masterly; and places him in a very high rank indeed among the many able line-engravers of which this country can at present boast.

Duncan Gray. Painted by D. Wilkie, R.A. Engraved by E. Englehart.

A VIVID representation of a domestic scene that we fear occurs but too frequently in real life. We are strongly inclined to advise "Meg" to continue "deaf as Aiken Craig" to "Duncan's fleeching and praying:" for certainly his countenance does not promise much connubial felicity. There is great sweetness and ingenuousness in the fair though reluctant girl's face; and the mingled affection and anxiety of the old folks are admirably depicted. As a composition, we consider this to be one of Mr. Wilkie's best productions. Mr. Englehart has engraved it very finely; although, if we were disposed to be hypercritical, we would observe that the hands, especially in the flesh, are made to follow, too artificially—or, rather too unartificially—the undulations of the surface.

RUBENS.—We have lately seen specimens of lithographed engravings by Mr. Charles Davis, a young artist from Yorkshire, which appear to us to possess extraordinary merit in themselves, and extraordinary interest in the nature of their subjects. These consist of twenty heads of *Studies from Rubens*, in the possession of Mr. Chantrell of Leeds; and are remarkable for the great variety, force, and character of their expression. The hand of the master is strikingly exemplified in every head; and the action, feelings, and passions, which it has been his purpose to portray, are given to admiration. When this collection is published (in about three months), the student cannot apply to nobler models for the formation of his style; and we will predict that, from the president to the youngest aspirant of the Academy, they will be deserved favourites, as they must also be with the general public.

Mr. H. B. Chalon.—The Hull Packet of the 24th ult. complains in strong terms of the manner in which Mr. H. B. Chalon, the able painter of animals (who resides in the neighbourhood of Hull), has been treated this year at the Royal Academy. It states that Mr. Chalon, having sent to the Exhibition [illegible] pictures, two of them of much interest—one being a portrait of Mathias, the winner of the

last Doncaster St. Leger), and the two others of comparative unimportance; the first two were rejected, and the last two (one of them elaborately and delicately finished) hung in so lofty a situation that their merits were not discernible.—When it is considered how exceedingly ill-adapted for the advantageous exhibition of pictures the walls of Somerset House are, it must be evident that the academicians to whom it by turns devolves to select and to place the various works annually offered, cannot do justice to every artist; and that in some cases, without entertaining any evil intention, they may inflict serious and undeserved injury. We do again, however, remonstrate against the absurd practice of hanging pictures at the very top or at the very bottom of the rooms; and again recommend that, at least until the Royal Academy possess suitable apartments for the purpose, the number of pictures to be annually admitted should be greatly reduced. This would, perhaps, in some instances be a grievance to the artist; but it would undoubtedly be the less grievance of the two. At any rate, it would prevent the necessity of placing works which have been painted for close inspection either where they cannot be seen at all, or where they cannot be seen without the aid of an opera-glass.

THE FINE ARTS IN RUSSIA.

We understand that our R.A., Mr. Dawe, has just revisited his native country for a short while from St. Petersburg, and that he has brought with him some of the most conspicuous and interesting portraits which he has painted for the grand Military Gallery of Russia, as well as other productions of his pencil. Wholelengths of the late Emperor Alexander and his broken-hearted Empress; of the present Emperor and Empress, and of their son, the heir apparent to the throne of the Czars; of the Duke of Wellington; and other portraits of various distinguished individuals (such as Kutusoff, Barclay de Tolly, the Empress Mother, &c. &c.), almost constitute a gallery of likenesses, possessing much attraction, from the rank, character, and power of the parties. We hope to be able to give a better account than rumour of these pictures.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SIR ADALBERT: BALLAD.

Sir Adalbert, Sir Adalbert, why dost thou pass the wine?
The foam-beads are like diamonds upon a ruby shrine;
Why dost thou bend thy gloomy brow so oft upon thy sword?
Why dost thou guard such sullen mood beside the festal board?

"Mine eye is bent upon my sword, because the Cross is there;
And I've a brow of care, for well it suits the heart of care.
Now fling down each untasted cup, and listen to my tale,
Then marvel that my lip is mute, or that my laughter fail.

You know the colours that I wore where'er I rode the ring;
You know the soft eyes that were wont their stealing glance to fling;
You know the Lady Adela, my own sweet lovelier dame,
When every knight rose up and kissed his goblet to her name.

Last night there came the little page so blest here, late to bear,
And gave my hand a scented scroll, bound with her sunny hair.—
It greeted me she was alone, within her favourite bower,
And bade me welcome if I there could loiter twilight's hour!

The first star rose above the west, and I was on my way
To where, amid the orange-grove, her jasmine alcove lay;
I marvelled somewhat as I came, such disarray I found—
The flowers had fallen from her hair, her lute was on the ground;

Herself flung on the violets, sweet watchers, fit to keep
A perfumed atmosphere of sighs around her summer sleep;
One ivory foot was bare, to small, the violets o'er it spread,
And one white arm made dove-like nest as shield that lovely head.

A vellum tablet filled her hand—oh well I knew the line!
For there were written words of love—the tender words were mine.
Now sweet, but not too long, love mine, thy gentle sleeping be;
My heart beat when I saw those lines—perhaps she dreams of me.

I envied e'en her dreams; dear one, I must awake thee now,
And softly did I bend to kiss the slumber from her brow;
I started at its marble touch, it was so ghastly chill;
I prest my hand upon her heart, but there the pulse was still;

I kist her mouth, it had no breath, her lip and cheek no red:
I called her, but she answered not—I knew that she was dead.
To-night they lay her in the tomb, which I will watch beside,
And look my last, and weep my last, o'er my betrothed bride.

And all my gallant comrades here, pray for her soul and mine;
A long, a last farewell to all—I'm bound for Palestine."
He raised the red wine from the board, he drank them one by one;
"I never pledge man's name again:"—Sir Adalbert past on.

Nine day a bark for Acre sailed; of those who crossed the main,
Were some who sought in after-years their native shore again;
But never came Sir Adalbert home to our English strand;
His death-wound won, his grave was made, within the Holy Land.

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ORDER OF LIBERATORS.

This association originated in the election for the county of Waterford, held in the year 1825. On this occasion it was determined by the Catholics to exert to the utmost that power which the forty-shilling freeholders of the county gave to their body. The authority and influence of the Beresford family had been paramount, and no one before had ever ventured to oppose them, or had done so with any success. They were, notwithstanding, exceedingly unpopular, as the decided and uncompromising opponents of the Catholic claims; and as the vast majority of the electors were of this persuasion, it was supposed by the friends of emancipation, that a successful opposition at this period would be a decided proof of the growing and important influence of the Catholic body. Accordingly, Mr. Villiers Stewart, a near relative of the Grandison family, was invited to offer himself as a candidate in opposition to Lord George Beresford, brother to the late Marquess of Waterford. In the year 1782, when Ireland was struggling for a free trade and an independent parliament, the Protestant electors, to whom the franchise was at that time confined, had entered into resolutions, "that no tie of connexion or even consanguinity should influence an elector to vote for any man whose politics were hostile to the interests of the country." On this principle they acted; they secured the great objects of their efforts, but they rent asunder the ties of landlord and tenant, who then, for the first time in Ireland, were seen to vote for opposite candidates. This example of the Protestants in 1782, the Catholics were determined to follow in 1825. They revived and enforced the principle on the catholic tenantry; the landlords were every where abandoned; and the Beresford family, who for a century had returned a member to parliament, were now excluded. As the persons who had thus thrown open the representation of the county, and shaken off what was called the "Beresford bondage," were styled for their services "Liberators," an association was immediately after formed, to keep alive the principle; and the Catholic Association, and particularly Mr. O'Connel, to give it consistency and stability, recommended that it should assume the form of an "Order," the members of which were to be distinguished by a medal and other insignia. This advice was immediately acted on; a medal was struck for the occasion; and the following regulations were drawn up, declaring the objects of the association:—

Order of Liberators.

The Order of Liberators is a voluntary association of Irishmen, for purposes legal and useful to Ireland. The objects of the order are these:—

1. As a mode of expressing the gratitude and confidence of the people for past services.

2. The formation of a society of persons, who will consider it a duty to their country to effectuate the following purposes:—

To prevent the creation and continuance, in their respective vicinage, of any secret society or confederacy, as the greatest evil in Ireland, and that which has tended most to impede the amelioration of the country.

To conciliate all classes of Irishmen in one bond of brotherhood and affection, so that all religious animosities may for ever cease among them.

To bury in total oblivion all causes of mutual reproach, no matter by whom caused or suffered.

To promote the collection of a national fund for national purposes, as far as it can be done consistently with the law.

To protect all persons possessed of the elective franchise, and particularly forty-shilling freeholders, from all vindictive proceedings on account of the free exercise of such franchise.

To promote the acquisition of such franchise, and its due registry.

To promote the system of dealing exclusively with the friends of civil and religious liberty, Protestant and Catholic, with a selection, when a choice can be made, of Protestant friends, as the more disinterested; and to prevent, as much as possible, all dealing with the enemies of Ireland, whether Protestant Orangemen or Orange Catholics, the worst of all Orangists.

Admission of Members.

Every individual who has taken a part in *liberating* the county of Waterford at the late election is entitled to be admitted a "Liberator."

Every person desiring admission must have the signatures of seven collectors of Catholic rent for the city or county of Waterford; and no collector is entitled to sign who has not been three months engaged in the collection.

Every certificate must contain a statement of one service at least rendered by the applicant to Ireland.

Every man who has done any act to evince an intention not to assume a bigoted or exclusive domination over his country, is entitled to have it considered a service to Ireland.

A book shall be kept in Waterford, in which the names of the members shall be enrolled, with the act of service rendered to his country, as a perpetual record.

Every member, on admission, shall receive his installation at the hands of the chairman, on one knee; and when the medal is suspended about his neck, he shall place his right hand on his breast, and repeat these words after the secretary:—

"I hereby pledge myself faithfully to observe the rules and obligations of this institution; to persevere openly and honestly in the service of my country, by all constitutional means, until her freedom and happiness shall be achieved, by the extinction of civil and religious animosity from among her children."

Such are the origin, the character, and the declared objects of the *Order of Liberators*, now assuming so portentous an aspect in Ireland. As a thing of curiosity, we annex engravings of the medal which is suspended round the neck by a green riband.

On the obverse a female figure representing Ireland, having on her right a sword and the celebrated fierce ban-dog of Irish story, and on her left a harp: and the designation of the society, "The Order of Liberators." On the exergue, "Ireland as she ought to be."

On the reverse a cross surrounded by a glory of light, having on its right side three hands joined in token of unity, and on its left the cap of liberty: and the inscription, "In hoc signo vinces." On the exergue, "Erin go bragh."

N.B.—It will no doubt be a matter of wonder to the readers of the *Literary Gazette* how *we* became the possessor of this revolutionary emblem. They may, if they please, suppose that it was bestowed upon us in consequence of our secret connexion with Captain Rock (see the *Literary Gazette* for the last six weeks); but, be that as it may,.....hist.....future .....&c. &c. &c. The medal is the real and true medal of the Order of Liberators.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE establishment of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park is becoming one of the most attractive and fashionable resorts in the metropolis. All day long carriages and equestrians are enjoying the beauties of this fine ride, and bending their way to see the novelties here assembled. Among the latter an immense tortoise has recently been placed—so immense, indeed, that some of the learned declare that it must be the very tortoise which supported the elephant, which (once upon a time) supported the world.

The Marchioness of Londonderry's Entertainment.—On Monday last the Marchioness of Londonderry gave a grand fancy ball at Holdernesse House; one of the great attractions of which was a group representing Queen Elizabeth and her court. It was an exhibition in some degree connected with the fine arts, if, indeed, the idea of it did not entirely originate with them. It is more than probable that it was suggested by Mr. Bone's fine Gallery of Illustrious Characters in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At any rate, that gallery was for several previous weeks put into active requisition, for the purpose of furnishing examples of correct costume, and became the frequent resort of all those who wished for the best information on the subject.* Undoubtedly, the Marchioness of Londonderry could not have made a better choice for the purpose of magnificent display. We must observe, however, that the costume of the period selected, was much more distinguished for the splendour of its ornaments, and for the quaintness of its devices, than for its tendency to shew to advantage the beauty or dignity of the wearer. It was reserved for the reign of Charles the First, to unite simplicity and grandeur with the graces of person and deportment. Vandyke's portraits are not buried beneath a load of decoration, or wired into stiffness by the uncouth fashion of former reigns. On the other hand, it is evident that the pictures of Holbein, Zucchero, &c. however excellent for individual resemblance, exhibit more skill and contrivance to represent the jewels and other ornaments, than to impart character by attitude or action. The main object seems to have been the display of finery. For that purpose the posture of the figure was chosen; and it is not uncharitable to suppose, that in many instances for that purpose the picture was painted.

Among the wonders of another kind, we have again to mention the solar microscope, not far from which (being in a monster-seeing mood the other day) we went to inspect the child with two heads. In this we were not only disappointed, but disgusted; and are now decidedly of opinion, in spite of the proverb, that two heads are *not* better than one! The show consists of a disagreeable mass in a glass jar of spirits: admittance, for *ladies* and gentlemen, one shilling—for servants and *children* (with only one head), sixpence each. A woman entered while we were there, and something like the following dialogue ensued between her and a female in charge of this precious bottle. *Visitor.* "Is the child alive?" *Show-woman.* "It was alive once." *Visitor.* "Oh, if it is not living, I don't care for it." *Show-woman.* "Only look at it (beginning to uncover the glass); I'm its mother: it was once alive; it is the curusest thing you ever see—quite a curosity, I assure you. I'm the mother of it; never was sich a child seed afore." Notwithstanding this praise, the visitor avoided the room, grumbling at an imposition because the Janus-faced infant was not alive; and if not speaking two different languages, at least sucking two breasts at the same moment. Being pretty much of the same opinion, we also walked off, and left the mamma "alone with her glory."

* The same remarks apply to Messrs. Harding and Lepard's delightful Exhibition of Portraits at their house in Pall Mall; the originals of the Engravings in Lodge's excellent work. These also have been closely studied by some of our fashionables, their tailors, their mantua-makers, and their milliners; and queens of the evening have been built up from the pictures of their prototypes of a former age. Apropos, this Gallery is to close next Saturday.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

M. LA PORTE took his benefit at this theatre on Thursday night, on which occasion the talents of Pasta, Sontag, Velluti, Mars, and his own, besides all of the ordinary *corps dramatique*, afforded a rich treat to the lovers of music and fine acting, and brought an overflowing audience. Indeed, if a house crammed in every part can be a satisfaction to him, M. La Porte must be fully satisfied; and we cannot but express our joy at having witnessed the support thus given to one so highly deserving of it, and to whom the public is indebted for so much refined amusement.

DRURY LANE closed on this day week. The contest between the two great houses has been severe and tolerably equal—putting the Covent Garden chancery suit out of the question, as *we* have a right to do. Up to Easter, Fortune seemed to favour Covent Garden. The failure of the spectacle at that house—a circumstance, we believe, unparalleled in its annals—turned the tide; and old Drury had the best of it for the remainder of the season. What Kean, Young, and Kemble, did for Covent Garden—Liston, Mathews, and Jones, performed for Drury Lane. With regard to novelty, the public shall judge for itself, from the subjoined list of the new pieces produced during the season at each house.

Drury Lane: Season 1827-28.

Oct.	4.	The Illustrious Stranger, Mus. Farce. 2 Acts	*Kenney.*
	15.	The Gambler's Fate, Drama. 2 Acts. (6 nights)	*Thomson.*
	29.	The Wealthy Widow, Comedy. 3 Acts. (4 nights)	*Poole.*
Nov.	19.	Guerilla Chief, Milit. Pantom. (6 nights)	*Barrymore.*
	21.	Forget and Forgive, Comedy. 5 Acts. (4 nights)*	*Kenney.*
	23.	Isidora de Merida, Opera. 3 Acts	*Dimond.*
Dec.	1.	The Lancers, Interlude	*H. Payne.*
	26.	Harlequin and Cock-Robin, Christmas Pantom.	*Barrymore.*
Jan.	28.	Edward the Black Prince, Historical Play. 5 Acts. (2 nights)	*Reynolds.*
	31.	Haunted Inn, Farce. 2 Acts	*Peake.*
Feb.	18.	Juan's Early Days, Operatic Extravag. (6 nights)	*Milner.*
Mar.	10.	Don Pedro, Tragedy. 5 Acts. (2 nights)	*Ld. Porchester.*
April	7.	Dumb Savoyard, Melo-drama. 1 Act	*Barrymore.*
May	3.	School for Gallantry, Interlude. (3 nights)	*Jones.*
	27.	Ups and Downs, Comedy. 3 Acts	*Anonymous (supposed Theodore Hook).*

Covent Garden: Season 1827-28.

Nov.	3.	Alfred the Great, Music. Drama. 2 Acts	*Pocock.*
	24.	The Seraglio, Opera. 3 Acts	*Dimond.*
Dec.	25.	Harlequin and Number Nip, Christmas Pantom.	*Farley.*
Jan.	23.	The Serf, Tragedy. (4 nights)	*Talfoit.*
Feb.	5.	The Merchant's Wedding, Comedy. 5 Acts	*Planché.*
	19.	The Somnambulist, Entertainment. 2 Acts	*Moncrief.*
	28.	The Invincibles, Musical Farce. 2 Acts	*Morton.*
April	7.	Tuckitomtis, Mel.-dram. 2 Acts. (6 nights)	*Pocock.*
	26.	The Little Offsprings, Farce. 2 Acts. (2 nights)	*Peake.*
May	27.	Carson-Side, Opera. 2 Acts	*Planché.*

HAYMARKET.

AN attempt was made on Saturday evening last, by Mr. Lacy, the adapter of *Love and Reason*, to introduce a real vaudeville to the English stage. Now as, in our opinion, a vaudeville is one of the most pleasant of all theatrical entertainments, we are inclined to

* Reproduced, Saturday, March 15th, in 3 Acts, under the title of *Frolics in France*: and again withdrawn after two nights.

forgive the failure,* in consideration of the good intention; and we will not hastily accuse Mr. Lacy of presumption, as probably he might not be aware that it would require, at least, the united talents of all our present dramatic writers to produce any thing that should compete with a true French vaudeville. It would then be necessary to cull from all the metropolitan stages the best actors to represent it. To make Charles Kemble or Richard Jones sing at least as well as Wood—to *create* a Jenny Vertpré, and perform a few other trifling miracles of that description—and, by way of a finish, find an English audience that could appreciate it. Had they the requisite knowledge of dramatic construction, Thomas Moore and James or Horace Smith might produce, in conjunction, something very like a vaudeville of Scribe's, if they did not take too much pains, and overlay their bantling. After this, Mr. Lacy has no occasion to be affronted at our saying he has failed in writing a vaudeville. We have one vaudeville in our language, though it be not so termed,—the *Beggar's Opera:* when shall we see another? Nevertheless, there is no harm in trying: and though we do not think Mr. Lacy is the man to succeed in such an undertaking, we will give him one piece of advice, which he will find useful should he make a second attempt. Let him avoid symphonies to his airs; the "couplets" of a vaudeville are not songs, but lyrical portions of the dialogue, and should spring from a simple chord.

A vaudeville! There is magic in the word. It is an acted epigram—a homeward-bound bee, humming over the *parterre*, laden with honey, and bearing a sting in its tail. The dialogue of the milliners of a Scribe or a Melleville would have been light, sharp, and brilliant as their newest needles. Mr. Lacy's has no more point or glitter than a leaden bodkin. It is a sew, sew affair; and the best joke in it the managers:—we mean sending forward the imperturbable Humby to announce it for repetition. The best piece of acting in it was the *Clarissa* of Miss Holland—a lady quite new to us—whose conception and execution of that trifling part were as perfect as any thing we remember to have seen. If first impressions may be trusted in this case—and we have been so often deceived that we speak warily—this young lady is likely to be much better known before many seasons are over. By calling it the best piece of acting, however, we mean no offence to our old favourites, Vining, Williams, Mrs. Waylett, &c., as they all played with spirit and good sense; but the part of *Clarissa*, trifling as it is, is the only one in the piece which has any thing like character in it; and we really do not think it could have fallen into better hands.

ADELPHI.

In consequence of new arrangements, this theatre has become the united property of Mathews and Yates; and so we shall soon have these admirable planets acting together—double stars! What a treat this will be! we absolutely long for October, to witness Mathews at the table in the full possession of all his humours; and Yates revolving in the bustling scenes about him—second to none, if it be not to himself.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This favourite theatre opened on Monday with great musical strength and a capital company, including Miss Kelly, Miss Goward, Miss Betts, Miss H. Cawse, Bartley, Keeley, Wood, J. Russell, Bland, &c. &c. &c. The pieces were the opera of the *Freebooters*, and the *Maid and Magpie*, in which Miss Kelly shewed us that no actress upon any stage can be reckoned superior to her, where natural personation and deep pathos are required. When the promised novelties are produced, we shall pay our respects to them.

* We mean failure as a vaudeville. As a common interlude, it is bustling and effective, and may live its little hour.

FRENCH PLAYS.

The performances at the King's Theatre continue to assemble full audiences, though we do not think Mde. Mars has yet appeared in any of her best parts: neithes her character in the *Tartuffe*, nor her *Susanne* in *Figaro*, afford her much opportunity for making great effects: still her performances are delicious, and she is a model for study in the dramatic art. Ease, elegance, the apparent absence of effort, and the striking power of particular passages (slight and unimportant, except in such hands), are her particular characteristics.

VARIETIES.

Exeter Change.—This nuisance, it is now stated, is about to be removed; the Marquess of Exeter having been awarded the sum of 6000*l.* for his possessions in the Strand, where the street improvements of London are most imperatively wanted.

Garrick.—A volume of original letters from Garrick to a Mr. Fountain, belonging to General Dowdswell's library, are about to be submitted to the hammer. Some curious papers and letters of the time of the last two Stuart kings are also to be brought to sale.

The New London College.—The subscription for this great undertaking increases rapidly—nearly half the amount required before beginning the work, namely, 50,000*l.*, is already realised by voluntary contributions, and as the price of shares.

The Shield of Æneas.—When we gave a description of this splendid production of art, we ought, in justice to his enterprise, to have mentioned, that it was executed for Mr. Widowson, Silversmith, of Fleet Street. If individuals in trade have the spirit to bestow such liberal support upon artists, we may look for the highest efforts to reward their patronage, and raise the character of the works thus encouraged.

Colonel Morland.—We were lately invited to see a fine vase, of the value of 500 guineas, executed by Mr. Lewis for the officers of the 9th Regiment of Lancers, to be presented by them to Colonel Morland on his retirement from the service, after commanding that regiment fifteen years. It was boldly chased, and represented some Roman battles in a good style of art, though not, of course, of the highest finish. Into the cup fitted a circle resembling an ornamented crown, which made it what in more ancient times was called a *montieth*. Into this circlet in these ruder days the glasses were stuck, and all the guests dipped into the same bowl. But the circumstance which gives an additional interest to this compliment, is the melancholy one which we gather from the newspaper obituary:—that the gallant officer for whom it was intended died last week at Paris before it could reach him—so literally and sadly verified, in this instance, is the proverb that speaks of what may happen between the cup and the lip.

Pure Mathematics.—Mr. John Herapath, of Cranford, in a letter to *The Times* newspaper, states, that as the time has expired during which his five problems were to stand as challenges to the scientific world, and as his published solution of the last purely mathematical problem has not been questioned, he leaves the Royal Society to its repose, and hopes never to agitate these or similar questions again.

Phidias.—According to a memoir, or rather to three dissertations, on the life and works of Phidias, which were read last year to the Royal Society of Göttingen, and which have been since published by their author, M. Müller, Phidias was born in the 73d Olympiad. He devoted himself to painting when he was twenty-four years of age, and ornamented the temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, with his works. The finest buildings in that city were erected between the 82d and the 87th Olympiads, by the orders of Pericles, and under the direction of Phidias. The latter had for masters in the art of sculpture, Hippias and Agaladas. M. Müller proves that several statues, especially the Castor on the Monte Cavallo,* have been erroneously attributed to Phidias. It was not until the third year of the 85th Olympiad that he produced the Pallas of the Parthenon. This statue, according to M. Müller, who in this respect contradicts the opinion of Heyne, was followed by that of Jupiter Olympius. Ultimately, Phidias fell a victim to the hatred of the enemies of Pericles, and died in prison, in the first year of the 87th Olympiad.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We are informed that the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not and the Evergreen, two newly announced Annuals for Young Persons, have united, to form one publication under the former title.

In the Press.—Annotations on the Gospel of St. Matthew, designed for the use of Students at the Universities and Candidates for Holy Orders, by the Rev. W. Bland, D.D. F.R.S., Prebendary of Wells, &c.—Notæ Philologicæ et Grammaticæ in Euripidis Tragœdias; è Variis Virorum Doctorum, &c. et Textui Matthiæano accommodatæ.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XIV. 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Wardlaw's Socinian Controversy, fourth edition, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Combe's Constitution of Man, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Hulbert's Poetical Recreations, 18mo. 5*s.* bds.—Maxwell's Juvenile Shakspeare, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Baillie's (Miss) Bride, a Tragedy, 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Armstrong's Anatomy of the Bowels, &c. Illustrated, Part I. royal 4to. 8*s.*; coloured, 1*l.* 1*s.* sewed.—Trollope's Notæ in Euripidis Tragœdias, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—The Philosopher's Stone, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Fletcher's Picturesque Primer, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Cameron's Token for Children, 2 vols. 18mo. 5*s.* hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

June.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday	26	From 50. to 79.5	30.29 — Stat.
Friday	27	— 49. — 80.	30.20 to 30.10
Saturday	28	— 58. — 79.	30.02 — 30.00
Sunday	29	— 53. — 78.	29.91 — 29.90
Monday	30	— 40. — 79.	29.90 — 29.91
July.			
Tuesday	1	— 49. — 74.	29.87 — 29.84
Wednesday	2	— 60. — 78.	29.82 — 29.84

Wind prevailing N.E. and S.W.
Generally clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37′ 29″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The influx of literary novelties this week obliges us, reluctantly, to postpone our Review of Senior's excellent Lectures on Political Economy—Journal of a Residence with a new Native Chief in Fernando Po—and other matters intended for immediate publication.

The next time Mr. Tyro of Wisbeach (post mark) writes silly verses and sends them to a public Journal, we advise him to pay the postage.

The writer of the MS. sent for our opinion with a *regular* fee, will find the answer (as requested) at our office on Monday: the fee has been added to the Literary Fund, where it will help to relieve some distressed author, widow, or orphan.

Erratum.—In our last, in a notice of Cologne on the Rhine, engraved by Mr. J. H. Kernot, we inadvertently spelt the name "Kernol" instead of Kernot.

* Our Green Man of Hyde Park.—*L. G.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

CLOSE of the SUFFOLK STREET Gallery. Society of British Artists. The Fifth Annual Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, will close for the Season on Saturday, the 19th of July.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
JOS. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

THE EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS of the most illustrious Personages of English History, from the Galleries of the Nobility and from Public Collections, is now open, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, Booksellers, 4, Pall Mall East.
Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be had free of expense, on application as above.
Children and Servants not admitted.

The Fall of Nineveh, Deluge, &c. &c.

THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," is now open, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, from Nine o'Clock till Six.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition-room, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allsop Terrace, New Road.

KING'S THEATRE, or ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, Haymarket.
The Assignees of Messrs. Chambers and Son's Estate hereby give notice, that they are ready to receive Proposals in Writing for taking the King's Theatre, for Season 1828-29.
Particulars may be known on application to Edmund Treherne, Esq. No. 11, South Molton Street, where Proposals will be received until the 14th July next.
Dated this 28th June, 1828.

IMPROVED DAIRY SYSTEM.
Mr. HARLEY is now in Town, receiving Subscribers for the History of his celebrated Dairy Establishment, at Willow Bank, Glasgow, which will be generally useful, as it gives suitable directions for the proper accommodation and Management for one Cow as well as many.
Besides the particulars mentioned in the Prospectus, the work will point out the proper mode of ventilating Stables, the want of which is very injurious to that valuable and useful Animal the Horse.
The Author intends to visit Holland, with a view to get additions to his extensive information upon Dairy Husbandry, so that the treatise may be a standard work upon that subject.
Orders may be sent to 21, Gutter Lane, Cheapside; to the Editor of the Farmer's Journal, 29, Budge Row; and to the Author's Lodgings, 3, Prince's Place, Duke Street, St. James's.
The Work will be delivered either in London, Dublin, Belfast, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, as Subscribers may direct.
N.B. The Work has been patronised and subscribed for by many Noblemen and Gentlemen; as also by the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the Highland Society of Scotland.
London, June 17, 1828.

A LADY, preferring Female Education at Home to that of a School, and having Three Daughters between the Ages of 5 and 13, wishes to take Three Young Ladies to be educated with her own, who would equally partake with them of Religious and Intellectual Culture, Regularity in their Studies, and the Comforts of a Private Family. The Situation is highly respectable, Three Miles from London.
Apply to Mr. G. Debac, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square.

OPENING of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, for the Session 1828-9.
Notice is hereby given, that the Medical Classes will open on the First of October, and the Classes for the other Branches of Education on the Third of November next.
The Council have published a "Second Statement," giving an Account of the Days and Hours when the several Professors are to lecture, of the Fees to be paid by the Students, together with a brief Outline, drawn up by each Professor, of the manner in which he proposes to treat the Subject which he has been appointed to teach. This Statement is to be had, price One Shilling and Sixpence, of Mr. Taylor, the Bookseller and Publisher to the University, No. 30, Upper Gower Street; of Messrs. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row; of Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street; and at the University Chambers, No. 29, Percy Street, Bedford Square.
A Register is now open to receive the Names of Students, and Attendance for that purpose will be given at the Chambers, as above, every day except Sunday, from Nine in the Morning to Five in the Afternoon. Persons desirous of having a previous Communication with the Warden, will please to call at the Chambers on Mondays, Wednesdays, or Fridays, between Two and Five o'Clock. By order of the Council,
THOMAS COATES, Clerk.
University Chambers, 13th June, 1828.

Captain Clapperton.
This day, with a fine Portrait of Captain Clapperton, and nearly Forty other Engravings, closely printed, price 5s. 6d.
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This day is published, price 7s. 6d. No. IV. of
THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.
Contents.—Article I. Life and Works of Wieland—II. Caillaud's Travels to Méroé and the White River, &c.—III. Spanish Novelists—IV. Niebuhr's Roman History—V. Neapolitan Superstitions—VI. Falkhans's New Maritime Force and Artillery —VII. Lebrun's Voyage to Greece—VIII. Modern Spanish Comedy—IX. Italian Literature of the Eighteenth Century—X. Illyrian Poetry—XI. Klein's Dramatic Works—XII. Retzsch's Illustrations of Hamlet—XIII. to XXVI. Critical Sketches of Latin, Italian, French, German, and Spanish Works—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. IV.—List of the principal Works published on the Continent from January to April 1828.
"The present number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' is lighter, and more varied and interesting, than any of the preceding numbers. It is really what a review ought to be—a collection of criticisms, not a bundle of essays. Of all foreign books, perhaps, foreign travels and voyages are those, analyses of which will tend to render this work most popular in England. At first sight, these are the works, also, which appear most easy to be analysed; but this is a mistake. To review, properly, a book of travels, the critic should not only know whatever has been previously written on the country of which the traveller speaks, but must likewise be able to single out in a moment, from those heaps of crudities and dulness with which most books of travels abound, all the interesting and valuable passages. In this department the 'Quarterly' has always been admirable, and should be regarded as a model. We shall merely add, that we trust the 'Foreign Quarterly' will contain many such articles as the one on 'Caillaud's Travels,' in the present number. The article on Wieland is very ably written, and appears to be a just appreciation of that writer's works. That on Niebuhr is unquestionably the most elaborate that has yet appeared on the German historian in this country. The articles on the Spanish Novelists, and on Spanish Comedy, are clever and interesting. The short notices and miscellaneous matter are copious and valuable."—*Weekly Review.*
"This is a more miscellaneous and a better selected number than any of those which preceded it. The want of a periodical dedicated to foreign literature, may be now truly said to be supplied, and supplied, too, with an ability fully equal to the diversity and difficulty of the task. Reviewing has of late years so tyrannically violated the principles of taste and criticism, that we rejoice to hail a publication which promises to instruct its seniors in their own art. The reviews in the 'Foreign Quarterly' are really criticisms, not essays; they are addressed to the actual work in hand, and do not betray that vagrant and discursive habit that characterises their monotonous but able contemporaries. A book reviewed in the most esteemed of our periodicals, is introduced merely as a motto, at the head of an abstract disquisition—a peg to hang a sermon on; and it is rarely alluded to by the critic, who only seems to require it as an excuse for publishing his own opinions. But we do not want those kind of opinions from critics; their opinions on the subject-matter are not what we sit down to peruse—but their opinions on the book that treats of the subject-matter. We cheerfully accept even an egotistical parade of learning, and a superfluous display of style, if they are dedicated to the author reviewed, or form an appropriate accompaniment to the review; but the most solid acquirements, or elegant diction, are impertinent when introduced out of place. The best thing, if said inapplicably, does a violence to judgment. For this reason, in the first place, we heartily approve of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review.' But is has still higher claims upon our regard. It is a condensed epitome of continental literature, and presents to the mere English reader a general view of the progress and state of knowledge in those countries with whose language he is unacquainted. Nor does it confine its notices to any particular branches of learning and science, but embraces within its grasp every species of information that can be gleaned by intelligence and industry; so that in one number it illustrates almost every distinct class of intellectual labour, and telegraphs the operations of distant countries, with a fidelity and clearness worthy of the high purport of its design."—*Atlas.*
Published by Treuttel, Würtz, and Co. 30, Soho Square, London.

Price 6s.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-Fishing. In a Series of Conversations. With some Account of the Habits of Fishes of the Genus Salmo. By an Angler. 12mo. pp. 273. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THIS extremely entertaining volume has reached us too late for a sufficient notice this week; but we cannot pass it over without some sort of review. Though no name is upon the title-page, our readers are aware (from our previous announcement,) that it is from the pen of Sir Humphry Davy, an experienced brother of the angle. With the popular model of old Isaac before him, the author has most pleasantly thrown his *Salmonia* into the form of dialogue, and thus happily introduced various other interesting topics consonant to the characters of his little *dramatis personæ*.

"The characters chosen to support these conversations are—*Halieus*, who is supposed to be an accomplished fly-fisher; *Ornither*, who is to be regarded as a gentleman generally fond of the sports of the field, though not a finished master of the art of angling; *Poietes*, who is to be considered as an enthusiastic lover of nature, and partially acquainted with the mysteries of fly-fishing; and *Physicus*, who is described as uninitiated as an angler, but as a person fond of inquiries in natural history and philosophy."

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"Albeit, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mind,
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee I'm lured to hear
With things that seemed most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear:
And with a grace
That doth efface
More laboured works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*
More than the scaly brood *confines*.

Our hearts and senses too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee
Are lured to virtue willingly.
Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream;
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray."

"Nelson (it seems) was a good fly-fisher, and as a proof of his passion for it, continued the pursuit even with his left hand. Dr. Paley was ardently attached to this amusement; so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him, when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humour, 'My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over,' as if this were a business of his life."

These are good examples; but our author's general defence is as good.

"The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same: but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterise man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature;—amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-fly, and till in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine!"

The spirit of Walton has surely descended upon this passage: but we will contrast its pastoral beauty with an anecdote or two, told to illustrate the impolicy of angling with your back to the sun, so as to throw your shadow on the water, and, like the steam-boat, "frighten the fish."

"*Physicus.* Your sagacity puts me in mind of an anecdote which I remember to have heard, respecting the late eloquent statesman, Charles James Fox; who, walking up Bond Street from one of the club houses with an illustrious personage, laid him a wager, that he would see more cats than the prince in his walk, and that he might take which side of the street he liked. When they got to the top, it was found that Mr. Fox had seen thirteen cats, and the prince not one. The royal personage asked for an explanation of this apparent miracle: Mr. Fox said, 'Your royal highness took, of course, the shady side of the way, as most agreeable; I knew that the sunny side would be left to me, and cats always prefer the sunshine.'—*Halieus.* There! Poietes; by following my advice you have immediately hooked a fish: and while you are catching a brace, I will tell you an anecdote, which is as much related to fly-fishing as that of Physicus, and which affords an elucidation of a particular effect of light. A manufacturer of carmine, who was aware of the superiority of the French colour, went to Lyons for the purpose of improving his process, and bargained with the most celebrated manufacturer in that capital for the acquisition of his secret, for which he was to pay a thousand pounds. He was shewn all the processes, and saw a beautiful colour produced, and he found not the least difference in the French mode of fabrication and that which he had constantly adopted. He appealed to the manufacturer, and insisted th he must have concealed something. The

* Angling is an amusement with a stick and a string; a worm at one end, and a fool at the other.—*Johnson.*

And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says:
The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.
Don Juan.

nufacturer assured him that he had not, and invited him to see the process a second time. He minutely examined the water and the materials, which were the same as his own, and very much surprised, said, 'I have lost my labour and my money, for the air of England does not permit us to make good carmine.' 'Stay,' says the Frenchman, 'do not deceive yourself: what kind of weather is it now?' 'A bright sunny day,' said the Englishman. 'And such are the days,' said the Frenchman, 'on which I make my colour. Were I to attempt to manufacture it on a dark or cloudy day, my result would be the same as yours. Let me advise you, my friend, always to make carmine on bright and sunny days.' 'I will,' says the Englishman; 'but I fear I shall make very little in London.'"

One of the conversations lead to the discussion of superstitions; and we are much pleased with the following remarks, also including some points of meteorology and natural history.

"*Poiet.* I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.—*Phys.* I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.—*Hal.* Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?—*Phys.* The air when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making, rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have generally observed a coppery or yellow sun-set to foretell rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall.—*Hal.* I have often observed that the old proverb is correct—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning:
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?—*Phys.* A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.—*Poiet.* I have often observed, that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?—*Hal.* Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.—*Poiet.* I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.—*Orn.* No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea-insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave—and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea-birds, to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larvæ, driven out of the ground by severe floods: and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food, as we agreed on a former occasion, is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome,—a great flight appeared on the 3d of April, and the day after heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies,—but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.—*Poiet.* The singular connexions of causes and effects, to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts, naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea-coast was referred to a spirit or goblin, called Bucca, and was supposed to foretell a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.—*Phys.* All the instances of omens you have mentioned are founded on reason; but how can you explain such absurdities as Friday being an unlucky day, the terror of spilling salt, or meeting an old woman? I knew a man of very high dignity, who was exceedingly moved by these omens, and who never went out shooting without a bittern's claw fastened to his button-hole by a riband, which he thought ensured him good luck.—*Poiet.* These, as well as the omens of death-watches, dreams, &c. are for the most part founded upon some accidental coincidences; but spilling of salt, on an uncommon occasion, may, as I have known it, arise from a disposition to apoplexy, shewn by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom; and persons, dispirited by bad omens, sometimes prepare the way for evil fortune; for confidence in success is a great means of ensuring it. The dream of Brutus, before the field of Pharsalia, probably produced a species of irresolution and despondency, which was the principal cause of his losing the battle: and I have heard that the illustrious sportsman to whom you referred just now, was always observed to shoot ill, because he shot carelessly, after one of his dispiriting omens.—*Hal.* I have in life met with a few things which I found it impossible to explain, either by chance coincidences or by natural connexions; and I have known minds of a very superior class affected by them,—persons in the habit of reasoning deeply and profoundly.—*Phys.* In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder-cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures."

With this very fair example of the various and interesting contents of *Salmonia*, we shall for this bout conclude; only observing, that the wood-cuts, executed by Mr. A. J. Mason, are very correct as to the characteristics of the fish represented, and do him great credit as an artist in this style of engraving.

The Literary Character; or History of Men of Genius: drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions. By I. D'Israeli. 4th edition, revised. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

We know of no subject of superior interest to that of which Mr. D'Israeli has treated, in a desultory, ingenious, and most instructive way, in these volumes; and their progress into a fourth edition is a satisfactory proof of the public feelings being in accordance with our own upon this point. But that which demonstrates their value detracts from their novelty; and it will readily be perceived, that a reviewer's occupation need not be exercised at any length upon statements and opinions so generally known. A Letter and some Notes from the pen of Lord Byron, however, impart a new feature to this edition; and in the little we shall take the liberty to quote, our readers will, in all probability, find these the most attractive ingredients.

The work is dedicated to Mr. Southey, a friend of the writer's of forty years' endurance; and in a preface that follows, we have the Letter of Lord Byron to which we have alluded, thus introduced:—

"In 1822 I published a new edition of this work, greatly enlarged, and in two volumes. I took this opportunity of inserting the manuscript notes of Lord Byron [on former editions], with the exception of one, which, however characteristic of the amiable feelings of the noble poet, and however gratifying to my own, I had no wish to obtrude on the notice of the public.* Soon after the publication of

* "As every thing connected with the reading of a mind like Lord Byron's is interesting to the philosophical inquirer, this note may now be preserved. On that passage of the preface of the second edition which I have already quoted, his lordship was thus pleased to write:—'I was wrong; but I was young and petulant, and probably wrote down any thing, little thinking that those observations would be betrayed to the author, whose abilities I have always respected, and whose works in general I have read oftener than, perhaps, those of any English author whatever, except such as treat of Turkey.'"

this third edition, I was surprised by receiving a letter from his lordship. Lord Byron was an admirable letter-writer. Independent of the personal details with which his letters abound, and which, from their nature, are of course peculiarly interesting; his letters are also remarkable for facility of style, vivacity of expression, shrewdness of remark, and truth of observation. I have, however, never met with any letter of Lord Byron more interesting than the following, which, as it does not form one of a series of familiar correspondence, was probably touched with a more careful pen.

'Montenero, Villa Dupuy, near Leghorn, June 10, 1822.

"Dear Sir,—If you will permit me to call you so. I had some time ago taken up my pen, at Pisa, to thank you for the present of your new edition of the 'Literary Character,' which has often been to me a consolation, and always a pleasure. I was interrupted, however, partly by business, and partly by vexation of different kinds,—for I have not very long ago lost a child by a fever, and I have had a good deal of petty trouble with the laws of this lawless country, on account of the prosecution of a servant for an attack upon a cowardly scoundrel of a dragoon, who drew his sword upon some unarmed Englishmen, and whom I had done the honour to mistake for an officer, and to treat like a gentleman. He turned out to be neither,—like many others with medals and in uniform; but he paid for his brutality with a severe and dangerous wound, inflicted by nobody knows whom; for, of three suspected and two arrested, they have been able to identify neither; which is strange, since he was wounded in the presence of thousands, in a public street, during a feast-day and full promenade.—But to return to things more analogous to the 'Literary Character:' I wish to say, that had I known that the book was to fall into your hands, or that the MS. notes you have thought worthy of publication, would have attracted your attention, I would have made them more copious, and perhaps not so careless. I really cannot know whether I am, or am not, the genius you are pleased to call me,—but I am very willing to put up with the mistake, if it be one. It is a title dearly enough bought by most men, to render it endurable, even when not quite clearly made out, which it never *can* be, till the Posterity, whose decisions are merely dreams to ourselves, have sanctioned or denied it, while it can touch us no further. Mr. Murray is in possession of a MS. memoir of mine (not to be published till I am in my grave), which, strange as it may seem, I never read over since it was written, and have no desire to read over again. In it, I have told what, as far as I know, is the *truth*—*not* the *whole* truth,—for if I had done so, I must have involved much private, and some dissipated history; but, nevertheless, nothing but truth, as far as regard for others permitted it to appear. I do not know whether you have seen those MSS.; but, as you are curious in such things as relate to the human mind, I should feel gratified if you had. I also sent him (Murray), a few days since, a Common-place Book, by my friend Lord Clare, containing a few things, which may, perhaps, aid his publication in case of his surviving me. If there are any questions which you would like to ask me, as connected with your philosophy of the literary mind, (if mine be a literary mind,) I will answer them fairly, or give a reason for *not*, good—bad—or indifferent. At present, I am paying the penalty of having helped to spoil the public taste; for, as long as I wrote in the false, exaggerated style of youth and the times in which we live, they applauded me to the very echo; and within these few years, when I have endeavoured at better things, and written what I suspect to have the principle of duration in it, the church, the chancellor, and all men, even to my grand patron, Francis Jeffrey, Esq. of the Edinburgh Review, have risen up against me and my later publications. Such is Truth! men dare not look her in the face, except by degrees: they mistake her for a Gorgon, instead of knowing her to be Minerva. I do not mean to apply this mythological simile to my own endeavours, but I have only to turn over a few pages of your volumes, to find innumerable and far more illustrious instances. It is lucky that I am of a temper not to be easily turned aside, though by no means difficult to irritate. But I am making a dissertation, instead of writing a letter. I write to you from the Villa Dupuy, near Leghorn, with the islands of Elba and Corsica visible from my balcony, and my old friend, the Mediterranean, rolling blue at my feet. As long as I retain my feeling and my passion for nature, I can partly soften or subdue my other passions, and resist or endure those of others. I have the honour to be, truly, your obliged and faithful servant,

"NOEL BYRON."

It is not our purpose to proceed with the author through his many topics and curious researches—the former evincing much just reflection, and the latter a great deal of curious reading. We shall merely select two or three illustrations, to set forward as fair examples of the book.

"A new race of jargonists, the barbarous metaphysicians of political economy, have struck at the essential existence of the productions of genius in literature and art; for, appreciating them by their own standard, they have miserably degraded the professors. Absorbed in the contemplation of material objects, and rejecting whatever does not enter into their own restricted notion of 'utility,' these cold arithmetical seers, with nothing but millions in their imagination, and whose choicest works of art are spinning-jennies, have valued the intellectual tasks of the library and the studio by 'the demand and the supply.' They have sunk these pursuits into the class of what they term 'unproductive labour;' and by another result of their line and level system, men of letters, with some other important characters, are forced down into the class 'of buffoons, singers, opera-dancers, &c.' In a system of political economy it has been discovered, that 'that *unprosperous race* of men called *men of letters*, must *necessarily* occupy their present *forlorn state* in society, much as formerly, when a scholar and a beggar seem to have been terms very nearly synonymous.' In their commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing view of human nature, addressing society by its most pressing wants and its coarsest feelings, these theorists limit the moral and physical existence of man by speculative tables of population, planing and levelling society down in their carpentry of human nature. They would yoke and harness the loftier spirits to one common and vulgar destination. Man is considered only as he wheels on the wharf, or as he spins in the factory; but man as a recluse being of meditation, or impelled to action by more generous passions, has been struck out of the system of our political economists. It is, however, only among their 'unproductive labourers' that we shall find those men of leisure whose habitual pursuits are consumed in the development of thought, and the gradual accessions of knowledge; those men of whom the sage of Judea declares, that 'it is he who hath little business who shall become wise; how can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and whose talk is of bullocks? But *they*,'—the men of leisure and study,—'*will maintain the state of the world!*' Political economists may form another notion of the literary character whenever they shall feel—a consummation which who will venture to anticipate?—that the prosperity and the happiness of a people include something more evident and more permanent than 'the wealth of a nation.'"

Speaking of modern society, Mr. D'I. observes—

"It may be a question whether the literary man and the artist are not immolating their genius to society, when, in the shadowiness of assumed talents — that counterfeiting of all shapes, they lose their real form with the mockery of Proteus. But nets of roses catch their feet, and a path where all the senses are flattered, is now opened to win an Epictetus from his hut. The art of multiplying the enjoyments of society is discovered in the morning lounge, the evening dinner, and the midnight coterie. In frivolous fatigues, and vigils without meditation, perish the unvalued hours which, true genius knows, are always too brief for art, and too rare to catch its inspirations. Hence so many of our contemporaries whose card-racks are crowded, have produced only flashy fragments. Efforts, but not works; they seem to be effects without causes;—and as a great author, who is not one of them, once observed to me, 'they waste a barrel of gunpowder in squibs.' And yet it is seduction, and not reward, which mere fashionable society offers the man of true genius. He will be sought for with enthusiasm, but he cannot escape from his certain fate—that of becoming tiresome to his pretended admirers. At first the idol—shortly he is changed into a victim. He forms, indeed, a figure in their little pageant, and is invited as a sort of *improvisatore*; but the esteem they concede to him is only a part of the system of politeness; and should he be dull in discovering the favourite quality of their self-love, or in participating in their volatile tastes, he will find frequent opportunities of observing with the sage at the court of Cyprus, that 'what he knows is not proper for this place; and what is proper for this place he knows not.' This society takes little personal interest in the literary character."

"Has not the fate in society of our reigning literary favourites been uniform? Their mayoralty hardly exceeds the year: they are pushed aside to put in their place another, who in his turn must descend. Such is the history of the literary character encountering the perpetual difficulty of appearing what he really is not; while he sacrifices to a few, in a certain corner of the metropolis, who have long fantastically styled themselves 'the world,' that more dignified celebrity which makes an author's name more familiar than his person."

"Some have been deemed disagreeable companions, because they felt the weariness of dulness, or the impertinence of intrusion; described as bad husbands when united to women, who without a kindred feeling had the mean art to prey upon their infirmities; or as bad fathers, because their offspring have not always reflected the moral beauty of their own

page. But the magnet loses nothing of its virtue, even when the particles about it, incapable themselves of being attracted, are not acted on by its occult property."

The simple truth in estimating the intercourse between persons of genius and the world, seems to be, that every individual who composes that *world* is willing enough to admire genius at a distance, and where it does not interfere with, nor eclipse, selfish enjoyments or self-love; but when it comes closer, and treads upon the kibe of the inferior creature, then up rises envy, uncharitableness, dislike, and persecution. We are all ready to censure the neglect of a Chatterton or a Burns; but how few of us, if we are brought into contact with similar beings, in our walk through life, excuse their foibles, endure their waywardness, and cherish them as the children of genius? Alas, they have little to hope for, let their lot be thrown where it may! When they are dead, it will be time to remember those nobler qualities which obtained no consideration for them while living, and subjected to more than the petty tests that try the spirits of ordinary men—to misconstruction, to misrepresentation, to caprice, to coldness, and to calumny. But the theme is too exhaustless; and were we to indulge in moralising upon it, we should want the space of a volume, instead of a literary notice.

"When Petrarch was passing by his native town, he was received with the honours of his fame; but when the heads of the town conducted Petrarch to the house where the poet was born, and informed him that the proprietor had often wished to make alterations, but that the towns-people had risen to insist that the house which was consecrated by the birth of Petrarch should be preserved unchanged; this was a triumph more affecting to Petrarch than his coronation at Rome."

Upon this quotation the author says:—"On this passage I find a remarkable manuscript note by Lord Byron:—'It would have pained me more that 'the proprietor' should have 'often' wished to make alterations, than it could give pleasure that the rest of Arezzo rose against his *right* (for *right* he had). The depreciation of the lowest of mankind is more painful than the applause of the highest is pleasing: the sting of a scorpion is more in torture, than the possession of any thing could be in rapture."

We could hardly have conceived Byron capable of making so false an estimate. It shews how apt he was to be affected by what a stronger and higher mind would have utterly despised. We conclude with one other interesting extract.

"In the history of genius it is remarkable, that its work is often invented and lies neglected. A close observer of this age pointed out to me, that the military genius of that great French captain who so long appeared to have conquered Europe, was derived from his applying the new principles of war discovered by Folard and Guibert. The genius of Folard observed, that among the changes of military discipline in the practice of war among European nations since the introduction of gunpowder, one of the ancient methods of the Romans had been improperly neglected; and in his Commentaries on Polybius, Folard revived this forgotten mode of warfare. Guibert, in his great work, 'Histoire de la Milice Française,' or rather the History of the Art of War, adopted Folard's system of charging by columns, and breaking the centre of the enemy, which seems to be the famous plan of our Rodney and Nelson in their maritime battles. But this favourite plan became the ridicule of the military; and the boldness of his pen, with the high confidence of the author, only excited adversaries to mortify his pretensions, and to treat him as a dreamer. From this perpetual opposition to his plans, and the neglect he incurred, Guibert died of 'vexation of spirit;' and the last words on the death-bed of this man of genius were, 'One day they will know me!' Folard and Guibert created a Buonaparte, who studied them on the field of battle; and he who would trace the military genius who so long held in suspense the fate of the world, may discover all that he performed in the neglected inventions of preceding genius."

It is, we imagine, quite needless for us further to recommend this edition of a very delightful work.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. Vol. II. Parts I. and II. 8vo. pp. 592. Colburn.

THIS second volume has followed the first with proper rapidity and regularity: it commences with the war of 1807, with the battles of Eylau and Friedland; embraces the early Portuguese and Spanish political events and campaigns—the Austrian war ending with the great battle of Wagram—the annexation of Holland to France; and finishes with accounts of the marriage of Marie Louise, and of the police and internal state of Paris subsequent to that memorable transaction. There is, as may well be supposed, therefore, much of variety and interest in this portion of M. Savary's labours; and we confess to having been much more amused with it than with the preceding volume. Viewing the writer as not only the devoted apologist of Buonaparte throughout his whole composition, but as the defender of himself, the tool being deeply implicated with the master-mover of these extraordinary times, we still read with astonishment the avowals which he suffers to transpire. The condition of Paris, after he supplanted Fouché in the ministry of the police, about six weeks subsequent to Napoleon's marriage, is a picture of the meanest roguery and darkest treachery. Spy upon spy, and scoundrel betraying scoundrel, from the Emperor on the throne to the lowest menial in a private house, made a system at which the honest mind recoils with contempt and disgust. We will take a leaf from this division of the publication. The newly appointed minister thus naively notices the effect of his elevation, and thus ingenuously lets us into the secret of his general character.

"When this appointment was made known through the next day's *Moniteur*, no one would give credit to it. Had the Emperor nominated to those functions the ambassador of Persia, then in Paris, the circumstance would not have created greater apprehension. I was deeply mortified at perceiving the unfavourable impression produced on the public mind by the appointment of a general officer to the ministry of police; and had I not felt myself strong in the consciousness of rectitude, I never could have had the courage which was so necessary for bearing up against the illiberal remarks of which I was the subject. I was a cause of terror to all; every one was making preparations for leaving Paris; nothing was spoken of but exiles, imprisonments, and measures of still greater severity; and I verily believe that the report of a plague on some point of the coast could not have occasioned a greater dread than my nomination to this department. In the army, where the nature of its duties was little understood, the event created the less astonishment, as it was the general opinion that I already exercised some control over the ministry of police."

Fouché, on retiring, either burnt, or pretended to burn, all his papers; and his successor remarks: "I could not help viewing it with an eye of suspicion, since so much unwillingness was shewn to put me in possession of information which so deeply concerned the welfare of the state; and time only added strength to my conviction that we had been the dupes of the most impudent system of quackery upon record, as will be shewn in the sequel of these Memoirs. I soon had occasion to satisfy myself that the administration of police was never carried on in the Emperor's interest; that it had been made available as a means of acquiring his confidence, and at the same time of abusing it; and that it was a dangerous weapon in the hands of a disturber of public tranquillity, who made it his whole duty to follow the stream of fortune."

The Emperor, however, was himself a capital instructor, and he gave Savary his lesson.* "My courage (adds the minister) revived upon receiving these instructions. On the first days of my new employment I went to make my report to the emperor, rather with the view of receiving some encouragement, than of presenting him with any useful result of my labours; and I soon discovered that he was guarded against every thing, and that the reason of his extraordinary patience with M. Fouché *was to be found in his being provided with ample means to defeat his wicked designs.* I gradually acquired confidence; and, without being wickedly inclined, I soon discovered a sufficient portion of malice in my composition, which I turned to good account during my administration of the police." At any rate, there appears to be little deceit in these confessions. But the struggle between Buonaparte and Fouché, who should circumvent and cheat the other in the darkest ways of trickery and treachery, is altogether one of the most remarkable revelations with which we ever met. The famous Ouvrard; M. Labouchere, a Dutch merchant; M. Fagan, an Irish officer; M. Hennecart, one of the police agents, and several others, are all employed or bribed secretly, and set to watch and betray each other by Fouché against Napoleon, and by Napoleon against Fouché. Fagan is recommended by Hennecart to Fouché, who engages him to visit London, and transmit reports, &c. &c., and *then* "Fagan had scarcely received this mission, when Hennecart came to congratulate him on the occasion; and, after the usual compliments, he told Fagan that he had yet another subject to open to him, on which his personal fortune mainly depended, and hinted at the possibility of his obtaining in some degree the Emperor's immediate protection against any capricious or unjust conduct of the Duke of Otranta, who was, perhaps, after all, the dupe of some false report. Fagan requested Hennecart to speak in plain language: the latter did so, and said, that if he would send him a copy of all the reports he might have to make to M. Fouché, it would assuredly be for

* One very curious part of it may well be singled from the rest, and inserted in the sheet which reviews Mr. D'Israeli's work.

"Let all literary characters (says Buonaparte) be treated with consideration: they have been prejudiced against me by the representations made of my being averse to them. This was certainly done with the worst intentions; for my occupations alone prevent my receiving them as often as I could wish to do. They are useful men, who ought to be treated with marked distinction, as contributing to raise the fame of the French nation." [There is some sense in this; and [illegible]—Ed. L. G.]

his advantage; 'because the reports,' said he, 'would be laid before the Emperor by the Duke of Bassano himself, who would,' he added, 'receive them from M. de S . . ., to whom they will have been delivered by myself.' Fagan, after considering for a few moments, accepted the offer; and as it was no difficult task for Hennecart to persuade him of the necessity of the information being on all occasions forwarded to himself in the first instance, in order that he might be enabled to transmit his copy of the report as soon as M. Fouché could present the original, it was agreed between them that one of the documents should precede the other by the interval of a courier. This point was no sooner settled than M. Fagan took his departure for London."

Thus the same man was the spy and rascal for both parties!!!

But it was at home, and in Paris, that the genius of Savary shone most conspicuously:—"There is (he tells us) to be found in Paris, a certain class of people who subsist upon the credulousness and good-nature of others: they have a decided interest in being apprised of every thing, whether true or false; they put down in their account-current, if I may use this figurative expression, every thing they happen to learn. These trifles are the coin in which they pay for their dinner, or their admission to the theatre; they bring for their stock some piece of news, which they exchange for another. These are truly valuable men for a minister of police; he may make sure of their aid, in return for helping them out of some scrape, in which they never fail to involve themselves. Their employment is to give publicity to whatever news it is wished to spread abroad, and to find out the source from whence has emanated any news which it is desirable to suppress. The progress of intrigue never slackens, because there are never-ending wants which compel its promoters to have their minds incessantly at work. An intriguer who is inactive, soon finds his way to the hospital; an active one, on the contrary, would reap a harvest from an egg-shell. An intriguer is thoroughly informed of the tender connexions of all his friends: always ready to advise either lover, he sets them by the ears, in order to bring about a reconciliation between them: he watches every feeling of animosity and passion: he invites some to partake in his own unbridled pleasures, and watches on those occasions the looseness of their morals; for his vigilance is particularly directed to places of improper resort. If in the night-time you desire to find out a man of pleasure, he instinctively knows at what rendezvous of gallantry he is to be found, the restaurateur he may have patronised, the theatre he has frequented. If a giddy woman is the object of inquiry, the mere description is enough for him to point her out. In no town in the world, however small, can a person be found out more quickly than in Paris."

He next details how the system of espionage may be perfectly carried on, even when the Parisians retire to their country seats; and proceeds:—"It was generally supposed that the Emperor felt great interest in breaking through the privacy of domestic affairs, and in being made acquainted with every particular concerning them: I even know that, speaking on this subject, M. Fouché has presumed to use the following expressions.—'You little know the Emperor; he would feel a pleasure in cooking every one's dinner:'" But the truth of this is broadly denied by M. Savary; yet he does say—"It was, nevertheless, a matter of astonishment, that the Emperor should have known a multitude of trifling stories, which it was imagined he never could have learned, except through the minister of police. I thought so too until I came to hold the place. The Emperor's source of information was as follows: he was not always confined to his closet, but frequently received company; he was fond of society, particularly that of the fair sex; and it must be acknowledged, that, for the last quarter of a century, this sex has adopted a mode of passing time, and a kind of occupation, so widely different from their pursuits in former days, when, with accomplishments no less brilliant, they took more pains to cultivate and adorn their minds, that a woman can hardly speak of her neighbour without bringing in calumny for the principal topic of conversation. The consequence was, that jealousy, and a spirit of rivalry in the demand for favours, gave rise to serious acts of indiscretion, and to the propagation of calumnious reports. During winter, there were masked balls at court, the only amusements at which the Emperor could assume a disguise, and converse without restraint. I have often been in his suite on those occasions, as well as at the masked balls at the grand opera. The society at the court balls, though numerous, was very select: all were aware of being in the best company; and yet many gross and unblushing snares were laid at those balls. Can it be supposed that the Emperor felt it necessary to require, that the minister of police should make him acquainted with such trifles as there occurred? He had instructions of much higher importance to give him; and there were courtiers to be found sufficiently disposed to relate even more than he could have desired to hear, if he had once allowed them to annoy him with such ridiculous stories."

But his own course, as the head of the police, was not marked with any such reserves.

"After I had made a division of the societies of Paris (says he), I considered of the means of extending a watchful superintendence over the several classes of artisans inhabiting the suburbs: this was rather the duty of the prefect of police; but I felt desirous to possess the means of finding out a clue to any public disturbance, in the event of my not being satisfied with the reports I should receive from the prefecture: it was nothing more than a measure of precaution. *I had already discovered that the most powerful instrument of my administration, was to bring every element of hatred and rivalry into contact, at the same time that it became its duty to prevent the evil effects of those passions. There certainly is danger in proceeding by such a method; and nothing short of the greatest personal probity can afford any self-protection against the abuse of it, or against being deceived by information originating in animosity or some secret vice. I seldom resorted to this course, except with a view of acquiring a knowledge of events anterior to my charge, which was indispensable towards making me acquainted with the different characters with whom I was in daily intercourse.*"

"I required some weapon against the shafts of ridicule, the most powerful enemy which a placeman in France can have to contend with. I determined, therefore, to make myself a party of dependents; and as all my colleagues had ten years the start of me in their respective places, during which they had greatly strengthened their own parties, it behoved me to reach the goal at the same time, by striking out as many new paths as would bring me up with them in the race. * * *

"I took care to reward those whose exertions were productive of advantage without their having raised any murmur against them, and altered the station of every one against whose conduct complaints had been made; *but I never forsook a man of bold and unflinching character, who was unsparing of his person when it was question of acquiring information.* When I found an agent placed at a station where his talents were confined within too narrow bounds, I had him removed to a wider field of action. My arrangements were now sufficiently extensive, though they served me rather as resources in case of need, than as positive means of information; and I resolved to establish certain regulations respecting the police of servants, a class of people in Paris who form of themselves an army."

This also he effects—and "in the very first months it was the means of placing at the disposal of the administration from nine hundred to a thousand individuals, as far as I recollect, who were all either deserters from the army, or runaways from prisons or the galleys, as well as fugitives from their native country in consequence of legal prosecutions. They became spies upon each other, a course which worked well for a short time"!!!

Shall we add to this system of unmitigated villany—sapping society to its very core, and uprooting every thing estimable in human nature? No—we leave that odious exposition to M. Savary, and his extraordinary Memoirs, "illustrative (truly so) of the history of the Emperor Napoleon" and his worthy compeers.

Planché's River Danube.

AGREEABLY to our promise, we have now to illustrate this very pleasant and entertaining volume with a legend of ancient, and a picture of modern, times.

"Greifenstein was last ruined by the Swedes in 1645, and is one of the castles named as having been the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion; nay, they even shew an iron cage here, in which he is said to have been cooped. The ruins are reported to be haunted by an old white woman, and a legion of

'Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,'

who do her awful bidding. This tradition has probably arisen from the circumstance of its last inhabitant having been an ancient gentlewoman, the Lady Bountiful of the neighbourhood, who devoted all her time to the cure of disorders, and was so generally successful in the treatment of her numerous patients, that she was at length suspected of possessing supernatural power. At her death, therefore, instead of canonising her, as in duty bound, the ungrateful peasantry have converted the kind-hearted old lady, who was certainly 'a spirit of health,' into 'a goblin damned;' and they are less excusable, as the castle is not in want of such an attraction, the *terrain* being already occupied by as romantic a spectre as ever revisited 'the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous!' The legend, indeed, attached to those venerable walls is one of the most interesting on the Danube, and I cannot account for its omission by the diligent Schultes. Thus it runs:—As early as the eleventh century the lords of Greifenstein were famed and feared throughout Germany. One of the first knights who bore that name lost his lady soon after she had presented him with a daughter, who received the name of Etelina. The dying mother, painfully aware

how little attention would be paid to the education of a female by a rude and reckless father, half knight, half freebooter, however fond he might be of his child, had recommended her infant with her last breath to the care of a kind and pious monk, the chaplain of the castle, and under his affectionate guidance the pretty playful girl gradually ripened into the beautiful and accomplished woman. Sir Reinhard of Greifenstein, though stern, turbulent, and unlettered himself, was, nevertheless, sensible to the charms and intelligence of his daughter; and often as he parted her fair hair and kissed her ivory forehead, before he mounted the steed or entered the bark that waited to bear him to the hunt or the battle, a feeling of which he was both proud and ashamed would moisten his eye, and subdue a voice naturally harsh and grating, into a tone almost of tenderness. On his return weary and sullen from a fruitless chase or a baffled enterprise, the song of Etelina could banish the frown from his brow, when even the wine-cup had been thrust untasted away, and the favourite hound beaten for a mis-timed gambol. So fair a flower, even in the solitary castle of Greifenstein, was not likely to bloom unknown or unsought. The fame of Etelina's beauty spread throughout the land. Many a noble knight shouted her name as his bright sword flashed from the scabbard; and many a gentle squire fought less for his gilt spurs than for the smile of Etelina. The minstrel who sang her praises had aye the richest largess; and the little foot-page who could tell where she might be met with in the summer twilight, clinging to the arm of the silver-haired chaplain, might reckon on a link of his master's chain of gold for every word he uttered. But the powerful and the wealthy sighed at her feet in vain—she did not scorn them, for so harsh a feeling was unknown to the gentle Etelina. Nay, she even wept over the blighted hopes of some, whose fervent passion deserved a better fate: but her heart was no longer her's to give. She had fixed her affections on the poor but noble Rudolph, and the lovers awaited impatiently some turn of fortune which would enable them to proclaim their attachment without fear of the anger and opposition of Sir Reinhard, who was considerably annoyed by Etelina's rejection of many of the richest counts and barons of Germany. Business of importance summoned the old knight to the court of the emperor. His absence, prolonged from month to month, afforded frequent opportunities of meeting to the lovers; and the venerable monk, on whom the entire charge of the castle and its inhabitants had devolved at Sir Reinhard's departure, was one evening struck dumb with terror at the confession which circumstances at length extorted from the lips of Etelina! Recovered from the first shock, however, his affection for his darling pupil seemed only increased by the peril into which passion had plunged her. In the chapel of the castle he secretly bestowed the nuptial benediction upon the imprudent pair, and counselled their immediate flight and concealment, till his prayers and tears should wring forgiveness and consent from Sir Reinhard, who was now on his return home, accompanied by a wealthy nobleman, on whom he had determined to bestow the hand of his daughter. Scarcely had Rudolph and Etelina reached the cavern in the neighbouring wilderness, selected for their retreat by the devoted old man, who had furnished them with provisions, a lamp and some oil, promising to supply them from time to time with the means of existence, as occasions should present themselves, when the rocks of the Danube rang with the well-known blast of Sir Reinhard's trumpet, and a broad banner lazily unfolding itself to the morning breeze, displayed to the sight of the wakeful warden the two red griffins rampant in a field vert, the blazon of the far-feared lords of Greifenstein. In a few moments the old knight was galloping over the draw-bridge, followed by his intended son-in-law. The clatter of their horses' hoofs struck upon the heart of the conscious chaplain as though the animals themselves were trampling on his bosom; but he summoned up his resolution; and relying on his sacred character, met his master with a firm step and a calm eye in the hall of the castle, evading a direct answer to the first inquiry for Etelina, he gradually and cautiously informed Sir Reinhard of her love, her marriage, and her flight. Astonishment for a short space held the old warrior spell-bound; but when his gathered fury at last found vent, the wrath of the whirlwind was less terrible. He seized the poor old monk by the throat, and upon his firm refusal to reveal the retreat of the culprits, dashed him to the earth, had him bound hand and foot, and flung into a pit beneath an iron grating in the floor of the donjon or keep of the castle. Tearing, like an infuriated pasha, 'his very beard for ire,' he called down curses on Etelina and her husband, and prayed that if ever he forgave them, a dreadful and sudden death might overtake him on the spot where he should revoke the malediction he now uttered! Upwards of a year had elapsed, when one winter day the knight of Greifenstein pursuing the chase, lost his way in the maze of a wilderness on the banks of the Danube. A savage-looking being, half clothed in skins, conducted him to a cavern, in which a woman similarly attired was seated on the ground with an infant on her knees, and greedily knawing the bones of a wolf,—Sir Reinhard recognised in the squalid form before him his once beautiful Etelina. Shocked to the soul at the sight of the misery to which his severity had reduced her, he silently motioned to the huntsmen, who came straggling in upon his track, to remove the wretched pair and their poor little offspring to the castle. Moved by the smiles of his innocent and unconscious grandchild, he clasped his repentant daughter to his bosom as she re-crossed the threshold, bore her up into the banquet-hall, and consigning her to the arms of her faithful Rudolph, hastened down again to release with his own hands the true-hearted monk, who still languished in captivity. In descending the steep staircase his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the bottom—his fall was unseen—his cry was unheard—dying, he dragged himself a few paces along the pavement, and expired upon the very spot where he had just embraced and forgiven his daughter. Rudolph, now lord of Greifenstein, restored the chaplain to liberty, and lived long and happily with his beloved Etelina: but the spirit of Sir Reinhard to this day wanders about the ruins of his ancestral castle, and will continue so to do till the stone whereon he expired shall be worn in twain. 'Alas! poor ghost!' the very slight hollow which is at present perceivable in in it, affords you little hope of its division by fair means previously to the general '*crack* of doom.'"

Our example of modern times shall be brief; and is only inserted to shew with how diligent a pencil Mr. Planché has sketched all the different objects which were offered to the eye of taste and observation.

"Nearly facing the mouth of the Trasen, the little river Kamp discharges itself into the Danube, and, on doubling a small point of land, the village of Zwentendorf appeared on the right bank, and the mountains of the Wiener-Wald, arising in the distance, announced the vicinity of the capital. It was impossible, however, to reach it that evening; and therefore making for the little town of Tuln, that lay directly before us in a sort of bay, we landed under the walls of a spacious building, the mutilated colossal statues of saints, prelates, and monarchs, in front of which, bore testimony to its former grandeur; and groping our way through a narrow passage, emerged into the court-yard behind it, where stood the wretched auberge, in which our steersman informed us we must pass the night. To our great relief, however, a red-elbowed, yellow-haired, blue-stockinged, round-about *mädchen*, seizing a candle and a huge bunch of keys, recrossed the court with us towards the great building, and opening a postern door, which Mrs. Radcliffe would have worshipped, led the way up a winding staircase into a long gallery, hung with paintings of martyrdoms and miracles, fubsy virgins and chubby cherubs, fat abbots and fair nuns; and ushered us into a wilderness of a chamber, furnished with one table and sixteen beds! The astonishment of our guide must be imagined, when my companion requested yet another room. The idea of separate chambers never entering her head, she naturally enough supposed that sixteen beds would surely be sufficient for two persons. However, as there was no accounting for the whims of foreigners, and as no other travellers were likely to arrive, she found another apartment for my friend, containing nine beds, and, with a stare of amazement I shall not speedily forget, after furnishing us with some coffee and another candle, left us to sleep in any or all of our twenty-five beds, as we might eventually determine. On mentioning this circumstance afterwards to a Viennese, I was assured that, had a larger company arrived, the remaining fifteen beds in my chamber would have been unceremoniously occupied by men or women, as it might have happened; for, as he remarked to me, with the greatest coolness, 'how would the poor people, who possess but two or three good rooms, be otherwise enabled to accommodate forty or fifty persons of both sexes, as they are frequently called upon to do?' Whether the building itself was the Nonnen Kloster founded by Rudolph of Hapsburg, in gratitude for his victory over Ottokar; or the old Schloss, in which, every Monday, at midnight, the ghosts of a lady and her maid are in the habit of promenading,* I am to this moment ignorant. If the latter, it being Thursday, the ghosts were not on duty. The Lady-Moon alone peeped through the long narrow casements; the murmur of the stream that ran rapidly beneath them, was the only sound that mingled with my dreams."

Here we conclude our very agreeable task, and heartily recommend this work to our read-

* "I believe I should say *were*, for the antiquary of the Danube informs us, that the lady's maid was exorcised by a 'barefooted monk,' and quietly, I presume, laid in the Red Sea. The ghost of quality alone was untractable. This spirit, it appears, had been dismissed from the body by an enraged husband, at the moment of an awkward discovery. The whole history, says the prudent antiquary, is to be found in the archives of a certain noble house; but as it would redound to the prejudice of the descendants, should the name be made known, it has been passed over in silence. Some time ago, an attempt was made to pull down the building, but the indignant phantom raised such a racket, that the workmen beat a retreat, and the project was abandoned."

ers, who will, we are sure, be as much pleased with the author as the author is with the King of Bavaria, to whose love of literature and munificent encouragement of the fine arts and science he pays the justly deserved tribute of his warmest applause.

Dr. Walsh on the Gnostics.

(Second Notice.)

[As this is simply an abridged continuation of Dr. Walsh's very interesting history of the extraordinary Gnostic sect, we do not interrupt it by any introductory remarks.]

"ITALY, and the western parts of the empire, had hitherto been infested with few heretical doctrines; it was in the East only, the pregnant parent of every monstrous and absurd imagination, they originated, and to the congenial minds of the people they were confined; but in the year 167, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, certain of these sectaries, availing themselves of the pretext of persecutions then carried on, came from Pontus, Egypt, and the eastern provinces, and obtruded themselves among the Christians at Rome. With these came Marciah, Ponticus, and Cerdon. They were powerfully assisted by a woman named Marcellina, who, by her influence and artifice, spread abroad the opinions of the sect, and gained so many proselytes, that they no longer covered their mysteries with a veil, but openly professed and taught their doctrines,—and the Gentiles made no distinction between those who had embraced them and those who had not; but included the whole Christian community in the censure and reprobation which justly attached to these sectaries, who had now expanded themselves beyond the provincial limits to which they were at first confined; and mingled with and tainted every Christian community wherever the Gospel had extended itself. Whatever were the shades of difference by which they were distinguished from each other, as taught by a particular leader, there were certain general dogmata in which all the sects seemed to agree: they looked upon all other Christians, who interpreted the Scriptures in their plain and obvious sense, as simple and weak; and affirmed that they alone were capable of comprehending the true and occult meaning. Hence, they denominated themselves, exclusively, Gnostics, as being the only Christians who had attained to true knowledge.*—They taught that all evil resolved itself into matter; they therefore treated the body with contempt, and denied its resurrection or reunion with the soul after its separation. They discouraged marriage, as a connexion of minds polluted by carnal feelings; and they partook of sensual pleasures with the grossest and most unrestrained indulgence, because they divested it of all sentiment or mental association. But their most remarkable tenet was, that malevolent spirits ruled the world, presided over all nature, and caused diseases and human sufferings; but that by knowledge and science these spirits could be controlled, their power suspended, and even their malevolence rendered subservient to the use and service of man. This science they thought they had themselves exclusively attained, and that it principally consisted in the efficacy of numbers, and certain mysterious hieroglyphics adopted from the Egyptians. Hence, they made systems of monads, triads, and decads; and formed figures of Anubis, Serapis, and other idols. This composition of certain abstruse words and mysterious figures was engraved on gems and stones of different kinds and qualities; and they affirmed, that whoever bore one of these on his person was secured by it from the particular evil it was made to guard against. These images and figures of different materials are mentioned by Irenæus, and some of the mysterious words engraven on them are described and explained by contemporary historians, (Iren. Hæres. c. 24. Hieron. c. iii. 1.) They were called amulets, from their supposed efficacy in allaying evil.*—The immense number and variety of these talismans that have been, and are still, found in many places very remote from each other, at once attest the accuracy of the ecclesiastical historians who have described these sects and their opinions, and the great encouragement and reception those opinions met with in different parts of the world. They are found not only in the East, where travellers procure them without much difficulty, but in the West they are continually dug up on the banks of the Rhine and Garonne, and in different parts of Spain, Italy, and other western countries, where Marcian and the founders and followers of the Gnostic sects distributed them: proving, as Montfaucon justly observes, that no superstition was more widely spread or universally adopted; and affording a hope that by their means the more secret mysteries of those sectaries may be elucidated. To appreciate duly the extent of this sect and their perverse fecundity of invention, it will be only necessary to mention, that Montfaucon alone has given three hundred fac-similes of gems, with different devices and inscriptions. Those that I propose to exhibit are not to be found either in Montfaucon or Kircher, or any other writer whom I have consulted; though many have that resemblance which at once establishes their similar origin. It is to be presumed, therefore, that they are new discoveries, and now, for the first time, published.—In order that a clear view may be had of the subject, I shall endeavour to accompany each fac-simile with a reference of its device to the practices and opinions of the sect to which it is supposed to belong. —The first gem is a beautiful chrysoprase. On one side is represented a right line crossed by three curved ones, a figure very common on Gnostic gems, but its meaning has not been ascertained. This is surrounded by the legend ABPACAΞ IAΩ, words also of very common use, and which are to be found either by themselves or accompanied by every variety of figure, but most particularly from those that have rays issuing from the head. The word Abrasax, sometimes spelled Abraxas, with a slight transposition of the letters, was the great mystery of the Gnostics, and has been noticed and expounded by most of the contemporary Christian writers. The supreme deity and omnipotent god of the Gnostics was the Abrasax, which contained within it the mystic number, 365. He it was that created the NOC, or intellectual mind, from whence proceeded the LOГOC, or word: from the word emanated providence; from providence, virtue and wisdom; and from these, principalities, powers, and angels, who finally created the 365 heavens. Abrasax was the same as Meithras, the sun of the Gentiles; both their names in Greek characters representing the same number 365, the annual solar circle, and the deity of the sun himself. The mysteries of Meithras were accompanied by Christian ceremonies. The novice was initiated by the rite of baptism, pouring water and making a sign on the forehead, and so it was considered an ablution which purified and cleansed from sin; he then partook of the eucharist of bread and wine. They adored Christ under the form of the sun, which Meithras signifies; and considered that the visible material luminary was himself. The identity of Abrasax and Meithras is evinced in the following table:—

A	1	M	40
B	2	E	5
P	100	I	10
A	1	Θ	9
C	200	P	100
A	1	A	1
Ξ	60	C	200
	365		365

The word IAΩ, in a variety of modifications, is also found on most of the gems of the Gnostics; and, next to Abrasax, seems to have been the most portentous and mysterious. It is generally supposed to be a corruption of the tetragrammaton יהוה, or Jehovah, that name of four letters to which the Jews attached so awful an importance, and in which Christians have discerned the elements of the Trinity. I shall venture, however, to suggest another meaning. Irenæus gives the following form of initiation into the mysteries of the sect:—'Some (said he) express their redemption, and introduce the secret name which Jesus of Nazareth assumed, in this manner—'I do not separate the spirit, the heart, the super-celestial and compassionate power. I will enjoy thy name, Saviour of truth.' When the initiators have thus spoken, the initiated replies—'I have been confirmed, and I redeem my soul from this Æon, and from all that shall proceed from it, in the name of IAΩ.'" (Iren. lib. ii. c. 13.) Here seems a strong affirmation of, and allusion to, the name by which the divine character of Christ was expressed; as if the AΩ was intended to be the alpha and omega of the Revelations, and the characters IAΩ stood for Jesus, the 'Redeemer, the first and the last.' The interpretation is countenanced by the circumstance, that the first Christian Byzantine emperors, a little after, placed the AΩ on their coins, in characters exactly formed after the letters of the gems, and in the same sense as I have ventured to give them. In a gem given by Kircher, with the similar figure of a serpent accompanying the legend, is the word XNOΥMICPI, which he affirms is a name for Christ, indicating it by the same equivalent characters in numbers, as ABPACAΞ indicated God. (Kircher, Magia. Hieroglyph. tom. ii. cap. vii. class xvi. p. 469.)

X	600	X	600
N	50	P	100
O	70	I	10
Υ	400	C	200
M	40	T	300
I	10	O	70
C	200	C	200
P	100		
I	10		
	1480		1480

On the other face of this gem is represented a serpent coiled into a knot, surmounted with a lion's head and mane, having rays issuing from the head. The serpent was universally adopted, not only by the Greek and Roman, but by the oriental and Egyptian Gentiles. By the first it was consecrated to Æsculapius, who was worshipped at Epidaurus under that form; and on sundry coins and sculptured remains, the serpent is seen twining round a staff, with a legend ΣΩΤΗΡ, or the Saviour. Hence this reptile was adopted by the Gnostics. One of their sects is known to have worshipped it, and to have been called *Ophites* from the name of their deity, as we have already seen;

* Γνῶσις, scientia, knowledge.—*Iren. Hæres.* c. 24.

* Amulétum, quòd malum amollitur. Some derive it from *amsela*, a small vessel of lustral water carried about by the Romans. It is a term used by Pliny.

and it is to be found in every form and modification on their gems, either by itself, or attached to other bodies; and the members of other bodies frequently attached to it. The Gnostics adopted it as a mystic emblem, and represented under its form Christ, the rays issuing from its head indicating his divinity. Thus, then, in this first gem, appear to be combined the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, mixed up and confounded with the absurd and extravagant fictions of heathen superstition. The identification of Christ with the serpent seems to be evident from the gem which follows. The Ophites were known to maintain, that the person of one was embodied in that of the other; and they even preferred the serpentine form, because, as they asserted, he had the knowledge of good and evil. That it was in virtue of this prerogative, Moses set up the brazen serpent, in order that all who looked on it might recover their health; and that Christ merely imitated this power, when he said that as Moses lifted up the serpent, so should the Son of Man be exalted. The sculpture on the gem represents this. In the gem which follows is also the figure of a serpent, having the legend ΙΑΩ CABAΩ, for Sabaoth, round it; and on the other face, the word MOTCH, for Moses, which confirms the allusion of the former. Sometimes the serpent was placed by itself, unaccompanied by any other emblematical figure. It is then generally represented either as a circle or an ellipse, holding its tail in its mouth. This appears to have been the common emblem of eternity, as having no end; and also the Egyptian representation of the solar circle, the year revolving into itself. The one here exhibited is unusually large. On one face is a serpent forming a ring, and containing inside it a long inscription surrounded by mysterious characters. The inscription consists entirely of vowels, among which the word ΙΑΩ appears in various transpositions. This gem is remarkably and satisfactorily illustrated by a passage of Iræneus. The vowels were held in high estimation by the Gnostics; their number seven they imagined had the powers of the seven virtues in animating the world, and was the soul of all we see, and represented the seven celestial abodes. But when these powers are involved and mixed together, they resound and glorify him by whom they were projected. It should appear from this strange and mystic passage, that an amulet so constructed with the seven vowels mingled together, had a mysterious power of extraordinary efficacy. There is none of this structure at all noticed either in Kircher or Montfaucon.

"The next class is that where the serpent forms a part of some other figure. The facsimile here given* represents it as forming the legs of a human body; and it so frequently occurs as a Gnostic emblem, that it seems to have been considered as a representation of the God of the Christians, and, as we shall see, was placed on the coins of the Roman emperors as the image of Christianity. On the opposite face are the seven vowels, forming the elements of a figure which obtained great celebrity for its supposed efficacy. By dropping a letter in each succeeding word, at every repetition of the vowels, an equilateral triangle or cone is formed, to which they annexed potent medical virtues. This secret the Gnostics wrapped up in the letters of their inscription; but Quintus Serenus Samonicus, a learned physician of the school of Basilides, was more explicit. He constructed from it his celebrated amulet of Abracadabra against tertian ague, and gives directions for forming it by abstracting a letter from every line:

Donec in angustum redigatur liters conum.

The elements of this abracadabra I have only met on the gem here given; nor is it to be found in Montfaucon, Kircher, or any other writer whom I have consulted.

AEHIOYW	ABPACADABPA
EHIOYW	BPACADABPA
HIOYW	PACADABPA
IOYW	ACADABPA
OYW	CADABPA
YW	ADABPA
W	DABPA
	ABPA
	BPA
	PA
	A

A second figure of this kind is sculptured on a blood stone. Instead of a shield it holds in its left hand a serpent. Round the figure is the legend HHHMT. The letters H are supposed by Scaliger to be a repetition of the correspondent Hebrew ה, and a contraction of the tetragrammaton יהוה, or name for Jehovah; and the letters MT for ΜΕΓΑΣ, and so the inscription would imply 'the great God.' On the opposite face are the letters COYMAPTA, which frequently occur, and are supposed to be the name of one of the 365 angels in Gnostic mythology."

[To be continued.]

* This gem is engraved by Dr. Walsh; and we may probably, from its importance, have a copy transferred to the *Literary Gazette*.—*Ed.*

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Beauties of Don Juan; including those Passages only which are calculated to extend the real Fame of Lord Byron. 12mo. pp. 421. London, 1828. J. Cawthorn.

THIS is a very captivating volume, with all the impurities of Don Juan expurgated, and yet displaying a galaxy of connected lustre which is well calculated to throw a halo of splendour round the memory of Lord Byron. It may with perfect propriety be put into female hands, from which the levities and pruriencies of the entire poem too justly excluded it, in spite of all its charms of genius. As we never were the apologists of the noble poet's errors, nor the eulogists of those things in his productions which merited censure rather than praise, we were often accused of blindness to his high endowments, merely because we would discriminate between what was really worthy of fame and what was the reverse. It may, therefore, readily be supposed, that we approve of an undertaking like the present, which carries into practical effect those principles on which all we ever wrote about the author was founded.

The Practical Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and Complete Decorator. By Peter and M. A. Nicholson. 4to. London, 1828. Fisher and Co.

HOWEVER useful this work may be to operative cabinet-makers and upholders, as containing practical instructions, it is but little calculated to improve their taste. The highest praise we can bestow is, that it contains some well-drawn ornaments from the antique.

The Naval and Military Magazine (Quarterly). No. VI. London. Saunders and Otley.

WHEN this periodical first appeared, we expressed our approbation of the design, and our opinion, that if the plan were well executed, we should have a miscellany, not only calculated to please naval and military men, but to interest the community in general. We notice this Number, coming from new publishers, merely to say that great improvement is observable in the construction of the Magazine, and that it now bids fair to realise our expectation.

La Pia; or, the Fair Penitent. A Poem. 12mo. pp. 43. London. W. Booth.

FIVE shillings for forty-three pages! (said we as we opened this thin volume)—the matter must be of a very superior value: but there is no sufficient compensation. The rhymes, pressure, measure; breathe, weave; sleep, sweet; pillow, bedfellow, &c., are fatal in the way of terminations: and there are a number of entire lines as faulty in other points as in their endings. Thus—

"Yet still will you feel as unsocial and lone
As the ring-dove *who* finds that her *couplets* are gone.
* * * favourite lute,
And over its strings her light fingers were *lain*.
When *food*, and *prayer*, and *sleep*, relieve
The *hungry*, *irksome* toils of day;
And cheer life with *one* heavenly ray,"—

are evidence enough of careless or youthful composition, and extreme want of polish. Still there is a poetical feeling in some passages which augurs better of future efforts. The wish for

"A grave to *rot* the soul away,"

as well as the body, is a bold expression; and the following phrase, descriptive of the attachment to life in the miserable, is absolutely fine—

"Those hearts must needs be desolate
That cling unto the thing they hate."

Female Piety and Zeal exemplified in Memoirs of Mary Ann Ely. By her Brother, John Ely, Minister of Providence Chapel, Rochdale. 12mo. pp. 247. London. Westley and Davis.

THIS amiable enthusiast was a member of the sect called *Independents*; to which no individual is admitted who does not in the first instance satisfy the pastor and elders, &c. that he or she has been regenerated, or, in other words, has convincing experience of a second birth. The memoir dwells upon the melancholy story of a life preyed upon, and probably early destroyed, by religious feelings too strongly excited, but unmarked by any uncommon circumstance, with all the fervour of congenial sentiments; which we presume must be acceptable to parties of the same class and way of thinking.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 5, 1828.

DUST and heat have cleared Paris of half its population, and theatres of three parts of the audiences, to the dismay of the managers, who deem it most extraordinary that individuals do not prefer losing a portion of their corpulency by means of theatrical vapour, to decreasing the receipts of the *caisse*. Unfortunately, however, in the calculation of giving and receiving, the tragic and comic Muses have little to offer the public in exchange for the price of tickets and stewing alive, particularly since the inimitable Mlle. Mars has become an inhabitant of Albion, and the interesting Madame Malibran's departure for the "land of song." This fair cantatrice bade adieu to despairing amateurs in the character of Desdemona;—wreaths, verses, crowns, bouquets, garlands, &c. &c., were thrown at her feet, and all the chapter of gallantries brought into play: in fact, applauses were of a very *ultra* order. As well try to quench Mount Vesuvius, as repel the enthusiasm of a Frenchman; once it is inflamed, if not allowed to spend itself, an explosion is sure to be the

result. Of this, M. Le Commissaire de Police seemed aware, as, after having pronounced the words *ordres supérieurs*, *réglemens*, in a stentorian tone, he at length consented to the reappearance of the charming singer, who received the redoubled shower of praise with the utmost grace of acknowledgment, and *un baiser le plus gracieux* calmed in some measure the frenzy of the spectators. The divine Pasta (as she is termed here) was expected to replace Madame Malibran; but it appears English gold outweighs Parisian adulation.—Macready is now the sole *point d'attrait:* if he sometimes plays to less crowded benches, it is not that admiration is cooled, but that heat is increased; and as yet the public are not incombustible.

Owing to the King of Bavaria's encouragement of arts and sciences, many of the literati are about to visit that country, where they expect a more discerning public will reward the toils of their imagination. Indeed, it is most true that genius is crushed here; for if, unfortunately, a young man has not a fame established, or money to make it, in vain he may address himself either to booksellers, encyclopedists, managers of theatres, &c. &c. unless he knows all the by-ways and under-ways of intrigue, and will clip, change, modify, and betray his own sentiments, according to the caprice of his protector;—I ought to except scandal, this is a *ready-money traffic*, and scarcely ever refused by the lords of the press.

This morning the heart of the famous Gretry was removed from the hermitage of J. J. Rousseau at Montmorency, and is to be conveyed to Liege, there to be deposited.

An historical picture, representing Charles X. at Rheims, by a M. Delavel, in which all the grandees in the composition are to be portraits, is in an advanced state. The Dauphin gave a sitting the other day to the artist, who is highly spoken of as an excellent painter. It was reported the picture was to be exhibited in London, but I rather doubt the authenticity of the report.—I believe (for in this world of doubt it is dangerous to affirm,) that the child bearing the words "Napoleon, empereur," in its eyes, is shortly to set out for the British metropolis. I saw it the other morning, and am now convinced of the existence of the fact.

I forgot to mention, that they talk of shooting passengers across the channel by means of a large pistol charged with tow, as a speedier method than the subterranean blow-pipe.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FERNANDO PO:

Journal continued: Ascent of the Central Mountain.

TUESDAY, December 4th.—At day-break this morning was awoke by Cut-throat shaking me violently. Found myself almost frozen, so bitter cold had the night been. Though wrapped up in a blanket, and having all my clothes on, every joint in my body was benumbed. My poor Krooman made the most bitter lamentations, stating he had not been able to close his eyes all night, so extreme to him had been the cold throughout. He did not appear at all to relish his situation, wishing to return immediately to Clarence: it was with difficulty I could pacify him. The natives, I perceived on waking once or twice in the night, were huddled as close to the fire as it was possible to get without burning themselves. They lay on the bare ground, with a block of wood for a pillow, encircled in each other's arms. On rising, I sent my Krooman to a neighbouring brook for water, with which I commenced washing, as well as the want of every thing necessary would allow, to the no small amusement of some dozens of women and children who surrounded me, uttering the most ear-piercing yells. In the mean time I had set my fellow-traveller to prepare a fowl, which was given us for breakfast. This was soon done; the natives first of all pulling every feather out of the fowl while alive, then killing it, and placing it on the embers of last night's fire for a few minutes, and finally giving it to me barely sodden. In cooking their fowls and mutton, I have often seen them eat them hardly warm through. As yesterday, the Coco la Co sent me a supply of boiled yams and topé, on which I breakfasted. Being desirous to proceed this day as far as possible up the mountain, I proposed to Cut-throat and Incledon to start at once, as they had last evening promised to accompany me. This proposition met a decided negative, and I was told I must wait, as the Coco la Co wished to see me. After stopping some time, I endeavoured to go towards the hut of the chief; but this was not allowed. Determined by some means to see my friend Yāpā, (the chief's name), I pretended to want a stroll about the court-yard, a party of my last night's companions attending me. Taking advantage of their going into a hut to visit a sick man, I gave them the slip, making all possible haste to the Coco la Co's hut. Getting over the rails in the rear of it, I crept on my hands and knees to the front, to prevent being seen by any of the natives. I then moved as gently as I could a large board, which was placed at the entrance as a door. With all my caution, however, I made noise enough to awaken my friend, who lay in the first or outer apartment, in the middle of about a dozen women. He immediately arose and came towards me, apparently much angered. Aware of the necessity of securing his good-will, I retreated to a short distance from the door, and on his approach went towards him, and caught him by the hand, giving him to understand I was come for the sheep he promised me last night, thinking it the best mode of averting his wrath. Finding I had succeeded, by perceiving a smile on his generally morose countenance, I ventured to propose my going with him into his hut, to partake of some topé together. This would not do—he promptly informing me he would send me some when the sun was up; for they always calculate their time by the inclination or declination of that orb. I then, as a dernier resource, requested permission, by first pointing to the inside of the hut, and then placing my fore-finger on my eyes, (their manner of asking us to let them see any thing), to let me look at the inside of his dwelling. To this proposal I received a peremptory refusal, Mr. Coco taking me by the hand, and leading me to my own hut, where he gave me in charge of Cut-throat and Incledon, whom he had called in, and appeared to chide for allowing me to approach his seraglio. A short time after this, the chief sent for and presented me with a sheep, at the same time giving me to understand, that on our return to Clarence to-morrow, (pointing in that direction), he should expect *boullio* of the length of his arm. To this I assented apodictically, perceiving that nothing was given without the expectancy of a return being made. The sheep was then made fast to my wrist, (this is their usual manner of presentation), and I was stroked down from head to foot three times by the chief,—not a very pleasant ceremony. The sheep I gave to Cut-throat to kill, who well supported his claim to the cognomen, from the able and dexterous manner he performed that office on the devoted animal: in about five minutes it was skinned, quartered, and hung up in my cabin. Two quarters I sent to the Coco la Co, intending the other two for our dinner, the Krooman assuring me he could eat one himself, and assist me in despatching the other. Matters thus arranged for the day, I took my leave of the chief, and started with Incledon and my fellow-traveller up the mountain, accompanied a short distance by the whole strength of our little community. Our route was about south, leading to the summit of one of the lower ridges of the great mountain, about five miles from its longitudinal base. After leaving the chief's residence, I saw but one small village of about a dozen huts, with the exception of two by the side of a yam store, far up the hill. After walking a mile I found the palm-trees get scarce, a thick impervious brushwood arising every where around me. Our road now for miles lay up a tortuous rugged steep, requiring no trifling exertion to surmount it. I observed but few yam-stores in my ascent; what yams I saw in them, and they were not a few, were of the same small, unsavoury appearance with those given me to eat, when compared with those we get from the country round Clarence, which are on an average from seven to twelve pounds. I have weighed many which have turned the scale at eighteen pounds, whilst those I saw in these stores did not average more than four pounds each. Whether this discrepancy arose from a difference of soil, or whether the cold nocturnal breezes which sweep down the mountain, check their growth, I am unable to determine; but certain it is, there is a vast and striking contrast, both in size, appearance, and taste, between the productions of the two soils. About two miles from the summit of the ridge, we lost all trace of paths. Incledon now became excessively importunate for me to turn back; but being determined, if possible, to get a glimpse of the sea on the southern side of the island, on I went, forcing my way as well as I could through the brushwood. It was with difficulty I got Incledon forward, he repeatedly calling my attention to the vertebræ of a snake he had about his loins, and pointing to the high grass around us, wished me to believe we should be bitten by them if we advanced farther. Nothing but the most pressing entreaties and promises of reward could induce him to persevere, and then he kept largely in my rear; whereas, until now he had invariably preceded me. When within a short distance of the accomplishment of my views, my efforts were nearly being put a stop to, by my Krooman imbibing my conductor's feelings, and joining with him in persuasions not to proceed. Not heeding their entreaties, I however pressed on for some distance alone, the country around me being covered with brushwood, with plots of large forest-trees. After an arduous task, I succeeded in getting a distinct view of the sea, on the southern side, to my no small gratification and delight, imagining myself to be the first Englishman that had ever been permitted to go so far into the interior. The country round about this spot I found much the same as that of my last two miles. Wishing much to have advanced a mile or two in the direction of the peak of the mountain, it was with much chagrin, and no small regret, that I was compelled to retrace my steps homewards, my conductor positively refusing to allow me to advance.

The peak I found to be nearly parallel to the eastern extremity of the island, which may, I think, be called its longitudinal base, it having a gradual ascent from that point, running about E.S.E. From my greatest height, the ascent towards the apex appeared so precipitous, and intersected with so many ravines, as, in my humble opinion, to baffle all human exertion to reach the peak from this quarter. The view from this spot was one of delight and admiration. The stupendous, magnificent, and diversified objects around me engaging my whole attention. The mighty Cameroons, with the far-spreading continent of Afric's sultry shore, and the still, cerulean sea on one side, with the no less majestic mount of Fernando Po, with its delightful groves of palms, and gently sinuous declinations, to the far-spreading Atlantic on the other, were scenes which do not every day catch the eye of contemplative man. To say they were delightful, that they were beautiful, would be the expression of a superficial observer. That they were ennobling, that they were inspiring, would be the exclamation of a more rational surveyor.* Ineledon now pressing my return, we commenced our journey back, much in the same direction as we advanced. Suddenly my attention was called to the Krooman, who came running towards me, to inform me, "he find very good place to build captain house, and anoder for Missa Macaulay:" doubtless alluding to the country-dwelling of the latter gentleman, at Sierra Leone, he added, "all white men build house up hill," and "me know you come up here to find good place." I found the descent much worse than the ascent, being obliged to run at times some hundred yards before we could stop ourselves. From the appearance of the country on the summit of the ridge I ascended, I am of opinion no natives whatever reside in the mountains, where there was not the vestige of a path. Near our journey's end we fell in with the same man who gave me a bottle of topé on our advance, as he did another at this time, without asking any recompense. This conduct, coupled with what I experienced in their huts, convinces me, that whatever defects they may have, they possess kindness and hospitality in no ordinary degree.

[We have yet a few columns of this interesting Journal, to which we purpose giving insertion as soon as the numerous calls of more temporary matters will permit.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, July 5th.—Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. W. Fawssett, Magdalen Hall, Grand Compounder; Rev. G. Proctor, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, Friday, July 4th.—At the congregation on Saturday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. B. Sumner, King's College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. Banfather, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Ogilby, C. D. Wake, H. J. Davis, Trinity Hall.

At the same congregation, J. Lee, B.A. Trinity College, Dublin, was incorporated *ad eundem* of this University.

On Monday the Chancellor conferred the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law on his Grace the Duke of St. Alban's and the Right Hon. Earl de la Warr. The following degrees were also conferred by his royal highness:—

Licentiate in Physic.—J. B. Roberts, Corpus Christi College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—E. Romilly, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. E. Perry, C. Nevill, W. Spearman, and J. R. Cree, Trinity College.

Bachelor in Music.—S. Matthews, Trinity College.

The following gentlemen of Oxford were admitted *ad eundem* of this University:—J. Sleath, D.D. Wadham College; W. Mills, B.D., N. W. Senior, M.A. Magdalen College; and J. James, M.A. St. John's College.

Tuesday being commencement day, on which the creation of Doctors and Masters of Arts takes place, the proctors held a congregation at seven o'clock, and created the following

Masters of Arts.—G. J. Pennington, J. Wilder, H. Battiscombe, J. Packe, P. Still, G. Hume, King's College; E. Ventris, W. H. Wayne, J. Dunningham, J. Lee, E. W. Peshall, J. Morley, W. F. Hamilton, H. E. Beville, P. B. Barlow, H. T. Wilkinson, F. Smith, St. Peter's College; S. Crowther, C. Randolph, W. O. Ruspini, G. A. Paske, J. N. Calcraft, D. Ashburnham, R. Davies, W. Williamson, R. C. Burton, Clare Hall; C. Jeaffreson, B. W. Beatson, C. Perring, C. Mathews, H. Hargreaves, J. Evans, J. P. Byde, Pembroke Hall; C. Borton, W. C. Twiss, H. Cape, H. Richardson, C. A. Brook, G. Coldham, J. B. Reade, D. Maude, Caius College; A. Hussey, J. Scholefield, T. J. Dallin, A. Fielding, P. Alpe, R. Cock, H. Calthrop, J. E. Everitt, J. H. Ward, Corpus Christi College; J. Sturges, R. P. Roupell, R. Thompson, J. Challis, T. Riddell, E. Johnstone, W. Goode, C. W. Bollaerts, J. Bishton, F. S. Flood, H. D. Ward, W. M. Praed, J. H. Hawkins, H. W. Bucke, J. Yong, H. Bateman, E. Davies, W. J. Pinwell, W. Barry, J. Pratt, C. M. Macleod, E. H. Cropley, F. C. Knowles, J. H. Puget, W. H. Marriott, R. Andrews, E. St. Aubyn, L. H. Bland, T. W. Helps, W. J. H. Colquhoun, W. H. Torriano, F. Hildyard, A. Hanbury, A. T. Malkin, R. Williamson, G. W. Sicklemore, J. H. Hill, E. Cookson, T. F. Hall, W. H. Ord, J. Parker, E. Pearson, H. G. Trail, H. Lewin, G. Willmore, J. Warne, C. B. Knight, L. T. Wigram, H. Claridge, L. O'Brien, T. S. Godfrey, E. Beales, J. C. Parr, W. C. Lambert, E. Ombler, E. Pearce, L. Gwynne, R. K. Harvey, J. Crocker, A. Lodge, Trinity College; T. Ferris, W. H. Greene, J. H. Bright, G. Hepper, T. Nayler, F. J. Spitta, J. H. Pooley, F. C. B. Earle, H. Cleveland, C. Cutbush, C. H. Hartshorne, J. F. Isaacson, T. C. S. Kynnersley, R. Proctor, T. T. Lewis, T. Newton, E. Wilson, R. Ousby, W. Lonsdale, T. Harrison, J. Metcalfe, S. Donne, T. C. Cane, C. Neville, R. Turner, H. J. L. Warner, J. M. Wakefield, W. Falcon, P. J. Chabot, W. L. Gibbon, F. Casson, S. Dunn, A. Youlden, H. Moule, G. R. Clarke, M. B. Darby, L. Pickering, R. L. Hopper, W. Wilson, R. Willan, W. R. Skilton, R. H. Fielden, C. O. Dayman, W. S. Bond, C. T. Clarke, T. L. Lane, E. D. Pitman, G. Lister, W. H. Wilkinson, H. Langham, T. Marshall, J. Hooper, G. Osborne, St. John's College; J. Penny, R. T. Adnutt, G. A. Barnaby, H. Speke, C. Tomblin, Emmanuel College; J. Graham, T. Ramshay, R. Barrick, R. Hustwick, T. Griffith, E. C. Wilson, G. H. Webster, J. Longhurst, B. Donne, M. H. Jones, N. Padwick, C. Blathwayt, W. Hammond, B. Gilpin, W. Godfrey, Queen's College; H. Wedgwood, M. Mayson, P. Veel, R. Johnson, J. Ward, J. T. Dorington, H. Stuart, J. Forbes, H. Williams, J. Phillips, M. J. Berkeley, E. J. Ellison, W. Spencer, J. H. Arthy, Christ College; R. Heathfield, A. Campbell, W. B. James, E. Bower, W. Chenery, C. C. Bartholomew, J. Holdship, H. A. A. Oakes, P. H. Palmer, Jesus College; F. L. Wollaston, G. Elliot, T. White, Trinity Hall; G. H. Hine, R. Skinner, B. Weaver, C. M. Barne, T. Nunn, J. Saunders, Sidney College; E. H. Cosens, H. T. Walford, H. Montagu, K. N. O'Brien Hall, R. Blakelock, C. Luck, J. C. Brooke, E. Serjeantson, J. King, Catharine Hall; J. H. Raven, S. W. Wand, J. P. Simpson, W. K. Fletcher, J. Evans, G. Blackburne, Magdalen College; J. G. Cross, H. B. Longe, G. A. F. Chichester, J. O. Deakin, W. J. St. Aubyn, Downing College.

His royal highness the chancellor created the following doctors:—

Doctors in Divinity.—The Rev. J. B. Sumner, of King's College, Prebendary of Durham; Rev. S. Birch, late Fellow of St. John's College, Prebendary of St. Paul's; Rev. J. C. Miller, Queen's College.

Doctor in Physic.—S. Luke, Jesus College.

After the creations, Mr. C. Wordsworth, of Trinity College, recited his English poem for the Chancellor's medal, his Latin ode and epigrams for Sir W. Browne's medals, and his exercise for the Porson prize; and Mr. F. Tennyson, of Trinity College, his Greek ode for Sir W. Browne's medal.

At a congregation yesterday, R. M. Baddeley and M. Devenish, of Jesus College, were admitted Masters of Arts; and J. E. Massie, of Queen's College, Bachelor of Arts.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Analysis of the Proceedings 1827-8.

VI. "Thoughts and Conjectures relative to the Book and History of Job." By the Rev. Edward Davies, R.A.R.S.L.—The author begins his memoir (which occupied the time allotted for reading during six meetings of the Society) by a statement of his reasons for differing from the opinion entertained by some of the Jewish doctors, and of the early Christians, that the book of Job was composed or translated by Moses, for the consolation of the Israelites in their Egyptian bondage; but he admits the probability that Moses introduced the volume to his countrymen as sacred and canonical. He likewise contends, in opposition to some modern writers, that this singular book is no parable, but a true history; and examines and refutes the hypothesis maintained by Warburton and Orton, that it is a poem of the dramatic form, composed by one of the prophets during the period of the captivity. Having adduced his reasons for receiving the Book of Job as an authentic narrative, relating to a real historical character, he proceeds to establish the following points:—that Uz, the country of Job, was in the eastern part of Idumea, and contiguous to the southern border of Judea; that the particular city of the patriarch's residence was Bozrah; and that Job, whom we are led to seek among the Idumean princes, was the same as Jobab, mentioned as one of the kings of that country in the 36th chapter of Genesis. This supposition being admitted, the era of the patriarch's afflictions must be placed about 1923 years B.C. The instruments of those afflictions were four armies of Chaldæans and Sabæans, whose irruption is identified with the expedition of the four kings, related in the 14th chapter of Genesis. From these various coincidences Mr. Davies infers, that Job was no other than *that righteous king and priest of the true God* to whom Abraham, after rescuing his brother Lot from the hands of those four kings, is stated to have paid tithes of all. The name, *Melchizedek*, *King of Righteousness*, given to this person by Moses, or *King of Salem*, which St. Paul interprets, *King of Peace*, was not his proper or original name, but a title descriptive of his character, and is eminently characteristic of *the most patient of men*. The identity between this mysterious personage and the patriarch Job, is farther confirmed by several particulars in St. Paul's account of him, and by the figurative epitome of his history which appears in the 110th Psalm. The date and author of the book are next considered. The result of an examination of the various evidence relating to these points is, that the work existed in an age long prior to the date of the principal prophecies; that it is not the production of any known Jewish writer, nor of Elihu, as some commentators have thought, but chiefly of Job himself; and that the whole was written very shortly after the occurrence of the events which it records. An analysis of its contents follows:—it inculcates the acknowledgment and worship of the One Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul—it contains references to the leading events in primitive history. Among other notices of a highly cultivated state of society, we find allusions to various gradations of rank—to the cultivation of astronomy and natural history; to the invention of writing and some kind of engraving; to the knowledge of medicine and architecture, and to the use of all the principal metals. Mention is likewise made of musical instruments of different kinds; of a variety of implements of war, and of instruments used in hunting and fishing: but especially of numerous particulars relative to agriculture and the common arts of life. The Book of Job, therefore, exhibits the industry of man in the primitive ages as already called into action, and his genius employed in extensive researches. Nor was the various knowledge displayed by the personages introduced, derived from the surrounding nations, the Phœnicians, Babylonians, and Egyptians. The discoveries of these nations must at that period have been recent; while these personages ascribe their knowledge to the wisdom of their ancestors, and expressly disclaim intercourse with strangers. This knowledge, then, contains the genuine traditions of Noah and his immediate successors. The writer states his conviction of the import-

ance of the Book of Job to the divine as well as to the historian. He regards its preservation as a special act of providence, in order to confirm the testimony of Moses, and to transmit to posterity the valuable maxims of the patriarchs. Nor, considering the simple nature of prophetic poetry, in which the imagination of the writer merely colours the style without distorting the facts, ought its poetical character to detract from the confidence due to this composition as history. Even the celebrated expostulation in the 38th and following chapters, in which "the Lord answers Job out of the whirlwind," which some critics have represented as a mere act of a tragedy, he considers in the light of a visible interposition of the Almighty, preceded by the most grand and awful phenomena, intended to humble the pride and to confirm the faith of the patriarch. The memoir concludes with some remarks upon the typical nature of Job's character and sufferings, with reference to those of Christ.—*Read Dec. 5th and 19th, 1827; Jan. 2d and 16th, Feb. 20th, and March 19th, 1828.*

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

DUBLIN, 25th May.—A numerous meeting of the Academy was this day held at their house in Grafton Street; the Provost, V.P. in the chair. The Secretary read a letter from Colonel Edward Hill, V.P., a Member of Council, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, resigning, in consequence of his going to reside in England.

The Secretary then announced, that he had received three essays, which had been transmitted to him from candidates for the prize question proposed by the Academy; viz. "the social and political state of the people of Ireland, from the commencement of the Christian era to the twelfth century — their advancement or retrogression in the arts, and the character of their moral and religious opinions as connected with civil and ecclesiastical institutions," &c. &c. These essays are now under the consideration of the Council. Several lithographic plates, intended to illustrate the essay on the architecture of Ireland previous to the English Conquest—and other essays, ordered to be printed in the Transactions—were laid before the Academy. Sir W. Betham exhibited two brazen seals; one found near Guisnes, in France, on the site of le Champ de Drap d'Or, of John M'Carty, an Irish worthy, who probably attended Henry VIII. on that memorable occasion. The other was an official seal of a legate of one of the Popes to the kingdom of Ireland, of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; found in digging a grave in the churchyard of Clonmellan, in the county of Dublin.

The Secretary then proceeded to read an essay by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast, on the character and disposition of King James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England; accompanied with many original autograph letters of that monarch and his secretary or minister Maitland, written from Denmark while the king was in that country, where he went to espouse his queen. They were addressed to "Maister Robert Bruce, Minister of the Evangile at Endinburgh;" and are now in the possession of his descendant and representative, the said Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast. These letters afford much information of James's character, at a period when little is known of him. They are dated in the year 1589, and are a valuable addition of historic evidence. The essay is directed to be printed in the next volume of the Transactions.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lodge's Illustrious Portraits. Folio, Part XXX. Quarto, Part XXXII. Harding and Lepard.

THE first fasciculus, noticed above, of this splendid work completes its third volume in folio, and, with it, fulfils the original and supplemental design,* in a manner which reflects great honour upon the publishers. Such a publication, begun with so much of promise, so carried on, and so concluded, is rare in the history of the arts and literature of any country. We are not, therefore, surprised, but, on the contrary, highly gratified, at a consequence which has ensued from this spirited instance of good faith and liberality; namely, that a third series, in continuation of the work, has been very loudly and unanimously called for, and that Messrs. Harding and Lepard, thus cheered and encouraged, have undertaken the task. It is to embrace the illustrious circle of personages who have distinguished the last century, commencing with Locke, in 1704, and ending with Nelson, in 1805. This, like the second set, will consist of ten parts, with six portraits in each, forming a volume of sixty portraits, the fourth, and not the least acceptable, of these superb ornaments of our libraries.

Corresponding with the foregoing, the quarto edition has proceeded with equal merits upon its smaller scale. Part XXXII. gives us the first Lord Somers, Henry Rich Earl of Holland, Francis Lord Cottington, Thomas Cecil Earl of Exeter, and Archibald Campbell Marquis of Argyle: but the plates having been found insufficient to supply the demand for this edition, we are glad to see that it is announced to be re-engraved and re-produced in monthly parts, with three portraits in each; and that the exhibition of the drawings in Pall-Mall has already contributed largely to fill the list of subscribers.

Illustrations of Virginia Water, and the Adjacent Scenery. No. I. By W. A. Delamotte, Jun. Drawn on stone by W. Gauci. Bulcock.

SLIGHT but pleasing sketches of the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of his Majesty's "favourite and frequent retreat." One of them, we mean the view of the ruins which have been constructed near the arch which carries the Sunning-hill road over the private drive of the park that leads from the margin of the lake to the Belvidere pavilion, reminds us of a complaint made by one of our correspondents (we have not ourselves seen the spot), which we will briefly state. He observes that these ruins, which are the remains of various ancient temples, brought to this country at different, some at distant, periods, although they have a fine and picturesque effect, are not so arranged as to convey any idea of the edifices which they originally contributed to form; and, consequently, that they present to the eye of taste a mass of incongruities. We are surprised to hear this.

Duke of Wellington.—Mr. Flint has just published an exquisite miniature bust of his Grace; full of character, and a striking likeness. It is of the same size, and may be a companion to that of the lamented George Canning, upon the setting of whose light, the star of Wellington rose in the political horizon. Well may these two great men be remembered together, though, perhaps, with some feelings not altogether in harmonious unison.

La Ronde du Sabat.—Under this title a large lithographic print, by Boulanger, has just made its appearance at Paris. It is the most diabolical and infernal scene that perhaps the pencil ever sketched. Satan and his court must certainly have been sitting to the artist for their portraits. In looking at it, the alarmed spectator fancies that he is inhaling the fumes of burning brimstone. A dense smoke pervades the vaults of the sacred edifice in which the nocturnal assembly of demons is collected; lurid flames burst from every part; Lucifer and his legion have evidently just rushed in on a whirlwind. Hobgoblins, dragons, vampires, sorcerers, necromancers, all kinds of horrid and monstrous shapes, linked together by their claws, their wings, or chains of serpents, are furiously dancing. In the midst of the hideous cotillon stands Satan, *dressed in the habit of an archbishop*, hiding his horns under his mitre, and beating time for the amiable party; while on each side a dozen devils, *disguised as monks*, are chanting in full chorus!—*Paris Paper.* After this, we presume it will not be contended that the French authorities are very bigotted or intolerant.

A Cup, in Gold. Designed, engraved, and published by J. W. Cook.

INTENDED to record, in an appropriate and tasteful manner, Lord Byron's opinion of wine. Such a cup, actually formed of the precious metal, would be a very splendid and attractive object; especially when a magnum of claret had been poured into it!

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams. No. XI. Black, Edinburgh; Longman and Co. London.

WE regret to say that this is the last Number but one of this beautiful little work. The plates which it contains are, Castri, the ancient Delphi, from the supposed remains of the Temple of Apollo; part of Misitra, the ancient Sparta; Mountain Scenery, Gulf of Aulon, in Albania; Plain of Cheronea; and View looking across the Isthmus of Corinth, from the Sea. Our favourites are Misitra, and the Gulf of Aulon; but they are all admirable.

STOTHARD'S PICTURES: HOBDAY'S GALLERY.

IT is much to be desired, that some of these master-pieces of one of our most imaginative and best painters, should be added to the Hogarth's, the Gainsborough's, and the Wilkie's, in the National Gallery. His Shakespeare characters, Diana and Nymphs, &c. belong, in every respect, to the finest graphic productions of our native school.

MR. PINNEY'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES,

For sale by commission; 53, Pall Mall.

ALTHOUGH this collection is situated between the British Institution and Mr. Hobday's Gallery, it is not to be considered in the predicament of the Irishman's bad shilling, to be *passed* between two good ones. It contains many very clever pictures, ancient and modern —principally the former. Among those in the first rank, is a picture, by Annibal Caracci, of

* The original design, or first series, was completed in two vols. folio. A second series, to include memoirs and portraits of great characters excluded by the limitations of the former, was then demanded by the public voice, and is now finished in a style equally satisfactory. We have no doubt the third series now proposed will be quite as popular, if not more so, as it approaches nearer to our own times.

Christ healing the Blind; admirable for the simplicity and dignity of the action, and for the deep and mellow tone of the colouring. This picture strongly reminded us of Opie's manner. There are, also, a beautiful and graceful group of *Venus and Cupid*, by L. Cambiaso, in which may be recognised the union of Corregio and Parmegiano; a circular *Landscape*, by G. Poussin, in his finest style; a small landscape by Mola, with a *Nymph Sleeping*—quite a gem—rich both in effect and in colour; a composition, by Rubens, of *Venus and Adonis;* a clever sketch, by the same, of *Peace and War;* (among the moderns) the *Cardinal Beaufort*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the well-known *Richmond Hill*, by Hofland, &c.; in all, 179 works; most of which possess greater or less claims to the notice of the artist and the amateur.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PERFORMERS.

In our No. of June 28th we noticed the absence of Mr. Braham and Madame Stockhausen from Madame de Vigo's concert, in the programme of which they were announced. A letter from M. Stockhausen very satisfactorily explains the absence of Madame, who caught a severe cold and sore throat in travelling from Manchester by night as well as by day, to fulfil her engagements in London; and the whole course of Mr. Braham's professional life is a sufficient proof that, eminent as he is, he is one of the last persons to neglect his duty or disappoint public expectation. In these particular cases, therefore, it was not with any view to blame that we mentioned what happened; but the evil generally is of so frequent occurrence, and the non-appearance of musical performers who have been announced for concerts and other entertainments so often demands excuses and apologies, that we are of opinion audiences would do well to mark their displeasure in the most sensible manner whenever they are treated so unceremoniously and uncivilly. As far as the matter goes it is a fraud, and should be punished with the more severity, because no class of people are so amply paid for their talents and exertions (when they condescend to make them) as musical, and especially vocal, performers.* Indeed, the monstrous sums now demanded in this way must, if persevered in, put an end to dramatic speculations in Opera; for it is impossible to pay even two or three singers out of any profits that can be realised. Their exactions remind us of a manager, who applied to a celebrated vocalist to sing upon some occasion: the terms required were half the receipts. Very well; as one singer does not make a concert, away went our manager to another distinguished songstress; and lo! her terms also were half the receipts!! Upon this, a pause ensued: for the engager had just calculation enough in him to discover, that if he gave the two halves in this way to the two performers, he would literally leave nothing for himself.—Another of the necessary bad consequences is, the cruel injustice which is done to individuals of great merit, though not at the very head of their profession, who are quite inadequately remunerated, while the principal idols, like Aaron's serpent, swallow up all.

* "We shall probably have it in our power next week," says the editor of the Cambridge Chronicle (speaking of the Festival in that place), "to give an exact estimate of the receipts and expenditure: *the latter, however, owing to the enormous sums demanded by first-rate vocalists, has been so great, that we do not anticipate a considerable balance for the hospital*, independent of the collection and donations."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lays of a Minstrel. The Poetry by T. H. Bayley, Esq.: the Symphonies and Accompaniments by J. B. Cramer. Vol. I. Cramer; and Callcott.

Mr. Bayley, whom we remember to have treated roughly as a novelist, is one of the sweetest and most deservedly popular lyrical writers of the present day. The simplicity of his style is finely adapted to the ballad and the natural air in music; and his sentiments are often as touching as they are far removed from the common-places of song-inditing. He sometimes falls short of his purpose—for it is extremely difficult to keep the just boundary between the simple and the puerile or affected; but even in these cases of partial failure, there is generally a redeeming quality which displays the taste and talent of the poet. Thus, for instance, the concluding couplet in the rather indifferent composition (we speak of the poetry) "I'd be a Butterfly" is so pretty, that we forgive all the preceding triteness about nightingales and roses; while in "Oh no, we never mention her!" there is nothing to do but to admire the pathos of common feelings most justly and exquisitely expressed.

With regard to the twelve pieces which constitute this first volume of *Minstrel Lays*, they partake of the same characteristics. They are either beautiful, or, in some immaterial parts, fall short of the standard at which the writer has aimed. No. 1. the *Bridemaid*, like the song last mentioned, gives a new and touching turn to an every-day occurrence, and thus comes home to the human heart, which is seldom or never reached by artifice and ornament. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting this charming ballad.

"The bridal is over, the guests are all gone,
The bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now.

With smiles and caresses she deck'd the fair bride,
And then led her forth with affectionate pride:
She knew that together no more they should dwell,
Yet she smiled when she kiss'd her and whisper'd farewell.

She would not embitter a festival day,
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness away:
She hears the bells ringing—she sees her depart,—
She cannot veil longer the grief of her heart.

She thinks of each pleasure, each pain, that endears
The gentle companion of happier years;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now."

No. 2, the *Beacon Light* is also a mournful thought, and treated with much tenderness. No. 3 has nothing particular upon which to remark; and No. 4, on a remembered melody, is only a variation of an old and often-sung strain. *Adeline* (5) is at once playful and pleasing; and the next is another pretty version of woman's love and fidelity; but the phrase "use me well," addressed to her lover, is an example of the lapses to which we have alluded. The remaining six pieces we will not specially notice: of them, *Gay to the last*—*Hand in hand, love*—and *Benedicite, Daughter* (the last a light and charming production)—are our favourites. Cramer's music is quite worthy of the best of the words.

Six admired Duets from Rossini's Operas. Arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa. Books IV. and V. J. Boosey and Co.

We do not remember to have seen the preceding three books, but if they resemble these two, they are magnificent and delightful. The twelve compositions are from Semiramide, Armida, Il Turco, Conradino, Tancredi, and Maometto.

Two Spanish Melodies, &c. By Mlle. A. Riviere. Same Publishers.

Both are very pretty: Viva Siempre beautiful. *L'Espérance*, by the same, &c. is a romance; but does not display equal good taste. *Ah! vous aimerez, mon Amie* (published by Bellegueule), and *Honneur a la plus belle* (Boosey), are both better, both very sweet, and both very French in their style.

Sleep on, dearest Ellen. Composed by P. H. Bernard, Esq. of the 68th Light Company. Latour.

The multitude of songs and serenades which have been written, desiring fair ladies to sleep, to wake, to watch, to walk out by the moonshine, to open their casements, to sing, to play the lute, and commit a hundred other midnight gambols, without the least inquiry into the condition of their apparelling at that unseasonable and generally unreasonable hour,—has often surprised us, as we doubt not it has often surprised them. "Come forth, my love," breathed under a lattice, just as the last string of the night-cap was tied, and the dear (or *delishhshuss*, as Jones has it in the drama,) creature was stepping into bed, must be a little laughable request at the moment; and indeed we can suppose many circumstances which would make it peculiarly inconvenient to pay immediate attention to the prayers of Philanders on the outside of the chamber and house. We consider it as anomalous, that a gentleman belonging to the "Light" should, above all others, enforce the expediency of sleeping upon his adored: had not she better open her eyes and peep out upon the light? Nevertheless, though the poetry is but so so—about *stars* that *melt*—the music is very pretty.

Oh! Time is like a River. The Words from Henry Neele. Composed by C. H. Bernard. Latour.

Still more sweet and pretty. Mr. Bernard's compositions do credit to his taste and feeling.

Miss Paton.—Our musical friends will be much gratified to learn that the health of that favourite and accomplished vocalist, Miss Paton, is happily and completely re-established. We had an opportunity of hearing her a few evenings since at a private party, when she was in fine voice, and executed several of her best songs with equal taste and brilliancy. She has, we find, declined any engagement at either of the summer theatres in town this season; but proceeds early in August to Salisbury, and appears at the musical festival held there on the 9th; thence to that at Hereford, in September; and to similar meetings at Manchester and Bury, in October: after which she returns to London, and will, in all probability, resume her engagements at one of the winter theatres.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

The houses here are becoming thin—signs of the approaching termination of the season. On Tuesday, *Nina* was repeated, with the first act of *La Gazza Ladra*,—Pasta and Sontag performing as usual. Signor Velluti has entered into an engagement for six representations, and is to have a benefit on Thursday next. This will afford some support to the last days of the Opera, and is an additional proof of the spirit which M. La Porte has shewn in the management of the theatre. A new ballet is also preparing, to aid the above. Mdlle. Dupuis has left for Paris, and is suc-

ceeded by Mdlle. Duval. Judging from the appearance of one of the fair figurantes, there will shortly be an accession to the *corps de ballet*.

Mr. Ebers' benefit, on Thursday evening, was, we are glad to say, very fully and fashionably attended: a proof of public feeling and sympathy, which it is a pleasure to record.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A NEW melodrame, founded on one of the Popular German Tales, was produced at this theatre on Monday last. Our readers will recollect the story of the Bottle-Imp in the above-named amusing collection of legends; and the adapter (we believe, Mr. Peake) has ingeniously combined the most interesting situations of the story with some very diverting matter of his own—in which Keeley does him ample justice. *Willibald* (for so is he named) is the confidential servant of a young harum-scarum German, *Albert* (Wood), who is induced by *Nicola* (James Vining) to purchase the magic bottle, which ensures the fulfilment of every wish to its possessor, upon the rather awkward condition, that if not sold previous to death, for less than the sum it last cost, the wretched proprietor becomes the prey of the insidious fiend it contains. The bottle passes from purchaser to purchaser with great spirit, and tolerable *dram-atic* probability; and being at length fortunately resold by Albert to Nicola for the "smallest coin in the world," the wicked Spaniard, unable to get rid of it according to the condition, is claimed, amidst the flames of the Inquisition, by his terrible creditor. Throughout these incidents, Willibald—who becomes an agent in the sale of the bottle, purchases it unconsciously himself, palms it off to a Jew, &c.—was the main support of the piece. Nothing could be more perfect than Keeley's entire performance:—his perusal of the Dissertation on Devils, and his first sight of the horrible Bottle-Imp, were irresistible, both from their novelty and nature. Mr. James Vining played Nicola with great judgment and feeling:—we have no doubt of his becoming a favourite with the town. The music, by Mr. Rodwell, is clever, and some of it very pretty. A song by Wood in the second act was loudly and deservedly encored. The first scene, Venice, with canal and gondolas, is an admirable picture; but the Grand Hall of the Inquisition, destroyed by fire, is a bungling business, and, in our opinion, the only blot upon the entertainment, which was received with much favour, and will, we dare say, continue to bring full houses.

VARIETIES.

A Long Table.—A gentleman, writing the History of the Table, has made a curious calculation. Solomon the wise gave a feast in the court-yard of the Temple, at which were consumed 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep. This feast, then, would require sixty acres of ground for kitchens, 17,000 cooks, and allowing one pound of meat to each guest, and eighteen inches for each seat, the table would extend the whole length of Solomon's kingdom, viz. from Dan to Beersheba, or from Whitechapel Church to Bristol Cross!!

Thames Tunnel.—A public subscription, for the completion of this remarkable *under*-taking, has been commenced under the auspices of the Duke of Wellington; and a considerable sum already raised. It would be a great pity were it to be left unfinished, if, as we believe, any tolerable assurance can be given of its practicability within a certain limited expense.

The celebrated Doctor Chaussier, physician and professor at the Ecole de Médecine, at Paris, made his exit some time ago, after having contributed to the death of some, and perhaps added to the life of others. *En vrai médecin*, he died without demanding the consolations of religion, and ordered that his remains should not be presented at the church. As usual, the scholars bore his body to the grave, as a last proof of their respect. The police attempted to oppose this custom, but did not succeed, as the military refused to interfere; and after a short combat, the cortège continued its march unimpeded to Père la Chaise, followed by a deputation of the Institute and the Faculty of Medicine.

Epigram on lately finding the church of Notre Dame (Paris) very thinly attended by the ladies:

A l'église de Notre Dame on trouve tous les *maris*;
Mais où est l'église de nos dames de Paris?—S. W.

New Paddles.—Mr. J. L. Stevens, of Plymouth, has taken out patents for paddles recently invented and improved by him. This invention consists of a method of propelling vessels by the agency of a series of paddles attached to a three-throw crank, with the aid of steam or other power, and which may be used as a substitute for undershot water-wheels, &c. One set of paddles is always acting against the water, and sometimes two sets at the same time; and the chief advantages obtained by this method over the common wheel are—1. As the inventor's paddles work in a vertical position (with sufficient allowance for the impetus of the vessel), they cause a saving of the power now consumed by the descending and ascending paddles, and produce an increased application of power. 2. The avoidance of unpleasant vibration and consequent wear and tear in the vessel and engines; and also of the run of backwater, which is so very dangerous to wherries, &c. preventing the introduction of steamers upon canals: and, 3. The capability of increased velocity, commensurate with the power applied, not being governed with the maximum of motion that limits the revolutions of the common wheel.—Though difficult to explain without an engraving, this seems to be altogether a very ingenious and valuable invention.

Supply of Water to the Metropolis.—We some time ago inserted in the *Literary Gazette* an account of Mr. Martin's plan for supplying with pure water, and materially beautifying, the western end of the metropolis. Mr. Martin has recently republished his plan with some additional observations, in the course of which he says—

"Since this plan was published, the report of the Commissioners appointed to examine the state of the Thames Water has been printed, and its utter insalubrity has been sufficiently proved. Two recent visits to the Coln have confirmed the designer in his opinions; he has ascertained the height of the fall from the proposed point of the Coln to the Paddington reservoir, which will be at the rate of a foot and a half to every mile, and can therefore be assured of a rapidity of current sufficient to preserve the water in complete purity. The fall of the New River is said to be at the rate of four or five inches only per mile, and its course is consequently so sluggish as barely to prevent stagnation. One important circumstance, however, the proposer has omitted to remark upon, namely, the necessity of tunnelling the hill situated about a mile and a half north of Uxbridge. After this the country would admit of nearly a direct line of route, till the stream should arrive by the canal near Northolt. The whole length of the route proposed would not exceed fifteen miles. It has been asserted that the Coln could not afford a supply of water adequate to the demand; this is, however, erroneous. A personal inspection of the river during a summer of unusual drought, afforded to the present proposer evidence of an ample supply; and inquiries from several persons resident for years upon its banks, were equally satisfactory. The stream is ample, and the quality is excellent. An objection has also been made by a few persons to the proposed improvements in the parks; but a slight consideration will suffice to prove their propriety. It is absolutely necessary that a quantity of water greater than that considered to be demanded for immediate consumption should be provided; and it is obvious that the superabundant quantity must have a channel by which to escape. These channels are already almost entirely formed by the beds of the stagnant waters in the park; which, by the accession of this stream, would be at once beautified, cleansed, and made wholesome. The proposed bath would probably make a return for its cost in the small sums raised from bathers; and the remaining expense would be merely for cutting short channels of communication between the stagnant waters. Such an objection to a plan that would at once beautify and render more healthful those parks which have been happily named *the lungs* of this great city, must therefore surely be abandoned."

I HAVE drank the cup of happiness
Till pleasure's fount was dry!
The streams of joy soon waste themselves—
Its springs our search defy.

I have drank the cup of bitterness,
And still it overflows:
In broken hearts the spring is found—
Eternal spring of woes!

Now let me taste another cup—
Oblivion's blessed draught!
Ah! 'tis, like that of Tantalus,
Forbidden to be quaff'd! ULRIC.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A work on Insanity, by Dr. Burrows, will shortly appear.

Mr. Bernays announces a Selection from the German Poets, with Grammatical and Explanatory Notes, for the use of Students in German literature.

A second edition of Plain Advice to the Public to facilitate the Making of their own Wills, is in a state of forwardness. This work, the first edition of which was published anonymously, and which was ascribed, by mistake, in the index of the *Literary Gazette* for 1826, to Dr. Kitchiner, is from the pen of Mr. John H. Brady, many years a clerk in the Legacy Duty Office, Somerset House.

The Subaltern's Log-Book, including Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters, with Incidents during Voyages to and from, and a residence in, India—so long announced, may be forthwith expected.

Mr. William Peter, of Christ Church, Oxford, has nearly ready a small volume of Sacred Songs, or Portions of the Psalms Paraphrased.

In the Press.—Past Feelings Renovated, or Ideas occasioned by the Perusal of Dr. Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions.—A New French-English and English-French Dictionary, compiled from Boyer and Deletanville, by D. Boileau.—A new edition, in a pocket volume, of the Cambrian Tourist.—A new edition of the Rev. Abraham Booth's Pædobaptism examined, with the Defences, in 3 vols. 8vo., under the superintendence of a Committee of the Baptist Fund.—The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, edited by his Friend, Henry Vernon.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Thursday ..	3	From 60. to 83.		29.63 to 29.89	
Friday	4	—— 63. — 73.		29.76 — 29.83	
Saturday ..	5	—— 62. — 76.		29.84 — 29.85	
Sunday	6	—— 50. — 72.		29.80 — 29.81	
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Tuesday ..	8	—— 46. — 78.		29.70 — 29.60	
Wednesday	9	—— 59. — 68.		29.52 — 29.53	

Wind variable, prevailing S.W.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Portugal Illustrated. By the Rev. W. M. Kinsey, B.D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, &c. Royal 8vo. pp. 500. London, 1828.

THE title-page is quaintly enough devoid of a publisher's name, though, from the advertisements, we perceive that this office belongs to the respectable house of Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.; no bad passport for a book into decent society. Portugal, however, possessing at this period as much of public interest as Portugal can possess, the volume comes forth very opportunely under any circumstances; and the reverend author's illustrations are likely to meet with as much, or more, attention than their intrinsic qualities would otherwise command.

Mr. Kinsey visited Portugal for a few months last year, landed at Lisbon, stayed some time in the capital, and afterwards made a tour, which included Cintra, Porto, Vianna, the Minho, Valença, Braga, Amarante, the Douro, Lamego, Aveiro, Coimbra, the Mondego, Leiria, Mafra, &c. &c. Upon these places his original remarks are more scanty than might have been wished, since one note of a traveller's own observation is worth pages of extracts from preceding writers. But Mr. Kinsey far too frequently quotes Link (an accurate German), and Costegan, and Murphy, and Colonel Jones, and Mrs. Baillie, and a cento of other authors; and favours us with so small a spice of novelty, that his volume is in many parts a mere compilation. It could not be wanted in a tourist of 1827 to give us details of the Duke of Wellington's marches and battles (from Southey); or of the positions and actions of Portuguese leaders in their civil contests; yet these, mixed up with a great deal of theological matter, form, inasmuch as the literary portion is concerned, the staple ingredients of this work. There is also an undue importance attached to trifles; and were it not for the efforts of the engravers, Messrs. Skelton, Cooke, and Pugin, we should be inclined to say very little in praise of *Portugal Illustrated.* In this respect, however, there is much to commend. There is a fine view of Coimbra, as a frontispiece; and nearly a score of other well-chosen and well-executed plates adorn the publication, exclusive of eight plates (each with four figures), of coloured costumes, pieces of national music, prints of coins, wood-cuts, and head- and tail-pieces: the whole appearing to be of interest and value sufficient to satisfy the purchaser.

We have alluded to the author's propensity to dwell on trifles: his entire preface affords a warning of this, in a long excuse for employing the epistolary form instead of dividing his work into chapters; and, in another apology, still more unnecessary, for putting a brief review of the history of Portugal in his second letter, and not in the Appendix! After stumbling on the threshold, we were not led to expect more than an ordinary production in the sequel, and our anticipation was speedily realised. So early as page 3 we found it stated, that "the *taste* for travelling is *a gentlemanly pursuit;*" and, as if the indulgence of this taste were an affair of consequence, we have a list of the passengers in the Lisbon packet, videlicet — a Cornish man, a raw Welsh lad from Brecknockshire, and a Portuguese gentleman, besides our Rev., worthy, and very particular writer. We are next indulged with a panoramic view of the Lusitanian coast, from Cape Ortegal, by Cape Villano, Cape de Tosto, Cape Tourinan, Cape Finisterre, Cape de Nave, all along the shores of Galicia, till we arrive at Cape Feizerao, and soon after enter the Tagus, and land at Lisbon, where a dreadful adventure awaits the luckless roamer, and requires all his courage to surmount. As this is the first time we ever heard of the excessive danger of this navigation and peril on land, we will leave their description to Mr. Kinsey.

"The entrance of the Tagus is extremely dangerous; and it requires considerable skill and experience to navigate a vessel with safety across the bar, as the tide and currents are very powerful. * * *

"The packet-stairs (the landing-place) are so called, it is to be presumed, from there being no steps whatever to aid the tottering traveller up one of the steepest and most dangerous ascents about Lisbon."

This smells rather strongly of the *mus nascitur;* and we are not inclined by it to pardon the blemishes in the writer's language. To "*motive* the actions of many" is a verb-coinage quite inexcusable; while, "intimate" as an adjective is used, in the very next page, in a way perfectly unintelligible to us, where Mr. K. speaks of "household furniture of the most *intimate* description." It is not worth while to point out more of these innovations and improprieties; but it is our critical duty to indicate them when they occur in a book from the pen of a well-educated graduate of Oxford, a B.D., and fellow of a college.*

We shall not advert to the religious portions of the volume, in which, though tolerant, the author appears to make too little allowance for the prejudices of the people among whom he sojourned; some of whose follies were only follies because they were of a different complexion from those to which he had himself been familiarised. It is more consonant to our taste to notice a few of his miscellaneous statements, and with these we shall conclude, only remarking, that, as a light and not unentertaining mélange, Mr. Kinsey's Illustration of Portugal may, in spite of its defects as a powerful or original production, be dipped into at an idle hour with both profit and amusement, since it has the merit of recalling many agreeable and useful recollections, and is, at any rate, very various in its shifting scenes and diversified details. Of the Portuguese national music we are told:—

"The general character of the Portuguese modinha is now scarcely any thing better than spurious plagiarisms from Rossini and other Italian masters; and in a large collection which we have purchased of the manufacture of Da Costa, Franchi, and Schiopetta, as might naturally be expected, the original character of the Italian source is too plainly perceptible. It is asserted of Schiopetta, that he is an excellent player on the guitar, and can compose verses with facility; but, though equal to the mental conception of a modinha, that he is unable to give existence to his own ideas in musical characters. His system appears to be, for he has a remarkably fine ear, to carry away from the opera a few bars out of some Italian composition which has peculiarly affected his imagination, as the thesis or subject of his modinha, which he speedily works upon his guitar into a regular form, adapting his poetic effusion to the corresponding sentiment of the harmony; but he is obliged to have recourse to a more scientific friend to write down the notes of his modinha, as he plays off the air. Beautiful, full of pathos and sentiment, as most undoubtedly his compositions must be admitted to be, yet there is that indescribable originality of character wanting to the perfection of their excellence, which you will find, if I mistake not, constituting the powerful charm of the two modinhas which are now sent you, and to which we have listened for hours and hours, again and again, insensible to every thing else but the enchantment of their syren effect."

The music is, indeed, very sweet and characteristic; nor are the words bad, as may be judged even from a prose translation of one of them (*Entretem meu pensamento*).

"Whilst absent from thee I drag on a miserable existence: thy lovely image impressed on my mind keeps me from sinking.

The only thing that relieves my melancholy is the reflection on thy beauty, which I have deeply engraven on my heart.

Sometimes I fancy I see you tenderly looking upon me, and testifying your love by a thousand sighs.

At other times, alas! that, forgetful of me, with another and happier lover thou leadest a joyful life.

Thus, an alternate prey to hope and fear, I live, without, perhaps, ever awakening in your heart one tender recollection of me."

Between Vianna and Caminha, "Road-side chapels, with pictures of souls in purgatory, most horribly executed, and a box to receive the passenger's alms,—'Pelas almas dos que mais exercitarao as obras de misericordia com os proximos,'—every where challenged our compassion; and we frequently met with the figure of our Saviour, as large as life, on a lofty cross, rudely sculptured, and as rudely painted, with the accompaniment of the sacrifical implements. A farmer boasted to us at a wine-house where our muleteers stopped to refresh their beasts, how nicely he had tricked a priest out of his gains upon a vow which he had performed. It appeared that he had taken his cattle to shew them to some image of Nossa Senhora, and to have them blessed for the current year; but upon the sacerdotal de-

* Even in a newspaper of any reputation, or hasty periodical, we dislike such offences—and have to complain of the coinage of a verb in the *Times* of Monday or Tuesday—to "unsconce," an entirely new word, seeming to mean without harm.

mand of the usual fee, the fellow declared that he had done as much as he intended, and that payment of money formed no part of the ceremony."

A night-lodging at Ponte de Lima.

"Ponte de Lima is the Forum Limicorum of the Romans, and the antiquity of its foundation is referred to a remote period even of Grecian history. It is only three leagues from Vianna, and its population cannot exceed three thousand persons. Here we dismissed our body-guard, whose attention and propriety of demeanour spoke well of the discipline maintained in the ninth regiment by the Portuguese officers. The estalagem at Ponte de Lima merits particular notice, and before this letter can be brought to a close, you must hear all about it. Mine host ushered us through the large dark room, usually occupied by muleteers, through a filthy kitchen, and then up a ladder into a room that in English would be called a cockloft. This apartment was intended to serve as our dinner-room, and upon one side were three cupboards, in which it was proposed that we should sleep, had there been but the *animus* in us so to do. There were four window-frames in the room, but as glass had never been thought of, we had no other alternative than that of suffering the intrusion of northern blasts, or of enclosing ourselves, while the light of day was yet bright, in utter darkness. The view, however, from the wooden balcony was pretty enough, over the river and along the bridge to the chapel at its farther extremity, and a convent beautifully situated in the midst of its quinta, upon the side of a mountain which is immediately opposite the town. The more elevated part of the serra, of which it forms a branch, is completely bare of all vegetation. A prettily formed fountain upon one side of the estalagem, which supplies the town with water, soothed us during the night with the gentle noise of its falling streams. Beyond this, to the left, situated upon a rising ground, were seen the remains of a church, the long flight of steps leading up to which, with a cross at every ten steps, is still uninjured. It happened to be our host's celebration of harvest-home upon the evening of our arrival, and every room but our own was nearly filled with the large yellow and brown heads of the Indian corn. At night, a noisy party of rustics assembled in the kitchen to dance and make libations to Ceres. In yielding to an entreaty that we would descend from our apartment and witness the festivities, we only exchanged one spare of filth for another, the latter being rather the more amusing of the twain. The life of the party had already begun to shine forth. An elderly inhabitant from a neighbouring village, whose dark features and large piercing eyes were shaded by the breadth of an enormous slouch hat, such as Murillo would put upon the heads of his peasants, the dark cloak being thrown aside, wearing black gaiters, and sandals of untanned leather,—was ready on his legs, with castanets, inviting one from the fair throng to figure off with him to the monotonous tones of a bag-pipe, played upon by a Spaniard, the only wandering musicians allowed in Portugal being natives of Spain, whose appearance, altogether, was as rough and uncouth as the notes of his instrument were sorry and inharmonious. The scene was worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Jan Steen. Bacalhao, rice, onions, and sardinhas, fried in oil, formed the humble preparations for supper; and on one side of the room was extended a long table, at which some of the guests had already seated themselves, expectant of the more substantial part of the festivity. In a corner sat three of the hinds, eating out of the same wooden bowl a savoury olio, which betrayed no slight suspicion of garlic; and overhead were suspended Lamego hams, strings of onions, dried parcels of herbs and pumpkins, bladders, poles, guns, lamps, baskets, sheepskins, shoes and stockings of all ages, hues, and quality. The sound of the bag-pipe had now attracted a crowd of spectators to the doors of the room, and therefore we took leave to sound an early retreat, and ascended aloft to enjoy the peculiar comforts in reserve for the travellers. The real miseries now commenced, for it was quickly found that the chairs of every date and form, upon which one of the party had directed his mattress to be placed, happened to be particularly infested with that kind of enemy which it was proposed to avoid in giving up the use of the cupboards adjoining as sleeping-rooms. Thus, as it generally happens,

Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdim.

Another of the party swang comfortably in his Brasilian hammock. The other, for whom neither the boasted oil of rosemary, nor spirits of camphor, could procure a few untroubled hours, lay the livelong night watching the ingress of the rats through the crevices in the floor, and the mice at their gambols."

Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia. By an Officer of the Colombian Navy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Hunt and Clarke.

FROM the first publication of a kind similar to this, by Colonel Hippesley, a British officer, who early adventured into the cause of South America, we have had several works,—all of them more or less distinguished by characteristic observations on the revolutionary leaders, the people and the country, or by the interest of personal dangers and sufferings. The present work is replete with both features, very forcibly painted; but being anonymous, it is impossible to say what reliance can safely be reposed on the writer's opinions of men, or on his credibility, where extraordinary circumstances are related. For ourselves, we can only say, that we are disposed to think well of his narrative—strange and wonderful though it be—where he tells us what happened to him as an individual; but that upon matters of a more important description, we think the partisan is more apparent than the cool and impartial observer.

Pirates and banditti, upon a larger scale than is common in our times and latitudes!—it is not surprising to read of the bickerings and intrigues of rival commanders; and as for their murders and butcheries, we think it would little gratify our readers were we to dwell upon such horrors. We shall, therefore, simply quote a passage or two, as examples of this publication. The native general, Urdenatta, assisted by the British legion under Colonel English (whom the author, rather unfeelingly and ungenerously, after his death, represents as a coward), having taken Barcelona, we find the following relation:—

"During the inebriated state of the soldiery, fears having been entertained that the cathedral might share in the general devastation, a guard composed of the seamen were placed over it, with orders to prevent the entrance of all persons except the generals, the field-officers of the day, and myself. The day after our arrival, Colonel Blossett being field-officer on duty, I accompanied him into the building, that we might pass away the time in an examination of it at leisure. We had no sooner entered, than we discovered General English very busily employed in taking down an ancient painting which was fixed in an iron frame to one of the walls near the altar. It represented a battle between the Moors and the Spaniards, just at the moment of victory declaring itself in favour of the latter. Its beauties were obscured by the accumulated dirt of ages; but the general, who was a connoisseur, thought that if its colour could be restored, it would be worth removing to England, where its antiquity and value might be duly appreciated. It was accordingly washed, and the colours appearing brilliant, and in high preservation, he resolved to ship it off, with others, to his agent at Margarita. The example having been thus set us, it will not be a subject for surprise that we followed it. As soon as the general went out, having obtained the assistance of another officer, we commenced a regular examination. The altar-piece, portraying the Crucifixion, was placed in a carved frame of exquisite workmanship, and covered by a large piece of purple velvet, edged with broad gold lace. On tapping round it, we judged by the hollowness of the sound, that there was a closet behind it; and continuing our search, we found three spring-bolts rather clumsily attached to the frame, upon the touching of which the altar-piece flew open, and disclosed a spacious room, filled with boxes of various dimensions. Colonel Blossett, who thought that this apparent concealment, coupled with other indications, implied the existence of a hidden treasure, immediately jumped into the room with such violence, that myriads of spiders and an enormous cloud of dust came tumbling about his ears. After shaking himself, to get clear of this disagreeable annoyance, he assiduously commenced operations. Some of the boxes were about four feet square, others much larger, and the smallest were so weighty, that he could not remove them unassisted. By our joint efforts, one of them was brought out and opened; the contents of which were golden salvers and knives, and massive goblets of the same metal. Another held a large number of crowns, similar in their general appearance to the crown of England, thickly studded with the topaz, ruby, emerald, and other stones. One of these was particularly handsome, which Blossett caught up, and exclaimed: 'See, here's a pretty thing! I will send it to my wife. Fine finish to a full dress, by Jove!' Our companion wanted it for the same purpose; but to me, who had no wife to crown, it was of minor importance; and I left them to settle the point between themselves. We replaced the boxes until night, by which time, our servants having made bags out of the dresses of the saints, we had the contents of five of them carried to our quarters. General English, when informed of our good fortune, came in for his share; and General Urdenetta took possession of the remainder. In a niche, we also found one of the most valuable relics of the place—at least to the monks. This was the body of a man of gigantic stature, curiously preserved in a case with a glass cover. It wore a loose dress of white satin, in the Roman form, and round its neck was a golden collar of great weight, set with emeralds and pearls, to which was fastened a chain of the same metal, each link being elegantly chased. On its wrists and ancles were bracelets similar to the collar, to each of which the chain was also fixed; and a crown adorned its head, whereon its name

was enamelled at full length. This was shewn by the priests as the remains of St. Lawrence, the patron saint of the city, to whom the cathedral was dedicated. To him were all miracles ascribed; and for him, and in his name, were all contributions levied; and of the latter he had by no means a few to account for. It is needless to say that his appendages were removed; but we carefully replaced the carcass, and quitted the cathedral, which was the next morning ransacked by the soldiery, who forced the guards, and despoiled it of every thing worth taking, and among the rest, I believe, of the patron saints of the ladies. As might be expected, the natives were much exasperated at the spoliation of their cathedral. One old woman, at the head of about forty of her own sex, assailed me without mercy the day the troops got in, and was particularly loud in her complaints of the treatment of the patron saint. 'Here!' she exclaimed, 'they have stripped poor St. Lawrence, and every body knows that he was a good old soldier!' 'Very true,' replied an officer standing by; 'but you know that all soldiers are liable to lose their baggage in time of war.' This silenced the ancient dame, although it failed to satisfy her; but a younger female, whose fine dark eyes shot the fiercest flashes of resentment, said, with the most piquant indignation: 'All is true that our padres (priests) have told us concerning the English, except that they have no tails!' 'Do not offend them,' rejoined the officer, 'or they may take possession of St. Lawrence, as well as of his accoutrements.' This was enough: apologies were immediately offered; the English were declared the best people in the world; and they went away, rejoicing that the bones of the saint were still left them to adore."

Of the bloody scenes, we shall instance but two—the least offensive and shocking to humanity.

"The Moro was carried without the loss of a man; and now followed the horrible necessity of witnessing the general massacre. This was the first scene of cool-blooded slaughter that I had ever witnessed; it was equally strange to many others; and a very terrific one it was. The Spaniards, who had behaved with great pusillanimity, had no sooner surrendered, than the natives, who had accompanied us, began their murderous work; and it was continued without intermission, until every individual of the entire 1300 was despatched. Myself and the whole of the British kept aloof from this spectacle as much as possible, and did not interfere after the colours of the fort were struck; but it was impossible to avoid seeing the effects of the butchery, and the sight of so many mutilated creatures, some of whom still writhed in the agonies of death: their groans, the torrents of blood rushing on all sides, the shouts of the murderers, and their demon-like appearance as they slided over the mangled carcasses, covered with human gore, together with the heart-piercing cries for mercy of those who still lived, so shocked and disgusted me, that, sickened at the appalling scene, I left the place, and went instantly on board; and I believe few of the British who witnessed these horrors, any more than myself, thought of eating for at least two or three days. I received a severe reprimand, as did my brother officers and the seamen, for not having taken an active part in the slaughter."

"On the return of the division to its previous encampment, we accidentally met two companies of Spanish troops, which had been sent from the town of Curiaco, in the upper part of the gulf, to strengthen the garrisons of Cumana, and who, from ignorance of our situation, fell directly across our line. Their fate may be easily anticipated: Urdenetta immediately ordered the work of extermination to commence; but the English refused to hurt one of them. The natives were not so scrupulous, and in a quarter of an hour not an individual among them breathed. Presently after, a captain of grenadiers, and three men who had lingered behind owing to illness, came up; and being seized by a party of Creoles, were carried before Urdenetta. The officer was born in Spain, of English parents, and had entered the Spanish army at a very early age: from his youth, not being at this time more than nineteen years of age, he excited much pity and commiseration among the officers of the legion, who entreated Urdenetta to spare his life. He gave his word of honour that he would do so; but in the dead of the night he had him and his men taken from the quarters allotted to them, and privately butchered. I saw them the next morning, about two hundred yards in the rear, all tied together naked, their heads nearly severed from their bodies by the machetti, and several slight wounds inflicted upon them, as if by way of torture, before the finishing stroke was given."

It cannot be pleasant to continue such extracts,—and we gladly leave this work to the amateurs in hair-breadth scapes and blood; only expressing our wonder that any Briton should ever make common cause with such ruthless cut-throats.

The Subaltern's Log-Book; including Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Ridgway.

Of this work, which seems to be a *bonâ fide* detail of things, and sketches of characters, of very little general interest, and of no use to any but the owner, we have of course very little to say. Joining the army at the age of sixteen, going twice to India, and serving there, without meeting with any event out of the usual routine of life, can scarcely justify the protrusion of two volumes upon the world. We will try to quote some of the best points, in the hope that if they do not amuse, they may not tire the reader.

At Madras (says the writer,) "the captain, in whose company I then was, had his portrait taken by a native. These artists draw every feature as accurately as it could be done in Europe; but there is always a great want of expression in their performances. Their likenesses are not flattering, nor do they attempt to add to any beauty you possess, or smooth off any defect. On Captain Escrew seeing his likeness, and having no idea he was such a plain man as the native had drawn him, he remonstrated warmly with the artist—'Why, gad hang it, Ram Sammee, you have drawn me very ugly.' The native was much annoyed at this observation. 'What, sir!' he indignantly replied, 'master got too much ugly face, mouth go up above master's teeth; master got too much big nose. What, sir! how I can draw master handsome? master too much ugly. Suppose I tell lie the pencil.' This artist was overheard saying to Escrew's portrait, when looking at his different pictures, 'Ah, that is d—d ugly fellow! Che! che! I never, so long I live, draw such d—d ugly face again.' At the same time making grimaces illustrative of great disgust. * * *

"One of our captains was possessed of the most agreeable and insinuating manners; he was, however, extremely fond of appearing to be in the secrets of all his acquaintances: every thing he told you was with a request that you would not let it go further, which, however, did not operate as a preventive to *his* doing so, as the regiment generally were all acquainted with the same story. I recollect hearing of his much annoying Brevet-Major Lackner, commencing some observation, as he usually did, with a sigh, saying—'the world is very censorious.' The major was quite a plain matter-of-fact man. 'Well,' said he, 'what have they been at now, Gamillus?' 'Why, they can't even let Mrs. Lackner alone,' replied the captain. 'Why, White, what can they possibly have to say of her?' asked the major. 'O, now, Lackner, I see you are getting warm,' said the captain, 'I am sorry I hinted any thing of what I heard to you.' 'I insist, sir,' said the major, 'on knowing what has been said of Mrs. Lackner, as her conduct is so irreproachable, there is no opening given for any unpleasant remarks. I request to know instantly what has been said on the subject.' 'Well, then, since you are so warm,' said our amiable captain, 'you must know, people say that Mrs. Lackner has a great brogue.' * *

"I desired my men one morning to form two deep. An Irish lad immediately replied, 'Oh, then, your honour, we are too deep already,' alluding to the great depth of the mud in the roads, which took them sometimes up to their hips."

As others of the jokes and stories boast of considerable antiquity, these must suffice for our notice of the *Log-Book*.

FISHING.

Sir H. Davy's Salmonia.
*The North Country Angler.**

It might be surmised, from the nature of our extracts from Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia* in our last *Gazette*, that we were more struck by his miscellaneous than by his piscatorial lore. Such was our impression on a hasty glance at his lucubrations; and it is so entirely confirmed by a second cast, that we are inclined to restrict our praise of its "judicious practical lessons to fishermen," to the fishermen of the south or London district. When the author moves into the North he makes very dubious work of it; and we will venture to say, that any Sasenagh throwing his lines in Scottish rivers as directed by him, would return home with a very empty creel, and considerable damage to tackle. The fact is, that the fish in the North are in a wild and natural state; their mode of life is free and predatory; their senses are very acute; their habits are *bonâ fide* "ancient and fishlike;"—and their homes and haunts are turbulent and obstreperous. A big fellow of a trout in a rushing stream, or by a roaring cataract, swashes about with a Tail like a Highland chieftain: wo be to the puny arts of the intrusive angler who attempts to trammel or control such a magnifico! But even the smaller fry would laugh to scorn the modes, tricks, and inventions, of Southern hostility;—these inhabitants of the *brook* would, like the human heroes of Bannock*burn*, not only refuse to yield, but absolutely send back the invader with in-fa-ite disgrace. Scots fish, just like Scots-men,

* Or the Art of Angling, as practised in the Northern Counties of England. 12mo. pp. 89. Published, in 1817, by Longman and Co., London; and Robinson, Son, and Holdsworth, Leeds. Chapter I. begins with an ornamented M, of which the two wings are formed of an eel and a pike (with two trouts, horizontal, for the bottom supporters), and the centre of the fisherman's arms—three fishes *natant*, surmounted by a basket.

would resent the idea of having the English line stretched beyond the Border;—content with their native element and native produce, no pastes, though of the finest wheaten flour, nor gilded temptations, nor savoury baits, would seduce them into the sacrifice of their independence;—no *crooked* policy would cheat them;—and, alike, they would spurn the rod. Now, the trouts in the ditches, and stagnant waters, and pools, and cuts, and canals, and preserves, which generally submit to be called rivers, in the neighbourhood of London, are altogether of a different genus. First, they are pretty well accustomed to be caught and returned to their places, from the age of a few weeks till they have grown up to the age of some two years, when they are two pounds avoirdupois, and fit for the frying-pan. Thus, being hooked, played, landed, and relaunched, is a mere fearless pastime to them; and, like young London thieves, they go on nibbling and plundering, and dashing at every thing they see, till, like the said thieves, they get beyond the mark, commit the last fatal mistake, and are fairly *crimped* and tucked up for their pains, by anglers no better than Bow-street runners. Secondly, they are almost hand-fed from their infancy upwards; and a fish educated on grains and bits of bullock's liver, is no more *fera naturæ* than a pig or a duck. Thirdly, they are cabined, cribbed, confined: at this end is a weir, over which there is no leap—and at t'other is a net-work, through which there is no passage. The poor devils, unable to escape, become quite familiar with the human face divine, from observing it every hour in parade upon their terraced banks, and care no more for the ugly phiz of a fisherman, reflected on the glassy surface of their placid abode, than for the stump of an alder or a willow. There can be neither exercise nor excitement in dragging such fat fools from the watery element; and Johnson's definition is not so far wrong, seeing that all his experience of angling consisted of having witnessed fishing of this sort; or, by way of variety, having seen two or three sedate gentlemen sitting on cane-bottomed chairs in a fast-moored punt, with their eyes intently fixed upon so many pieces of floating cork, till they happened to dive and disappear under the water, when the aforesaid sedate gentlemen would hastily pull up their lines, and, perhaps, discover some little dace or gudgeon struggling at the end. One would as soon catch red herrings, like Marc Antony! How different is the genuine fishing in the North, in Wales, and many parts of Ireland! Instead of being stuck upon the aqueous brink, like an osier, watching with most exemplary Cockney patience, to ascertain by their movements if there are any fish, and whereabouts they are; the angler proceeds to some gallopping and impetuous stream, with here an eddy and there a smoother face, and down he goes, trying the whole for miles wherever there is a chance of finding his finny prey. If they elude him in the ripple, he endeavours to seduce them from the deep hole or pool; if the top of the current fails him, his hopes are better at the bottom, where the broader sweep may be the haunt of those that dislike the more rapid gullet. At all events, he plies his limbs, and arms, and frame, and fishes on; and when his sport is over, returns, healthily fatigued, not with his two bites and one nibble, nor with his marvellous exploit of a brace and a half (measured, weighed, recorded, wondered at, perhaps painted), but with his three, four, five, six, seven, or eight dozens, or probably counting scores with the same prefixes.* A fisherman of this class would as soon eat a grilled toad as he would taste a trout that had been pampered on liver!

The sport of fishing resembles the sport of shooting in the two parts of our island; and a stranger contrast can hardly be imagined than is obvious in either. On the one side, there are manly toils, skill, ingenuity, and vigour; on the other, dandy preparation, punctilios, knick-knacks, and lassitude. The being who has once traversed the wild heath, with his fowling-piece over his shoulder, and his stanch dogs at his feet, or who has "skurred the country round," leaping over hedge and ditch, forcing through copse and brake, threading valley and climbing hill, loading his own piece, and cheering his own pointers, independent of menial aid,—bagging and bringing home the loads of grouse, partridge, blackcock, hare, ptarmigan, rabbit—of which his steady aim and persevering labour have made him the proprietor,—cannot allow the name of sporting to the absurd and spiritless massacres of battu shooting, where thousands of tame fowls (for the pheasants are nothing else) are driven into alleys, for a number of persons to destroy with guns furnished by servants as quickly as they can be fired off at the promiscuous crowd of fluttering birds. Of the same character is the preserve fishing;† and from both, may all true sportsmen and anglers be preserved, now and for ever more!

But, lest the *Literary Gazette* should be thought to resemble the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, we will now take the liberty to say something of the books whose titles stand at the head of this article. Our North-country friend is a wag in his way, as well as Sir Humphry; and in describing his apparatus, he tells us, among other forks, screws, &c.—"I had a mischievous thing to screw into my pole, like the point of a tuck or small sword, about five inches long, with which I have sometimes punished a noisy, troublesome cur, either when riding or walking. This you will find a most excellent instrument to keep off those rascally poachers called game-keepers, who sometimes threaten to break your rod."

How would a Goth, thus accoutred, be received in a sweet and gentle preserve, on the lawn in a home county? We fancy a good many London anglers would be fain, if they met him, to be off at the sharpest angle which their heels could make. Yet, so different in manners from each other, it is curious to remark, when they come to actual observation, how well the fishermen of the South and North agree upon points of natural history; though on others we think the Northern (where he dissents) is the best practical authority of the two.

Treating of the varieties of trout, *Salmonia*, mentioning the samlet or par, says,—"*Orn.* I have seen this fish in the rivers of Wales and Herefordshire, and have heard it asserted, on what appeared to me good authority, that it was a mule,—the offspring of a trout and a salmon. *Hal.* This opinion, I know, has been supported by the fact, that it is found only in streams which are occasionally visited by salmon; yet I know no direct evidence in favour of the opinion, and I should think it much more probable, if it is a mixed race, that it is produced by the sea trout and common trout.—The sea trout and river trout are, indeed, so like each other in character, that such a mixture seems exceedingly probable; but I know no reason why such mules should always continue small, except that it may be a mark of imperfection.—The river and sea trout seem capable of changing permanently their places of residence; and sea trout seem often to become river trout. In this case they lose their silvery colour, and gain more spots; and in their offspring these changes are more distinct. Fish, likewise, which are ill-fed, remain small; and pars are exceedingly numerous in those rivers where they are found, which are never separated from the sea by impassable falls; from which I think it possible that they are produced by a cross between sea and river trout. The varieties of the common trout are almost infinite.—Indeed, considering the sea trout as the type of the species *trout*, it is, I think, probable that all the other true trouts may be considered as varieties, where the differences of food and of habits have occasioned, in a long course of ages, differences of shape and colours, transmitted to offspring in the same manner as in the variety of dogs, which may all be referred to one primitive type."

The opinion of the Northern is more decisive. He says—

"Whether trouts (I mean the river or burn trouts) are all of one species, I shall not take upon me to determine. In many things they all agree, and in many they differ, in the same rivers, and even in the same pools; so that if the difference was owing to the water or the food, I could not say any thing against their being of one species. I believe they spawn promiscuously together—the dark-spotted scurf, and the golden-spotted trout; that which has only a row of bright spots down the middle line on its sides, and that which has also three rows of dark spots on each side, above that line. They are all of much the same shape, have the same number of fins, and in the same places. Whether the spots make any specific difference, let the curious naturalists decide; I make none but in their size and goodness. And in my opinion, the so-much-esteemed char, both red and white, is only a meer or marsh-trout; and the colour, perhaps, is owing to the sex. I have taken in several rivers in the North of England, trouts as red, as good, and as well tasted as any char, and have potted them and dissolved the bones, as those of char are when potted."*

On the subject of migrations, we have the following interesting remarks in *Salmonia*:—"It has always appeared to me, that the two

* "They tell us (says the North Country Angler) of killing a brace and a half, or sometimes three brace: we reckon by scores, and of as large or larger trouts than Dove, or any river in Hampshire, &c. can afford. I have with the water-cricket in Coquet, at Tod Stead and Brenkburn, in one night killed more than I could lift off the ground. I am ashamed to tell what execution I have sometimes done by other methods, though I always catched them with a fair bait; but this only by the by."

† "This river is most strictly preserved; not a fish has been killed here since last August, and this is the moment when the large fish come to the surface."—*Salmonia.*

* "Trouts (says this accurate observer) in a good pond will grow much faster than in some rivers, because they do not range so much in feeding: how long they generally live, cannot be determined any other way so well as by an observation of those that are kept in ponds, which observation I never had an opportunity of making myself, and therefore shall only say what a gentleman told me. He assured me, that at four or five years' old they were at their full growth, which was in some about thirty inches, in many much less. That they continued about three years pretty near the same in size and goodness: two years after, they grew big-headed and smaller bodied, and died in the winter after that change. But he thought the head did not grow greater, but only seemed to be so, because the body decayed. So that, according to this gentleman's computation, nine or ten years is the term of their life. And yet I think they may live longer in some rivers, and grow to a greater size, where they have liberty to go into the tide-way and salt water."

In *Salmonia* it is stated—"Mr. Tomkin, of Polgaron, put some small river trout, 2½ inches in length, into a newly made pond. He took some of them out the second year above 12 inches in length; the third year, he took one out of 16 inches in length; and the fourth year, one of 24 inches in length; this was in 1734."

great sources of change of place of animals, was the providing of food for themselves, and resting-places and food for their young. The great supposed migrations of herrings from the poles to the temperate zone, have appeared to me to be only the approach of successive shoals from deep to shallow water, for the purpose of spawning. The migrations of salmon and trout are evidently for the purpose of depositing their ova, or of finding food after they have spawned. Swallows and bee-eaters decidedly pursue flies over half a continent; the scolopax or snipe tribe, in like manner, search for worms and larvæ, — flying from those countries where either frost or dryness prevents them from boring, — making generally small flights at a time, and resting on their travels where they find food. And a journey from England to Africa is no more for an animal that can fly, with the wind, one hundred miles in an hour, than a journey for a Londoner to his seat in a distant province. And the migrations of smaller fishes or birds always occasion the migration of larger ones, that prey on them. Thus, the seal follows the salmon, in summer, to the mouths of rivers; the hake follows the herring and pilchard; hawks are seen in great quantities, in the month of May, coming into the east of Europe, after quails and landrails; and locusts are followed by numerous birds, that, fortunately for the agriculturists, make them their prey."

On the same subject, but restricted to fish, and particularly to their spawning, the *North Country Angler* has also some curious observations:—"Salmon, where there are no dams to stop them, as in the Tweed, and most of the rivers in Scotland and Ireland, will change the salt for the fresh water several times in the summer, when they taste a *fresh*, as the fishermen call it, that is to say, when a great flood and a spring-tide reach a good way into the sea. And as these migrations or changes are necessary for their health, so there are some reasons that in a manner force them to it. For when they have been too long in the sea, and have lain among the rocks and sea-weed, the sea-lice get on to them, stick so close, and make them so uneasy, that they will rub the very skin off, where the lice bite them; and nothing cures them of these tormentors so soon as the fresh water: and then again, when they have been about a month in the river, and lie under banks, roots, or stones, the fresh-water lice creep on to them, and force them to get to sea again, to be freed from them, which the salt water does effectually. And here I must observe, how this migration of these creatures answers the same end of Providence with that of woodcocks, quails, &c. and several kinds of fish that go round our island at their proper seasons, and furnish all the neighbouring inhabitants with delicious food. But the sea-lice are more troublesome to the salmon, when they grow big-bellied, at the end of August and beginning of September, for then they are heavier, and lazier, and lie more among the rocks, and get the more lice upon them; and this forces them into the fresh rivers upon a double account, to be eased of the vermin and their natural burden too. At this time, their skin grows thicker than in summer, and of a dusky copperish colour, to make them endure the cold of the winter season the better. At this time also, the milter is easily distinguished from the roe; for now, at the end of his lower chop, there grows a hard bony gib, from which they are then called the gib fish, larger or less according to the age and size of the salmon, in some above an inch long, and taper. And this gib, as it grows, makes for itself a socket or hole in the upper jaw, which nails up his mouth when it is shut; and besides, all the fore part of the head is at this time more tough and horny. This is one of the numberless works of the God of nature, by which the fish is armed and prepared for the work he has to do, when they come to proper places for spawning. At what particular time they choose their mates, and pair like most other creatures, none of our books of angling tell us; but I suppose it must be as they come up the rivers in shoals of three or four hundred together. And who knows, but they may keep to their own tribes, and match or choose mates among their relations? for it has been observed, that salmon particularly, and salmon-trouts, will come up the same rivers, and spawn in the very same places where they were bred; and I am inclined to believe the same of some other fish, as we read of swallows, and other birds of passage. The lightest and strongest go the farthest up the rivers, and the larger and heavier press up as far as they can get, if not to the place where they were bred, choosing large pools, and pretty deep gravelly streams. As they come up the river, they swim close to the bottom, and generally in the middle and deepest part of it, making tracks in the gravel and sand like sheep-tracks, by which we fishers know when any salmon are in the river. And it has been observed, that the pilots or guides, as fishermen call them, often come to the top of the water, as if to reconnoitre, if I may use a modern military term, and see what coast they are upon. They swim very fast, and generally more at night than day; and rest when they come to convenient places, under bushes, weeds, banks, or stones, and then the whole shoal run again: the reason, I suppose, of their swimming in the middle, and at the bottom of the river, is, because that part is the least disturbed by a flood, and there is the safest and best travelling. They generally choose streams to spawn in, at the head of great deep pools, both for their own security from their mortal enemy the otter, and the greater preservation of the young fry, which we may observe in the spring, very near the shore of those streams where they were bred, waiting for a flood to carry them down. When the gib fish has found a stream that he likes, he makes a hole, as a swine works in the ground with his nose, his mouth being nailed close with the gib in its socket. When he has made this hole, a yard and a half, or more, long, and near a yard broad, he goes down to his mate, under a root or stone, and in what manner he makes his addresses to her I cannot tell; but I have often seen the gib fish rush at his mate, as if going to bite her, jostling her sometimes on one side, then on the other, chasing her from place to place, as we see a cock pigeon does the hen to her nest, till they come to the marriage-bed he has been preparing for her, where they lie at the lower end of it, close by the side of each other, and pressing their bellies hard to the bottom, wriggle on to the top of the bed, squeezing out the spawn from both of them at the same time. All the roes that are smit or touched by the milt, which is of a viscous quality, sink among the little stones and gravel; and those that are not touched with it are carried down the stream, and are delicious food for the many trouts that are watching the opportunity; then the she fish leaves her mate, chasing away the small fish, whilst the gib fish is working at the head of the bed, covering up the spawn with the gravel and sand, which he throws up with his head, making at the same time a new bed, and filling up the other. This he does all by himself, for I never saw the she fish along with the he, when he was making a new hole at the head of the other. Sometimes I have seen him lie still in the hole, as if resting himself, and then, in an hour or two, brings up his mate again, and do as before. If it is rainy or hazy weather, they will be three or four nights in finishing their work; but frosty weather puts them in a hurry, and they will have done in two nights, or less, and hasten down to their holds, and take the first opportunity to get to sea. In this manner salmon, salmon-trouts, and I believe all other trouts, spawn; and other fish that spawn in the streams use much the same, or such-like method in making beds, and covering up their spawn. I have been the more particular in this article, because I have seen it often done, and in many places, both in the evenings and mornings, and sometimes at night, with light. Sometimes a salmon loses its mate before they have done spawning, it being struck with a leister, &c.; and yet the gib fish has brought up another, in two or three hours' time, to spawn with him. Whether there has been any supernumerary shes in the pool, or he has taken by violence another's mate, I cannot tell; but I have a better opinion of our noble salmon, than to suspect him of such injustice. I have sometimes known the gib fish caught at spawning time, and the she has got a mate; or else two other salmon have taken possession of their works, and finished them out. A salmon spawn heap will be three yards or more in length, and two feet or near a yard broad, and looks like a new-made grave."

We do not remember to have met with so accurate a history of the propagation of fish as in this passage; and it is evidently the detail of an eye-witness who has often watched what he so well describes.

Respecting eels, too, and their habits, he gives us some curious information.—"I have catched them (he says) at all times of the year, except the middle of winter; and even then, when the river has been frozen very hard; as I remember once at Keeper, near Durham, the mill-dam being broken with the weight of ice laying upon it, the key next to the hospital and gardens was left dry, almost to the foundation, the ice subsiding as the water drained from under it; and abundance of eels crawled out of the wall and lay torpid, as if dead, upon the ice: I got many of them, some large ones; but neither in these, nor in any that I ever took, could I observe either milt or roe, or any vessel to contain the ovaries, as may be seen in all fish that spawn. It is, therefore, my opinion, nay, I am positive in it, that they are produced by generation, and brought forth alive. * * *

"It is well known to the fishermen in most of our harbours, that sand eels are bred in the sands, from whence they hook them out, with crooked knives, and make excellent baits of them for large fish. And there is an eel called a burrabut or green-bone, that is a viviparous fish. I have often at Shields taken these in a net when their bellies have been big, and have given them a nick with my penknife, and there have sprawled out one hundred or more into a tub of water, that I had to put my fish in: they were about two inches long, and very lively; and I am persuaded that the lamprey is bred in the same manner."

Sir H. Davy is sceptical on these points.

Of the eel he says: "The problem of their generation is the most abstruse, and one of the most curious, in natural history; and though it occupied the attention of Aristotle, and has been taken up by most distinguished naturalists since his time, it is still unsolved.—*Phys.* I thought there was no doubt on the subject. Lacepede, whose book is the only one I have read with attention, asserts, in the most unqualified way, that they are viviparous.—*Hal.* I remember his assertion, but I looked in vain for proofs. * * *

"This is certain, that there are two migrations of eels,—one up and one down rivers, one *from* and the other *to* the sea; the first in spring and summer, the second in autumn or early winter. The first of very small eels, which are sometimes not more than two or two and a half inches long; the second of large eels, which sometimes are three or four feet long, and which weigh from ten to fifteen, or even twenty pounds. There is great reason to believe that all eels found in fresh water are the results of the first migration: they appear in millions in April and May, and sometimes continue to rise as late even as July and the beginning of August. * * *

"Mr. J. Couch (Lin. Trans. tit. xiv. p. 70) says the little eels, according to his observation, are produced within reach of the tide, and climb round falls to reach fresh water from the sea.—Various authors have recorded the migration of eels in a singular way,—such as Dr. Plot, who, in his History of Staffordshire, says they pass in the night, across meadows, from one pond to another: and Mr. Arderon (in Trans. Royal Soc.) gives a distinct account of small eels rising up the flood-gates and posts of the water-works of the city of Norwich; and they made their way to the water above, though the boards were smooth planed, and five or six feet perpendicular. He says, when they first rose out of the water upon the dry board, they rested a little—which seemed to be till their slime was thrown out, and sufficiently glutinous—and then they rose up the perpendicular ascent with the same facility as if they had been moving on a plane surface.—(Trans. Abr. vol. ix. p. 311.) There can, I think, be no doubt that they are assisted by their small scales, which, placed like those of serpents, must facilitate their progressive motion: these scales have been microscopically observed by Lewenhoeck.—(Phil. Trans. vol. iv.) Eels migrate from the salt water of different sizes, but I believe never when they are above a foot long—and the great mass of them are only from two and a half to four inches. They feed, grow, and fatten, in fresh water. In small rivers they seldom become very large; but in large deep lakes they become as thick as a man's arm, or even leg; and all those of a considerable size attempt to return to the sea in October or November, probably when they experience the cold of the first autumnal rains. Those that are not of the largest size, as I said before, pass the winter in the deepest parts of the mud of rivers and lakes, and do not seem to eat much, and remain, I believe, almost torpid. Their increase is not certainly known in any given time, but must depend upon the quantity of their food: but it is probable they do not become of the largest size, from the smallest, in one or even two seasons; but this, as well as many other particulars, can only be ascertained by new observations and experiments. Block states that they grow slowly, and mentions that some had been kept in the same pond for fifteen years. As very large eels, after having migrated, never return to the river again, they must (for it cannot be supposed that they all die immediately in the sea) remain in salt water; and there is great probability that they are then confounded with the conger, which is found of different colours and sizes—from the smallest to the largest—from a few ounces to one hundred pounds in weight. * *

"Both the conger and common eel have fringes along the air-bladder, which are probably the ovaria; and Sir E. Home thinks them hermaphrodite, and that the seminal vessels are close to the kidneys; but this circumstance demands confirmation from new dissections, and some chemical researches upon the nature of the fringes and the supposed melt. If viviparous, and the fringes contain the ova, one mother must produce tens of thousands, the ova being remarkably small; and it appears more probable that they are oviparous, and that they deposit their ova in parts of the sea near deep basins, which remain warm in winter. This might be ascertained by experiment, particularly on the coasts of the Mediterranean. * * * I hope this curious problem will not remain much longer unsolved."

Whether viviparous or oviparous, we have no doubt that the young eel often seeks internal refuge in its mother, which is an anomaly, unless the creature is viviparous; and we have seen at one spot, in a rivulet, twenty miles distant from any salt water, a congeries of many hundreds, not much larger than needles, which seemed to prove that this numerous family had been bred at that particular place, and was not an immigration from the sea. With regard to the author of *Salmonia* thinking Dr. Plot "singular" for saying that eels cross meadows from pond to pond, we certainly cannot vouch for the Oxfordshire historian to the full extent; but we can declare that we have seen eels in the day-time, at the distance of several yards from the water, twining their way through the moist grass of a meadow:—and another curious fact—we once witnessed an eel, of about fifteen or eighteen inches long, feeding upon a green weed, near the surface of the water, which it continually rose to crop, and bit off parts exactly like a terrestrial animal.

We could dilate in this Review, but, alas! we have but one sheet per week, and very little fishing per year. For farther information, therefore, we must refer to *Salmonia* for much entertaining matter relative to the gillaroo or gizzard trout (page 69),—to hook-making, a little *fanciful* (p. 142),—to mermaids, overturning that *fancy* (p. 246),—to zoology, recommending some very beneficial naturalisations of excellent fish to the Zoological Society (p. 258),—to the causes of colour in water (263),—and to many other interesting topics. For crimping *con amore*, and for preserving fish fresh, the same volume may be consulted at pages 98 and 251: but for real pot-walloping, frying, and Ude-frying, the North-country epicure is the oracle—see p. 74, and throughout. *Tout pour la tripe—tout pour la tripe.*

Three Lectures on the Transmission of the Precious Metals from Country to Country, and the Mercantile Theory of Wealth; delivered before the University of Oxford, in June 1827. By N. W. Senior, Professor of Political Economy. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1828. Murray.

Our readers are aware, or ought to be, that, owing to the munificence of a private individual (Mr. Drummond), a professorship of political economy has lately been established at Oxford. A similar professorship has been since instituted in the sister University, either from a conviction of the important nature of the science, or from a useful spirit of emulation: and thus this newly created science, concerning which opinions and interests are so much and variously divided, will be subjected to the unimpassioned scrutiny of the cap and gown—a process by which we may hope it will be both improved and extended.

Mr. Senior's lectures are the first fruits of the Oxford professorship. The first of them, which was published by itself in 1827, is merely introductory. Of the three now before us, one relates to the transmission of money from country to country, and the others treat of the *famous* doctrine which has been called the Mercantile Theory. We should be glad, if our space permitted, to direct the reader's attention to several passages in the first lecture, which are written with great spirit and clearness;—indeed, the whole lecture appears eminently adapted, in our judgment, to excite an interest in the subject, and to allure the hearer, by a moderate use of example and illustration, to venture upon the more speculative parts of the science. But the next lecture is more immediately interesting, as it treats of a matter still depending before parliament, in the shape of a bill for preventing the circulation of Scotch notes in England, and more remotely involves the much-contested question of Free Trade: "a question," says Mr. Senior, "which is, next to the Reformation, next to the question of free religion, the most momentous that has ever been subjected to human decision." If we may judge of the moment of an inquiry by the clamour which is made in discussing it; by the abuse which is showered upon the heads of the reformers in trade, and the contempt by which that abuse is repaid, it would seem that Mr. Senior has not exaggerated the importance of this great point.

It is well known to all who have read a morning newspaper during the last two sessions of parliament, that the grand object of dispute between the advocates of paper and those of gold, is the effect of paper issues upon the exchanges: the advocates of gold maintaining that paper has an irresistible tendency to expel the precious metals from circulation, and to drive them to foreign countries, from which, they add, the metals cannot be re-imported, or, at all events, be re-imported in time, whenever a commercial panic may produce a run upon the issuers of paper for gold. Whether such reasoners do not mistake *the effects of a bad system of banking* for an inherent defect in the paper currency; whether the value of paper, like that of other commodities, do not depend entirely on its relative quantity; whether its quantity be not susceptible of proper limitation by the power of exchanging it for gold, and the *exportation* of that gold whilst the exchanges remain below par; and whether it would be necessary under a well-regulated paper system to *import* any gold at all for the purpose of currency;—are all questions of vast interest, which we have not mentioned for the purpose of discussion, but that we may extract a quotation in which the principles that regulate the transmission of gold from country to country are developed with clearness and facility. Before we can decide as to the possibility of importing gold in large quantities and in short spaces of time, it is evident that we must acquaint ourselves with these principles. In the following passage Mr. Senior supposes that we

have a metallic currency, and that, owing to a sudden increase in the importation of French goods, we remit five millions of our currency to France. "It must be admitted," he says, "that the efflux of so large a sum from England, and its influx into France, must sink all English prices, and occasion a general rise of prices in France. Indeed, if it did not, the transaction would be one of pure benefit to England, and of pure loss to France. As money is not a source of gratification, but a mere instrument of commerce, if our prices were not affected by parting with a portion of our money, we should be insensible of our loss; or rather we should have sustained no loss whatever, and have gained the five millions' worth of French commodities without any real sacrifice, while France would have parted with those commodities, and received no sensible equivalent. * * *

"The consequences would be an immediate and universal increase of imports, and diminution of exports, in France,—and an immediate and universal increase of exports, and diminution of imports, in England. The commerce which any country carries on with its neighbours must depend on the prices of their respective exportable commodities. When commodities of the same quality, or which may be substitutes for one another, can be imported from different quarters, a slight variation of price will decide which shall be preferred. If linen of the same quality can be imported into South America indifferently from Germany and from France, and the cost of transport from each country is the same, while the price per yard is also the same, South America will probably import indifferently from each country; but if the influx of money should raise the price of linen of a given quality from two shillings to two shillings and a farthing per yard in France, while it remained at two shillings in Germany, South America would instantly desert the French market, and confine her linen trade to Germany. With every commercial rival with whom France was formerly on a par, she would now be at a disadvantage, and many would now meet her in markets from which she had formerly excluded them. The same consequences, though to a less extent, would follow even in the cases in which France had exclusive powers of production. Every commodity has among its purchasers some whose desire for it, or at least for that variable quantity of it which they consume, induces them to spend on it a given portion of their income, and no more. On the slightest rise of price they either discontinue or diminish their consumption. A very slight rise in the price of claret would occasion some to drink less, and others to drink none. Precisely the same causes which would diminish the exports of France, would increase her imports. However earnestly a nation may endeavour to secure to its own productive classes the monopoly in what they respectively produce, it cannot really protect them against foreign competition by any measure short of the prohibition of all foreign commerce. The consumer cannot be forced to buy the dearer or inferior home-made article. If he is prohibited from importing precisely what he wants, he may still make his purchase abroad. The increased price in France of all home commodities would, of course, stimulate the consumption of foreign ones. The bills on France in other countries would increase, those on other countries in France would diminish, and the exchange would be against France throughout the commercial world. It is impossible that, under such circumstances, she could retain for a month the five millions which I have supposed to have been paid to her. They would flow from her in every direction. * * *

"It is obvious that all this time precisely an opposite process would be going on in England. The general fall in English prices would give a preference to our goods in every market of which they had merely an equal participation before: it would admit them to many others from which they were previously excluded. It would exclude from the English market many foreign commodities which could now be obtained more cheaply at home. While the bills in England on foreign countries were increasing, the foreign bills on England would diminish, the exchange would be in our favour with the whole world, and the five millions would come back as rapidly as they went out. To suppose that the level of the precious metals in the commercial world can be permanently disturbed by taking money from one country to another, is as absurd as to suppose that the level of a pond can be altered by taking a bucket-full from one place, and pouring it in at another. The water instantly rushes to the place from which the bucket-full has been drawn, just as it rushes from the place into which it has been poured. Every country to which France exported any of the money she received from England, would to that extent have more money than her habitual state of prices could allow. It would flow from her either directly to England, or to those countries which were in want of money in consequence of having previously exported it to England. It appears, therefore, that even in the extravagant case which I have supposed, of an export of five millions in money, the loss, if it can be called one, would be immediately repaired. The only inconvenience that we should suffer from the refusal of France to take our cottons and our hardware in return for her silks, would be, that instead of the direct exchange of English for French commodities, we should give to France money; France would export that money to Germany, Holland, and Russia; and Germany, Holland, and Russia, would return us that money in exchange for our manufactures; that our trade would, in short, be circuitous, instead of direct. For the sake of illustration I have supposed a sudden and great transmission of money: effects the same in kind, though less in degree, would of course follow a more gradual one. If a balance of only 100,000 sovereigns a year were sent to France, similar consequences, though less palpable, would follow either immediately, or as soon as the annual efflux of money from the one country to the other amounted to a sufficient sum to affect the prices of either country, or of both. It would appear, therefore, that the exchange between two countries can never long deviate from its commercial par."

This passage contains the whole theory of the transmission of gold from country to country; and, when properly applied, will be found to throw considerable light on the question of a paper currency.

In an essay like the present, which consists of a string of concatenated propositions, it is difficult to make extracts without doing injustice to the work, because by detaching a passage from the context, we at once deprive it of the support which it derives from what preceded, and suppress the important consequences to which it may lead. The following extract, however, may be made with comparative impunity. The question asked is this:—Why, if the mercantile theory be so mischievous as it is alleged to be, has so great a reluctance been shewn in departing from the means by which it was carried into effect?

"The answer is, that though restrictions and prohibitions of importation, and bounties on exportation, always occasion public loss, they produce, or are supposed to produce, individual gain. And the preponderance in amount of the loss over the gain is more than compensated so far as either acts on public opinion by the concentration of the gain and the diffusion of the loss. A restriction or prohibition of the importation of any foreign commodity occasions a loss to those persons who would have produced the English commodity with which the excluded foreign commodity would have been purchased; but these are unascertained persons. No man feels that he is one of the persons peculiarly entitled to complain. It occasions also a loss to all those who are forced to purchase the dearer or the inferior English commodity. But though the sum of these inconveniences is most oppressive, the evil in each particular instance is generally trifling. On the other hand, the producer of the English commodity, for which the foreign one might be a substitute, is an ascertained person, fully estimating, and generally overestimating, the loss to which the admission of a rival would subject him, and if possible exaggerating his own terrors in his expression of them. Nothing but inquiry into the details of our commercial law will convince those among my hearers to whom the subject is not familiar, how trifling may be the individual gain that is offered and admitted as an effectual counterpoise to a public loss. We submit to a loss exceeding probably a million sterling every year, occasioned by the restriction on the importation of Baltic timber, and voluntarily inoculate our houses with dry rot, lest sawmills in Canada, and ships in the North American timber-trade, the aggregate value of which does not amount to a million sterling, should become less productive to their owners. We prohibit sugar refined in the colonies, and consequently import it in a state more bulky and more perishable, lest the profits of a few sugar-refiners should be lessened. Other selfishness may be as intense, but none is so unblushing, because none is so tolerated as that of a monopolist claiming a vested interest in a public injury. The subject is still farther obscured by that powerful instrument of confusion, national jealousy. Free trade is not only to deprive us of our money, it is also to carry it to our neighbours; it is to do worse than impoverish ourselves, it is to enrich them. The trade with a country is likely to be advantageous in proportion to its extent, productiveness, and proximity. The trade between Middlesex and Kent is more advantageous to both parties than that between Middlesex and Caithness. But those very circumstances are the causes of national jealousy. The trade between Great Britain and France would be the most beneficial that either country could carry on: they are countries of great extent and powers of production; their respective wants and supplies are happily adapted to each other; and the short sea which, for commercial purposes, rather unites than separates them, reduces the expense of carriage almost to nothing. The wines of the Garonne would naturally be cheaper in London than in Paris. The mineral treasures of Wales and Cornwall would find their way as easily to the Loire as to the Thames. For these very reasons each nation has always exercised her perverse ingenuity to

exclude the commodities of her neighbour. And so well have they succeeded, that the imports of Great Britain from France, instead of forming, as they naturally would do, a third or fourth of all our imports, do not exceed a fiftieth. The mercantile system seems to have proclaimed, and national jealousy to have re-echoed—

> Nequicquam Deus abscidit
> Prudens oceano dissociabili
> Terras, si tamen impiæ
> Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

Another most efficient fallacy consists in a use of the word 'independent.' To be independent of foreign supply, in consequence of the abundance of our own, is unquestionably a benefit. If we could give to our soil and climate the productive powers of the richest plains in Mexico, and instead of eight or ten, obtain a return of ninety or one hundred, for every grain of wheat committed to the earth, we should be independent of foreign grain; but the benefit would consist not in the independence, but in the abundance. The independence of the mercantile system is accompanied not by abundance, but by privation; it arises not from the extent, but from the mismanagement of our resources; not from our riches, but from our self-inflicted poverty. It is the independence of Swift, who deprived himself, during the last years of his sanity, of the power of reading, by an obstinate resolution never to use glasses. It is the independence of my supposed trader in blacking his own shoes. It is to be independent of the foot-path, by walking in the kennel. Independence of our neighbours has, however, sometimes been recommended, not as a means of wealth, but of security. This view of the subject is not within the scope of political economy. If I might venture to travel somewhat beyond my sphere, I should reply, that it seems forgotten that dependence as well as independence must be mutual; that we cannot be habitually dependent on another nation for a large portion of our annual supplies, without that nation's being equally dependent upon us. That if such a mutual dependence should increase the inconveniences of war to the one, it would equally increase them to the other. That if the supposed intercourse were one in which England received raw produce in return for her manufactures, or even her gold, (and such are the cases in which this argument is chiefly used,) such an intercourse would bind to her the foreign country in question by the strongest of all possible ties, the immediate interest of the owners of the soil, the most powerful class in every community, and the only class possessing power in a poor country. I should illustrate the argument by our relations with the Baltic states. I should observe, that our dependence on them for the principal materials of our navy,—a dependence carrying a peculiar appearance of insecurity,—never seemed to diminish our strength during war, while the dependence on England of the Russian landholders for their rents, made peace with us absolutely essential to them; and actually enforced it by means of the unpunished murder of one sovereign, and unresisted menaces to another. And I should infer from all this, that an attempt at commercial independence must infinitely increase the chances of a war to a nation, by diminishing the motives in other nations to remain at peace with her, and, by impoverishing her, must make her less able to support the wars to which it inevitably leads. To the mercantile system, besides its own peculiar follies, we may in general attribute the greatest of all human follies—the existence of war between civilised nations."

These are sufficient specimens of Mr. Senior's style of writing and exposition. We have already quoted the passage in which he has stated that the question of free trade is, next to the question of free religion, the most momentous that has ever been submitted to human decision. That sentence is followed by these observations:

"If the unhappy prejudices that now exist on this subject should continue, and if the extension of representative governments should increase the power of public opinion over the policy of nations, I fear that commerce may not long be enabled to retain even that degree of freedom which she now enjoys. Much, perhaps every thing, depends on the example to be set by this country. I have perfect reliance on the knowledge and good intentions of our present ministers; but very little on the knowledge possessed by the country at large."

In this place there is either a mistatement, or Mr. S. has propounded what amounts to a condemnation of representative governments; until—Heaven help us!—until the community shall have attained to the same degree of economical knowledge as the Oxford professor. We do not mean to fasten a proposition so untenable as this upon the author of these lectures; the words, however, are not only capable of such a meaning, but require, as we think, a little twisting to be forced into any better interpretation. A people, be their trade free as the air, may yet, without a representative constitution, be misgoverned to the content of a Turkish sultan: but can they ever be brought to acquiesce in sound commercial principles, unless under the enlightening influence of such a constitution? And without their acquiescence, of what use are the "good intentions of a ministry"? Mr. Senior wrote a year ago; a year ago he expressed the fullest confidence in "our enlightened ministers." Does that confidence survive the death of one, and the retirement of others, of those enlightened persons; or is he not convinced that, in affairs of this moment, the minister must rely on the people as his only efficient auxiliaries in any project of useful reformation?

Salathiel: a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. Colburn.

[Second notice.]

THIS extraordinary story, the production of a man of great genius,* cannot be classed with any of the works of imagination which have been put forth in these times so fertile in romance: and as our first notice of it appeared after the perusal of an early copy, a short while previous to publication, we feel ourselves called upon to complete our review, now that *Salathiel* has been sometime published. It is perfectly original in the general conception, as well as in its splendid and powerful eloquence. The most striking peculiarity is the combination of lofty thought, expressed in a style which, for its richness, copiousness, and vigour, is almost unrivalled. Indeed a strain so exalted could not be judiciously used, if the subject were not far above those which are usually selected for works of fiction. But where the story is that of a being supposed to be under the immediate and constant infliction of the Divine wrath, driven through some of the most wonderful scenes and situations which the world has produced, the stately and sustained diction of these volumes corresponds with the dignity of the theme.

The brief introduction develops the scheme on which the story is constructed.

"There has appeared from time to time in Europe, during the last thousand years, a mysterious individual, a sojourner in all lands, yet a citizen of none; professing the profoundest secrets of opulence, yet generally living in a state of poverty; astonishing every one by the vigour of his recollections, and the evidence of his close and living intercourse with the eminent characters and events of every age, yet connected with none—without lineage, or possession, or pursuit on earth—a wanderer and unhappy. A number of histories have been invented for him; some purely fictitious, others founded on ill-understood records. Germany, the land of mysticism, where men labour to think all facts imaginary, and turn all imaginations into facts, has toiled most in this idle perversion of truth. Yet those narratives have been in general but a few pages, feebly founded on the single, fatal sentence of his punishment for an indignity offered to the Great Author of the Christian faith. That exile lives; that most afflicted of the people of affliction yet walks this earth, bearing the sorrows of eighteen centuries on his brow,—withering in soul with remorse for the guilt of an hour of madness. He has long borne the scoff in silence; he has heard his princely rank degraded to that of a menial, and heard without a murmur; he has heard his unhappy offence charged to deliberate malice and cruelty, when it was but the misfortune of a zeal blinded and inflamed by the prejudices of his nation; and he has bowed to the calumny as a portion of his punishment. But the time for his forbearance is no more. He feels himself at last wearing away; and feels, with a sensation like that of returning to the common fates of mankind, a desire to stand clear with his fellow-men. In their presence he will never move again. To their justice, or their mercy, he will never again appeal. The wound of his soul rests, never again to be disclosed, until that day when all things shall be summoned and be known. In his final retreat he has collected these memorials. He has concealed nothing, he has dissembled nothing; the picture of his hopes and fears, his weaknesses and his sorrows, is stamped here with sacred sincerity."

After this explanation, Salathiel, the Wandering Jew, proceeds with his story from the moment when the memorable curse was pronounced upon him, "Tarry thou till I come."

The horrors of this infliction, and the inexplicable conviction of his crime, are most powerfully depicted. Then come the more open and awful visitations of the earthquake and darkness which attended the crucifixion. Salathiel, attempting to fly with his wife and child in the hour of terror, is overpowered in the whirlwind of dust and ashes; and the story thus proceeds:

"When I recovered my senses, all was so much changed round me, that I could scarcely be persuaded that either the past or the present was not a dream. I had no consciousness of any interval between them, more than that of having closed my eyes at one instant, to open them at the next. Yet the curtains of a tent waved round me in a breeze fragrant with the breath of roses and the balsam-tree. Beyond the gardens and meadows, from which those odours sprang, a river shone, like a path of

* The author is understood to be the Rev. G. Croly. Indeed, not merely the eloquence, but the profound and extensive learning displayed in these volumes afford internal evidence that they proceed from the author of the New Interpretation of the Apocalypse.

lapis lazuli, in the calm effulgence of the western sun. Tents were pitched, from which I heard the sounds of pastoral instruments; camels were drinking and grazing along the river side; and turbaned men and maidens were ranging over the fields, or sitting on the banks to enjoy the cool of the delicious evening. While I tried to collect my senses, and discover whether this was more than one of those sports of a wayward fancy which tantalise the bed of the sick mind, I heard a low hymn, and listened to the sounds with breathless anxiety. The voice I knew at once—it was Miriam's. But in the disorder of my brain, and the strange circumstances which had filled the late days, in that total feebleness too in which I could not move a limb or utter a word, a persuasion seized me that I was already beyond the final boundary of mortals. All before me was like that paradise from which the crime of our great forefather had driven man into banishment."

The rich and glorious landscape thus exquisitely placed before us, is the country of Samaria, whither Salathiel had been borne by his kinsmen, who had fled in those hours of terror from the holy city.

But we cannot attempt to trace the progress of this wild and wonderful tale, which from its manner defies all compression. We can only extract, almost at random, the following passages. The first shews us Salathiel unexpectedly dragged before Florus, the Roman governor of Judea,—a picture remarkable not only for the brilliancy and power of its colouring, but for its perfect accuracy.

"By extraordinary speed, I reached the gates just as the trumpet was sounding for their close. My attendant went forth to obtain information; and I was left pacing my chamber in feverish suspense. I did not suffer it long. The door opened, and a party of soldiers ordered me to follow them. Resistance was useless. They led me to the palace. There I was delivered from guard to guard, through a long succession of apartments, until we reached the door of a banqueting-room. The festivity within was high; and if I could have then sympathised with singing and laughter, I might have had full indulgence during the immeasurable hour that I lingered out, a broken wretch, exhausted by desperate effort, sick at heart, and of course not unanxious for the result of an interview with the Roman procurator; a man whose name was equivalent to vice, extortion, and love of blood, throughout Judea. At length the feast was at an end. I was summoned, and for the first time saw Gessius Florus, a little bloated figure, with a countenance that to the casual observer was the model of gross good-nature, a twinkling eye, and a lip on the perpetual laugh. His bald forehead wore a wreath of flowers, and his tunic and the couch on which he lay breathed perfume. The table before him was a long vista of sculptured cups, and golden vases and candelabra. 'I am sorry to have detained you so long,' said he; 'but this was the emperor's birth-day, and, as good subjects, we have kept it accordingly.' During this speech, he was engaged in contemplating the wine-bubbles as they sparkled above the brim of a large amethystine goblet. A pale and delicate Italian boy, sumptuously dressed, the only one of the guests who remained, perceiving that I was fatigued, filled a cup, and presented it. 'Right, Septimius,' said the debauchee, 'make the Jew drink the emperor's health.' The youth bowed gracefully before me, and again offered the cup; but the time was not for indulgence, and I laid it on the table. 'Here's long life and glory to Nero Claudius Cæsar, our pious, merciful, and invincible emperor,' cried Florus; and only when he had drunk to the bottom of the goblet, found leisure to look upon his prisoner. He either felt or affected surprise, and turning to his young companion, said, 'By Hercules, boy, what grand fellows those Jews make! The helmet is nothing to the turban, after all. What magnificence of beard! no Italian chin has the vigour to grow any thing so superb; then the neck, like the bull of Milo; and those blazing eyes! If I had but a legion of such spearsmen'—I grew impatient, and said, 'I stand here, procurator, in your bonds. I demand why? I have business that requires my instant attention; and I desire to be gone.' 'Now, have I treated you so inhospitably,' said he, laughing, 'that you expect I shall finish by shutting my doors upon you at this time of night?' He glanced upon his tablets, and read my name. 'Ay,' said he, 'and after I have been so long wishing for the honour of your company. Jew, take your wine, and sit down upon that couch, and tell me what brought you to Cæsarea.' I told him briefly the circumstances. He roared with laughter, desired me to repeat them, and swore that 'by all the gods, it was the very best piece of pleasantry he had heard since he set foot in Judea.' I stood up in irrepressible indignation. 'What!' said he, 'will you go without hearing my story in return?' He filled his goblet again to the brim, buried his purple visage in a vase of roses, and having inhaled the fragrance, and chosen an easy posture, said, coldly, 'Jew, you have told me a most excellent story; and it is only fair that I should tell you one in return; not half so amusing, I admit, but to the full as true. Jew, you are a traitor!' I started back. 'Jew,' said he, 'you must in common civility hear me out. The truth is, that your visit has been so often anticipated and so long delayed, that I cannot bear to part with you yet. You are an apostate; you encourage those Christian dogs. Why does the man stare?—you are in communication with rebels; and I might have had the honour of meeting you in the field, if you had not been in my hands in Cæsarea.' He pronounced those words of death in the most tranquil tone; not a muscle moved: the cup which he held brimful in his hand never overflowed."

We are sorry we cannot conclude this scene: and must finish with the following vivid portrait of Nero at Rome.

"A few steps onward, and I stood in the presence of the most formidable being on earth. Yet, whatever might have been the natural agitation of the time, I could scarcely restrain a smile at the first sight of Nero. I saw a pale, under-sized, light-haired young man sitting before a table with a lyre on it, a few copies of verses and drawings, and a parrot's cage, to whose inmate he was teaching Greek with great assiduity. But for the regal furniture of the cabinet, I should have supposed myself led by mistake into an interview with some struggling poet. He shot round one quick glance on the opening of the door, and then proceeded to give lessons to his bird. I had leisure to gaze on the tyrant and the parricide. Physiognomy is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of active ability, and above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped on his countenance by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit. But the science has its limits: it has no stamp for mere cruelty. The features of the human monster before me were mild, and almost handsome: a heavy eye and a figure tending to fulness gave the impression of a quiet mind; and but for an occasional restlessness of brow, and a brief glance from under it, in which the leaden eye darted suspicion, I should have pronounced Nero one of the most indolently tranquil of mankind. He remanded the parrot to its perch, took up his lyre, and throwing a not unskilful hand over the strings, in the intervals of the performance languidly addressed a broken sentence to me. 'You have come, I understand, from Judea;—they tell me that you have been, or are to be, a general of the insurrection;—you must be put to death;—your countrymen give us a great deal of trouble, and I always regret to be troubled with them. But to send you back would only be encouragement to them; and to keep you here among strangers would only be cruelty to you. I am charged with cruelty;—you see the charge is not true. I am lampooned every day; I know the scribblers, but they must lampoon or starve. I leave them to do both.—Have you brought any news from Judea? They have not had a true prince there since the first Herod; and he was quite a Greek, a cut-throat, and a man of taste. He understood the arts.—I sent for you, to see what sort of animal a Jewish rebel was.—Your dress is handsome, but too light for our winters.—You cannot die before sun-set, as till then I am engaged with my music-master.—We all must die when our time comes.—Farewell—till sun-set, may Jupiter protect you!"

These passages may convey some notion, but not an adequate one, of this powerful work. The only faults which can be attributed to it proceed from the unabated loftiness and sweeping style which is continued throughout. It is true this is consistent with the elevation of the subject; but we could almost have wished for occasional parts in a more simple, smooth, and easy strain. It is astonishing that, without the relief of any such parts, there is nothing to complain of in the shape of ridiculous pompousness or affectation. In this respect, indeed—in his power over the English language—in the richness and vigour of his imagination—Mr. Croly is hitherto unrivalled: and as these volumes are only to be considered as the first portion of a more extended plan, we may perhaps hope, as the author descends with the stream of time to "the present," that he will delight us with touches of pathos and nature, in addition to his loftier and more magnificent strains.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, July 12.—On Saturday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Fawsett, Magdalen Hall, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. Sherson, St. Mary Hall; Rev. C. J. Gooch, Christ Church; Rev. J. W. Birch, Magdalen Hall.

Remarks upon an Egyptian History, in Egyptian Characters, in the Royal Museum at Turin, with reference to an Article in the Edinburgh Review. By Dr. G. Seyffarth, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Leipsig.

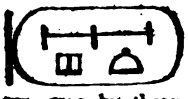
ALTHOUGH a vast number of papyri and other inscriptions have been found in modern times among the ruins of Egypt, and brought to the museums of Europe, no person has yet succeeded in discovering a *proper Egyptian history*. Of this nature is a large papyrus in the Egyptian Museum at Turin, recomposed by me from a quantity of fragments, during my residence in that town. This remarkable ma-

nuscript, in hieratical character, being carefully written on both sides, belongs, according to the manner of writing, to the era of the first Ptolemies. The text consists of twelve columns on the left side, where the fibres go perpendicularly, and of six large columns on the other side; and each of these contains from twenty to thirty lines, particularly near the end, where the text is more cramped and comprehensive. Sometimes there are small stripes of papyri fastened with gum upon the sheets, in order, perhaps, to correct errors. The said twelve columns furnish, besides other things, a catalogue of the Egyptian regents, perfectly coinciding with Manetho's history. It begins with the government of the deities, demigods, heroes, and other divine regents. This is the fabulous part of the Egyptian history, like that of the Chinese and other people: therefore it need not be wondered at, that the Egyptian mythologist gives 19,918 years as the government of the first gods, and 23,22(?)0 years as that of all the divine regents together. Each of the gods, which follow in this order—*Hephaestos* (?), *Helios* (?), *Agathodaemon* (?), *Kronos*, *Osiris*, *Typhon*, *Orus*, *Thooth*, *Anubis*, *Orus II.*, have reigned several hundred years, and *Thooth* alone governed Egypt 3926 years. After this follow the human dynasties, commencing with *Menes*, *Athothis I.*, *Athothis II.*, &c. Each dynasty commences with the indication of that town or country where it originated, and finishes with an article concerning the number of Pharaohs in that dynasty, and the time of their government, &c. The commencement of these notes is distinguished by red letters: immediately following the name of each Pharaoh, the number of years, months, and days, of his reign is remarked, with other notices. It is a great pity that this manuscript, consisting of seven large sheets of papyrus, which in its original condition contained about 300 names of Pharaohs, is in many, and indeed in essential parts very incomplete. It remains, however, an important monument of Egyptian literature, and furnishes much remarkably illustrative of the history and the manner of the sacred writing of the ancient Egyptians: therefore I shall as soon as possible publish it. Besides this, we having a Greek translation of this history and that of Manetho, by Eusebius and others, this manuscript, like the Rosetta stone, affords a *bilinguous inscription*, and serves, by its considerable number of proper names, more than any other, to decide upon Champollion's hieroglyphical system, and that of Spohn and myself. On this subject I shall add a few observations.

There are some articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, as also in the *Caledonian Mercury*, apparently from the same writer, which, while they approve of Champollion's system, condemn ours in extravagant terms.* The said papyrus completely contradicts this decision. For instance, like the original text of Manetho, after Julius Africanus, it gives the following regents as the fifth of the Egyptian dynasties:

Egyptian Text of Manetho.	Greek Text of Manetho.
Otoes	Othoes
Pios	Phios
Metusuphi	Methusuphis
Phiops	Phiops
....	Mentusuphis
Nitocris	Nitocris.

Of these names the shortest is that of Pi, being written thus:—



Now let us try, even by these hieroglyphs, Spohn's system and Champollion's. According to Champollion, ⊢┼⊣ representing a fence, or *Klo* in Coptic, signifies K; ⌂ signifies T, and Ⅲ signifies P; and I think it is impossible for Champollion's system to pronounce this name otherwise than KeTeP, or KaTaP, &c. But in my system I have said, that Ⅲ and ⌂ together signify only one sound, namely, I; and ⊢┼⊣ is a form of the letter P,† which furnish PI, or Pios, adding the Greek termination. The aforesaid name must therefore be read, according to

Champollion's System,	Greek Text,	My System,
KeTePos.	Phios.	Pios.

This is a fact which must be admitted, and I could produce a thousand such proofs. One more example may as well be added here. In the name preceding that of Pios, in the aforesaid dynasty, we find the letter O expressed by

That is PT according to Champollion, and O according to my system.† Therefore, Champollion's system will pronounce here, perhaps, PeTeTeTeTEs, or literally, PTTTTEs, instead of OTOEs; while my system literally and strictly pronounces OTOEs, like the Greek text. These two examples may suffice for the present, and enable every one to come to a decision between Champollion and us, and to contradict every sentence like this in the *Caledonian Mercury*: "Spohn's system is considered as one of the most perfect specimens of chinnerian mystifications," &c. &c.

The particular circumstances under which the hieroglyphical pursuits of Spohn and myself were published, admitted of no doubt that our system would meet with rash censure and unfounded disapprobation; but I confess I did not expect that our discoveries would be exhibited in such a light as they were made to appear in the articles to which I have alluded. Indeed, it is astonishing that men who pretend to politeness and character, so far as pursuing truth, are not ashamed of defending in such a manner, and by such means, a fallacious opinion. I do not complain of the extravagant expressions against Spohn and myself, nor of the condemnation of our Egyptian exertions, by a person wholly ignorant, or most imperfectly acquainted with the Egyptian museums and libraries of Italy, France, Germany, and perhaps with those of England itself; but I deplore the assurance and self-conceit with which a person would forestall the decision of competent judges; the boldness with which he denies matters of fact; and the facility with which he misrepresents the statements of others. But it is not yet known what objects the anonymous author, who appears, however, under his name in a French translation of the essay in the *Edinburgh Review*, had in view, nor what are the secret motives of his frequent articles against us.

It is not at all necessary to refute this reviewer: for matters of fact never can be wholly suppressed; and a hieroglyphical system cannot as yet be really condemned, as every body will allow, but by such a one as has exclusively applied himself to hieroglyphical studies, and examined a vast number of Egyptian monuments. Any other person, however learned, may certainly pronounce an opinion upon a system; but his judgment, however positive, will never be considered as decisive. Notwithstanding, I will shew in what way Sphon and myself have been proceeded against.

The reviewer asserts, that, according to the principles of our system, *the Egyptians have used 650,000 arbitrary characters of letters*; and he takes this axiom to be the basis of our system. There are whole pages which he wastes for the sake of proving, *that Egyptian brains were not capable of retaining more than half a million of distinct characters; and that it is impossible for human understanding to decipher an inscription written in such characters; and that consequently our system is downright nonsense.* But neither I nor Spohn ever asserted so strange a paradox. There is indeed in one of the annotations to my system a number 675,000, and an analytical calculation, shewing plainly the mutual relation of the demotical, hieratical, and the hieroglyphical letters; but in the same annotation I have *expressly conjectured*, that the forms of the Egyptian letters, in the three manners of writing, *altogether* do not exceed the number of a few thousands.* It is impossible that our critic has seen or understood our system. I do not know where that gross mistake originates; but I think a pamphlet, published by Champollion, which attacks it with nearly the same assertions as his, has led him into the same error; and perhaps he had not then seen my refutation of Champollion's pamphlet.† Besides this, a conjecture concerning the number of the Egyptian forms of letters is not a principle, or an essential point, of any hieroglyphical system. After the Rosetta-stone, and all the innumerable inscriptions and papyri brought to European museums, had reanimated the study of Egyptian literature, it remained to determine by what rules these monuments were inscribed. The question was, therefore, What may we presume, and what course pursue, that we may so far succeed as to understand those inscriptions? According to this question, it will be easy to determine the material points in every hieroglyphical system. Here are our principles, which I will compare with Champollion's:—

Our System.	*Champollion's System.*
The Egyptian inscriptions are in general *alphabetic*, particularly the *demotical*.	The Egyptian inscriptions are in general *symbolic*, particularly the *hieroglyphical*.
The basis of the Egyptian writing is *an alphabet of twenty-five letters*, as Plutarch and Eusebius themselves testify, of which three were invented by the priest Isiris; the others are the twenty-two Phenician letters.	The basis of the Egyptian writing is *a number of about eight hundred and fifty hieroglyphs*, and each of these, not being symbolical, signifies the sound by which the name of that hieroglyphical figure commences.
Ordinarily, *many signs* express but one word.	Ordinarily, *each sign* expresses a word or an idea.

* See Edinburgh Review, Vol. XLV. p. 329; Caledonian Mercury, No. XVI. p. 612, April 24, 1828; Asiatic Journal, October 1827, p. 528. I determined to overlook the said articles, and not to give publicity to my disapprobation of such attacks upon Spohn and myself; and therefore, some time ago, addressed similar remarks to the author himself, in order to convince him privately of his erroneous statements against us, and of his unbecoming style in literary matters. I have, however, since then, been induced to publish some remarks upon the said articles, in order to check the growth and progress of prejudices; and although I am quite averse to every kind of literary cavilling, I cannot but deviate from my former resolution, particularly as it is more in favour of my deceased friend than myself.

* See Rudimenta Hieroglyphices, tab. xxxvi. letter I, in the column x. No. 17; and letter P, columns v. and xii. No. 2.

† See Rudimenta Hieroglyphices, tab. xxxvi. letter O, column vi. No. 7.

* See Rudimenta Hieroglyphices, p. 8, not. 44.

† *Brevis Delineatio Hieroglyphices inventae* à F. A. G. Spohn et G. Seyffarth. Lipsiae, 1827. An Italian and a French translation of it have been published at Turin and at Paris. *Idées del Sistema Geroglifico dei* Signori Spohn e Seyffarth, da C. Sylva. *Réplique contre les Objections de M. Champollion contre le Système, &c.* Chez Ponthieu.

Frequently, two or more signs denote only one letter.	*Two or more signs* must always express an equal number of letters.
Frequently, the same sign denotes two or more letters.	*The same sign* can never denote any other sound than that by which the name of that sign commences.
The language of the ancient Egyptians used on their monuments is the *ancient Coptic*.	The language of the ancient Egyptians used on their monuments is the *modern Coptic*.

I must suppose the reviewer proceeded against us upon the opinion that I would not admit the merits of Dr. Young and Champollion. He has charged me with so doing. Indeed, I could not approve of Champollion's system; and I am still of the same persuasion, believing that only *that* hieroglyphical system can be true, which (1) corresponds with the express assertions of the ancient authors, which (2) is in itself satisfactory, and which (3), when tried by Egyptian texts with a translation, does not exhibit any thing different from what the translation furnishes. Notwithstanding, in the same paragraph, I have duly appreciated Young and Champollion's exertions, I am quite averse to denying or diminishing the merits of others; but I confess I claim, and, according to *suum cuique*, I dare claim, that others respect the property of Spohn and myself. Champollion's hieroglyphical works, it is already known, were published after Spohn's discoveries; but I do not repeat this fact for the purpose of diminishing Champollion's merits, but to mention that what is true in Champollion's system confirms Spohn's.* It is therefore rather curious that the reviewer should forget, that in condemning our system he condemns that of Champollion, which he advocates. Besides this, in the continuation of Spohn's work, I will give, with perfect impartiality, and with all necessary exactness, the history of the restoration of Egyptian literature. In this account I will tell (I.) what scholars have contributed to the deciphering of the Egyptian literature since the exposition of the Rosetta stone; (II.) what discoveries each of them has made concerning (1) the tongue of the ancient Egyptians, (2) the rules of their writings, (3) their glossary, (4) their grammar, (5) their alphabets, &c.; (III.) at what time the various discoveries have been effected. I hope by this distinguishing history to satisfy all parties, and to silence all the conflicts which in later times the hieroglyphical exertions in England, Germany, France, and Italy, or the envy and ignorance of reviewers, have occasioned.

But perhaps it is easy to explain why this particular reviewer should so hastily and so positively condemn our hieroglyphical system. Champollion's system, certainly, appears on a superficial examination to be thoroughly exact and perfect; therefore he did not suppose that any other system different from Champollion's could be true. However, it would have been as well if he had considered that Champollion's system has not yet been thoroughly investigated by a person versed in such matters, and acquainted with those monuments which have furnished the proofs in support of it. I repeat here, that in the next Number of my Egyptian Review† I shall take the opportunity of illustrating and demonstrating our own system, to exhibit that of Champollion in its true light. Supposing for a moment that the latter had been exhibited in a most convincing manner, and that the author had not observed in his hieroglyphical pursuits any thing but what supported his opinion, passing over every thing opposed to it, I think it will be conceded that other resources must be used in such a disquisition. Egyptian inscriptions, of which we have a Greek or Latin translation, still remain, as we have seen, the best tests for trying any hieroglyphical system. It is certain that the said manuscript, as also many other similar monuments, have been found subsequent to the publication of my system, as well as that of Champollion; and it is incontrovertible, that Champollion's system, when applied to inscriptions with translations, produces pronunciations and significations very different from what the accompanying text supplies, while ours invariably renders them perfectly similar. While this fact exists, so long will our system remain unshaken; and, sooner or later, it must be universally acknowledged, in defiance of every attack to which it may be exposed.

* See my Vita Spohnii, Lipsiæ, 1826, p. 21; and my edition of Spohn's work, De Linguâ et Literis Vet. Ægypt. pars I. p. xv.

† Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Altaegyptischen Literatur, &c., Leipzig, bei J. A. Barth, 1 Heft, 1826.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Beggar's Petition. Engraved by A. W. Warren, from a Picture by W. F. Witherington.

A PLEASING print, from a pleasing picture, and likely to be of much popular acceptation.

Portraits of the late Emperor Alexander; of the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna and Children; of General Yermoloff; of Admiral Shishkoff; and of General Benkendorf. Engraved by T. Wright, from Paintings by G. Dawe, R.A.

THESE are prints from a few of the numerous portraits painted by Mr. Dawe during his residence at St. Petersburg. They carry with them the proofs of strong resemblance. Admiral Shishkoff, especially, is a highly characteristic old head. There is something very pleasing in the composition of the Empress and her Children. Mr. Wright has engraved the plates in a very broad and bold style of art.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ON the principle that good example is better than precept for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, and that the publication of the names of those of our native school who found patrons and friends in consequence of the exhibition of their works, is not only an act of justice, but a stimulus to further exertions, both in them and in others,—we inserted in our No. 563 a list, similar to the annexed, of the pictures sold at the British Institution, to the date of March 22d, amounting to seventy-six subjects, and about £2,500 in price. The Exhibition has since closed, to make room for the noble collection of ancient masters which now adorn the Gallery; but for the reasons assigned, we consider it to be only fair to complete our statement by adding the following list of pictures disposed of after the end of March.

Subjects.	*Artists' Names.*	*Purchasers.*
Scene in the vicinity of Mont Valid,—Pyrenees	P. H. Rogers	Peter Vere, Esq.
A Brother of the Angle	James Inskipp	
A Heath Scene	P. Nasmyth	
Fish, Vegetables, &c.	N. Chantry	G. H. Errington, Esq.
A Scene in Savoy	J. J. Stump	Ed. Parratt, Esq.
Christmas Presents	T. Lane	Ditto.
Young Tormentors	H. H. Watts	Ditto.
Coast Scene	H. Platt	Ditto.
Harvest Scene	Ditto	Ditto.
The Whist Party	John Knight	Ditto.
Hampton Court Palace	H. B. Ziegler	Ditto.
Ditto	Ditto	Ditto.
Young Crab-Catchers	Wm. Shayer	Ditto.
Returning from Labour	Geo. Richardson	Ditto.
The Cottage Door	Robt. Brown	Ditto.
The Diana in Bushy Park	H. B. Ziegler	Ditto.
Cattle and Figures	John Dearman	Ditto.
St. John in the Wilderness	James Ramsay	Ditto.
Interior, with Dead Game	E. Blake	Ditto.
Vessels off Eddystone Light-House	John Lynn	Ditto.
Scene on Medway	T. W. Dagnall	Ditto.
Landscape, &c.	John Dearman	Ditto.
Alnwick Castle	T. M. Richardson	R. A. Thorpe, Esq.
Boy and Donkeys	Wm. Shayer	John Brown, Esq.
Idleness punished	H. H. Watts	J. Townshend, Esq.
Filberts	R. J. Oliver	Geo. Walker, Esq.
Badger-Baiters	L. Marshall	Ditto.
View at Clifton	P. Nasmyth	Countess de Gray.
An Overshot Mill	F. R. Lee	Walter Boyd, Esq.
May Morning	John Wood	Ditto.
The Children in the Wood	Mrs. Wm. Carpenter	Ditto.
Ochill Hills	Alex. Nasmyth	Dr. Penrose.

These thirty-two, added to the preceding seventy-six, make the whole number sold reach one hundred and eight—a very fair and satisfactory proportion of more than a fifth part of the Exhibition.

MOUNTING PRINTS.

WE have lately seen specimens of a most ingenious invention by Mr. Shepherd, bookseller and binder, of Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, for mounting and inlaying prints. It far surpasses any process hitherto discovered; and no one can have any idea of its beauty and excellence without ocular observation. If the print be cut down, Mr. Shepherd can mount it to have the appearance of being printed on the paper. If it have a margin, he can give it the resemblance of an India-paper proof. If required, he can place several prints on the same piece of paper. If the print be torn, he can repair it; or, if mildewed, inked, or otherwise stained, he can, in most cases, remove the blemish. We have been favoured by Mr. Shepherd with an account of his process; but only feel ourselves authorised to vouch for its extraordinary effects. Print collectors, and the illustrators of books, will find it to be of invaluable use to them;—and indeed the whole circle of art is deeply interested in this invention. For the information of all, we have, therefore, given this laudatory, but well-merited, notice.

Extract of a Letter from an Artist at Rome.

AMONGST the many works of painters, as well as sculptors, which I have seen in Rome, is a colossal horse, now completed by a British artist, Mr. Thomas Campbell, which is part of a group for a monument about to be erected at Edinburgh, in memory of that distinguished soldier, the late Lord Hopetown. In this work, which certainly merits the attention of the cognoscenti, the artist has deviated from the ordinary paths of other sculptors, who in executing a monument of this description have always kept in view the celebrated Marcus Aurelius, or other equestrian statues.

The novelty of this design consists in representing the warrior on foot, leaning on his horse, as if reposing from the toils of battle. The relaxed attitude of the horse is in excellent harmony with the figure; the action is noble and natural; and the forms altogether treated in a very masterly manner, particularly the head, which, being inclined downwards towards the feet, gives a line of the greatest beauty, although difficult to execute; and in this instance performed with surprising truth and spirit. The artist has received great applause, not from the lovers of the fine arts alone, but also from the most distinguished artists at Rome.

I have seen another of his productions—a statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, which is equally perfect in the style as in the beauty of the design. The princess is seated, looking on a medallion of the emperor, which she holds in her hand. The figure is admirably expressed, and displays the utmost softness and grace. As a specimen of

sculpture, it is, in my opinion, in no respect inferior to the statue of Madame Litizia, the mother of Napoleon, by the immortal Canova, now in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and to which I understand this is to form a companion.

ELTHAM PALACE.

"The great hall in which Edward III. held two parliaments, and in his thirty-eighth year gave a princely reception to John, king of France, who had been his prisoner in England, and then came over to visit him at Eltham, is now used as a barn, and suffering constant mutilations from the jarring action of a thrashing-machine, from neighbouring maid-servants, who require soft free-stone for whitening their hearths, and from '*Gothic*' visitors frequently taking home fragments—purposely made—of the exquisitely carved ornaments, as memorials of their travels to "*King John's Barn*."

We have copied the above striking extract from Mr. Hunt's admirable *Designs for Parsonage Houses*, &c. published so long ago as the early part of 1827; and much do we rejoice to find that the subject has at last attracted the attention of Parliament so strongly, as to have been twice introduced in the House of Peers within the present week. As it has always been one of interest to us, and as we may be better acquainted with it than even the noble lords who did honour to their tastes by affording protection to these venerable remains, we shall take the liberty of saying a few words. Though the most ancient structure was of an anterior period, the existing building was, unquestionably, re-edified by Edward IV. A great portion of the walls, if not from the foundation, must be of that king's reign, as the roof, the windows, and the doors, bear incontestable proof of belonging to the best architecture of his time. The *Rose en Soleil*, his own peculiar badge, is seen in the spandrils of the arches, and the arches themselves are, perhaps, among the earliest instances of the flat construction of that important feature. As for removing this *Barn*, the very idea is odious—it would be destroying that which belongs to posterity as much as it does to us, as a model of perfect art. At the same time, it is our opinion (having often viewed this ruin), that the estimate of 6000*l.* for repairing and sustaining it, is excessive. Nothing seems to be wanted to support it as a study (and it need be applied to no agricultural or domestic purpose), but to take off and reconstruct the roof, strengthening the upper part of the walls, with the oriels; which, we will be bound to say, could be most substantially done for half the money.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE YOUTHFUL DAYS OF CANOVA.*

He dwelt in an elysium of bright thoughts,
That, lavish as the vernal wealth of May,
Woke in his gifted fancy. His world was
A pastoral valley, bounded by the Alps,
Whose snowy peaks, invading upper heaven,
Woo the soft splendours of th' Italian sky.
Unknown to him the realms that lay beyond,
Save in romantic legend or wild song—
Records of olden time, whence he might catch
Glimpses of busier life. Enough for bliss
That calm retreat, sequestered and obscure,
Where his heart revelled in the first warm gush
Of sympathy, unsullied by mistrust.
Supremely blest, the young Canova saw,
Swifter than dreams, the morn of life glide on,
Beneath the shelter of his humble home:
And if his ardent and aspiring gaze
Would pierce the dim of distance, and o'erpass
The beautiful horizon girdling in
His circumscribed existence, Hope lay there,
A bright Aurora, heralding the Sun.

Unloved by him the rude and boisterous sports
Of thoughtless childhood; even then his mind
Nursed in its sanctuary the expanding germ
Of future greatness, treasuring in its depths
A secret, incommunicable joy.
The graceful art, whose early votary
Antonio was (like Grecian youth trained up
To serve high altars), pastime and delight,
And his soul's pure idolatry, became.
What though despondency might cast a gloom
Of transient languor o'er his dawning powers,
—Offspring of thwarted efforts, that appeared
Weak to the grand conceptions of the brain,—
His genius, soaring on elastic wing,
Rose from that slight depression with a zeal
Proportionate to the exalted goal.
Visions of beauty filled his waking dreams:
Imagination mystic glances caught
Ev'n then of those fair forms his hand mature
Created into perfect excellence.
To him all things thronging the paths of life
Spoke in a loftier language. The perfume
Of flowerets opening to the Ausonian air
Pour'd on his keener sense revealings rich.
The high o'er-arching forest, through whose glades
The shy fawn bounded, like a shape of lightness—
The breezy slopes, whereon the mantling vines
Hung their green garlands—Nature's myriad stores,
Exhaustless as infinity,—were all
A theme of rapture and of wonderment.
Instinct with poetry, his spirit was
An instrument, amidst whose golden chords
Music lay slumbering, waiting but the touch
Of skill to bring forth her enchanting tones
In fullest harmony. How oft would he,
When o'er the woods of Asolano fell
The shades of evening, watch the roseate clouds
Floating along the distant Alpine range,
Upon whose stainless summits daylight still
Reign'd in her glory! How oft would he gaze,
Until the emotions labouring in his breast,
With power resistless burst forth from his lips
In some impassioned vow, that he might mount
A gilded beam of Sol's receding car,
Or sail upon the wings of fleetest winds;
Till, mingling with the ethereal elements,
The sense of his mortality subdued,
He might become a radiant seraph there,
The inhabitant of heaven!

Supremely blest,
In those romantic solitudes he pass'd
The years of boyhood, that in after-life
To him were tablets of memorial fond.
Yet some who looked on his sweet countenance,
Shadowed by deep and contemplative thought,
Had deem'd the youth a prey to grief or care,
Unwitting what a luxury of delight
Beneath the veil of pensiveness may rest.

Catharine G. Godwin.

* See Memoirs of Canova, by J. S. Memes, A.M.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

BROOKES'S MUSEUM.

The scientific labours of thirty years have this week been brought to the hammer; and Mr. George Robins has been zealously employed in dispersing and dissipating* what Mr. Brookes has been so long, so zealously, and so honourably employed in collecting and preparing. Thus runs the world away: what it has been the whole life-business of an individual, however enthusiastic in the pursuit of a favourite science, to form, it requires but little of time and circumstance to knock down and scatter over the face of the earth. We cannot but regret that, in this instance, some arrangement has not been made to preserve what our distinguished anatomist has with so much of skill and toil got together;—the world, we believe, can furnish no parallel to the pathological and zootomical divisions of this Museum; and altogether it *was* (we wish we could have said *is*) more like the grand effort of a national institution than the performance of a single man. We are, however, too poor, it is said,—the Treasury is too low,—the glove trade is falling off,—that of garters is getting slack,—the working of mines is minus,—riband weaving is checked,—small beer declines,—the iron business and lead veins are heavy,—the demand for gas and candles is light,—water companies run low,—the price of hats is high,—hay is down, and cotton down-y,—grain is up, and the woollen all fleeced,—wine is a drug, and spirits are depressed,—in the book line no quotation can be made,—in the leather it goes against the grain,—all is dry in dry goods,—the orders for cutlery are not sharp,—in the manufactures of fire-arms the workmen are discharged,—shoemakers' work and carpet manufacturers are quite trodden under foot,—the shipping has no sale [query sail, Printer's Devil?],—the glass business broken up, and the bottle business quite blown,—the tea trade all in hot water,—exports all out, and imports of no import whatever,—in short, the sinking fund is sunk, and Great Britain is so Little able, in her present crippled and desperate condition, to purchase or patronise what science or art may produce, that we might as well expect to see the Man in the Moon annexed to England, together with the Isle of Man (which union is to be effected by an act of the next session of parliament), as to see this country, as a country, commit any other act of such prodigious waste and folly as to secure a fine library of rare literature, a fine gallery of the *chef-d'œuvres* of painting* or sculpture, or a useful studio and repository of unequalled science. Two or three hundred thousand pounds expended in this way, though it would enrich us for ever, is too much for our wretched finances to squander; and honest John Bull would not like his name to appear in the next (not *Literary*) Gazette as a bankrupt, to surrender before the commissioners, at Guildhall, on the First of April, between the hours of twelve and two—at the very time when the giants, Gog and Magog, walk down from their pedestals to visit the Tower, and, with their other Cockney friends, behold the lions washed.

But the expression of our sorrow at the pauper estate of this once wealthy and mighty state, and our partial enumeration of its innumerable causes, has diverted us from our visit to Mr. Brookes's Museum—or rather, after our general inspection of its incomparable preparations, illustrating every part of the human frame, in health and in disease, and of its skeletons, pathological subjects, and animal specimens, constituting a perfect school for the study of medicine and comparative anatomy,—this digression, we say, has diverted us from our visit to the Sale,—a spectacle at once of vexation and strange speculation. The extraordinary coincidences, contrasts, anomalies, and oddities, which ensued on this occasion, would fill a volume; and they were rendered still more curious and impressive, in con-

* The sale is to last twenty-four days, for there are upwards of *six thousand* preparations!!!

* Witness, even now, the matchless Frescoes by Paul Veronese, so frequently mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*—themselves a glorious school of art.—*Ed. L. G.*

sequence of the singular mixture of the melancholy and grotesque presented at every turn to the sigh or the smile of the philosophical moralist. A "beautiful example of rupture" was disposed of without competition; and "many species of human monstrosities" were eagerly bid for by very good-looking persons of both sexes. Lot 9. "A cast of the dreadful disease denominated noli me tangere," *i. e.* the entire face, nose, cheeks, mouth, chin, eyes and all, eaten away—one of the most horrid appearances with which it is possible that life can be compatible, was bought, it was reported in the room, by a nobleman of taste and virtu as a companion to his superb bronze of the Venus di Medicis. Lot 20. "A child without extremities," (being an extreme case, nevertheless) brought twice the price of a child, Lot 16, with four legs. Lots 52, 3, 4, 5. Casts of the heads of Genevese, Dutch, and other idiots, were sold immediately before Lots 57, 8, 9, &c. some admirable dissections of brains, with their lobes cerebri and lobes cerebelli, crura, &c. &c.—so small a distance is wisdom generally removed from folly! Lot 141. "A *splendid* cast of hernia," was only matched by 153. "A *beautiful* cast of a malignant and spreading ulcer of the nose;" and 178. "A cast of a nose," was catalogued and spoken of just as we have been wont to hear of the cast of an eye. Lot 181. "A model of the organ of taste," was eagerly contended for by several distinguished connoisseurs, but was ultimately carried off by some one employed by Government, for the use of the Board of Works; so that we may now fairly hope for very different public buildings from those which have of late disgraced the metropolis. We consider it certain, after this purchase, that the dome of Buckingham Palace will be taken down like the wings; that there will be no roofed fountain to shut the view of the Park out from Regent Street;—in short, that the *Organ of Taste* will be suffered to have something to do with our national architecture.

The third day's sale consisted of various organs of the horse, ass, &c. &c. admirably prepared: the fourth day returned again to humanity—but humanity in such wonderful fragments and shapes, that the living people in the room were ever and anon feeling themselves all over, to be sure either that they were like what they saw around them, or something else. Remarkable calculi made them tremble with apprehensions; and whether formed of phosphates of lime or ammonia, of lithic acid, of oxalate of lime, of lithate of ammonia, or of carbonates, it appeared as if the spectators rather wished to be stone blind, than to examine these torturing engines of disease. Lot 67. "A *choice* illustration of a morbid bladder which produced *death*," seemed to be a choice article, and produced *lively* bidding; while the next, Lot 68. "An *interesting* specimen of diseased prostate gland," also excited considerable interest, though not so much as Lot 82, which was "*a most interesting* specimen of a morbid bladder, containing a very large calculus," and which absolutely may be said to have been sold by the *stone* weight. Kidneys, in various ways, finished the materials set before us on this day; and yesterday, the fifth day of the sale, a multitude of exquisite skeletons of mammalia, as well as specimens finely stuffed, dried, or in spirits, were disposed of. To-day the mammalia are continued, and contain many remarkable and unique individuals, and, in general, a most complete classification of genera and species.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday, after the Opera of *Medea*, resplendent through the incomparable tragic acting of Pasta, a new ballet by Anatole, with music by Wade, was produced at this theatre. The loves of Diana and Endymion furnish the story, and the usual mythological personages figure in the dance, which has not much of novelty (how should it?) to recommend it. There is some pretty new scenery.

Velluti took his benefit on Thursday, with the splendid opera of *Il Crociato in Egitto*. The house was but poorly filled, and very few persons of distinction were there. He was in good voice, and well received; the audience called for him at the end—a custom becoming much too common. A word as to costume, which in this opera has much to do. Porto's was pretty correct—not so Deville's; he wears his sword, too, with the wrong side upwards. The Turks carry their swords with the edge upwards; not as the Franks, downwards. We beg to inform Mdlle. Sontag, that the Turkish ladies do not wear bustles—they are by no means a bustling people—nor gird in their waists *à la mode Française*,—nor wear silk stockings and satin shoes, but boots: we recommend her to study the print of Madame Ronzi de Begnis as *Fatima*.

HAYMARKET.

A new candidate for theatrical fame made his appearance on these boards last Thursday week, in the character of *Shylock*: he has since repeated his performance, and with sufficient success to authorise his announcement for the still more arduous character of *King Lear*. The daily and weekly press have, with one accord, condemned him as a servile imitator of Mr. Kean. If to differ from that extraordinary performer in voice, in person, in action, and in conception of the part, be to imitate him, we perfectly agree with our contemporaries; otherwise, we enter our protest against the accusation. That he may be classed in the Kean or the familiar school, we will admit; but his reading and acting of the part were as remote from Mr. Kean's as light from darkness. Whether or not he will succeed as well in portraying the mad old Lear, we cannot predict: but we will venture to say he may play Shylock with any actor (Kean excepted) who now treads the boards; and in many instances we prefer his conception of the part even to that gentleman's. We will instance the trial-scene in particular, in which, if the sarcasm was not so *Keen*-ly given, the implacability and determination of the character was far more strongly marked. The whole performance was sensible and satisfactory; and "the gentleman," whoever he may be, has judgment and power enough to make him a valuable acquisition to any theatrical establishment.

On the following evening (Friday) a new drama, entitled the *Two Friends*, was produced, and received (as it deserved to be) with acclamations. It is one of the best-written and best-acted pieces we have seen for many a long day. The plot having already appeared in all the papers, it is needless for us, at this distance of time, to enter into a detail of it. If any thing could have heightened our opinion of Mr. Farren, it would have been his exquisite performance of *Ambrose*. We have often wished we could transport all our English actors to Paris, to see one comedy performed there: we now wish, for the honour of Old England, that all French actors could see Mr. Farren in the *Two Friends*. He is one of the few *artistes* of whom they would envy us the possession. Miss F. H. Kelly's personation of *Elinor* is by far the best thing she has done at this theatre. There is less effort, and consequently more nature, about it; and that exceedingly unpleasant *deprecating* tone (we will so term it, for want of a more explicit phrase), which so continually offends our ear, is more sparingly introduced than in any other character we have lately seen her sustain.* Mrs. Humby is fitted to admiration; and Cooper plays, as he always does, with great zeal and ability. Why should this clever piece be called a drama? We think it a comedy, and of a very high order. If Mr. Lacy can write such a piece as this, we entreat him not to give us any more "Milliners." He should have "a soul above buttons."

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Another successful piece!—The *Noyades, or Love and Gratitude*, is founded on a tale in Highways and Byways, and the interest is excited by the preservation of a Republican French officer by a royalist peasant girl in La Vendée. The English Opera House is determined not to be behind its rival, the Haymarket, in good acting. Miss Kelly's personation of *Carline* is as great in its way as Farren's *Ambrose*. The drama would, we think, be materially improved by the omission of the very subordinate and unnecessary characters of *Major Lenigan* and *Julie*. We would also recommend a general pardon for the wretched Noyades, as nearly a dozen are left to be drowned at the fall of the curtain: a circumstance which greatly detracts from the pleasure imparted by the preservation of Carline and *Tardiff*. The part of *Eugenia*, though exceedingly well sustained by Miss Goward, is also quite an excrescence, and is finally got rid of in the most unceremonious manner. The excellent acting, however, of Miss Kelly, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Vining, and, though last, not least, Mrs. Bryan, carried every thing before it; and the piece was announced for repetition amidst universal applause. Mr. Benson Hill made his first appearance here in the part of Major Lenigan, and did all that could be done for it. Both he and Mr. Vining looked like officers and gentlemen—a rare occurrence on our stage. We were particularly pleased with the performance of the latter in the first scene with Carline;—there was a mixture of gallantry, foppery, and feeling, about it, perfectly characteristic of a young French officer. We must not omit mention of the scenery. The City of Nantes and the River Loire was a picture worthy of the pencil of Stanfield. Tomkins is a treasure to this establishment.

Velluti in Speculum has been ignorantly translated, by persons not conversant with *Italian*, "Velluti in a Speculum;" whereas the real meaning is, "As in a Glass;" that is, you are supposed to see men and manners, &c. represented on the stage as if they were reflected in a mirror. But if this was a compliment to the theatrical art in days of old, how much higher is it now made to stand by the performances at the English Opera House? As in a Glass, is nothing to be compared to As in a Bottle; and *Imp*-erial measure too! What an extraordinary this Bottle is! At first it appears to be merely blue ruin; then it is a magnum;—in the beginning it is a pleasure, in the end,

* We must add, *en passant*, that when we criticise this lady severely, it is only because we consider her to have all the requisites for becoming one of the best female actors of the day,—when female excellence is so much wanted on the stage.—*Ed.*

just like tippling, it is a sore curse. The moral is excellent: do not indulge too much in ardent spirits. No persons who live in well-frequented and hard gin-drinking neighbourhoods (as we see advertised when public houses are to be let), but should witness this *drama*. What a warning to the dealers in cheap, adulterated, and manufactured wines! Can they sleep in their beds after witnessing the horrors of that paragon of human nature, Keeley,* from having only one bottle of stuff as devilish bad as that of which they are the makers? Surely if ever there was a piece calculated to scourge the vices of the age, it is this Bottle Imp, with its music so appropriately supplied by Mr. Rod-well. Long may it run, as a good bottle should, bumper after bumper; and the English Opera House resemble the Thames for many a week—not in *Noyades*, though the acting in this is truly admirable, but in audiences, "without e'erflowing, full."

VARIETIES.

Bythinia.—Baron Hanmer, in the map of Bythinia published in his History of the Ottoman Empire, places Lefka on the right bank of the Sangaria, in conformity to Leake and Otter: Ritter and other geographers place it on the left bank. Such a circumstance as this might puzzle an invading Russian army, going to war upon the latest authorities!!

Thames Tunnel.—We are glad to see that the voluntary subscription in aid of this great undertaking, is mounting with considerable rapidity. We trust it will enable Mr. Brunel to finish his difficult and extraordinary work.

Drowning.—The most respectable authors have recommended, in the case of persons apparently dead from drowning, the artificial insufflation of the lungs, as one of the most efficacious proceedings. Recent experiments on animals have however shewn, that, unless under very judicious direction, it is attended with great danger. In sheep especially, a single insufflation, if a little too strong, produces immediate death.

Paris.—The regards of the Parisian curious are attracted latterly by the restoration of *La Grille du Palais de Justice* (one of the most remarkable monuments of this city). This railing was almost destroyed during the revolution, and stripped of its ornaments. The arms of France are replaced in burnished gold, and the *ensemble* has a very fine effect: the arms are composed of a globe, surmounted by a crown, reposing on palms and other ornaments. Connoisseurs find the crown too large, the globe *trop bombée*, and the central part altogether too massive and heavy.—*Paris Letter.*

The 19th of January last the cold in Gefle (60 deg. 39 min. 15 sec. n. lat.) and at Fahlun (60 deg. 35 min. 15 sec. n. lat.) was at 34 deg. Reaumur; but it did not last more than twelve hours.—*Ausland*, No. 79.

The number of students in the University of Upsala last year was 1520, of whom only seven were foreigners. Among them were 141 noblemen, 358 sons of clergymen, 229 sons of peasants, 264 sons of civilians in office, 68 sons of military persons, and 199 of citizens. Of all these, 357 studied theology, 356 jurisprudence, 82 medicine, 403 philosophy, and 322 applied themselves to no particular branch. —*Ausland.*

State of German Literature in America.—In an historic-geographical journal, Das Ausland, the first No. of which has lately appeared at Stuttgardt, an article from New Cambridge treats at some length of the extent to which the German language is spoken in the United States; and it mentions, that in the year 1826 no fewer than twenty-eight German newspapers were in circulation there; and that at the last congress of the state of Pensylvannia, the German language had nearly been raised to be the language of the country (for the courts of law, &c.), the English language having had a majority of only one vote; in virtue of which, however, it maintains its superiority for the present.

Holland.—During the last three years, there have been published in the kingdom of the Netherlands, (chiefly in the northern or Hollandish provinces), works to the amount following:—

Years.	Theology and Morals.	Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Natural Philosophy.	History and Biography.	Philology, Poetry, and Drama.	Miscellaneous Novels.	Total.
In 1825	111	93	94	135	246	679
1826	103	105	96	134	325	763
1827	99	146	96	114	236	723

The number of translations in various branches, but almost exclusively in the nine northern provinces, was, in 1827, 120 works from the German, 58 from the French, and 25 from the English. In 1826 the number was 107, 57, and 30.—*Blätter für Litterarische Unterhaltung.*

Sweden.—Captain Chevalier M. G. Ankarswaerd has the merit of bringing out an exceedingly interesting work,—A Description of all the remarkable Ruins to be found at present in Sweden, together with Lithographic Views of them. The first No. contains four ruins of the famous town of Wisby; and three more Numbers are to be published within the present month.

Human Salamander.—The French papers contain an account of a Spaniard of the name of Francisco Martinez, forty-three years old, who lately, at New Tivoli in Paris, in the presence of a number of witnesses, sustained for several minutes a temperature of 110 degrees of Reaumur (30 degrees above the heat of boiling water); and, on leaving the oven in which he had been shut up, plunged into a cold bath, without experiencing the least inconvenience. This capacity of supporting heat is attributed by them to the circumstance of the air being a bad conductor of heat; as also to the precaution used by Martinez of wrapping himself in woollen cloth, which is also a bad conductor of heat. Various instances are mentioned in which an equal and even a greater degree of heat has been supported by human beings; and among them, that of several females in one of the French provinces, who, by habit, were enabled to remain for ten minutes without injury in an oven in which meat and vegetables were cooking, and the temperature of which was 112 degrees of Reaumur; being two degrees above that endured by Martinez.

The Edrisi.—The perfect manuscript copy of the Edrisi lately discovered in the Royal Library at Paris consists of 260 leaves, and is dated in the 744th year of the Hegira, the 1343d of our era. It was written at Almeria in Spain, in the Arabic characters used by the Moors in Africa, and which are very ugly. The preface states that the work was finished in the 548th year of the Hegira, the 1154th of our era. This preface contains very curious details with respect to the pains taken by Roger II. king of Sicily, to enable him to communicate to the learned of his day positive information as to the form and condition of the various countries of the world then known. Not contented with collecting and collating all that the Greeks and Arabs had written on the subject, he consulted a great number of the best-informed persons respecting it. The discovery of this manuscript is a great acquisition to the knowledge of the geography of the middle ages. M. Jaubert has undertaken a complete translation of it.

Church Guns.—It has long been a common expression in Scotland, when speaking of any eminent preacher, to say that he was "a great gun of the kirk;" but last week there was a new reading of this phrase. The Rev. Mr. Somerville, minister of Currie, presented to the King in person a patent safety gun of his own invention, which was most graciously received by His Majesty. This is, therefore, another great gun of the kirk.

* *Keeley* is so capital in this piece, that a punster, who judges of every thing by long measure, swore he was within an *ell* (L) of Kelly.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We have just seen an anonymous quarto volume on the Landscape Architecture of the Great Painters of Italy (by G. L. M.), privately circulated, we believe, but with which we have been so much pleased, that we have to express our hope that it will not be kept from the public.

Alexander von Humboldt's Lectures on Physical Geography are announced for publication in 2 vols. 8vo. by Cotta, under the title of Entwurf einer Physischen Wettbeschreibung. They will at the same time appear in English and in French.

The Netherlands.—A work has lately been published at Utrecht, containing a history of the discoveries made at various periods by the people of the Netherlands, in America, in Australia, in the Indies, and in the Polar Regions. In this work other countries are charged with having changed the names given to various places by the discoverers, and with having had recourse to other means of depriving them of the honour of discovery.

In the Press.—Simplicity of Health: exemplified by Hortator, and approved of by Mr. Abernethy, the Surgeon.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Kennedy's Origin of Languages, 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. bds.—Burn's Principles of Midwifery, seventh edition, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Burn's Principles of Christian Philosophy, second edition, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Pearson's Sermons, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Lansdowne's Acts, with Notes by Pratt, 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.; Notes by Carey, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Mosely's Greek Exercises, 18mo. 2s. sheep.—Chronological Guide, with Chart, 12mo. 7s. 6d. hf.-bd.—The Subaltern's Log-Book, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. bds.—Collyer's Criminal Statutes, 12mo. 18s. bds.—Kinsey's Portugal Illustrated, Imperial 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—Warner's Psalter Illustrated, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Wilson's (Rev. P.) Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Johnson's Cicero, Latin and English, 8vo. 9s. cloth.—Cory's Ancient Fragments of Sanconiatho, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.: large paper, 1l. 1s. bds.—Pratt's Justice of the Peace, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Formation and Culture of the Tree Rose, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Early Impressions, with Twelve Designs, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Sir R. Inglis on the Catholic Question, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Calcutta Medical Transactions, Vol. III. 8vo. 15s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

June.	*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday .. 10	From 52.	to	70.	29.61	to	29.81
Friday 11	— 55.	—	70.	29.86	—	Stat.
Saturday .. 12	— 57.	—	59.	29.52	—	29.49
Sunday 13	— 50.	—	60.	29.39	—	29.43
Monday 14	— 46.	—	65.	29.46	—	29.45
Tuesday .. 15	— 50.	—	70.	29.44	—	29.49
Wednesday 16	— 45.	—	75.	29.66	—	29.72

Wind prevailing S.W.

Except the 16th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers.

Rain fallen, ·625 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We received the design of a New Palace, which we cannot engrave, and do not entirely approve of, though infinitely superior to the abortion which now deforms the Park.

Not having got in time two illustrative engravings to explain a remarkable event in Dr. Walsh's history of the Gnostics and early Christian persecutions, we are compelled to defer the conclusion of that paper.

ERRATA.—Indisposition led to a few typographical errors in our last No., not of much importance, but worthy of correction. 1st col., *for* "the are employed," *read* "they:" p. 435, col. 3, line 4 after the signature of Byron, *for* "curious," *read* "reconditer" p. 436, col. 1, line 24, *for* "and subjected to," *read* "and only subjected them to:" p. 443, line 6, *for* "altogether," *read* "entirely."

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Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition-room, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allsop Terrace, New Road.

H. BUCHAN, PROPRIETOR of the COUNTY of HANTS PICTURE GALLERY, Southampton, established July 1827, respectfully acquaints the Artists in London, that the Gallery will open its Second Annual Exhibition on the 1st of August next, and that the time for receiving Pictures will be from the 8th to the 24th of July previous.

All packages are to be directed to the Hants Picture Gallery, Southampton, and forwarded to go by Messrs. Wallington's Waggon, from the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street. Reference may be obtained at Messrs. Rowney and Forster, 51, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London.

Carriage Expenses to and from the Exhibition will be paid by the Proprietor.

The Exhibition will close about the latter end of October.

VENICE. Mr. PROUT'S celebrated Picture of Campanile, Ducal Palace, Bridge of Sighs, Prison, &c. at Venice, exhibited this Year at the Water Colour Exhibition, (No. 21), will be engraved in the finest Line Manner, by Henry Le Keux, Esq. to form a Companion Plate to the Temple of Jupiter, after J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A.

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London, July 1828.

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Albemarle Street, July 9, 1828.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Voyage to Peru; a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes, in the Winter of 1827, performed on foot in the Snow; and a Journey across the Pampas. By Lieut. Charles Brand, R.N. 8vo. pp. 345. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

THE nature of this journey is more remarkable than any circumstances which attended it; and we cannot say that we have derived much information from the story, which is almost entirely one of personal fatigue, without throwing any new light on native manners or scientific subjects. Lieut. Brand crossed and re-crossed the continent of South America by the grand pass of Uspallata, a distance of above 440 leagues, 308 across the Pampas, and 134½ the distance of the Cordilleras; and he thus sums up his toils:—

"I have taken my readers four sea voyages, two journeys across the continent of South America, one through the Banda Oriental, remained seven weeks at Lima, three in Chili, one at Mendoza, eight at Buenos Ayres, one at Monte Video, and one at Rio de Janeiro, travelled upwards of twenty thousand miles by sea and land, and brought them back again to England *within twelve months* from the time of my starting. Such rapid movements and short stay at the different places I touched at, will, I trust, in some measure apologise for the heterogeneous manner in which these observations have been thrown together, not having had sufficient time to modify or arrange them. Such as they are, with their many imperfections, if they have afforded any amusement or information to my readers, I am amply repaid for all the — trouble, I cannot say, but — pleasure it gave me in noting them down, merely to pass away the time as I proceeded on my solitary journey."

This is as fair and impartial an account of the matter as we could give: it is obvious that much information could not be gathered in such a full-gallop expedition; and as examples of the amusement, we shall merely quote a few passages; premising, that the author is rather more inclined to be sentimental and moralising than is usual with naval officers. The voyage out, and the travelling till we arrive at Mendoza (occupying 72 pages), may be skipped without loss to the reader; but here we have a retrospect at the natives, &c. that may be copied.

"Indolence and gambling appear to be their existing propensities: the former I am not astonished at, on account of their very few wants; as long as they have beef, water, and a cigar, all are supplied. Living as free and independent as the wind, they cannot and will not acknowledge superiority in any fellow-mortal. They are fond of asking questions, but it will be [is] done with all the air and manners of a courtier, fearing to give offence; nevertheless, they *will* expect to be answered with equal civility. Their ideas are all equality: the humble peon and my lord, would be addressed equally alike by the simple Gaucho with the title of 'Señor.' Strange withal they should be so dirty and indolent: the women in particular are disgustingly so. Comfort they have no idea of: as long as they can poke about in the mud and dirt, sitting almost suffocated round the fire in the middle of their filthy huts, with a cigar in their mouths, they are happy. Should they be required to do any thing for the passengers, they *will* get up, and shaking the vermin off their clothes, scratch themselves for a while, and set about it with all the ill-will of a surly dog obeying its master; and their manner of speaking is that disgusting, apathetic whine, so peculiar to the West Indian Creoles. The method of preserving grain in the Pampas is very curious; that useful animal, the ox, supplies the want of almost every thing. They sow the legs of a whole skin up, and fill it full of corn: it is then triced up to four stakes, with the legs hanging downwards, so that it has the appearance of an elephant hanging up; the top is again covered with hides, which prevents the rats getting at it. In stretching a skin to dry, wood is so scarce in many parts of the Pampas that the rib-bones are carefully preserved to supply its place, and used as pegs to fix it in the ground. A child's cradle consists of a square sheep-skin, laced to a small rude frame of wood, and suspended like a scale to a beam or nail in the rancho. The poor little parroquets, which are very numerous, and generally made prisoners when caught alive, are sown up in a box of hide with a small round hole cut in it, just large enough to let its head out for eating, with scarcely room to turn. Its reign in these small prisons is very short, being soon suffocated from its own dirt and want of air; for cleaning them out they never dream of."

The dead mules on the Pampas present a curious appearance.

"Many carcasses of these poor drudging animals (says the author) strewed our path, just where they had died on the journey; and it was surprising to see in what a state of preservation they appeared; the rarefied atmosphere, I suppose, having that effect upon them. Some seemed as if they had only died the previous day. On examining them, the skin was, as it were, baked, but adhered to the bones, leaving a mere skeleton covered with skin, so that I could with ease lift up any one of them in my arms, being so very light. This appearance of dead bodies is likewise applicable to many parts of the Pampas, and also Peru."

The preparations for crossing the Andes, at Uspallata, (the last abode of man on the eastern side) consist of laying in charcoal, making snow-boots, covering stirrups with wool, to prevent the toes from being frost-bitten, pounding chaqui, &c. all indispensably necessary before entering the frozen regions. We add a picture of one of the first passes.

"We now came to the Jaula or Cage, from which the pass has its name, where we took up our quarters for the night, under the lee of a solid mass of granite, upwards of thirty feet square, with the clear beautiful heavens for our canopy. Well may this place be called a cage: to give a just idea of it would be next to impossible, for I do not think a more wild or grander scene in nature could possibly exist: nevertheless, I shall attempt a description. The foaming river, branching off into different channels, formed by huge masses of granite *laying* in its course, ran between two gigantic mountains of about one thousand five hundred feet high, and not more than two hundred yards distant from each other; so that to look up at the summits of either, we had to lay our heads completely back on our shoulders. Before us, these tremendous mountains met in a point, round which we had just passed, but now appeared as one mountain, closing our view in a distance of not more than four or five hundred yards; behind was the mighty Cordillera, a mass of snow, appearing to block up further progress. Thus were we completely shut up in a den of mighty mountains; to look up either way, before, behind, right or left, excited astonishment, awe, and admiration: huge masses of granite that had fallen from the awful heights above, lay scattered about, and formed our various shelters for the night. The torrent, which now had become very formidable, rushed down with fury, bounding and leaping over the rugged rocks which lay in its course, keeping up a continued foam and roar, close to our wild resting-place. The mules were straying about picking up the scanty shrubs; and our wild, uncouth-looking peons were assembled round a fire, under the lee of a large rock, cooking their unfortunate guanaco, which altogether rendered it a scene most truly wild and surprising. Here I was much astonished, on touching any part of my woollen clothing, to find electric sparks fly out wherever I put my hand: what was the cause of this, I am not philosopher enough to know; but my companion informed me, it was by no means extraordinary in dry weather. However, never having heard or seen it before, I take this opportunity of mentioning it; for I must own it rather surprised me, on going to bed, to find fire fly out of my clothes."

The general track of these passes is about three feet wide, but more or less broken in parts; so that not only the mules, but sometimes the peons tumbled over, and seem to have escaped destruction, from precipice and torrent, most miraculously. Witness the narrative:—

"The poor animals began stumbling, falling, and slipping, but not losing their balance, slipping on their haunches, at times thirty or forty feet down the mountain; all this time the peons were shouting, roaring, and whirling their lassoes; at last one mule lost its balance, and over he went, rolling and bounding head over heels, two hundred feet down the mountain into the torrent beneath, where he was whirled and dashed against the rocks by the velocity of the current, and, much

to my astonishment, reached the opposite side of the river apparently not much injured by its fall, but its services lost to us: presently the one with half our provisions lost its hold, over and over he went, all the lassoes flew at him, when, after bounding all down the mountain, they brought him up just as he reached the torrent, thus saving the poor animal and our provisions; but we lost all our wine, some bread and beef, and a pot for boiling. * * * Every man took his station, and we crawled over as usual, on our hands and knees: the mules then followed, and the most distressing work began; they got frightened, stumbled, and slipped, and cut themselves with the hard snow, to that degree, in their efforts to plunge through it, that the whole track was covered with blood. Several lost their balance, and went flying down the precipice, till they were brought up with astonishing dexterity by the lassoes. One poor animal came rolling down, head over heels; neither his struggles nor the lassoes could save him; he bounded like a ball into the torrent, where he rolled round and round, in vain struggling to stem its velocity, being dashed against rocks and stones, till he was swept round a point, and I lost all sight of him. Another soon followed, but was more fortunate than its companion, for he succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, where, very much to my astonishment, instead of seeing him laying with every bone in its body broken, he got up upon its legs, and began browsing among the rocks: thus we lost the services of three. My companion, who had crossed the Cordillera three times before, once in winter, had never seen a mule lose its footing, so as to roll down the mountains. * * * *Sunday*, 19*th*, was a very cold morning, thermometer at the freezing point, and blowing a gale of wind. The wild regions of snow were close to us. We laced on our snow-shoes, each man took his load, and we struck at once where nothing, save human beings, could venture. We soon came to a desperate descent in the side of a mountain, all snow and hard frozen. Now the labour of man commenced. It was with great difficulty the poor peons, being loaded, could keep their footing; several slipped down many feet, and were all but going into the torrent. One fell and rolled down a great way, but fortunately, with the assistance of his stick, saved himself from rolling into the torrent, but not until his ancle was dislocated to that degree that he could not rise to walk again; thus, at first starting, losing his services, and encumbering us with a load more than we had a man to carry. The poor fellow was, from necessity, compelled to crawl his way back to the mules again, for we could do nothing to assist him. From hence nothing but snow was to be seen, and it was truly painful to witness the labour and continued falling of the poor peons; at every step sinking up to their knees. As they stopt to take breath, their cries were most distressing, being a long-drawn hey! uttered as if in the most dreadful agony, at the same time leaning on their sticks for support, which would frequently penetrate so deeply into the snow as to throw them flat on their faces, which the weight of their loads would bury in the snow, and cause them a great struggle to get out again. About four p. m. it came on a heavy mist of snow, and I arrived at the spot where lay the body of the poor peon that had perished but a few days ago. It was pointed out to me by the man that was with him when he died, who gazed at it a moment, then looking at me in the face, shook his head with much apparent feeling, lifted up his shoulders, and sighed: '*Pobre compañero*,' poor companion; then, as if stifling a sigh to his memory, lifted up his lead, and hastened forward. Here was reflection for me. I cast my eyes first at the blanched corpse, now covered with snow, then at his companion, then on the dreary regions around me, when, finding a tear of sympathy involuntarily starting to my eyes, I pushed forward, wishing almost to forget I had ever seen it."

In spite of these dangers, however, the summit of the Cumbre was reached at last.

"The day was beautifully clear and fine, but high wind, which the rarefied atmosphere rendered piercingly cold. The thermometer stood at 34°. On the top is a small flat, but the view is still bounded by mountains of eternal snow, where human foot has never trod."

Lieut. Brand did not experience the *puna*, or difficulty of breathing; and says, "All I felt was great thirst, which I partially allayed by eating the snow as I ascended the mountain; but, strange to say, instead of alleviating, this only irritates it, and it was a long time before we got to water, for the want of which we were all very much distressed. — On my return across the Andes in December 1827, I found the mules frequently stop to breathe, especially going up the Cumbre, where they stopt at every turning of the zig-zag path, as if affected in the lungs, when from experience I found, as Acosta observes, that 'no spur or beating could make them go forward,' till they went at their own pleasure: but this is not applicable to the Cumbre, or highest parts of the Cordillera only; for in many places did they stop, as if from an affection of the lungs, and not from the labour of climbing. The same was the case with many of the peons that would at times walk, for they would stop and cry, 'puna! puna!' then mount again; and they appeared also to know the spots where they would feel it, if on foot; for they frequently remarked, 'Aqui esta mucha puna'—'there is much puna here.' I could only attribute this to there being mineral in those spots, which might more or less have affected the air, which had some influence on the lungs."

The descent into Chili is almost one grand slide, so we slip over it, as also through Valparaiso and Lima, &c., where we find nothing worthy of particular reference, save and except, perhaps, the following account of the latter.

"I had been in Lima but a month, when I received orders to return to England. This put a check to all those observations which I was most anxious to make; but at the time I left, the country was getting in a dreadful state of alarm. Bolivar being expected, had thrown all Lima into confusion, and by some parties a revolution was hourly expected; all capable of bearing arms were enrolled in the militia, none excused excepting under the ages of sixteen and above fifty. The preparations that were making to oppose his entrance, appeared to lay every thing else aside; business was at a stand, government in suspense, one party scarce knowing how to trust the other; armed bodies of banditti were fearlessly infesting the public roads, committing murders and robberies every day with impunity. During my short stay three murders were committed, and innumerable robberies. Mrs. Walker, who kept the inn, was stopped on the Callao road, in company with a gentleman, by two robbers, who stripped them of every thing, and taking the gentleman's horse from him, he was obliged to mount up behind the lady, and in that situation they entered Lima. Mr. Kelly, the vice-consul, was stopped by two robbers, who felt an inclination for his horse, when, in endeavouring to make his escape from them, they fired two shots at him, one of which tore away his coat, and grazed the skin from under his arm. I went to see the body of a gentleman who was dragged from his wife while in bed, and murdered in the next room to her: he had fourteen stabs in his body, and appeared to have made a desperate resistance, for several chairs were broken, and parts of them covered with blood and hair. It appears he used them to defend himself. Shortly after this, two French gentlemen were murdered on the Callao road, and, strange to say, no steps were ever taken to find out the perpetrators of these horrid crimes; they passed quite unheeded by the government, as if nothing had happened: indeed it was quite dangerous to walk the Alameda, or public walk, after dusk, for so many robberies had been committed there during broad daylight. The English and other foreigners would never ride out excepting in parties of five or six, and then they were always well armed. During my short stay, Lima was visited by several temblores, or earthquakes, one of which was very severe, and occurred in the evening, when the streets were full of people. In my life I never experienced a sensation more awful—a noise resembling thunder was underneath my feet—the earth shook and trembled—a sickly sensation came over me, and I was nearly knocked down by men, women, and children, flying out of their houses, screaming 'Temblor, temblor!' and running to and fro in all directions. Some lay down on their faces; most of the men were kneeling and crossing themselves, and praying to their saints for protection. Children were clinging to their mothers, and screaming with all their might; the dogs howled most piteously, and, crouching among the crowd, seemed to ask for protection; the horses stood trembling with affright, with their riders kneeling by their sides, and the birds fluttered about in the air as if their wings were useless. After three successive shocks, a death-like silence prevailed, and every one appeared rivetted to the spot where they stood. All heads were uncovered, and the different attitudes of standing, kneeling, and laying, impressed me with feelings which I think will never be erased from my memory. This shock happened on October 30th, and was registered by many as being the smartest ever felt without doing damage or causing the loss of lives.—The depravity of morals at Lima is proverbial."

With the author's return to Buenos Ayres we need not meddle; nor shall we touch upon a piece of sensibility, in rather a mawkish style, entitled, the History of Two Brothers. But as the emperor Pedro and his family of the Brazils are persons of some interest at present, we shall conclude with a few sentences relative to them. At the theatre at Rio he was present, "accompanied by his two daughters, the Queen of Portugal and the Infanta. The former is about ten years of age, and the latter an interesting little child of six or seven: they were very plainly dressed, and as they sat in their magnificent box in the centre of the theatre, were to be seen to great advantage. The interior of the house is very elegant, consisting of four tiers of boxes on each side of the emperor's, which occupies the whole front of the theatre, excepting four small

boxes just above it. The grand entrance to the pit is underneath it, and it was certainly most superbly fitted up with chandeliers, pier-glasses, tables, chairs, &c. having all the appearance of an elegant drawing-room; and being quite open in front, with the exception of a light gilt railing, they were quite exposed to the full view of the audience. Whenever the curtain dropt, the audience stood up, out of respect to the emperor; those in the pit facing him, at which time he would always rise and come forward with the little queen and child. He wore a plain blue coat, without star or mark of distinction of any sort, with white trowsers and shoes; and but for the gentlemen in waiting never sitting down or coming forward, it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. The weather being very warm, he used a plain white fan during the whole of the opera, which, by the by, is customary among the gentlemen in South America. The queen is a very pretty little girl, with flaxen hair, and remarkably fair. She was dressed quite like a little old maid, very plain, wearing a prim close cottage bonnet. The pretty infanta was the gayest of them all, being dressed just like an English child of the same age, with petticoat-trowsers and sash, her bright flaxen hair flowing in long ringlets over her shoulders. The emperor is a handsome young man, about thirty years of age, with very dark hair and large whiskers. He is not very particular with respect to etiquette, for he was talking promiscuously to the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes on each side of him, and they appeared to be very familiar with him: he is frequently to be seen driving about the town in his tilbury, or riding on horseback, in plain clothes, with only one servant: a vast contrast this to his mother, the dowager queen of Portugal, who never appeared in public without the greatest parade, and whoever passed her carriage, be they who they might, were obliged to kneel down, if it were ever so dirty.—The emperor is a very active man, being up every morning by five o'clock. At six he may always be seen publicly bathing amongst the town's-people, at the small island of Cobres, on which is a small fort opposite the palace stairs, from whence he starts in his boat, undresses before every body, and jumps into the water, swimming amongst hundreds of others that are constantly there about that hour, it being the public bathing-place of Rio de Janeiro."

Marcella; or, the Missionary Abroad and at Home: containing Sketches and Incidents from Life. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1826. Hatchard and Son.

A TALE of the religious cast, in which, we presume, a little fiction is mixed for the sake of connexion, though the incidents, such as they are, are copied from reality. The principal characters that figure on the canvass consist of what are called serious people; and they are set forth, both by words and deeds, as the disciples of methodism, and the strenuous promoters of missionary labours. Marcella, however, marries a sceptic; and it is not till he dies, and leaves her a widow with one child, that she meets with a more congenial mind and a happier match.—With every disposition to applaud the benevolent efforts made by many virtuous persons to enlighten the ignorant, and ameliorate the condition of their species, we must say that this work, in our opinion, carries the principle too far—it advocates a zealot passion, rather than a Christian duty. Thus, when an objection is made to the proselytizing mania in India, lest it should endanger our mighty and populous eastern dominions,—it is enthusiastically replied, that "the chance of saving one soul is worth more than the possession of the whole empire"—upon which position, we think, a very rational degree of doubt may be entertained; for by losing India, we must forego the hopes of enlightening future millions, and doing infinitely more good in the mature process of time.

In the narrative and conduct of the story we have much of trifling minuteness; and circumstances are related, which we could not have supposed it possible any one would consider worth mentioning in conversation, far less of committing to paper, printing, and publishing. For example—

"Miss Beauchamp's horse suddenly stumbled and fell, the strap of her stirrup breaking at the same instant. The poor animal rose without his rider having sustained any injury; but Mr. Montague coming up at this moment, and seeing that one of his knees was cut, immediately dismounted, and politely offered his services to Henry, who was assisting his sister to dismount. He then begged Miss Beauchamp would accept his horse to ride home, assuring her that it was perfectly safe and quiet, his own sister having frequently tried him. As they were seven or eight miles from the vale where Mrs. Howard resided, Mr. Beauchamp felt in a sad dilemma, not wishing, if possible, that Marcella should avail herself of Mr. Montague's offer, and began making some blundering excuses; that the stirrup was broken—regretting that his own horse would not carry a lady. The difficulty about the stirrup it was soon recollected could very easily be obviated by taking *off* one of the gentleman's. It was then settled that Miss Beauchamp should accept Mr. Montague's horse, on condition that he would mount Henry's, while he could lead the poor maimed animal to a farrier, who lived scarcely a mile from the spot."

This is melancholy trifling for a serious or any other kind of writer; but to be very particular is the author's forte; for when a married lady is indisposed, and her husband asks the doctor how she is, and if he may see her, the worthy doctor replies—"Not yet, certainly; but I hope Mrs. M. is better. There are since yesterday some favourable symptoms, but the delirium still continues, though the paroxysms are neither so violent nor so frequent; and the fever is much abated *since a crisis has taken place which I had expected, by which your hopes, Mr. Montague, must be disappointed.*" An interview is, nevertheless, brought about, in spite of this prohibition; and, though apparently very gravely told, we cannot help fancying the anecdote is meant to be facetious, if not ludicrous.

"As a servant was lighting Mr. Montague to his room, in his way to which he had to pass that of Mrs. Montague, he thought he heard a low moan, and could not help involuntarily starting, *and at the instant a current of air, added to his cold, suddenly caused him to sneeze ere he was aware, or had time to repress it.* He hoped, however, it had not been *echoed* to the interior of the apartment, and began to ascend the stairs. Mrs. Montague's nerves, however, were in that state of irritability that, as the doctor had said, 'the least movement agitated her;' and as Montague passed her door, the room being very quiet, and herself at the moment completely awake, she first heard a slight noise near; but from the weakness of her head, it was more a susceptibility or consciousness of sound, than any distinct perception; the well-known and *peculiar* sneeze of Montague, however, suddenly aroused some latent and indefinable associations, as she immediately started up, exclaiming, 'Who is that? Montague?' in a tone which instantly brought the nurse and Martha to the bedside. Mrs. Montague stared wildly around—'Where is he? Let me see him!' uttered in that convulsive tone which informed her attendants of the violence of a returning paroxysm, and reached the ears of Montague just as he was entering his room. The servant placed the light on the table and retired. For Montague to attempt to undress in his distracted state, or that he could have any rest, was utterly impossible, and he returned to the landing of the stairs irresolute what to do. And again he heard Mrs. Montague's voice incoherently raving, and quite distinctly some of the sentences, such as, 'Yes, I know he is in that prison—why then do you not open the door? Let me in—open the door—I must see him!"—Poor Mr. M. runs out of the house, and lies in the fields;—and in the morning Mr. Beauchamp informed Dr. M. that "Montague had literally passed the night in the open air, and of all that had taken place. The doctor said he should certainly recommend him to go to bed till dinner-time; and when Mr. Montague was at breakfast, as he looked extremely ill, and scarcely ate any thing, Dr. M. expressed his fear that he was not well; and advised a warm bed, which he very reluctantly consented to have prepared."

We can hardly imagine that stuff of this sort can produce any good effect; or that it is likely to make converts to the cause espoused by the writer, who seems, however, to be a well-meaning person, with more of anxiety and good intentions to promote what *she* considers to be right, than of judgment and ability to effect any change. "There never was (we are told) a period in the annals of the world, when so striking a contrast and difference appeared manifest between the kingdom of Christ and of the wicked one, as at this moment. It is said, that the police officers who have been stationed at the doors of some places of fashionable resort, have made very extraordinary and loud remarks, on observing the amazing risks which many ladies hazard in running under, and between, the poles of carriages, even through the mud and wet, to obtain admittance; such as—'They won't do that to get into church to-morrow.' 'Surely, the devil is come down amongst us, knowing he hath but a short time!' &c. &c. Were Wisdom herself to utter her voice in the streets, who would regard? The man who cried 'wo, wo to Jerusalem,' was disregarded, and yet it was no false prophecy or alarm."—The causes of all this iniquity, the writer attributes to parents, "who, after their children are educated, instead of sending or taking them to church, allow them to spend the sabbath in going out with Sunday newspapers, and even hawking them in the streets; holding horses for gentlemen who have no grooms; selling sticks and fruit at stalls, &c. &c."

On of the most characteristic traits of the hero, who is a model of piety, is that of leaving his distressed friend in goal, in order not to neglect a missionary meeting. "He would not have heeded leaving his own affairs, though really requiring his personal attendance, but felt that the claims which the Missionary Society had upon him was his first duty. The demands of friendship were, undoubtedly, very

urgent, and his own inclination and feelings strongly impelled him to their fulfilment. It was true, he might return in time for the meeting; but how would his mind be prepared for the solemnity, and his thoughts distracted, by the trying scenes in which he should in all probability be engaged? He then told Beauchamp exactly how he was situated, and regretted that it should so happen that a paramount duty prevented his accompanying him to Wales. Beauchamp assured Sir Claudius, that, however great the consolation would have been to him, it must now, from the knowledge of that circumstance, be completely alloyed by the consciousness of an undue sacrifice."

Thus an act of absolute charity was neglected, an act of cruel hard-heartedness committed—and the excuse, the performance of a show-part at a public exhibition,—as if a man's mind would not be better attuned to his Maker's service after he had helped his suffering fellow-creature. Away with such vile and selfish sophistications! they never will accelerate the Millenium which the writer declares to be rapidly approaching.

Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. J. Duncan.

It is a singular fact, but no less strange than true, how little general reflection there is in the world: we should say people were too busy to think, were it not that the idle are ever the most thoughtless. The great mass of mankind may be divided into two classes, both of whose habits are alike inimical to much reflection. First, people of little or no feeling, to whom "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," who follow the path of gain or of ambition, content to fix the view on its end, without pausing to calculate their steps, and who would deem it but lost time to observe what may lie on the road-side. Secondly, people of too much—very acute feelings are generally accompanied by vivid imagination—half their pleasures and pains are unreal, and too rapid in their progress for analysis: moreover, in such temperaments one object drives out another; and as fast travelling precludes much observation of a country, so, in like manner, variety and keenness of impressions are at entire variance with deep thought. It is in the small class between these two, perhaps, that the quality of reflection is to be found, and but few are the numbers. Amid the immense variety of books which, spread out, would more than cover half our globe, how small a proportion do the works devoted to the mere observation of mental workings bear to those of every other kind! Scarcely a leaf, shell, reptile, or insect, whose minutest history has not been gathered; the distant corners of the earth have been ransacked, the very sun, moon, and stars, peered into for knowledge;—while that which, nevertheless, is the source of our all, the mind in its daily bearings, has been the most neglected. To what important truths does a moment's consideration on the ordinary incidents of life lead us! Passing through Hyde Park the other morning, on one side cuirass and bayonet flashing in the sun, a body of troops were exercising, the crimson riband on each breast bearing a medal, the reward for the destruction of thousands; while on the other hand was the apparatus of the Humane Society, whose reward for saving a life is also a medal. Surely, more frequent notice of such inconsistencies would in time lead also to the thought of remedy.—The volumes which have occasioned these remarks are of a species we would most cordially encourage; a diary as it were of thoughts, marked down in thinking, some most just, others erroneous, some sophisms, but evidently the production of no common-place mind. We will select a few of the shorter examples of what are among the best specimens.

"A mother should give her children a superfluity of enthusiasm, that after they have lost all they will lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

"The best criterion of an enlarged mind, next to the performance of great actions, is their comprehension.

"Fickleness is in women of the world the fault most likely to result from their situation in society. The weaknesses which they know are the most severely condemned, and the good qualities which they feel to be most highly valued, in the female character, by our sex as well as their own, have alike a tendency to render them generally obliging, to the exclusion, so far as nature will permit, of strong and durable, unmixed, uncountenanced attachment to individuals. Well! we deserve no better of them. And after all, the flame is only smothered by society, not extinguished: give it free ventilation, and it will blaze.

"Poetry is to philosophy what the sabbath is to the rest of the week.

"It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand and reflect upon one half of what most mothers at that time say and do to us, we should draw conclusions in favour of our own importance which would render us insupportable for years. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it!

"Since the generality of persons act from impulse, and not from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to imagine them.

"Beauty is perfection unmodified by a predominating expression.

"The progress of knowledge is slow, like the march of the sun. We cannot see him moving, but after a time we may perceive that he has moved onward.

"Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket runs over prevents its keeping full.

"The mind is like a trunk: if well packed, it holds almost every thing; if ill packed, next to nothing.

"We hurry through life fearful, as it would seem, of looking back, lest we should be turned, like Lot's wife, into pillars of salt. And, alas! if we did look back, very often we should see nothing but the blackened and smouldering ruins of our vices, the smoking Sodom and Gomorrah of the heart.

"Many persons seem to keep their hearts in their eyes: you come into both together, and so you go out of them.

"The history of philosophy is the history of a game at cat's cradle. One theory is taken off; and then the taker off holds out a second to you, of the same thread, and very like the first, although not quite the same. According to the skill of the players, the game lasts through more or fewer changes: but mostly the string at length gets entangled, and you must begin afresh, or give over; or at best the cat's cradle comes back again, and you have never a cat to put into it.

"Men harm others by their deeds, themselves by their thoughts.

"Heliogabolus is said to have calculated the size of Rome from ten thousand pounds weight of cobwebs amassed within it. Mr. Colquhoun and the Reports of the Police and Mendicity Committees have furnished us with similar materials for estimating the grandeur of our own metropolis. Only the dirt is moral.

"'A man's errors are what renders him amiable,' says Goethe, in the last number of his *Journal on Art*, that is, in his seventy-seventh year. I said one day to a girl of fourteen: 'If you were but as good as your brother!' 'Well!' she replied, with something of a bashful sullenness, 'I don't care. You would not be so fond of me, if I was.'

"I love to gaze on a breaking wave. It is the only thing in nature which is most beautiful in the moment of its dissolution.

"Seeking is not always the way to find; or Altamira would have found a husband long ago.

"A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look-out for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay, sometimes he may even be seen laughing. He proportions his exertions to his excitements: having been accustomed to converse with deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in ordinary chit-chat. One sees no pebbles glittering at the bottom of the Atlantic.

"The tower of Babel could never have been built in a mountainous country: nature there awes and defies rivalry.

"The worst thing of all is a new church. I love to say my prayers in a place where my fathers and forefathers have prayed. It may be idleness and vanity to think so, but somehow God seems to be nearer in a building where he has long been more immediately present. There is an odour of sanctity breathing about an old church: the worn stones are hallowed by the feet which have trod, and the knees which have knelt, on them: so much in it has been changed by time, that it is become more like a house not made with hands: no body now living can make any thing like it; its architect is forgotten—it is the work not of a man but of an age. A new church, on the contrary, was built by such a man, fitted up by such another: every thing about it is so neat and so modern; it is almost as smart as a theatre: there was no such thing five years ago, and what has been so short-lived can never seem to have any permanent reason for its existence, or indeed to have any thing permanent about it; and instead of the odour of sanctity, one finds only the smell of paint. It has no atmosphere of prayer; it is not a treasure-house of the dead. My feelings on this subject I should have conceived would have been almost universal, had not an American gentleman once expressed to me his surprise, that we let our churches in England, especially the cathedrals, grow so old and dirty. He had seen the minsters of York and Lincoln, and assured me that, if they stood in America, the outside of them would be white-washed every ten years; such being the American way of shewing their reverence for the house of God. How far his statement is correct, I know not. A nation of yesterday may perhaps be destitute of sympathy with the day before: but we in England, I trust, should as soon think of white-washing Helvellyn."

Accurate and feeling, the passages quoted above are favourable specimens: there are many others which we should be inclined to

query, some from which we entirely dissent, and our critical estimates differ most widely: but, on the whole, we recommend these volumes as deserving much attention, and as containing both much thought, and also the materials for thinking. We would, in the longer parts, point out those on Posterity, on Veils, on Sculpture, and the Falls of the Rhine, as very eloquently written.

Mr. Ebers's Seven Years of the King's Theatre. 8vo. Ainsworth.

A WEEK or two ago we were enabled to lay before our readers "some passages" from these fashionable *mémoires;* and we now resume our notice, for the purpose of presenting the uninitiated with the writer's brief detail of the routine before and behind the curtain of this curious Eleusis. Mr. Ebers gives the principal features of the place very happily;—we breathe quite an Opera atmosphere; nay, even hear the finale of the overture; catch the sounds of the three managerial *coups;* and behold the crimson curtain, "fretted with golden fires," ascend before our eyes. Enter Ebers—*qui sic loquitur.*

"The present structure of the King's Theatre, situated in the Haymarket, was built by Novosielski, in the year 1789, and has been much admired for the adaptation of its shape to the purpose of effectually transmitting the sounds from the stage to the audience; but the part allotted to the stage is too diminutive for the business of the theatre,—a defect occasionally productive of great inconvenience. The same cause renders it necessary to have the dressing-rooms under the stage, as also the depôt of part of the wardrobe, the remainder being deposited between the ceiling and the roof of the house. Indeed, the necessity of improving to the utmost every inch of room, has had the effect of making the passages to the stage from the different parts of the house perfect labyrinths. The audience part consists of the pit, boxes, and gallery; the boxes being disposed in five tiers, four entire, and the fifth interrupted in the centre part by the gallery, which is on the same level, and extends above the thirteen most central boxes of the inferior tier. The entire number of boxes is two hundred and two, which are let either for the season or for single nights, and are calculated for the reception of six persons each box; and six ivory tickets are accordingly issued to the subscriber who takes a box. These tickets are admissible to the pit; hence it is customary for subscribers to dispose of their tickets on those nights on which they have no occasion for all or any of them. As, however, the tickets are strictly tickets of admission to the boxes whose numbers they bear, some inconvenience has occasionally arisen from the persons employed to sell these tickets omitting to inform the purchasers that, although *box* tickets, they are sold as *pit* tickets only. The possible occurrence, however, of a trifling mistake, which is soon rectified, is amply counterbalanced by the many conveniences attendant on the admissibility of the box tickets to the pit. Whilst the heavy engagements of performers, and the other great expenses of the theatre, render the subscription to the boxes necessarily so high, it is only equitable that the subscribers should have the means of, at least, a partial indemnity for the expense they incur, whenever circumstances prevent their availing themselves in person, or with their own parties, of their right of admission. The power of transferring the tickets to the pit is objected to, as being the means of introducing improper company to that part of the house, as it affords the means of admission at a lower rate than the door price; but the practical inconvenience of this does not, perhaps, make itself greatly felt. And even if the evil was such as alleged, the infringement on the rights of the subscribers, by denying their tickets to the pit, would be no effectual remedy, as the same principle would exclude all the orders given by performers and the persons connected with the house, the facilities afforded by which, are, at least, as capable of being perverted: and to do this would be obviously impracticable. There can be no doubt that if the box tickets were excluded from the pit, the society in the pit would be very different; instead of all the men of fashion meeting there, the company would be such as frequent the pits of other theatres; in consequence of which, the price would necessarily be lowered. One of the *agrémens* of the King's Theatre is the certainty every one has of meeting his friends from all parts of the world. It is the resort equally of the lovers of music, the dance, and of those who care little for either, but who like to meet each other, and feast their eyes by gazing on all the most beautiful as well as the best dressed women resident in this country. To take care of the house, and to attend to the doors of the theatre, to the boxes and the stage, a great number of servants are employed. The housekeeper's situation is one of some trust, and usually filled by a person of corresponding character. The housekeeper superintends the state of the theatre, as to cleanliness and neatness, has apartments in the house, and a box appropriated to her own use. The box-keepers number about twenty, and receive salaries amounting aggregately to about three hundred pounds. The expense of the military guard employed at the door amounts annually to upwards of one hundred and fifty pounds. The company of performers are naturally to be considered under two distinct classes, as attached to the opera or to the ballet. The opera is under the guidance of the director of the music, if any is employed. The director assists the manager in the selection of the performances; and when fixed upon, he distributes the parts to the singers, and directs the general routine of representation, the effecting of which, in the minuter details, devolves on the stage-manager and the conductor of the music. By these, according to their several departments, the due execution of the parts is attended to, the training of the chorus-singers and inferior performers, the management of the scenery, and the performance of the orchestra. The engagements for the orchestra are in general made by the director; those of the performers, and other persons employed, by the manager. I have already stated my opinion, that in this country a composer of operas is an unnecessary part of the establishment of the King's Theatre. Should one, however, be retained, his duties are regulated by the terms of his engagement, and consist primarily in the composing of operas for the theatre, and attending to the mounting of them, when ready to be put in rehearsal. The composer, on applying himself to his task, moulds the first rough score of his music on the scale of the piano-forte, and this, when completed, forms the ground-work, or skeleton of the entire piece. The music having been applied to the words which are supplied by the poet of the theatre, the next step is to adapt the different parts of the music to the capabilities of the performers, to whom the characters of the opera, when cast, are to be allotted, in order that the best effects may be produced with the means of the theatre; and in this resides the chief advantage of a composer being engaged to produce operas for a particular theatre. This adaptation being made, the scene of operations having been hitherto confined to the composer's apartment, the concert-room of the theatre, or some room of similar dimensions, is resorted to, and an embryo rehearsal of the whole vocal part of the opera gone through, the accompaniment being as yet limited to the composer's piano-forte. Before proceeding to the stage, the orchestral parts require to be set, and these are now added, according to the nature of the expression to be conveyed, and the strength of the instrumental music of the theatre. In many of Rossini's operas, parts are composed for military bands behind the scenes, in addition to the orchestra. The opera having by these gradations received its form, and the composer's finishing touches being bestowed upon it, it is committed to rehearsal in the regular manner, the getting up, or mounting, being performed under the superintendence of the composer, with the director, conductor, and stage-manager, though two of these latter characters frequently unite in the same person. The word rehearsal summons up, to all practically acquainted with its meaning, a scene beyond description. If the performances of a theatre are intended to represent the truth of human nature, a rehearsal is the living reality—the scene where the veil is rent in twain, and all the turmoil laid open to the view which can be produced by the undisguised operations of vanity, self-love, and jealousy. The fabled crowds who petitioned Heaven to allot their parts in life otherwise than Fate had cast them, are but a type of the inmates of a theatre behind the scenes, when contending for prominent characters in an opera. Perhaps with the very first performers there is not much of this, as their right to the principal parts cannot be disputed. But dire is the struggle among all below. A part rather better than another is an apple of contention, which, to manager, director, and conductor, proves a most bitter fruit. As every person likes to have that character which may best serve—not the general effect of the piece, or the interests of the theatre, which are wholly immaterial—but his or her own object in making the greatest display possible; and as non-concession is the permanent rule of the place, the opera is placed in the pleasing predicament of being able neither to get one way nor the other. The prima donna, whose part is settled, attends the rehearsal, and the seconda, being displeased with her own station in the piece, will not go on; and the first lady, indignant at being detained to no purpose, goes away, and the business is over for the day. If the manager is positive, the lady falls ill. Biagioli, being refused a part she wanted in 'Elisa e Claudio,' took to her bed for two days, in consequence, as she said, of being so afflicted by my decision. The refusal to proceed is the more effectual engine, because it puts all the rest of the company out of humour at their time being occupied needlessly: all complain, and a dialogue goes on, in which every body talks at once; and probably three different languages, at least, being simultaneously employed by different speakers, the result may be conceivable, but not expressible. The signori protest, the signore exclaim, the choruses are wonderfully in concert in their lamentations,

the director commands, entreats, stamps, and swears, with equal success, and, in the midst of the Babel, the gentlemen of the orchestra, who wish all the singers at the devil, endeavour to get over the business of the day by playing on without the vocal music. The leader of the orchestra, finding all ineffectual, puts on his hat and walks away, followed by violins, basses, trombones, and kettle-drums, *en masse;* and the scene at length concludes as it may, the manager, composer, and director, being left to calculate together the progress of business. The general wish before alluded to, on the part of performers, of strengthening their own parts by the introduction of extraneous matter, without regard to its effect on the general tone and character of the piece, is a principal cause of disunion between the director and the singers, and seldom overcome without some sacrifice. To know how these jarring elements are to be composed into harmony, requires almost the experience of a life. The flatteries, the compliances, the power of diplomacy, requisite to effect this object, are infinite. Decision and address are indispensable: to be too uncompromising is dangerous, but to be too accommodating is worse. The opera being at length, with whatever sacrifices, put in a way of representation, is announced, and when presented, the composer presides in person at the piano-forte the three first nights of its appearance. The number of performers requisite to a perfect company for the presenting of operas, is now less definite than formerly, the *dramatis personæ* being in quantity more arbitrarily introduced into the piece. The present establishment (May 1828) is constituted as follows:—

First woman soprano	Mlle. Sontag. Mad. Pasta. Mad. Caradori.
Second ditto	Mad. Castelli.
First contralto	Mad. Schutz.
Second ditto	Mlle. Brambilla.
First bass	Signor Porto.
Second ditto	—— De Angeli.
Basso cantante	—— Zuchelli.
Buffo	—— Pellegrini.
First tenor	—— Curioni.
Second ditto	—— Torri.
Third ditto	—— Deville.

The chorus consists of sixteen men and twelve women singers, who receive annually together between six and seven hundred pounds. The ballet department comprises, a first and second ballet-master, and the following principal performers:—

First male dancer (at present)	Mons. Albert.
Second ditto	—— Gosselin.
Third ditto	—— D'Aumont.
First female dancers	Mad. Anatole. Mlle. Brocard. Mad. Lecompte. Mlle. Louise.
Second ditto	Mlle. Copère. —— La Vasseur. —— Angelica. —— O'Brien. —— Leilaire.

The corps de ballet, comprising the dancers of inferior rank, consists of sixteen men and the like number of women.—Connected with the business of the stage are the

Scene painter and his assistants—Property man—Head tailor—Head mantua-maker—Wardrobe keeper—Draper for the men—Ditto for the ladies.

The dresses are, at least in the estimation of foreigners, whether in the opera or ballet, a subject of great moment, and of frequent disagreement, as every singer or dancer has an almost invincible abhorrence of sparing the treasury, by making use of any dresses already in the wardrobe, however excellent, every one choosing to exercise his own taste in the adaptation of his garb. The dresses naturally introduce the dressing-rooms, the regulations of which, as established by the usage of the theatre, are amusingly adapted to the rank of the performers. A prima donna is entitled to a separate dressing-room, with a sofa, and six wax candles; a seconda donna, a dressing-room, without a sofa, and two wax candles. The same principle obtains with the chief male performers, and with the first and second dancers of both sexes. Ludicrous as it may seem, these marks of precedency are insisted upon with the greatest exactness. Madame Vestris went beyond all others, and furnished herself with *two additional candles;* and one night, there not being, by some inadvertency, candles enough in the house, she stood on the stage behind the curtain, and refused to dress for her part until the required number of lights was obtained.* The performers inferior in station to those I have mentioned, dress in two general rooms, appropriated respectively to the ladies and to the gentlemen of the company. There is, however, an universal desire for the distinction of separate rooms, and sometimes an express article of the engagement provides for this question. The manager, as already mentioned, engages the performers and selects the performances; but his occupations, like his anxieties, are infinite. The engagements, it need not be now said, are attended with innumerable difficulties. This would be less the case were the negotiations conducted between the manager and performer, alone, without the intervention of third persons. But the crowd of foreigners, by whom both singers and dancers are usually surrounded, frustrate numerous engagements. Patientless doctors, amateurs, and idlers, haunt the houses of the performers, some of whom obtain an influence over them equally convenient to themselves and injurious to managers. Generally speaking, performers are not unreasonable in their own expectations, but the hangers on of their suite flatter their self-love, and excite them to make the most preposterous demands. The people who thus labour against the interests of a theatre, obtain nevertheless the greatest facilities of benefiting themselves through it, by the number of orders which, by means of the performers to whom they attach themselves, they are enabled to give away, thus acquiring a degree of consideration among those whom they oblige. The performers are the more liable to influences of this kind, from their general hospitality to their own countrymen here, from among whom they generally select some favourite who manages their concerns, and is consulted on every undertaking,—persons who occasion the more difficulty, from not being the ostensible parties to treat with. These individuals usually form a part of the family, are included in the invitations given to their superiors, and hence acquire many opportunities of advancing their own interests. The mode of life which obtains among the artists of the stage with whom my experience has brought me in contact, is, with a few exceptions towards either extreme, liberal and handsome, in proportion to their incomes. Both here and abroad I have been agreeably entertained at their houses, and at Paris I met at the table of Madame Pasta, including Rossini, almost all the musical talent of the place. She had a beautiful villa at Neuillé, where I also visited her, and found a similar assemblage. Many of the performers are persons of considerable talents and acquirements; their mode of life, and frequent migrations to and from the principal cities of Europe, and perpetual change of society, give an ease and life to their conversation. Their foreign tastes and habits render their society more attractive; and could the situation of manager be divested of the cares and difficulties inherent *to* it, it would not be devoid of pleasure, in mingling with characters strongly marked, and often highly interesting. But as it is impossible to reconcile inconsistencies, he who embarks on the sea of management must be content to enjoy such rare moments of calm and sunshine as mingle with the storms to which he is exposed. For myself, I have rarely failed, even when most surrounded with difficulties, to make the most of the pleasant places into which my path has occasionally led, and have found in management, as in the universal business of life, that the best guardian against calamity is a disposition to be happy when in my power, and quietly to acquiesce when misfortune is inevitable."

We trust that the remainder of Mr. Ebers'* days may be as happy and prosperous as the goodness of his heart and kindness of his disposition — (unembittered and unchanged by the thousand trials to which he has been exposed during his unfortunate "Seven Years") —as that period was unlucky and annoying.

* We hag our readers will notice this piece of absurdity, of which we should not have conceived any lady capable.

* We congratulate Mr. Ebers on the success of his benefit and book, to the former of which every body went, and the latter of which every body buys. But how small, in comparison with his great losses, are the proceeds to be derived from these! Surely something more might still be done in the higher quarters, and amongst those who have derived so many favours from him, when in his power to oblige. We hope his old committee will take these remarks into consideration.

Dr. Walsh on the Gnostics.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

"ANOTHER of this device (says Dr. W. referring to the gem described at the conclusion of our last notice) is rendered still more curious from the circumstances connected with it, which were communicated by Colonel Belford, in whose possession the gem now is, and who had it from his father. Immediately after the battle of Culloden, the baggage of Prince Charles Edward fell into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland's army, and many private and curious articles in his cabinet came into the possession of the late General Belford, who took it. Among the rest was a stone set in silver attached to a ring, which proved to be a Gnostic amulet. It is highly probable that the superstitious prince had obtained it on the continent, as a charm, and carried it as a protection in the hazardous enterprise in which he was engaged.† It is a ruby blood-stone: on one face is the figure represented on the former, having the serpentine feet turned both to the same side as the shield; and the whole form evidently threatening hostility. In this attitude of offence it represented Mars; and so seems an appropriate emblem for the occasion on which it was used. —The next is the angel Michael, having the legend MIXAHA over his head. On the opposite face are the words ΔΥΝΑΜΙΣ MIXAHA, the might or power of Michael. These circumstances allude to the extraordinary powers and functions conferred on angels by the different Gnostic sects, from Simon Magus downwards. They all held, as we have seen, that angels were the fabricators or architects of the universe, and Cherinthus affirmed they were superior to Christ himself; and this opinion was so early entertained, that the apostle Paul thought it necessary to warn the Colossians against the seductions of those who 'came in

† We have no doubt of this fact. Several *charms*, &c. were found among the Stuart papers brought from Italy a few years ago, and direct proofs of the prince's belief in their efficacy.—*Ed. L. G.*

the religion of the angels,' boasting, as Tertullian says, 'that the angels were the artificers of nature.' They further said, as Theodoret affirms, that the law was given by them, and no one had access to God except through them. Hence we find on the Gnostic gems the names of numbers of their angels. But the chief and most highly venerated was Michael, the archangel; insomuch so, that oratories were erected to him in Asia Minor, where divine honours were paid to him.—The gem which follows belongs to the class of *κυνοκεφαλοι*, or those with dogs' heads. It represents figures on both faces which very frequently occur on the Gnostic remains. The first is the Egyptian deity Anubis, who was worshipped with a dog's head in a variety of forms, and his name inscribed on a number of different figures. Nor was his worship confined to that country: he was considered by the Greeks and Romans the same as Mercury, and is therefore called by Plutarch Hermanubis. He is for this reason represented with the symbols, and as performing the functions, of Mercury, holding a caduceus, and leading souls to hell; and so he is described by Apuleius. All these circumstances are recognised and exhibited on various gems of the Gnostics.—On the opposite face of this stone is the figure of a female, with her finger on her lips. The Egyptians imagined the deity Harpocrates, who presided over silence, and was always represented as inculcating it by holding his finger on his lips.*—It has been seen that Basilides imposed silence as a necessary part of the discipline of his sect; and hence the symbol of silence is frequently found on the Gnostic gems, under different representations of Harpocrates.—Connected with Anubis is the following representation of Mercury, the form under which he was worshipped by the Greeks. As Anubis was supposed to be Mercury, and had his symbols and functions assigned him, so alternately Mercury was supposed to be Anubis, and is thus exhibited on the Gnostic gems. He is here depicted sitting, as if resting from his active labours. He has all the symbols of Mercury about him; but what particularly distinguishes him is his three legs, one of which is without a winged buskin, indicating that it belongs to his other form. Fulgentius says that legs were under the particular guardianship of Mercury. He is here identified with Anubis, by the initial letters AN in the legend.—The next is a representation of Anubis and Mercury united, and exhibited together in the same body under a double form.—The gem which follows is a representation of Jupiter, according to the unmixed mythology of the Greeks and Romans. We have seen that Simon Magus was represented by his disciples under the form of this god, and it is highly probable that this gem was fabricated by his particular followers.—On the opposite side is a very curious inscription, and the only one existing, found in that form. The letters are arranged so as to represent the coil of a serpent; and though the figure of the reptile is omitted, his image is preserved in the inscription, which is as follows: — ZABEPBEBEPEIBACACIPACIPBPIHIΘCEMECIΛAM.—The gem which follows represents an angel guiding a crocodile with two heads. The crocodile, like sundry other animals, was converted by the Egyptians into an emblem to represent the sun; and this arose, perhaps, from the fanciful idea, that the animal has 365 teeth, the number of days in the year, and so indicating a solar revolution. In the gem annexed, the crocodile has two heads, neither of which naturally belongs to it. The winged figure on its back seems one of the Gnostic angels, the architects of the universe, directing the solar course, and so guiding the world.—The gem which follows is of an unusual form; that of the scarabeus, or beetle. The insect is not cut on the stone, but the stone is formed into the shape of the insect; and on the convex back is represented Isis, or the Egyptian Ceres, reclined beside the Nile, with two vases of Egyptian corn, the emblem of vegetable fecundity, naturally expressed by symbols of the sun's rays and the Nile. An amulet of Isis was held in great sanctity: the wearer hoped to obtain by it, according to Kircher, every thing that related to the earth, as fertilised by the Nile—an abundance of earthly goods. This stone is without an inscription.—The one that follows is also without an inscription. It represents the union of two persons, for whose protection and happiness the amulet was intended, and consists of real and emblematic figures. The two which follow are medical amulets.—The first is engraven on a convex piece of schist. It represents an ibis standing beside an altar. For the benefits supposed to be conferred by this bird on man, it was adopted by the Gnostics as one of the emblematic figures; and the amulet of the ibis was used in different diseases, particularly against affections of the head.—The next represents a combination of three heads, that of an elephant joined to human faces. The elephantiasis was at this period a very loathsome and mortal distemper. It was so called, because the body, but particularly the face, was covered with blotches and papulæ like those of the elephant. Quintus Serenus, the Basilidian physician, who describes the disease, also prescribes the cure, which he says is the juice of the bark of the cedar tree. In the gem here presented is the head of an elephant, holding in his proboscis the branch of a tree, whose foliage exactly resembles that of a cedar, which alludes to the disease and mode of cure; and the faces annexed are intended to represent those of the patient, when diseased, and when cured of the remedy.—The last is highly characteristic of the Gnostic sects, as they were depicted by contemporary writers. It is in the form of a seal-ring, and probably worn as such. It was obtained from a soldier who brought it from Egypt, on the return of the English army from that country. The surface is covered with Gnostic figures and characters, interspersed with priapi, phalli, and other obscene emblems, confirming all that Christian historians have written on the obscenity of these impure and mysterious Christians, who, in the words of the Apostle, 'crept in unawares, turning the grace of God into lasciviousness.'

"It was the particular fate of Christianity, and it adds another proof of the miraculous interference of Providence in its preservation, that its first promulgation should be accompanied with conceptions so extravagant, and conduct so flagitious, as that of some of the sects in the first ages; and that it had to overcome, not only the persecutions of its enemies, but the evil reports caused by its friends. The Heathens not knowing otherwise, or wilfully seeking occasion to excite prejudice against the 'new faith,' did not fail to impute the extravagance of the Gnostics generally to all Christians; and unfortunately the sect met with such acceptance, and its wild opinions and licentious practices were so congenial to the understanding and temperament of the people among whom they were circulated, that they became in a short time numerous enough to afford a plausible pretext for confounding the sacred mysteries of the Gospel with the gross and fantastic perversion of them, and identifying the open and pious Christian with the obscure and impious Gnostic. We know that this prejudice was very early and very generally excited. When St. Paul arrived at Rome after his shipwreck, the first character he heard of Christianity was, that 'every where it was spoken against.' This account of the evangelists is confirmed by the Gentile historians. Suetonius calls the Christians men of a strange and malicious superstition. Tacitus says they were convicted of a hatred to the human race, and detested for their flagitious conduct. Arnobius affirms that the Gentiles believed Christ to have been a magician, and that all Christians equally practised magic. Nor were these reports confined to the Gentiles; the Jews were no less industrious in circulating them: they asserted that Christians ate their own children at their hidden mysteries, and we have seen that the practice of the Gnostics sanctioned this imputation; that they considered women to be common to all men—a tenet openly avowed by Epiphanes, son of Carpocrates; and that they mixed in promiscuous intercourse at their secret feasts—a custom which we know was common to all the Gnostic sects. Hence one of the eloquent advocates for the cause of Christianity in the earliest ages, complains that they were charged with three offences—impiety to God, suppers of Thyestes, and the concubinage of Œdipus. But the account given by Minutius Fœlix of the charges brought against the whole Christian church, is not confined to vague and general rumours, but it is so minute and particular, that it seems to carry with it a conviction that it was as true as it was detestable. 'When a novice,' said his adversary, 'is to be introduced into a participation of Christian rites, an infant covered with meal or flour is placed before him. The novice, not knowing what was beneath, is desired to strike, which he does till he kills the child. It is then drawn forth, the blood licked, and the dismembered limbs eaten by all present, in order that the consciousness of guilt might bind together the novice and the initiated to silence and secrecy, by a common participation in an atrocious act. A day is then set apart for a general celebration of their mysteries, and at the appointed time they assemble together—sisters, parents, children, relatives of all degrees, and of all ages and sexes. After the feast and wine had caused an excitement in the company, a hungry dog is tied to the only candelabrum in the room; he is offered meat by some of the company, and springing forward to seize it, he upsets the light, and the company are left in the dark.' The remainder of the passage is not fit to translate, though it is given in the language of one who was sincerely a Christian, and as chaste as he was pure in his life and writings, but who was compelled to pollute his pages with the foul charges of his adversaries, in order to refute them. * * *

"The Heathens availing themselves of the odium excited by the conduct of the Gnostics, speedily commenced a persecution against the whole Christian community. It was in vain that the early fathers exposed the opinions and practices of these sectaries, and endeavoured to disentangle themselves from all connexion with them, by contrasting their conduct and opinions with the pure doctrines and blameless lives of real Christians.—'If,' said Athenagoras in his energetic address to Aurelius Antoninus, 'the crimes objected to us be really true, and we are

* "Ausonius calls him *σιγαλεον*, from *σιγη* silence.—*Epist. to Paul.*"

capable of committing them, spare none of us of either sex, but slay us and our wives and children, till you eradicate a race of human beings who live after the manner of beasts. But if these charges against us are unfounded rumours and empty calumnies, it is your duty to institute an inquiry, and ascertain what our lives and opinions really are.' These and similar appeals were disregarded or disbelieved; and the Heathens pretended that they were not merely justified, but called upon to extirpate a race that, besides being disaffected to the government, were of a nature too gross and flagitious to be suffered to live. As Christianity therefore expanded itself, it soon began to suffer those persecutions which had been predicted by its Divine Author; and at length an effort was made, under Diocletian, to extirpate the religion of Christ, so extensive and persevering, that nothing less than a divine interposition seemed to have preserved it from total extinction.—The manner in which this was carried on, is evidence that the perpetrators thought they were exterminating an impure and ferocious race of Gnostics, to spare whom would be mercy misplaced, and an injury to society.—In some instances axes were blunted on their mangled limbs, and their executioners so tired with slaughter, that it was necessary to send for fresh men and new implements to complete the work of destruction. It appears also by the coin struck by Diocletian to commemorate their extirpation. The figure which is there intended to represent Christianity is the very Abrasax, with serpentine feet, found upon their gems, and represented as their god; and thus we see this single sect and its impure idol bringing destruction on the whole Christian church!"

The above fac-similes, copied from the work, represent the reverse of the coin struck by Diocletian, and a Gnostic gem. The human forms with serpent-like feet are evidently intended to represent the same being in both, and it is that which is found most frequently on the gems of this sect. Among those formerly given by Montfaucon, and the new ones now first exhibited by Dr. Walsh, it occurs forty-two times. It was in fact the great ABPACAΞ IAΩ, or god of the Gnostics, and stood for the visible representation of his divinity; and the Gentiles, who supposed that all Christians were Gnostics, imagined this being to have been their god also. In striking a memorial, therefore, of their destruction, Diocletian naturally assumed this figure as a representation of the deity of the Christians; he places him on his coin naked and divested of his weapons, and Jupiter, the deity of the heathens, armed with his thunderbolt, dashing him down and trampling on him as he did on the Titans, who had equally, but as vainly, striven to dispossess him of heaven.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

An Exposure of Religious and Civil Despotism, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 169. By Thomas Parkin. London, 1828. Wightman and Cramp.

THIS volume is a strange farrago *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.* The prophecies of Daniel, Paul, and John, form its foundations; but the superstructure defies analysis. The Roman Catholic church is denounced as the locusts foretold, and the Protestant church as the tails of locusts,—both devouring as much as can be wrung from the earth and its inhabitants. The author appears to be a strong-headed, wrong-headed man, whom "a little learning," and some fanaticism, have prompted to print a book that may be esteemed a curiosity in its kind.

My Early Days. Second edition, improved. 18mo. pp. 196. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd: London, Whittaker.

WE see no reason, in the improvements, to retract the praise we bestowed on the first edition.

Plain Sermons, preached in a Village Church. By a Country Clergyman. 12mo. pp. 317. London, J. Hearne.

THE humble title of this volume of excellent moral and practical lessons for a parochial congregation, does not conceal from us the writer of finished education, and endowments equal to his piety. It is dedicated to Lord Arden, and, we presume, by his son.

Historical and Descriptive Account of the Collegiate Church, the Free Grammar School, and Chetham's Hospital. Part II. 4to. Manchester, Aquew and Zanetti; and Ainsworth, London.

WE have just had time to look over the contents of this new Part of a publication, the first Part of which we have, in a previous Number, favourably noticed. The continuation now before us has every claim to be spoken of in the same tone of approbation.

We are afraid, that with purchasers of topographical works the graphic is apt to supersede in interest the literary part of the production. We are not inclined to quarrel with this predisposition, and hope it may not unfrequently tend to desirable results, in leading those who are attracted by the labours of the engraver to pay an attention, which they might not otherwise have bestowed, to the researches of the author. On this account, we will first mention the plates in this Part, which are four in number, engraved by Pye.

The first, from a design by Palmer, is really a very interesting production, and represents an Interior View of the Nave of the Collegiate Church at Manchester. This conveys an excellent idea of the original—independently of its being *per se* a very well-arranged and finished piece of perspective. We observe that, in order to prevent any interruption of the view, the organ and other accidentals are supposed to be removed—a judicious feature in the piece. The view of the College Gateway, and one end of the Grammar School, is also excellent; and the figures introduced (two scholastics in blue petticoats) very characteristic:—blue they are, though the engraver's ink leaves their tint a question. The next subject is a representation, and a very faithful one, of the College from the great yard: and the fourth displays some antique furniture belonging to the same venerable establishment. The plates have only one fault; and that is to be ascribed to the publishers: we mean the dedications inscribed at the foot of each, which injure the neatness of the *tout.* We would say, "let this be reformed altogether" in future.

Of the literary part of this number we have not room to say a quarter of what it deserves: it is as interesting as it is full of research. Part is from the erudite pen of Dr. Hibbert, and as such needs no further recommendation; and the remainder is well worthy of such society. Finally, we recommend the work to all lovers of the fine arts, and to antiquaries in general, confident that those who are led by our observations to acquaint themselves with it, will thank us for the introduction.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 18, 1828.

MADAME ADELINA CATALANI lately made her *début* in the part of *Isabella*, in the *Italiana in Algeri*: she was loudly cheered on her first appearance, but enthusiasm cooled considerably, notwithstanding French gallantry. Neither her voice nor appearance were suited to the character she had undertaken; nor can she in any manner be compared to the queens of song who have preceded her: so that the Italian Opera will be much abandoned, unless fresh forces arrive.

Astronomers, jealous of the enjoyments of mortals, have endeavoured to embitter them, in predicting the destruction of the earth by fire in the year 1832: but these gentlemen having ceased to be considered oracles, their discoveries will little impede the progress of pleasure; and even were the prophecy credited, it would scarcely affect a nation who never take sorrow by the forelock, nor permit fear for the future to damp present gaiety. "Be merry to-day, for to-morrow we die," is the creed they adopt; and though we splenetic beings may ridicule their levity, as we term it, in the long-run the laugh turns against us; for while we are measuring out and weighing evils, they are reaping the little good there is. Still, however, there are a few exceptions to this philosophy, if we are to believe the *on dit* of the day. Some gentle frail ones have been frightened out of their seven senses (if senses they had), owing to the inflammable forebodings of messieurs the star-gazers; and, in their terror of being fried alive, have taken to devotion at least ten years sooner than the epoch usually assigned for renouncing follies in favour of prayers,—to the despair of noble wooers and sighing swains, who find themselves left in the lurch for father confessors: these spiritual guides, it is to be hoped, will indemnify the fair penitents for the sacrifice; and, indeed, if fame renders justice, no men possess in so high a degree the talent of consolation, and the art of healing Cupid's wounds, as the wearers of the *calotte.* According to some sages, tender consciences have had a false alarm, as there

still remains ample time for sinning and repenting, ere the globe explode. *Selon eux*, a comet can never seriously affect a planet.

Philhelenism is all the rage, therefore Greeks are *à la mode*, and ladies are proud to have them at their *soirées:* this proves their *bon goût*, as many of that nation here are the perfection of "manly beauty." I met with several at a *bon-ton soirée*, dressed in the costume of their country, which sets off natural advantages: they appeared totally unconscious of their superior personal charms, for, unlike English and French dandies, the mirror never attracted their attention, nor did I once observe them either twisting their mustachios or admiring themselves; this they wisely left for others. To judge from appearances, these strangers looked the free people, and we the slaves; for while their garments hung in graceful folds, and permitted them to breathe, we seemed palpitating and convulsed into shape and form by dint of stays, straps, laces, pins, stiffened cravats, wadded coats, and all the paraphernalia of modern toilettes, which are such impediments to grace of motion. Amongst the foreigners was a young Athenian, whose fine features and noble expression of countenance were such as might inspire painters and sculptors: he evinced his surprise that a general costume was not adopted in Paris, as a means of weaning men and women from the constant occupation of dress; nor could he be made to understand how a continual variation of fashion was conducive to the prosperity of commerce. The liberty women enjoy, also, astonished him; but a *belle Française*, of as much wit as observation, soon convinced him that of all women, Europeans are the greatest slaves — from the cradle, dissimulation being the leading principle: our very language, she said, is equivocal; and so accustomed are we to mould our sentiments as society judges fit, that we at length lose the faculty of thinking or reasoning: few of us ever make acquaintance with ourselves, as our entire life is occupied "*à sauver les apparences*, a task not very easy, yet it is ours until death finishes the comedy." Mammas and aunts appeared highly displeased at such bold assertions, and drew their daughters and nieces away, lest they might hear truth, and become disgusted with the practice of disguise; for if "our existence is a false nature," it is rendered doubly so by education: no one is, or dare be, themselves, which, perhaps, may in some measure account for the sameness of life, and the little originality of mind which exists.

Like all those who go in quest of pleasure, *à quel prix que ce soit*, I went to the fête of the Duke de Bordeaux, which was crowded for some hours, in spite of wind and weather. The rain, however, prevented the waters playing, and many other projected amusements,—so that altogether the day passed most dully. The little duke was dressed *en cuirassier*, and reviewed his young troop, about thirty in number, sons of soldiers, (the eldest of whom did not appear above nine years old), which went through all the military evolutions with the exactness of veterans. It was by far the most interesting sight I witnessed; for both the troop and its commander enjoyed unmixed happiness, looking not a little proud of their uniform. Potiers performed in the evening, and had the honour of exciting royal laughter; for which sin the poor comedian will, one of these days, be denied Christian burial, and sent to the infernal regions.

Beggars are now occupying the consideration of philanthropists (if such really exist). A proposition has been lately made to secure a home for ambulating poor, and provide work for the most robust: but all partial plans are but drops of benevolence in the ocean of misery; and no one seems inspired with feelings of general good, or to really desire a system, which would assure the common comforts of life to all; — at least those who propose such, are looked on as mad, and as enemies to the higher classes, who calculate their elevation by the depth of others' wretchedness.

Booksellers in London appear very dilatory in sending over new works. "Pelham" has had a kind of partial fame here, owing to a few stray volumes which have crept into Paris; but at none of the libraries can it be had. I have not read it, but have heard it panegyrised by Frenchmen, who consider it one of the best critiques on modern society which have appeared; and I know not whether the author will esteem as a compliment its being said, that the *rôle* of pick-pockets is so admirably described, that he must have been one of the party himself.

The famed poet Lamartine, whose muse is worthy of comparing with that of Byron, is, I understand, soliciting an *ambassade*, for which ambition men of talent do not forgive him; but, it appears, the vulgar stare and envy of the multitude possess an all-powerful charm, otherwise such a genius could never support being cramped in political irons: after having soared so high, to desire to wade through all the by-ways of intrigue, is inconceivable.

Recollections of Colombia, &c. corrected.

Kensington, July 22d, 1828.

SIR,—As you cannot be supposed to vouch for the correctness of statements given in your columns as extracts from any work which you review, it is, perhaps, hardly reasonable to expect that you should, in every instance, lend your valuable pages to the refutation of calumny, exaggeration, or direct falsehood. — When, however, the last is of a most aggravated description, and is circulated for no obvious reason but to minister to its author's love of the sanguinary or of the marvellous, and particularly where its uncontradicted reception is calculated to affix a deep stigma on a whole nation (which, though not distinguished for the merciful conduct of its wars, should still not be wantonly accused of inhuman deeds never perpetrated), I think common justice demands that some opportunity should be afforded of removing so unmerited a reproach.

The "Officer of the Columbian Navy," whose work is noticed in your *Gazette* of last week, attempts to shock his readers by the recital of a deliberate murder of 1300 Spaniards, at the Moro of Barcelona, when that place was taken by General Urdenetta.—Now, sir, I was present at the capture of that city, and at the operations (in part) against the Moro; and I boldly affirm, that no such occurrence ever happened: nay, more, I will assert, that if the salvation of their colonies had depended on the effort, the Spaniards could not have collected 1300 men throughout the whole province of Barcelona, much less at a spot so little demanding the services of a body thus numerous.

The fact is, sir, the Spaniards (whose force was very inconsiderable) did not strike their colours (as your author, to exhibit his own forbearance and generosity, avers), but set fire to the works, wherever the process of ignition was practicable, and then sallied forth to make their way through the besiegers into the open country; and in passing a narrow neck of land, which at low water connects the Moro with the Continent, the commandant and six or seven men (perhaps one or two more) were killed by the Columbians, in a fair attempt to repel the sally.

The cold-blooded massacre of 1300 men, as related by your author, is either the fruit of his own invention, or, to judge more charitably, of his reliance on the relation of others: but if such be the general character of his details, it is well for him that he writes anonymously. It is, however, but justice to say, that his after-statement of the murder of a young Spanish captain and three men, is, in most respects, but too true.

I have, sir, no other motive for this intrusion on your attention, than a wish to guard the public against such needless fabrications. I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE LAVAL CHESTERTON,

Late Captain of the Colombian Army.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR AUGUST.

8th day — the sun enters the constellation Leo. 20th day — passes close to the bright star Regulus; and the earth, as seen from the sun, is proceeding through Aquarius.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

		D.	H.	M.
☾	Last Quarter, in Aries . .	2	3	38
●	New Moon, in Cancer . .	10	4	42
☽	First Quarter, in Libra . .	18	2	46
○	Full Moon, in Aquarius . .	24	17	28
☾	Last Quarter, in Taurus . .	31	16	38

On the morning of the 9th day, about an hour before sun-rise, a very beautiful combination of the moon with the planets Mercury, Venus, and Saturn, may be observed in the N.E. by E. in the constellation Cancer — Saturn and Mercury to the north, and Venus to the south of the moon; these latter will be similarly illuminated, each exhibiting a fine crescent, — the moon waning to her disappearance in the solar rays, and Venus expanding to a full bright orb. 16th day, 17 hrs. — the moon in conjunction with Jupiter. 20th day, 22 hrs. 15 min. — with Mars.

3d day — Mercury stationary. 9th day — Conjunction with Venus. 12th day — Greatest elongation, and visible a short time before day-light, which is the most favourable time for seeing him, the atmosphere being clearer near the horizon before the rising, than after the setting of the sun. 16th day, 15 hrs. — conjunction with ☽ Cancri. 17th, Ascending node. 21st, Perihelio. 28th, conjuction with Regulus in Leo.

13th day — Venus 1 digit east illuminated, apparent diameter 52 sec. 18th, stationary. This planet will be twice this month in conjunction with Saturn, — on the 13th and 31st days. This is explained from the combined motions of the earth and the other planets, which make them appear at one time to be moving in the order of the signs, or *direct*, and at another time, contrary to this order, or *retrograde:* the period of time in which the planets retreat in the zodiac, with the spaces they describe, vary according to their distance and velocity; the earth moving between the orbits of the other planets, (at the rate of nineteen miles in a second of time) causes, to a spectator who considers himself at rest, most of those irregularities which are observed in the motions of those bodies. The following table will exhibit more fully these interesting particulars: —

	Retrogradation in days.	Arcs of Retrogradation.	Velocity in Miles, per second.
Mercury ..	22	12°	30
Venus	42	16°	23
Mars.....	70	18°	15
Jupiter....	120	9	8
Saturn	135	6	6
Uranus....	151	4	4

Mars, though he continues but a short time above the horizon, appears as a very splendid object in the bow of Sagittarius; and as he has latterly beamed forth on the midnight sky, might have been considered as a new star, which was the idea in the year 1719. Many satisfactory telescopic views have been obtained of this planet during the past and present months, the spots on his orb being singularly distinct: this is not always the case, even when in opposition, or nearest the earth: at the time he is also in perihelio, or nearest the sun, there seems some physical cause, arising probably from his atmosphere, which renders his disc occasionally very indistinct.

1st day.—Jupiter will leave the constellation Virgo, and re-enter Libra. There will be only two visible eclipses of the satellites this month, which will occur as follow:—

Emersion.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First satellite . .	24	9	3	33

Immersion.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
Second satellite . .	6	8	50	47

Remarkable configurations at 8 hrs. 3d and 17th days, all the satellites to the east; and on the 13th and 27th days, all to the west of the primary. 31st day, the first and second satellite on the disc, the third to the east, and the fourth to the west of Jupiter.

2d day.—Saturn enters the constellation Cancer, but is too near the sun for satisfactory observation.

1st day.—Uranus re-enters Sagittarius, and transits the meridian at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	11	21	11	10	41	21	10	2

A telescope of considerable power is requisite to see the satellites of this planet. The primary had been discovered some time before the secondaries; and, as in the instance of Jupiter's satellites, were considered as small fixed stars, near which Uranus was passing: their situation was noted, and in the course of a month they were ascertained to revolve about the newly-discovered planet. The light of these satellites is exceedingly faint; the second is the brightest, and its orbit is apparently elliptical: their magnitude is supposed to be equal to those of Jupiter. When eclipses of the satellites of Uranus occur, they appear to ascend through the shadow of the primary, in a course nearly at right angles to the ecliptic; and the motions of all of them are retrograde.

Solar Spots.—The spots on the sun still continue in sufficient number and magnitude to excite observation; some of those called faculæ, or spots brighter than the surface of the sun, are entering on the eastern edge of the disc, Wednesday morning, 23d inst. 8 hrs. 30 min., and may be considered as precursors of those which are distinguished by a dark nucleus, and surrounding umbra.*

Deptford. J. T. B.

* In the paper of the Solar Spots, No. 598, page 425, col. 2, line 7, it was stated that the solar atmosphere was 800 miles high. This was an error; it should have been *not less than* 1843 *miles, nor more than* 2765 *miles.* It is the solar mountains that are calculated to be 800 miles in altitude.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

Professor Mone, of Heidelberg, has lately published, with remarks, a notice, by Mr. Assall, the inspector of mines in Pennsylvania, with respect to the natives of North America and to Indian antiquities. This antiquary has visited, and carefully examined, the remains of former times which exist in the forests of that country. He describes two kinds; those which seem to have belonged to the ancestors of the actual natives, and those which seem to indicate the presence, at some remote period, of a people more civilised than Indians. The latter consist of fortifications of earth or stone, tumuli, mummies, idols, and utensils.—It is in the states of New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, that the greater number of these fortifications are found. One has been discovered to the south of Lake Ontario; the others, which are not far from one another, are placed on a line which stretches in a south-westerly direction to the river Chenango, near Oxford. These fortifications differ in form. The ramparts are sometimes only five, and sometimes thirty feet high; and they enclose sometimes ten, sometimes fifty acres. The neighbourhood of a river, with fish, and a site not subject to inundation, have always determined those by whom these fortifications were built. A kind of covered way communicates between them and the river. The entrance is not always direct. In front, and interiorly, there is frequently a little rampart which defends the entrance. This arrangement bears an analogy to the fortification which the Romans placed at the entrances to their camps, and which they called *clavicula;* but with the Romans it was an exterior work. In some of the areas which these fortifications surround, are little artificial hills, intended either to assist in the defence, or to afford the means of overlooking the enemy. Near Cercleville, in the Ohio state, is a circular fortification, comprehending a square one; the walls of which latter are so accurately adjusted by the cardinal points, that it is difficult to believe that the constructor of them was destitute of astronomical knowledge. A few arrow-heads, and the remains of some very fine pottery, in which traces of glazing are visible, are all that has yet been discovered in these places.—The tumuli are of various heights; some only four feet, others exceeding a hundred. The bodies over which they were heaped seem to have been previously submitted to the action of fire. There have been found in them some copper studs, plated with silver, fragments of scabbards, a copper and silver hilt of a sword, a mirror of *mica membranacea*, and some stone knives and hatchets. The idols exhibit only an unformed trunk, and a head of the coarsest workmanship. The mummies have nothing particular about them. It is Mr. Assall's opinion that the people who have left these remains came from Asia by crossing Behring's Straits.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Analysis of the Proceedings 1827-8.

VII. "On Part of the First Book of Appian's Civil Wars of Rome." By the Right Hon. C. P. Yorke, V.P.R.S.L.—This paper contains a minute outline of the relative positions occupied by the Roman and Italic armies in the first campaign of the Italic or Social War; an explanation of the confusion which has arisen between the two Cæsars, Sextus and Lucius, mentioned in this part of the Roman history; and, in an appendix, an attempt to give a more complete and accurate genealogy of the Julian or Cæsarean family than has before been compiled.—*Read Feb. 6th*, 1828.

VIII. "Historical Notices of Nicomedia, the ancient Capital of Bithynia." By Sir W. Ouseley, LL.D. R.A. R.S.L.—Ancient geographers are divided upon the question, whether Astacus, Olbia, and Nicomedia, were names successively given to the same city, which occupied the site where Iz-Nikmid, or Ismid (the Turkish corruption of Nicomedia), now stands; or whether these were the names of three different cities, situated not far from each other: the author of this memoir inclines to the former opinion. The last of the three names was derived from Nicomedes the First, king of Bithynia; by whom Astacus, founded about 700 years B.C. by a body of Megarenensians, was rebuilt or enlarged in the third century before the same era. After having undergone successive devastations, by an earthquake, and by the predatory inroads of the Scythians or Goths, at the latter end of the second and beginning of the third centuries, and having speedily recovered from the effects of those calamities, it was decorated by Diocleasian with a variety of works of luxury and utility, on a scale calculated to rival Rome itself. It was upon a plain near this city that that emperor solemnly abdicated the supreme authority. Here also it was, that, in 324, Licinius resigned his share of the imperial purple to Constantine the Great, who died at a palace in the vicinity in the year 337. In the middle of the fourth century another earthquake, and a conflagration caused by it, entirely overthrew and destroyed this magnificent capital. From that period to 1330, when it fell into the hands of the Turks, few particulars of its history are known. That the information collected by Sir W. Ouseley from a great variety of authors, and compressed into this paper, is not more copious and satisfactory, he attributes in part to the loss of the Bithyniaca, a work in eight books, by Arrian (a native of Nicomedia), which would undoubtedly have cleared up many obscure passages in the history of his country. The writer had the satisfaction to discover the tomb of that distinguished philosopher, historian, and general, at Dabenjeh, the ancient Sophon, about twenty miles from Nicomedia, of which discovery an account is given in his Travels. An able and inquisitive antiquary might yet, it is believed, if allowed to prosecute his inquiries, succeed in extricating from oblivion many valuable fragments of antiquity among the remains of Nicomedia.—*Read March 5th*, 1828.

IX. "On the Demi of Attica." By W. M. Leake, Esq. M.R.S.L.—*Read April 2d and 16th*, 1828.—A paper of various minute historical and topographical details. Since the Annual Report was made, this valuable classical inquiry has occupied several readings.*

COLUMBUS.

In the Seventh Number of "the Passes of the Alps," a notice of which will be found in another part of our present Number, Mr. Brockedon, speaking of the Pass of the Cornice, of which that Number is an illustration, says—"There is one spot of great interest upon the route, the village of Cogoleto, which has the

* The Council propose to bring out the Second Part of the First Volume of Transactions in the course of the present Year.—A second fasciculus of hieroglyphics, forming the completion of Vol. II. of the whole work, has been published, with the title and table of contents to the volume, at the same price as the former fasciculus, viz.—one guinea to members, and two guineas to the public.

distinguished reputation of being the birth-place of Columbus. Its distance is about eighteen miles from Genoa. Whilst the author was resting at Cogoleto for refreshment, he was invited to visit the house, and even the chamber, in which the great discoverer was born. That the state of Genoa attaches belief to the evidence that this was the place of his nativity, is shewn in the fact that a civil officer, a *prépoté*, is stationed here, a part of whose duty it is to shew the house to strangers. The following inscriptions painted on the front of the house, in the Contrada Guiggioli, mark its situation, and point out its importance:—

'Con generoso ardir dall' Arca all' onde
Ubbidiente il vol Colomba prende,
Corre, s' aggira, terren scopre, e fronde
D' olivo in segno al gran Noé ne rende.
L' imita in ciò COLOMBO, nè s' asconde,
E da sua Patria il mar solcando fende,
Terreno alfin scoprendo diede fondo,
Offerendo all' Ispano un nuovo Mondo.
'Li 2. Dicembre, 1650.

'Prete Antonio Colombo.

'Hospes iste gradum: Fuit Hic lux prima Columbo
Orbe Viro majori; Heu! aimis arcta Domus!

'Unus erat Mundus; Duo sunt, ait ISTE, fuere.'

"In an able and very interesting inquiry into the birth-place of Columbus, by Mr. Washington Irving, in his Life and Voyages of Columbus, recently published, he concludes that Columbus was born in the city of Genoa. Mr. Irving admits, however, that at one time Cogoleto bore away the palm from other places which also claimed the honour of having given birth to Columbus. Mr. Irving's researches have invalidated all other claims except those of Genoa and Cogoleto; but his arguments have not removed the honour from the latter place. In a foreign country, every native of the little republic was a Genoese; and Columbus would have described himself as a Genoese, and not as a native of Cogoleto. Mr. Irving considers the strongest evidence in favour of the city of Genoa to be found in the declaration of Columbus in his will, executed in 1498, 'Siendo yo nacido in Genova,'—'I being born in Genoa.' If this will had been written at Genoa, he might have said, 'I being born at Cogoleto;' but in Spain, where the locality of Cogoleto was unknown, he writes as a Genoese: even now, every wandering boy from the state of Genoa, without regard to the place of his birth, replies to the inquiry, 'Whence did you come?' 'Genova;' and every native of the state, from Sarzanne to Ventimiglia, is 'a Genoese.' In reply to one remark of Mr. Irving's, it may be said, that the great Andrea Doria, with as much patriotism as Columbus, and more power, never exercised it in favour of Oneglia, his birth-place, but of Genoa, his country. Mr. Irving mentions a codicil, executed by Columbus sixteen days before his death, in which he leaves a book 'to his beloved country, the republic of Genoa;' and he admits that one or both of the two admirals named Columbo, with whom Columbus sailed, was a native of Cogoleto; but the circumstance, also mentioned by Mr. Irving, of the preservation of the portrait of the great discoverer by the families who claim him at Cogoleto, is strongly in their favour. It is not pretended that this portrait represents any other than Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America; and this fact, in connexion with the tradition which has through successive generations pointed out the house in which he was born, and upon which the above eulogies were painted nearly 200 years since, by a member of his family, goes far to justify the claim of Cogoleto to the honour of being the birth-place of Columbus."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Passes of the Alps. By W. Brockedon. No. VII.

THE present Number of this highly interesting work contains the Pass of the Cornice, being the route on the shores of the Mediterranean, from Genoa to Nice. "Strictly speaking," Mr. Brockedon observes, "it is not a Pass of the Alps, but rather a road by which the Alps are avoided. Its situation, its object, and its importance, however, require that it should hold a conspicuous place in these illustrations; for it was one of the earliest passes known between France and Italy; and, from its recent completion as a carriage-road, is likely to become one of frequent use, particularly for invalids. * * * By the route of the Cornice, the invalid, who leaves England even in the depth of winter, may reach the warm and genial climate of Italy, without encountering the Alps in his passage." The plates in the seventh Number are at least equal in excellence to any of their predecessors. Pont Saint Louis, near Menton, Bordighera, Mortole, Ruins of the Trophæa Augusti at Turbie, and Nice, are especially romantic and picturesque.

Outlines from the Ancients. Etched by T. C. Lewis. With Descriptions by G. Cumberland, Esq. Part III. Septimus Prowett.

GRACEFUL motion, dancing motion, floating motion, celestial or gliding motion, violent action, and enthusiastic action, form the subjects of the twenty plates of which the present part of this tasteful publication is composed. They must all be extremely valuable to the artist; and some of them, such, for instance, as No. 46, Two Sketches from Bas-reliefs; No. 50, Sagittarius; No. 51, A Medea or a Circe; No. 58, Hercules contending with a Stag, &c. are admirable examples of energy, grace, and dignity.

A Print, containing Views of the West Fronts of Fourteen English Cathedrals, with the Plans and Arms. Arranged by J. Britton, F. S. A. &c. Drawn by C. Hacker; engraved by G. F. Storm.

A Print, containing Views of the Interiors of Fourteen Cathedrals, with a Border of Architectural and Sculptural Ornaments. Designed and arranged by J. Britton, F. S. A. &c. Drawn by C. Hacker; engraved by C. Storm.

WE have seldom seen two companion prints so interesting and amusing as these. The idea of comprehending so much curious matter in two sheets of paper does Mr. Britton great credit; and the manner in which this multifarious matter has been arranged exhibits his usual perspicuity and taste. The opportunity thus afforded, on easy terms, of comparing, by a glance of the eye, the beauties, external and internal, of so many of our noble and venerable cathedrals, must prove highly gratifying, not merely to the architect or the antiquary, but to every person of cultivated understanding and patriotic feeling.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DREAMER.

"There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present, conscious, and the secret inscriptions of the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever."—*English Opium Eater.*

REST from thy griefs! thou art sleeping now;
The moonlight gleam is upon thy brow;
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies midst the hush of thy heart at rest,
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Rest!—the sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay—
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bow thee as winds bow the willow's head—
The yearnings for voices and faces gone—
All are forgotten!—sleep on—sleep on!

Are they forgotten?—no, 'tis not so—
Slumber divides not our hearts from woe;
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over waving grass.
Trembleest thou, dreamer?—Oh, love and grief,
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf.

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre e'er its chords are still;
On the long silken lashes that fringe thine eye
There's a large tear gathering heavily—
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit pressed,—
Sorrowful dreamer, this is not rest!

It is Thought at work amidst busied hours,
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perished flowers;—
Oh, we bear within us mysterious things
Of memory and anguish, unfathomed springs,
And passion, those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still.

Well might we pause e'er we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch away;
Well might we look on our souls in fear,
They find no fount of oblivion here;
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we if under the wings of death?

June 12th, 1838.

SONG: THE NAMING OF THE WINE.

"Cato ideò propinquos feminis osculum dare jussit, ut scirent an *temetum* olerent: hoc tum vino nomen erat."
Plinys.

AH! talk not of Love—'tis a bubble so fair,
That pleases the eye, lightly sailing above;
We bless it, then swiftly it fades into air,
Like joys we delight in, and pleasures we love.

But give me the cup of illusion, that cheats
E'en Love's magic eyes of their tyrannous pow'r,
And o'er the dull region of memory fleets
To drown the mind's sting in its magical shower!

And bless'd be the man who invented a juice
To elevate life's sorry tenement here,
As, pressing the grape, he discover'd its use,
In driving out care by its own ruddy tear!

Yes, roses shall bloom o'er the Bacchanal's shrine,
And incense his vespers, as, reeling in bliss,
He blesses the name of that liquor divine,
The honest sage tells us was born in a kiss.

S.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

SECOND VISIT TO BROOKES'S.

THE *Brookes's* which *we* visit is a very different place from that Brookes's, of statesmen and card-players' resort, where M.P.'s do congregate in body politic, and "rattle bones" of a description more likely to illustrate the anatomy of the soul, than to develop (excepting the elbow) the various parts and uses of the body. Those thrown from the dice-box, and those exposed by the removal of muscle and tendon, afford indeed very opposite lessons;—the neatly-figured cube and the ugly skeleton clatter with extraordinary dissonance,—the one all excitement, pleasure, and passion—and

the other the stirless finale of all human excitement, pleasures, and passions. The trays and the catering, the sighs and the deuces, the grimacing and the sinking of the club-house, are vastly unlike the cold ribs and fleshless joints, the silence and the juiceless anatomy, the grinning and chop-fallen horrors, of the surgical resurrections from the house appointed for all living. Yet to this complexion all must come at last.

On Tuesday Mr. Robins had to begin his labours with many strange preparations, and exhibited a number of "organs," certainly not fit to be played upon, though some of them were called "tunica," (lots 4, 5, &c.) and others (such as lot 15) possessed "chords." In 16 the *vas deferens* was purchased by a Cockney apothecary, at a higher price than lot 14, in which the same anatomical substance occurred; but he mistook it for a vast difference, and so fancied he had bought a bargain. "Lot 46, a very fine and large specimen of scrofulous affection," was knocked down to a lady in recent weeds; while lot 5, compartment D, "the dried larynx of a monkey," was achieved by a dandy of the first tie. This being St. Swithin's day, we need hardly mention, that the entire sale, including the lungs of a toad, 59, and the leg and foot of a Chinese lady, 89, consisted of "wet preparations."

On Wednesday there were nothing but skeletons, &c. of Mammalia: many very curious specimens, the bare preservation of which seemed to be enough to have occupied the most able and industrious anatomist a busy life-time. The various orders, genera, and species, were skilfully classed; and Mr. Robins's Greek and Latin tongue sorely tried with nycti, cerco, and semno-pithecus, lagostomus-tricodactylus, hydromys, chrysogaster, pseudostoma and diplostoma, cynomys and genomys, helamys and ctenomys, echinothrix, erithizon, and onychura, hydrochærus-capybara, and other equally palatable names, fit only for a mouth educated at Eton or Rugby.

On Thursday, the ninth day (but there was no end to the nine days' wonder), anatomical parts, exquisitely prepared, were continued. The first compartment embraced some remarkable calculi; diseased livers, of which the patients died; spleens which had long ceased to trouble their owners; a fibula, stolen or taken most sacrilegiously by Sir Anthony from the coffin of Duke Humphrey, in St. Alban's cathedral; a beautiful preparation of a Thumb (not Tom); a tattooed skin, not a drum; "a preparation of a cauliflower-excrescence from the skin," enough to turn one's stomach from that elegant vegetable for ever, as would "the contents of a tumour situated beneath the skin, having the resemblance of boiled rice," from that grain; and a preparation of the human toes, certainly not one of the kickshaws most pleasant to behold.

Yesterday Mammalia were again the order of the day: several superb stuffed skins of animals were in the list; and as many horns as would stock Doctors' Commons for half a score of years, and afford both doctors and proctors plenty of fees; the taxing of which would perplex the other Commons for quite as many sessions, when brought forward by Joseph Hume, and rebutted by Dr. Phillimore.

To-day the sale is most interesting to the comparative anatomist, consisting of ears, eyes, &c. &c.; but as we cannot *à priori* have heard Mr. Robins, nor seen the effects of his persuasive powers, we will not, as hitherto, describe the result.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Collection of Melodies, entitled the Loves of the Butterflies. The Poetry by T. H. Bailey, Esq.: the Symphonies and Accompaniments by Alexander Lee. Volume I. A. Lee and Lee.

THE popularity of "I'd be a Butterfly" probably led to this extension of the ephemeral species; but the idea, though well enough for a single song, does not seem to be susceptible of farther successful cultivation. At least the lyrical genius of Mr. Bailey has failed in prolonging it, and the *Loves of the Butterflies* have produced, in poetry, little better than grubs and caterpillars. Some of the airs, however, are very sweet; though others boast of but small attractions. The prettiest are, No. 2, the *Butterfly Beau;* No. 5, the *Butterfly was a Gentleman;* and No. 8, *One morn I left my boat:* though the last is a familiar old air, such as Mr. Lee has often the good taste to adopt, though rarely, if ever, the candour to acknowledge.

The Lay of Poor Louise. The Words from Sir W. Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth:* the Music by W. Eavestaff. W. Eavestaff.

A VERY peculiar and very beautiful composition, with many original and striking changes in the time. It will be much liked.

Fantasia, &c. By Frederick Lemare. F. T. Latour.

A SHEWY, and yet a sweet piece for the pianoforte, on an original air: it does great credit to the composer.

Non Più Andrais as a Duet, &c. By V. Novello.

THIS well-known and much-admired air, from Mozart's *Figaro*, is happily arranged as a duet, which every one of our fair friends will find to be set in very easy and very beautiful style.

The Irish Harper. By J. Watson. Mori and Lavenu.

THE words of this ballad are by Mr. C. H. Freeman; and it has been sung with great applause at the Melodists' Club, for which it was composed. It is one of the most touching and pathetic airs which has appeared under the auspices of this institution; and confirms our high opinion of the skill and talents of Mr. Watson. We hope to see many musical publications of equal beauty from the same source.

Oh! come, dear Louisa. A Ballad. By J. Cowen, Esq.: Composed by C. Salaman. Willis and Co.

WE find this a little insipid in practice, though there is no saying what a very fine voice might do with it.

Trip it, trip it, gentle Mary. Words and Music by the same. Willis and Co.

SUNG with much applause by Mrs. Feron; is a pretty and lively thing, and well adapted for the stage, though, like the foregoing, rather monotonous for private singing.

Leonara. C. T. Sykes. Goulding and Co.
Gay, gay is the Heart. The same.

A SERENADE of much sweetness. We could not expect less from the arranger of "Gay, gay is the heart that with liberty glowing," which is extremely beautiful and animated, and quite equal to the best of the Swiss melodies.

Fortunato l'uom che prende agni. Sestetto. Arranged as a Rondo. By C. Hopwood. Goulding and D'Almaine.

MOZART'S air in *Così fan tutti* is here well treated, and excellently adapted for young performers; being at once of easy execution and of great musical interest.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday *Tancredi* was produced for the benefit of M. Laurent, and the house was deservedly crammed in every corner, were it only in return for Mr. L.'s conduct towards the English Theatre in Paris. The part of Tancredi was played by Pasta, and Amenaide by Sontag (whose last night of singing it was), upon both of whom the public were rather hard for encores. A bad divertissement was then given, which was unanimously hissed, and then impudently applauded by the dancers themselves behind the curtain. The *Swiss Family* followed, in which Sontag and Mons. and Mad. Schutz supported the chief characters to admiration. The stage was so crowded with the overplus of the pit, that it was with difficulty the performers could move about. Had the season ended last night, it would have been a splendid finale to a splendid year.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

ON Thursday a very amusing and pleasant piece, considerably altered and improved, from *le Menteur Véridique*, was produced at this theatre, under the title of *He lies like Truth*, and was completely successful. The burden of the scene lay upon Wrench, the liar, and Benson Hill, the clincher; and they made it a light and laughable burden to the audience. Miss Goward, Miss Gray, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Baker, sustained the other parts. The adapter is, we believe, a Mr. Kimpton; and we are indebted to him for a very agreeable variety to the very agreeable and popular entertainments which nightly fill this theatre.

FRENCH PLAYS.

THE last representation of French plays took place on Monday, with the following pieces, *Chacun de son Côté, La Gageure Imprévue, and Valérie;* and we need hardly add, went off with the same *éclat* as on former nights. The house was very well attended. Mdlle. Mars, though no stranger to the British public, has been too long so to the British boards; and we can only hope that she may have found her reception here sufficiently encouraging to induce her to repeat her visit next season.

THE FINE ARTS: PUFFING MADE EASY.

WHENEVER any art is carried to, or very near to, perfection, it deserves the notice of observers, whose business it is to mark the improvements in science, the progress of knowledge, and "the march of intellect." If the fact of the schoolmaster's being abroad, with his horn-book in one hand and his birch-rod in the other, was of sufficient consequence to attract parliamentary comment and the memorable denouncing of Mr. Brougham; surely the mountebank's being abroad, with his nostrums at one side, and his zany at the other, is of consequence enough to provoke literary observation and the compliments of a journal of *Bell*-lettres. This subject is suggested by the glorious puffs which it is the fashion of the time to circulate in the advertisements of Vauxhall, some of the minor theatres, and other places of public resort. These attracting compositions are evidence of the civilisation, re-

finement, and gullibility of the period at which we have the good fortune to live; and as Vauxhall takes the lead in their production, we shall pay our first tribute to the matchless accomplishments of the suburban literati. One of the merits of modern Vauxhall seems to be, that the wetter the weather is, the more crowded are the walks, and the more splendidly do the fire-works explode: nothing can damp a genuine puff; and if it were possible for torrents of rain to do so, it ought to be remembered, that the writing is written before the rain hath fallen, though it can only appear in the newspapers of the ensuing morning. The *Times* of Thursday exhibits an exquisite specimen of these qualities. Wednesday, be it observed, was a chilly and showery night, succeeding an afternoon of very heavy rain; yet thus truly and grandiloquently begins *the critique!!* "The alluring combination of all that can gratify the senses, delight the fancy, or exhilarate the heart, which constitutes the peculiar charm of these gardens, has been seldom put forth more effectively than at the gala given yesterday evening, in honour of the coronation anniversary." The impartial reporter then proceeds to state, that as the rain had ceased before night-fall, and did not, of course, continue to pelt upon the heads and clothes of the delighted visitors, there was nothing to find fault with, "except the moist condition of the open walks;" but, "in consequence of the present arrangements," by which the *gardens* are closed up and covered in, this out-of-doors evil "was one of very partial operation."—"The performances commenced, as usual, with extraordinary feats of dexterity," "a species of exhibition (it is added) particularly germane to the place;" which is literally the truth, and may fairly be acknowledged, since the first and greatest feat of dexterity must have been to get together "a crowded audience," on such a night, to witness any thing in such a soaking scene and dripping condition! Ching Lanro's "antics," "the broad jokes of the vaudeville," and other spectacles, are next panegyrised to the echo; not forgetting "the fire-works, which would have done credit to the *creative* ability of Mephistophiles himself, whom *we* (i. e. the Times, for there is no prefix of the word *advertisement*, often so creditable to that journal), suppose to possess the double powers of chief master of the ordnance (the office of Lord Beresford, who must have been superseded for his Lisbon correspondence), and head magician to the world in general"!!! The summing up of this eulogium is not unworthy of its preceding fidelity and beauty. "*The voluptuous character* of the entire scene"—the voluptuous character of a tumbler's tricks, moist walks, and aqueous fire-works! "united to produce the most *enlivening* effect on the spirits, and the company were in a concatenation accordingly." Tony Lumpkin is quoted as an authority *for* the latter elegant phrase; but unless the company were of the not dubious description which we remarked on our visit to these quondam gardens, the obvious sense of it is by no means so clear as a rocket or a Roman candle. To this extravagant piece of fudge, is added a hint, that somebody of the name of Simpson, an "Inspector" of these shows, has been knighted; "to the no small satisfaction" of the Times newspaper!! This, indeed, would be carrying the chivalrous honour of knighthood to its acmé. It was facetiously said of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when he knighted a celebrated tourist and a famous musician (Sir John Carr and Sir John Stevenson), that he was so fond of conferring the distinction, he had laid it upon the very carriages of the country (a Jaunting Car and a Gingle); but what would have been said if the "late *Mr.* Simpson" had been be-sirred in that land of bulls and blunders? Considering the wetness of the spot where he gained his spurs, it would be thought that pedestrianism naturally followed the carriage routine, and so a night or knight of Vauxhall might pass for a bog-trotter.

The voluptuous seductions of this highly favoured and *over-flowing* spot, have detained us so much, that we must be very brief with our other examples of the sublime art of puffery.* At the Coburg, "the development of naval horrors" is *hailed* with rapturous applause; and in another piece (a picture), General Suwarrow, "with a *boot* on one *leg*, and a *slipper* on the *other*," probably the only leg-slipper ever seen—rivets universal sympathy, and receives undivided suffrages of numerous spectators. The crowds brought by these admirable productions are so immense, that if you do not go before "a ½ before 7," you may just as well stay at home, with your own slippers on your legs.

At Astley's, the Battle of Waterloo has suspended the Battle of Navarino; and the "anxious inquiries" of "many distinguished military officers" are thus happily answered.

Our Surrey and Sadler's Wells bills having *dropped* off somehow, we can only mention (from memory), that though the former has the cleverest of children not long from their wet-nurses; and though the aquatic spectacles of the latter boast of almost as much wet as Vauxhall, (where the *Noyades*, or drownings, are given gratis thrice a week), they are stated to make an equally deep impression on the public; so that full audiences run to be convulsed with laughter, or drowned in tears, every evening. And our general conclusion is, that the English people are excessively fond of dramatic entertainments, whatever may be pretended to the contrary.

* The bills are equal to the newspapers: according to them, the gardens are "one entire scene of light,"—"form one blaze of splendour;" and, it is most wonderful to repeat! "the *proprietors* have no hesitation in recommending the public at large to visit Vauxhall." This is surely one of the most disinterested acts of kindness ever recorded!

VARIETIES.

Medal.—The King of Prussia has ordered a medal to be struck, to commemorate the Russian declaration of war against Turkey. One side of the medal is to represent a bust of the Emperor Nicholas—the other a warrior, armed as at the period of the Crusades, and receiving his sword from a female, the emblem of the Christian religion. This medal is to have the following inscription:—*Accinge femori gladium tuum.*

Russia.—By official documents published at St. Petersburgh, it appears, that in the three years, 1824, 1825, and 1826, the balance of importation and exportation was in favour of Russia, to the amount of no less than 112,576,999 rubles. Russian commerce is evidently making great strides.

Lithochromy.—We some time ago mentioned, that attempts were making in Germany to apply the lithographic process to the purpose of imitating pictures in oil. It appears that a M. Malapeau has gone further than any of his competitors in these efforts. To complete one of his imitations, the stone has to pass twenty-seven times under the press; and it is said, that he thereby produces all the variety of colouring of which a painting is susceptible. We confess that we are rather incredulous on the subject.

Roman Antiquities.—At a country-house called Arensburg, in the neighbourhood of the Hague, an important discovery has lately been made of the ruins of a Roman edifice, the baked bricks of which bear the marks of the tenth, sixteenth, and thirtieth legions; as well as those of the army of Lower Germany. There was found at the same time a large quantity of fragments of oil and wine-bottles, furniture, ornaments, &c. The building itself is similar to the *Villæ Romanæ*, the ruins of which have been discovered in this country.

The Cherokees.—The Cherokees, hemmed in on every side by a white population, and being no longer able to subsist by hunting and fishing, were compelled to betake themselves to agriculture and the mechanical arts; in which, during the last twenty years, they have made surprising progress. They inhabit commodious houses, united in villages; and many of them possess farms of thirty or forty acres, perfectly cultivated, and abundantly stocked with horses and cattle of all kinds. The Baptist, Moravian, and other missionaries have succeeded in converting a great number of them to Christianity. They have now their schools, where five hundred of their children learn to read, write, and cipher. They will soon have a library and a museum. A printing-office has also been established in their capital, where an Indian publishes in his native language, accompanied by an English translation, a weekly sheet called *The Cherokee Phœnix!* The territory occupied by the Cherokees consists of about 14,000 square miles. The population amounts to 15,060 individuals; viz. 13,563 natives, 147 white men, and 73 white women, and 1277 slaves. New Echota is the name of their principal town. On the 26th of July, 1826, they adopted a form of government somewhat like that of the United States.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*** We have, of late, declined the insertion of a multitude of unauthenticated notices of new publications and announcements of works preparing. The former ought to possess public interest, and come to us from known parties, otherwise we cannot give them place as Literary News in this division of our Journal. The latter must not be advertisements in disguise.

A new edition of Mitford's History of Greece, in eight volumes octavo, is now in the press, with many additions and corrections by the author, and some corrections and additions, chiefly chronological, by the Editor. A Short Account of the Author, and of his pursuits in life, by his Brother, Lord Redesdale, with an Apology for some parts of his work which have been objects of censure, will be prefixed.

Robertson's America.—A new edition of Suard and Morellet's translation into French of Robertson's History of America has lately appeared at Paris, revised and edited by M. de la Roquette. It is enriched by notes from Humboldt, Bullock, Warden, Clavigero, Jefferson, &c.

In the Press.—The Anecdotonian, containing a great variety of Popular Anecdotes.—An Essay on the Science of Acting: with Instructions for Young Actors, illustrated by Recollections, Anecdotes, Traits of Character, and Events connected with the Drama: by a Veteran Stager.—First Principles of Arithmetic, from the French of M. Condorcet: with Alterations and Additions, by Henry Ottley.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Parr's Works, edited by Dr. Johnstone, 8 vols. 8vo. 7*l.* 7*s.*; royal 8vo. 12*l.* 12*s.* bds. — Pillan's Letters on Teaching, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Caddick's Tales of the Affections, 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—Ebers's Seven Years of the King's Theatre, 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Parriana, or Notices of Dr. Parr, by E. H. Barker, 8vo. 16*s.* bds. — Brande's Journal of a Voyage to Peru, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Lanktree's Roman Antiquities, 18mo. 3*s.* bds. — Something New on Men and Manners, 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—Notes of a Journey in the North of Ireland, in 1827, 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Rules for Drawing in Perspective, 8vo. 7*s.* sewed. — Little Jack, by P. O. Skene, French and English, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dialogues on Prophecy, Vol. II. 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Abbey (the) of Innismoyle, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Grier's General Councils of the Church, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Book of Job, in conformity to the Masoretical Text, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—The Boarding-School Ciphering Book, 4to. 3*s.* bds.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
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H. BUCHAN, PROPRIETOR of the COUNTY of HANTS PICTURE GALLERY, Southampton, established July 1827, respectfully acquaints the Artists in London, that the Gallery will open its Second Annual Exhibition on the 1st of August next, and that the time for receiving Pictures will be from the 8th to the 25th of July previous.

All packages are to be directed to the Hants Picture Gallery, Southampton, and forwarded to go by Messrs. Wallington's Waggon, from the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street. References may be obtained at Messrs. Rowney and Forster, 51, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London.

Carriage Expenses to and from the Exhibition will be paid by the Proprietor.

The Exhibition will close about the latter end of October.

P. CARPENTER'S ACHROMATIC SOLAR MICROSCOPE is Exhibited every Day when the Sun shines, from Twelve o'clock till Five, at the Microcosm, 24, Regent Street, four doors from Piccadilly. Admittance, 2s. It consists of about Twenty Scenes of living and other Objects, Magnified from One Thousand Four Hundred to a Million of times. They are represented on a plane six feet square, and can be seen by a large company at the same time.

"All the incantations of the 'Freischütz' are far surpassed by the monstrous forms in a single drop of water; and it is impossible to convey any idea of this wonderful phenomena, without witnessing this surprising exhibition of their shapes and habits." —*Literary Gazette.*

The Diurnal Microscopic Exhibition is open, as usual, from Eleven o'clock till Dusk. Admission, 1s.

Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, by William Brockedon.
Just published, No. VII. of

THE PASSES of the ALPS, containing the PASS of the CORNICE, on the Shores of the Mediterranean.

To be had of the Author, 11, Caroline Street, Bedford Square; Rodwell, New Bond Street; J. and A. Arch, Cornhill; Carpenter and Son, Bond Street; Colnaghi and Son, Pall Mall East; F. G. Moon, Threadneedle Street; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court; and Walther, Brydges Street, Strand.

Volume the First, containing Six of the Passes, may be had as above.

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Paul Pry.—Just published,

PORTRAITS of MADAME VESTRIS, Miss P. GLOVER, Mr. WILLIAMS, and Mr. LISTON, from a Scene in "Paul Pry," beautifully executed in Mezzotinto by T. LUPTON, Esq. after the celebrated Picture by G. CLINT, Esq. A.R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy last year; and forming a Companion to Mr. Kemble and Mr. Fawcett, as Charles and Capt. Copp.

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*** The Portrait of Mr. Liston in the above Print is the only one which that highly distinguished performer ever sat for in character.

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A few Copies of this work, which is printed for private circulation, are left for sale with Messrs. Carpenter and Son, Old Bond Street.

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No. 602. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

On the Landscape Architecture of the Great Painters of Italy. By G. L. M., [Gilbert Laing Meason,] Esq. 4to. pp. 147. London, 1828. Carpenter and Son.

In this volume (of which it appears that only 150 copies have been printed, for private circulation, and *not* published) one of the most interesting and important branches of the Fine Arts—architecture—is taken up in a very novel manner; and is admirably treated, not only as connected with another branch of the Fine Arts—painting—but with reference to its own origin, qualities, and effects.

The author commences his work by an essay on domestic architecture, in which he justly attributes the rise and progress of architecture generally to religious zeal; and after enumerating some of the magnificent and venerable edifices which that zeal, aided by public spirit or national pride, has constructed in various countries, describes the advance from the rude dwelling of the individual to the stately mansion, as tardy compared to the progress of public architecture. He proceeds to treat of defensive architecture, and traces the similarity which exists in the construction of fortified towns and buildings throughout a wide extent of Asia and Europe; without, however, drawing the conclusion that in that respect the one quarter of the world has borrowed from the other. After learned and interesting descriptions of the Roman villa, the masonry of Roman architecture, and the architecture of the middle ages, the author thus speaks of the domestic architecture of England:—

"After the cessation of the wars of the families of York and Lancaster, the fortified style of architecture was gradually abandoned in England; and as we had no other model of domestic architecture than the gable-end cottage, by the duplication of this simple form, in various positions, was constructed what has been called the old English manor-house style. If we take a common two-floored English gable-end cottage, add to it one, two, or three cottages, side by side, of the same size; and, in order to gain rooms out of the roof on the sides of this double or triple cottage, raise gable-ends either projecting from the ground to the top of the roof, or merely raised from the eaves-drop; if we insert broad low windows, divided by simple wooden or stone mullions, in these projecting gable-ends, and similar windows at the ends of this double or triple cottage; ornament the inclined sides of the gable-ends above the eaves-drop by steps, or small pinnacles, or both; then add a parapet, plain or embattled, we have a manor-house in the most florid style. Many such houses came afterwards to be adorned by a centre of architectural decorations, in which Roman, Grecian, and Gothic, were strangely mixed. There is, however, a certain degree of antique-like grandeur in such houses which produces a very striking impression. This step towards a better style took place before the time of Inigo Jones. * * Inigo Jones, our first architect of taste and genius, introduced the mixed Greek and Roman architecture, and often added them to our own national style; but at a long interval, Lord Burlington shewed us the beauty of the pure Palladian architecture. * * To the Palladian villas succeeded the Roman style, in which the two brothers, the Adams, excelled beyond all competitors. But when a taste for any particular style of architecture passes away, it is too common to laud the new and decry the old, without measure and reason. We may safely allow the Grecian school the first place in architectural rank; but for domestic application, the Italian is decidedly more useful, and within the reach of our comforts and habits; and in these objects, we consider the Grecian quite out of place for a country residence. But in passing from the Italian decorated style, we ran into the opposite extreme; and the most clumsy mass of masonry that any country ever produced was adopted. It was a tasteless heavy cube, with no other claim to any style than a pediment projecting a few inches beyond the centre division of the front wall, generally unsupported either by columns or [by] pilasters; and this architectural elevation was termed the Grecian style. While under the influence or fashion of this wretched style, mere working masons started up as architects; and the man of taste, who travelled to acquire a knowledge of his profession, and studied on the spot the models of Greece and Rome, was about to be set aside. To this style (not yet entirely banished) have succeeded the castellated, termed Gothic, and the priory styles; and, in many cases, a mixture of both, where the castle, the cloister, and the chapel, are joined together in a manner not very intelligible; where the towers are mere staircases, the cloisters public rooms, and the chapel is a good useful kitchen. Either on account of the expense, or by the incongruity of the building, this style also is at a stand, and the irregular country house is likely to be in fashion.*"

The author now enters on the main subject of his work—the Landscape Architecture of the Italian Painters; and acknowledges that the hint of it originated in the following passage in Mr. Payne Knight's Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste:—

"The best style of architecture for irregular and picturesque houses which can now be adopted, is that mixed style which characterises the buildings of Claude and the Poussins; for as it is taken from models which were built piece-meal, during many successive ages, and by several different nations, it is distinguished by no particular manner of execution or class of ornaments, but admits of all promiscuously, from a plain wall or buttress of the roughest masonry to the most highly wrought Corinthian capital: and in a style professedly miscellaneous, such contrasts may be employed to heighten the relish of beauty, without disturbing the enjoyment of it by any appearance of deceit or imposture. In a matter, however, which affords so wide a field for the licentious deviations of whim and caprice, it may be discreet always to pay some attention to authority; especially when we have such authorities as those of the great landscape painters above mentioned, the study of whose works may at once enrich and restrain invention."

In furtherance of this object of the composition of irregular buildings, in the mixed style of architecture thus pointed out by Mr. Knight, the author of the work before us strongly recommends a study of the back-grounds of the historical works of the great Italian painters, in which buildings are introduced, either to connect the ground and throw off the distance, or to fill up too much vacancy in the off-scape.

"If (he observes) we may judge of this incidental architecture of the great painters of Italy, we cannot pronounce it either Grecian, or Roman, or Gothic. It is evidently of different periods, fortuitously formed by additions made either to a tower, or to ranges of substructions of an ancient date, as suited the convenience or habits of the owners. Its picturesque effect is produced by contrast and disposition of large broad masses and extended lines, which inevitably lead to grandeur. In the outline against the sky there is a balanced variety, if we may so express it, but devoid of that overdone irregularity which hurts the eye more than plain unvaried lines; nor are the towers so crowded upon one another, as we have seen in some modern irregular architecture; but well-placed projections in the line of the buildings produce their full effect of light and shade.* In executing such a style of rural buildings there is more scope for the taste, invention, and dexterity of the architect, than in common regular plans. On his taste, as he is not bound to any rules, must depend the general effect of his composition, adapted for the site; on his invention, for the production of those broad masses and varied outline; and on his dexterity, for the appropriation of so irregular a building to the wants, convenience, and comforts required in a country house, suitable to the habits and fortune of the proprietor. Throwing aside the trammels of the regular Greek and Roman school of architecture, an endless variety opens up to the architect. In these schools certain fixed proportions and arrangement of parts are already laid down to him. He can only slightly depart from the standard: he may transpose, but cannot invent: he may load with ornament merely to hide the copy: and thus the simple front is broken up by columns, or half, or quarter columns, and pilasters, supporting pediments raised up on arcades, or on a kind of stylobate reaching to the first floor. The architect, besides, can with difficulty indulge

* We trust that the Tudor style, the most picturesque of them all, and the fittest for the climate and habits of this country, will speedily supersede every other, as the growing taste for that beautiful architecture strikingly promises.—*Ed. L. Ga.*

* "A friend of taste and discernment has on this subject often exclaimed:—'Give me but the management of the doors and windows, chimneys and sky-line of a house, although the front be as flat as a cotton-mill, I can contrive to make it picturesque.'"

his employer in that desire, which many have, to build a house not exactly like to any other. This irregular style requires no ornaments, yet they may be admitted in the cornices, the windows, and door-ways, so as to accord with the irregular style, and, at the same time, not diminish the general effect of the edifice. Modern regular architecture some years ago ran into excess of ornament; and such excess is sure to make great buildings look small, by dividing the whole into many parts, not obviously connected. It is almost needless to add, that what has been said of this irregular style applies entirely to country residences. In city architecture, the Grecian, the Roman, the Italian, and the Tuscan, can alone be employed."

Some judicious and valuable remarks succeed on Tuscan and Gothic architecture; and the volume concludes with a detailed description of the lithographic plates by which it is illustrated. They are nearly sixty in number, and are executed by Mr. H. W. Burgess, who, in a very tasteful and masterly manner, has introduced into them specimens of architecture found in the back-grounds of pictures by Dominichino, Raphael, Titian, Nicolo Poussin, Paul Veronese, Claude Lorraine, Tintoretto, Albano, Mola, Gaspar Poussin, A. Caracci, Swanevelt, Philippo Lauri, Guido, Moucheron, Michael Angelo, Guercino, Lavinia Fontana, Baptista Franco, Palma Vecchio, Benazzo Gozzoli, Giorgioni, Breemberg, Andrea Mantegna, Julio Romano, Sermonita, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Parmegiano, Pontormo, Andrea del Sarto, Salvator Rosa, &c.

We cannot close our notice of this elegant volume better than by quoting the following passage from it, in assertion of the claims of the Fine Arts to honourable distinction and the gratitude of mankind:—

"The primitive times have been, from the dawn of poetry, held up to the imagination as the days of innocence and virtue; and moralists have maintained, that the absence of the Fine Arts is favourable to the morals and industry, to the energy and independence, of a people; while their cultivation laid nations open to the inroads of enervating luxury and debilitating refinement. But the history of these arts disproves altogether such theories. In Egypt, their cradle, they flourished most when she was a powerful country, and had rendered her narrow territory the most fertile. In Greece, they arrived at perfection when more energy of intellect and more splendid deeds were displayed than perhaps the world may ever again contemplate and admire. In Asia Minor, they were maintained while the successors of Alexander, with a handful of Greeks, kept in submission, and at the same time enlightened, the former subjects of the great Persian monarchy. In Italy, they concentrated from subdued states, and were cherished when 'the empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilised portion of mankind,' when 'the gentle but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces.' And again, after a dark period of intervening barbarism, the descendants of the Romans restored to light, almost miraculously, the treasures of ancient wisdom; the philosophy, the history and jurisprudence, the poetry and oratory, of Greece and of Rome. All Europe became gradually enlightened by this collected knowledge, which has left us little else to do on such subjects than to expand, to vary, and to imitate: then did the Fine Arts revive and flourish, while every petty state of Italy displayed a vigour and energy not unworthy of the Grecian era."

Journey to Morocco. By Captain G. Beauclerk. 8vo. pp. 355. London, 1828. Poole and Edwards.

Captain Beauclerk having, together with another military officer, Mr. Murray, accompanied Dr. Brown, of the Royal Medical Staff, from Gibraltar to Morocco, where the Sultan had requested his advice and assistance, this volume is the literary result of his journey. Belonging to the Welsh fusileers, the noble captain does not pretend to the most classical or philosophical accomplishments; but, under the idea that an account of his travels, even succeeding those of Ali Bey, might contribute something to the amusement of the public, he has ventured to take the pen for the sword, and to spill ink instead of blood. "Hope not, therefore (says he, truly enough), hope not, reader, to be rocked into an easy slumber by long and learned quotations from profane writers, tending to prove what can alone be interesting to dusty book-worms and musty antiquaries; but, if you are content to accompany me in my vagaries as a citizen of the world, and take the rough and smooth as it may occur, jump up behind me on my mule's back; his paces are irregular, 'tis true; but though he may often stumble, I trust we shall find that he reaches his journey's end without falling to the ground."

With every disposition to accept the excuses made by the author for his authorship, we must notice, that the mule does stumble a little more palpably than we can think allowable. There is a frequent freedom of allusion and expression which might well enough befit the mess-room narrative after dinner, but which is unbecoming in a printed book, intended for general circulation. And we are the more sorry for this deformity, because, in other respects, though it tells us very little of either new or rare, there are a pleasantry and easy communicativeness in Captain Beauclerk's volume which render it very agreeable reading, and put us on excellent terms with the writer. We ever and anon wish that, like Barney in the ballad, he would "leave the girls alone;" but they never cross him that he does not fall into such glowing descriptions as force the Fusileers and Wales, with its kindred goats, all into the moving panorama. However, we have nothing to do with these siroccos of the gorget and sash; and shall, with leave, (avoiding all indecencies) proceed in regular marching order, land at Tangiers, and continue our route by Avyela, Rabat, Sallée, &c. &c., to Morocco. A day's journey from Tangiers, the cavalcade, or mule-caid (if more correct), fell in with a Moorish saint.

"In the midst of our supper a noise was heard from without, and shortly after a miserably clad, dirty old man entered the apartment, supported by two Moors, and followed by a host of ragamuffins. This procession no sooner appeared at the door, than Hadge Hadoud (a respectable merchant who was travelling with our countryman) started from his seat, crying *Santo! Santo!* and rushing up to the old man, he kissed his shoulders and hands, and seemed ready to drop on his knees in adoration of this perfect monster. After a few compliments, we were introduced to him, and he assured us that he was glad to see us, and that good would attend us wherever we went. We then all sat down, while continual fresh arrivals of Moors were kissing the hem of his filthy garment. Our guards came to him also, and putting into his hands two or three pistorines, called on him for his blessing. A sort of pause then ensued; and the old fellow seemed to be mumbling something to himself, as he counted his beads, and turned his eye-balls towards the heavens. Never was the oracle of Delphos more intently watched by the heathen worshipper than was this saint by the Moors who had gathered round him; and when he did speak, which was in short broken sentences, they caught at each word with a degree of superstitious avidity that is inconceivable to those who are unacquainted with the gross ignorance of a Moor. After one of these long pauses, which we expected was to produce some artful *double entendre*, the venerable old rogue turned suddenly towards Mr. Murray, and begged a pistorine towards the increase of his charitable fund. For a moment that gentleman was so astonished at the demand, and so unwilling to subscribe to such disgusting imposition, that he hesitated complying; but Hadge Hadoud, who had been anxiously watching the issue of the scene, begged of him to give the money for him. Seeing the anxiety of our friend, the Hadge, Mr. Murray immediately gave the pistorine, which the saint pocketed with unblushing coolness. After having staid about a quarter of an hour, our unwelcome guest took his leave, followed by the posse which had attended him to our house. He was a man about five feet eight inches in height, and appeared to be between seventy and eighty years old. His head and features were regular, and his eyes remarkably sharp and brilliant. At first his venerably white beard, and a silly imbecile look that pervaded his countenance, made me imagine that he was half idiotical; but when he was quietly seated near the light, I looked long and steadfastly at his countenance, and could perceive that it displayed marks of the deepest cunning concealed under a most hypocritical surface. When he was gone, Hadge Hadoud told us, with a very grave countenance, that this was one of the greatest saints in the kingdom; that every one who entered Arzela repaired to his house, and after having asked permission to proceed on his journey, gave him whatever money he desired, which, of course, was regulated by the riches or poverty of the supplicant; that even the sultan presented him with a large purse when he passed that way; and that accordingly he was considered to have amassed an enormous sum of money, of which, however, he declares he throws a great part into the sea annually. He further told us, that the saint was in the habit of doing a great many charitable acts among the poor of Arzela, and that he was served daily with fifty dishes of various sorts; that at least a hundred persons partook of this feast; and that his house was a sanctuary for all persecuted persons, from which no authority dared to drag them. I had heard Hadge Hadoud previously mention this saint; but I had no idea that a man of generally liberal notions, who had lived among enlightened people so long as he had, could be so blindly bigoted as to believe in the sanctity of such a disgusting old hypocrite as our visitor. At first, indeed, I thought that he merely followed the stream, which it would have been folly to have stemmed, but I soon found that he swam rather than floated with the current; for, before we left Arzela, he repaired to the saint, and having obtained his permission to proceed on his journey, he also begged for his protection, which the other granted, telling him that nothing but good awaited him, and then asked him for some money for charity,

The Hadge then proceeded to lay down one pistorine after another, while the saint continued saying *more*, *more*, until thirty-two of them had found their way into the old fellow's pocket. A saint in Barbary is either a natural idiot or an hereditary saint, there being *saint families* in abundance. They are treated with the greatest respect; every one gives them money; and when they die, they are entombed with some other saint, generally on the border of a lake or river. I know of no greater or more striking proof of the lamentable ignorance of this nation, than their belief in the sanctity of these rogues and idiots,—the lucrativeness of whose profession excites hundreds to assume the maniac; and they are, consequently, to be found in abundance in every town in the kingdom."

No doubt they will; and in every country where impostors can subsist without labour there will be plenty of impostors, no matter what pretence, religious, political, or quackish, serve their purpose. A female saint, met with afterwards at Rabat, seems to have been a still more remarkable character.

"In passing (the captain states) through a narrow street, we inquired if a light could be procured for our cigars, upon which the black eunuch ran into a house and obtained us one, when one of the soldiers told me that this was the house of a female saint, whereupon I immediately inquired if we might be allowed to see her. The eunuch being informed of my desire, went into the house again, and presently returned with permission for us to enter; and we were immediately ushered into the presence of the saint. She was seated cross-legged upon a carpet, and rested her back against the wall. Her person, which was fat, was entirely enveloped, from the neck downwards, in a dark green cloak; her head was small and round, her eyes brown, and possessing great brilliancy, and a small mouth and good teeth added expression to a countenance not regularly pretty, but very pleasing and good-humoured. She had, however, seen her best days, although she appeared to be only about five-and-twenty years old. Her greatest charm was her hair, which fell down upon her shoulders in natural silken ringlets of the most brilliant jet. Never do I remember to have seen so beautiful a head of hair. We made our salams, and she pointed to her carpet, desiring we would be seated. Our guards fell down, and touching the hem of her garment with the most profound veneration, kissed their hands, and then seated themselves around her. She opened the conversation by wishing us joy of our safe arrival at Rabat, and promising us a speedy termination of our journey, and a most favourable reception by the sultan. She then asked which was the doctor, and upon his being pointed out to her, she held out her hand for him to feel her pulse. She complained of cold and sore throat, for which he promised to send her some physic. She then turned suddenly to me, and said that 'the two I had left at Gibraltar were very well, and that I should find the young one on my return as I left her;' then addressing Mr. Murray, she promised him happiness of the same sort. All this was said without the least appearance of premeditation; on the contrary, from the suddenness with which she turned from one subject to another, and the wild abstracted look of her countenance, she seemed incapable of dwelling long on any subject. It was ludicrous to observe with what intense interest her audience listened to the loose, incoherent sentences which at intervals she uttered. At times her mind appeared so abstracted, that she did not seem aware of our presence, and frequently shook back her long dark tresses, and drew her hand across her forehead, as if endeavouring to meet her absent thoughts. At last she assured us, that every good would attend us during our stay at Marocco, and the scene ended by a short prayer, which she mumbled to herself, followed by another in which she was joined by all the company present. They then all knelt down, and bowing their heads to the ground, kissed the hem of her garment, and took their leave. Just, however, as we were going away, she begged the doctor to look at a relation of her's, who was then in the house, and troubled with weak eyes. She then pointed to a door which was just enough open to allow of our seeing a pair of bright and dangerous-looking orbs, which appeared to me to have no reason to be called *weak*. A round, snowy arm, decorated with a huge silver bracelet, was thrust out through the opening for the doctor's inspection; for these people imagine that every disease of the body is to be judged of by the pulse. We were not aware, until we left the female saint, how great an honour had been conferred on us by our admission to her presence. She is, as Hadoud told us, one of the most celebrated saints in the kingdom. He added, that the sultan sends her, every now and then, a hundred dollars, and waits upon her in person; and that every one who comes to Rabat makes her some present; that she had very great powers of prophecy; and that we should find how every thing would come to pass as she had predicted. We asked Hadoud why *he* had not been to see her; he replied, that her eyes were so touching, that he was afraid of committing so great an impiety as that of being more pleased with the sight of her charms as a woman, than her presence as a saint. This delicacy of our friend reminded me of that feeling, the *reverse* of which actuated Don Juan in his devotions, when, as Lord Byron says,

'He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy.'"

Our next quotation describes a characteristic feed given by the Basha of Sallée.

"An English tea-board then made its respectable appearance, attended by a tea-kettle of steam-engine dimensions, and covered with mutilated coffee-cups of all ages, shapes, and sizes; and two large bowls of curious Fezzan earthenware, full of rich milk, formed the advance-guard of the motley Chinese corps drawn up behind them. Almond-paste cakes and sweetmeats were then handed round, the making of which is the business of the harem ladies; and here I may mention, that I have seen such a vast variety of finely made pastry at weddings in this country, as would have caused a Parisian pastry-cook to die of envy. We had scarcely finished our tea, when a huge baking-dish was set before us, containing nearly half a sheep, and so exquisitely dressed, and so finely flavoured, as to surpass any dish I have ever partaken of. My companions fully agreed with me; and we were preparing to do justice to its merits, when we missed the knives and forks. The basha, seeing what we stood in need of, sent immediately for what in Barbary are considered superfluous articles of luxury, where the use of knives and forks has not yet superseded that of the fingers; but Hadoud, seizing on the joint before him, began to pull it to pieces with his fingers, and culling the choicest and fattest parts, he offered them to us; at first we hesitated, from the force of cleanly habit, in receiving these delicate morsels from the hands of the hadge; but on his giving us a hint in Spanish 'not to offend the company by our *fantasia*,' but to do as others did, we gave up all our scruples of delicacy, and fell to with so good a grace upon the baked mutton, that we soon convinced the Moors that we knew the way to our mouths without the help of knives and forks. Bunches of delicious grapes were handed round to us to eat with our meat,—a custom well worthy the notice of those *qui vivent pour manger*; and to please the Moors you must adopt this maxim. It was in vain that I declared to Hadoud that I had amply satisfied my appetite; he kept groping about the dish, exclaiming, *Mira*, *mira*, as he held up between his thumb and fingers the fat parts of the meat, which I was forced to accept. He declared that we had not eaten half a dinner; and he told us that when the Moors had eaten so much as to make it uncomfortable to themselves, they rubbed their stomachs against the wall, by which they were enabled to continue their feast; and that by taking large draughts of water at intervals, they reanimated their appetites and prevented repletion. Basins of cold water were then brought to us, and we washed our hands, whilst the black slaves carried away the mangled remains of the meat, and placed them before the basha and his ministers, who all huddled round the dish, and gave us a very fair specimen of what a Moor can eat. I shall never forget the amusement afforded us by the contrast between our friend Blue Beard, and an old, lean-faced, spare-ribbed secretary, who sat opposite to him, and seemed to be his partner in the royal game of eating; and well they played it too, for their hands were in long after those of the rest of the party were out. For some time the longitude of the quill-driver seemed well calculated to compete with the latitude of Blue Beard's belt; and they would probably have shared the food between them, but that the latter was supplied with a most invincible set of masticators, of four-jaw power, which continued for some time, like the stones of a stopped mill, to grind without grist, from their own momentum, while the efforts of the secretary had long ceased from weakness. Coffee was now served, and we lighted our cigars and walked out into the garden, whilst the doctor remained with the basha, who wished to consult him concerning his health."

The heat at Marocco was so excessive, that our party were confined by illness nearly all the time they were there,—about two months. The sultan treated them civilly and hospitably,—and, indeed, their general reception spoke much in favour of the good dispositions and kindness of the people. The monarch suffered from a disorder which rendered horse-exercise dangerous; but he declared he must ride in the midst of his chiefs and subjects, or he could be no sovereign: thus he will probably die of the saddle, and be succeeded by his son, now eleven years old, and only afflicted with the "Scotch fiddle." His reign will be over a population thus described:—

"The inhabitants of this kingdom may be comprised in five different classes,—viz. the Moors or white Mahometans, the Half-Castes, the Jews, the Arabs, and the Negroes. The white Moors and the Half-Castes (their children from black slaves) are an indolent race, entirely abandoned to the sensual pleasures of the harem. * * *

"The Moors are decidedly a very handsome and finely proportioned people. With height of figure they possess small-boned limbs, and remarkably delicately shaped hands and feet. As a proof of the former, I have examined

numbers of their sword hands, which weapons being made in a particular manner to fit the hands, are very much too small for the admission of an English fist; yet, like the blood-horse, fineness of make does not stamp them as devoid of strength. * * *

"The Half-Castes, or the offspring of the black concubines, are a hardier race of men than the white Moors, and much more numerous. Their colour is a clear bronze, and to this they often conjoin the bold prominent outline of the eastern features of their fathers. * * *

"The Jews, I should imagine, form at least the third part of the population of the towns in this country. The successive sultans who have ruled over these dominions, have found it their interest to protect the lives and property of Israel's fated race, and to encourage their desire for trade, by which policy they are enabled by more means than fair taxation to raise large sums of money upon an emergency: but with the cunning of a rat-catcher (who never destroys his own trade), they take care not to disable their victims by these repeated *loans*, as they are called. A very little, however, suffices to set a Jew up again in business, so persevering is his pursuit of that wealth which he knows but conduces in the end to purchase him the bastinado. In all the towns of the kingdom, except Tangiers, the Jews are allotted a separate quarter from the Moors, at the gate of which a caid is placed, with authority to prevent the entrance of their Moorish brethren, and at night the gate is closed, and the keys taken to the house of the governor. * * *

"It is impossible to find a finer race of men, or a more angelic one of females, than are these people. The Jewish male children are in their infancy exquisitely beautiful; and it astonishes a stranger not a little, when surrounded by what might pass for angels and cherubim, he looks in vain for a handsome face amongst the grown-up males. This I attribute to the constant debasement of their minds, in which the thoughts of servility, avarice, deceit, and the meanest subtlety, are daily gaining the ascendancy over the more radiant virtues of nature, visible in the jocund, open countenance of extreme youth. The Jewish boy has hardly turned his seventh year, when he is taken in hand by the elder brethren, and taught 'to make the worse appear the better bargain.'"

These extracts afford a fair specimen of the best parts of the work before us; and we have only to add, that the mission returned by Mogadore, where the author alleges very undisguisedly that our vice-consul did not conduct himself with commendable liberality towards his countrymen. There are some illustrations in lithography. The style, we need not say, is worse than careless.

Parriana, or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.: collected from various Sources, printed and manuscript, and in part written by E. H. Barker, Esq. of Thetford, Norfolk. 8vo. pp. 663. Vol. I. London, 1828. Colburn.

THE memory of Dr. Parr seems to be so fondly cherished by several of his friends, that every point connected with it, however trivial and indifferent, assumes a vast importance in their eyes, and is thought deserving of an everlasting record. How far the public will be of the same opinion appears to us to be extremely doubtful; at all events, the volumes published and announced in relation to the learned Doctor's life and writings will try the question—and also try the patience of a great majority of readers. For ourselves, not having an infinity of time to waste, we confess that we consider much of the *Parriana* to be a burlesque upon minute biography;* and the whole an example of that sort of mountain birth, from the throes of which mice are the product. The Preface to Mr. Barker's contribution in this line dwells on "the grandeur and importance of the subject," as if all the men of the earth had walked under the legs of Dr. Parr, while he bestrid the narrow world like a Colossus of unparalleled learning and genius: in short, the apotheosis of this able, but by no means so very extraordinary, human being is carried to a pitch of gross and ludicrous absurdity. Yet, after all, the volume before us is a very ill-arranged and bungling affair; and no wonder, for we are told, that in "the selection of the topics" for it (can such be called a *selection?*), the author has been guided chiefly by the facility with which they could be put into the hands of the printer. We should make a pretty *Literary Gazette* were we to follow such a rule! Without having room for an *omnium-gatherum*, like Mr. Barker, we should fashion a sheet of ill-digested slip-slop, and weary our readers with long passages that led to nothing, tiresome controversies about matters utterly dead to interest, and repetitions of the most formal, pedantic, and insignificant character. This is called obtaining "the fullest information," and, we may add, bestowing all a compiler's tediousness upon your worship. That nothing, absolutely and literally nothing, about Dr. Parr, his habits, his gossip, his wig, his looks, his least actions, might perish, Mr. Barker has sedulously ransacked his own brain, and, to use the expression of a correspondent, pumped those who could yield ever so little. Every body has been adjured to pitch his stone upon the cairn; and what with paving-blocks, and pebbles, and rubbish, a good big shapeless tumulus it promises to be.

To pick this motley pyramid to pieces, and exhibit the stuff of which it is (up to the present period) composed, would be to make a very dull paper; and we shall, therefore, limit ourselves to a few of the smallest specimens we can separate from the mass. The following intelligence, from the Doctor's school hours at Norwich, is possessed of intense interest, and its strong points are put in italics accordingly.

"As the best boys were generally in requisition at lesson, of course they came under more frequent rebuke of the rod; but for the most part we all had our share: when a question was not answered in the first instance, it was put to every boy with 'you,' 'you,' 'you,' &c. and the result too often was, '*I'll flog you all:*' this was immediately done; and it was my business, as the last in the form, to assist in the operation; and then I came to the slaughter last, like Ulysses; but ere this the hand of the executioner was wearied, or his displeasure abated, and it became more a brushing than a flogging. I should not call the Doctor's flogging generally severe; it was characterised more by frequency than by any thing else, as we had never any guarantee for our skin but in the Doctor's good humour. He would often say, '*I never flog you in a passion.*' His fame for severity spread a sort of panic through the city, especially among the mothers, who would sometimes interpose a remonstrance, which occasioned a ludicrous scene, but seldom availed the culprit; while the wiser were willing to leave their boys unconditionally in his hands, especially when they understood that he was so good-natured as to allow us to fill his wig with twisted papers, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' However, I have occasionally seen a terrible execution, but it was for some gross moral delinquency, when the Doctor assumed a most serious air. I recollect one of the bigger boys for his own purpose had copied the Doctor's handwriting: when the discovery was made, the Doctor brought the paper into the school, and summoning the offender, soon brought him to tears; he pointed to the writing, saying, '*These scratches are more like gallows than my hand, and the gallows are like to be,*' &c. &c.; he was held out and flogged in the most severe manner, while some keen reproof accompanied every blow. I believe the Doctor retained his principles on this subject, and, if report says true, his practice also, after he ceased to keep a public school: I have heard hints of a slaughter-house at Hatton; and some years ago, when I asked him whether he did not feel some compunction for having given us so much torture, he replied, in a loud and good-natured tone, '*You rogue, it would be worse for you if I had you now.*'"

From the witness who penned this glowing picture, *à posteriori*, we have testimony very little favourable to Dr. Parr, either as a churchman or a teacher.

"He would often (says his quondam pupil) speak of orthodoxy with a sneer; but this might arise from a consciousness of his vast superiority above others, rather than from any disbelief of its great truths." [A poor and insufficient apology.]

Again: "It is certain that the Doctor's attention was particularly directed towards those boys whom he saw willing to learn: the dunces might be dunces for him. I have known boys who had not even the book we were reading, but one about the same size."

We believe this is by far too common a practice with schoolmasters, and one that cannot be sufficiently reprobated. Instead of doing their duty, and taking pains to bring the heavy or heedless boy forward, they expend all their cares upon the quick and clever lad, whose talents will enable them to make a brilliant parade upon examination-day; than which, if truly looked at, nothing can be less to their honour, either as instructors, or as honest men conscientiously devoted to fulfil the trust reposed in them. If dunces are to be left dunces still, it would be but just to return them, with their useless books, to the hands of those who sent them: if they cannot be taught, it is a mockery to keep them at school; and if they can be taught (as every one can), it is the sacred business of the master to do his utmost to open the paths of knowledge to their minds. Many a seeming blockhead has turned out a far abler person than the smart favourite of the partial pedagogue. Of the sad trifling, examples of inordinate vanity, and recollections of what it would have been much better to have left in oblivion, which this work displays almost from beginning to end, we shall take no farther notice. There may be private friends and acquaintances of the parties to whom such silly tittle-tattle may be agreeable; but for ourselves and the general reader, we must protest, in the name of common sense, against all such misuses of precious time.

* We have already had Field's and several volumes published: Mr. Barker's work is only begun; and Dr. J. Johnstone's Life, &c. in eight volumes, is about to appear.

A Spinster's Tour in France, the States of Genoa, &c. during the Year 1827. 12mo. pp. 427. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

About the same time that Captain Beauclerk, of the Royal Welsh, was travelling in Marocco, the fair authoress of this volume, designating herself a spinster, was perambulating France and Italy; and all that we have to observe upon so remarkable a coincidence, is that, considering the bold captain's gallantry and most amative ebullitions, it seems to have been a lucky and providential thing for any spinster, that their routes not only did not coincide, but absolutely that they did not cross or intersect at any given point. In consequence of their being apart, each has simply produced a volume. Our motto not being in every instance *cedant arma togæ*, but rather "first come, first served," we have already traversed the land of the Moors with the gay captain: we shall now take a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with (we suppose) the captivating spinster,—for to us both are personally utterly unknown, and we can bestow upon them the customary courteous appellatives of the gallant, the brave, the lovely, the accomplished, with at least as much propriety as many members of parliament are styled honourable, many members of the bar are styled learned, many members of the medical profession are styled skilful, many members of the church are styled reverend, and many critics are styled acute.

Induced by "too partial friends" to publish, our fair spinster, therefore, has laid before us an agreeable little volume, which does credit to feminine taste and talent. As an itinerary it has not indeed much of novelty to boast of, for the most curious of the sex in travelling cannot see so much as men do; and what they do see of a different kind, we suspect they cannot very well print in the free and easy manner of our friend the captain, who no where suffers aught of "concealment, like a worm i' the bud," to prey upon and mar his observations. But in some other respects this volume possesses considerable interest; as we trust we shall render manifest by a few remarks and a few quotations. From Southampton the writer sailed to Havre, and in so good a humour, that even sea-sickness takes with her *le couleur de rose*; and after landing at Havre, it is not to be wondered at that she always inclines to the fair side, and is pleased with country, people, landscapes, sights, society, and all the et-cetera presented to the tourist. From Havre to Rouen the way is delectable, and the ruined abbeys and castles on the sweet banks of the Seine replete with interest. From Rouen we go by Bernay and Beaumont to Le Mans, where a stay of some duration enables us to collect a miscellany of various and entertaining matter. —*Ex. gr.*

"During your residence at Le Mans you will doubtless wish to visit every object of interest in the neighbourhood; and as the traveller in Britain is always arrested by a *cairn* or *cromlech*, he will not be less curious to mark those imperishable records of Druidism in Gaul. There are several remarkable altars in this department, one of which is near the road from Connerré to Dallon. The table is of one piece of freestone, supported by three others, that form a cavity or grotto, making the erection similar to that in the grounds of Plas Newedd, though it does not produce the same picturesque effect, from the want of the sacred oaks. At a little distance from the high road to La Flèche, there is another altar, whose dimensions are less; but the table is supported by one immense block of silicious stone, nearly round; near to which is a small table, apparently intended for receiving oblations. The quarries whence these stones may have been taken are at a considerable distance from the spot. Pillars of a pyramidal form, called Druidical, are scattered over these countries. An extensive common, between Oisé and St. Jean-de-la-Motte, has several of these erections, which being known to have generally marked great events, and to have served as funeral trophies, may shew the field of conflicting action, and the deposits of slaughtered heroes. Such deposits have been found in various parts of France. At Quimper, near Castres, in 1710, eleven human heads were dug out in excavating near one of those similar pyramids. A like discovery was made at Begar, in Lower Brittany; and not far from the little town of St. Suzanne, where a tract of land is much scattered with Druidical monuments, a great quantity of calcined human bones was found by labourers who were digging holes for a plantation of trees. Besides these evidences of the Druids, the veneration for the oak, which has never been obliterated in these provinces, proves the hold which an awful superstition takes on the mind. At this day respect is paid to the sacred tree, though the saint who now chooses it to hallow his shrine apparently receives all the honour of worship. Several hamlets still have their 'Chapel of the Oak,' in which the entire stump of the tree is enchased near the altar; and that of 'Our Lady of the Oak,' near Orthes, was celebrated in this century, when her votaries flocked to her shrine from all the adjoining hamlets. The faith in the virtues of springs and fountains is another proof of the fondness with which revered prejudices are perpetuated. The village of Izé (Mayenne) attracted, till within a few years, the anxious mother who went 'en voyage' with her child, many a wearying distance, to plunge it in a fountain that gave celebrity to a spot otherwise unmarked. The canonised of the Romish church often lend their names to these ancient saving waters; and the revered St. Martin now perpetuates the inveterate habits of ancient Gallic superstition, at his fountain between Le Mans and La Flèche."

"It would be endless to enumerate the natives of these departments who have distinguished themselves in literature, arts, sciences, through every age. The missionary, the traveller, the grammarian, the artist, poet, and philosopher, merchant and mechanic, may all claim this kindly province their country."

Some of the most distinguished of these the author passes in review:

"A poet, whose genius will ever do honour to his country, though his verse has all the faults and pedantry of that early age, Ronsard, was a native of this province. He was born in 1524 in the Château de la Poissonnière près Montoire, of very respectable parents, who encouraged and improved his natural talents for poetry, which enabled him, when quite a youth, to gain the first prize in the floral games at Toulouse. The effect of his verses was so powerful on that city, that they decreed him a statue of Minerva wrought in solid silver; and the present was accompanied with an address, wherein he was styled, 'the prince of poets.' Mary Stuart, then one of the brightest ornaments of the French court, and as eminent for her literary acquirements as for her personal graces, paid a valuable tribute to Ronsard, by presenting him a sideboard of plate, worth two thousand crowns. Amongst the ornamental pieces in this 'buffet' was a representation of Mount Parnassus, over which Pegasus was fluttering, and exhibiting this motto—

'A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la source des Muses.'

Yet the charms and the flatteries of a court failed to attract the poet; and not all the honours and liberality of Henry II. and his sons, successively kings of France, had power to divert his predilection for the church. He entered holy orders, and immediately devoted himself to his duties at Evaillé, in the diocese of Le Mans. When the religious feuds broke out into open war, Ronsard placed himself at the head of the nobility and the people of his district, and by his influence and courage saved his church and his parish from pillage. Charges were afterwards brought against him, and he was accused of bringing obloquy on the sacred character by his violent measures and conduct. He defended himself by saying, that 'after having failed in all his attempts to preserve peace with the keys of St. Peter, which the Calvinists professed not to respect, he had deemed it allowable in a minister to protect his flock with the sword of St. Paul.' He died prior of Croix-Val, near Tours, in 1585. Boileau, the exact and rigid Boileau, judged this 'prince of poets' too severely, as he made no allowance for times and circumstances; but whether lofty or familiar, Ronsard stands equally condemned. The polished author of Le Lutrin had a quick ear for the harmony of his language; this sometimes made him too susceptible to sound, since he asserts, that

'Sans la langue, en un mot, l'auteur le plus divin
Est toujours quoiqu'il fasse un mauvais écrivain.'

Henri IV. is said to have been as fond of Ronsard's verses as Charles the Second was of Butler's. * * *

"A remarkable person, Morin, must not be passed unnoticed, since his memory will be dear to his countrymen while genius and charity are valued. He was born at Le Mans in 1635, and carefully educated by his father, who held a respectable situation in that town. The bent of all his researches inclining him to the study of physic, he took his degree in that school, and was appointed physician to the Hôtel Dieu at Paris. In the absence of M. Tournefort, he lectured and demonstrated at 'Le Jardin des Plantes.' Indefatigable in every branch of his profession, many were the discoveries he made or followed up; and his studies were only interrupted by his charities and the duties of his various appointments. His habits were singular, and he never changed the regimen of bread and water, with fruit occasionally, that he had adopted in his early youth, till after he was sixty years of age. He then would sometimes indulge himself with taking a little boiled rice, and, when past seventy, a glass of wine. He collected a valuable library, a series of medals, and formed a copious herbary; which made Fontenelle remark, 'que son esprit lui avoit, sans comparaison, plus coûté à nourrir que son corps.' He was avaricious only of his time; and he used to say, 'ceux qui viennent me voir, me font honneur; ceux qui ne viennent pas, me font plaisir.' * * *

"It is impossible to observe the encouragement that our Angevine princes gave to letters, without noticing a class of writers which for some ages almost engrossed the attention of the ladies, and thus often influenced the deeds of prince as well as vassals. The trouveurs or troubadours of 'la langue d'oie' early competed with their seniors and masters of 'la langue d'oc,' and the spirit of song which had been first roused in the southern provinces acquired force as it proceeded north-

ward. No royal house more generously rewarded the talent of the poet or the skill of the jongleur than that of Plantagenet, whose princes sometimes bore away the crown from the favourite minstrel. * * *

"To inculpate or to defend the trouveurs and their patrons, would be an achievement far surpassing the limited powers and means now employed in noticing them; and those only will be briefly alluded to whose compositions excite especial interest in ourselves, as relating to, or illustrating, our own royal house. Bernard was born of menial parents, who served in the castle of Ventadour, in Limousin. He soon attracted the attention of his lord by a pleasing countenance and sprightly sallies. His education was therefore carefully pursued; and on his final examination he was pronounced 'Courtois et bien appris, et qui sçavoit composer et chanter.' The chronicler Vigeois surnames Bernard's patron, Ebles de Ventadour, 'Le Chanteur.' He delighted in sprightly songs even in his old age; and his compositions acquired him the regard of William Duke of Aquitain and Poitou. A singular circumstance which this chronicler relates, gives a specimen of the manners of that age too curious to be passed unnoticed. One day, Ebles Vicomte de Ventadour arrived unexpectedly at the palace of Poictiers whilst the duke was at table, who immediately ordered the visitor to be admitted, and dinner served anew for the guest. Great was the stir throughout the castle, long and tedious the time that idly passed away in the hall; at length Ebles, whose patience was exhausted, exclaimed, 'Surely, my lord, a nobleman of your degree should not send to his poultry yard when a poor viscount like myself takes him by surprise at his dinner-hour.' The duke suffered these testy words to pass unnoticed; but a few days after the viscount had returned to his castle, William went there at dinner-time, uninvited, and attended by an hundred knights. Ebles immediately rose from table, gave his royal guest a cordial reception, and in an unconcerned manner ordered his attendants to bring water for the hands. In an instant after, the table was covered as if for a prince's wedding banquet. Fortunately, it chanced to be fair-day at Ventadour, and the serfs of the vicomte poured in to the castle all their store of game, poultry, and other eatables. Not content with this mark of duty, a peasant, of his own accord, came in the evening into the court with a waggon drawn by oxen, crying out, 'Let the people of the Comte Duc de Poitou come and see wax given away by the Vicomte de Ventadour.' He immediately staved a large cask that was in the waggon, and out fell a prodigious quantity of cakes of fine white wax, which he left in the court for whoever chose to pick them up, and drove away with his waggon. The vicomte was not unmindful of this well-timed liberality; he gave his serf the property of Malmont, on which he had hitherto laboured as a dependent; and the children of the peasant were afterwards adorned with the scarf of knighthood. * * *

"A Gascon troubadour, Giraud de Calençon, has celebrated the talents and virtues of Don Ferdinand of Castile, the husband of Eleanor, daughter of Henry II. of England, who, after having distinguished himself against the Moors, was prematurely cut off by a sudden death:—'Lament,' says he, 'for Eleanor bereft of Ferdinand, in whom she found repaired the loss of three brothers. In form and feature he resembled them, while in every good quality he assimilated to his own royal father. From the river Jordan to the setting of the sun there never was a young prince so feelingly regretted. He is mourned by French and English, by Germans and the emperor, by Spain and Arragon, for there is not a Christian potentate but was his relation or ally. Had he lived another year, Ferdinand would have served God against the Arabs.' This troubadour's advice to the youthful minstrel is sufficiently curious to deserve transcribing:—'To be a good troubadour, thou must invent (trouver) well, and rhyme well, talk well, and propose a trial of skill well. Thou must learn how love runs and flies; how he repels justice with the darts himself has sharpened, and with his two arrows; the one of fine gold, which dazzles those who fix it, the other of steel, which pierces so deeply, that it is impossible to heal its wounds,' &c. 'When thou art master of all these subjects,' continues the master to his pupil, 'fail not to present thyself to the young King of Arragon, for there is no judge that appreciates good exercises better than him. If you really are skilful, and have talent to distinguish yourself, you will not have to complain of his generosity; if you cannot raise yourself above mediocrity, you would deserve a bad reciprocation from the best prince in the world. Thou, jongleur, must prepare nine instruments of ten strings; thou must play on the cithara and mandoline, the guitar and manicorde, the wheel of seventeen strings, and the harp. Let the jig enliven the tones of the psalterion. Thou must be expert in throwing up little balls, and catching them on the point of a knife, and thou must be perfect in imitating the notes of different birds,' &c."

Having made this selection from light lore, we shall conclude our illustrations of a spinster's production, by a travelling extract or two.

In the route to Genoa: "Through a country rich, but not picturesque, we proceeded, in heat and smothering dust, along a broad, bare, shining road, to Alessandria. The approach to this city refreshes every sense after a wearying journey; and, upon observation, it pleases more than any other town in this part of the country. The streets, especially that of Marengo, are spacious, airy, well built; its principal square is very handsome, and planted all around with double rows of acacia, under the spreading shade of which the people lounge on benches, and the fruit and vegetable women range their stalls and baskets. The churches are handsome, though not richly adorned as at Turin. The bridge over the Tanaro is covered, and has the effect of a fine corridor. At the surrender of the city to Buonaparte, the conqueror made it a condition, that the walls should be destroyed, and the masses of ruin they present shew that they must have been capable of making a stout defence. The views hence are varied over a cheerful champaign country, which appears well improved and cultivated. The air seems particularly soft, yet exhilarating; and every advantage combines to make this an agreeable station for the invalid or the economist."

About two miles from La Flèche stands a ruinous castle, which was once one of Henri IV.'s favourite hunting lodges. "There cannot be a more pleasing scene of inland beauty than that commanded by this eminent tower. All the various produce of the province blends in rich profusion throughout the plain; while the hills that bound it are feathered with wood; amongst which many a hamlet, with its spire, château, and neat villas, may be descried. In the foreground, La Flèche, its handsome church, though bereft of its steeple, and the buildings and dome of the college, shew to advantage.—But a few years since, and this ruinous castle might have been solidly repaired; now every key-stone is loosening, and the whole will soon be an undistinguishable heap of rubbish. The staircase is broad, and particularly easy of ascent, though spiral. Several moderate-sized apartments and turret-chambers must have enabled Henry to bring here a sufficient suite for all the pleasures of the field and good fellowship. The entrance-court is now the farm-yard of the agent, who manages the lands for the hospital to which they were granted; and the farmer's family live in the spacious ancient hall."

Advice to travellers.—"Never subject yourself, *if possible*, to the agonizing fatigue of travelling by moonlight during the summer. The hottest day is freshened at times by a breeze;—the occasional shade of copses, or even the sight of woods and trees, relieves the eye: but moonlight has no relief,—all nature, except that glaring pale planet, rests—slumbers. Not a breath moves to stir the air, which is perceptibly heavier than by day. The dust is now suffocating, nauseating: the constant thoroughfare on a great road leaves deposits which heavy carriages pulverise and disturb. The excessive brightness strains and distresses the vision; for, unlike the sunbeams, which penetrate and lose themselves in deep shades, this borrowed light perpetually silvers every surface, and dizzies the eye, which the jolts and the swings on a half-paved road keep distended. I can well believe the painful effect of this planet on persons exposed to her full force, which travellers in the East have reported. Well did the fanciful mythologists arm Diana with her bow; and much more appalling must have been the heavy, stupifying effect of her silver shaft to those vivid-minded nations, than the fevering stroke from the golden arrow of the god of day."

Geste Navali Britanniche, dal Grande Alfredo sino alla Battaglia di Navarino. Poema di S. E. Petronj. 2ª Ediz. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.; Dulau and Co.

AMONGST the authors of the present day, in the circle of Italian literati, who have risen to a respectable rank, is Mr. Petronj; editions of whose works, and especially his Italian Pronouncing Dictionary, we have seen in most of the European capitals where the Italian language is at all encouraged. His present poem, we have no hesitation in saying, is his best: the subject—the glory acquired by the British navy from the earliest period down to the present time. Whatever objections may be started with regard to the plan of the work among foreigners (and we feel there are some of them very strong), still, to an Englishman, it must be highly gratifying to find that a stranger, who, although not compelled like many of his countrymen to seek an asylum in England, where, we understand, he has become naturalised, has yet been the first who has attempted to do justice to that spirit of naval warfare which has placed us in the very first rank of the nations of Europe.

In a poem like the present, it would be in vain to look for any thing like unity of subject; it is not one brilliant achievement, but many—not the fame of one hero, but of all who have added to the renown of England by their naval exploits,—that the poet has undertaken to sing. We must not, therefore, expect to find an in-

teresting story, as the subject does not admit of it; but in lieu of this, we discover very much that renders the composition interesting—beautiful metaphors, sublimity of description, and harmony of versification.

In the preface, Mr. Petronj has given a rapid but luminous sketch of the history of England, to which he has appended some remarks on the *versi sciolti*, or blank verse, of the Italians. As it is not our intention to enter into the merits of the latter, we shall proceed to make a few extracts, taken almost at random from the poem, to enable our readers to form some idea of its execution.

The following introduction to Canto XIII. we think very poetical: the latter part alludes to the deaths of Admirals Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, &c. which, by a singular fatality, happened about the same time, in the reign of Elizabeth.

"Disse Calliope amica: e, poi che tacque,
Il cheto sonno, obblio dolce de' mali,
E soave quiete de la notte,
Immago placcidissima di morte,
Il cheto sonno su lo stanco ciglio
Venne a versarmi alfin con man pietosa,
L' onda Letèa. Grazie a gli Dei cortesi
Che tal fer dono a i miseri mortali!
La bionda sposa di Titone intanto
Fuori dal balso d' oriente emerge
Il roseo crine e 'l rugiadoso carro,
E co i vermigli lumi a i monti indora
L' ispide vette. Al dì novello io schiudo
Le tranquille palpèbre, e al bel lavoro
Torno, invocando te, Calliope, sempre.
Benigna ecco la Dea: ma negro ha il manto,
Le scendon sparse per l' eburnea gola
Le folte chiome, e lacrimoso ha il volto.
Infausto augurio! io grido. Ed essa: 'scrivi;
E del mio duol taspral l' alta cagione.'"

As we cannot, however, find room for many extracts from a work which we are sure will be in the hands of every Italian scholar, we shall merely refer the reader to a few passages which we think Mr. Petronj has rendered very poetical. The unfortunate expedition of Cumberland in Canto XIV., as likewise the beautiful allusion to Napoleon in Canto XXI. In the twenty-fourth, the happy variety in the description of the battle with the Dutch, and particularly the death of Spragges. The horrible tempest in the thirtieth, the shipwreck of Admiral Wheeler, the death of Mary, theattack upon, and capture of, Gibraltar, and the interesting passage on the liberty of Italy,—are all described with great energy and poetical force.

We must, however, slight many more beautiful passages, and come at once to the battle of Trafalgar, which the late lamented Foscolo pronounced to be the most animated and poetical description of a naval engagement to be found in any poet, and one which placed the author in the first rank of modern Italian bards. The whole is too long for our pages, but one or two extracts we must give.

"Tratto è 'l segnal da i Duci:
Principio ha 'l foco, e ogni naviglio sembra
L' atro Vesèvo, o 'l Mongibello irato,
Allor che il cielo ingombrano e la terra
Di spavento e d' orror. Fra il denso fummo,
Che s' erge e a globi spandesi d' intorno,
Scorsono i lampi ed i tremendi scoppi
Che si rinnovan mille volte e mille,
Tal che ne gemon le distanti sponde,
Bramose addentro ne l' asciutto suolo
Di più ritrarsi per soverchia tema.
Fischian per l' aura i ferrei dardi ignitì,
Apportatori di scompiglio e morte,
E già di sangue, d' uman sangue i flutti
Cerulei tinge l' Ocean doglioso.

* * * *

Urta l' Eroe tremendo, apresi il calle
Tra i fier nemici, che pur stan qual rupe
Saldi al funesto tempestar di lui.
Seguonlo i suoi, vomendo orrido foco,
E vie più degni di sì gran Guerriero
Fansi compagni. Ei cangia ancor: Più rapido
D' elettrica favilla intorno aggirasi
Ad essi, e tosto in ambo i lati separa
La squadra ostil. Le navi allor si mischiano,
Più certi i colpi son, maggior l' eccidio;
Apronsi i lignei fianchi; untenne ed alberi
E sarte ed armi con iscroscio cadono,
E tutto vedi galleggiar sul torbido
Dorso fremente del commosso Pelago."

Upon the whole, if the author seldom ascends to the very highest rank as a poet, he never descends beneath his subject; and those parts of the *Geste Navali* which describe the boldest actions, or the fearless intrepidity required to carry them into execution, will be found to be the most highly wrought. Throughout a long poem like the present, where so many naval engagements must exercise the talents of the writer, it is remarkable to observe the distinctness and individuality of his sketches, and his avoidance of general features;—two qualities which distinguish the man of genius from the mere versifier.

In the last canto, after paying a very elegant compliment to his present Majesty, Mr. Petronj mentions in terms of just praise those contemporary authors who have distinguished themselves in the annals of literature, and thus concludes a work which we are sure will be in the hands of every admirer of the distinguished productions of the Italian muse.

Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim. From the Latin of Lewis Holberg. 12mo. pp. 420. London, 1828. T. North.

In Nos. 507 and 509 of the *Literary Gazette* (October 7th and 21st, 1826), we published two papers of Subterraneous Travels, translated from a Russian author, who had evidently presumed not a little on the ignorance or forgetfulness of the public with regard to Scandinavian literature; for his accounts of the Ignorantians and the Skotinyans (or inhabitants of Beast-land) there given, are mercilessly plundered from Niels Klim, of whose adventures this translation into the English tongue has just appeared. The title-page says, "from the *Latin* of Lewis Holberg:"—our information would lead us to speak of the *Danish* of Baron Holberg, who was a native of Bergen, and died at Copenhagen in 1754.

The translation before us is very poorly executed; and is indeed so indifferently done, as to lose much of the wit and satirical humour of the original. We wonder at the great popularity of the writer in the north of Europe, while we contemplate him through so uncertain a medium; and we are of opinion, that a spirited version of this work, with (we should recommend) illustrations by George Cruikshanks, would be rewarded with high and general favour. In the meantime we shall render a notice of Niels from the fountain head, rather than from the volume in hand.

After taking his degrees in theology and philosophy at Copenhagen, Niels Klim returns to his native town North Bergen, in Norway, whence, for want of better employment, and in hopes of making some discovery which may contribute to the improvement of his finances, he wanders about the country in quest of plants and minerals. Among other natural curiosities in the vicinity of Bergen, he visits a cavern at the top of a lofty mountain, called Floien, of which he says:—

"From the mouth of this cavern there ascends at intervals a column of air, which is very mild, and not unpleasant to the feelings of the visitor, and inspires him with the idea that the atmospheric air is alternately attracted and repelled through the opening."

Klim resolves on investigating the pit, and ascends the mountain, accompanied by four labourers, furnished with ropes, boat-hooks, &c., to assist him in the descent: on reaching the brink of the abyss, he binds the rope round his body, and taking a boat-hook in his hand, desires the attendants to lower him until they hear him call.

"I had not (he says) descended more than twenty or thirty feet when the rope broke, of which I was immediately aware by the screams of my companions (which, however, soon became inaudible), and by the astonishing rapidity of my descent. I was involved in utter darkness and horrible night for about a quarter of an hour (as nearly as my giddiness and alarm allowed me to judge), when I suddenly discerned a distant gleam of light, which continued to increase until I found myself encompassed by a clear ethereal atmosphere. At first, I foolishly conjectured that either the re-action of the air from above, or some current of wind from below, had carried me upwards again, and that I was ejected from the cavern to the surface of the earth; but as the sun and stars which I beheld were apparently much smaller than those which the inhabitants of our planet are accustomed to see, I could not recognise them. I then concluded that this apparent phenomenon was merely the effect of my giddiness and disturbed imagination, or that I was dead, and my soul on its flight to more blessed regions. The latter ridiculous idea was quickly dissipated, when I observed that I still had my boat-hook in my hand, and the broken rope dangling from my waist; for I could not conceive that such implements were necessary to land on the shores of paradise, or that the inhabitants could admire such ornaments, by which they might rather imagine that I was coming, like the giants of old, to besiege the heavens and expel the gods. After further reflection, and many vain conjectures, I was at last convinced that I had arrived in the subterranean world, and that the theory of those philosophers was confirmed, who maintain, that within the crust of the earth is another lesser world, with a smaller sun, stars, and planets. The result proved that my last conjectures were correct; for after continuing my descent for some time longer, I perceived that the rapidity of my flight gradually decreased, in proportion as I approached the planet, which I perceived directly below me, on first emerging from the darkness. This planet appeared gradually larger as I approached it; and I was at last enabled to discern (through a somewhat denser atmosphere which encompassed it) both seas, mountains, and valleys, on its surface. I next perceived that I was not only suspended in the air, but that the perpendicular direction in which I was before propelled was changed to a rotatory motion. I cannot deny, that my hair stood erect on making this discovery, at the idea of being metamorphosed into a planet, or rather a satellite, and condemned to eternity to this revolving systematic motion. However, on reflecting that my honour was unsullied, and that a heavenly orb, or even a heavenly orb's satellite, must at least be considered of equal rank with a pennyless *studiosus philosophiæ*, my courage revived; especially when I found that, invigorated by the ethereal air, I perceived neither hunger nor thirst. Meanwhile, as I had a biscuit in my pocket, I took it out, merely to try if I could eat it; but the first mouthful convinced me that I had lost all relish for earthly food, and I threw the biscuit away as a useless burden. Judge how great was my astonishment, when I observed, that the biscuit was not only suspended in the air, but commenced to describe a circle around me. I hereby obtained a clear idea of the true laws

of gravitation, according to which, all bodies suspended in their own weight of atmosphere must move in a continual circle. So dejected as I was at first, on finding myself transformed to a satellite to a tyrannical planet, my pride was now great on perceiving myself elevated to the latter rank, to be attended for ever by my moon, and consequently to be ranked among the larger stars, or planets of the first class. In fact, my vanity and weakness were so great, that had all the burgomasters and senators of Bergen presented themselves at that moment at my feet, I should have looked down upon them as contemptible beings, much less would I have bowed my neck, or lowered my boat-hook to salute them. I was in this situation for three days; for as I revolved round the planet nearest to me, I could easily distinguish night from day, by seeing the subterranean sun rise and set, although I perceived no darkness when it disappeared; for, after sun-set, the whole heaven was as clear and light as at the full of the moon,—which I suppose proceeds from the subterranean world or hemisphere receiving its light from the sun in the centre. But lo! on the fourth day of my glory, as I was dreaming of my heavenly bliss, and fancying to myself the curiosity that my appearance would excite among the astronomers and star-gazers in the nearest planet, I beheld an enormous winged monster approach, which threatened to come into destructive contact with me. At first I conceived that it must be one of the zodiacal signs, and secretly wished that it might be the Virgin, as that was the only one of the whole system from whose society I could anticipate any pleasure: but as it approached nearer, I found that it was no less formidable a personage than a monstrous and frightful griffin: whereupon I was so terrified, that I completely forgot my celestial dignity."

After describing his conjectures, he proceeds:—"The griffin was now so near to me, that it struck me with its immense wings, and was about to seize one of my legs, so that I was no longer in doubt as to the object of its visit. I therefore began to defend myself as boldly as I could against my enemy, and contrived with my boat-hook not only to ward off its attacks, but compelled it to retire several times, and at last succeeded in striking the boat-hook so forcibly into its flesh between the wings, that I could not withdraw it. The wounded monster dashed with a tremendous cry towards the planet below, and I, being somewhat weary of my celestial dignities, which I found did not exempt me from the same or worse danger than terrestrial honours, held fast by the boat-hook, and descended with the griffin to the planet, like a shooting star. After being dragged through the misty atmosphere that encircled the planet, which occasioned a deafening noise, I fell gently on the earth, accompanied by the griffin, which soon after died of his wounds."

Exhausted with his exertions, the Danish subterranean traveller falls into a deep sleep, from which he is awoke by the roaring of a bull, which is running towards him. To avoid the animal, he retreats towards an adjacent wood, and endeavours to ascend a tree, but, to his astonishment, the tree utters a shriek, and he is immediately seized by the boughs of numerous other trees, who, it afterwards appears, are the inhabitants of the planet, and he is led off to take his trial for an assault on the lady of the burgomaster of Potu,—for such was the distinguished personage whom he had so rudely, yet unintentionally, insulted. From the court he is handed over to the surgeons and natural historians, to investigate his species, and whether he is a rational creature, or, as the inhabitants of Potu conceived him to be, some description of ape. His offence is pardoned, and he instructed in the language and customs of the country; and from the swiftness of his feet (for the arboreal nation have very short legs, and consequently are very slow in their gait), he obtains the appointment of royal courier, the only occupation for which he is deemed competent; for his perception is considered by the inhabitants so quick, that it is impossible for his judgment to be sound. Odious and laborious as he finds this office, it gives him an opportunity of visiting different parts of the planet, which are described in a very amusing satirical strain. He is ultimately banished from it, for having sent in a proposal to the king, that females should be excluded from holding public offices (which is customary at Potu). At a period of the year when a certain description of immense birds visit the planet, a bait is attached to his person, and he is exposed in a field, whence he is carried, together with the bait, to a part of the firmament called Martinia, a republic of apes, by whom he is much admired, and becomes ennobled: he is, however, afterwards found guilty (although really innocent) of an amour with the president's lady, and is sent on board a galley, with other convicts, bound to Mezendores, a trans-marine colony of the Martinians. In the course of the voyage, he visits Pycardania, a land of birds; Musica, a land of musical instruments; Pyglosia, a land of beings resembling terrestials, with the exception that they have no mouths, and "speak with that part of the body which faces the south, when the nose is turned to the north;" and Iceland, inhabited by a race of icebergs.

He at last reaches Menzedores, which is peopled mostly by beasts, interspersed, however, with emigrants from the before-mentioned countries of Pycardania. On his return from Menzedores he is wrecked, and escapes in a boat to another part of the firmamental continent, called Quama, inhabited by beings in every respect resembling savages of the south of our world; where he becomes so great a favourite, and renders the state so many services, that, on the death of the reigning monarch, he is elected emperor. He carries on war against several of the neighbouring countries, and subjects them to the crown of Quama; but a conspiracy at last takes place, and Klim is obliged to fly to the mountains for safety. Having crept into a dark cavern for concealment, he is suddenly precipitated down an abyss, through which he continues to descend until he ultimately perceives an opening, and finds himself stretched on the ground at the mouth of the same pit through which he, ten years before, made his extraordinary entrance to the subterranean world.

CHAMBERS' PICTURE OF SCOTLAND.

In a former No. we introduced these two entertaining volumes to our readers, and briefly illustrated their character, by making a few selections respecting the county of Berwick or the Merse. In our present sheet, we have nothing else to do than follow up the measure by some similar extracts from the adjoining shire of Roxburgh.

Roxburghshire.—"When Queen Mary visited Bothwell in Hermitage Castle, she did not take the present course of the road by the Slitterick, but penetrated the mountainous tract which lies between that and the Teviot. The perils and the difficulty of her journey must have been truly great; and it is inconceivable how she contrived both to go into Liddisdale, and come back from it again to Teviotdale, in the space of one day. She proceeded up Priesthaugh-swire, between Pencryst-pen and Skelf-hill—then through a long boggy tract called Hawkhass—next, up along the course of a mountain-stream, to the ridge called the Maiden Paps, where the district of Liddisdale begins—after that she descended the Braidlee-swire, till she again reached a low piece of boggy ground, where her horse swamped, and nearly caused her to lose her life: other hills, and those extremely precipitous, had now to be ascended and descended—the narrow track generally sloping along their sides, and crossing the little burns at the bottom, till she reached the course of the Hermitage Water, and, by following it, came at last to Hermitage Castle—altogether one of the most hazardous, and one of the most impracticable-looking journeys that ever was achieved, and which must be acknowledged to look still more wonderful, when we consider that it was performed by a delicate female, and one who had recently risen from child-bed. Tradition says she was attended on her expedition by only twelve men—certainly a very insufficient guard for a queen in an enemy's country,—for so might this be considered. However strange it may appear, it is perfectly true, that the district of Liddisdale possessed no roads other than such as that described till within the last thirty years. When the editor of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border made what he now (in private conversation) calls his 'raids into Liddisdale,' in order to collect the materials of that work, he found the country almost inaccessible, and the people as *strange* to the appearance of a visitor as the Indians were at the advent of Columbus. On his visiting the house of Willie o' Milburn, in company with a friend from Jedburgh, the gudeman happened to come home just as he was engaged in tying up his horse in the stable. The farmer, like all the other people of Scotland, entertained a profound respect for the character of a lawyer; and this added considerably to the embarrassment which he felt regarding his visitor. In a little while, however, he came up to Sir Walter's friend, who had gone into the house, and asked *if you was the advocate.* Being answered in the affirmative, he slapped his thigh with joy, and exclaimed, 'De'il a' me's feared for him—he's just a chield like oursells!' What idea the honest farmer had formed of the person of the future great unknown must for ever remain a mystery. It was amongst the primitive people of Liddisdale that Sir Walter collected the greater part of the ballads which formed his first distinguished publication. He took occasion at a subsequent period to repay their attentions to him by commemorating in a narrative which can never perish, the simplicity, worth, and honour, which marked their character before it was reduced to the ordinary standard of modern manners." Are they quite so at this day?

"When in the possession of William Douglas, the knight of Liddisdale, Hermitage was the scene of a cruel transaction. That warrior, though distinguished by the proud title of 'the Flower of Chivalry,' shewed that his heart was not inaccessible to the baser passions. Envy of the office of Sir Alexander Ramsay, as sheriff of Teviotdale, urged him to the murder of that knight, who had been his compeer in arms. He

caused Sir Alexander, along with his horse's furniture, to be thrown into a dungeon beneath Hermitage Castle, and left him there to the most fearful of all deaths,—that by hunger. The wretched captive is said to have prolonged his existence by the corn which fell from a granary above his dungeon; and, in proof of this circumstance, a mason having, about thirty-five years ago, broken down a part of the wall, (for the sake of the stones,) and descended into the vault within, found a quantity of chaff, together with some bones, a sword, and the bit of a bridle,—the last article uncommonly large. So weak was the royal authority in those days, that King David found himself obliged to appoint the knight of Liddisdale to the office vacant by the death of his victim. He was, however, killed some years after, while hunting in Ettrick forest, by his godson, and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, at the instigation, it is supposed, of the king, who could not otherwise despatch him. The place of his assassination is called, from his name, William's Cross, and lies upon the ridge of a hill, for the same reason denominated William's Hope, above Yair, between Tweed and Yarrow. Besides these fearful traditions of Hermitage Castle, other tales of horror are told respecting it. A Northumberland warrior, called the Cout of Keeldar, on account of his enormous size and strength, came to defy Lord Soulis at this his place of power, and suffered dearly for his injudicious bravery. He was obliged to retire by Soulis's retainers, who, however, could make no impression upon his coat of proof, till, having got him into a deep part of the brook, they despatched him by holding him down beneath the water with their spears. This place is exactly opposite to the deserted burial-ground (mentioned in a preceding notice) and is called 'the Cout's Pule.' It is a hollow formed by a little cascade, and is overhung and darkened by an old weeping birch, which the superstitious, but not less poetical, peasant of Liddisdale remarks to be the only birch, among all those which line the stream, that turns its branches and its leaves downwards. 'The Cout's Grave' is also shewn, near the western corner of the cemetery, in the shape of a mound considerably larger than that of an ordinary grave."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Transformation of a Beech Tree; or, the History of a favourite Black Chair. Related by Itself. Pp. 92. Harris.

KINDLY intended for the amusement and instruction of children, this little work has the farther merit of being devoted to a charitable purpose, should any profits accrue from its sale. The Chair tells its story very prettily, and does not overload the reader with advice. Its good counsels occur naturally, and are given in a way not less likely to be effectual than if more dogmatically impressed.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis. By Robert Masters Kerrison, M.D.

DR. KERRISON is a powerful advocate in the cause of pure and wholesome *versus* fetid and poisonous water. His arguments are chiefly directed to the refutation of certain mistatements in a Letter addressed by "An Old Housekeeper" to the commissioners appointed by the Crown to inquire into the nature of the present supply; but he adduces additional proof of the necessity of forthwith adopting some decided means of remedying the existing evil. We hope that this will be accomplished; and we also hope that justice will be done to the merits of Mr. Wright, who was the first to call the attention of the public to this important subject, and whose able and persevering exertions entitle him to the highest praise.

On the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, especially that of Hastings: with Observations on Diseases in which a Residence on the Coast is most beneficial. By W. Harwood, M.D. Pp. 326. London. Colburn.

THIS is a sensible and well-written book, in which Dr. Harwood strenuously enforces the salubrity of Hastings and the adjacent coast. As it is distinctly shewn, that the temperature of this side of our island, in the vicinity of the sea, is moderate and equable, we have no doubt but it deserves all the commendations bestowed upon it by the worthy author; and, besides, as he is himself a resident and medical practitioner at Hastings, we may be pretty sure that he will be ready to contribute his aid to that of the climate in restoring the sick to convalescency. To the town-smoked wight, the person immersed in worldly cares and business, day after day and month after month, every relaxation, with purer air, more exercise, and the mind relieved from its anxieties, is a healthful restorative; and few places offer greater facilities for the purpose than that which is the theme of Dr. Harwood's panegyric. The bracing plunge into the ocean, the pleasant ride or walk, the hill to climb and the breeze to inhale, the early hour to bed and the early hour to rise,—all tend to invigorate the body and revive the spirits. To such as seek these advantages on the Sussex shores, we recommend this volume; which also contains judicious remarks on the most prevalent disorders, on bathing, and other useful topics.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 26.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion to the Palais d'Elysée Bourbon, where, as usual, the apartments of the palace were crowded with foreigners, particularly English, who, by the way, often transgress the laws of *politesse* in public places, by expressing their opinions too loudly, as well as too freely; and this morning our guide appeared completely offended at the observations of some of my fair countrywomen, who critcised the furniture, and compared English and French splendour, of course giving the preference to their own nation; nor could the *chef-d'œuvres* in painting, from the pencils of Wouwermans, Teniers, Vernet, &c. &c. reconcile *ces belles dames* to the absence of carving and gilding. "Women and moths are ever caught by glare," so, I presume, generally speaking, nought can enchant which does not dazzle them. The solidity as well as the full-stuffed cushions of a rich satin *lit de repos*, soon attracted the eye of a luxurious-looking Hibernian, who, without ceremony, as also without invitation, flung himself thereon at full length, yawned, stretched his arms, threw his dusty boot on the pillow, and no doubt would have indulged the company with a snore, had not our alarmed conductor cried out, "Monsieur! monsieur! *on ne couche pas ici:*" however he appeared by no means disconcerted by the rebuke, as, the moment afterwards, he established himself in a *bergère*, and strode his legs out to such a length, that to pass them it was necessary to make a *demi-tour*, or to hop over them. Many, indeed, were the lessons given to my nation—they are, on some occasions, much too *feeling* a people, being unable to resist the propensity of touching whatever attracts their notice. I thought we should all have been sent about our business in consequence of the indiscretion of some of the party, as, in spite of the repeated request of our attendant, to make use of our eyes only, and desist from pawing, scarcely had we reached a beautiful arsenal, in miniature, admirably executed, and laid out on a table (for the purpose of initiating the young Duke de Bordeaux in the destroying arts), than one took up a ball, another took hold of a cannon,—till at last, French patience and French politeness becoming exhausted, our guide threatened to shut the doors. I was, I own, peculiarly mortified; for I was with a French company, who were but too glad to meet with a fair opportunity of attacking English manners: besides, the latter having come in fine equipages, they were adjudged to belong to the first ranks and the *bon-ton* sphere, which may indeed have been the case, for aught I know,—at least coronets and supporters figured on their carriages, and fine laced *chasseurs* were mounted behind them.

It may be interesting to those who intend to visit this city, and who love cheap jaunting, to learn, that our hackney coaches are reduced in price; so that for tenpence English, a drive may be procured of an hour's length. Thanks to the spirit of *concurrence*, which the five-sous vehicle, called the Omnibus, has inspired amongst coachees. *A propos* of this same Omnibus; I would highly recommend it to the *bons-vivants* Englishmen, whose corpulency may threaten apoplexy; for not all the vapour baths, exercising boards, galloping on horseback, &c. &c. can be so effectual in getting rid of an overplus of flesh as that machine. Twice have I made the experiment of a journey in this *equality* carriage. We set out from the famous M. Drake's, of horse reputation—nineteen precious souls, not "all agog," but most affectionately packed together; each, however, looking rather spitefully at his neighbour for pressing so tightly. Then there was turning up of eyes, and making grimaces at opposite companions, whose puffing and blowing were rather disagreeable to delicate nerves: a plentiful dust, and a still more plentiful perspiration, covered the face of each individual, which called forth the constant use of pocket-handkerchiefs. These were of all colours, and different shades of cleanliness, and kept one on the *qui vive*, by their perpetual waving to and fro, from the pocket to the forehead;—add to all this, each jolt caused a contention of noses, knees, and sometimes, if your equilibrium be not well kept, there is a chance of falling into the arms of a greasy butcher, or a fat horse-dealer. I calculated that I lost one-fourth of my weight in this ambulating oven, to which purgatory itself must be a paradise. The speculators, however, thrive on the sufferings of the traveller, as I understand the five sous swell into three thousand francs per day. The French have learned from the English, that "money makes the man;" therefore every nerve, every idea, leads to this one object; and we to him who fails! better be a dog, or, what is still worse, a hackney-coach horse.

Some new works are about to make their appearance; amongst others, Lettres d'un Mendiant Anglais à son confrère Edie Ochiltree. Monsieur le Mendiant, it appears, possesses more wit than money; it is rather of a piquant nature also, and levelled chiefly against those

whose philanthropy is of a doubtful nature,—who, under the pretence of benefiting others, think but of their own interest. Political economists, too, come in for a few *coups de pattes* well applied, and are loudly accused of wishing to consider a part of the human species in a mere mechanical point of view, esteeming them, not according to the qualities with which they may be endowed, but for the profits which may be extracted from them. The volume, or volumes, for I have only seen some quotations, is by no means strewed with roses, but with thorns; yet, I believe, it will be read with pleasure in England, particularly by those whose enlarged egotism (if I may use the expression) makes them desire an alleviation to general sufferings, as the surest means to secure their own enjoyment.

I have heard a work much praised latterly,—Les Révolutions de la Terre, by M. Dejean. His hypothesis is, that each revolution of the earth, whose centre is supposed to be fusion, has produced a new creation, and that man was the last.

Ultra *romantism* is now the mode, in imitation of the English and German writers; and expression is sacrificed to idea. La Bataille de Navarin, a poem lately published, is an example of the revolution in style; for amidst fine strophes, there are sometimes the most extraordinary thoughts: but this people are ever in extremes—once take them out of a pendulum movement, they must go at double-quick time. Still, it is well to rebel against those laws of poetry, which tended so much to cramp genius, and reduce similes and metaphors to a very narrow compass; and, above all, injured translations.

The works of Pierre Ronsard, who was styled *Prince des Poëtes Françaises* three hundred years ago, with Commentaries by Monsieur de St. Beuve, is a work highly esteemed here, and much talked of in the *belles lettres* world,—in which, to say the truth, there is a general *disette*.

A new singer, who is to surpass all the *ci-devants* queens of song, is shortly expected in this capital. Her name is not proclaimed, as managers have not come to a sticking point in regard of pounds, shillings, and pence arrangements. Already, prudent mothers and jealous wives are alarmed; for report gives to the fair cantatrice charms of no small degree of perfection; so that, sighing, dying, suiciding, may be anticipated for the ensuing season:—better that love should diminish population than hunger! About ten days ago, Master Cupid is said to have caused a cold-bath and some *coups de poignard*; but such events seldom take place,—the *belle passion* being exterminated for the *riche passion*, a much more solid one; gold keeping *le petit dieu* from flying off, much better than all the fine eyes, fine teeth, rosy lips, and luxuriant hair, in the world.

EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In offering a few remarks upon Professor Seyffarth's account of the discovery of an Egyptian History, published in the *Literary Gazette* of the 19th, I beg leave to premise that, "being totally ignorant of, or most imperfectly acquainted with, the Egyptian museums and libraries on the Continent," I am only in the situation of the Professor himself when he published his Rudimenta Hieroglyphices; for, with one exception, I do not find a single reference to any unpublished monument throughout the whole of that work.

Egyptian antiquities occupy at present but a very small share of the public attention in this country; it may not, therefore, be amiss briefly to apprise your readers of the nature of the system of hieroglyphics upon which this discovery is founded, in order that they may be able to judge of its importance.

1. This system was discovered by a very learned and most amiable young man, of the name of Spohn; and, as the professor informs us, not as the result of his researches in a subject which he had very lately taken up, but '*afflatu quasi divino*,' or, in plain English, by one of those sallies of the imagination which the Germans are too apt to mistake for rational deductions.

2. Spohn tried the system he had thus discovered upon the Enchorial papyrus generally called the Casali MS., a Greek translation of which was afterwards found in another papyrus by Dr. Young. According to Spohn, it contains an address to the sun; according to the Greek translation, it is a record of the purchase of certain lands in the neighbourhood of Thebes!!

3. This system is grounded in certain fancied resemblances between the Enchorial characters and the few Phœnician letters which have been recovered from coins and inscriptions.

4. Upon this crumbling foundation is built the gigantic hieroglyphic system of Professor Seyffarth, who assumes that hieroglyphs are merely Phœnician or Enchorial characters flourished out into the forms of physical objects; or, in other words, hieroglyphs are the symbols, not of sounds, but of letters or parts of letters.

5. From this principle he infers conclusions whence it necessarily follows, that any hieroglyphic character may be the representation of any letter of the alphabet, or of all of them in succession, or of any part of any letter.

6. As if this were not latitude enough, the ingenuity of the professor has contrived a still further extension of the vagueness of his system; for, according to this great authority, the parts of any character may be separated and become parts of different letters. For instance, the bee, which is inscribed in a disjointed and slovenly manner on many of the later monuments, he completely takes to pieces, assigning the head to one letter, the wings to another, the thorax to a third, and the abdomen to a fourth.

With the assistance of such a system, that man must be dull indeed who cannot discover Manetho's History of Egypt, or Hume's History of England, or any other work he may choose to search for, in any collection of papyri in Europe.

I have thus stated Seyffarth's hieroglyphic system exactly as it presented itself to my mind after three careful perusals of the Rudimenta Hieroglyphices: I beg, however, to give it under correction; for I acknowledge myself to be one of those who find very great difficulty in comprehending the professor's meaning.

Leeds, July 23, 1836. J. X.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SAFETY LAMP.

MR. DILLON, a mercantile gentleman of Belfast, has produced a safety lamp similar to Sir Humphry Davy's, but somewhat modified, in consequence of the new principle on which the inventor maintains that its security depends. His theory is directly opposed to that of Sir H. Davy; the latter holding, that the property of the lamp, in not being liable to explode the surrounding fire damp, arises from the gauze wire repelling the internal flame, and forming, about it, a *cool atmosphere*, through which ignition cannot take place; while Mr. Dillon contends, that the non-ignition is the result of the radiation of *heat* from the gauze wire, which rarefies the external air, and precludes that access of oxygen necessary to the propagation of flame. Several experiments (which we have not seen tried) appear to countenance this new theory. It is stated to us, that a lamp just lighted, and of course quite cold, if plunged into a jar of carburetted hydrogen gas, communicates the flame immediately, and causes an explosion; but if suffered to remain burning till the gauze wire is sufficiently heated, that it may be plunged into the same gas with perfect safety. This hypothesis may, therefore, be readily submitted to the test, and chemists be enabled at once to determine whether it is fanciful, or one of the most important discoveries that has recently been made for the benefit of mankind. We confess we are inclined to think well of it, not merely from its obvious simplicity and reasonableness, but from having heard that miners in the coal-pits are in the habit of covering their Davy's lamps when they feel a current of cold air rushing towards them,—a sort of practical act, suggested by experience, as if they felt that such a current might produce an accident, contrary to the hypothesis hitherto supported, and consistently with that of Mr. Dillon. The latter introduces a talc shield, either half way round, to front the cold blast when it occurs—or quite round the lamp, to augment the heat, for the same reason which has led the miner to protect the Davy light.

FERNANDO PO: JOURNAL CONTINUED.

I ARRIVED at my hut about three o'clock, and was received by the chief and his party with a hearty welcome. Several bottles of tope were immediately brought me by different individuals, from whom, both before and afterwards, I received similar acts of kindness. Scarcely had I been seated five minutes, when, to my great surprise, Cut-throat entered the hut with a quarter of mutton, roasted; Incledon followed with another, boiled; others with a boiled and roasted fowl—the head and lights of the sheep stewed in (what I judged to be) palm wine—the liver also stewed with spice in palm oil—boiled and roasted yams, &c. Here was a dinner as multifariously cooked as one would think a half-sheep, weighing ten pounds, could be. What added not a little to my astonishment on seeing these dishes before me, was the casting, by chance, my eyes to the spot where my half of the sheep had been hung, and to observe it still there. The mutton which had been brought me, it appeared, was the two quarters I had in the morning sent to the Coco-la-co. With the exception of the stews, which were in earthen pans, the other articles were given me from the hands of the carriers. Feeling thankful for these anticipations of my wishes, I received every thing with the best grace; carefully refraining from letting them imagine that any part was to my distaste. I sent for the chief to partake of my dinner with me. He came and sat beside me, but would neither eat nor drink any thing. My Krooman and I then set to, and, uninviting as the viands were to English eyes and palates, I doubt much my ever eating heartier, or enjoying a dinner more in my life—although surrounded with a hundred or two of both sexes, whose eyes were constantly rivetted on me: not to say a word

of the exudations of their odoriferous bodies. Whatever may be thought of it, the liver cooked in the palm oil was delicious. My Krooman, as he predicted, did ample justice to one quarter of the mutton, and also assisted in removing the other from sight. The remainder was soon despatched by Cut-throat and attendants. After I had finished, two bottles of topé were given me by the chief. In the course of the afternoon, having watched him out of the hamlet, I determined upon gaining admittance to his hut. Fortune favoured the attempt. While in dalliance with one of his thirteen wives that were seated outside my dwelling, she got up (maiden like) and ran into her hut, I, of course, following. I found it to contain four compartments or divisions. The first on entering was the kitchen or place they live in by day, having a large fire burning in the centre, with various cooking utensils, made of clay, lying about. The second division was a sitting room, remarkably neat and clean, with a fire-place in the centre. Round the sides were ten or twelve logs of wood, used as seats, with a larger and neater one at the end for the chiefs. The third appeared to be the children's apartment or sleeping-room, it being entirely full of them. The fourth was a store-room, in which were numberless rude articles, whose utility, from the casual glance I had of them, I could not make out. The *ensemble* was unique and imposing—at least to me it appeared so. The chief returning a short time after my leaving the hut, I led him towards the spot where his wives were seated. In the course of our conversation (if it could so be termed) he informed me he had twenty-one wives, and twice as many children. This may appear incredible; but when I state that fifteen of the former and near thirty of the latter were about me at the time, it will readily be believed. About an hour before sun-set I paid a visit to the chief of one of the neighbouring towns, who last evening visited the chief with whom I was stopping, who appears to be the supreme head of all that part of the country. He paid me great attention, and took me into the travelling or audience-hut of his town, similar to the one in which I was lodged. He treated me kindly and hospitably. His establishment consisted of from one to sixty dwellings, whereas that of Yapa had not more than twenty, having no one about him but his immediate officers. I was placed on his right, close to a fire. Around him sat his officers, and behind them, in different parts of the hut, were at least a hundred of both sexes stowed, with twice as many outside, and filling up every avenue to it. Immediately on taking my seat, he called to some one in the rear of the hut, which was answered by a female voice. A shifting-board was then removed from behind him, when from a kind of balcony outside entered ten women (these were his wives), the first carrying a cock, many of the others calabashes of palm wine. They took their seats immediately behind the chief. The cock was then in form presented to me, with the usual ceremony of stroking down, and adorning my person with twigs; though, from being placed near the fire, conjoined with the want of a circulation of air, in consequence of the crowds outside, I was in a far worse predicament than yesterday. This affair over, I was again seated in my place alongside the fire, and all attempts to leave it were rendered abortive by the well-meant, though ill-timed, officiousness of the chiefs. We then commenced drinking topé, every bottle being given to me to serve out. After emptying five large calabashes, I proposed quitting; for what with the topé and the fire, I was in a perfect state of dissolution. This, however, could not be allowed;—the chief and the Krooman by this time having become the best of friends; a bottle was therefore sent for for him. This having been merrily discussed, I again got up for the purpose of leaving, but to no effect, being again obliged to resume my seat. Another calabash was then brought, and given to me by the chief with the same unpleasant ceremonies as the first, to my no little annoyance; but having disposed of it, principally among the ladies, who crowded about me with their little calabashes to fill, I determined on leaving. The separation was with difficulty accomplished, the old chief catching me about the neck, and entreating me to stop and take another calabash, and as much as saying, "and then we won't part." He then informed me he intended to take a couple of sheep down with me to Clarence in the morning; and we parted, he and his followers accompanying me to the entrance of the court of Yapa. So very inquisitive were the ladies to ascertain if all parts of my body were of the same colour, that they nearly tore my clothes off my back. I was obliged to take my jacket and waistcoat off and carry them in my hand. The cock is the present which appears to me to be the peace-offering, or mode of greeting friends, having repeatedly had them given me by chiefs on their visits to our market establishment. On my return to my domicile, I found my young friend who had always furnished me with topé, waiting for me with a renewed supply. Scarce an hour passed, when there, without his bringing me a fresh calabash. I now visited a few of the dwellings round my own, but with difficulty; some four or five ladies invariably stopping up the entrance on my approach. My mode of succeeding was by commencing a game of romping with them, which soon put them to flight. I found these huts in much the same state as the chief's, with the exception of their wanting the culinary utensils and stores I observed in the former. Soon after dark, I returned to my dwelling, where I was joined by Cut-throat, Incledon, and nine or ten of their friends. A large fire was then made, round which they assembled—the greater part with their wives, or rather a wife. Yams were then placed on the fire, and ten or twelve calabashes of topé brought in. The chief came to the entrance of the hut and presented me with a bottle of topé. I went back with him to his hut, and requested permission to go in and drink it with him. This was instantly refused, with an intimation to go to my dwelling. This I thought it proper to do immediately, first cordially shaking him by the hand. My companions I found seated round the fire, busily engaged cooking their yams. I was requested to take a seat among them, which I did;—the topé was then handed about, and singing commenced, each singing in his turn. The yams being ready, they commenced their supper. While they were so employed, I went out and visited several huts, where I found the the same pastimes going forward. Each party asked me to sit down with them and partake of their cheer. In the six huts into which I went, I found a good fire burning, and from fifteen to twenty persons in each—the women appearing to be by far the most numerous. Every thing betokened mirth and domestic happiness. On my return to my hut, singing immediately recommenced, and with that its usual concomitant, drinking. Perceiving them inclined to make a merry evening of it, I took down the two quarters of mutton, which were still hanging over my bed-place, and presented it to them. No sooner was my gift received, than a man was despatched from the hut, who presently returned with six calabashes of topé. In a few minutes the mutton was cooked to their taste, cut up, and distributed equally, including my own proportion, and no more. Although barely warmed through, I ate as much as I could, for the sake of good fellowship. The topé now began to fly about in abundance, which brought forward many volunteers of their vocal abilities. The ladies sang by themselves, in a far from disagreeable key. Their songs did not appear to consist of more than a dozen words, which, as solo and chorus, were continued for a quarter of an hour at a time. Krooman and I were obliged to sing in our turns. Having discussed fifteen or sixteen of the calabashes of topé, and perceiving some of the party becoming *uproarious*, I retreated to my bed-place, where, wrapping myself in my blanket, I lay down. Many of the party now left the hut. Cut-throat and Incledon, having finished the remainder of the topé, betook themselves to rest with their wives, alongside my bed-place: others at short distances from them. I secured for the Krooman a place close by the fire, which was now made up, so as to burn the night out. A more social evening I could not well have spent, every thing being done by all present to make me comfortable and cheerful.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE vacation of this institution commenced this week; but during the holiday there is an immense deal to be done in arranging the library, and other important matters. His Majesty's and Sir Joseph Banks's collections have nobly augmented this branch of the establishment; and when duplicates shall have been exchanged for the few works that are wanted, it will be one of the most complete libraries in the world, and in some respects unequalled.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views of Pompeii. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding; after Drawings by William Light, Esq. late on the Staff of the Army under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. Carpenter and Son.

THESE Views, which are twenty-five in number (besides a general plan of the city) give an excellent idea of this remarkable relic of antiquity, buried for so many centuries under volcanic ashes. The Views which are without figures are the most satisfactory; not merely because the sentiment of solitude is thereby left unimpaired, but because the incongruity of modern habits in such scenes is striking. The introduction of an English carriage into the View of the Villa of Diomedes has a singularly bad effect. With this trifling exception, however, the execution of the plates does both Colonel Light and Mr. Harding great credit. Every plate is accompanied by a brief letter-press description. While we were turning over and admiring the volume, a letter reached us from an intelligent English friend now at Naples, from which we extract the following passage, as happily expressive of the feelings which a visit to this extraordinary scene is calculated to excite:—

"Ten days ago we went to Pompeii. It was all marvel and beauty;—the city a wonder, and its site fairy-land. You do not de-

scend, you rise to Pompeii. Its first aspect is that of a mound of earth; and, when you enter, above lofty columns and walls you see large trees growing. The ashes that overwhelmed the city, and the soil thrown out in making the excavations, have produced this mound-like exterior. But what shall I say of the interior? Perfect streets, rows of shops, theatres, palaces, temples,—standing in majestic and silent desolation: our aged guide and ourselves the only human beings visible, amidst edifices, and in places, once thronged and noisy with multitudes, intent on business, or pleasure, or piety!"

Portraits of Madame Vestris, Miss P. Glover, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Liston; in the Comedy of Paul Pry. Painted by G. Clint, A.R.A. Engraved by T. Lupton. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

An excellent theatrical group. With the exception of that of Madame Vestris, which, although all the features are there, we cannot say we think a striking likeness, the resemblances are admirable. We believe that the portrait of Mr. Liston is the only one for which he ever sat in character. It is perfect. The print is very finely engraved.

Sua Maesta Georgia IV. Re d'Inghilterra. By P. A. Tealdi. Engraved by I. Fothergill. London; Moon, Boys, and Graves: Manchester, Agnew and Zanetti.

This curious composition is from a pen-and-ink drawing of the same size by an Italian gentleman resident in Manchester. It represents his Majesty on a war-horse, and nearly the whole is formed of the flourishes of penmanship; so that whatever may be said of the manufacturers of Manchester just now, it cannot be denied that it has produced a most flourishing king.

The Market Gardeners. Painted by Witherington; engraved by C. G. Lewis. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Replete with rustic beauty and truth, this refreshing and natural scene makes a pleasing and animated print. The distance on the left is sweetly pencilled, and contrasts well with the luxuriancy of the foliage over the latticed shed on the right. The figures are all well introduced; and the little group, with the child offering a green leaf to an ass, peculiarly well imagined. Only 250 copies are taken.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities.—The publication of a very interesting work, under the above title, illustrated by a series of prints, representing the ancient gateways, castles, mansions, street-scenery, &c.; with historical and descriptive accounts of each subject, and of the popular characteristic of every city—is about to be commenced by John Britton, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. It is to consist of six numbers; and each number to include at least ten engravings and four wood-cuts. "Every city," as Mr. Britton justly observes in his prospectus, "offers its distinctive architectural and natural features; and each involves historical and local characteristics which are not merely interesting to the provincial antiquary, but to most readers of laudable curiosity. The City, both in the olden and in modern times, is unquestionably a place of varied and commanding importance. Either environed with fortified walls and bastion towers, as York and Chester; seated on a navigable river, as London; or tranquil stream, as Salisbury; crouching in the peaceful and fertile vale, as Wells; crowning the craggy, romantic rock, as Durham; or partly in a dell, and on the deep shelving hill, as Bath, with the noble and venerable cathedral overtopping and dignifying the crowded dwellings of its citizens; it commands attention in the distance, and still more on closer inspection." We have seen specimens both of the plates and of the wood-cuts with which this work is to be decorated: they are eminently beautiful.

NATIONAL GALLERY AND ROYAL ACADEMY.

Report says that Mr. Nash is to be intrusted with the erection of a National Gallery and Royal Academy, on the site of the King's Mews. We wish we could see one public building worthy of a great country, and of a period in which the splendid art of architecture was felt and understood!

ENAMEL PAINTINGS.

We have just seen, at the Egyptian Hall, six specimens of enamels on a large scale, by Madame Jaquotot, painter on porcelain to the King of France, which have been sent for sale to this country. They are fine examples of female talent,—three being copies from Raphaels, one from Holbein, one from Girardot, and one an original head of Buonaparte—much flattered in every respect. The head from Holbein is, in our judgment, the most successful production; the countenance is beautiful, and the ornaments rich. Were these works upon copper, instead of porcelain, they would be still more valuable; but even as they are, they merit the notice and admiration of the lovers of art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PLACE OF REST.

I am weary of life, I am tired of the earth,
Of its dark sorrows and boisterous mirth,
Of its changeful scenes, its uncertain joys,
Its wo that frowns, and its pleasure that cloys,
Of its dreams that delude the youthful breast:
—Would I could find me a place of rest!

I sought in a land far beyond the sea,
Where the flowers came forth in radiancy,
Where shone the clearest and sunniest sky;
But, alas! I found that the flowers would die,
That clouds would o'ershadow the heaven's blue breast;
And I left it,—for me 'twas no place of rest!

I returned again to the spot of my birth;
But change had come on its cheerful hearth:
Some were now wanderers o'er the far wave,
Some were at peace in the lonely grave:
There were still some hearts that were not estranged; [changed!
But, except their affections, all things were

There were voices beloved, but the tremulous tone
Told of the years that had over them gone;
There were brows that, scarce touched by Time's darkening wing,
Looked like the lingering flowers of spring;
There were smiles — but they only shone on decay,
Like the fading light on the dying day.

There were heads with whose sunny clustering hair
Was mingled the early snow of care;
There were eyes,—but where was their once bright hue?
A mist of tears had come over their blue:
Oh! I brook'd not to look on such altered things,
And I stayed not there my wanderings.

I went to fair cities, and in the crowd
I mingled awhile with the gay and the proud;
I strove to be happy, I strove to smile,
But the days pass'd heavily on the while;
And though every hour with mirth was fraught,
It bore not within it the peace I sought.

I fled away into solitude,
I hoped to find quiet by mountain and wood;
But, alas! when the spirit would use its wings,
And mingle with grand and glorious things,
'Tis fetter'd by clay to its mortal sphere:
—Rest there was none for my bosom here.

I sat me down 'neath the midnight sky,
The bright stars sparkled like gems on high;
Before me lay the mighty deep,
Still murmuring on in its peaceless sleep—
And I thought, as I looked on its heaving breast,
"There is indeed no place of rest!"

But there came a still small voice through the gloom—
"Thing of the dust! return thee home:
Is it thine to repine at the will of Him
Before whom yon glorious stars are dim?
Pray that sins may be forgiven;
Hope for a resting-place in heaven."

Mary Anne Browne.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

VAUXHALL.

In order to augment the attractions and respectability of this fashionable spot, a new scheme was advertised for last night, and, we presume, carried into execution. It seems to be an *improvement* upon a practice once introduced at Sadler's Wells, but subsequently relinquished, either in consequence of being too genteel, or not being genteel enough for that favourite place of resort. While it lasted, every person who paid for their admittance to the boxes or pit, had a check-ticket given them, which entitled each to a pint of *genuine* port wine, *alias* blackstrap of the *Right* sort, specially im-Ported by the managers for this generous purpose. As was to be expected, the wine was of the *first* quality (so called, we believe, from having the least imaginable portion of the juice of grape in its composition), and the audience got regularly half-drunk, noisy, and indecorous, on the strong and heady beverage. Every thing went off with spirit, even benches and chandeliers; and the union of Bacchus with Melpomene, and Silenus with Thalia, was nightly productive of the utmost pleasure and gratification to elegant and crowded houses. With the memory of such effects green on their minds (almost the only green left for Vauxhall Gardens), it is not surprising that the spirited proprietors, and be-knighted inspectors of these *menus plaisirs*, should have thought of extending this happy idea, and making the orgies of Bacchiadæ familiar to the classic scene of their liberal exertions. According to this plan, it seems, a lottery and a lot of wine are to be drawn, in the proportion of five thousand gifts to every ten thousand visitors; for, it will be observed, that every thing done here is upon a grand scale! Thus, last night, supposing 10,000 persons to be at Vauxhall; "the presents which the proprietors intended to have the pleasure of offering" were to consist of 60 dozens of "fine old port," in 16 lots, of 6, 4, 3, and 2 dozens (four lots of each); and 10 dozen of champagne, and 10 dozen of claret, in twenty chances, of a dozen each. But this is not all—there are 180 prizes, cards of admissions for Monday next, which entitle the fortunate holders, individually, to supper, and

two bottles of wine per man or woman, viz. one of champagne and one of sherry. Two hundred double admissions, and 4704 single tickets, complete the attractions of this admirable invention. Friendly as we are to refinements in popular amusements, we cannot but pronounce the warmest eulogy upon this super-excellent project. In the first place, the influx of the better order of visitors, from the free distribution of some five thousand free orders, must tend greatly to increase the influx of those polished and well-conducted classes of society, who have of late taken Vauxhall so completely under their patronage and protection. Thus, we shall have the satisfaction of seeing the same elegance of manners, the same propriety and order, the same courteousness and good breeding, prevail throughout, and to hear the same delicate language and the same beauties of expression (accompanied by the same appropriateness of look, gesture, and action) to which we have already become partially accustomed; only they will proceed from thousands instead of hundreds of *sans souci*, *sans six sous* revellers. Then again all the complaints of dulness and ennui at these henceforward Elysian gardens must vanish. Only think of the joyous spirit that will be infused into the general crowd by the lucky hundred and eighty 2-bottle ladies and gentlemen! The example of their perfect happiness will act as yeast upon the mighty batch, and cause a glorious fermentation of the whole unleavened mass. What the still more fortunate holders of the 6, 4, 3, 2, and one-dozen prizes are to do, we know not; only we trust, for the sake of the *ensemble*, that every drop will be consumed in these festive sports. The wines, as may surely be anticipated, being of the best and purest kinds, will no doubt be a great temptation to the higher and more respectable orders of citizens, their wives and families, to hurry in numbers to Vauxhall: but as we would also humanely like to do something for the gratification of the less elevated and refined classes, we beg to suggest the expediency of a "little go" of gin, and gin and bitters, for the benefit of parties to whom these potations may be more agreeable. Five hundred free tickets, with supper and a quart of Deady's Entire of the first quality, with half a pint of "fine old" bitters, would greatly improve the design, and add much to the hilarity and politeness of the festival. It is true that gin cannot be bought or made at so cheap a rate as wine, especially the claret and champagne sorts, and therefore even the extravagant managers of Vauxhall might object to this expense; but we are sure, if they will only indulge the public taste, and amend the popular morals, by acting on this hint, they will be cheerfully allowed to save the cost in another mode. They may discontinue the hydro-pyric fire-works, and all other sights whatever; for the company will be so wrapt in their own internal enjoyments, that they will care for nothing else. The juvenile nights, too, may be more frequently and profitably repeated with the same entertainments; and all rational parents will take their children, with similar views to those of the ancient Spartans on the days when they exhibited the Helotes in all their glory. Upon the whole, we are convinced that this scheme will amazingly promote the interests of these well-managed gardens, and that they will acquire such influence with the community at large as never more to fear any magisterial questioning about licenses: at all events, they can take license enough, and without encouraging licentiousness, afford the population of the metropolis opportunities for passing the weary hours in innocent, sober, moral, and intellectual recreations.

BAVARIA: A PATTERN KINGDOM!!

Bavaria [as we have had frequent occasion to observe in our reviews of travels, &c. which mentioned that country] offers at the present moment a spectacle of rapidly increasing civilisation, of encouragement to the arts, of the establishment of public institutions, of enlightened protection afforded by its monarch to every thing conducive to the national prosperity, which it is highly gratifying to contemplate, and which may well be held up for the imitation of nations of prouder pretensions. At the time of the death of Charles-Theodore (the last elector of the Palatine House), Bavaria groaned under a greater load of abuses than any other country in the world. Its feeble population, of seven or eight hundred thousand, was inadequate to the cultivation of the soil; industry languished; immense districts were wholly unproductive; religious censorship, political censorship, court intrigues, office intrigues, monopolies, reversed judgments, tortures, servitude, intolerance, an ignorant theocracy, an ill-concealed despotism; in one word, every vicious element of the old governments,—there exercised their fatal influence. And in fourteen years all has been changed! The deserts have become fruitful; manufactures are improving; commerce rapidly increases; the arts and sciences flourish; and four millions of Bavarians are at the head of German civilisation! The commencement of this happy metamorphosis was by Maximilian-Joseph, the first sovereign of the existing dynasty. What he began, Louis, the present monarch, has completed, with a wisdom, a perseverance, and a self-devotion, worthy of the highest praise. Accustomed from his earliest youth to serious studies; formed in the school of the most remarkable men of his age; for a long time suffering under adversity; this august prince became wise before he became a king, and became great before he became powerful. The early acts of his reign evinced a plan which had been nobly premeditated. He cheered up the drooping spirits of his subjects. Literary works ceased to be submitted to the veto of the censor; the people resumed their ancient habits; the charter of Joseph, completed by the requisite laws, and joined to a government wisely monarchical, and reviving the national glory, threw a new lustre on the Bavarian throne. Religious dissensions had manifested themselves in various parts of the kingdom, and the different parties appeared ready to engage in open conflict. An illustrious example was set them by their prince, who, eminently pious himself, granted to every sect impartial protection, and cherished a profound religious peace. Public instruction had not hitherto been associated with morals. The king united them: he endeavoured to procure for his people the benefits of modern knowledge, without withholding from them the indispensable consolations of religion and morality. "Enlighten and amend my subjects," said he one day to his ministers; "for Christian piety is not the daughter of ignorance." *Neque enim pietas ignorantiæ filia.* — Literature, painting, and sculpture, had scarcely assumed in Germany a decided character. From the sixteenth century, the taste of the great, when they had any, exhausted itself in objects of mere curiosity, or in collections formed on the suggestions of individual caprice. Under Louis, Munich became a new Athens. A distinguished university was established. An academy of arts was formed, which has been incessantly employed in collecting objects of art, and in instructing pupils, whose talents will soon surprise Europe. Schools of art are about to be established at Nuremberg, Augsburg, Wursburg, Ratisbon, and Bamberg. Nearly eight thousand valuable pictures, which have been assembled at Munich, will ornament those towns, which were the cradle of the arts in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Two museums, the one ancient, the other modern, have been created at a great expense; and orders have been given for the formation of a national library. All these, and other important objects, the king has secured without any augmentation of taxes; or rather, while making good an old deficiency, constructing an immense fortress, improving the military system, and paving the way for a reduction of duties. Thus the government has become at the same time stronger and more popular. Its moderation has passed into all hearts. The king has sworn to maintain the charter, and the existing rights of the people; and the people, on the other hand, are imbued with deep respect for the just prerogatives of the throne. The commencement of a Medicean age exhibits itself every where. Prosperity pervades the capital and the provinces; and they combine in honouring their young monarch, as a benefactor to humanity.—*Condensed from the Revue Encyclopédique.*

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Tuesday Mozart's admired opera *Così Fan Tutte* was produced in an English form at this theatre, under the odd title of *Tit for Tat*. It was what the play-bills would call most triumphantly successful, and has been repeated every night to crowded houses. The music, under the direction of Mr. Hawes, is, indeed, a supreme treat; and his presiding at the piano-forte produces an excellent effect throughout, both on the stage and in the orchestra. The parts are cast as follows:—*Fiordiligi* and *Dorabella*, Miss Betts and Miss Cawse; *Despina*, Mad. Feron; *Ferrando* and *Guglielmo*, Mr. Wood and Mr. Thorne; and *Alfonso*, Mr. Phillips. In spite of the absurdity of the plot, and the awkwardness of having every thing done by couples, (the two ladies, the two lovers, and the two plotters,) the incidents, separately, go off with sufficient effect; but the charm of all lies in the delicious and varied harmony with which the piece is teeming. The performers exerted themselves much, and displayed even more talent than we anticipated. Phillips's rich tones are quite beautiful in the concerted compositions; and Mad. Feron looks as fat and round as a barrel-organ, pouring out her pleasing notes. We ought also to mention the other vocalists with much applause, for their exertions well merit it, and must ensure *Tit for Tat* a prosperous run during the season.

Mr. Laporte has, we hear, agreed to take the King's Theatre again next season, giving a rent of £13,000 instead of £8000.

MACREADY.

The French critics speak in terms of the highest admiration of Macready's *William Tell*. "Happy are the London authors," remarks one of them, "who possess a poet-actor, capable of imparting substance and soul to their sketches. It is impossible to approach more

nearly than Macready does to the *ideal* of William Tell. His gesture, his walk, his attitudes, all his manners, are those of a mountaineer. With what ease he handles the iron-pointed pole which is to support him on the ice! In the commencement of the scene of the oath of Rutly, how his voice, summoning his comrades, resounds among the rocks, and appears to prolong its echo in the mountains! When, on his return home, he amuses himself by giving his son a lesson on the bow, all his movements are simple, beautiful, true. But see,—a poor old man, whom the cruel Gesler has just deprived of sight, appears! Behold, how all Tell's faculties are suspended! His whole soul is concentered in the look with which he regards the miserable sufferer. At length, his passion bursts forth in imprecations; it is so terrible and vehement, that it suffocates him; he calls for water, which he is unable to drink. But he will punish the crime!—that thought consoles him. To these follow a succession of scenes, which must be witnessed by those who wish to know how far the force of action can go, and what a crowd of profound, tender, and vehement feelings Macready is gifted with the power of expressing. Never did we observe a whole audience experience a more overwhelming or a more prolonged emotion."

VARIETIES.

French Press.—During the last year, the number of successful prosecutions against the periodical press in Paris was six; that of successful prosecutions against the periodical press in the departments, three. The number of successful prosecutions against the other branches of the press was in Paris four; in the departments, three.

Balloons.—Balloon ascents have long ceased to have any philosophical or useful purpose attached to them; and have become mere puppet-shows, the more or less attractive as the fools who go up with them run the more or less risk. Of this we have had two specimens this week; one near Manchester, where a person of the name of Green mounted with a balloon so torn that the gas escaped at several holes, and he could only be whirled aloft, clinging to a hoop, for six or eight minutes, by the crazy engine: and another near London, also by an individual called Green, who rose on the back of a pony. We do not know that the police have a right to interfere with the actions of any ass, if confined to himself; but, surely, on the Martin-et Act against cruelty to animals, a horse may be protected from such ridicule and danger. Luckily, on the present occasion, the modern Pegasus had merely a capriole in the air; and the *badauds* of London were hugely delighted with the sight of a horse and another beast of a not very different species flying in the clouds together.

The French child, mentioned in our Paris letters, with the name of Buonaparte on its eye, has come to London for a show; and it is said that Mr. Hamlet has offered £10,000 for it, to attract folks to his Bazar!!

Denmark.—The number of periodicals of all kinds in Denmark amounts in the present year to eighty. M. Grätter, of Ulm, who stands so high for his knowledge of northern literature, has given, in No. XCIII. and XCIX. of the Ausland, an excellent account of all the periodical works now extant in Denmark, as communicated to him by a learned friend and native of the country. The first Danish newspaper, it appears, was published in 1644, in the reign of Christian IV., under the title of Der ordinare Courant.

Sir Walter Scott.—The "Tales of a Grandfather" have been translated into French. "The first merit with which one is struck," says a French critic, "in reading this history, composed by Sir Walter Scott for his grandson, is the ingenious and amiable art with which the illustrious author accommodates himself to so young a mind. His work is, nevertheless, well deserving the attention of readers of maturer age and more extensive information."

By way, I believe, of raising the wind, Mr. Cartigny, of the *Théâtre Français*, who is considered a distinguished actor, has commenced giving lessons of declamation in the Rue Chantereine; where the curious, who wish to see the rise and progress of theatrical talent, may, on condition of *argent comptant*, witness the performance of young beginners.—*Paris Letter.*

America.—The following is said to be (as far as it goes) a correct statistical view of America, at the close of the year 1826:—

Names of the Countries.	Extent, in Square Miles.	Population, comprehending Savages.	Army, exclusive of Militia.	Navy. Ships of the line.	Navy. Frigates.	Navy. Small Vessels.
Empire of the Brazils	2,313,000	5,000,000	30,000	3	9	39
The United States of North America	1,670,000	11,600,000	5,779	25	11	32
The United States of Mexico	1,242,000	7,500,000	22,756	1	2	13
The United States of Central America	139,000	1,650,000	3,500	:	:	2
The Republic of Columbia	828,000	2,300,000	32,366	2	3	2
The Republic of Lower Peru	573,000	1,700,000	7,500	1	1	5
The Republic of Higher Peru	310,000	1,300,000	..	:	:	:
The Republic of Chili	139,000	1,400,000	8,000	1	1	5
The United States of the Rio de la Plata	683,000	700,000	10,000	1	1	15
The Republic of Hayti	29,100	950,000	45,000	:	:	5
The Directorate of Paraguay	67,000	200,000?	5,000	:	:	2
English America	1,800,000?	9,200,000	:	:	:	:
Spanish America	35,400	1,240,000	:	:	:	:
French America	30,000?	240,000	:	:	:	:
Danish America	284,000?	110,000	:	:	:	:
Dutch America	30,000?	114,000	:	:	:	:
Russian America	370,000?	50,000	:	:	:	:

Paratonnères.—A powder-magazine at Bayonne was lately struck with lightning, although furnished with a *paratonnère* constructed on principles hitherto supposed to be completely efficacious. The subject has been submitted to the consideration of the Académie des Sciences, in order that, if possible, the cause of the accident may be detected, and the means provided of preventing its recurrence.

Electricity.—By various experiments recently made to ascertain the electrical effects which result from the friction of metals with one another, it appears, that in the following order, viz.—bismuth, nickel, cobalt, palladium, platina, lead, tin, gold, silver, copper, zinc, iron, cadmium, antimony,—each metal is positive with reference to the metals which precede it, and negative with reference to the metals which follow it.

Education in France.—At a recent meeting of the Society in Paris for the promotion of elementary instruction, one of the secretaries read a paper, from which it appears, that the number of children in France to whom it is desirable to communicate this instruction is about 5,500,000,—2,750,000 boys and as many girls; that the number of communes is 39,381; that fewer than 24,000 of these communes have schools for boys; that the schools in those communes, to the number of 27,000, receive 1,070,000 children; that the number of girls educated at schools does not exceed 430,000; and, consequently, that 4,000,000 of children are still in need of instruction. Great hopes are, however, entertained that this desirable object may be accomplished; and it is said that, in the next session, a law on the subject will be proposed for the consideration of the French chambers.

M. Chloris.—This young Russian (the son, however, of German parents), who was an artist of considerable talents, and who at twenty years of age accompanied Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, has lately, we are concerned to say, been assassinated at Mexico. An English gentleman, of the name of Henderson, who was travelling with him, was severely wounded, but escaped.

Ultramarine.—Artificial ultramarine, said to be of a better quality than the finest specimens of natural ultramarine hitherto exhibited in the shops, is now selling in Paris at twenty-five francs (about a guinea) an ounce; being a third of the price of the best natural ultramarine.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A small volume, to be entitled Hints to Counsel, Coroners, and Juries, on the Examination of Medical Witnesses, by Dr. Gordon Smith, will shortly appear.

Mr. B. R. Green is preparing for publication a Numismatic Chart, comprising a series of 350 Grecian coins of kings, arranged in chronological order, from their earliest period to the beginning of the fourth century, executed on stone: the gold and bronze coins to be coloured. The object of the undertaking will be the elucidation of Grecian History through the medium of coins. The selection will chiefly comprise the series of the Macedonian and Sicilian kings, the various kingdoms of Asia Minor, those of Egypt and Numidia, of Syria, Parthia, and Armenia. The work will be accompanied with descriptive letter-press, and dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Aberdeen.

A sixth edition of Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity is about to appear.

In the Press.—Conversations on Geology, in a duodecimo volume, with Engravings.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Spinster's Tour in France and Italy, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Stafford on Strictures of the Urethra, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Duppa's Travels in Sicily, post 8vo. 8s. bds.—Captain Beauclerk's Journey to Marocco, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Mitchell on the Ergot of Rye, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Pinnock's Grammar of Modern Geography, 18mo. 5s. sheep.—Burrows on Insanity, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Stewart's Compendium of Modern Geography, 18mo. 3s. 6d. sheep.—Anderson's Sketches of the Ancient Native Irish, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Leslie's Rudiments of Plane Geometry, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 17	From 55. to 74.	29.66 — Stat.
Friday 18	—— 55. — 73.	29.38 to 29.55
Saturday .. 19	—— 55. — 70.	29.48 — 29.49
Sunday 20	—— 47. — 64.	29.44 — 29.24
Monday 21	—— 51. — 67.	29.41 — 29.50
Tuesday .. 22	—— 48. — 66.	29.44 — 29.57
Wednesday 23	—— 53. — 70.	29.57 — 29.63

Wind prevailing S.W.

Generally cloudy, with almost incessant rain.

Rain fallen, 1·175 of an inch.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 24	From 68. to 64.	29.61 to 29.58
Friday 25	—— 56. — 68.	29.51 — 29.54
Saturday .. 26	—— 53. — 66.	29.63 — 29.64
Sunday 27	—— 49. — 66.	29.72 — 29.83
Monday .. 28	—— 54. — 66.	29.90 — 29.94
Tuesday .. 29	—— 48. — 64.	29.96 — 29.94
Wednesday 30	—— 46. — 62.	29.95 — 29.86

Prevailing wind N.W. and S.W.

Except the 29th and 30th, generally cloudy, with frequent heavy showers.

Rain fallen, ·925 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The foolish, not to say impertinent, letter of thanks for our notice of some Music on the 12th of July, must proceed either from female or foreign ignorance of the character of the *Literary Gazette*. As it is anonymous, we can only, as usual, benefit a charity

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of the Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

P. CARPENTER'S ACHROMATIC SOLAR MICROSCOPE is Exhibited every Day when the Sun shines, from Twelve o'clock till Five, at the Microcosm, 24, Regent Street, four doors from Piccadilly. Admittance, 2s.
It consists of about Twenty Scenes of Living and other Objects, Magnified from One Thousand Four Hundred to a Million of times. They are represented on a plane six feet square, and can be seen by a large company at the same time.
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The Diurnal Microscopic Exhibition is open, as usual, from Eleven o'clock till Dusk. Admission, 1s.

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Cards of Address may be had of Mr. Hodgson, Bookseller, corner of Wimpole Street.

The Fall of Nineveh, Deluge, &c. &c.

THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," is now open, at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, from Nine o'Clock till Six.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.
Subscriptions for the Prints of the Fall of Nineveh, and Deluge, are received at the Exhibition-room, and at Mr. Martin's, 30, Allsop Terrace, New Road.

This day is published,
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXLII. for August, 1828.
Contents: I. A Speech which ought to have been delivered in the House of Commons during this Session of Parliament—II. Horæ Germanicæ, No. 25: The Golden Fleece—III. To Ianthe, in Absence; by Delta—IV. Ane rychte gude and preytious Ballande, compylit by Mr. Hougge—V. Notices, Travelling and Political, by a Whig-hater—VI. Zuinglius, the Swiss Reformer—VII. Awkwardness—VIII. Elegiac Stanzas, by Delta—IX. The Clare Election—X. The Music of the Spheres—XI. Residences of our Living Poets, No. I.; Bremhill Parsonage—XII. Salmonia.
Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

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THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL of AGRICULTURE; and the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland.
Printed for W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, London; and W. Curry and Co. Dublin.

On the 31st of July was published, price 1s. No. VI. of
THE HARROVIAN.
Contents: Greek Drama; The Clouds of Aristophanes, by a Student of Wadham College, Oxon—Living Poets; Rev. John Moultrie—The Etonian—What you Please, Poetry and Prose from Oxford—The Last Lay of the Harrovian—On Simile in Prose—The Harrovian to the Public, Names of the Authors, &c. &c.—Lords and Gentlemen.
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"Except within the circle of Whitehall, no habitual intercourse of society seems to have taken place in London, even among those whom similarity of taste or disposition might have made agreeable to each other. Persons formally visited and received visits from their own family and connexions only. No women frequented the court, or formed any part of its society, except those attached to the households of the royal family, or whose parents or connexions were employed by them; indeed, the *court* and *country* soon began to form two separate parties, which had very little in common with each other. The difference observable in their manners and habits of life was most decided in every thing that related to female society. There can hardly be a stronger proof that women have never obtained any considerable influence on the national manners of England, than that even during the first popularity of a reign distinguished for its gallantry and devotion to women, the sex in general seemed to have gained little or nothing on the score of social enjoyment. The mistresses of Charles acquired none of the consideration which he lost in their society; their venality made them despicable even to those who profited by it, and their example harmless to the rest of their sex. * * *

"The respectable part of the sex in general, even those of the highest rank, were unknown out of the circle of their own families and relations, where they were occupied entirely with the concerns of their household, the management of their affairs, and the establishment of their daughters. This last object was, indeed, pursued by very different means from those which have been deemed expedient by the no less attached mothers of later days. The marriages of the young nobility were then contracted much in the same manner that they continued to be, long after, in France. The proposal was first made, and agreed to by the parents, before the parties had any opportunities of becoming acquainted, or making themselves agreeable to each other. * * *

"It might seem that the accomplishments, and the various modes of occupying time, universally taught to our young women now, would have been more usefully and necessarily bestowed at a period when the whole female sex lived so much more in seclusion, both from the interruptions and the improvement arising from worldly society. Certain it is, that, generally speaking, they possessed few of the means of self-amusement now in the hands of almost all the world. Music was cultivated by none but those whose strong natural taste, and talent for it, made them overcome all obstacles in its pursuit. Drawing, or any taste for the fine arts, seems never to have been thought of, either as an employment of the hands, or as a cultivation of the mind; although such a taste is, perhaps, the more peculiarly desirable for women, because it furnishes a source of conversation free from scandal, and from all idle and vulgar inquiries into the affairs of others. No woman, really possessing such a taste, will ever be a gossip. Reading, except for some express purpose, was hardly esteemed an amusement among the young men of the world, far less among the young women. The romances of the day, unlike the modern furniture of a circulating library, were serious voluminous works, whose perusal was scarcely undertaken except by those who had a turn for study, and solitary occupation in the long leisure of a country life. The divine poetry of Milton (as has been justly observed by a modern critic) was little celebrated, not from an absence of taste, but from a paucity of readers. Letter-writing, according to modern habits, was little practised for many years after this period. In spite, therefore, of the numberless tapestry chairs, carpets, beds, and hangings, now for the most part discarded in rags from the garrets of their grand-daughters, an unsatisfied curiosity yet remains, as to the amusements of the younger women, whose fortune and rank elevated them above the common everyday household cares of existence. The private letters of the times, yet preserved, for the very reasons above mentioned, furnish us with little information. Those that are not written expressly on some family business, evince none of the ease in composition, so necessary for familiar details. They all betray a great ignorance of the language, of its grammar, and its spelling, and often a want of facility in the mechanical part of writing, which proves how little it was practised."

The next quotation gives a different picture in France.

"The spirit of meddling intrigue which in former days had been collected, as in a focus, around the mistress of the monarch or the minister, had, at the end of the last century, spread through the whole mass of female society. Every body had a circle of dependants, every body was a patron, or was patronised, according to the society in which they were found. All had some interests in life, which necessarily carried them into the tortuous and degrading paths of intrigue, where alone they could pursue their object; and where this object, however honourable or legitimate, could only be attained by a reciprocity of indirect means, and often of unworthy services. A sedulous cultivation of every power to please, to persuade, and to seduce, which belongs particularly to the female sex, was necessary to their success. It made the women, therefore, in general agreeable, intelligent companions, and sometimes inestimable friends. But the neglect of all the severer virtues, so deteriorated the female character, and so banished all truth of principle from its social relations, that perhaps nothing less than the dreadful remedy administered by the Revolution could have awakened them to a sense of their real interests, and restored the women of France to their true and appropriate consideration in society."

The following anecdote is one of those contrasts which, to the honour of human nature, so frequently redeem its darkest parts.

"The melancholy and subdued mind of Louis the Thirteenth had found in Mademoiselle de la Fayette a faithful, tender, and attached friend,—the only one to whom he dared confide his sufferings from the thraldom in which he allowed himself to be held by Richelieu. This despotic minister, who had contrived to make his sovereign the first of his slaves, allowed nobody to approach him but

such as he had engaged to report to him every complaint made by the king against himself, while he practised on the king's weakness, so as to induce him often to betray the language of those to whom he had opened himself. But Mademoiselle de la Fayette not only boldly refused all communication with the cardinal, but in her frequent interviews with the king encouraged his aversion to his tyrant minister, and exhorted him to shake off an authority which dishonoured him in the eyes of his people. Secure in the purity of her conduct, of her sentiments, and of her intentions, Mademoiselle de la Fayette openly avowed her attachment to the king, and even a censorious court believed it compatible with her honour. It is said that Cardinal Richelieu, dreading the increasing influence of a character on which he could gain nothing, addressed himself to her confessor and to the confessor of the king, to inspire their penitents mutually with scruples respecting their intercourse. Mademoiselle de la Fayette, it would seem, had always intended ending her life in a convent, and her resolution was hurried by her royal lover, who, aware of this intention, and dreading thus to lose her, at last, in spite of all her scruples and all his own, pressed her to accept of an establishment at Versailles, and to attach herself entirely to him in a more earthly manner. Her severe principles were startled at this dereliction of the king's. It proved to her, that she herself might not always resist, and hastened her resolution to quit the court (where she belonged to the queen's household), and retire to a convent. To this measure the king's consent seems to have been obtained, merely from the religious scruple of not daring to dispute so pure a soul with heaven. After a long conversation with her at the queen's drawing-room, he publicly shed tears at taking leave of her; and although she is reported on this occasion to have allowed no alteration to take place in her countenance, the merit of her sacrifice was not lessened by insensibility. For when, retired to her own apartments, she flew to her windows to watch (for the last time) the king stepping into his carriage, and exclaimed, 'Hélas, donc! je ne le verrai plus:' she proved, that not coldness, but the religion of those days, and the strong hold it took on virtuous as well as weak minds, alone parted them. The long visits the king continued to make to her convent, in a distant quarter of Paris, shewed his unaltered sentiments. It was to these visits, and the advice he received at them, that his more kind treatment of Anne of Austria, and their living on better terms, is attributed."

The ensuing passages are too just to be omitted.

"Were we disposed to adopt the representation given of the manners and the morals of the city in the comedies of the day, we should have an equally bad opinion of both; but fortunately we know that the vices and follies of the upper orders of society, in a great metropolis, have no extensive influence on the mass of the population of their fellow-citizens, far less on that of their country at large; that such excesses,

> 'To men remote from power, but rarely known,
> Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all their own.'
> *Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Even in those disastrous periods which crowd the pages of history with the recital of tumult, war, revolution, and all the horrors in their train; while private memoirs teem with frightful instances of individual depravity and suffering, thousands of inoffensive beings, whose situation no modes of society can much affect, nor any political events habitually benefit, are struggling to pursue their usual course of necessary labour and industry, in spite of the moral storms around them. These moral storms, like the great commotions of nature, end by falling as heavily on the cottage as on the palace: finding in the cottage less to destroy, the work of mischief soon attacks such necessary and vital means of subsistence, that the poorest peasant in the land is obliged to abandon his labour, and lend his arm to support pretensions by which he can never profit, and confirm power in which he will never participate. It is the more or less fixity and inaptness to excitement in this order of people, which will be found to be the measure of the more or less evil occasioned by such tempestuous periods in the civil history of man. * *

"The difference of national character is perhaps no where more strongly marked than in the motives and conduct of the contemporary civil wars of France and England. The *fronde* was directed entirely against individual character,—our rebellion against principles of government. Both may be said to have failed in their object; the one by the establishment in power of Cardinal Mazarin, the other by the restoration of Charles the Second. But the war against principles had served to develop the human mind, and to throw light on the real end and only true means of government. The war against individual character had debased the mind, and given expansion, only, to private pique and hatred. It took away all dignity of motive, and all shame of abandoning or supporting leaders, except as they rose or fell with the wheel of fortune. The parliament of Paris, after having put a price on the head of Mazarin in 1653, publicly harangued him as the saviour of the state in 1660, without any other change in circumstances than his having established his authority. By this conduct they lost the power ever to do more than make useless remonstrances against measures which they had neither the right to oppose, nor the virtue to control. But the parliament of England, which had defended five of its members from the king himself in person, when coming to seek their punishment in 1642, preserved and developed within it the seeds of that power which, in 1676, voted the exclusion of the only brother of the reigning king from the succession to the throne, and in 1688 spoke the voice of the nation in declaring that brother for ever an alien to that throne of which he had proved himself unworthy. Nor is the difference of the two national characters less remarkable in the conduct, than in the motive of their civil commotions. The reluctance with which in England both parties resorted to arms; the length and patience of the discussions, in which one side claimed, and the other allowed, rights at that time unheard of in the other governments of Europe, contrasts remarkably with the unfortunate precipitancy with which, 150 years afterwards, the Declaration of Rights was made and enforced in France at the beginning of her Revolution. The same reluctance is observable in the appeal at last made by England to the '*ratio ultima*' of nations, as well as of princes; and the same precipitancy in the whole conduct of the *fronde*. The facility with which the leaders on either side raised armies to support pretensions, or avenge wrongs, in which those armies had neither interest nor participation, marks the unaltered mobility of the national character, its love of military enterprise, and of the bustle and business of military glory. With us, the troops were enlisted, not as the followers of such or such a leader, but called on to defend by arms, in the last resort, a solemn league and covenant between the governors and the governed, which they had all individually sworn to observe and to maintain. The few followers who surrounded the standard of the unfortunate monarch, when first erected against such opponents, proved how entirely a conviction of the identity of their *own* rights with those they were called on to assert, was necessary to bring them into action. The great Condé, and the still greater Turenne, while enlisting troops, throwing themselves into fortresses, and making treaties with Spain to expel a powerful minister the moment he opposed their individual pretensions, appear to the unprejudiced eyes of posterity merely employing a morbid activity to get possession of power, which they knew no more than their opponent how to use. All idea of bettering the condition of the country was alike out of the question on either side. Nor were these leading personages, in fact, better informed of their real interest and real duties, or less vulgarly ignorant of every principle of civil liberty, on which they supposed themselves acting, than the lowest follower of their camp.—The female characters which these times produced offer a still more striking contrast to their English contemporaries. Cardinal de Retz and Cromwell (however dissimilar) may still be said to resemble each other more than the Duchesse de Longueville and Mrs. Hutchinson. At the peace of the Pyrenees, Mazarin told the Spanish minister Don Louis de Haro, who was stipulating for the return of Madame de Longueville as well as of her brother the Grand Condé to court—'Vous autres Espagnols, vous parlez fort à votre aise; vos femmes ne se mêlent que de faire l'amour: mais en France, ce n'est pas de même, et nous en avons trois, qui seroient capables de gouverner ou de bouleverser trois grands royaumes—la Duchesse de Longueville, la Princesse Palatine, et la Duchesse de Chevreuse.' It may be doubted if their political abilities were not much over-rated by the crafty cardinal. Their influence, however, and that of their associates, on the future character and social existence of their sex in France was permanent, and remained in an almost undiminished, although less apparent, force, until swept into the gulf of the Revolution."

We now dismiss these pages with the strongest recommendation of them to our readers. Views of society as entertaining as they are just; individual character drawn most vividly; clear, correct observations; and a mass of anecdote and information too little studied;—such are the grounds on which we give this volume our cordial praise. A masculine understanding, joined to feminine tact, imparts an extraordinary character to the author's remarks; and we trust that nothing may prevent her* from adding to the obligations we already feel to her pen, by laying us under a still greater obligation—that of listening to her ideas upon the state of society nearer to our own period. This is wanted to complete her admirable work.

The Battle of Navarino, Malta, and other Poems. By a Naval Officer. 12mo. pp. 227. London, 1828. Saunders and Otley.

To abandon the boarding pike, and assume the lettered pen, is a strange freak for a naval officer; and, since Falconer, we have hardly known one of the class make the attempt with-

* Miss Berry, the friend of Horace Walpole, is, we believe, the author.

out suffering Shipwreck. Nor is the present aspirant an exception: he is a very sailor on Pegasus; and his tacks about Parnassus bear a striking resemblance to the general style of cruising when a Jack gets on horseback. Here he be-lays, and there he runs out a line; here he takes in a reef, and there he lets go a sheet; here he keeps his course, and there he flags; here his fire (poetic) is poured out in broadsides, and there his rhymes lay him on his beam ends. In short, every thing about his work smacks of the sea: his measure is in the irregular form of yards, and he has adopted the Spenserian stanza in compliment to a late Lord of the Admiralty; he decks his muse with metaphors, and his imagery is proof of his having a fine image-head; oft tropes shroud his meaning; and his use of the press interferes confoundedly with the freedom of the subject.

To speak in less seamanlike phrase, words and crude ideas, and the necessity of rhyming at the expense of grammar and sense, are the errors of this sailor-bard; and if, even at Navarin, there had not been better fighting than there is writing in this volume, we are persuaded that the Turks would have beat the combined squadrons. Imagination, cherished by an unsettled life, seems to have run away with judgment, and so created an idea that excited feeling was the true Parnassian temperament,—a gross mistake, for most people are sensible of potent emotions at times, though few people are poets. Thus, the writer, looking at the Temple of Ægina, tells us:—

"I deemed, or thought I deemed, my feelings grew
Unto its very birth; that 'fore my face
The master-spirit stood, who there *did* trace
The work sublime; and with him other men
Of more or less renown, in that same place
Did converse hold—of whom I had no ken:
Imagination saw, *but knowledge failed me then.*

For much of learning I did ne'er imbibe,
While in that school upon the ocean cast,
But more of evil talk and saucy gibe."

And then fancying himself a child of wondrous imaginings, he is wrought up in his own conceit, and falls foul of his berth and companions on board ship.

"Right ill is borne
The ceaseless hum of mirth from early dawn
Till Cynthia midway hangs, th' unvaryed round
Of dull, unchanged ideas, from Lever drawn,
And witless jokes, when boys and veterans sound
Their early pranks of love, and doting jests expound.

Lostheume to him who blighted stands forlorn
Amongst a serving race, without one tie
Than what *co-eating* gives; who, though deep scorn
May scathe his brow, must feign hypocrisy,
And utter joys his inward cares deny:
Cursed with deep feeling, his the bitter task
To feign content, and smile in misery,
Unfelt by comrades rude, who only ask
Sensual joys of life the hours below to bask."

Now, as far as our critical opinion is worth a whistle, or a boatswain's pipe, or his mate's cat with a supernumerary abundance of tails, we would earnestly offer it to the author; and advise him to fall in with the mess, and enjoy "co-eating" even salt junk, and co-drinking, were it nothing better than purser's swipes, rather than indulge in these "deep feelings," which turn him sour and poetical. As a brave seaman he may distinguish himself, as a bard never: witness the annexed examples.

"Ipsara meets the sight,
Bright valour's grave, where treason fell *did* grow,
And conquer men whose swords were never *low.*

* * * *

It was a rising hillock, *like you see*
On Troia's plain, of ancient form and fashion;
The sheep fed round its base, and one tall tree
Did bare the wind.

* * * *

Better 'to beard the lion in his den,'
Confront the shark in India's glowing tide,
Many expect from cannibalic men,
Or send her cubbings from the tigress' side,
Than raise the wrath of fair Britannia's pride.
She shakes her trident, and the waters start,
And the huge whales from inmost deeps upglide."

Our next line is a bull, and not a roaring one, though borrowed from the ocean.

"And nought was heard awhile, save the *still water's splash.*"

But perhaps the fairest specimen of the poetry is to be found in the *to triumphe* on the victory of Navarin gained over the *Pascia*, as our author *spells* the Turkish commander. We can only cite a few verses.

"From ship to ship loud cheers responsive rung,
While, mad with joy, these lines the conquering seamen sung:—

'Who is he that can cope with the Queen of the Isles,
Though he boast of his politics, army, and wiles?
She stretches her arm, and the wide waters shake;
She sends forth her fleets, and proud capitals quake.

* * * *

We sigh but for glory, the pleasure of fighting
'Gainst Christians or Moslems, in battle delighting;
We care not for what nor for whom we draw swords,
Or civilised nations, or Turcoman hordes.

Then away let us hasten to where the tides roll
Of the dark Hellespont, along proud Istambol!
Let us hunt the grand sultan in midst of his slaves,
And teach him what foes are the sons of the waves!

And with footsteps of blood we will track the long streets,
We will circle the harem and rifle its sweets;
We will seek in the mazes of love and its risks,
The rewards of the brave, the fair Odalisques.

A health to our leaders, and those who were aiding!
Their lives be as long as their honours are fading!
Their actions recorded on History's page,
Who writes them the shortest will be the most sage.

Now turn we to Malta, on laurels reposing,
And leave to our betters the writing and prosing:
Let us kiss the fair damsels, and shew them our scars,
Then kiss them again, and return to the wars.'"

After this quotation, we deem no comment necessary: it speaks for itself, for the writer, and for us. We have only to say, that if his lines are parallels, we trust his latitudes are more correct; that he will fare better with tropics than with tropes; that his professional will be more secure than his poetical bays; and that if he has lost soundings in verse, he may be warned by the squall, and seek a *trade-wind*, hopeless here, in the seaman's regular course and quarter.

Historical Sketches of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and the principal Persons of that Period, &c. By W. D. Fellowes, Esq. 4to. pp. 508. London, 1828, J. Murray; Paris, Bobée and Hingray.

THAT the period of history to which this book relates is one of great interest, is not to be denied; and that it is worthy of illustration, is a point upon which we are well inclined to agree with the author. But the manner is also something to be considered. Mr. Fellowes sets out with reprinting the account of the king's trial and execution, from Nalson's Journal, accompanied by Historical Sketches, of which he says—"the Historical Sketches of the principal persons who were actors in this comprehensive political scene, which embrace the views and conduct of all the parties concerned, are chiefly taken from the Life of Clarendon and his History of the Rebellion; the Lives of the English Regicides, by Mr. Noble; the Memoirs of Sir Philip Warwick, in the Royal Library at Paris; also from some scarce tracts published at that period. And, after the most diligent search in their collection, the introduction of some very rare prints and outlines, by way of illustration, may be considered as enhancing the interest of the account of the ill-fated monarch's trial and execution." We have accordingly above fifty lithographic plates; but most of them are of the very lowest grade of art. Why the author should copy a very bad print of the beautiful statue at Charing Cross, we cannot conceive. Rosinante was not more unlike Bucephalus than the engraving is to the statue. Vandyck's exquisite portrait of the Earl of Strafford, too, is in the copy divested of all the heroic nobleness which is admirably expressed in the original; and another of the plates is inscribed, "the trial of Archbishop *Land* (Land), in the *hold* (old) House of Lords,"—as if the repetition of the blunders of the inscription had been a test of superior fidelity, which in this instance it is not.

Amidst a vast mass of historical extracts, many stale anecdotes are, perhaps unavoidably, obtruded on the reader. Whole pages from Laurence, Eachard, Heath, and Sir Edward Walker's Annals, which the author seems to consider as gleanings from *the most impartial* sources (see his Preface, p. ii.), are relieved by the remarks of Aubrey, and Lilly the astrologer, by accounts of King Charles's waistcoat, and of a picture made of the hair of the murdered monarch: these were scarcely worth repeating, any more than the stories told of Oliver Cromwell's boyhood, copied from the Biographia Britannica. The author is also very redundant on a point we should think now of very little importance. As it has never yet been proved who was the king's executioner, he has favoured us with every conjecture upon the subject, from that which attributes it to the common hangman, to that which hit upon my Lord Stair. We have, besides, a letter from Mr. Ellis, who takes credit for the discovery.

"*British Museum, Dec. 21, 1826.*

"Dear Sir,—It was not in my power to answer your note immediately, and I was therefore unwilling to detain your messenger. I certainly believe myself to have hit upon the person who beheaded poor King Charles; but he was not your old man. I have not my papers to refer to at the present moment, for they are with my printer; but the substance amounts to this, that the common executioner was really the person; that he died within six months after the beheading of the king; and that hence came the mystery attending the transaction. The clue which I first obtained to this was from an obscure publication of the time; and I traced the burial of the man in the register of the parish where he was interred, precisely according to the date given in the tract, together with a memorandum in the margin of the register (in a hand nearly, if not quite contemporary) that this person, Richard Brandon, was the man. The first person he had beheaded was Lord Strafford. You see I am very frank with you. Should you mention this circumstance of my discovery, have the goodness to name it as mine, and to add, that in the second series of the Original Letters, which will appear in a month or two, the proofs will form a note. I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"HENRY ELLIS."

Our first extract, by way of illustration, is a mere chance medley.

"It is a remarkable fact, which history was either too idle to ascertain, or too much ashamed to relate, that the arms of Cromwell communicated to Scotland, with other benefits, the first newspaper which had ever illuminated the gloom of the north. Each army carried its own printer with it; expecting either to convince by its reasoning, or to delude by its falsehood. King Charles carried Robert Barker with him to Newcastle, in 1639; and General Cromwell conveyed Christopher Higgins to Leith, in 1652. When Cromwell had here established a citadel, Higgins reprinted, in November of the same year, what had been already published at London:—A Diurnal of

some Passages and Affairs, for the information of the English Soldiers.— Mercurius Politicus was first reprinted at Leith, on the 26th of October, 1653. The reprinting of it was transferred to Edinburgh, in November, 1654; where it continued to be published till the 11th of April, 1660; and was then reprinted under the name of Mercurius Publicus."

The interest of this miscellany is enhanced by the publication of some original letters and autographs from the Grimsthorpe Papers: amongst these is a curious certificate of the city of Wesel, concerning Peregrine Lord Willoughby's birth there, 12th October, anno 1555.

"We, Burgomasters, Aldermen, and Counsellors of ye city of Wesel, in ye dutchy of Clere, certify by this present, that in ye Register-book of this city, in ye year 1555, ye 20th of November, is found what followes: In ye year one thousand five hundred fifty-five since Christ our Saviour was born of ye Virgin Mary, from ye creation of ye world five thousand five hundred twenty-three, and thirty-eight since ye true doctrine of ye Gospel was restored by Mr. Martin Luther, a Saturday being ye twelfth of October, ye most noble Lady Catherine, Baroness of Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk, in ye kingdom of England, wife to ye most noble Prince Sir Richard Bertie, of Eresby, in England, by ye grace of God, has been brought to bed of a son in this our city of Wesel, in ye dutchy of Clere; which son, on ye Monday immediately after his birth, that is, ye fourteenth of ye same month, was christened in our church, in ye suburb commonly call'd Upter Mathene, by Henry Bomelion, minister of ye same church, and was named Peregrine, because God had granted him to his pious parents in a foreign country, for their comfort in their exile. It was desired that it should be registered in ye annals. In testimony, we have sealled ye present with ye ordinary seal of ye city, and caused to be signed by ye clark in ye place of ye secretary deceased. Done at Wesel ye 19th of January, in ye year 1691.— Godfr. Nefen, in ye place of ye secretary deceased."

The following letter will also interest our readers, though decency compels us to omit the first of the bundle of which it forms one, in the Museum,—a strange epistle, which ought not to have been printed, however characteristic its temptations.

Letter from Charles the Second to Lord Clarendon. — In the British Museum. — Indorsed in Lord Clarendon's hand-writing, and addressed—For the Chancellor.

"*Hamton Court. Thursday morning.*

"I forgot when you weare heare last to desire you to give Brodericke good councell not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to lett him have a care how he is the authour of any scandelous reports; for if I finde him guilty of any such thing, I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life. And now I am entered on this matter, I thinke it very necessary to give you a little good councell, least you may thinke that by making a farther stirr in the business you may deverte me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to come, if I faile in the least degree of what I resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemain of my wives bed-chamber; and whosoever I finde endeavouring to hinder this resolution of myne (excepte it be only to myselfe), I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you, if you will oblige me eternally, make this businesse as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of, for I am resolved to go through with this matter, lett what will come on it, which againe I solemnly sweare before Almighty God; wherefore if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business; excepte it be to beate downe all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in; and whomsoever I finde to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may shew this letter to my Lord Lu^nt; and if you have bothe a minde to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in the matter. "CHARLES R."

His Majesty was in earnest, and so the lady became in time Duchess of Cleveland, and mother of Charles, George, and other Fitzroys.

Upon the whole, the want of arrangement and the want of authority are great defects in this volume, though it contains a mass of curious materials. Mr. Fellowes seems to have exercised no judgment upon it, but to have thrown every thing together that came uppermost — the received statements of one writer, and the doubtful and refuted statements of another, as if of the same value, without remark or discrimination. His work will, therefore, rather be sought as a curiosity, than respected as a history.

Notes of a Journey in the North of Ireland in the Summer of 1827; to which is added, a brief Account of the Siege of Londonderry, in 1689. Post 8vo. pp. 185. London, 1828. Baldwin and Co.

WE are now so much accustomed to receive various and contradictory accounts from Ireland and of every thing Irish, that we should probably have contented ourselves (particularly as the volume before us is from the pen of a lady) with stating, that it is formed of some slight travelling notes, with copious extracts from Wright's Guide to the Giant's Causeway, Hamilton's Letters on the Coast of Antrim, &c.; and that its type, paper,* and illustrations from the clever pencil of George Petrie, are excellent. But we must say a little more, because, since the days of the celebrated "Dicky Twiss," (whom we observe our fair author has consulted, p. 110,) so complete a libel on a fine but unfortunate country has not appeared. As, however, the information, observations, and style, are all equally ambitious and equally feeble, we will be gentle, and dismiss the volume with an extract or two, merely to prove our assertions; and we trust that the writer of these Notes, evidently once an actress, and now a pious person of extraordinary endurance (feeling unwearied at a sermon of an hour and twenty minutes, p. 33) may look with more charity towards her neighbours, as well as, after our leniency, keep her promise to the public, and "endeavour to make amends by retiring, like the snail at the grasshopper's feast, to 'her own little chamber,' where, ensconcing herself beneath the panoply of her native obstinacy, she will *manfully* resist every temptation from friends (well-intentioned though they be) to re-appear in the character of a tourist, either upon *this stage or any other*." Preface, p. v.

"I am willing to make excuse for you, my good Catholic Paddy; still I do not like you altogether: your ways are not ways of pleasantness; and so evil is the report that is gone forth respecting you, that we do not calculate upon finding peace in your paths. And, Paddy, you have withal a significant spark in your eye, that, methinks, a little fuel would soon kindle into an inextinguishable flame; and, moreover, you have a servility in your demeanour, a cunning flattery in your address, incompatible with uprightness of intention and singleness of heart. I have no desire to dwell with you, in order to try the experiment of cultivating your regard, lest I should find your affection as encroaching and troublesome as your hatred is vindictive and cruel. When I hear that means are to be employed to promote your *effectual* improvement, I respect the motive, and cordially wish success to an undertaking so laudable. At the same time, I marvel upon what fibre of the tangled and mystic root of your character these wise and skilful operators will commence their labour of love, for the purpose of making the tree good; because we do not expect 'to gather figs from thistles:' and I tell you plainly, that we shall never place implicit dependance upon your good faith or good conduct, so long as you,

'Lay the flattering unction to your soul,'

that to dabble in a temporal spring will absolve you from your sins, or that they may be bleached to emulate the snow upon a bush in the form of a rag."

And again:

"'England! with all thy faults, I love thee still!'

This beautiful apostrophe, which emanated from the pen of our immortalised bard, and which has since been echoed and re-echoed by wits and witlings of every description, in every variety of tone, cadence, and circumstance, appears to harmonise peculiarly with the feelings, when returning from a country whose habits in some respects differ essentially from our own. Had the gentle and sensitive author traversed this picturesque land; had he felt the inconvenience of cutting his own bread and butter, and peeling his own potatoes; had he bewailed the delinquency of tardy waiters and slippery chamber-maids; had he been annoyed with the cloudiness of seldom-cleaned windows, and the dinginess of not too frequently brushed door-stones—true, these are trifles, but

'Trifles make the sum of human things!'

and then, had the good man returned to his own England, where he knew he should find the picture reversed, and countless advantages besides, he would have hugged the dear conviction to his heart, and have neither heard, felt, nor seen, one single fault she has."

We will give a specimen of style, and then conclude.

"This morning we bade adieu to Londonderry, and to the kind friends who have done so much to make it agreeable.

'Farewell! a word that must be,
A sound which makes us linger: yet, farewell!'

Adieu to thee, lovely city—'queen of the north!' to thy ample flood, thy hoary mountains, and thy sheltered valleys! We have gazed upon ye in the freshness of early morn, in the sobriety of dewy eve, in storm and in sunshine, and ye were ever interesting. We may never see you more; but your pleasant impression upon our memories will not be soon or easily obliterated."

The account of the Giant's Causeway commences at page 76, from which to page 79 is an extract from Wright's Guide Book; from page 79 to page 83 is, in continuation, an

* Printed at Louth, by J. and J. Jackson, Market-Place; and a highly creditable specimen of typography it is to the Irish press.

extract from Hamilton's Antrim; page 83 is an extract, in further continuation, from Quillinan's "Dunluce Castle," a favourite poem with the writer of these Notes; and no wonder, when it contains such military *lines* as, no

"—— human hand had laid
That sea-invading esplanade."

And

"For there in wildest fury frantic
For ever roars the vast Atlantic."

From page 83 to page 85 we have Wright again, with a long note from Hume's History of England! And so on; but amidst this direct and open pillage of ten successive pages, we find Sir Walter Scott's ballad of "Bonnie Dundee," (which we first printed by permission in the *Literary Gazette*), taken without the slightest mention of the source from whence it was derived, that pretty Juvenile Annual the Christmas Box, and given as if it had been communicated direct by the writer.

Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

We briefly mentioned this work some weeks ago (June 21st), and noticed the author's journey across the Andes into Peru, and his gallant services in the Patriot cause, both with Lord Cochrane and the native armies. His personal adventures form a prominent feature in these various scenes; and his accounts of a multitude of the persons who have acted conspicuous parts in the struggle, as well as of the leading incidents, vicissitudes, intrigues, murders, battles, and massacres, in which they figured, give great animation to the Memoirs. As we have frequently, however, in the course of our critical career, gone over the ground of the old Spanish oppressions in South America, the revolts of the natives, and the results of their collision, we shall not again travel through the painful details. General Gu. Martin, now a resident at Brussels, where he is educating his only daughter, enjoys the honour of having founded the independence of Peru; but its several revolutions after his resignation and departure, in 1822, finally terminated in the decisive battle of Ayacucho, December 1824, of which we shall insert General Miller's description, as a fair specimen of his interesting publication. On the 3d the patriots had been severely handled.

"General Sucre conducted the retreat with skill, but his numbers were so alarmingly reduced, that nothing but some desperate effort was likely to save his army from destruction. The viceroy sent detachments to Masca, Mayoc, and other defiles, to render them impassable, and to destroy the bridges. The Indians of Guanta, Guancavelica, Chincheros, Huando, and the adjacent villages, had been induced to rise against the liberating army. They had assassinated upwards of one hundred sick with their escorts, together with the escorts of some of the baggage. The hills which overlook the village of Quinua were occupied by hostile Indians, who had the boldness to approach within half a mile of the patriot encampment, and succeeded in capturing several head of oxen from a party of dragoons. During the preceding fortnight, the casualties of the liberating army had not been less than 1000, so that at Quinua it amounted to less than 6000 effective men. The cavalry, having lost their mules at Corpaguayco, were obliged to walk and lead their horses, many of which became disabled in consequence of having cast their shoes. A patriot battalion, and some detachments of convalescents, on their way from Xauxa to join the liberating army, were attacked in the dark by the Indians of Huando, and obliged to retreat with loss. Every circumstance seemed to concur to increase the gloom which overhung the prospects of the patriots. They could not retreat; they could not attack the royalists, on account of the abrupt ravine, 200 yards deep, between the two armies; and want of provisions would have rendered their remaining in that position five days longer impossible. All was now ominous and fearful; but the spirits and courage of the republicans appeared to rise in proportion as the affairs became more desperate; and it will soon be seen what brave men, ably led on, can effect in the cause of liberty. * * *

"The night of the 8th was one of deep and anxious interest. A battle was inevitable on the following day, and that battle was to decide the destinies of South America. The patriots were aware that they had to contend with twice their own numbers; and that nothing but a decisive victory could save them and their country from ignominious servitude. The patriot *soldier* might indeed expect to escape with *life*, reduced to the condition of a slave; but with the patriot generals and officers, it was only a choice between death and victory. They knew full well what would be the cruel policy of the Spaniards if they proved victorious. The viceroy was, it is true, a man of humane disposition; but the individual who counselled Monet to shoot two patriot officers in the pass of San Mateo, and the other man (if such he may be called) who ran his sword through the wounded and defenceless Major Gumer, on the field at Ica, were, with others, of a character equally sanguinary amongst the advisers of Laserna; and it is extremely probable that unsparing executions would have been resorted to in the hope of destroying the very germ of future insurrection. Every one felt that the approaching battle was to have no common result. The morning of the 9th dawned particularly fine. At first there was a chilness in the air which seemed to influence the minds of the men; but when the sun arose above the mountain, the effects of its genial warmth became manifest in the raised spirits of the soldiers. The men on both sides were observed rubbing their hands, and exhibiting every token of content and satisfaction. At nine A.M. the division Villalobos began to descend. The viceroy on foot placed himself at its head, and the files wound down the craggy side of Condorkanki, obliquing a little to their left. The division Monet, forming the royalist right, commenced at the same time to defile directly into the plain. The cavalry, leading their horses, made the same movement, though with greater difficulty, at intervals, between the infantry of each division. As the files arrived on the plain, they formed into column. This was a moment of extraordinary interest. It appeared as though respiration were suspended by feelings of anxiety, mingled with doubts and hope. It was during this operation, which had an imposing effect, that General Sucre rode along his own line, and, addressing a few emphatic words to each corps, recalled to memory its former achievements. He then placed himself in a central point, in front of his line, and in an inspiring tone of voice, said, 'That upon the efforts of that day depended the fate of South America;' then pointing to the descending columns, he assured his men, 'that another day of glory was about to crown their admirable constancy.' This animating address of the general produced an electric effect, and was answered by enthusiastic '*vivas*.' By the time that rather more than half the royalist divisions, Monet and Villalobos, had reached and formed upon the arena, General Sucre ordered the division Cordova and two regiments of cavalry to advance to the charge. The gallant Cordova dismounted, and placed himself about fifteen yards in front of his division, formed into four parallel columns with the cavalry in the interval. Holding his hat with his left hand above his head, he exclaimed, *Adelante, paso de vencedores* (onwards, with the step of conquerors). These words, pronounced with dignified animation, were heard distinctly throughout the columns, which, inspired by the gallant bearing of their leader, moved to the attack in the finest possible order. The Spaniards stood firmly and full of apparent confidence. The viceroy, Monet, and Villalobos, were seen at the head of their divisions, superintending the formation of their columns as they reached the plain. The hostile bayonets crossed, and for three or four minutes the two parties were seen struggling together, so as to leave it doubtful which would give way. At this moment the Colombian cavalry, headed by Colonel Silva, charged. This brave officer fell covered with wounds, but the intrepidity of the onset was irresistible. The royalists lost ground, and were driven to the heights of Condorkanki with great slaughter. The vice-king was wounded and taken prisoner. As the fugitives climbed the sides of Condorkanki, the patriots kept up a well-directed fire, and numbers of the enemy were seen to drop and roll down, till their progress was arrested by the brush-wood, or some jutting crag. General Miller, who had accompanied Cordova's division, perceiving its complete success, returned to the regiment of Usares de Junin, which fortunately, as it subsequently turned out, had been left in reserve. At dawn of day, the royalist division, Valdez, had commenced a detour of nearly a league. Descending the sides of Condorkanki on the north, Valdez placed himself on the left of the patriots at musket-shot distance, separated by a ravine. At the important moment of the battle just described, he opened a heavy fire from four field-pieces and a battalion in extended files. By this, he obliged two battalions of the Peruvian division, De la Mar, to fall back. The Colombian battalion, Bargas, sent to support the Peruvian division, also began to give way. Two royalist battalions crossed the deep ravine, already spoken of, on the left, and advanced in double-quick time in pursuit of the retiring patriots. At this critical juncture, General Miller led the hussars of Junin against the victorious Spaniards, and by a timely charge drove them back, and followed them across the ravine, being farther supported by the *granaderos à cavallo*, and by the division La Mar, which had rallied. The artillery of Valdez was taken; his cavalry retired; and his infantry dispersed. The royalists had now lost the battle, and fled to the ridge from which they had descended in the morning with so much confidence. The action lasted an hour. Fourteen hundred royalists were killed, and seven hundred wounded; and they lost fifteen pieces of artillery. The loss on the part of the patriots was three hundred and seventy killed, and six hundred and nine wounded. * *

"The plan of the royalists was to wait until Valdez had outflanked the left of Sucre's position, from which, having driven the patriots, the viceroy was to advance and complete the victory. The mistake of the viceroy in attacking at all, originated in suffering himself to be impelled to it by the eagerness of his

troops. Their patience had been worn out by the terrible marches, which appeared to them to be endless. At Guamanguilla a system of pasquinading had been adopted. The tents of the viceroy, of Canterac, and others, had various lampoons pasted on them; and it may be fairly said, that they were goaded into a general action contrary to their own judgment. The royalists, upon regaining the height of Condorkanki, rallied as many of their defeated troops as they possibly could. The patriot divisions La Mar and Lara gained the summit of the heights at about one P.M. Shortly before sunset General Canterac sued for terms, and within an hour rode down himself to the tent of Sucre, where a capitulation was agreed upon. Generals Laserna, Canterac, Valdez, Carratala, Monet, Villalobos, Ferras, Bedoya, Somocursio, Cacho, Atero, Landazuri, Garcia-Camba, Pardo, Vigil, and Tur; 16 colonels, 68 lieutenant-colonels, 484 officers, 3200 rank and file, became prisoners of war. The rest had dispersed.—The battle of Ayacucho was the most brilliant ever fought in South America. The troops on both sides were in a state of discipline which would have been creditable to the best European armies. The ablest generals and chiefs of either party were present. And it is difficult to say which army most panted for an appeal to the sword; and every man fought with undaunted bravery. What the patriots wanted in numbers was made up by enthusiasm, and by a perfect knowledge that, if beaten, retreat was utterly impracticable. It was not a victory of mere chance, but the result of the most determined bravery, and an irresistible onset conceived and executed at the proper moment."

There are some curious anecdotes added to the history of this fight, so memorable in its consequences; but we have only room for the following:—

"The men of one squadron and all the officers of a royalist cavalry regiment wore silver helmets. These became the objects of the particular attention of the patriot soldiers during the pursuit. Some had the presence of mind to save themselves by throwing off their helmets, which, like the golden apples of Hippomenes, did not fail to arrest the progress of their pursuers. These silver baits proved as irresistible to the patriot soldiers as the apples to Atalanta. In a few hours every silver helmet had changed, not exactly heads, but owners; for all were broken up and stowed away in the valises of the captors. * * *

"General Miller continued to be occupied on various duties till a very late hour. About midnight he visited the captive viceroy, General La Serna, who had been placed in one of the best of the miserable habitations of Quinua. When Miller entered, he found the viceroy sitting on a bench, and leaning against the mud wall of the hut. A feeble glimmering from the wick of a small earthen lamp threw just enough light around to render visible his features, which were shaded by his white hair, still partially clotted with blood from the wound he had received. His person, tall, and at all times dignified, now appeared most venerable and interesting. The attitude, the situation, and the scene altogether, was precisely that which an historical painter would have chosen to represent the dignity of fallen greatness. Reflecting on the vicissitudes of fortune, it may be imagined with what feelings Miller advanced towards the man, who, but a few hours previously, had exercised a kingly power. The viceroy was the first to speak, and holding out his hand, said, 'You, general, we all know full well: we have always considered you as a *personal* friend, notwithstanding all the mischief you have done, and the state of alarm in which you have so repeatedly kept us. In spite of my misfortunes, I rejoice to see you.' The viceroy afterwards observed, that a sentry had been placed, as he supposed by some mistake, in the same room with him, and that, in the confusion and hurry of the time, his own wound had not been even washed. General Miller immediately ordered the guard outside, and sent for a surgeon. When the wound was dressed, Miller, in tendering his farther services, told the viceroy, that the only refreshment he had it in his power to offer was a little tea, which he happened to have with him, and which he believed no other person in the army could supply. The viceroy, enfeebled by loss of blood, appeared to revive at the very mention of this beverage. He said, 'it is indeed the only thing I could now take. One cup of it would reanimate and keep me from sinking.' When the tea was brought, the venerable viceroy drank it with eagerness, and was perhaps more grateful for this seasonable relief than for any kindness or favour he had ever received. He expressed his acknowledgments in the warmest terms to Miller, who felt peculiar gratification in having it in his power to pay this small attention to the distinguished prisoner. He had been long before informed that the viceroy had repeatedly declared, that in the event of his (Miller's) being taken prisoner, that he should be treated as a brother (*como hermano*), and furnished with ample means to return to his own country, the only condition meant to be imposed upon him. Laserna commenced his career in the Spanish artillery, and, when lieutenant-colonel, served under the celebrated Palafox, at Saragossa, in 1809. Laserna has withdrawn from public life, and resides in his native town of Xeres de la Frontera, in Andalusia. After taking leave of the viceroy, General Miller called upon General Sucre, where he found General Canterac and some Spanish officers who had accompanied him to Quinua, to arrange the terms of the capitulation. They took up their quarters in Miller's hut for the remainder of the night. They laid themselves down upon the earthen floor, where it was difficult to find a dry spot, as the rain pelted through several parts of the roof: notwithstanding which, they all soon fell asleep, with the exception of Canterac and Miller, who conversed for some time on the varying events of the last campaign. The former was in a state of great excitement, and repeatedly exclaimed, 'General Miller—General Miller—all this appears to be a dream! (*éste parece sueno!*) how strange is the fortune of war! Who would have said, twenty-four hours ago, that I should have been your guest? but it cannot be helped: the harassing war is now over, and, to tell you the truth, we were all heartily tired of it.' General Canterac is a Frenchman."

Here we must end; and have only again to recommend these volumes to the public, as being very illustrative of the war for South American independence. Some good maps, &c. also give them a lasting interest of another kind.

A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany; giving some Account of the Operas of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, &c. &c. By a Musical Professor. 12mo. pp. 286. London, 1828. Hunt and Clarke.

MUSIC is widely cultivated in Germany; and the country can not only boast of much vocal talent, but of an almost general knowledge and appreciation of that branch of the profession, as well as of instrumental compositions and mixed performances, whether military band, sacred masses, chorus, opera, or oratorio. Our author having made a gratifying tour among the gratifications thus presented to the musical amateur, and enjoyed the hospitalities of a kindly people, has transcribed his feelings, and related his observations, in a manner peculiarly pleasing; and it is long since we have met with a volume of less pretence, containing more to interest the reader.

His summer musical ramble commences at Antwerp; and he continues to give us, in a playful style, an account of all the memorabilia connected with music and its professors that struck him as curious; and occasionally notices of other kinds, which vary and lighten the scientific details. These we shall open with an anecdote, &c.

"It may serve as a characteristic anecdote of the German dilettanti in music, to relate, that having some business with an ambassador, a domestic ushered me into the chamber of audience, where I found the secretary of that accomplished diplomatist, having thrown aside his papers and documents, standing in his shirt over a violin concerto of Mayseder, and labouring hard at its passages. It was evident he did not expect visitors. Having, therefore, apologised for receiving me in that airy dress, which I presume he had selected during the warm weather for a greater freedom of his bow-arm, he laid down his instrument, and retiring into an inner chamber, came forth in a morning gown, and settled my business with perfect coolness and composure. A rencontre of this kind is so completely opposed to the formality and ceremony which is naturally expected in official people, that it upsets one's gravity for the instant; but upon maturer reflection, it should produce admiration at that indifference to vulgar prejudices and decorum which does not sacrifice a tasteful employment, or a buoyant costume, for the risk of being surprised in a lapse of dignity. The itinerant musicians in Germany, who go about the country in small bands, like wandering Troubadours, are a class so clever and eminent in their way as to deserve notice. For a few florins these poor fellows will amuse you with such an exhibition of tone and skill as would set up an English artist of the first water. They are a set of poor but merry companions, with as little discord in their social intercourse as disturbs the harmony of their instruments; happy in spite of threadbare coats, and sunburnt, weather-beaten faces, but with a gentility of mind (owing to their acquaintance with music) much superior to other people of their *caste*. A friend invited me to an evening concert, in which were performed the overtures and various pieces from the Don Juan and Clemenza di Tito of Mozart, excellently arranged as sestetts for two clarionets, two bassoons, and two horns: there was not power enough for the full pieces, but the airs pleased me exceedingly, being blown with so subdued and mellow a tone as might have been borne in a small room. This *harmonie musik*, as it is termed, is a species entirely of German cultivation; and I suspect that the wrath of old Dominico Scarlatti against wind instruments might be appeased, were he to hear how skilfully they are tempered. One of the performers gratified me with a piece of sentiment which I did not expect from a person of his appearance: after playing a tender air from an opera of Mozart, he said, 'I

think the composer means that the lady feels pain here,' placing his hand on his heart."

Another extract.

"In the opinion of the musical people here, there is no operatic writer at present living in Germany whose natural gifts have been more abused than those of Spontini. They are right in saying that the French have spoilt what was originally good in this composer. Every fresh opera which was intended by Spontini to make a sensation among the Parisians, had more horns or trombones than the last; and to carry this excitement to a higher pitch of the *frappant*, he in one of his compositions introduced the Cyclops at work, each hammering on a gong; a very laughable mode of being original, as, if degrees of noise constitute those of excellence in music, what dire explosion will it be that gives the *ultimatum* of the art, and decides what is to be considered as its perfection? In a composer who, like Spontini, was capable of imitating Gluck, the extravagance is less pardonable than in a mere adventurer. Of these tricks, which lower the intellectual quality of music (as if its expression could really be heightened by pieces of stage effect), one is recorded of Sarti, who actually caused cannon to be fired during certain pauses of a miserere composed for the Russians. Such devices, however they may succeed at first, will not attain their object a second time, and may so cure themselves; but there must be as much effrontery required to exercise them as was possessed by the celebrated French preacher, who, having set before his hearers with great eloquence the terrors of the last judgment, described the Omnipotent surrounded by his angels, and dwelt upon heavenly joys and infernal agonies, while they listened with rapt attention, suddenly caused a trumpet to be blown (which he had preconcerted), and the congregation were thrown into a great panic, naturally concluding that it was the sound of that trump of which they were so earnestly thinking. The musician may, however (like Rousseau from his mad sinfonia, and Dr. Busby from his oratorio for three orchestras), escape from the performance of his composition; and if he be inclined to try fanciful experiments, I think it is the most sensible plan he can adopt.—Some specimens of the English composers are now for the first time appearing here in numbers, and the work might be, if properly conducted, such as to raise the character of the English as composers to that degree of esteem in which our old cathedral masters richly deserve it should be held, and to rescue us from the imputation we enjoy abroad—of not being able to get beyond a ditty. This publication, which consists exclusively of vocal compositions, confounds all styles and names, ancient and modern,—and it is evidently conducted by one who does not know where to place his hand upon our most valuable performances in church music and madrigals. Morley, M. P. King, and Webbe, are classed together in it, as if those composers could convey any idea of the truly unrivalled skill in vocal canons and other pieces of learned counterpoint with which Purcell and his compeers have immortalised their names. When Dr. Boyce's great collection of our cathedral music is well known in Germany, then, and not till then, will the Germans know what masterly invention, both as to science and feeling, have originated in our country."

That we may enjoy the *original* ideas of some of the German music at least, the following may be a key:—"I was informed that the fine quartett of Mozart in D minor (which was played during the evening) was written by that composer under great mental depression, his wife being at the time under the actual pangs of her confinement. This history of a celebrated work is worth preservation." [We rather think it is *not*; but *il fanatico* will account for any absurdity.] Music, however, with all its powers, will not explain the next trait.

"The Bavarian women are celebrated for their innate kindness and goodness of heart; and there is a saying with respect to them, which has grown in some parts of the country almost proverbial—'Sie werden nichts abschlagen,'—'they will refuse nothing.' Whether such an observation may be borne out in fact, in its widest application, I presume not to say; but their friendly natures are sufficiently evident. A young opera-singer of Munich, who travelled with me, having worn himself out by excess of joking and laughter during the day, became sleepy in the evening; and, not occupying a corner of the coach, found his head rather inconvenient. A Bavarian lady, who sat next to him, protesting that she could never sleep in a coach, surrendered her place to him; and in a few minutes his head was recumbent on her shoulder, his arm round her waist, and he slept profoundly. When the coach stopped to change horses, I walked with my musical friend to view the ruins of a little Gothic church in the moonlight; and on asking him if he was acquainted with the lady on whose shoulder he had slept so well, he replied, 'I have never seen her before—but we do these things for one another in Bavaria.'"

At Berlin we have a high encomium upon a female singer, which, from the taste and judgment of the writer, we receive as well deserved.

"Of the Iphigenia of Mademoiselle Scheckner I cannot speak with any feeling short of rapture: a better voice, a more chastened style, both in recitative and song, has never been heard on the stage—besides, she has faith in the capability of Gluck. This prima donna is about eighteen years of age, and a visitor at Berlin from Munich: she is a beautiful girl, who gives up all her young enthusiasm to music, without an atom of that self-sufficiency which is too frequently taken for science. During the whole of this arduous attempt, I did not detect a single false intonation—which, by the by, was lucky, for the pit and boxes in Berlin are enormously critical, and can tell wrong notes from right ones."

"Mademoiselle Scheckner has, in sustaining the first part of a one-act opera, entitled Cordelia, done more for her reputation as a singer than even by her performance in Gluck's opera. The music of this piece, which is by Kreutzer, more resembles one impassioned scena for a soprano than an opera: it is in a very grand style of composition, and very nearly an hour long. In a girl only eighteen years old, I have never met with any attempt so arduous and so successful; and the last is owing entirely to her having an intense perception of her author's meaning, and a total destitution of vanity and affectation."*

Let us contrast this with another.

"At the König Städtisches Theater (there are three here in constant play) Mademoiselle Sontag is the presiding deity—the goddess of the students, and the Vestris of Berlin: and few there are whose hearts are fenced with such impenetrable buff as to rebel against her sovereignty, or refuse to adore. When the lady plays, the doors and lobby of the theatre are beset by all the wild youths of the city, each of whom would consider himself a traitor to the cause of beauty if he did not contribute all that in him lay to make the entrance as much like a bear-garden as possible: there is no such thing as attaining to a song here but at the expense of *mobbing*, rib-squeezing, and considerable condensation of the person. Those who expect to find in Mademoiselle Sontag a musical genius, will be disappointed: nor do I think her fame would have reached England, had it not been for certain circumstances of gossip unconnected with her profession. The lady is of middling height, well formed, with fair hair, and a set of little features which have a kind expression in them. To venture upon elaborate praise of the complexion and shape of an actress, as it may involve a eulogium on the perfumer or staymaker, which is not intended for those worthies, would be imprudent as well as presumptuous. Mademoiselle Sontag has a pleasant quality of voice, with a small quantity of tone in it, but with plenty of flexibility; an endowment which she displays so frequently, that if one could but check the fluttering, unstaple, whimsical little creature, a long breathing clear note would be invaluable. Her highest praise is said to be, that she sings Rossini's music perfectly, and joins to this great *naïveté* in her acting, and that such qualifications for a performer are seldom found in company. In a French opera by Auber, of which the German version is called Der Schnee (The Snow), Mademoiselle Sontag turns the heads of the whole town: in this piece the audience is charmed with every flourish, enraptured with every look, movement, or gesture; and as to her playfulness, it is seen with ecstasy. The fact is, that Mademoiselle Sontag is not tried at the severe tribunal of the German opera in Berlin, but sings at a theatre where three parts of the people come to see her alone; and among her admirers are certainly not to be reckoned those whose judgment in musical matters is of the clearest. The dispassionate, unprejudiced listener discovers little more to admire in her roulades than he has heard hundreds of times in those of other singers. Mademoiselle Sontag has a distinct articulation, and deals in all the minutiæ of refinement; but in a sustained *cantabile*, that sort of movement in which the soul of the singer looks out, she is lamentably deficient. It is the leaven of Catalani's bad style which has deteriorated the taste of the present day, and directly opposes it to a simple and natural mode of expression."

We must reserve a few further extracts till our next.

* M. Laporte must try to get her over.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Present State of the Tenancy of Land in Great Britain; shewing the principal Customs and Practices between Incoming and Outgoing Tenants; and the most usual Method under which Land is now held in the several Counties: from a Survey made in 1827 *and* 1828, by the Authors, L. Kennedy and T. B. Grainger. 8vo. pp. 384. London, J. Ridgway.

THE title-page almost sufficiently expounds the character of this volume; but we would substitute England for "Great Britain;" as only two Scots counties, Berwickshire and East Lothian, are included in the author's views. An able Introduction dwells on the danger of too great a depreciation of agricultural produce; and furnishes much valuable original informa-

tion on the subjects most interesting to landlords and tenants. On the whole, we consider the work to be not only valuable from the intelligence it has collected, but still more so from the excellent hints and suggestions which the authors throw out on many topics of the utmost consequence to every class of agriculturists, and to the country at large.

Farewell to Time: or, Last Views of Life, and Prospects of Immortality. Including Devotional Exercises to be used by the Sick, or by those who minister to them. By the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice." 12mo. pp. 499. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd: London, Whittaker.

THIS is a book of pure and beautiful Christian devotion, rendered the more effectual from being founded, in all its sentiments, on natural affections and rational piety. There is hardly a trouble or trial in this world which its simplicity, pathos, and consolatory suggestions, may not help to soothe; and we sincerely recommend it to every class, but particularly to the afflicted and bereaved.

Mr. Denman's Inaugural Discourse at the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution. E. Wilson.

A PAMPHLET of sixteen pages, and not remarkable either for acuteness of observation or depth of thought. We might have expected better things from the eminent character of the learned Common Sergeant; but it often happens, that great abilities, employed on matters easy to inferior talents, but out of the pale of their usual direction, cannot master the veriest trifle, though competent to grapple with the greatest difficulty.

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. I.

[In an age when education is so much spoken of; when so many and so various plans are continually devised for the better instruction of the young, the poor, and the hitherto neglected; when almost every place has its system, and almost every hour its publication;—we trust we may do a general service to the community by briefly characterising a series of those numerous works which have accumulated on our hands, relating to every kind of discipline and tuition. Our purpose is neither to generalise nor philosophise on new theories and debatable principles; but simply to consider each production separately upon its own merits, state its pretensions, and give a fair and candid opinion upon its utility or defects. These papers shall be but short, and will not, therefore, occupy much of our room or much of our reader's time: we hope also, that if they do not furnish amusement, they may at least be profitably consulted by teachers and parents.]

Cursory Thoughts on Education; with a Preface by the Rev. Brian Hill, A.M. 12mo. pp. 38. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS little essay broaches a very plausible theory of education, evidently formed on the principles of reason, and particularly inculcating the necessity of blending religious impressions with moral and literary instruction. On the latter account it would be peculiarly worthy of consideration by the Council of the London University, did its scope include so advanced a period of education: at all events, the principles of the writer might be advantageously studied. The treatise is written in a plain and familiar style, and (to use the words of the rev. editor in his preface) "contains many striking thoughts, and is calculated to be highly beneficial to those who are concerned in the education of children."

The Boy's own Book; a complete Encyclopædia of all the Diversions, athletic, scientific, and recreative, of Boyhood and Youth. pp. 448. Vizatelly, Branston, and Co.

SOME part of this compilation deserves considerable praise, but there is at the same time much to condemn.

The Boy's own Book professes to present to his notice all the principal amusements and recreative occupations which may afford him pleasure in his time of play; and we think, that in concocting such a book, due care ought to have been pre-eminently taken to present such things only as could conduce to unexceptionable and conscientious pleasure—such as would have rendered the book entirely fit to put at any time into the hands of any boy. This absolute desideratum, we lament to say, has evidently been forgotten. Leaving it to the heads of families in general to decide whether such things as "Fencing," "the Pigeon, Rabbit, and Bird Fancier," &c. (in which the directions as regards breeding, &c. are very unfit for youth), are proper or necessary to be included in a directory of sports for children, we must give our unqualified vote of condemnation against the introduction of *games of chance*, or *feats of legerdemain*, in such a work. Are not the unworthy arts of gambling and jugglery, and with them the vices of artfulness, low cunning, avarice, deceit, and numerous other evils, readily enough to be attained by youth, without the aid of instruction during the years of childhood and tuition? What must be thought by any person of proper feeling, of those who unhesitatingly endeavour to instil the art of cruelty into infant minds? Yet, in the *Boy's own Book* we find them (in the article of angling) instructed to pass the hook carefully through live bait, and to sew up the mouth, taking care, at the same time, not to kill it. Thus, in p. 85, we are told that "a live bait should have a number 3 or 4 hook passed through its lips, or the flesh beneath the back fin, taking care not to wound the back-bone, or the bait will soon die"!! This is a sample of the instruction intended in the *Boy's own Book* for the rising generation. Again, to justify the introduction of games of chance to the attention of children, the editor remarks, "as in the case of chess, bets are seldom made upon the game of draughts; it cannot therefore be deemed in any manner conducive to gambling, which we most earnestly entreat our young readers on all possible occasions to avoid, as they value their present comfort and future welfare." In this entreaty, as sincere friends to youth, we most heartily join; but we leave it to moralists, to fathers and mothers, to say, whether the best method of preventing a love of gambling in young minds, is to initiate them in the first principles of the destructive attainment, by teaching them games and juggling tricks with cards?

Had the *Boy's own Book* been confined within the limits of its "minor and athletic sports," &c. it would have been an amusing and unobjectionable present for youth; but, in its present state, no parent safely can, and no prudent parent will, submit it to the inspection of his children.

Rhymes on Geography and History. By W. S. Sankey, A.M. 12mo. pp. 47. Whittaker.

THE object of this little work is laudable and reasonable, that of blending amusement with instruction; but we advise the author to bear instruction more in view, and indulge less in metaphysical disquisition and dissertations on the derivation of names. Such things are ridiculous when introduced in a work intended solely for children; and for no other class of readers are these Rhymes calculated. The poetry of the work is very insipid, but, perhaps, for that reason, much easier for infant minds. By attending more strictly to the simple objects of his undertaking, in its succeeding parts, Mr. Sankey may, probably, produce a trifle of considerable utility to the instructors of childhood.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 1.

EACH time I have the pleasure to address you, I long for an earthquake shock, or the promised comet, which is to put us all in confusion—in fact, for any phenomenon, to give the world a jog, so as to turn things out of the common routine, and thus afford some variety to my pen; for to be ever weaving news from the same subjects, is as insipid as eating *toujours perdrix*, and must be more indigestible to my readers. Even in this capital of capitals, where invention is always on the alert to kill old Time, and keep *ennui* at bay, there is a dead sameness in what is denominated pleasure; nor as yet has any one discovered an effectual specific against yawning, or a means of putting *la tristesse* to flight, except for the moment. Prayers now seem a *passe-temps à la mode*—at least, churches are so crowded at fashionable hours, that it is quite impossible to squeeze through the throng, except at the risk of *gigot* sleeves being sadly maltreated, wigs tumbled off, false *tournours* torn away, and all the little hidden vanities of this wicked life brought to light. Contrary to the good maxim of not judging one another, it is the first impulse experienced in contemplating the numerous congregations convened in these sanctified places; for one involuntarily questions the motives of each individual's presence there. The assembly appears to me to be divided into three orders; first, old dames, meagre as penitents at the end of Lent, who having abandoned the freshness and warmth of their youth to earthly enjoyments, deem it but fair, just, and right, to dedicate their decayed and faded *beaux restes*, or more literally speaking, ugly remains, to Heaven: secondly, ladies whose purses refuse them the gratification of indulging in feasting or luxury, or paying up the sighs of pennyless youths, and who therefore, *faute des mieux*, turn furious devotees, rail at those who are more fortunate, and digest their spleen by *Aves Marias*: thirdly, come the speculators—some for wives, some for places, not in heaven, but on earth,—for piety paves the way to honours here below:—so you may imagine what ultra grimacing goes forward, as according to the distortion of the "human face divine," is judged the ardour of religious feelings;—eyes turned almost inside out, cheeks drawn in, mouth dragged down, body bent to the ground, are the imageries best adapted to catch the eye of monsieur le curé, or other spiritual spies, who grant their protection in proportion to the hideous zeal displayed by the most adept hypocrites, *car il faut trancher le mot*. Sometimes it may happen that a good sermon is preached; but the constant buzz, blowing of noses, coughing, &c. prevents either hearing or following the discourse; and we may say of the lecturer

"Il parle—il se tait—qu'a-t-il-dit?
On l'ignore, et l'on applaudit."

En attendant the *sortie* of the multitude from chapel are a numerous swarm of beggars, that speculate on the tender feelings inspired by religion, and therefore hold out their hands to the *passants*, who, indeed, seldom refuse to give a slight donation. It is said that some of these mendicants are rich; but their appear-

mates, generally speaking, is horrifying and humiliating to those possessed of the same nature. Infirmity, filth of apparel, and distorted countenances, often render these wretched creatures the objects of disgust rather than of pity: in fact, some of them appear scarcely human; for, owing to over-work, and carrying weights above their strength when young, many are completely doubled in two, and unable to stand upright.

The theatre named l'Ambigu Comique, he rival of La Gaieté, which was burnt down some time ago, is rebuilt, and ready to receive the public. The edifice is far from being superb; but three ranges of columns, rising one above another, and forming three different porticoes, give a very fine effect, and attract the eye: the first range of columns is of the Doric order, the second Ionic, and the third Corinthian; thus, consisting of a mixture of different orders, it is criticised by connoisseurs in architecture. I think half the theatres will soon be converted into chapels; for the latter have increased and multiplied out of all proportion. Since the year 1808 they have added fifteen to their number; so that now twenty-three are in existence, which overstock ruins the royal theatres, as the receipts by no means rise in an equal ratio—scarcely ever exceeding six millions.

Curiosity tempted me for once to attend *l'Ecole de Declamation* of M. Cartigny: such an exhibition one might expect to witness at Charenton; for the *hurlements* of the young tragedians were rather the yells of madmen; and if M. Cartigny succeeds in extracting an atom of good sense or talent from those juvenile performers, the miracle ought to gain him at least a place amongst magicians. However, as, where there is a deficiency of genius, there is generally much self-possession, these strapping-looking young actors, and heavy, vulgar actresses, were enchanted with themselves, and stared the audience into applause.

AEROSTATION.

To the Editor, &c.

Sir,—It was to be expected, from your name of Litter-Airy Gaze-at, that you would take some notice of my ass-ent last week, and I am much obliged to you for the interest you express on my behalf. It is, indeed, a cruel thing that I should be obliged to leave the Litter for the Airy station; but what can a poor Pony do, far from home, and without a friend? I struggled as much and as long as I could; I rejected both the beans and the Greens that were to go up with me; but when my fetlocks were locked in, I found all farther resistance vain, and was forced at the same moment not only to be mounted, but also to mount! In this unpleasant situation, having been originally, when in Shetland, of shy-entific habits, my love of shy-hence recurred; and I hope you will not consider it an ungrateful return for your kindness that I transmit you a short account of my observations, which you will find to be quite as valuable, and as productive of useful results, as any that have been made during the last ten years of ballooning. In the first place, it is a fib to say that I trembled (see Green's story in the newspapers) at the moment when the last rope was cut; it was Master Green's own shaking that made him fancy I was alarmed. The fact is, that I never was more cool in my life than I was throughout the whole of this senseless piece of business; and that at first setting off I indulged in a horse laugh (the system of Tie-o Bray being quite exploded by us Copernicans) at the sea of gaping, up-turned mouths which I saw below. I, by way of fun, discharged a little of my ballast into a few of them; and, being thus lightened, rose rapidly. In about five minutes I distinctly saw the Haymarket directly under my feet; and heard the voices of the men remaining with the last loads disputing about the price. When at the height of about seventeen miles, as nearly as I could guess, (for we never carry instruments now,) we had a delightful view of Charles' Wain, and Pegasus and Aquileus, and also of Bootes, the latter being quite different from any terrestrial object that I had ever seen in our stable, or at any inn where I had travelled before. We soon after descended and passed through a cloudy Rack, the worst I ever met with in my experience, and rendered the more disagreeable from my having just caught a glimpse of Presepe, or the Manger, in the midst of Cancer, so that I was literally between Rack and Manger. Owing to the reflection of the direct rays of the sun from above and the oblique rays from the clouds beneath, the hail-stones looked exactly like Poland oats; and I was exceedingly disappointed at finding they were only a pelting shower, preparing for the wide-mouthed friends I had left behind me on earth. Having now been taking an airing for about half an hour, I began to think it high time to come to the ground; but as it is not reckoned handsome in a pony to come down, I was much annoyed at the idea of the approaching circumstance, and almost wished that I could remain a-loft for ever. A beautiful clover-field, near Beckenham, however, overcame my reluctance, and I halted there sound in wind and limb. As Caval-ho, in 1782, was the originator of air-ballooning, it is rather odd that after forty-six years I should be the first of the Caval-ry family to follow his example; and yet so little progress has been made in aerostation, that I should certainly prefer the old mode of inflation by chopped straw to the ridiculous method now employed; for it seems to me that carbonated oxygen is only fit to raise a bullock to the skies. I ought to mention, as a curious occurrence, that, at our utmost elevation, in the midst of the hurricane, we met with a flight of birds on the wing. Green, who is excessively ignorant of natural history, said they were Swallows; but I knew they were Martins, for the wind blew a perfect Martin-gale. I do not like to contradict his opinions, but among philosophical inquirers I trust that my neigh will go as far as his yea, upon a disputed point, where any thing like intelligence is requisite. You may depend upon it that he will put his foot in the matter, and therefore it be-hoves me to be more correct. Some water which we observed below us, for instance, he, off hand, declared to be the Thames, though I clearly saw it was the main of the New River Water-Works,—but thereby hangs a tale; so no more at present from your great-fool servant,

ROSE THE PONY.*

P.S.—I think my transit across the sun ought to entitle me to more glory than was acquired by the famous Eclipse—his tail, in spite of his speed, never whisked by a comet's!!

At the request of our good friend M. Sedlatzek, who plays the German flute better than he writes the English language, we insert the following interesting announcement:—

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry not having the Plesure to fond you at home, ai was com to thank you for your kind report of my Conzert; and in the seime Time to tell you that my weif is delivering with a Girl, and the Prinzesses Esterhazy will be the Good Mutters, shuld you find convenient to mention in your next weks journal. SEDLATZEK.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE COMET!!

—"Yet, yet,
With every coming night the terrible star
Expanded: men had now no thought but that;
All occupations were laid by; the earth
Was left untill'd; the voyagers on the deeps
Forsook their ships, and got upon the land,
To wait the dread event."

COMET OF 1832, 3, or 4.—To shew our friends who may have been infected with the terrors excited in the Parisians by the "inflammable forebodings" of those astronomers who, according to our correspondent at the French capital (see No. 601), predict the destruction of our world by a comet, in 1832,—to shew our friends the grounds of this, not absolutely visionary alarm, we have been induced to give a slight sketch of the history of that baleful star, which is now winging its way earthward, till, in the year 1832, 3, or 4, it is expected to arrive, and, according to some philosophers, to breathe desolation on the human race,—to hurry this earth nearer to the sun,—or rush with it, through the realms of ether, to the utmost confines of the solar system,—or at once, by its shock, to reduce this beautiful frame to its original chaos.

This "great and fearful star" was first observed in the year 1305, about the season of Easter: it returned again in the summer of 1456, when all Europe beheld it with fear and amazement; the Turks were then engaged in a successful war, in which they destroyed the Greek empire; Christians in general supposing their destruction portended by its appearance. Its next visit to these lower heavens was in the years 1531 and 1607, in this latter year continuing visible from the 26th of September to the 5th of November following: its course was through Ursa Major, Boötes, Serpentis, and Ophiuchus; the diameter of the head two minutes, and that of the nucleus eleven or twelve seconds, of an unequal roundness, exhibiting phases like the moon or inferior planets; its light pale and watery; the tail like "a flaming lance or sword," seven degrees in length, of considerable breadth, projected, with some deviation, towards that part of the heavens opposite to the sun. This is a brief outline of the observations of that period (1607), annexed to which is a specification of "the direful effects that followed the appearance of this splendid enigma." "The Duke of Lorrain died. A great war between the Swedes and Danes!"

In the year 1682 the wanderer again visited this hemisphere, and was observed by Dr. Halley, who predicted its return in 1757 or 1758, the precise time being uncertain, from the attractive influence of Saturn and Jupiter,

* We hope the genuineness of this able letter will not be doubted: horses are certainly very superior animals.—M. de Boussanelle, captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, relates, in his Military Observations, an anecdote of an old charger that had served in several campaigns, and had its teeth so entirely worn out that the poor veteran was no longer able to chew his hay or oats. In this helpless condition he was fed for two months, and would have continued to be so, had he been left in the stable, by the two horses that stood next him on the right and left. These two drew every day from the rack a quantity of hay, which they masticated, and then gave it to their old companion; and also prepared some oats for him in the same manner, by which means he continued to retain all his former strength and spirit. The fact, adds the officer, was witnessed by the entire company, both officers and soldiers.

the former lengthening the period of the comet one hundred days, and the latter, from his superior quantity of matter, not less than five hundred and ten days: it re-appeared accordingly about the end of December 1758, deviating only nineteen days from the calculated time. On this occasion it did not exhibit any remarkable appearance, by reason of the unfavourable situation of the earth in its orbit,—the comet being nearly in conjunction with the sun. From a comparison of these dates, it is evident that the period of this comet is about 75 or 76 years, there being the following variations:—

From 1531 to 1607 ..... 76 years 62 days.
1607 to 1682 ..... 74 393

allowing for the attraction of the larger planets, its period may be stated as 76 years, 192 days, in which time it describes an orbit, the remotest point of which is 3420 millions of miles from the sun, and its nearest not more than 47 millions. This comet may not return so early as 1832, but there is scarcely any doubt of its re-appearance during the year 1833 or 1834. As to its being the agent in the destruction of our globe, it is certain that this is not the opinion of astronomers generally.

The following are its principal elements:

	H.	M.	S.
Passed its perihelion, 1758, June 11th	3	17	39
Distance of perihelion, that of the earth being		1	0,21535
	SIGNS	D.	M.
Longitude of ascending node	7	29	50
Place of perihelion	8	27	32
Inclination of its orbit to the ecliptic		63	19
Course in its orbit	direct.		

Many causes may operate to affect these elements, as well as alter the period assigned, or even to prevent the return of the comet altogether. In its vast excursions into space, 1620 millions of miles beyond the orbit of Uranus, it may encounter the attractions of other bodies, so as to carry it off from our system, or, coming in contact with another comet, its matter may be entirely dissipated, and its atoms scattered through space, till, falling within the attractive influence of other bodies, may constitute aeroliths or meteors. This supposition is grounded on the non-appearance of the comet of 1770, which ought, by calculation, to have returned ten times; but which, since that date, has never been seen. But we can assure those whose terrors have been excited by anticipating such an awful visitant, upon so dire an errand, even though the event be contemplated through the somewhat long perspective of five or six years, that there is more apparent cause of alarm from another comet, whose period is much shorter, and whose path is nearer the orbit of the earth, than the one to which we have been principally referring;—we mean the comet of 1819; its period is only three years and 107 days, and it never ranges beyond the orbit of Jupiter; it approaches nearer Mercury than any other of the planets, and crosses the earth's orbit more than sixty times in the course of a century; and certainly it is within the limits of chance, that some collision may occur between this comet and the earth. The consequence of such event would, according to some, more than realise the terrors which superstition has conceived of it:—the earth's period of revolution, in all probability, would be changed, either by carrying it nearer to, or farther from, the sun; a different inclination of the axis might be given, and there would be a consequent change of the seasons; the diurnal motion might be either accelerated or retarded, by which the length of the days would be affected; the vast continents of the globe would again be covered with the ocean, which, deserting its bed, would rush towards the new equator.

It is scarcely possible for us, at this period, to conceive of the terror and dismay which pervaded all ranks throughout the world during the transit of the comet of 1680; some idea might be formed of its tremendous appearance, if we could fancy the nucleus, or more brilliant part of it, in the zenith of any place, and the tail extending thence to the horizon: this was somewhat of its appearance, as observed at Paris, but more especially so at Constantinople, while coruscations were continually rushing through the whole length of its projecting luminosity, so as to give the awful phenomenon—not the appearance of a tranquil body passing on in its harmless course—but a wrathful messenger, charged with vengeance and destruction. On Nov. 12th, 1 hr. 6 min. it was only the semi-diameter of the sun from the northern part of the earth's orbit, and approached within a sixty-sixth part of the earth's distance from the sun. It is at this time urging on its rapid course, and will not attain its greatest distance from the sun till the year 1967, and again visit the fountain of light in the year 2255.

It must be confessed, that the chances against the meeting of a comet with this earth are so numerous, that we may consider our earth as tolerably safe from such an occurrence; the probability is some millions to one against such a contact: even the tail of a comet cannot come near our atmosphere, unless the comet be at its inferior conjunction very nearly at the time it is in a node. The nature of the improbability of such an event may be more easily understood from an instance in the planet Venus, which moves in a plane not much inclined to that of the earth's orbit (3 deg. 23 min. 25 sec.), and yet the earth and Venus are in the same plane with the sun at the time of inferior conjunction only thirty-five times in 2100 years, though this planet passes between the earth and sun, during this long period, upwards of 3360 times.

The safety of the planetary bodies from the concussion of these wandering stars, is principally owing to the nature of their respective orbits. The orbits of the planets are nearly circular; those of comets are very elliptical: planets move nearly in the same plane; comets descend into the solar system, making every possible angle with the ecliptic: planets move all the same way; comets move in every direction,—both contrary to, and in the order of, the signs. Now, if these bodies moved in the same plane with the planets, the probability would be increased in an astonishing proportion. But there is another circumstance which is calculated to diminish apprehension;—there is every reason for supposing comets to have very little density, and to be mere collections of vapours condensed about the centres of each; so that their power to produce any deviation in the planetary bodies must be very inconsiderable. One that passed very near to Jupiter had no sensible effect on that planet or his satellites, which would have been the case had the comet contained matter in proportion to its bulk. The solid part of the nucleus of some comets has been proved to be not much larger than many mountains on our earth's surface, such as Dhawala-giri, the highest mountain of the Himmalayan chain, to the north of Hindostan.

Should a comet approach so near the earth as to be more attracted by it than by the sun, the course of its revolution would be altered; and, instead of revolving about the sun as an independent body, it would describe an orbit round our earth, as a moon, and would possibly be hailed as a valuable auxiliary, instead of being dreaded as the messenger of destruction to this terrestrial orb and its teeming inhabitants, which may be more speedily brought about than by a concussion with these celestial agents. A single principle of motion annihilated, evaporation suspended, or a component part of the atmosphere abstracted, and "final ruin would drive her ploughshare o'er creation,"—universal conflagration would instantly ensue, from the separation of the oxygen from the nitrogen of the atmosphere—the former exerting its native energies without control wherever it extends,—solid rocks, ponderous marble, metals, and even water itself, would burst into an intensity of flame, and change the aspect of all sublunary objects. But all these vast bodies of the universe are doubtless "kept in their prescribed limits, as with so many reins and bridles;" and when this earth has completed its destined circles, and fulfilled the purposes for which it was called out of nothing, it will need but the command of the glorious Creator, who at first spoke this beautiful frame into being, bliss, and light, to return it to its primeval gloom, or bid it shine forth with new resplendent beauty and lustre. J. T. B.

Deptford.

[When mentioning this comet, in No. 587, we made a blunder in alluding to the well-known distance of the moon from our sphere.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hall's Atlas. Part IX. Longman and Co.

ANOTHER Part of this well-executed design only calls for another tribute of commendation. Central Germany, Brazil and Paraguay, and Persia, which compose this Part, are severally examples of careful science and excellent art. At the middle fasciculus of the whole undertaking (for there are to be Seventeen Parts) we may with propriety congratulate all concerned in it, and the public, on having passed the key-stone of the arch with such *éclat*.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Monkeyana, or, Men in Miniature. Designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Part V. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

OF the four prints of which the present Number of this entertaining work consists, the last two are pre-eminently happy. It is impossible to look at the *bon-vivant*, surrounded by the luxuries of a dessert, and grinning in voluptuous ecstasy at the brilliant bumper of Lafitte to which he has just helped himself, without exclaiming, in the words of the plate, "Ha! ha! very good!"—"Fashion, as it is," is also admirable. It is scarcely a caricature. Who has not frequently had the misfortune to behold such an animal in human shape, dancing a minuet along the pavé of St. James's Street, or Pall Mall, with a countenance of mingled superciliousness and inanity, affectedly adjusting its cravat with one paw—we beg pardon, we mean hand—and twirling its quizzing-glass with the other; while a poor little urchin of a crossing-sweeper has been running by its side, in vain endeavouring, by every species of humble entreaty, to extract sixpence from its ostentation? The Monkey-Cupid (the face of which, by the by, very much resembles that of some of Sir Joshua's children) is not quite so much to our taste; and we confess that we are dull enough not to feel either the humour of the second plate, or the applicability to it of the title, "the Spoiled Child, or, not satisfied with 2s. 6d." It is, perhaps, a satire on Don

Miguel; but offences such as his are too serious for ridicule.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by J. Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming; with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

CORSHOUSE, the seat of the Hon. Lord Corehouse; Lee House, the seat of Sir Charles M'Donald Lockhart, Bart.; and Craignethan Castle, in which the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, found a brief asylum after her flight from Lochleven, are the subjects of the third Part of this pleasing publication. They are all executed with great ability and taste.

The Village Coquette. Designed and drawn on stone by C. Childs. Engelmann and Co.

THE first glance at this fascinating little figure, which is tastefully designed, and exquisitely lithographed, reminded us of the burden of a song that poor Dignum used to sing, some twenty years ago, at Vauxhall:

"Such charms all hearts must sure enthrall;
'Tis lovely woman governs all!"

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P. for the County of Clare. Engelmann and Co.

IF Mr. O'Connell were as ready to take the oaths required of him by the House of Commons, as we are ready to take ours that this profile portrait is a most inveterate likeness of him, his seat would be secure.

Views of Netley Abbey. By William Westall, A.R.A. Engelmann and Co.

ELEVEN beautiful views of this elegant and venerable ruin, drawn on stone with Mr. William Westall's usual skill and feeling. The foliage of the surrounding woods is sweetly executed, and the aerial perspective perfectly preserved.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Ἔρωτα φίλων
Πάθη, φίλτα νίκωντα. ANON.

THE hour is past, the pleasure o'er,
And dumb the harp and glee;
Fair feet no longer trip the floor,
To moving melody.

Those fairy forms, those shapes of love,
That draw the poet's sigh—
Soft sprites that leave their bowers above
To charm a human eye;

All, all are gone! the lights are fled
From yon deserted room,
Dark as a chamber of the dead,
And voiceless as the tomb!

And now I am alone again,
With feelings undefined,—
A pilgrim in a world of pain—
An unpartaken mind.

O Pleasure! brief as bright thou art,
A momentary ray—
A dream rolled o'er a vacant heart,
To please—and die away!

R. MONTGOMERY.

BIOGRAPHY.

DEATH OF LIEUT.-COLONEL DENHAM, GOVERNOR OF SIERRA LEONE.

A MORE painful duty has seldom fallen to our lot as journalists than that which we have now to perform in announcing the death of the above distinguished officer, which took place at the Government House, Sierra Leone, in June last, after a very short illness.*

All past experience of the fatal effects of climate in this colony should certainly have taught us to receive without surprise the intelligence of such an event; but having, on the other hand, the knowledge of the singular success with which Colonel Denham had encountered all the rigours of a life in Africa, when on his travels to and from the city of Bornou, in the interior, during a period of more than three years; considering the experience and confidence in himself which he had thereby attained; and, above all, that, during a residence of eighteen months at Sierra Leone, in the exercise of very arduous duties, he had felt scarcely any ill effects;—we had indulged a sanguine hope that he would have been spared to fulfil the wishes of the government and the country for the improvement of this ill-fated place:—an object which he had deeply at heart, and which, for the reasons we have stated, there was room to believe he was destined to accomplish.

His appointment to the government had given great satisfaction to all ranks of persons, and the highest hopes were entertained that a new era was about to commence in the colony;—for, although so very short a period had elapsed since his entering upon his duties as governor, he had, among other sound and judicious regulations, taken measures for inviting the native chiefs of the surrounding kingdoms to come down to the seat of government to trade—to promote the interchange of good offices between them and the people—and for the establishment of savings-banks amongst the inhabitants of Free Town.

We shall be anxious to return to this interesting yet most painful subject, and trust we shall be enabled to lay before our readers the fullest and most authentic particulars respecting this much and justly lamented officer.

Colonel Denham was a native of London, and only in his forty-third year; and if to promote the cultivation of the human understanding—to extend the benefits of civilisation—to rescue our fellow-creatures from the depths of human suffering, and restore the slave to freedom,—be more glorious than the mere strife of conquest, and the acquisition or overthrow of human power,—then will his death shed a brighter lustre on his name than if he had fallen on the plains of Waterloo!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

HASTINGS: A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

BETWEEN Portsmouth and Dover is situated what was once a small fishing-town, but which is now, by the beauty of its situation, the salubrity of its air, and the increasing sea-bathing propensity of the English, becoming rapidly a place of better accommodation, and of considerable resort. The coast is advantageous both for the purposes of fishing and of sailing-parties of pleasure. The civility of its inhabitants is not yet destroyed by too great an influx of wealthy visitors, nor has it yet to boast assembly-rooms or raffles; but there are donkeys, horses, and carriages, for hire; and a variety of boats, two of which make a practice of going out several times a day, with public parties of from ten to thirty.

To those who are fond of studying character, these little trips, in mixed company, afford some gratifying opportunities of amusement; and as the duration of the sail is limited to about two hours, it cannot be irksome, even if it chance to be unproductive of pleasure. There is a slight degree of rivalry between the sailors of these two boats, yet apparently not more than to create a good-humoured excitement and pride, which insensibly elevates the spirits of their respective passengers. "The British Fair" and "the Atalanta" belong to the same owner, and there is, perhaps, a stronger feeling of patronage to their several steersmen than towards the vessels themselves. Whoever has sailed with the well-known and respectable Roper, of the British Fair, must have been struck by the alacrity, skill, and attention, he directs to every part of his freight; they must have admired the honest frankness of his manners, his hearty laugh and capability of entering into the passing wit of the moment; and if they are females, they will have experienced his kind solicitude for their accommodation, and a feeling of protection promised them in the perfect propriety of his manner.

Being an invalid, I was ordered to the sea-side, and fortunately fixed upon the improving neighbourhood of Hastings for my abode. My greatest pleasure was that of sailing in the British Fair, inhaling the pure sea-breezes, and gleaning amusement with information from my ally Roper, who devotes himself to steering the boat, and sometimes the course of conversation. In these excursions there was frequently a mixture of Cockneys, country-folks, and a few of the better-informed, glorying in a smattering of nautical phrases they had picked up, and looking with contempt on the "ignorant creatures" around them, who unconsciously betrayed themselves by talking of strings, poles, and sticks, by which they meant to designate the marine tackle.

One fine morning a cargo of this kind were skimming along the coast with a light breeze, asking, as usual, divers questions of the good-tempered Roper, who seems never tired of telling which are fishing-boats and which "West Indimen;" a distinction to which many of his hearers appeared inaccessible, even when pointed out. "Pray what are those objects I see yonder?" inquired one sickly-looking gentleman of another, who, indolently turning his eyes, replied, "Vessels, of some kind or other." But the first speaker, having more curiosity at least, if not gifted with much penetration, attacked our steersman, with "Mr. Roper, what vessels are those, of which I see five along the coast, at short intervals?" "Vessels, sir!" said Roper; "why dey be the 'Tello Towers, Martello Towers dey calls 'em, built all along de cooast, time agoo, when dere was a talk of 'vasion—when Bonnypart was a' commin over." "Why were they called Martello Towers?" pursued the gentleman. "Oo, sir, I doant know rightly, sir: if dey'd a asked me, I'd a christened 'em Money Towers, for dey a' cost our go'ment a mint o' money." "I suppose they are built below low-water mark," observed another of the voyagers. "Noo, sir; what should dey do de-er? dey was'nt meant to frighten the fish! though mayhap dey mought as well a' bin de-er for any good dey've a don: de French was never afeard on 'em." "Were they armed in times of war?" inquired a voice. "Sir!" ejaculated Roper, rather at a loss for the Cockney's meaning. "Were they armed? had they guns, those towers?" "Oo, de towers! yes, sir—yes, dey carr'd a gon; but nothin' to do no hurt like." "There is very little smuggling now in Hastings, I believe," said one. "Noo,

* His letters of the 27th and 29th of May are replete with good spirits, and full of high promise respecting his plans for the prosperity of the colony, and the advancement of the benevolent as well as beneficial objects he had in view.—Ed. L. G.

air—noo; it aint worth while, ye see; for ye be obliged to '*money de men o' wars men*' to land de goods." "Oh, then, you do not disapprove of the practice, Mr. Roper, eh?" "Why, sir, as to 'proving, a man must 'prove of what he gets his livin by. I sarved my time to de free tryde (what is called smuggling); I 'a given it up now; but many's the tob I 'a landed onder dese very towers; but dese here blockade men dey've knocked up de trade entirely; for when a man's bin to sea, mayhap for an hour or so, how as soon's he coms ashore, dey booard and overhaul him; so, 'tis no use. Not as I'm again a man doing his duty, mind ye; but, Lord bless you! go'ment do'nt know one half what dese men do; go'ment never intended dey should carry things so fur; but, you see, dese petty officers—dat's where it is. A man can't move or stir in de place now but dese chaps are sarchin' and calling of him to account for dis, dat, and tether. Why, I had a bit o' lead put in my thigh for only smoking a pipe up yander on th' east hill." "What! shot?" exclaimed a Cockney, in accents of horror, "for smoking a pipe?" "Yes, sir; I'll tellee how it war. There was me, and two or three more, one Sonday a'ternoon upon th' hill was a got a smoking of our pipes and 'njoying ourselves; and a yong woman with us was a singing of a song, when op coms one of these lefftenants of the blockade, and, says he, 'Hollo!' says he, 'what's goin' an here? what's this light for?' 'Why,' says I, 'we've a got 'joying ourselves a smoking a pipe and drinking a glass of grog,' says I; 'will you take a drop with us?' 'What's that light a burning for?' says he. 'To light our pipes at,' says I. 'Roper,' says he, 'I knows you; put out that light.' Says I, 'I wunt.' 'You wunt?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'I wunt;' just soo. 'Come, Roper,' he says, 'you knows what you're about; put that light out when I bids ee.' Says I, 'I tellee again, I wunt.' So with that, we had a bit of a scuffle, ye see; and I being the stronger of the two got him down; soo he fired his popgon at me, and hands me off in-land. Well, I stood my trial. I was thirteen weeks in Horsham jail." "And how did it end?" inquired the Cockney. "'T'was gived again me, sir; but the judge (Best) knowed well enough which way justice ly, for he sent me five-and-thirty pound towards my expenses." "D—n him!" exclaimed the Cockney, "for belying his conscience." "Oo, sir, I were a poor man, ye see; if I'd a bin a lord, why it'ad a bin another thing. Not as I'm agiin' a man doing what he's paid for; seam time, go'ment don't know one half how these petty officers exceed orders; but, thank God, they did'nt hurt me much. I was laid up seventeen weeks with my leg; but I never feels nothen on it now—only again rine a bit of a twinge or soo."

No words could describe the expression of Roper's countenance, when, on one occasion, having several friends on board, and seeking to show him off, I asked, "Roper! did you ever see a live smuggler?" He looked at me for a moment in silence, then rubbed his broad hand across his face, and, with a smile worthy remembrance, answered, "Noo, sir, noo; not I. I've heard great talk of them things down in Hastings, but I doant understand 'em myself." "Was there not a fishing-boat seized last night, Roper?" "Yes, sir; yes, dere wur, dere wur; moore sheam to dem as took hur." "Was any thing found a-board of her?" "Noo, sir, nor nothen expected; you see de way it wur wur as dis—de booat had bin seen time agoo on de cooast of France, which being agin de indentures, information was laid, and dese here chaps of blockaders dey watches de opportunity when dere was a goodish bit o' nets and tackle aboord, and seizes her—its a dirty trick, but den what can you expect from de likes o' dem? Dere's Lefftenant Green—I wonders nobody doant make a hole through im—but dere's no smugglers now, as used to be; poor chicken-hearted cretures, 'forming one agin t'other. I should be ashee-amed to be called a smuggler now-a-days. Ah! I may say it myself, it was'nt soo in my time. I know dis cooast, every inch on it, an' many a scuffle I've had, an' a deal I've seen; but I never hurt none on 'em. I've a gone straight up to dese blockaders and taken de arms out of dere hands—take 'em by surprise, you see—no 'casion to touch 'em. Oh! I've seen a power of ops an downs, I can tell 'ee. I was taken prisoner by de French and laid up snog and dry in Donkirk—but I got away—I got out—I stood a booat—I was on my prowl, you see—dat's what dey call word of honor—not to ron away." "So, then, you stole off?" "Oo, to be sure, sir—what were de use o' stayin dere? I was knockin about though in an open booat two days and tree nights afoore I dared land here, and not a bit or sop to eat or drink—for you see I'd forfetted my indentures, mind ye. Well! at last, when I did come a-shoore, dere had bin a French privateer de night afoore—about—ay jost about where we may be now, had took one of our sloops. Come, thinks I, its noo use to be feeant hearted,—soo I goos up to de lefftenant (he was stood upon de beach); and says he, 'Ah, Roper,' says he, 'what be you a got a wye?' 'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I've; and I wants a job,' says I, 'as would bring me into luck agin; an' if you're agreeable, sir,' says I, 'I thinks dere's one jost cut out for me.' 'What's dat, Roper?' says he. 'Why, sir,' says I, 'if so be as I had my indentures promised me, and arms allowed to follow dat privateer, I'd be bound to bring dat sloop into Hastings agin afoore dis time to-morrow.' 'You'd?' says he. 'I ud, sir,' says I. Wid dat he orders me arms. I jost shewed myself upon de beach, and held op my hand I'd five-and-twenty stout fellows at my beck at de first call, to go wid me, and sure enoff we had de sloop safe in de rooads widin de time, and I got my indentures made out, ready to start for a fresh cruise, all smooth. My wife used to try to keep me off o' de smuggling; but, says I, 'my dear, we be ant to be a starved'—for she wur but sixteen, and I wur nineteen, when we married, and sot down in a corner wid half a crown between us. Ah, she were a nice little woman—a tidy little housh old cat as ever wore a pair of shoes! Notable and saving; and sometimes I made a hit o' money, an' other times I lost it agin; but we always agreed, mind you, 'till she died, poor soul! and I put up a stooan at her head. But a man can't live wid de dead, so I married again; an I've nothing to complain on now—thank God, we make ourselves as happy as we can. We've no children of our own, but one as is the same thing, a little girl I took hooam from a buryin about twenty year agoo; poor thing wur left widout friend in de world, soo I took her and brought her op, and a good girl she've turned out—I say it myself—and as fond o' me she is as ef I'd bin her own father."

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

We have just seen, at the Royal Bazar, the little Josephine, from Paris, on whose eyes are inscribed the words *Napoleon Empereur*, and *Empereur Napoleon*; and certainly it is (not to pun) a very extraordinary *sight*. This child is a pretty and lively girl, of about three years of age, with a rather capacious forehead, and light, or we should say not very dark, blue eyes. Radiating about the pupil of each in the iris, removed a small distance from the pupil, and almost touching the outward circle, appear the characters alluded to. They are, as near as possible, of the size of the letters in the top lines of our Advertisements—perhaps somewhat larger—and run entirely round the eye. In the left eye the word Napoleon is uppermost; in the right, the word Empereur. The colour of the letters is almost white, but shot through, like what is called shot silk, by the blue of the crystalline humour. This, and the motion of the eye, renders the whole inscription a little indistinct; but such parts as NAP and other separate letters are tolerably obvious, without the slightest aid from the imagination of the beholder. That the imagination of the mother has produced this remarkable appearance, seems to be satisfactorily accounted for, by her mind having been deeply moved on some occasion during her pregnancy by a piece of twenty sous, on which the inscription is seen. It was visible at the birth of the infant, and has become stronger as it grew up. We are of opinion that no art could have produced this curious phenomenon; and, as a freak of Dame Nature, it is assuredly well worth the attention of the public; though it undoubtedly requires an exercise of the fancy to read the legend, even after being told what it is.

CURIOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

A novelty of this kind is handed privately about at present, and will, we think, soon obtain much notoriety. It is a very small engine (not larger than this paragraph), and consists of a brass frame, with eight perpendicular bars of silver. It is pressed against the lips, and breathed through by the performer; and the consequent vibrations yield sounds resembling those of the Æolian harp, which are wonderfully powerful, considering the minuteness of the instrument. It goes to the extent of an octave, and its modifications of piano and forte are altogether surprising.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Songs for Spring Mornings. The Poetry by T. H. Bayly, Esq.; Symphonies and Accompaniments by H. R. Bishop. Goulding and D'Almaine.

The title is not a very happy one,—not so good as Songs for Winter Nights,—for it is not usual to sing much to musical accompaniments on Spring Mornings; but Mr. Bayly has, nevertheless, managed to write some very pretty lyrics, which are well adapted by Mr. Bishop, principally to old and beautiful airs. Of these, we prefer the Portuguese selections (Nos. 4. and 7.), and would recommend it to our caterers in this popular branch of music to look farther into the captivating native melodies of Spain and Portugal. There is much to be obtained from these sources to enrich the variety of our drawing-room delights. The Storm Rondo, set as a song, is a novel thought, and comes out strikingly: and the remaining five pieces, French, German (two), Burmese, and one original, are all pleasing. Of the poetry we offer the following examples:—

"Oh! 'tis sad to see the splendour
Of the Summer pass away,
When the night is always stealing
Precious moments from the day:

But in Spring each lengthened evening
Tempts us farther off from home;
And *if* summer *has* more beauty,
All that beauty is to come.

It is thus in manhood's summer,
That the heart too often grieves
Over friends lost prematurely,
Like the fall of blighted leaves:
But life's spring-time is far sweeter,
When each green bud that appears,
May expand into a blossom
To enliven future years."

"Spring flowers are no longer
What spring flowers used to be;
Their fragrance and their beauty
Cannot give delight to me:
The cowslip and the primrose
And the violet are here—
Ah! why am I dejected
In the spring time of the year?

All seasons are delightful
In life's gay unclouded spring,
We sport among the flowers
Like wild birds upon the wing:
But when life's bloom is over,
And no friendly smile is near,
Oh! dreary as December
Is the spring time of the year!"

These are the sweetest verses we can find: for, altogether, these Spring Mornings are not equal in style and sentiment to the best of the author's songs.

No. 1. The Goatherd's Boy; No. 2. The Swiss Drover Boy (and a No. 3. we have not seen): *Swiss Souvenir Airs.* Sung by Madame Stockhausen. The Words by W. Ball; Accompaniments, for Harp or Piano-Forte, by F. Stockhausen. Mori and Lavenu.

THE Geis-Reihen and the Schwyzer-Bue are two of those charming melodies with which Madame Stockhausen has enchanted the town during the last season. To equal her in the sweetness, spirit, and characteristic style of their execution, is not, indeed, to be expected; but we can truly say, that, even with inferior voices, and powers less skilfully directed, they are still delightful ornaments of the social circle, and extremely gratifying to the lovers of music.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, Pasta, in *Medea*, concluded the performances of the season, to a full house. Her powerful acting, as usual, produced an effect very rare on the Italian stage; and she was greatly applauded. At the end, the silly custom of dragging the principal character forward to be huzzaed, was repeated, to the annoyance of every person of taste who had felt the illusion of Medea's extraordinary efforts. The absurdity of wreaths and crownings by the partisans of performers, ought to be hissed out of England.

THERE has been little new since our last at either of the two principal theatres now open. The *Bottle Imp* has not yet *run out*, and the *Two Friends* have still a *firm* hold upon the public. The new opera of *Tit for Tat* has been curtailed considerably, and improved accordingly. The little interlude of *He Lies like Truth* goes off glibly and pleasantly enough; but its history is an admirable satire upon the dragons of the press, who inveigh so bitterly against the poor pilfering authors of the present day, and lament, in well-turned periods, the decline of our national drama; while they seem to have passed an act of grace in favour of our ancestors, who stole, right and left, with as little compunction, and much less modesty. *Ex. gr.* The present merry trifle is candidly acknowledged by the translator, Mr. Kimpton, to be rendered, with a few trifling alterations, from "Le Menteur Véridique," by Scribe and Melerville. And the hue and cry of—stop thief! is of course set up by the unmerciful sticklers for original writing. Now the *original* authors have evidently founded their vaudevilles on our old English farce of the *Liar*, by Samuel Foote; whose *original* farce was almost entirely borrowed from Sir Richard Steele's *Lying Lover*, a comedy, which the said Sir Richard, in his "Apology for himself and his writings," and in his preface to the comedy itself, unblushingly talks of having "written" —*originally*, of course—and drops not a word of its being stolen from "Le Menteur" of P. Corneille; whose equally *original* comedy is little more than a translation from the Spanish of Lope de Vega! It is really highly amusing to hear the critics of the present day setting up those terrible rogues, the old writers, as literary scare-crows to their unfortunate descendants; and a better farce than ever was written, to compare their lamentations with those of the critics of the last century, which, omitting the date, might be printed in the next *Morning Post*, without discovery. Mr. Baker (not the actor at the English Opera House), speaking of Garrick's farce of *The Lying Valet*, says, "Some of the nibblers in criticism have charged this piece as being borrowed from some French comedy: but as I have never yet heard the title of the supposed original mentioned, I cannot avoid, as far as to the extent of my own knowledge, acquitting the author from this accusation,—a charge, however, which, wherever laid, I am ever apt to suspect as rather the effect of envy than of a love of justice or the public; as it has ever been the practice of the very best writers, in all ages and nations, to make use of valuable hints in the works of their neighbours, for the use and advantage of those of their countrymen to whom those works may not be so familiar as to themselves. No man in his senses would, I think, quarrel with a fine nosegay, because some of the most beautiful flowers in it happened to have been gathered in a neighbouring country: nor is the world much less obliged to the person who favours it with a good translation of a good author, than to that author himself, or one of equal excellence at home." What a relief is this little bit of plain sense to the eternal twaddle of such coxcombical *non-cens-ors!*

ON Wednesday, *She would and She would not* was performed at the Haymarket with great spirit. Of Farren in the old Don, we have only to say that he acted too well: his contrasted pictures of senile joy and sorrow, towards the conclusion, were almost painfully forcible, and made us feel for a character which the author gives up to unrelenting persecution, as a punishment of his selfishness and avarice. Miss F. H. Kelly also played the swaggering female hero with admirable vivacity and effect. Her transitions from fear to blustering, and, indeed, her points throughout, were marked with much dramatic skill and vivacity. Mrs. T. Hill made a worthy second cavalier; while Cooper and Vining acted the real Dons donnishly. *Trapanti* could not have a fitter representative than that merry fellow Power, who has now reached the happy estate in a performer's career, of having the audience always ready to go laughing along with him.

VARIETIES.

New Mode of Coaching.—Mr. Yardly, of the Surrey Theatre, who had been blind of an eye for several years, was happily restored to sight last week, according to the newspaper account, by being struck with a flash of lightning in passing over Waterloo Bridge.

Keep within Compass!—The pseudo Princess Olive of Cumberland says, that she has invented a mariner's compass which cannot vacillate. By means of this improved article, she thinks she shall be able, not only to make out the north-west passage, but to discover the longitude!

Napoleon, Francis I., and Wellington.—It has ever been the fashion to perpetuate in bronze the memory of victory; and if we were to estimate the relative importance of those gained by Napoleon, Francis I., and Wellington, by the manner in which each is commemorated, the comparison would give birth to curious conjectures. Napoleon, of the cannon taken in the campaign of 1806, terminated by the battle of Austerlitz, formed the grand Column of the Place Vendôme. Francis I., of the cannon taken in the campaigns of 1813-14, made medals for the troops. And the cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, and Toulouse, were all melted (we are told by the inscription) into the Achilles of the London ladies, which stands in Hyde Parke.

The March of Intellect.—Every day produces new proofs of the march of intellect; but we have seen no more remarkable instance of its giant steps, than is afforded by the recent elegant and forcible address delivered to our Lord High Admiral, on his visit to Brixton. Only contrast this fine composition with the address which the mayor of that place concocted after several meetings of the corporation, and pronounced to Admiral Hawke, then in the zenith of his glory, upon the occasion of a similar visit. It is recorded in the annals of Brixham as follows; and is reported to have been most expressively pronounced by his worship:

"Welcome, great Hawke, thou monster of the sea!
Welcome, thrice welcome to Brixham key,
To eat buckhorn,* and drink bohea tea."

Wilson.—Towards the close of Wilson's life, annoyed and oppressed by the neglect which he experienced, it is well known that he unfortunately had recourse to those means of temporary oblivion of the world, to which disappointed genius but too frequently resorts. The natural consequence was, that the works which he then produced were much inferior to those of his former days; a fact of which, of course, he was not himself conscious. One morning, the late Mr. Christie, to whom had been intrusted the sale by auction of a fine collection of pictures belonging to a nobleman, having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual eloquence on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just before entered the room. "This, gentlemen, is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian pictures;—he cannot paint any thing like it now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discomposure, and to the great amusement of the company; "he can paint infinitely better!"

Pyrophorus.—A new kind of pyrophorus has been invented, formed by the calcination of sulphate of potash with charcoal. This composition is said to be much more inflammable than any pyrophorus hitherto known.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Christmas Box for 1829.—We find a report is in circulation in certain quarters that this popular Juvenile Annual has been discontinued. On the contrary, we are assured that it is in active progress,—that it is more than half printed, and will appear with increased strength, as the idea which we are enabled to furnish of its probable contents will prove. In the first place, the little volume

* A sort of dried fish for which Torbay is celebrat-

is to open with an Irish story, of considerable length, from the pen of Miss Edgeworth. Mrs. Hofland furnishes an Historical Tale—Miss Mitford a Village Sketch, with some poetry. Then follow contributions from Mrs. Jameson, the authoress of "the Diary of an Ennuyée," and of the not sufficiently known, but very pretty, child's story of "Little Louisa." Our accomplished Parisian friend, Madame de Labourt—Miss Dagley, authoress of "the Birth Day"—Mrs. Jewsbury, of Manchester—Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. James Douglas—Miss E. Taylor—Mrs. Emmerson—Mrs. Neeley—with other esteemed writers. The editor, Mr. Crofton Croker, thus promises us a rich display of female talent, in addition to his unrivalled countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth; and we also learn that there are several eminent gentlemen contributors; and they must exert themselves, or they will be beaten by the "weaker" sex.

Another series of Tales of a Grandfather are, we hear, in preparation; and the same indefatigable author has also another Chronicle of the Canongate on the anvil.

A new edition of the Waverley Novels, the copyrights of which were purchased at the sale of Mr. Constable's property for above 3000*l.*, is about to be produced, with illustrations, engraved from pictures by Wilkie, Leslie, Newton, and other distinguished artists. Sir Walter says that they may now be considered as rather antiquated beauties, and therefore need a little more of ornament to set them off.

Preparing for the press, in parts, a Series of Gothic Ornaments, selected from the different Cathedrals and Churches in England, drawn on stone the size of the originals.

In the Press.—A Grammatical and Pronouncing Spelling-Book, on a Plan quite original, by Ingram Cobbin.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

July.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday..	31	From 44. to 68.	29.89 to 29.98
August.			
Friday	1	— 58. — 70.	29.97 — 29.84
Saturday ..	2	— 53. — 62.	29.71 — 29.61
Sunday....	3	— 53. — 67.	29.59 — 29.55
Monday ..	4	— 50. — 66.	29.51 — 29.50
Tuesday ..	5	— 50. — 70.	29.51 — 29.56
Wednesday	6	— 46. — 66.	29.50 — 29.36

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 31st ult. generally cloudy, and raining.

Rain fallen, .525 of an inch.

Curious Phenomenon.—On Wednesday evening last, about a quarter past seven, this neighbourhood was visited by two peals of thunder of a very extraordinary nature, differing entirely from that which I have ever before witnessed. During the afternoon there had been an almost incessant rain, and by seven the atmosphere was so densely clouded, that it became as dark as if it had been an hour later. A vivid flash of lightning about this time appeared to fill the room; and about seven seconds had elapsed when the first peal of thunder proceeding from the zenith was heard, the noise continued to increase for a few seconds, and though by no means so loud as usual, in storms even at a greater distance, yet the house was considerably shaken: about five minutes afterwards, a similar flash, attended with a rather louder report and increased agitation, occurred.

A short time after this I was called on by a friend, who said he had taken shelter under a neighbouring tree when the phenomenon occurred; and we both agreed in describing our feelings to have been similar to those which are experienced on slight earthquakes.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 39″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annesley's Diseases of India, Vol. II. imperial 4to. 7*l.* 7*s.* bds.—Aikin's Lesson Book, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, by the Highland Society, 2 vols. 4to. 7*l.* 7*s.*; royal 4to. 10*l.* 10*s.* bds.—White's Sermons, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—The Battle of Navarine, Malta, &c. by a Naval Officer, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—History of England, by a Clergyman, Vol. I. 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Laurence's (Miss) Contes Choisies, 12mo. 6*s.* sheep.—Monro on the Brain, Vol. I. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Classical Instruction, Æsop's Fables, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. At a Meeting of the Friends and Subscribers to this Institution, held at the Merchant Seamen's Office, Royal Exchange, on Thursday, the 17th July, 1828,

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR in the Chair;

It was unanimously resolved,

1. That the present is a proper time for founding a College, in which an enlarged and liberal Education, upon Christian Principles, shall be afforded to the Youth of the Metropolis.

2. That an essential part of public education is instruction in the evidences of the Christian Religion, and the inculcation of those doctrines and duties which are professed and taught by the Established Church.

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4. That King's College, London, commenced under such high auspices, is entitled to the liberal support of all those who are at once zealous for the promotion of Christianity, and desirous of upholding the ancient and venerable institutions of their country.

5. That the following Gentlemen be requested to assist the Committee for promoting Subscriptions in the City:—

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6. That the thanks of this Meeting are due to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, for his conduct in the Chair.

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No. 604. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Letter to the Right Hon. John, Baron Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England, on the Administration of Justice in Wales. By John Frederick, Earl Cawdor. 8vo. pp. 95. Edinburgh, Constable; London, Ridgway.

The Whole Duty of Constables, &c. By a late Acting Magistrate of the County of Norfolk. Fourth edition; *containing Mr. Peel's Six Acts for Amending the Criminal Laws.* 8vo. pp. 130. Norwich, Matchett and Co.; London, Poole and Edwards, Rivingtons, Baldwin; Derby, Mosely.

Lord Cawdor, in the first of these publications, has pointed out one of the many abuses in our system of laws and their administration, which call aloud for reform; and so clear are his statements, and so cogent his reasoning upon them, that we can hardly doubt of their obtaining the attention they so justly deserve from our ministers and the public. A Welsh judge, in comparison with an English judge, appears to stand in about the same relation as a Welsh wig does to one of the full bottoms in his Majesty's Court of Banco: it is a little snug thing, warm and comfortable,—a sort of sinecure between a sergeant's coif and a nightcap, which fits the head of the wearer well, and is kept on without trouble. But from this fountain, the noble author contends that justice does not flow so efficiently over Wales as over England:—for our parts, we imagine there is not a pin to choose between the two; and that however slow, however dubious, however expensive, however oppressive, the working of the machinery may be in the one country, it is not one iota less slow, dubious, expensive, and oppressive, in the other. It is the complication of the laws, and their vast and unintelligible quantity, which place the community in the power of those who practise in them; and when it is so obviously the interest of every professional man to encourage litigation and grind down the unfortunate, can it be wondered at, that so few lawyers (using the term for all classes) are able to withstand the temptation, and that so many are hurtful, cursing the land by their extortions? Let any person who has observed society in city, town, or village, say what evil has struck him as the cause of deepest sufferings. Is it the much-murmured at tithe of the clergyman, almost universally taken in the mildest form, and in fact one of the foundations of a cultivator's bargain? Is it the rate to support the poor and needy, or the government tax, however heavy, called for at stated times? Is it any other national or particular burden that can be specified? No; it is the tens of thousands of vermin bred in the corrupt mass of the laws, preying upon industry, and making a harvest of want itself; harassing and destroying the victims whom circumstances have placed at their mercy; wringing the souls of the struggling; and, for the profits on which they batten, annihilating the happiness of families, filling the prisons with misery, and almost compelling crime from the agonies of despair. Look at the mischief and sorrow on which one scoundrel attorney may think it convenient to live in luxury; and calculate what is the result of the aggregate of the mercenary, vile, and unfeeling, in this single branch of authorised plunder. Read Lord Cawdor's notices of Welsh attorneys, and then fancy, if possible, any more odious scourge upon a people than the endurance of such callous and devouring locusts.

"On the Carmarthen circuit, during eleven years," he informs us, "the number of decrees in equity was, upon an average, 4 per ann.; actions by writ of *concessit solvere*, 10; other actions, 42; total, 56 per ann. The number of attorneys practising on that circuit, at the time when the return was made, was about 80; so that, in the Court of Great Session at least, there was not much more than one cause for every two attorneys,—a slender provision indeed, if that were all they had to trust to." Yet, "whatever scarcity there may be of counsel, of judges and attorneys there is no deficiency. The number of the latter in Wales is a phenomenon which no English person understands, and for the existence of which I very much doubt whether I can give any adequate reason. The number of causes tried in Wales will not account for it, nor the circumstance of all the pleadings being carried on in the country; though that must, in some degree, contribute to increase their profits, and of course add to their numbers. I am much inclined to believe that, *not many years ago*, a very considerable number of them drew a great portion of their means from the most abominable oppression of the lower orders in the county court, which had risen to such a height, that, at a meeting of the county of Pembroke, in the year 1818, held for the purpose of taking into consideration the practices in the county court, it was resolved, among other things, 'That we have observed, with considerable alarm, the increase of litigation, destructive of the public tranquillity, and highly injurious to the prosperity of the county of Pembroke: that not only have the legal charges been of late greatly increased, but repeated and cruel instances have come to our knowledge of suits being carried on in the most expensive manner that legal ingenuity could suggest, for recovery of the smallest debts, or in obtaining redress for the most trifling injuries; thereby making the law of the land the instrument of the grossest oppression.' It appears, from parliamentary returns, and papers laid before the committee of 1821, that the number of pleas entered in the county court of the county of Carmarthen, during a period of nine years, amounted to 10,912. In the baronial courts in the same county, which hold pleas of debt, 3024; making altogether 13,936: and that in the county of Monmouth, during the same period, the number of pleas entered was 3969, leaving a surplus of about 10,000 causes in favour of the Welsh attorneys; to which some addition should be made, as the returns from Carmarthenshire were defective. I have selected the county of Monmouth as a comparison, because there is no very material difference in the area and population of these counties, and because it is in many parts, both in the language and manners of its inhabitants, essentially Welsh; and being rather smaller, and more thickly peopled, than Carmarthenshire, should, in the natural course of things, have produced a greater crop of litigation; but the other county being within the vicious circle of the Welsh jurisdiction, it has suffered in the manner I have described. I must, as a curiosity, insert a county-court notice to a labouring man, to procure payment of one shilling, due for the mending of a pair of shoes. I copy from the original.—'Sir, having been directed by A. B. to apply to you for 0*l*. 1*s*. 0*d*. due to him, I have to request that you will pay me that sum, together with my charge of five shillings, on or before Saturday next, as I shall otherwise be obliged to commence an action against you for the recovery thereof, without further notice. I am your obed^t. serv^t. C. D.' It is easy to conceive how a suit against a labouring man, commenced in this way, may be carried on and inflamed to an extent ruinous to a person of that class, and may have the effect of utterly depriving him even of the means of defence."

Lord Cawdor mentions these matters as bearing him out in his own specific argument respecting Wales; but they would be insignificant, were they only worth so much. Were they not illustrative of the pervading spirit which marks every corner of the kingdom with legalised oppression, they might be tolerated in a degree as local ills. But the disease overruns the whole body politic, and is a fearful injury to the strength and energies of Britain. Here is a nation eminently commercial and adventurous, consequently with multitudes of individuals liable to great and sudden fluctuations of fortune. Between man and man, merchant and manufacturer, debtor and creditor, there is not one in a hundred of these fluctuations which it would not be advantageous to all parties concerned, and to the interest of the state, to accommodate and treat with forbearance:—there is not one in a hundred which, by the intervention of the laws and lawyers, is not inflamed to the ruin of private persons, and to the detriment of the common weal. The total amount annually levied on the productive classes for the support of the unproductive order of law practitioners is the most monstrous anomaly that ever existed; but even in this point of view it is nothing to the wide-spread wretchedness and the moral evil of which it is the cause. The petty vexations, and the severer injuries, which such a fellow as the C. D. of the letter we have quoted from Lord Cawdor must inflict during his lifetime, would form a mass of human misery beyond all ordinary conception; and only a slight idea of it may be formed by heaping together a few of the details. This precious rascal, who demands the poor man's five shillings as the

price of dunning him for a debt of one shilling, must have his several, or his many, victims every day, or he could not keep up his establishment in the style of a gentleman. The labourer's crown and the mechanic's pound, and the farmer's or the trader's five pounds, and too often the landlord's fifty pounds, are his support; and, in return, he gives them law enough to excite every bad passion, to gratify every bad principle, and to perpetrate every species of wrong and injustice. Continual practice in this way blunts the good feelings of the heart, and the attorney contemplates the most cruel action with as much concern as the butcher does the sheep he is going to slaughter. So that he is employed, what is it to him that the honest man suffers, the industrious man is involved in ruinous expenses, the widow and the orphan are beggared?—the vampire must be fed. This may seem strong language. Our reason for using it shall be told. In the very county alluded to by the author of this pamphlet, and within the present year, a Welsh attorney, to bring some point to issue, did arrest the person of a respectable lady, nearly eighty years of age, and so infirm that she could only with the utmost difficulty be moved from one room to another; and this unnecessary and barbarous proceeding produced such an effect upon the spirits of the individual in question, that she absolutely died in consequence of it, and in less than a fortnight from the date of the disgrace upon her character, was buried where her legal murderer may every day see the grave which he dug for old age and sickness, that could not even attempt to escape his deadly fangs. One instance like this is a stigma on the administration of the laws, as it is an outrage upon humanity; but the chance of our having heard of it only corroborates the prevalence of such iniquitous doings as are exposed by the noble author in his valuable pamphlet. "There is something (says he, continuing his account of these abuses) in the construction of the county court worse, if possible, than that of the court of Great Session in one particular,—that the under-sheriff, who acts as judge, is annually changed, and, from being a practitioner in the court, becomes judge for a year: knowing that the next year he must descend again to the rank of pleader, and that it is his interest, being paid, both as judge and counsel, by fees, to add by every means in his power to the business of the court, and embarrass the progress of the cases that come before it, he will not tax too closely the fees of persons, one of whom next year will inherit the power of taxing his. Both as judge and pleader, his interest is opposed to that of the public; and the public in Wales have suffered accordingly. * * * The attorneys educated within the principality are, for various reasons, of an inferior description to those who have had the advantage of a London education; the expense attending which, and the high premium, in most instances, required, operates as a bar to needy adventurers, who in Wales have nothing to prevent them from acquiring a right to practise as attorneys; a service as clerk for a few years, a small premium, or none at all, a lower stamp duty on admission, a country where the necessaries of life are remarkably cheap, tend to swell their numbers to a prodigious amount; and the limited and trifling nature of the business which comes before the court, does not enable them to acquire that knowledge of their profession which the public have a right to expect. There are, no doubt, honourable exceptions to this description; but the profession in Wales abounds too much in persons of inferior character and education."

Well is it for his lordship that these gentry have no hold over him; if they had, we should speedily see "execution done on Cawdor." In London and England there are also honourable exceptions—exceptions the more honourable, because the temptations to be resisted are severely trying to virtue, and because the mind is apt to have lost its purest perceptions, as well as kindliest tone, in the training for the profession;—and when these are found, we would say the individual is entitled to far more than a common measure of esteem and admiration. Instead of being the persecutors, they are the benefactors of their species, and redeem their *caste* from the odium so amply incurred by the low and sordid majority who infest it.

The division of Wales into four courts, besides Chester, and the dubious condition of the judges* appointed, are dwelt upon by Lord C. as great lets to justice; and he describes a curious Chancery suit, in illustration of his argument. For this we have not room: the annexed are, however, short enough for extract.

"It has also, I believe, happened, that cases have been submitted to Welsh judges in their capacity as counsel, under feigned names, and that when the cause has been tried, the same person has given a different decision from that which the opinion he had given as counsel had led the parties to expect. * * * I may be told that no man of honourable feeling would endeavour to obtain surreptitiously the opinion of the judge before whom his cause is to be tried; but then it is equally clear that every knave may; and it is no praise of a judicial system to say, that it affords weapons to a villain, which an honest man would be ashamed to use. * * * Sometimes there is a want of equity counsel, sometimes of common lawyers; and although the barristers themselves, in the most obliging manner, are, in general, ready to practise in law or equity, as may be required, at a moment's notice, I have heard that cases have occurred in equity, in which, from a want of Chancery barristers, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, of equity draftsmen, the same person has been obliged to draw both bill and answer, to the great satisfaction, no doubt, of all parties concerned."

As a remedy for these and other lamentable defects, his lordship recommends the legal incorporation of Wales with England, and this, "by dividing the Oxford circuit, and making two new ones, to one of which South Wales, to the other North Wales, might be annexed. I would (he adds) propose to take Lancaster from the northern circuit, which is now too large, and add Oxford to the midland. The two new circuits would then stand thus:—

1. *Lancaster.*	2. *Gloucester.*
Lancashire.	Gloucestershire.
Cheshire.	Herefordshire.
Shropshire.	Worcestershire.
Staffordshire.	Monmouthshire.
North Wales.	South Wales.

"This would require the addition of two new judges only; and, taking the English and Welsh parts together, there would be sufficient inducement for counsel of eminence to attend."

Having spent so much time seriously upon Lord Cawdor's small but important work, we have little to devote to the *Whole Duty of Constables*, the lowest functionaries of law and police. The pamphlet before us is a very well-arranged and ample compendium of their business in every possible case in which they may be called to interfere; and having also an Appendix of Mr. Peel's Six Acts, must be as useful a manual for every magistrate as it is for every constable—who can read; though, as honest Dogberry says, for their "writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity." The title-page tells us, that "'the constable hath as good authority in his place as the chief-justice of England hath in his.' 1 *Ro. Rep.* 238;" and in our opinion, he ought to have as much judgment and discrimination too—for the matters that come under his cognizance are often very perplexing. One of these worthies was (we forget whose *Report*) called in to arrest a woman accused of having given poison to her husband: the man looked very ill, but the wife stoutly denied the cause. Mr. Constable was sadly puzzled between the pro and the con, and at last fairly driven from the field by the following appeal from the weeping lady:—"I never gave him any thing to hurt him; only *open him*, and you will see how false it is!!" We knew another learned brother outwitted by a thief, who being in want of a hat, adopted the following ingenious mode of providing himself with one. On leaving church, at the moment when the crowd was thickest, he contrived to slip a gentleman's new beaver from under his arm. The latter feeling it escape, began to bawl, "Some one has taken my hat." At the same moment the thief put his prize on his head, and pressing it down with both his hands, "I defy them," said he, "to take mine." On which he was allowed to pass by Mr. Constable, the witness of the whole transaction, but rendered doubtful by the fine point of law involved in the rascal's declaration.

But we have said enough on this subject; and shall conclude with only one other anecdote, which may serve as an example for the administration of justice, though attributed to a monarch with a most unpromising *sobriquet*. In the time of Peter *the Cruel*, king of Spain, a canon of Castile having killed a poor shoemaker, the only punishment pronounced against him by his judges was, that he should not be allowed to take his place in the choir for a year. The son of the murdered Crispin revolted at this injustice; and, to avenge the death of his father, waylaid the canon and killed him with his own hand. The king being informed of the circumstances of the case, contented himself with condemning the assassin to remain for one year without making any shoes,—thus indirectly reproaching the judges for the unworthy partiality of their former decision.

* They are advanced politically by the minister, may be members of parliament, and at the same time counsel in England and judges in Wales!! After taking a view of the causes tried, &c., his lordship says: "On dividing this amount of business between the eight judges, we find that each judge would have for his share about sixteen actions per annum to try, and about thirteen prisoners; their remuneration for this labour is about 9,200*l.* Accordingly, it costs the country that sum annually to try 119 common-law causes, of the most inferior description, as to the property and interests involved in them, and 100 prisoners. You have, besides, the twenty-three decrees, such as they are, and the fraction of an order in equity; but even with that addition, I cannot think that the public have a good bargain."

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo (*M. Savary*). Written by Himself, illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon. Vol. III. 8vo. London, Colburn.

In our observations upon the preceding volumes of this work, we have looked at M. Savary's statements as being about as truly illustrative of the real history of Buonaparte as the inscription on the child's eyes now exhibiting in Oxford Street. Still, however, these are curi-

ous records; and even where they most attempt to warp, disguise, or conceal the actual circumstances of which they treat, are well calculated to elicit the facts either now or hereafter. They furnish not only abundant materials for controversy, but data which may be used equally for and against the writer. Referring to these our first opinions, we are confirmed in them by the almost contemporary remarks of a Parisian critic, who seems to have more immediate grounds on which to build, than we (in London) could have.

Speaking of the Memoirs, he says, "already in the aide-de-camp appeared the spirit of finesse and inquisition, which at a later period distinguished the minister of police. The confident of some of the Emperor's designs, an active and intelligent courier, Savary flew to every point where his master had doubts to clear up, or terrible orders to give. He took these employments upon himself with an earnest devotion, and a soldier-like simplicity, quite amusing. Never did he reason upon any mission with which he was intrusted; his mind was attentive only to its success. Such, in the days of the empire, was on the part of many persons the obedience, which we can with difficulty now understand. It exhibits a deplorable insensibility to human liberty; but certainly not so much baseness as is shewn at present in acts, less essentially servile, but which an enlightened conscience cannot commit without humiliation. This trait of character in Savary manifests itself in every page of his Memoirs, and becomes more and more striking as he advances in Napoleon's confidence. In the four volumes* which have been published the interest keeps increasing, especially from the middle of the fourth volume; that is, from the moment in which he is installed in the office of police minister. Nothing can be more curious than his efforts to re-unite the thread which Fouché's malice had snapped; and the art with which he recomposed his corps of select spies."†

We shall proceed to adduce some instances of this; and in selecting them be guided by names most known and interesting. In France, as elsewhere, even under an absolute despotism, it was found impossible by thronED tyrant and police tyrant united to keep the fair sex in due subjection: they asserted their privileges, and would talk in spite of Buonaparte and Savary together. This led to a miserable war between those who held the destinies of the world in their hands, and two or three poor ladies who would not be still and tractable when commanded. Among these was Madame de Chevreuse (of the ducal family of Luynes, and favoured by Talleyrand).

"At the period of the arrival in France of the Queen of Spain, the Emperor named from Bayonne some ladies of his household to keep that princess company, as she would naturally be at a loss for society at Compiegne. Madame de Chevreuse, who was then at an estate near Paris, was one of the ladies selected. Every consideration had been attended to in such a choice, both as to what might be agreeable to the Queen of Spain, and flattering to the pride of Madame de Chevreuse. Madame de Larochefoucault, one of the ladies of honour, communicated to the latter the appointment just given to her, intimating at the same time the day on which the queen was expected to arrive at Compiegne, where she was requested to be in attendance. Nothing could be more unexpected than the manner in which this young lady received the message. She briefly replied that she would not go, not having been brought up to act the part of a jailer. Every one blamed the manner of her refusal; but her conduct called for some severer mark of disapprobation. It was felt necessary to report it to the Emperor, who recalled the appointment of Madame de Chevreuse, and ordered her away to the distance of forty leagues from Paris. I was solicited during three years to procure her recall, and was really at a loss to account for so much meanness displayed for the attainment of that object, after so insolent a conduct on her part. The Emperor was sometimes heard to say, when speaking of that family, 'Let them beware. I will shew them the distinction I draw between a genealogy of the sword, and a genealogy of servants. If they excite my anger, I will revoke the act of confiscation of the property of Marshal d'Ancre, who was shamefully assassinated; and should his memory be reinstated, heirs will not be wanting to claim his spoils from the family of Luynes, whose wealth was wholly derived from that odious deed.' Madame de Staël had not been banished; but she was ordered to a distance from the capital, in consequence of an intrigue in which some rivals had involved her. A woman of so much celebrity is often exposed to the consequences of letters pouring in upon her. Such was her situation when I entered the ministry. She has no doubt been told that the Emperor had of his own accord ordered her banishment; but this was by no means the case. I know in what manner the circumstance originated, and can safely assert, that when he forced her from her attachment to the world, and ordered her to retire into the country, he only yielded to the repeated entreaties, and the unfavourable reports made to him; for, it must be acknowledged, that he paid far too much deference to her notions of self-consequence, and to her work upon Germany. Attempts were at first made to render her more circumspect; but all in vain. She could neither be silenced, nor prevented from meddling in, and finding fault with, every thing. She assumed the right to advise, foresee, and control, in matters in which the Emperor felt himself fully qualified to act upon his own judgment. He grew tired of receiving letters direct from Madame de Staël, and of finding the same subjects discussed in those which she wrote to her friends, who regularly sent them for the Emperor's perusal; and to get rid of the annoyance, he sent her to distribute her advice at a distance from him. She soon regretted the capital, and often wrote to me to obtain her recall, under a variety of pretexts. She at last feigned the determination of going to America, but was betrayed by one of her friends, to whom she had divulged her real plan. I was aware that it was first of all her intention to come to Paris; and that with respect to the voyage to America, she would afterwards consider of it; that is to say, she would take time to make up her mind on the subject. Personally speaking, I was rather disposed to yield to her request than to refuse it. I had in fact no motive for opposing it, because it must have been a desirable object for Madame de Staël to be on good terms with the minister of police. Such an arrangement, therefore, might have been suitable to both; but in order to acquire her good opinion, which I was by no means certain of obtaining, I should have begun by making myself many enemies amongst her immediate friends, whose hostility I was not at all disposed to excite. She could not have gained any thing, and I must have lost by the bargain. I was afraid to run the risk of improving her situation; and although I pitied her for having created in our men of wit a feeling of jealousy towards each other, my mind was made up in respect to her by the passport she had asked for America; and I took care not to be the dupe of her cunning; or, in other words, that she should not place me under the necessity of recurring to measures which were repugnant to my feelings. A great outcry has also been raised against the banishment of Madame Recamier. Nothing, in fact, is more common than to speak right or wrong upon every subject. The unsuccessful speculations of the house of Recamier, which compelled Madame Recamier to retire to a country life, were well known to every one: nothing on her part could be more honourable; but she had no right to pass herself off for the victim of tyranny, and to write such nonsense to every one. It would have been much more correct to tell them at once that the fortune of the house had been lost by bad speculations, than to accuse the Emperor as the author of that loss. Madame Recamier had a motive for leading a provincial life; and she told her admirers, who pressed her returning to Paris, that it did not rest with her to do so, thereby inducing the inference that she was prevented by the Emperor, although she was farthest from his thoughts. He accordingly gave orders, that if she returned, she should no longer be allowed to collect about her person that circle of discontented people, amongst whom she affected to give vent to her grief. I owe it to candour to acknowledge, that I wrote to her to desire, among other things, that she should dismiss from her mind all thoughts of coming to Paris for the present. She had not contemplated it; but still she was pleased at the order of banishment, which afforded her a ready pretext for replying to the solicitations of a crowd of friends, with whom she was glad of the excuse. I was also influenced by another motive, one which personally interested herself. I wished to spare her from the unpleasant consequences which *her contemplated journey to Switzerland* would have necessarily occasioned. If she should read this work, she will know what I mean; and should I ever have the satisfaction of paying my respects to her, with every apology on my part for the freedom, I shall let her know how correctly I was informed of every thing that related to her; and she will then think herself beholden to me for inducing her to remain at Lyons. That my information was correct, is sufficiently proved by my having seen, in the apartments of a German prince, the splendid painting which M. Gerard has made of that elegant lady, who substituted her portrait in lieu of the original, in the palace of the above prince. Madame Recamier's animosity against the Emperor may be said, however, to date from the earliest days of the consulate."

Alas, alas! and is this a picture of the mighty hero Buonaparte in the zenith of his power and glory, dispensing kingdoms, and having monarchs bending at his imperial feet! What, a fight with three women? Madame de Chevreuse, Madame de Staël, and Madame

* The four French volumes make the English two volumes, in two Parts each.

† "The piquant remark of the Duke of Rovigo to the irritated Emperor, on the occasion of Mallet's plot,—'Sire, I can easily place myself between two conspiring heads, but I cannot lodge myself in a single head,' is the highest eulogy that could have been bestowed on Mallet; and is the key to that scene of terrible enchantment, which, by conjurors' tricks, and jugglers' watchwords, overturned and re-established the empire in four hours."

Recamier: and if not beat, certainly disgraced by the contest.

In a former Number we also adverted to the anxiety with which Buonaparte endeavoured to attach the press to his cause: upon this we have further and curious revelations.

"It was at this period (says M. Savary) that he dispensed graces and favours in the greatest profusion. I could perceive that an impression had been conveyed to literary men that he considered them as his enemies; and I began from that moment to entertain a settled opinion with respect to the course resorted to for the purpose of alienating many of them from his interests. As he had particularly enjoined me to treat them with every consideration, I sought an opportunity, which soon presented itself, of cultivating their acquaintance. A variety of poetical effusions had been addressed to the Emperor on the occasion of his marriage; and he desired me to give him every information, not, as may well be supposed, in respect to the productions, but concerning the authors: for although I was not insensible to the effect produced by reading them, or hearing them recited, it was far above my capacity to discuss their respective merits. I had all those literary productions collected, and ordered that those which had obtained most approbation should be pointed out to me, and with them all the compositions published under similar circumstances from the time of Louis XIV., and considered worthy of being handed down to us: the only one that could be pointed out of the latter class was an ode entitled *La Nymphe de la Seine;* a production of Racine in his younger days, on the occasion of the marriage of the dauphiness. It is less copious, and in my opinion less elegant, than the greater part of those which the Emperor's marriage had inspired. An opportunity was thus afforded me, while executing the Emperor's orders, of giving him an account of each author, and of letting him know that the poetical effusions which filled the columns of the newspapers had been levied from those authors by my predecessor's commands. The Emperor became indignant upon hearing this. 'I had been told so,' was his reply to me; 'but I was unwilling to credit it: thus he proceeded in every thing; and I am consequently accused of being my own panegyrist.' He was greatly hurt at such conduct: he directed that I should submit to him a scale of the distribution of a hundred thousand francs, which he was desirous of awarding to the several persons who had displayed their talents on the present occasion; adding, that it was doing him a very unworthy service not to recompense authors whose labours had been rendered compulsory. Had he, in fact, lost sight of their claims, they would never have heard of the gratuities I delivered to them in his name; and would have been justified in complaining of him, though he could in reality have been arraigned with as little justice for forgetting them, as he had been for the orders they had received. It thereby came to my knowledge that the system of ordering poetical effusions was another of the means resorted to by the police to acquire wealth. When, however, this system has been so usefully applied to private purposes, there should be an end to that unblushing impudence of publishing to the world, that the man whose liberalities were a source of personal wealth to individuals, and who received a profusion of praises wholly unsolicited, was a tyrant doomed to destruction. The distribution of the above-mentioned sum to the several persons for whom it was destined, afforded me an opportunity of seeing them all in succession: I never omitted to peruse, immediately after the visit of each author, the piece of poetry he had composed, my curiosity being then awakened respecting him; and I seldom failed to discover something of the author's character by a comparison of his physiognomy with a production which could only have emanated from the dictates of his heart. * * * I was particularly desirous of propitiating literary men, by exalting their success and their dignified attitude in a literary and a political point of view. Those truly valuable men whose attachment I had courted, gave me the most effectual support by the kindness and zeal they evinced in distinguishing every species of talent."

The following quotations appear to us to throw striking lights upon the government of Napoleon: to counteract the intriguers against himself or his master, M. Savary naively tells us that he resorted to the ensuing expedient:

"I caused false reports to be circulated; and soon succeeded so effectually in palming them upon the credulity of our would-be-genteel people, that they were brought back to me in the garb of real facts. As some of them were of a satirical tendency, and were occasionally levelled at individuals who lived on intimate terms with me, I did not fail to notice the wicked intentions with which the most cutting stories were attributed to persons against whom it was wished to excite my prejudices; and the stories of a contrary character to those on whose behalf it was an object to obtain my good graces. I pretended to believe every thing; recompensed the informers' zeal, which only put me in possession of what emanated from myself, but so embellished, so altered and amplified, that I could no longer recognise my own offspring. My purpose was, for a short time, fully answered by this method; but every thing falls into disuse, and in Paris sooner than any where else. The more I proceeded in my course, the less I could understand how a powerful state could have occasion for a ministry, the inefficacy of which, not to say its absolute nonentity, was manifested to me: the aspect of the political horizon was before my eyes, but I was blind to its operating causes. Had I acted upon precedents, I could easily have created a clamour, in order afterwards to calm it. At times this course may be found useful, and I have resorted to it when I wished to divert attention from an object I had essentially at heart to secure, but from the pursuit of which a mere look would have detached me. Such a mode of proceeding did not accord with my wishes, and could only be applied to specific operations. I had no sooner attained an object, than I dismissed it from my thoughts: the work to be done, and the discoveries which still baffled my penetration, were alone calculated to annoy me."

What a state of society is here presented!! The writer continues—speaking of the means employed to worm out the secrets of ambassadors, foreign courts, &c.—and betrays a system of as cunning iniquity as ever met the public eye and indignation. The Machiavelism of his police is matchless.

"The particular tastes or habits of a man are no sooner known than he becomes the tool of whosoever can pander to them. I have known agents who were so dexterous in this system of corruption, that they would make a gambler of any man who resisted their attacks; would win all his money; involve him, besides, in debt; and after placing him in this dilemma, would enter into composition with him; and, be it said to the disgrace of human nature, seldom failed of complete success. Those men for whom gambling had no attractions were mostly found to be accessible through the artifices of women, in many of whom so much skill and experience were combined, that they very seldom encountered any difficulties which they had it not in their power to overcome. When foreign couriers arrived in Paris, the news which they brought was generally known a few days afterwards; and the same channel of information also furnished me with an abstract of the answers they were directed to take back to their respective courts. I have even occasionally been put in possession of complete copies of their despatches."

Savary's inventions to create a correspondence between France and England, and to become master of every part of it (as well as to favour the escape of French prisoners), are worthy of the veriest Scapin that ever played the rogue. The details are too long for extract, but cannot fail to be read in the work with equal astonishment and disgust. The following is one of the manœuvres which deserves the attention of England.

"I afforded a special (says Savary), an almost exclusive protection to those who carried on the trade in guineas; and, in consequence of having put down the competition existing between several Englishmen, I succeeded in procuring such large profits to those towards whom I extended my protection, that so far from refusing me any service, they were anxious to anticipate my wishes. Being themselves personally interested in obtaining early information of those political events which had an influence in raising or depressing the public funds, I might rely upon them as securely, as it was their own interest to communicate to me the first knowledge they might acquire of any important occurrence as soon as the newspaper arrived. If I found there had been any neglect on their part in giving me timely notice, it was sufficient punishment to delay for a few hours the delivery of their letters. The world in general can form no idea of the advantage for a man in business to receive his letters from London before the hour of change. As for those who brought me good news, I allowed the courier who was the bearer of them to take charge also of their commercial letters. Some men were simple enough to say every where that there must exist a channel of private communication with England: it required no conjuror to find that out; but their minds were on the rack to come at a source of more valuable information. The Prince of Neufchatel has told me, that during the whole time of Marshal Massena's remaining stationary before Lisbon, when all communication with him was cut off, it was only through the reports which I obtained in this manner that the Emperor had acquired a knowledge of the situation of his affairs in Portugal, and was enabled to decide upon the course which he thought proper to adopt."

With this, for the present, we must conclude.

Commentaries on the Causes, Forms, Symptoms, and Treatment, Moral and Medical, of Insanity. By G. Man Burrows, M.D., &c. 8vo. pp. 716. London, 1828. T. and G. Underwood.

This elaborate treatise, the fruit of much observation and great experience, is a work of the utmost medical and general importance. Addressed to the investigation of a class of maladies which are, we fear, becoming more

and more prevalent, Dr. Burrows produces an immense number of cases on which his acute reasoning is founded, and traces insanity in all its forms of mania, melancholia, demency, idiocy, &c. &c. to the various moral and physical causes which produce that almost worst of human afflictions. Having exhibited the evil, and explained the diseases complicated with or consequent upon it, the author ably points out the best modes of treating the unhappy sufferers; and, in short, gives us a complete view of the origins, the appearances, and the remedies (where cures are possible), of the distressing cases which rank under the common name of insanity.

In perusing this volume, a mass of the most extraordinary instances of madness arising out of singular circumstances will be found: they seem to be horrid sports of a demon Power, which, whether it obtains a means in nerve, or blood, or brain, or any other portion of the bodily frame, works its dreadful and mysterious effects, prostrating the noblest intellects, and debasing or destroying the finest faculties of mind. Is it not wonderful that the apprehension so like that of a God should be utterly overthrown by some slight tumour, or either the too quick momentum or stoppage of an inconsiderable fluid through a small vessel or extreme limb? And the moral causes are not less strange: among them, religion operates widely, and we will illustrate the book by an extract referring to this interesting branch of the inquiry.

"Religion, it must be acknowledged, is the very essence of humanity. Without it, man has no guide but his passions, no law but his will. Even savages have some notion of a Deity or a future state: and although it be not always a God of Mercies that they adore, yet divest them of the sense of a superior and presiding Power, and the character of the people would sustain a material change, and for the worse. What follows, then, when scepticism and infidelity reign, where Christianity once shed its pure and benign influence? The human mind having lost that prop which was its stay in the hour of need, chaos ensues; despair succeeds to hope; and reason, which establishes man's supremacy on earth, is overthrown. Here insanity supervenes on the defect of religion. As a cone inverted, so, we may be assured, is the state of morals where religion has been extinguished; it is a fabric without a foundation; and there insanity will emanate and most exceed. It has been with some a favourite hypothesis, that insanity frequently originates in the theological tenets peculiar to certain sects; and that persons professing a form of devotion free from controversial intricacies, and therefore such as might be comprehended by the plainest understanding,—as, for instance, that of the Quakers,—would be entirely exonerated from this severe affliction. If any description of Christians could be supposed to be so favoured, well knowing that all functional derangements are principally excited by the vices and passions of mankind, we might naturally expect it would be the fraternity of Friends, since theirs is a profession of pure morality, of which their lives, commonly, present a consistent illustration. But Tuke's description of the Quakers' Retreat for Lunatics, near York, proves that such an inference is a complete sophism. The avowal of this fact has confounded those who believed that insanity consisted in a 'mind diseased;' and has at once levelled those beautiful abstract theories inwoven they had indulged, and brought them to confess, that between mind and matter there is a connexion and reciprocal re-action. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;' and although some individuals, from a more perfect organisation, education, habit, or less exposure to risk, will enjoy greater freedom from disease, yet, be the precepts and practice ever so perfect, no community of persons can be exempt from the infirmities of mortality. All that can be conceded to superior morality, and of this truth I am fully persuaded, is, that the fewest lunatics in all communities will be found among the truly virtuous. In England, where the mass of the people are piously and morally inclined, and where the liberty of theological discussion and religious worship is tolerated, every variety of schism and sectarism abounds. Consequently, numbers exchange one form of faith for another; and hence the work of proselytism is exceedingly prolific. This, in truth, is the great predisposing cause to what is designated religious madness. * *

"Dr. Hallaran, who has had the best opportunities for observation, remarks, that in the Cork Lunatic Asylum, where Catholics are in proportion to Protestants as ten to one, no instance has occurred of mental derangement among the former from religious enthusiasm: but several dissenters from the established church have been so affected. The reason of this difference appears obvious. The ministers of the Romish persuasion will not permit their flocks to be wrought upon. To distrust the fallibility of any point of doctrine or discipline, is with them heresy. Catholics, therefore, are preserved from those dubitations, which, when once engendered, generally end in conversion. The moment of danger is, when ancient opinions in matters of faith are wavering, or in the novitiate of those recently embraced. And to this danger every Protestant is more particularly exposed, especially in a country where toleration in religious opinions is allowed; for there excess of fervour is the most likely to be awakened. Enthusiasm and insanity bear such close affinity, that the shades are often too indistinct to define which is one and which the other. Exuberance of zeal on any subject, in some constitutions, soon ripens into madness: but excess of religious enthusiasm, unless tempered by an habitual command over the affective passions, usually and readily degenerates into fanaticism; thence to superstition the transition is in sequence; and permanent delirium too often closes the scene. Enthusiasm and superstition, however, are not necessarily in sequence; for they are as opposite in character as, generally, in effect. The one is almost always the concomitant of genius or a vigorous mind, and may inspire the purest piety or benevolence, or emulate deeds of the highest glory: while the other seldom invades genius, except when extenuated by some corporeal disorder; but is commonly confined to the weak, the timid, and the uninformed; and in them produces either the blindest fury or the most gloomy despondency, and sometimes the wildest schemes for propitiating the offended Deity."

Examples.—"A gentleman of fortune, and some consideration, but who had become highly nervous, and somewhat hypochondriacal and gloomy, anxious that his son should be educated with strict principles of religion, placed him under the care of several divines in succession, each of whom was enjoined to be very attentive to his religious instruction. Many of the most abstruse doctrines of theology were pressed upon him. His mind, consequently, became perfectly bewildered and enfeebled, and impressed with the most visionary images. At length, he conceived that his sole duty was to pray for the remission of his manifold sins, and to study the Bible and particular homilies. Accordingly, if he walked out, when the devotional fit came upon him, he cared not in what puddle he knelt; or, if at his meals, his food was quitted for prayer. Soon his spiritual extravagances were so many, and, if interrupted, his violence so great, that he was pronounced insane. As he was uncontrollable elsewhere, he was sent to my establishment. He was then about fifteen years of age. No notice was taken of his religious enthusiasm: fresh excitement only was avoided. By degrees his thoughts and views were diverted to objects more congenial with his years. Innocent amusements were introduced. As he now behaved very docile, and had some taste for the sciences, he was induced to visit different exhibitions, and to read history and belles lettres. At length, after several cautious trials of his present religious feelings, the Bible was allowed him, and with good effect. Then, and not till then, he was trusted to church, where he conducted himself with the utmost propriety. Soon after, he returned home, and went on a tour. In about six months he removed to a new school, where he finished his studies. He went afterwards to one of the Universities, where he evinced distinguished talents. Eventually he launched into great dissipation, became maniacal, and in a few years died.—Youth is the natural season of enthusiasm: the imagination is then vivid, sensitive, and responsive; and in proportion to the force of the impression, so is the effect. Capacities of very different calibre are equally liable to derangement, though they will not be similarly affected by the same causes. Genius, improperly directed, is more prone to aberration than an understanding of mediocrity, or even of inferiority. Education is the pivot on which the future character, intellectual and moral, turns: hence, on a mind well cultivated and judiciously trained, and on one neglected or formed on a vicious model, very opposite effects are produced by identical causes. To the former, the exciting cause applied must be very intense, if insanity be rapidly developed; and if religion be that excitant, there are generally others preceding and in catenation, aiding the intellectual derangement: to the latter, if an excitant so powerful as religion be applied without judgment, the seat of reason is easily and quickly subverted. Perhaps in every instance where insanity has supervened to religion, some defect in education may be suspected. Not but the understanding, however informed and strong in prosperity, may be so subdued by adversity as to be extremely susceptible of morbid impressions. * * *

"A young lady, of good natural parts, but who had had that superficial education which females receive at ordinary boarding-schools, was indulged at home in every vagary of froward fancy. She was just seventeen; and Shakespeare and Radcliffe, and Byron and Love, were alternately the idols of her imagination. Still she was not vicious. A seriously inclined neighbour, pitying her flightiness, undertook to reform her by his pious exhortations. At first they seemed to have a good effect, for she became more grave and steady in her conduct, and very attentive to divine worship. Serious impressions seemed daily to gather strength. She soon, however, went to the extreme, and talked of nothing but religion. Her zeal at length became so ardent, that she read only pious books; and she was particularly anxious to attend every church where she learnt the sacrament was to be administered. In a short time she was so exalted,

and her conduct so inconsistent, that her father took her to France, in the hope that change of scene would correct these aberrations. The very night of her arrival in that country a furious fit of mania occurred—an event probably accelerated by suffering extreme sea-sickness. She was confined a few weeks, when she appeared nearly recovered. Upon going out, she witnessed, for the first time, the ceremonies of the Romish church, with which she appeared much struck. From that moment she lost all her zeal for the Protestant faith; and nothing would satisfy her but she would be a Catholic. She was brought home. No care, however, removed this conceit; and she still continued so wild and unmanageable, that she was sent to a lunatic asylum. There I first visited her. Medical and moral remedies were prescribed: she mended, and might possibly have soon recovered, if some family misfortunes had not interrupted the course of treatment, and induced her removal. In three or four days she relapsed. Soon after, she was sent to another asylum, where, in about six months, she perfectly recovered. Her former religious hallucinations entirely disappeared; and the regimen to which she was probably subjected, produced a degree of steadiness she never before evinced."

"Were I (concludes our weighty authority) to allege one cause which I thought was operating with more force than another to increase the victims of insanity, I should pronounce, that it was the overweening zeal with which it is attempted to impress on youth the subtle distinctions of theology, and an unrelenting devotion to a dubious doctrine. I have seen so many melancholy cases of young and excellently disposed persons, of respectable families, deranged from either ill-suited or ill-timed religious communication, that I cannot avoid impugning such conduct as an infatuation, which, as long as persevered in, will be a fruitful source of moral evil. The old Romans knew human nature better: they had a law which forbad any person entering upon the sacerdotal office before the age of fifty. This was to prevent theological discussions before an age sufficiently mature was attained. If such studies were likely to disturb a Roman of mature age, we may judge the probable influence on a modern of fifteen or twenty. Seriously, this practice is an alarming error; it is growing to an excess fatal to the preservation of intellectual sanity, and in a manner especially dangerous to the rising generation. Thus it is evident, that religion is sometimes the cause, sometimes the effect, of insanity. Important, indeed, are the consequences to the remedial system, which may result from an erroneous distinction. But into this consideration I must not here enter. The over-zealous should hence take example, and remember that the fervour of enthusiasm should be tempered with discretion. The intention may be pure and holy, but the mode as well as the principles of religious instruction may be quite mistaken. The human mind being as differently composed as the features of the human face, is not equally susceptible in all of distinguishing between truth and error in common affairs. How, then, is it to be expected to adopt subtleties in spiritual matters which it cannot comprehend, without a struggle, in which the reasoning faculties will be often subverted?"

In the moral treatment of the insane we have these striking rules laid down, and general reflections added:—

"First, Never to exercise the mind of an insane person in the sense of his delirium. Second, Never to openly oppose the morbid ideas, affections, or inclinations of the insane. Third, which is a consequence of the two preceding, to give rise, by diversity of impressions, to new ideas and feelings; and thus, by exciting fresh moral emotions, revive the dormant faculties. Fourth, Never to commit one's self to an insane person by a promise; but if inadvertently a promise be given, faithfully to adhere to it, unless certain that the fulfilment will be attended with worse consequences than the breach of it. These principles are not for the government solely of the physician, but of every one who has the charge, or who is attending on, or visits casually, a lunatic. There is no stage of insanity where moral treatment has so beneficial an influence as in that of convalescence. * * *

"To reason with a lunatic is folly; to oppose or deny his hallucinations is worse, because it is sure to exasperate. If we wish to make an impression on him, it must be by talking *at*, not *to* him. Though he will not listen to what we address to him, yet he will notice what is said to others, and, if applicable at all, will apply the argument or point of your observation more forcibly to his own situation or delusions than we can. To convince them, or break the catenation of their morbid ideas by fraud, trick, terror, or surprise, is always attended with hazard. The chances are great that it will not succeed; and if it fail, the case is inevitably rendered more intractable; and perhaps the painful reflection is left, that our own imprudent and precipitate conduct prevented the recovery which patience might have insured."

Dr. Burrows, though an enemy to coercion, is a strenuous advocate for restraint in many insane cases. "The philanthropist (he observes) alleges that too much coercion is generally used towards the insane. If coercion imply the practice which Celsus and Willis recommend, it ought not to be endured; but if it mean no more than simple restraint, to prevent a patient from doing injury to himself or others, or to enable his attendants to control him, I maintain that such restraint is frequently called for, is generally highly useful, and, notwithstanding all that is alleged of lunatics being managed without, cannot altogether be dispensed with. * * *

"To obviate the necessity of bodily restraint by the ordinary means, Dr. Autenrieth constructed a strong room, padded all round, in which he conceived that the most furious lunatic might be let loose, like a beast in a den, without doing harm to himself or any one. The absurdity and uselessness of such a plan must be apparent to the experienced, who know that some maniacs unrestrained, and so situated, would tear away all padding, and beat their brains out, or soon become beasts in reality. Solitary confinement is certainly best for the turbulent and vicious. Irritation is thus avoided; and if the patient have any dangerous propensities, proper precautions must be taken. As light is often a source of great irritation, so darkness is a powerful auxiliary in obtaining quiet, and preventing the renewal of raving. But we should as speedily as possible ascertain that darkness does not beget real terror. Many, besides the ignorant and superstitious, have an unaccountable dread of being left in the dark; and the worst consequences might follow their being so treated. Shading the eyes, by merely placing a temporary bandage over them, has, while it was on, banished ocular illusions; but if by so doing it is found that its effect is to substitute one illusion for another, no advantage is gained. I can easily credit that more restraint is often exercised than is absolutely necessary. It is the ready resource of idle keepers; and frequently the subterfuge of parsimony, both in public and private practice, to save the expense of adequate attendance. Unnecessary restraint has often a very injurious effect, both morally and physically, on the insane. Some minds are of that free and elevated cast, that, except alienation be complete, forced control begets a deep sense of degradation. The pride of birth, too, ill brooks control, and will not yield obedience where accustomed to command. A nobleman, or man of fortune, when insane, therefore, is always infinitely more difficult to manage than one of inferior degree. With such persons we should be particularly circumspect that no control is attempted that can possibly be avoided. Fortunately they possess in their wealth the means which preclude the necessity for so much personal constraint as may be requisite for the poorer. Sometimes, however, not all the advantages which wealth and numerous attendants can bestow, will supersede the necessity of rigorous confinement. I attended a very distressing case of this kind some time ago.—A nobleman, of a fine and cultivated mind, was rather suddenly seized with mania. His delusions induced him to think still higher of his consequence and endowments; added to which, he fancied that he was intrusted with a spiritual commission from God. No persuasion or art could induce him to submit to medical discipline, or any control. Force was at last resorted to, but with all possible caution and respect. It exasperated him violently. The plan was relaxed; but his conduct was wild and dangerous to the highest degree. Constraint was resumed. A continued opposition ensued for three months, when, from wilful abstinence and constant resistance and vituperation, he became quite exhausted, and died. Every thing was done that skill could devise to enlarge the patient's liberty; but it was dangerous even for a minute. I superintended many attempts to relax his confinement, but all was in vain—the consequences were always terrible. In the midst of his delusions and ravings, offended pride was uppermost. He would never enter into any compromise, but invariably insisted on his liberty as his natural right. The following characteristic colloquy took place with him one day in a consultation:—One of the physicians urged him to walk in the garden for exercise. 'No, sir!' he replied, 'I will not, while in this degraded condition!' (glancing at the strait waistcoat). 'But, my lord, no one will see you there.' 'Ah, sir! what a base man you must be, to think it is the being seen! No, sir, it is not my body's degradation: it is my mind that is degraded and suffers!' After I heard these sentiments, in which there was so much truth and feeling, I redoubled my efforts to obtain his confidence, and a promise that he would conduct himself quietly if I gave him his liberty. I would unhesitatingly have placed confidence in him, had he made that promise, under a full conviction that he might be trusted; but he refused all pledges. Nevertheless, I again gave him more latitude; but he was, as before, dangerously violent, and again restraint was resumed."

The difficulty of procuring proper attendants for the insane is one of the greatest defects in the existing system. Separation from exciting causes, however trivial, judicious exercise, occupation and amusements congenial to their former habits, are the grand curatives enforced by the

author. Some brief but sensible remarks on medical evidence in cases of insanity, conclude this very valuable volume.

Epistles in Verse. 12mo. pp. 135. London, 1828. J. Murray.

Poems. By Mrs. G. G. Richardson. 12mo. pp. 227. Edinburgh, 1828. Cadell and Co.: London, Simpkin and Co.; and W. Crofts.

Tecumseh; or, the Warrior of the West: a Poem in Four Cantos. By an English Officer. 12mo. pp. 135. London, 1828. R. Glynn.

Poems. By Eliza Rennie. 12mo. pp. 182. London, 1828. B. E. Lloyd and Son.

THESE are but a few of the many poetical volumes that crowd our table. If nobody reads poetry, at least every body writes it; and one successful bard, like a conqueror, leads on his tens of thousands to perish: while the quantity of verse yearly consigned to oblivion, only a critic could believe. Of all compositions, poetry is the one that affords the most tempting facilities. There are few persons whose feelings or imaginations are not sometimes worked up into poetry; and there is a certain mechanism of versification which all may learn and practise. Then, again, favourite works impress themselves on the mind; the thoughts and words mingle with our own; and many that have seemed, and are, glaring plagiarisms, we do not doubt were held by the perpetrators most devoutly to be their own. Nothing seems more general than mistaking feeling for inspiration; but it is not alone enough that there is sweet music in the instrument, without some skilful hand is also there to draw it forth: it is the power of expression that makes the poet. We may also, as conductors, point out, that where admiration has turned the admirer into the imitator, the artificial fireworks have little likeness to the lightning which comes direct from heaven. In the volumes before us, much the same criticism applies to all: there are some pretty lines, some flowing rhythm, and much of graceful feeling; but nothing of originality, no new reading of the human heart,—nothing, in short, to win at once that popularity which is, at least, the high road to fame. Of these productions we give the preference to the *Epistles in Verse:* the versification is peculiarly elegant; and there is a train of philosophic thought which bespeaks the cultivated mind. The ensuing passage is a fair specimen of the whole.

"Not ours to slumber in supine content,
Or only wake to weep o'er time mispent:
To man a task is set, a blessing given,
To do the will and earn the joys of heav'n.
Engrafted on the stock of duty rise
Fruits ever fair, transplanted from the skies,
And far more rare, more precious, than of old
Bloom'd on the Hesperian tree in living gold:
Than those more subtle to revive and save
Which to the wandering chief great Hermes gave.
Or Helen crush'd to drug the wondrous bowl
That sooth'd his son, and stay'd his drooping soul:
For these have power the wounded mind to heal,
And bid remorse itself forget to feel;
And these are yours, who, gifted to excel,
Preferred in peace and privacy to dwell;
And chose the safe, sequestered path, that steals
Far from the highway-crowd and crash of wheels;
Who, skilled in that rare art, the art to live,
Ask not the world for more than it can give:
But taught to fear its strife, and shun its noise,
Disdain its honours, and distrust its joys,
Have sought content, not wealth, esteem, not fame,
And to deserve, though not desire, a name.
To thy pure mind revealed, in early youth,
The seeming paradox, but sovereign truth,
(Oft to the aged and the wise unknown,)
That seeking other's good, we find our own.
Generous self-love! whose dictates to pursue,
(Alas! the unenvied privilege of few!)
Fills with such sweet employment every hour,
That whether wayward Fortune shine or lour,
Whether above ambition or below,
A bliss unborrow'd of the world we know;
And, best in blessing, proudly can the claim
Rank, riches, power, and (harder task!) ev'n fame.
The social passions their own bliss create;
A bliss not subject to the power of Fate.
Friendship, though called to suffer or endure,
Love without hope, that finds, that seeks, no cure,
(Blest though the obdurate fair no smile accord,
For love, like virtue, is its own reward,)
The tears of pity, or of soft regret
For those we lose, but never can forget;
The fear that watches in a mother's eye,
When first her infant breathes its feeble cry!
Even these a soberer, saner bliss impart,
A subtler pleasure kindle in the heart,
Than selfish triumphs, or the dead repose,
The sullen quiet, that the Stoic knows."

The following is, we think, good—as indeed are all the feelings and sentiments in Mrs. Richardson's pages; but this is, besides, amusing.

"*The Ancient Spinster-Beauty.*

When I was young and passing fair,
The men in crowds came flocking round me;
Each with polite, discerning air,
Some patent grace or merit found me.

My mother bade me not be vain,
Said beauty was a fleeting treasure,
And sense and goodness were the twain
In which alone the wise took pleasure!

But old, and young, and wise, alike
Seem'd with my slender stock contented:
How could such saws conviction strike,
To which no mortal act assented?

I saw poor homely Merit grope
Her way to coach or chair unaided;
And prosy Prudence lonely mope,
Where Beauty with her train paraded.

I heard papas their daughters chide
For vanity, and dress, and flirting,
Who quite good-humoured by my side
Thought all *I* did and said diverting.

I found that rosy Nonsense charm'd,
Where wrinkled Wisdom oft was slighted;
Sage critics by a smile disarm'd;
Divines, with sparkling eyes delighted.

Whene'er the merits were review'd
Of nymph new-launched in town or city,
The question was not, Is she good?
But, Tell me, tell me, is she pretty?

Mammas who, met in social chat,
Would sometimes tire, discussing duty,
Decorum, virtue, and all that—
Had still a friendly word for beauty.

What noses, lips, and cheeks, and eyes,
And form, and grace! I oft heard ponder'd;
And then—for graver thoughts would rise—
At folly and conceit they wonder'd!

I wondered too—for, preach who may,
Youth reasons from effects, not causes;
I pleased, was always right then say,
Could *I* distrust the world's applauses?

Girls without charms, who strove to please,—
Who wore the fashions Beauty sported,
Those were the vain, the foolish these,
And I, the wise—for I was courted!

And 'twas no vanity to lend
A meek assent when others praised me;
'T had been presumption to contend,
And pride to spurn the throne they raised me.

But O, when fifteen years were flown,
I found my empire had departed;
For wrinkles came, and youth was gone,
And lieges, courtiers, all deserted!

Well! let them go, who beauty prize,
A gaudy flower, not worth preserving!
I still may charm the good and wise,
And be of lasting fame deserving.

I trimm'd the lamp, I turned the page,
I woo'd each muse of hill or grotto;
Tracked science through each modish stage,—
For *hope to please* was still my motto.

And when the wretched sought my door,
(For charity was now in fashion,)
With chemistry I drugg'd the poor,
And patronised the nymph Compassion.

Schools I endowed, cot-gardens plann'd,
To make contentment more contented;
Shook knowledge o'er the clod-pole land,
And pauper luxuries invented.

I loved the poor in days of yore,
And some loved me, and praised my beauty;
But now I must bring something more
Than smiles or alms to win their duty.

And was this all—was love of fame
The only motive that could move me?
Papas, mammas, share ye the blame;
Nor, beauty worshippers, reprove me.

The visions of my infant head,
Like daisies in the sun delighting,
Look'd all to heaven from their green bed,
Ere yet disclosed to flattery's blighting.

I had no doubt, I had no thought,
But goodness was life's only pleasure;
Kind deeds the daily work she wrought,
And piety her hoarded treasure.

Why fled those dreams of happier hour?
Why was the work I loved deserted?
A root was wanting—and the flower
Sufficed to please the hollow-hearted."

Of *Tecumseh* we can only say that the feeling which prompted it is better than the execution. The Notes are exceedingly interesting.

We have just space for a specimen from Miss Rennie's pretty little volume.

"Oh! drearily and heavily
The night hours wear away;
Light comes with the radiant morn,
But joy comes not with day;
For still through shade and sunlight,
Whatsoe'er the season be,
The only joy my spirit knows
Is weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love—
Weeping tears for thee!

I think upon the quiet glen
Where we so oft have met!
I think upon the jasmine bower—
Oh! live the blossoms yet?
I think when last we saw the moon
Light up the dark-blue sea;
And then more fast and gushing are
The tears I weep for thee!
The tears I weep for thee, my love—
The tears I weep for thee!

I think upon the mountain where
We watched the sun's last ray;
We little deemed our cherish'd hopes
Like it would soon decay:
I think upon the grove where sung
The sweet birds strains of glee;
Their mirth would seem a mockery now,
While weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love—
Weeping tears for thee!

I think upon the lighted hall,—
'Twas like some fairy dream,—
When first, midst splendour blazing round,
I marked thine eye's bright beam,—
It flash'd in pride on others,
But in softness turn'd to me;
I thought not then of all the tears
That I should weep for thee!
That I should weep for thee, my love—
That I should weep for thee!

I think upon the starry eve,
When, pale and broken-hearted,
We gazed upon each other's face,
Then breathed farewell—and parted!
By all these thoughts I swear, till time
Shall set my spirit free,
My soul shall taste no other joy
But weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love—
Weeping tears for thee!"

And now, with somewhat of a lightened conscience, we bid our poetical aspirants farewell.

Origines Genealogicæ; or, the Sources whence English Genealogies may be traced from the Conquest to the present Time: accompanied by Specimens of Ancient Records, Rolls, and Manuscripts, &c. &c. By Stacey Grimaldi, F.S.A. 4to. pp. 342. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE title-page of this volume indicates its character; and being "published expressly for the assistance of claimants to hereditary titles, honours, or estates," we need only remark, that it deserves praise as a very useful preliminary of information for such claimants, and that it is likely enough to be confined to them by its excessive price—about a guinea for every hundred pages!!

Pretension to high descent is by no means a modern piece of pride; for we find, that "in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the fashion to make 'small account of any ancestor except before the Conquest,* telling many fables of

* William the Conqueror divided such part of England as did not belong to the church, and was not reserved for himself, into 700 baronies or great fiefs, which he bestowed on his particular friends, and those who had signalised themselves in his service: these baronies were subdivided into 60,215 knights' fees. No Englishman

these ancestors then preserving their houses, honours, and armouries;' but this piece of vanity was not only a fable, as Wyrley states, but one of late growth; for an historian who wrote in the reign of Henry III. says—

> The most deel of hege men that in Englonde ben,
> Been come of Normans as ye now seen.

At present there are few English families who pretend to higher antiquity than the Norman invasion; and it is probable that not many of these can authenticate their pretensions. On making an abstract of the English *printed* peerage, it appears that out of 249 noblemen, the number of thirty-five laid claim to having traced their descent beyond the Conquest; forty-nine prior to the year 1100; twenty-nine prior to the year 1200; thirty-two prior to the year 1300; twenty-six prior to the year 1400; seventeen prior to the year 1500; twenty-six prior to the year 1600; and thirty but little prior to the year 1700. The number of peers entered in that peerage is 294, exclusive of the royal family; but of that list no satisfactory conclusion could be drawn as to the commencement of the pedigrees of forty-five noblemen. Among all the noble Scotch families of whose high antiquity vanity is sometimes apt to boast, the house of Marre seems to be that which can at once carry its nobility to the remotest period, and authenticate it by the best evidence. Their nobility can be traced, on tolerable evidence, at least to the days of Malcolm Canmore, A.D. 1093."

In the course of his work the author has not only pointed out the sources of pedigrees from ancient records, but has given a chapter on Coats of Arms, in which he informs us, there is a sculpture of the arms of Grimaldi erected at the period of building the castle of Grimaldi, in 1084!—*proof* of this would be quite a new light to the lovers of heraldry, as we have never met with any satisfactory clue to the origin of that art, until about a century later than this instance of the Grimaldi arms; and that is the coat of Geoffrey Plantagenet, described by Stothard. Mr. Grimaldi also informs us that the Norman tiles engraved in Mr. Henneker's letter to the *Antiquarian* Society, may be considered as proving arms to have been hereditary from the Conquest. In our opinion they *prove* no such thing. Arms were first quartered in England on the tomb of Eleanor, queen of Edward I., and not by the Earl of Pembroke in the reign of Edward III. In another respect also we differ from the author. We had always supposed that the best account of the Herald's Records was to be found in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1800, which was drawn up from the papers furnished by the College of Arms: this, according to Mr. Grimaldi, p. 251, is very imperfect; and Moule's Account of a Visitation in Lancashire, is pronounced to be erroneous in the same flippant style. Now, the latter is the most copious account of heraldical MSS. which has yet been published; and from a condensation of the former, viz. the House of Commons Report, the greater part of Mr. Grimaldi's own book has been compiled. It is not very ingenuous, therefore, to use and abuse the same document.

We will now conclude with extracting a few unconnected paragraphs, not so much as examples of the work, which is not, indeed, susceptible of being thus illustrated by a Review, but as curious insulated particulars, worthy of being recalled to the memory of readers.

"In the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth are thirteen folio volumes of curious documents, called Cartæ Antiquæ, containing church grants of offices and lands; leases, dispensations, elections, licenses, ordinations, appropriations, wills, taxations, visitations, inquisitions post mortem, inquisitions of lands, bonds, lists of recusants, miscellaneous charters, awards, sales, exchanges, letters, sentences of the prerogative court, surveys, valuations, papal indulgences, lists of clergy, terriers, rentals, &c. &c. The State Paper Office is likewise in possession of some Chartæ Antiquæ. In private families long possessed of landed property, the Chartæ Antiquæ are sometimes numerous beyond calculation. It is known that the Howard, Percy, Cavendish, Temple, Scudamore, and other noble repositories, contain thousands, perhaps it is not overrating them to say that the above-named contain from ten to twenty thousand each: one single chartulary of the Percys contains nearly two thousand transcripts; and the schedule of the Scudamore deeds and documents, carried into, and now remaining in the master's office of the Court of Chancery, in the matter of the Duchess of Norfolk, a lunatic, comprises 8969 instruments. Deeds began to be dated in the reign of Edward I.; but the practice was not general till the reign of his successor, Edward II. * *

"Monumental inscriptions being memorials of our once flourishing ancestors designed to perpetuate their remembrance to future ages, are of no despicable use to heralds in tracing pedigrees, or lawyers in making out titles to estates; but it should at the same time be particularly remembered, that these inscriptions are very frequently erroneous in *dates*, and sometimes even in *names*. The monuments of Sterne and Goldsmith may be referred to for notorious proofs of this assertion: in the latter there is an error of no less than three years. * *

"*Directions for ascertaining the Dates of Monuments.*—Instead of adding in this place specimens already sufficiently notorious, it has been thought preferable to give some slight guides, by which the date of an ancient monument may be ascertained, when its legend can no longer be deciphered.

"*Tenth and Eleventh Centuries.*—The coffin lid in the form of a prism, the better to shoot off the wet, because the bottom part of the stone coffin lay on the ground. In armour, the rustred, ringed, trellised, tegulated, mascled, and edge-ringed, obtained use.

"*Twelfth Century.*—Coffin lids improved or distinguished with crosses, at first plain, then fleury, in bas-relief. Tables, whereon effigies or sculpture. Priests had chalices in their hands, on their breast; prelates had mitres, crosiers, great crosses, and pontifical habits; knights had arms, spurs, and swords. The armour as in the preceding century.—No coats of arms on shields, or otherwise, occur prior to this century. The earliest known in England are those of Geffrey Magnaville, Earl of Essex, buried in the Temple Church, 1165.

"*Thirteenth Century.* Coffin stones, with heads or bodies emerging from them, and placed in walls, with arches turned over them. The first brass statue, that of Henry III. Lombardic capitals became general on tombstones. The first table monument is that of King John, who died in 1216; and the fashion lasted until the reign of James I. French epitaphs occur. The oldest instance of a skeleton monument is in 1241. Cross-legged figures are between 1224 and 1313. They imply Crusaders, or that the parties had vowed to take the journey. The armour is complete mail, with only knee-pieces of plate.

"*Fourteenth Century.*—Lombardic capitals on tombstones not used after 1361. The text or old English hand succeeded, and continued till the reign of Elizabeth. The inscriptions were engraven on brass, and the words abbreviated. The armour is a mixture of mail and plate, but mostly mail. Coats of arms were not *quartered* by subjects until this century: John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, was the first. Supporters to arms first occur, being used by Richard II. Coronets first appear: the instance is in John of Eltham, who died 1334.

"*Fifteenth Century.*—Burials in chapels introduced. In armour, from 1400 all plate but the gorget: in 1416 all plate occurs. Henry V. was the first who bore three *fleurs de lis* instead of *semée*.

"*Sixteenth Century.*—Inlaid with brass. Altar monuments at the beginning of this century. Monuments against the wall, chiefly since the Reformation. Roman round-hand took place about the end of the reign of Henry VIII. '*Orate pro animâ*' was discontinued on monuments at the Reformation: Catholics only have used it since. The first deviation from the Gothic forms of tombs is the monument of Lord Darnley's mother, who died in 1578. Skeletons in shrouds succeeded, and were imitated by corpses in shrouds, tied head and foot. Figures supported their heads on the right hands;—an attitude taken from the Greek and Roman monuments. A kneeling attitude for children takes date not till after the Reformation; nor for parents, except to the cross; nor the infant in swaddling clothes, nor cradle.

"*Seventeenth Century.*—The latest date of animals at the feet is 1645. Cumbent figures occur till 1676."

A few further illustrations will be given next week.

had any of the first,—and few only were fortunate enough to obtain any of the latter. Sir Matthew Hale states, that several generations elapsed after the Conquest, before one family of Saxon pedigree was raised to any considerable honours, or could so much as obtain the rank of a baron of the realm.

Ramble among the Musicians of Germany.

(Second Notice.)

At the conclusion of our first notice of this volume, we promised a few further illustrations of its entertaining contents, which are accordingly appended.

At Vienna, says the intelligent author:

"From the specimens of the musical performances I have met with, there is scarcely a corner of Europe in which the taste of the operatic community can be worse. It has been said that the people of Vienna are Rossini mad, but they are not only mad for him, but mad for his worst imitators; with good ears, they tolerate the worst of music. They out-herod Herod in their noisy and vociferous applause of their favourites: this is the system now pursued towards a lady who is in the good graces of the audience; she receives a loud greeting on her entrance, is interrupted with *bravas* in the middle of her song, there is more applause when she has finished; and after quitting the stage, she is regularly called for back to make her obeisance, and to hear fresh acclamations. Mademoiselle Lalande is clever, but she would not deserve all this if she united in her own person all the talents of all the singers from Gabrielli to Fodor, and such noisy commendation would seem more like a combination to support worthless music and a bad performer, if it were not known that the vanity of many hearers leads them to bestow it for the sake of

a side-long compliment to their own discrimination and taste.—Every thing Italian is in fashion at Vienna, the language, music, and singers; and though the opera-house is a poor one, seen after that at Munich, the former has the advantage (if it can be called so) of having a composer and a corps of native artists, so that the Italian opera in its original state flourishes there. Pacini is engaged as composer for the opera in Vienna. This young man is not so ideal a workman as Rossini, but he is a more punctual one, and this qualification is of much importance where crowds would die of *ennui* if their darling novelty were withheld beyond its expected time. The little theatres in the Joseph Stadt and the Leopold Stadt have each their Dreschler and Müller, who labour in their vocation to keep the public wish for the new from sinking into torpor and inactivity; and though they are like cats following their tails, always rolling in a circle, it is not probable there will be any complaint against them in Vienna until they stop for want of *ideas*. A new Italian opera by Pacini, entitled Amazilia, was announced every day in the week for representation, and duly put off,—for Vienna is the only city in Germany at which this sort of finesse is esteemed; at last it was brought forth. It was an opera of three songs, all the rest went for nothing: the composer had made some points to entrap the audience, and they were entrapped. The heroine had in the keystone of the opera to make the circuit of the stage in slow and measured steps to alternate solos on the clarionet and horn; she had to look pensive and interesting during the long symphony, which excited expectation; then came the modern adagio, full of slow notes and quick sons, and afterwards the brilliant allegro overpowering the hearer with a torrent of passages. All this would be very pretty if one could be kept in good humour during a whole evening by one or two good pieces, when the whole should be good; but the worst effect of this foolish toleration on the part of the audiencing is, that it offers no stimulus to the composer, who of course will take little pains with a work which in a fortnight's time will be put among the theatrical lumber. This taste has been imported into Vienna from Italy.—The three stars of the opera at present in Vienna are Mademoiselle Lalande, Signor David, and Signor Lablache. The young lady was born in France, but was removed into Italy at an early age for her musical education, and she now holds the rank of member of the Philharmonic Society in Bologna. As a prima donna, Mademoiselle Lalande reminds me of Madame Bonzi di Begnis in the force and energy of her style; but, with an equality of talent as a musician and a charming person, as an actress she falls far short in the comparison. David, the first tenor, may be reckoned old for a singer; his voice is tremulous, his face effeminate, and his person thin and attenuated. In former days there was doubtless some foundation for the praise which has been lavished upon this singer by those who have visited Italy; but at present he discovers little to warrant his great fame, unless we perceive it in a style full of that *frippery* for which Crivelli and Garda have made themselves remarkable. David has the appearance of an antiquated beauty; his throat is whitened, his features look enamelled, and, except when exerting himself in his *falsetto* to reach F (at which time they are moulded into a shape something between smiling and weeping) they are immoveable. He too, like some singers of the old school, has a favourite note in his voice, which he throws out with great fervour, and once or twice I could not help thinking, that had he just been shipwrecked, and was clinging to a plank in the Bay of Biscay, he could not have made more noise to hail a ship that was passing, than he did on a dry stage for the sake of Pacini's opera. David does not want feeling, if he would but in some degree sacrifice the graces, instead of sacrificing to them; but there is in the modern Italian opera, such a temptation to the singer to supply the melody of a song, on account of the sketchy nature of the original, that if he overshoot the mark, some frailty may be pardoned. The bass singer Lablache is a tall, stout, handsome, and good-natured-looking Neapolitan. He appeared in Amazilia as a cacique of Indians, and strode about the stage, brandishing a massive club, and burlesquing with the most extravagant action a part which would have been as contemptible as absurd if attempted to be played *seriously*. He is a good singer, but on this occasion his angry voice was like the bellowing of an enraged bull; and the assumed violence was in keeping with his gestures, and a relief to the feelings of the audience. Lablache is a great favourite with the ladies of Vienna; the guerdon of his services has less of noisy applause in it, and more of 'nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,' than that of others.—The price of admittance into the opera-house here is four times that of the theatre in Munich, and the band and chorus are far inferior. The director of the music is Weigl: this composer takes his place in the orchestra in so plain a costume, that his jean coat appears as though it had been doing good service in his study five minutes before; and it is thus proved (a fact hardly to be believed in England), that music may be conducted, although its conductor be not invested with the dignity of full dress."

The amended, upon child musicians, strikes us as being particularly judicious.

"The flippancy of taste displayed by the more fashionable concert-goers in Vienna, may be imagined from an exhibition of instrumental playing with which they were entertained on one occasion when I was present, the prominent parts of which were variations for the violin, performed by Madame Parravacini, and the first movement of Hummel's pianoforte concerto in B minor played by Frederic Wörlitzer, of Berlin, a boy thirteen years old. The lady's violin performance required much politeness and self-command to restrain laughter, it was so extremely bad, and particularly in some rapid *staccato* passages near the bridge, where the defiance of tune was droll: the boy, though well-tutored, got through his task without conveying the slightest pleasure. Both these performers seemed to attract in proportion as the individuals were unfit to manage their instruments—the lady to *fiddle*, or the boy to play on the pianoforte. We have had so much of child's play lately in England, that it is to be hoped the fashion is on the decline; for if extremes be good, how much better would it be to employ those 'whose tops are bald with dry antiquity,' and to let the superannuated have a chance? because if we did not there get rapidity, we might get sentiment, which is a better thing. Common listeners frequently imagine, that provided the mere notes are played, the end of music is accomplished, forgetting that the mind of the performer should shew itself in the light in which he understands a passage; and then, instead of being a mere automaton, with a number of ready-made graces bestowed upon his mechanism, we should have the emanation of his feeling and sensibility struck out in a momentary impulse. Too many lads have been made players and singers because they have elastic fingers or loud voices, who are wholly destitute of the musical gift, perhaps even of an ear. If physical advantages as well as genius be necessary to make a player, it is a pity wholly to discard the latter ingredient, and to let the former shift for itself."

But we will close our long extracts with a sample of a pipe not musical. The Leipsic students are excellently drawn.

"The students of the university are the principal offenders against the repose of the town on a Sabbath, as at the opera-house they are ever the sturdiest demanders of silence when any sudden eruption of talk makes a passage inaudible. They are a proud, honourable-minded, and obliging set of *harum-scarum* fellows, made up of that warmth of disposition and independence of character, the overflow of which is in youth always pleasant. They are, indeed, the 'blest tobacco-boys,' if the day-dreams and visionary plans, which the use of that weed inspires, lead to exertion and completion as well as castle-building. No one will quarrel with the indolence of thinking, and the indulgence of thick-coming fancies, while life is all in prospect, difficulties to be overcome, and great works to be accomplished; but are too much thrall to a long pipe, and the charms of cool smoke. The devotion for tobacco is here no *sham* or affectation, but a real, downright, hearty national infatuation—the air seems impregnated with the smell. The clerk, whose hands are engaged in engrossing, smokes, holding his pipe between his teeth, the bowl of it resting some yards off in a window-seat. The postilion, whom the disentanglement of a contumacious knot in a package obliges to quit his, lays it down as he would surrender his heart's blood—with a dismal groan. The students, more gentle and book-learned, make more ingenious and acceptable sacrifices to their Indian god: sixteen of them came here, occupying the diligence, from Halle, each armed with his pipe and store of ammunition; they sat with the windows closed, that the valued fume might not escape, puffing away, and revelling delighted. How exquisite must have been the suffocation! As it has been said, that a quaker's nature would be a drab-coloured one, so would a German youth forswear hydrogen and oxygen for an atmosphere compounded of tobacco. The inhabitants of the town are so well accustomed to the freaks and pranks of the university lads, that they pass over any uproar in the streets which calls a stranger to his chamber window, merely saying to the inquirer, with a toss of the head, 'Oh! its only the students!'"

As London is about to have two Universities, let us hope that this good example will not be thrown away. We have heard this book ascribed to Dr. Crotch; but also, with greater show of likelihood, to Mr. Novello. Whosoever it is, it does credit to his general as well as musical attainments.

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. II.

The Old Irish Knight; a Milesian Tale of the Fifth Century. 12mo. pp. 186. Poole and Edwards.

THIS production, written for the entertainment of juvenile readers, would answer its professed purpose better, did it not, like too many of the same class, endeavour to blend sacred truths with a tale of fine fiction; for, however plausible some of these may occasionally be, it

rarely happens, we imagine, that their ostensible object is effected. Still, this volume has some redeeming points: it inculcates nothing at variance with strict morality, and contains many traditionary facts connected with the early history of Ireland, the authorities for which are always given.

Philosophical Inquiries; or, an Examination and Refutation of most of the received Theories of Rain, Mist, Dews, Latent Heat, Solar Rays, Light, and Lunar Influences: a Plan for preventing Thunder and Hail-Stones; together with Drs. Herschell and Clarke's Weather Table, &c. &c.: in a Series of Letters. By Edmund Hart. 12mo. pp. 84. London, 1828. Baldwin and Cradock.

THESE Inquiries profess to be profound confutations of old-established fallacies, and to substitute in their place more perfect doctrines; and the author, without sufficient knowledge of the subjects on which he treats to reward the attention he demands, imperiously puts forth his *dicta* in all the pomposity and self-assurance of conscious authority. The essays, however, are principally reiterations of conjectures already disseminated; and some of the author's remarks bear evident tokens of a superficial acquaintance with his subjects. Yet there are a few improved ideas in the work; and, as Mr. Hart fearlessly invites discussion, his "Philosophical Inquiries" *may* lead to a controversy calculated to enlighten some of the points in question. But, unless he moderates his dictatorial tone, and condescends to speak less derogatively of his fellow-labourers in the field of science, few, we think, will be found weak enough to encounter in a warfare with so peremptory a disputant. In short, he is a genuine recruit in the "march-of-intellect" system—who neither looks to the right nor left, nor any way but to his own purpose;—as if prejudices, like fortresses, were to be taken by assault.

A Comprehensive Grammar of Modern Geography and History; for the use of Schools and for Private Tuition; with Maps, Views, Costumes, &c. By William Pinnock. 18mo. pp. 446. London, Poole and Edwards.

MR. PINNOCK's Catechisms and other publications have made his name universally known throughout the country, as one of the most meritorious and successful authors in this department of literature, who have ever directed their attention to inform the rising generation. The present volume is, in all respects, worthy of his name: it is well conceived, well arranged, diligently edited, and beautifully got up, at a very moderate cost. By mingling the attractions of history with the dry details of geographical science, the study is rendered pleasing and interesting. Ample intelligence is produced in the first instance, and then the learner is judiciously exercised by questions on the subjects as they occur. The maps are neat and accurate; and what we are equally inclined to praise as a marked improvement, the little views and costumes are not only highly ornamental, but impressively instructive. We ought perhaps to notice, that the plan bears so close a resemblance to *Goldsmith's Geography*, already in such full possession of the schools, that the compiler might be accused of gross plagiarism: but we are given to understand that he claims the merit of having originated the design upon which that excellent publication was subsequently executed. The historical details are therefore the marked distinction of this novelty; and teachers will judge whether these are likely to promote or perplex the study of geography.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Novum Testamentum Græcum. Londini, 1828. W. Pickering.

ONE of the neatest little Greek Testaments ever seen. About the size of a snuff-box, it is, nevertheless, adorned with an engraving, by W. H. Worthington, of the Last Supper, by L. da Vinci; and the text is as plain and legible as if it were a folio volume. The dedication is, with great propriety, to Lord Spencer, the patron of handsome typography, as well as of polite and classical literature.

Private and Family Prayers and Collects, &c. Norwich, Matchett, Stevenson, and Matchett. London, Poole and Edwards.

THIS, though small, is one of the best works of the kind that we have met with. The selections are principally from the Liturgy and the most eminent divines of the church; with occasional hymns, several of which are as beautiful as they are pious.

Researches into the Causes, Nature, and Treatment of the more prevalent Diseases of India, and of Warm Climates generally; illustrated with Cases, Post Mortem Examinations, and numerous Coloured Engravings of Morbid Structures. By James Annesley, Esq. of the Madras Medical Establishment, late Surgeon to the Madras General Hospital, M.R.C.S., and M.R.A.S. In 2 vols. Vol. II. pp. 700, and Nineteen Plates, &c. Longman and Co.

THE second volume of this very able and splendid work has followed the first, of which we gave a full account in a former Number, with more than usual rapidity. It fully justifies the high encomiums bestowed by us on the first volume; and, to the medical reader, is even fraught with greater interest; but being almost exclusively devoted to the elucidation of the nature and treatment of diseases incidental to our possessions in the East, it furnishes few topics suitable for discussion in our pages. We can, however, assert with confidence, that no work which has appeared in modern times is more deserving than the one now before us of the serious study of the medical practitioner, whether he be engaged in treating the violent and rapidly fatal maladies in warm countries, or in remedying those which supervene in a milder form in temperate climates. We are sorry that we are thus unable to do justice to its merits, as the subjects of which it treats are chiefly interesting to medical readers. But it is incumbent upon us to state, that, to the inhabitants of warm countries, particularly the European portion of them, Mr. Annesley's labours are most valuable; that his long and arduous professional services in our Indian territories are even exceeded in importance by those he has rendered to medical science and the cause of humanity, by his labours in accomplishing the present most magnificent and able undertaking.

Plans, Elevations, Sections, Details, and Views, of the Great Hall at Eltham. Measured and delineated by H. Dunnage and C. Laver, Architects. London, fol. 1828. Taylor, and Priestley and Weale.

A VERY well-executed and useful work on that beautiful monument of old English architecture, Eltham Palace. The plates (twenty in number) describe very faithfully every feature of the building, on scales sufficiently large to display their character and manner of construction. We have no hesitation in recommending this volume: to architects it will be found valuable, as a book of reference for the period immediately preceding the Tudors; and to the public, as conveying a good general idea of an edifice, so important even in ruins, as to attract the attention of parliament.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 9.

SOME evenings since, I was present at a discussion, where breveted intellects differed widely as to the properties of the moon. Some gave it to be land and water, others volcanoes; one filled it with living beings, whilst another declared it to be an old worn-out world, having been destroyed by the infection of this globe, and now merely serving in the very low capacity of night-lantern to us mortals;—in fact, opinions were as various as on the colour of the cameleon. Curiosity tempted me to examine the matter in dispute; for which purpose I went to the Observatory, and viewed Madame Lune through what is considered a very accurate telescope. A most obliging professor exhausted his lungs in answering the many absurd questions I put to him. Rivers and mountains were pointed out, none of which I could perceive, notwithstanding that I rubbed and re-rubbed my eyes; nor was I more fortunate in my search after volcanoes; and, whether the fault lay in my visual faculties or in the glass, I saw nothing to authorise the suppositions of many astronomers as to its being an inhabited planet. To me it appeared exactly like a ball of stucco, or a white-washed wall, with small round holes here and there on the surface, as though stamped with the top of a pencil; and the dark parts, supposed to be water, hills, &c., seemed so many cavities. If such be the case, it would rather favour the assertion of the moon being only a reflector, and totally useless as a body in itself. I, of course, came away quite as wise as I went; for, in this age of doubt, it is impossible to give credit to our senses—neither the evidence of eyes nor ears being sufficient to bring conviction:

"Croire tout découvert est un erreur profond,
C'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde."

But, instead of believing all things discovered, the contrary seems the case; at least judgments vacillate to such a degree, on every subject, that we poor ignoramuses, who are obliged to rely on the superior brains of enlightened men, are ever kept in a labyrinth of uncertainty, and pass our lives like so many Penelopes, unlearning one year the knowledge we strove to gain in the preceding; for as "time not only corrects errors, but also proves errors to be right," the imagination finds it difficult to discover a sure anchorage, or the mind a foundation to build its faith upon; and, as what we have fancied realities are every day proved to be illusions, one is almost tempted to believe existence itself but a dream.

Paris, though advancing at rather a snail's pace with its decorations, is still making progress, and the bridge of Louis XVI. promises to become a splendid avenue to the *Palais des Députés*: already are the pedestals of the statues which are to ornament it erected, as also the statue *en pied du Grand Condé*, who is represented in the act of lancing his staff, or *baton de commandant*, into the lines of Wissembourg. The attitude is full of life and vigour, worthy of the times of ancient chivalry; and the sculptor has (thanks to his art), by dint of dra-

pery, poetised the very ungraceful and unpoetical costume of the age of Louis XIV. Unfortunately, the position in which this statue is placed, at the end of the bridge, totally prevents the passers-by from forming a judgment as to the countenance of the hero, the profile alone being visible. Whether this be done on purpose to hide defects, I know not; but all the expression of the physiognomy is completely concealed. It is the intention of government to illuminate this *Place de Louis XVI* somewhat better than the other parts of Paris (which may be called the *Clair Obscur*); gas is therefore to be conducted all along the avenues, and lamps put at a not too respectful distance one from the other; so that any gentleman who may be obliged to pass that way at late hours, will at least have the satisfaction of beholding the kindly personage who relieves him from the load of his watch, purse, mantle, &c., and have the power of recognising his benefactor, which the present "darkness visible" completely precludes. Indeed, to the increase of commerce in this capital we are alone indebted for seeing our way until ten o'clock: shopkeepers, by adopting the English mode of *glass walls* rather than windows, have thrown much light on our steps, which, after all, is a great point gained. I remark, that as commerce multiplies, and warehouses become brilliant, the faces of the French get long and serious; no doubt, from the insipid employment of calculating pounds, shillings, and pence. *Mais il faut vivre*, which weighty consideration has made many a cavalier, of *demi bon ton*, grace the counter, and deal out calicoes instead of compliments. Several of the *marchands* are decorated; and though there was an order to hide their red riband, as soon as they disgraced it by not being able to live on the illusory rank which it gives, yet I daily see *messieurs les boutiquiers* sporting the honours attached to former glory.

As for the theatres here, they are in complete discredit, and this once favourite *passe-temps* is almost abandoned by the Parisians, who demand something more piquant and original than the late offerings of theatrical composers, of which, however, they stand but little chance; for old scribblers, fearing that the fresh and new ideas of young genius might present too great a contrast to their faded and tame imaginations, do all they can to stifle and prevent real merit from coming to light; and numberless are the effusions of the tragic as well as comic muse condemned to musty drawers and portfolios.

On Sunday last, I joined the general mass of idlers at St. Cloud, to witness the *joûte sur eau*. Five or six hundred people were assembled on the occasion, and had the patience to stand for two or three hours under the burning sun, for the sake of seeing men thrown into the water. I think there were not more than five combatants: their prowess consisted in keeping their equilibrium, and being able to resist the force of their enemies' lance. One party was dressed in white and blue, and the other in white and red. The King, and the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême were present; and the little Duc de Bordeaux distributed the prizes: he looked very grave, this being a new *rôle* to him. A boy of twelve years old, who had given a cold bath to his antagonist, was the first to gain the reward of a silver goblet; with which he was so enchanted, that he forgot all his bows and graces, and was posting away delighted with this token of victory, when the mayor called him back to perform his salutations, and listen to some kind expressions which the Duchesse addressed to him. One man was nearly drowned, owing to his want of dexterity when tossed into the river; and as soon as he found himself *sain et sauf*, he indulged his vengeance in oaths of no very delicate description,—to the great amusement of the King, who laughed most heartily!

The deaf and dumb youth, who had been condemned to a year's imprisonment, has had his punishment commuted to only a month's confinement, in consequence of some palliating circumstances, and the able defence of his lawyer. As soon as the judgment was pronounced, M. Paulnier, one of the masters of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, addressed the criminal in the language of signs, and explained to him that a superior justice had rendered invalid the first judgment; but that chains, the galleys, and sufferings, would be the consequence, should he fall anew into error. Nothing could be more interesting or animated than this pantomime, particularly when he raised his hand in sign of taking an oath, it became almost affecting; for the young *Hué*, as if electrified, followed immediately the movement of his master; and, in the attitude of repentance, made a silent promise, heard only by the Being to whom it was addressed, but which the magistrates accepted as an oath; and perhaps was one of the purest ever offered,—at least the countenance of the offender brightened into a sublime expression as he internally uttered it, as if conscious of the sacredness of the act. The whole scene was a lesson to those gifted with the use of speech, who so often call the Deity as witness to words they never intend to keep.

There is much enthusiasm expressed with regard to the English noblemen who are about to join the French army going to Greece: this is the present chapter of conversation on the tapis; and the gentlemen in question are already heroes for their good intentions. The Egyptians sent here by the Pasha underwent an examination the other day in different sciences, and astonished the auditors by the rapid progress they have already made. One is writing, or rather translating, a treatise on mineralogy, into his own language: this subject, it appears, has never been examined by that people; so that the young author expects to acquire fame in his own country. There is also a poet amongst the number of Egyptian students; whose verses, I hear, though written in French, are full of eastern imagination, and consequently possess an energy of language and depth of inspiration uncommon to versifiers in the French tongue.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE COMET.

In the paper of last week on the Comet expected in the year 1832, 3, or 4, and visible at the latter end of the year 1758 and the commencement of the year 1759, we gave the elements of *another comet* of 1758, which appeared a few months *previously* to the one more especially the subject of the article; in correction of which error we now subjoin a comparative view of the elements of this remarkable body, as determined at the respective times of its re-appearance, the close correspondence of which, suggested the idea that it was one and the same; for if two or more comets recorded in history be found nearly to agree in the elements, there can hardly be any doubt of their identity. It may be shewn from the doctrine of chances, that the probability is as 1200 to 1 that it is the re-appearance of the same body.

A Comparative View of the Elements of the expected Comet.

Times when it passed its Perihelion.		D.	H.	M.	Distances of its Perihelion, that of the earth being 1.
1456.	June	8	22	0	0.58680
1531.	August ..	24	21	17	0.56700
1607.	October ..	26	3	49	0.58680
1682.	September	14	7	38	0.58288
1759.	March ..	12	13	31	0.58849

Longitudes of the ascending Node.

1456.	531.	1607.	1682.	1759.
s. ° ′	s. ° ′	s. ° ′	s. ° ′	s. ° ′
1 18 30	1 19 25	1 20 21	1 21 16 30	1 23 49

Places of Perihelion.

s. ° ′	s. ° ′	s. ° ′	s. ° ′ ″	s. ° ′
10 1 0	16 1 30	10 2 16	10 2 52 45	10 3 16

Inclinations of its Orbit to the Ecliptic.

° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′	° ′
17 56	17 56	17 2	17 56	17 30

Course in its orbit ..... Retrograde.

The comet of 1770 (see the last week's *Gazette*) made a closer approximation to our earth than any that has visited this part of the solar system: had it been equal in magnitude and density to our planet, it would have shortened the length of our year 2 hours 40 minutes. It is certain that no perceptible diminution did occur; whence it is inferred, that the mass of the comet was less than $\frac{1}{5000}$th of the mass of the earth. It was the comet of 1770 that passed through the system of Jupiter without deranging the motions of the satellites; but though these small bodies were not affected by its close approach, there is every reason to believe that the path of the comet was altered by its proximity to the vast body of Jupiter: this may account for its non-appearance since 1770. It was calculated that the comet would again be in conjunction with Jupiter on August 23d, 1779, when its distance from that planet would be only $\frac{1}{75}$ of its distance from the sun: the attraction of Jupiter on the comet would in this case have been 224 times greater than that of the sun; which must have so altered all the elements of its orbit, as to render it perfectly impossible to identify it as the same at any subsequent return.

Deptford. J. T. B.

PROCESS FOR SEASONING TIMBER.

Mr. Langton, of Jermyn Street, has, it is stated, "discovered a new method of seasoning timber, consisting in the removal of the greater part of the atmospheric pressure, and the application of artificial heat, by which the time necessary to season green timber, and render it fit for use, is only about twice as many weeks as the ordinary process requires years. The common mode of seasoning timber consists in evaporating the fluid matter (called sap) by the natural warmth of the atmosphere, with the precaution of screening the timber both from the direct action of the sun and wind, otherwise it cracks, and receives much injury. But seasoning, by the natural warmth of the atmosphere, proceeds slowly and irregularly, and much loss by decay takes place, unless the operation be conducted under the protection of a roof, to exclude rain and snow. Seasoning under cover is still a slow, though an expensive process; for at least three years should elapse from the time of felling the tree to that of its being used in such framing as is wanted in naval architecture: hence a stock of timber, equivalent to four years' consumption, must be kept on hand; and three years' consumption must be either under cover, or suffering still greater

loss by exposure to the wet. In the new process the power of an air-pump is added, to draw the sap out of the interior of the wood, and the tendency of the fluid to the outside being thus increased, a higher temperature than that of the atmosphere can be applied, with less risk of causing the timber to split; consequently, the process may be completed in less time, and a few trials will shew the best relation between the time and heat for the different kinds of wood."

Upon this process, Mr. Tredgold, the able engineer, gives the following opinion:—

"First, as to effect on the durability and strength of the wood. In the new process, as in the ordinary one, the sap is removed by evaporation; no solvent of the woody fibre is, therefore, introduced in either case; while the sap itself, being a fluid readily affected by temperature and other agents, it seems obvious, that the sooner it is wholly removed from the wood the better, provided the woody fibre contracts and solidifies without injury. That this may be done, is evident from the specimens from which the sap has been extracted: they exceed the usual density of specimens equally dry, and have lost about the same weight in drying that is lost in the usual method, with a somewhat greater degree of shrinkage. The sap which is extracted is a nearly clear liquid, having a sweetish taste, with a very peculiar flavour, and a musty and disagreeable smell. The latter seems to proceed from a light flocculent kind of matter floating in the sap, affording the strongest evidence, that the sooner such matter is removed from timber the better; and as it appears that the whole of this matter is removed by completing the process, I am of opinion the new mode of seasoning will render timber more durable than the common one; and it does not appear to be in any degree deteriorated in strength.

"Secondly, the method is, undoubtedly, practicable on the large scale, and at an expense not exceeding ten shillings per load, with the advantage of setting free, at least, half the capital required by the common method; the advantage of rendering it unnecessary to spoil a good ship by the use of wood full of its natural sap; and the still greater advantage of rendering the living tree available either for defence, convenience, or common use, in a few weeks after being felled, and in a state in which it may be trusted with safety; while, by the usual method, five years is not more than is necessary, to be equally free of risk from shrinkage and decay. The usual practice is, to use timber partially seasoned, in consequence of which the sap has to evaporate, and the wood shrinks, the joints open, and the carpenter's skill in framing is rendered nugatory; for, as timbers shrink, frames change their form and lose their strength, and ships and houses alike afford evidence of the fact, particularly ships sent out to warm climates. It only remains to add, that, by the new method, the whole of the natural sap is extracted at once from the tree; it is known by very simple means when the whole has been extracted; the process requires only eight or ten weeks; it is more economical, and locks up less capital than the common method; and it contributes to the durability and soundness of timber framing."

[Considering this to be a most important national question, we have thought it our duty to bring it, as stated to us, without personal inquiry, before the world of science and experiment, for trial and consideration.—*Ed. L. G.*]

NEW CHALYBEATE APERIENT.

In this land of good living, we speak only in a sensual, and not in a spiritual, sense, where persons are very apt to load their stomachs, and give their digestive organs fully as much as, or more to do than they are capable of performing, it is not surprising that many expedients should have been resorted to, in order to assist the burdened and labouring viscera. For this we have the epidemic rush of the season to the sea-side—the plunge, the salt water, the promenade. For this we have the runs to Matlock, and Buxton, and Harrowgate, and Gilsland, and Leamington, and Cheltenham, and Clifton, and Bath, and Bristol, and Gloucester, and Malvern, and heaven knows how many other oracles of supernatural waters, saline, chalybeate, antibilious, laxative, carbonated, sanative, sulphureous, &c. And for this we have the imitations and importations of all these various springs, Seidlitz, Soda, Seltzer, Cheltenham, and every other kind of mineral and medicinal impregnation: German spas have been formed at Brighton, and the sea brought to London; while analysis having ascertained the constituent parts of the most efficacious productions from the great alembic in the bowels of the earth, these have all been artificially composed by able chemists, and administered without the patients being obliged to journey, perhaps hundreds of miles, to the native locality.

Among all these excellent methods, we have seen nothing for ingenuity and value to compare with the *invention* (we may call it) which has led to this notice. It is well known, that the efforts hitherto made to combine, by chemical process, the carbonated or fixed air in a preparation containing the chalybeate principles of the Cheltenham and other similar waters, have failed, owing to the evaporation of the gas while procuring the salts. Thus, though the aperient property might be preserved, the tonic property was lost. Mr. Laming, however, a surgeon and able chemist of Bishopsgate Street, has succeeded in uniting and concentrating all the qualities of the Cheltenham waters; and producing them in the shape of a powder, at once the most convenient and pleasant to take. By merely pouring spring water upon a small portion of this salt, and drinking it while effervescing, a cooling and grateful beverage is obtained,—resembling soda water to the taste, and possessing the merits of Cheltenham waters on the constitution,—as perfectly as the Cheltenham Water, works Company.* All the trouble of mixing two powders, as heretofore, is thus avoided. To free-livers, to bilious persons, and to those troubled with indigestion, we could hardly recommend a better thing than Laming's Carbonated Effervescing Salts.

* A pun of John Bull, who tells us that some wag produced this reading by inserting the comma on the sign of the Cheltenham Water Works Company. And, by the by, we know that loads of Epsom and Glauber's salts are sent regularly from London to make the mineral springs so *natural* and so effectual at Cheltenham!!!

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KING'S COLLEGE.

It is eight weeks to-day since the Duke of Wellington presided at a meeting, the object of which was to open a subscription for the foundation of a college in London, where the youth of the metropolis might be educated agreeably to the principles of the established church. At that meeting it was stated, that the undertaking would not be commenced until a minimum sum of one hundred thousand pounds was subscribed. Within two months the rubicon has been passed, and this large amount realised. The subscription is still proceeding rapidly; so that the establishment of a splendid institution, as proposed by the promoters of the design, may now be considered certain.

Fate of Constantinople foretold by the Sibyls.

In the writings of Count Zosimus, a heathen historian, we find, among many concise descriptions, an account of how the Emperor Constantine the Great removed the seat of the Roman empire to Constantinople. Zosimus was a bitter enemy to Christianity, and a violent bigot to heathenish superstitions, which led him to speak in terms of unmeasured contempt of the proceedings of Constantine; and more particularly so, on account of that emperor being the author of the famous edict, which had the effect of putting a stop to the cruel persecutions of the Christians under all the former emperors,—this edict setting forth, "that every man may apply himself to that mode of worship he thinks most suitable to his own reason." This heathen informs us of himself, that he often wondered "*at the felicity and magnitude*" which the new city attained under such a prince as Constantine; and his wonder led him to search among the ancient oracles to discover whether his ancestors had not any prophecy concerning this good fortune of that city. After much difficulty he discovered an oracle, attributed to Sibylla Erythræa, or Phaello of Epirus, which speaketh thus:—

"Blessed Hellespont! whose buildings by the hand
Of Heaven were raised, and by its order stand:
Yet shall a cruel wolf its forces fear,
For all shall know me who inhabit there.
My sire's designs no longer I'll conceal,
But Heaven's intent in oracles reveal.
There shall ere long a monstrous birth produce,
Baneful to all by course of time and use;
A swelling ulcer by the sea shall grow,
Which, when it breaks, with putrid gore shall flow."

Zosimus appears to have been quite consoled by this malediction. Great as were "the felicity and magnitude" of the city of Constantine, of which he was so jealous, he rested happy in the anticipation that, sooner or later, she was doomed to fall; and the Byzantine historians maintain that these oracular prognostications of evil were confirmed about a thousand years afterwards, viz. in 1453, when Constantinople was taken by the Turks, the extinction of the eastern empire of the Romans being the consequence. There are many others, however, of a different opinion; and who, great as may be the merriment, or bitter the irony with which they may be twitted, for attempting to impose such exploded superstitions upon an intelligent public, maintain that the prophecy now under consideration,—fully as intelligible as some of those expounded to us from day to day,—can have no other import than the destruction of Constantinople by the Russian wolf. A thousand days or a thousand years are of little consequence in the stream of time. "Time," says Zosimus, with whom this notice begins, "time is short in respect of the Deity, who exists through ages; and should any one believe that this prophecy has a different import, he has liberty to enjoy his own opinion."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Margate, Ramsgate, and Environs. No. I. Drawn from Nature, and on stone, by P. Gauci. Engelmann and Co.

Slight but pleasing remembrances; well suited for the screen or scrap-book.

Ernestine. Colin del., G. Childs lithog. Engelmann and Co.

THE expression of this lovely head is very happily characterised by the following epigraph, from the poetical pen of Mr. T. K. Hervey:

"One of those faces, with their dark bright eyes,
That flash amid the vines of sunny France—
Looks, where the pictured spell of softness lies,
Upon the spirit of her old romance!
Like Venus, when she glanced the soul of Jove:
Or Dian, when she softened into love!"

Reflection. Dubufe pinxt., M. Gauci lithog. Engelmann and Co.

MR. HARVEY has been equally successful in describing the present—a more intellectual, but not less attractive, countenance:

"Thought sits upon her happy brow, like light:
The young pure thoughts, that have no taint of sin:
Making the mortal beauty yet more bright,
By the immortal beauty from within!"

SOME of our readers are, we fear, old enough to recollect the invention, about thirty or forty years ago, of prints representing objects of contrasted character, according to the way in which they were viewed. Among other subjects, the holy state of matrimony was slandered by a device of this kind. Held in one direction, it represented "Courtship," smiling and attractive; but when reversed, it exhibited "Marriage," morose and forbidding. Mr. W. B. Cooke has lately published two little plates (the impressions of which are taken in gdd) upon a similar, or rather upon a more curious principle. Horizontally, they appear to be merely picturesque compositions of rocks, castles, trees, waterfalls, &c.; but vertically, human lineaments, expressive, though rugged, very distinctly present themselves. We were never before so fully aware of the force and propriety of a favourite term with some of the describers of landscape scenery—"the *face* of a country." There are also copies of these designs (the pair of landscape heads!) in the usual style of black line engraving. Both sets are inscribed with the following characteristic couplets, bearing the initials "T. H"(ood):

"Let clans and families all join the dead,
This ancient house will never want a head."

"No wonder human folks perform grimaces,
When rocks, and trees, and stocks, and stones *make faces*."

The Parting Hour. Painted by H. Corbould: engraved by H. Bromley. R. Ackermann.

THE subject is from Crabbe, and one always congenial to British feelings. A sailor is being borne to his ship in the distance, and waves his handkerchief from the boat to his aged parents on the shore, while his faithful mistress leans against a rock, apart, and weeps her adieu. This, the principal figure, is sweetly painted; if any thing, rather too elegant; but the expression of the head is affecting, and the whole scene possesses a character well calculated for popularity. The engraver has also done his part admirably: his fine mezzotint seems to be touched into greater force and spirit by some strokes resembling etching, which highly improve the effect.

Miss Croker. From Sir Thomas Lawrence's Portrait. Engraved by S. Cousins. M. Colnaghi.

IF Mr. Cousins' portrait of the Duke of Wellington created a strong sensation among the amateurs of art, we cannot tell how they will receive this admirable specimen of the beauties of mezzotint engraving. For ourselves, we can only say, that it embodies all the grace and loveliness which the President threw into his charming picture; and that the fair original, instead of lasting one season by representation on the walls of the Royal Academy, or even enjoying a long and real life of triumph in her own lineaments, may now securely look to an imperishable remembrance from the extraordinary merits of Mr. Cousins' performance.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TRAVELLER DYING IN THE DESERT:

*Suggested by reading Major Denham's Africa.**

THE traveller lay in the desert alone,
Deserted, and wounded, and heart-sick, and wan;
The coolness and calmness of night had all flown,
And the thirst and the fever of morning came on.

No tree gave him shelter, no well was there near—
No being to succour him greeted his eye;
No sound but the hyena's growl met his ear,
That waited impatiently till he should die.

The bones of the many, deserted like him,
Whom the spear of the robber or hunger had slain,
Were saddening to view, and his eye-ball grew dim,
As death grimly whisper'd, so his should remain.

Yet, dauntless in spirit, around him he gazed—
No sigh left his dried lip, no tear did he shed,
But smiled as to heaven his last look he raised,
Where the halo of glory seem'd circling his head.

He thought of his home, of the days of his youth,
Of the friends who had loved him, and those who'd deceived;
And the soft mournful words which he now felt were truth,
That at parting she spoke who his absence still grieved.

"I have loved thee, fair Science—for thee I've immured
My youth in the closet of wisdom," he cried;
"For thee has my manhood all suffering endured,
And for thee, on my tomb, be it said that I died.

My tomb!—but what tomb, save this waste, shall be mine,—
Yet to what Heaven wills be my spirit resign'd!
Though no friend can witness my being's decline,
Still my name shall be found in my works left behind.

Some traveller, more gifted, more happy, shall come,
He shall find in this desert these relics of me!
He shall carry my books to the land of my home,
And my words, though I've perish'd, immortal will be."

Thus, inly exulting, his spirit arose,
On the pinions of virtue, to regions afar;
The spot where he moulders no being now shews,
But in every nation his monuments are.

His glory you see for his sorrows atone—
From examples like this future heroes are made:
'Tis thus that a Denham we claim for our own,
And long may it be ere his memory fade!

S. R. JACKSON.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF MR. HARRY STOE VAN DYK.

THE late Mr. Harry Stoe Van Dyk, whose productions have frequently been noticed by us in the course of our literary career, was born in London about the year 1798. His father was a native of Holland; his mother of the Cape of Good Hope. They came to reside in London about the year 1797. Mr. Van Dyk was principal owner and captain of a ship, in which he made voyages between London and Demerara. On the passage home of his last voyage, he was boarded on the south-west coast of England by a French privateer, commanded by the celebrated Captain Blacke; and after making considerable resistance, in which he was severely wounded, was taken, carried to France, and confined in one of the French prisons, where he ultimately died. Shortly after this event, Mrs. Van Dyk quitted London for Demerara, with her family, to take possession of a plantation there, which was, in consequence of her husband's death, involved in some difficulty. She, however, succeeded in her undertaking, resided there for some years, married in 1817 Dr. Page, a gentleman of the medical profession, and died not long afterwards; when the subject of this notice left the Colony for Holland, and resided at Westmaas, near Rotterdam, about three or four years, with a clergyman who was intimately acquainted with his father and mother, and of whom he acquired his knowledge of the Latin and French languages. He often related anecdotes of "the Dominie," and spoke of him with much esteem and affection. He returned to London about the year 1821, depending for his support on remittances from his brother, who, after the death of his mother, occupied the plantation in Demerara, which, owing to many untoward circumstances, afforded him very precarious and insufficient means; and for the three or four last years of his life it is presumed he did not receive any supplies from that quarter. At an early period of his life he evinced a strong and decided predilection for the stage—was well acquainted with every character that Shakespeare has drawn, and almost as well with those of every other celebrated dramatist since his time. He would indeed have tried the buskin, but his own opinion was that his figure was not suitable,—as he considered himself to be too tall and thin.

He commenced writing poetry at an early age. Some of the small pieces published with his Theatrical Portraits are among his earliest productions. When urged to attempt something of a considerable character,—something that might establish his claim to poetical fame,—his answer was, that his means would not admit of his sitting seriously down to such a pursuit:—he had to look abroad daily to earn his daily bread. He was engaged during the two or three last years of his life in writing songs for the publishers of music; but did not find it a profitable employment: his songs, however, are written with great good taste and delicacy;—certainly very far superior to the trash which is too generally dispensed to the public in this way. Byron and Moore were his models; and although these great men had never a more sincere worshipper, he kept clear of plagiarism: he had a way of thinking and of expressing his thoughts, quite his own, as the poetry in his little work called the Gondola, published in 1826, by Relfe of Cornhill, unquestionably evinces.

In 1825 he translated, in conjunction with Mr. Bowring, Specimens of the Dutch Poets, in one volume, entitled Batavian Anthology, for which each obtained a very handsome medal from His Majesty the King of Holland, through his ambassador in London, with a flattering letter, acknowledging the receipt

* We insert these lines as having a peculiar interest from the recent death of the lamented traveller whose work suggested them.—*Ed.*

of the copies which were forwarded by the translators to his majesty.

A few months previous to his decease, Mr. Van Dyk expressed his intention o arranging his MSS. for the publication of another volume of poems; but, as before observed, it would have consisted of short pieces only—principally of the legendary kind.

His illness which terminated his earthly career commenced on the 25th of December last. Symptoms of consumption were visible in the course of two or three weeks from that day, and there never seemed to be a chance of recovery. He remained at his residence at Walworth until about the middle of May, when his friends removed him at his own request to Brompton, where he died on the 5th of June, and was buried in Kensington churchyard on the 12th.

It is considered proper to mention here that a notice of his death appeared a few weeks since in the Morning Herald, signed B.; in which his "wretchedness" and his "desolate hearth" are spoken of. The writer no doubt meant well, but did not know how the case stood as to his private and domestic concerns, or he could not have uttered these opinions; for neither in the days of his health, nor during his sickness, did Mr. Van Dyk suffer from poverty. He never was wretched from this cause; and his hearth was never desolate. Few persons ever possessed more friends, disinterested and affectionate. They watched his illness with anxious care; and through their instrumentality he had the best medical assistance: and at last, when all proved unavailing, they assembled together to see the last sad solemnity duly and suitably performed.

Mr. Van Dyk composed his verses apparently with much ease; and his habit of writing was so correct, that he seldom had to make any alterations. He was thoroughly master of the Latin tongue, and possessed considerable knowledge of the French. He had also paid so much attention to his own language, that it was scarcely possible for him to commit an error in grammatical construction or orthography; and no man had a quicker eye for the discovery of the one or the other in the compositions of others. He had certainly many rare qualifications for an author: and it seems much to be regretted that he did not use his pen more industriously.

As a companion he was indeed a choice spirit,—"a fellow of infinite whim, most excellent fancy." If his spontaneous witticisms could be penned, they would make a large show in the annals of wit and pleasantry. Alone, the inclination of his mind was very romantic, and rather melancholy;—the reverse of his character and disposition when excited by company. He was singularly quick in catching the precise meaning of any one with whom he conversed—a most agreeable endowment; and equally quick in detecting a falsehood: he often expressed abhorrence of the character of an habitual liar. His publications are the Gondola; Songs set to Music; and miscellaneous contributions to several periodical works.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Alice Gray; a Ballad. Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Bacon.—*I pritee give me back my heart; a Ballad.* Sung by Mr. Braham. By Mrs. Philip Millard. A. Pettet. Two exceedingly pretty ballads. The touching story of hopeless love in the first, is true to nature and to the simplicity of ancient song. The latter has not so much interest in the words, but is a similarly sweet composition.

The Wasp and the Bee. Sung by Miss Goward. Music by A. Pettet. Same Publisher.

PLAYFUL and pretty: may be recommended to all ill-natured persons, but not to the exclusion of folks of better temper. We can readily suppose our favourite, Miss Goward, producing quite a reforming effect on the former by the display of the latter in her own charming style of looking and singing.

The Land of Fame. Sung by Mr. Sapio. Words by R. Morgan; Music by A. Pettet. Same Publisher.

A STIRRING composition, about "glory," &c.

I'll live, but ne'er shall smile again. Written by R. Morgan, Esq.; composed by J. Barnett.

A PATHETIC strain, and possessed of very considerable beauty; though we recognise in it an air familiar to us in former times.

The Brighton Almack Quadrilles, &c. By J. D. Kirchner. London, Willis and Co.

ALMACK'S, even at Brighton, is a sounding name, and deserved a pretty set of quadrilles; which the lady patronesses and all the young ladies declare this to be. The airs are equally good from beginning to end;—a rare thing, say the misses, in any quadrille music;—and for our opinion, that sort of dance is too insipid in itself to admit of an insipid accompaniment. We therefore join in the commendation of Mr. Kirchner.

Deprived of Thee. A Ballad, &c. The Symphonies and Accompaniments by J. Barnett. A. Pettet.

THE words, though not strictly poetical, are sufficiently expressive to render the music pleasing; but it would have done credit to a higher strain.

The Evening Song of the Tyrolese Peasants. The Words by Mrs. Hemans (in the "Forget me Not"). The Music by John Goss. Willis and Co.

WE presume that this is an imitation of the general style of the Swiss airs, which have of late been so popular; and it is no small praise of it to say, that, wanting some of the national peculiarities, it is as well entitled to popularity as the most favourite of them.

Douze Valses Brillantes, pour le Piano-forte. Composées par Henri Herts. T. Boosey and Co.

WE are cynical enough to hope that all the brilliant waltzing ever seen in this country may be confined to piano-forte music. The twinings and interlacings of notes are, perhaps, preferable to those of limbs and bodies; and a languishing cadence may safely be preferred to a die-away look. But this is a delicate subject; and these "Valses" in the way of music are thoroughly beautiful. No. X. in particular, would almost reconcile us to teetotum it, and seem fainting with giddiness.

Naughty Baby. Willis and Co.

THIS is a remarkable composition, being by Miss R. A. Willis, aged four years! As for the words, they are Mr. Lockhart's, in last year's Christmas Box. Altogether, if we were pedagogue critics, we would whip Naughty Baby.

DRAMA.

WE have little to say this week to our dramatic readers. *Midas* has been revived at the Haymarket, for the purpose of exhibiting the legs of Miss Bartolozzi, we suppose—for it has nothing else to stand upon, as played at present at this theatre. The immortals are mortal bad. The king of Olympus would be refused an engagement at the Olympic; and his termagant queen has a worse voice than her own peacock. *Pan* went to *pot* when poor Emery died. We've seen a much *nicer* Nysa; and Mrs. Waylett must herself confess that she is *not a tall* Daphne. Farren's Midas is the only thing worth seeing; and that arises more from his not being able to play any thing ill if he tried, rather than from its being particularly adapted for him. On Monday evening, Mr. G. Stansbury, the leader of the band here, made his first appearance in London as *Captain Macheath*, and *acquitted himself* very much to the satisfaction of the *judges*. A new comedy is announced for next Monday. Some novelties are also in preparation at the English Opera; and a new management is threatened us at Covent Garden: next week, therefore, we may have some hard work on our hands.

VARIETIES.

Chess.—The famous chess match between London and Edinburgh, so long depending, has been terminated in favour of the northern players. Five games were played, two of which, the first and third, were drawn at the thirty-sixth and ninety-ninth moves respectively, the latter game having lasted three years. Edinburgh won the second game at the fifty-third move, and also the last; London winning only the fourth, which it did at the fifty-fifth move.

Paris, 5th August.—Besides the scientific expedition which is at this moment setting sail for Egypt, and that which is forming to explore the Morea, the department of the interior has just given a commission to one of the most distinguished of our young naturalists, M. Victor Jaquemont, to visit Persia and India. This tour, so interesting to science, will occupy four or five years.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge visited the National Repository, Charing Cross, on Thursday, and remained nearly two hours, examining and inspecting, in the minutest manner, the various new and improved specimens of British manufactory, with the numerous models, machinery, and engines, which now fill this extensive place; among which the weaving on the silk and riband looms, and the lithographic printing, excited his particular attention.

Corder.—A foul murder seems to be a perfect elysium to the periodical press of England. The deliverance of Greece, the conquest of the Ottoman empire, the usurpation of Portugal, the inchoate revolution of Ireland, are events which fade into insignificance before accounts of the horrors of a red barn, the looks and gestures of an assassin, the number of his convulsive heavings on the gallows tree, and the price of the hangman's halter. We have heard that a fifteen-shilling work has appeared, with all the particulars of this sorry episode in the history of our day; and drawings, etchings, and engravings, of every possible device, have been published in every possible way, from the Sunday newspaper to the imposing volume. In short, the attention of our great and enlightened country has been almost entirely absorbed, for nearly three weeks, with the trial and exe-

cution of an atrocious cut-throat:—a step in the "March of Intellect!"

White Bait.—"*La Bête Blanche*" of a celebrated French naturalist and gourmand, who lately visited the Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich, is now scarcely to be had; the city authorities holding that, as the impurity of the Thames water destroys all the salmon, eels, and flounders, it is their bounden duty to take care of the only *little fishes* left to enliven the river. They seem to think that they will gratefully return, when they are bigger, to feed the natives.

Extract of Literary Gazette, Exeter Exchange, Lunnun.

Zur,—Your newspaper has been shown to me, and I feel bound to contradict such unfounded statemens and vulgur frase you dare to insurt. Strangers very often get into chat to me, and ask develish strange questions to be sure, and I manage to answer them has neer the mark as possible I can; but I cuddunt say I was shot on the East hill, ven was on the West hill; and that we wher singing on Sundy, ven it vas a wet day. I am just goin of to sea; when I cim back I shall write to our country newsman, to contradick your insartion.—Your humble servant, JAMES ROPER.

Hastings, Tuesday.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

There is preparing for early publication a work entitled the Musical Souvenir for 1829; in which, we are assured, great talent is combined, to afford, in the most neat and finished style, a pocket volume of new Vocal and Instrumental Music, with a beautful vignette title and frontispiece.

Hildburg, August 1.—M. Engelmann, a bookseller in this city, has announced for publication, in the course of this week, the English Fire-side on the Bank of the Rhine, an Almanac for the year 1829; exhibiting a series of English and German tales, poems, and historical anecdotes: embellished with superb engravings. Selected by J. Hedman, M.A.

There is announced, an Essay on a New System of Astronomy, by Mr. John Walsh, of Cork, whose hypothesis is, that the sun revolves round some remote centre in about 26,000 years; and, consequently, that the stars have direct and retrograde motions, similar to those of the planets;—this destroys the modern theory of gravity, as the system of Copernicus destroyed the theory of epicycles of the ancients.

In the Press.—The Last Autumn at a Favourite Residence, with other Poems, by a Lady.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Gerard's (Drs. A. and G.) View of the Evidences of Religion, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Troward's Church of Christ and Church of Rome, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Wilson's Memoirs of Mrs. Dawson, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Williams's Subways in the British Metropolis, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Peel's Savings' Banks Acts, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Tayler's Sermons, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Rovigo's Memoirs, English, Vol. III. 8vo. 16s. bds.—Conversations on Geology, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Castle's Manual of Surgery, 18mo. 7s. bds.—Lindsay's Lectures on the Old Testament, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. bds.—Stoner's (Rev. D.) Memoirs, 12mo. 4s.; fine 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Raikes' Sermons, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Good's Thoughts on Scripture, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Wards of London, Vol. I. 8vo. 9s. cloth.—Addenda to Chitty's Criminal Law, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

August.		Thermometer.		Barometer.
Thursday ..	7	From 54. to 70.		29.36 to 29.43
Friday	8	—— 57. — 70.		29.56 — 29.50
Saturday ..	9	—— 50. — 66.		29.48 — 29.41
Sunday	10	—— 55. — 59.		29.54 — 29.59
Monday	11	—— 49. — 68.		29.66 — 29.64
Tuesday ..	12	—— 52. — 64.		29.68 — 29.76
Wednesday	13	—— 43. — 66.		29.77 — 29.69

Prevailing wind S.W.

Generally cloudy, with almost incessant rain: a few claps of thunder on the afternoon of the 12th, accompanied with lightning.

Rain fallen, 1·075 of an inch.

Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As the Author of the Recollections of Colombia admits that by a typographical error the number of Patriots massacred by the Spaniards was raised from 3 to 13 Hundred, we do not think it necessary to insert a long letter in justification of the lesser points objected to by Captain Chesterton, nor to go into the inquiry on which side the savage system of cold-blooded murders began.

Neither do we think ourselves called on by candour to publish the letter of the Translator of Niels Klim.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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MR. BROOKES'S MUSEUM. The Sale of this splendid Collection was suspended on Friday last (8th instant), at the close of the Twentieth Day; when the following Address was delivered by Mr. Edward Robins:

GENTLEMEN,—I am instructed by Mr. Brookes to acquaint you, that in consequence of the length of time requisite to prepare a correct Catalogue of the remaining part of his Preparations, which it is found will occupy a much longer period than could be foreseen, or than can possibly be devoted by him, compatible with the present state of health of Mr. Brookes, who needs some relaxation from the great exertions lately made to forward the Sale,—the ultimate disposal of the remaining part of his Collection will be postponed until the autumn; previous to which, due notice will be given of its recommencement. Here then terminates, with the Catalogue, all competition for the present. Mr. Brookes, therefore, returns his grateful thanks for the unwearied attendance, and the liberal spirit evinced in a number of instances during the Auction. At least a third part of the choicest specimens yet remain unsold; they consist of Anatomical, Pathological, and Obstetrical Subjects, in spirits, dried, corroded, &c.; with an extensive assortment of Human Crania, of which a great number are remarkable for their singularity of conformation, or for the ravages produced by extensive morbid affections. Some are obtained from assassins, others are exotic; with a few small, but very rare, comparative Crania—a multitude of diseased Cylindrical Bones, affected with every species of malady incident to the osseous structure of man; with many Trunks, and some Skeletons where Spines are either incurvated or in a carious state. A complete series of Human Skeletons from the second month of utero-gestation to the adult of more than ordinary stature; several varying in appearance, in consequence of morbid or preternatural deviations from nature. An interesting display of Dissections of the Maxillary Bones of Fœtuses of various periods; young Subjects; and comparative Preparations for the purpose of shewing the early formation and growth of the deciduous and persistent Teeth, affording beautiful illustrations of these latent phenomena. Four Mummies, two of which are Egyptian (one of them in a rude sarcophagus); a third, modern, (preserved by Mr. Brookes) of a beautiful young Caffre Boy; the fourth of a deified Quadruped. There are, also, several specimens of Skeletons and stuffed Ornithoslynchi and Echidnæ, one of the former is in spirits: with a long List of rare stuffed Birds, and a few Mammalia; comprehending some Skeletons of each class, as well as a choice assemblage of Skeletons and preserved Reptiles, Amphibia, and Fishes. Likewise, a number of invertebrated Animals, comprising Insects, &c. In addition, a Cabinet of admirably executed Anatomical and Pathological Paintings and Drawings (some glazed), Statues, Casts, &c.

Contents of the

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No. 605. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Observations on some Passages in Lieut.-Col. Napier's History of the Peninsular War. By Percy, Viscount Strangford. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 35. Murray.

Reply to Lord Strangford's Observations on some Passages in Colonel Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula. By Lieut.-Col. William Napier. 8vo. pp. 16. Same Publisher.

Further Observations on some Passages in Lieut.-Col. Napier's History of the Peninsular War; occasioned by Lieut.-Colonel Napier's "Reply," &c. By Percy, Viscount Strangford. 8vo. pp. 21. London, 1828. Same Publisher.

In the year 1807 the French invaded Portugal; and the Prince Regent, without waiting their arrival at Lisbon, emigrated to the Brazils. This measure, which was eagerly desired by the British ministry, was universally attributed at the time to the able negotiations of Lord Strangford, the British resident at Lisbon. He was rewarded at home with distinguished marks of royal favour, and sent abroad, at the express desire of the Prince Regent, to be the British minister at his new court in the Brazils; and he thus laid the foundation of that diplomatic character which he has since supported in different courts in Europe.

After enjoying this reputation for more than twenty years, Colonel Napier in his book on the Peninsular War, and in a note not very german to the other matter in the work, attacks, for the first time, the long-established diplomatic character of Lord Strangford, and the credit which he had acquired in the affairs of Portugal. His lordship thought he was called on to answer this note; the colonel replied; and Lord Strangford rejoined, in the several pamphlets whose titles are prefixed to this article. We shall therefore analyse their contents, and state the most important points of the case, as they appear to us to bear upon the merits of the question at issue, which at present excites so much public attention. We will take the charges in the order in which they were made and answered.

1st. It is asserted by Colonel Napier, that the despatch containing an account of the emigration, was *not* written by Lord Strangford off the Tagus, where it is dated. To throw it upon a man to prove a thing which happened twenty years ago, in the only way it could be done—by the testimony of others—when it might be reasonably supposed that any other individual concerned in the transaction was dead, was certainly imposing a rather hard and unreasonable task. But it was his lordship's good fortune to find, on inquiry, still alive the very person whose evidence at once refutes the charge. Mr. Elgar, purser of the Hibernia, has declared under his hand, that it was he who copied the several despatches relative to the emigration of the royal family of Portugal, on board the Hibernia, off the Tagus, in November 1807, for Lord Strangford. So that the veracity of Lord Strangford and the inaccuracy of Colonel Napier on this point, are established without doubt or controversy.

2dly. That the despatch was really written at Salt Hill, on his lordship's way to London. Here, also, Lord Strangford's good fortune has befriended him. He had been accompanied by Mr. Sylvester, the king's messenger, who is also still alive. He, too, has given it under his hand, that Lord Strangford's journey to London was performed with the utmost expedition, and that he stopped no where on his way, except to change horses, and make some alteration in his dress at Salt Hill. On this point, also, the thing is settled; for he has taken no notice of the opinion of a third person, who *says*, he *heard* Sir J. Yeo *say*, he *thought* something Lord Strangford wrote was a despatch!

But this position is abandoned, as utterly untenable; and it is now said the despatch was really written at Mr. Canning's house at Bruton-street. If that were the case, and the act were really reprehensible, Lord Strangford can hardly be made answerable for it. The responsibility rests on the minister for foreign affairs,—at whose house, and by whose direction, it was done. But there was no blame imputable to any one, in a case not only justifiable, but necessary. Lord Strangford's original despatches, written on the spot, contained names of men, and statements of things, which could not be published without at once compromising persons and divulging secrets in the most serious manner: an abstract, therefore, of the original was drawn up by Mr. Canning's direction, and so printed for public information.

3dly. That the despatch conveyed false information — that the emigration was owing to Lord Strangford's negotiation, which it was not. We have read the despatch, and we cannot see an assumption of any thing to which the writer was not fairly entitled. It modestly states, that "the emigration was the genuine result of that system of persevering confidence and moderation adopted by his majesty towards Portugal, and which in obedience to his instructions he had uniformly continued to support, even under the most discouraging circumstances." Lord Strangford had been instructed to press the necessity of emigration on the court of Lisbon; and the letters written on the occasion are irrefragable documents of his success. On the 19th of August the prince wrote an autograph letter to the king, declaring his fixed resolution of abandoning his European dominions, rather than compromise his honour by acceding to the demands of the French. On the 29th, Lord Strangford's despatch informed his own court, that the equipment of the Portuguese fleet for the purpose was in progress. On the 2d of September, a council was held at Mafra, which came to a determination that the emigration should take place as soon as *two* events occurred—the French compelling the government to offer injury to the persons and properties of British subjects, and the appearance of a French force in Portugal. On the 25th Lord Strangford had another confidential interview with the prince regent; and so certain was he of the result, that he concluded his despatch containing an account of it, in these decisive words, "his majesty's government need not *be under any doubt* of the intention of the prince regent, for *he had made up his mind*." The first contingent case occurred; the Portuguese government were compelled to confiscate some British property, and Lord Strangford thought it right to leave Lisbon, and proceed to the British fleet. The second case then occurred, the entrance of the French into Portugal; and Lord Strangford, in full confidence of the promise of the prince, returned to Lisbon, found the prince embarked, had a long confidential interview, and sailed with him out of the harbour of Lisbon; and thus he did, as his lordship had always affirmed he would do, actually emigrate. Col. Napier has thought fit to call his previous assurance of all this a *guess!* but Mr. Canning, who had better means of information, and was quite as good a judge of the result, expressed, in the House of Commons, a very different opinion of the ability and sagacity of Lord Strangford on this occasion.

4thly. That the emigration was owing to the negotiation of Sir Sidney Smith. A fleet had been sent to the Tagus to aid the negotiations of Lord Strangford, when the crisis should arrive for acting. This fleet Sir Sidney commanded. It appeared before Lisbon on the 16th of November, and Lord Strangford proceeded on board. In consequence of instruction from home, he thought it necessary, in the existing state of things, that a strict blockade should be established; and a letter was written by Sir Sidney, on the 22d of November, under the authority of Lord Strangford, his majesty's minister plenipotentiary, proclaiming measures of hostility, if the emigration did not take place. This letter does not appear, nor what influence it might have had on the ultimate event: but it is certain that the whole of Sir Sidney's interference could have been but for eleven days, namely, between that of his arrival and that of the emigration; and that his only share in the negotiation was this *single* letter; which, after all, must have been written under the sanction of his majesty's minister plenipotentiary. That Sir Sidney could write and act in the most energetic manner, every one who knows that gallant officer must admit; still, he was only an agent, in the hands of another, in expediting a measure already determined on. His despatch, along with that of Lord Strangford, was published in the Gazette of the time; but we never heard that he then or since laid claim to any further share in the transaction than what is contained in his own statement.

The minor circumstances of this controversy we shall very briefly notice. It is said

his lordship was "expelled ignominiously" from Portugal. It appears, on the contrary, that his going was the result of his own judgment; and he had the first frigate in the Portuguese navy offered for his conveyance, if he chose to accept it. It is more than insinuated that he had *not* an official interview with the prince regent before he sailed, and did *not* accompany him over the bar. It appears he *had* a "long and confidential interview" with his royal highness, and did not only accompany him over the bar, but was "*embarked with him* in the same ship," till the junction of the British and Portuguese squadrons; when he left the prince, only to bring back with him Sir Sidney, and introduce him. Such insinuations are worth nothing, even when they are true; but less than nothing when they are not true.

Nor will we dwell on several inaccuracies of less consequence, which appear in the brief statement of Colonel Napier. It is stated that the emigration was to take place when *either* of two events should occur; it is evident that *both* were to happen. It is said that a fleet was *kept* off the Tagus; it is clear that it was *sent* there. These and similar inadvertencies might appear the result of mere carelessness, if strong charges had not been founded upon them. The first implies that the case had actually occurred, in which Lord Strangford had affirmed the emigration would take place; yet it did not. The second infers that Sir Sidney was *all the time* off the Tagus, and therefore a partner in the whole negotiation.

Colonel N. proposes that the red riband should be shared among Lord Strangford, Sir Sidney, and the *Moniteur*. We are sure that whatever claims Sir Sidney may have, the *Moniteur* has none. The colonel, perhaps, is not aware that there is not in the *Moniteur* of the 2d of November, nor of any other date, the words which he has quoted, that "the House of Braganza *had* ceased to reign."

Finally, "opinions of Portuguese gentlemen," "rumours and reports of the day," and "surprise expressed by every one at Rio," are stated as *evidence*, that the emigration was not owing to Lord Strangford. In opposition to this hearsay testimony are set the declarations of Sir Francis Hill, Lord Strangford's predecessor at Rio, who was in constant communication with the prince regent. The prince must be supposed to know about as much of his own affairs as any subordinate or anonymous gentleman at Rio or elsewhere. Yet he, in his frequent conversations with Sir Francis, on the subject of the emigration, and the statement given in the printed despatch, *never* expressed surprise, or appeared to entertain an opinion at all unfavourable to the accuracy of the statement. Indeed he gave the strongest proof of his high esteem for Lord Strangford, and his conviction of his services in the transaction, by requesting that he might be sent out to him as the British resident at the Brazils.

Though not so strictly literary as we could desire, we have thought it right to give this controversy so much of our consideration for several reasons: 1. because the subject excites much interest; 2. because Lord Strangford is a literary man; and, 3. because we think he has been injuriously misrepresented, not only on this point, but on another more nearly touching his character—we allude to a belief entertained of his having assailed the memory of Mr. Canning, in a speech which he delivered in the House of Lords. Were we not satisfactorily assured that this ungrateful course had no existence but in mistaken Reports, we should have been the last to say one word on behalf of the individual so fiercely accused. But we remember Lord Strangford's honourable and spirited defence of Mr. Canning when it was insinuated that certain funds had been lavishly expended; and we are the more ready to believe that no man could have so stultified himself as to have run into the very opposite extreme, in order to depreciate the glorious reputation of his departed friend. It is too true that there have been insults offered to the dead, and to the dearest whom he left behind him, and in the senate too, which are enough to disgust us with human nature; but we are persuaded that Lord Strangford is not one of those who have acted so revolting a part — to crouch and fawn to living power, and spit their odious venom on the grave of the man of genius, the illustrious statesman, and the more illustrious patriot.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

The Token; a Christmas and New Year's Present. Boston, S. G. Goodrich.

Thoughts on the Power and Greatness, &c. of Napoleon Buonaparte. By W. E. Channing, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 25. Boston, U.S. Reprinted in London, E. Rainford, R. Hunter, J. Miller.

Sketches. By N. P. Willis. 8vo. pp. 96. Boston, S. G. Goodrich.

Poems. By the Author of Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse. 12mo. pp. 228. Boston, S. G. Goodrich.

Whimwhams. By Four of Us. pp. 204. Boston, Goodrich: London, Newman.

We have been favoured with copies from Boston of such of these works as have not been republished in London; and their novelty and general merits induce us to devote a few of our columns to introduce them to the readers of the old world. This we are the more inclined to do, because the noise and hammering of the great American *Cooper* has begot a sort of prejudice against the country, which unreflecting people fancy to be filled with literary Parolles resembling this exceedingly rabid Yankee. Now this is far from being the case, as the volumes before us manifestly prove. Instead of a fury of bloated egotism and vanity, we have here eloquence, taste, good sense, and good as well as poetical feelings. The authors, in their various ways, are rational and able men; and there are other writers in America, though hardly known in England, whose works reflect honour on themselves and their native land. We are not prepared to say that the United States have as yet produced the proportion of talent and genius which might have been expected from them—far less that they have outstripped the hopes that might fairly have been formed;—but while the names of West, Leslie, Newton, Turnbull, Alston, adorn the annals of their arts, and those of Irving, Barlow, Everett, Walsh, Sparkes, Miss Sedgwick, Paulding, Brown, and Cooper himself (as a novelist), grace their literature, they need not be ashamed of the race they have recently run among civilised nations.* Dr. Channing himself is a host; and those slight pamphlets of his which we have seen, impress us with a very high opinion of him, not only as a writer of immense power and elocution, but as a most sagacious observer, and acute and profound reasoner. But before offering any remarks on his "Thoughts," we must pay our respects to the Boston Annual, which may in many respects be placed by the side of our publications of the same description. The Token for 1828 is a very pleasing miscellany of verse and prose; the former certainly not very striking, though occasionally characteristic; but the latter possessed of peculiar attractions, as furnishing not only several interesting sketches and tales, but having more of transatlantic freshness about them than is usually found in American works, which too frequently imitate the models of other countries, rather than draw the various scenes and inhabitants that distinguish America. Not so with the Token, which gives us American descriptions and American embellishments: the latter, it is true, are not so highly engraved as on this side of the water; but the editor candidly says, that they were got up in haste, and "the coming fall" he hopes to produce, as we doubt not experience will enable him to do, "a much better work." Among the tales, we have been most pleased with "A Canadian Legend," "The Lone Indian," and "A Bridal in the early Settlements." The first is too long for us; and the second, though shorter, and extremely pathetic, is not altogether so great a favourite with us as the last, which we shall therefore beg to abridge, as a specimen of the Token.

Mary Grant, a sweet orphan, residing at Dover, New Hampshire, is beloved by, and returns the love of, Robert Wilson, a young and manly settler at Salem, whence he removed, however, to fix on a farm near Dover and his betrothed Mary.

"The appearance of his farm might not have been exactly to the taste of the young gentlemen of the present day. It lay in all the wildness of nature, the tall trees tossing their heads proudly in the wind, as if bidding defiance to puny man, who was wishing to usurp the dominion they had held undisturbedly for thousands of ages. And in the recesses of those dark old woods often lurked the insidious savage, more terrific and bloodthirsty than the prowling lion or the crouching tiger. However, Robert Wilson surveyed the trees, and thought of the Indians without shrinking. He had a light heart, a strong arm, a sharp axe, and a sure gun; and the labours and dangers besetting his path of life gave him no more concern than would the obstruction of thistle-down in his road to church.

* * *

"In one year, from the time of his striking the first blow in the forest, his land began to wear the appearance of a cultivated farm. The trees had all disappeared from an area of twenty acres, and its surface was covered, and stumps nearly all concealed, by a luxuriant harvest. There was the golden wheat, the 'bearded rye,' and corn as tall and straight as a company of grenadiers; with pumpkins and squashes reposing on the ground and quietly ripening in the heats of August. On a gentle swell in the middle of this plantation stood a small dwelling. I wish I could with propriety call it a *cottage*, because to many young ladies it would give such a romantic interest to my story—but truth compels me to confess that, although doubtless prettier and more comfortable than many *real* cottages, it was not at all like a cottage of the imagination. It was a building, twenty feet by twenty-five,

* The name of a clerical American author has escaped our recollection, (we believe it is Dwight); but of his sermons, &c. we have been assured by one of our best English authorities, that they are every worthy way of the golden age of the British divines.

formed of neatly hewed logs, the roof covered with boards, the inside divided into two apartments, with one closet, and the whole lighted by three small glass windows. On either side of this dwelling rose a large locust-tree, and several small ones were in front, purposely left standing for ornament; and wild rose-bushes, and other flowering shrubs, had been spared, or transplanted by Robert, to give additional beauty to his rural seat. Thick, dark forests formed the boundary of vision on every side; but, in front of the house, the clearing had extended to the Cechecho, whose bright waters were seen dancing in the sunbeams, and afforded a delightful relief to the eye, after it had dwelt on the gloom of the surrounding wilderness. To one always accustomed to the retreats of ease and opulence, the wild place would doubtless have looked dreary as a prison; but to Robert, who could almost call it the creation of his own hands, it was a little paradise; and, when his bird of beauty should be placed within his bower, he would not have exchanged it for those stately halls his mother had told him he was once destined to inhabit. The wedding-day at length arrived. It had always been anticipated by Robert as one that would bring unalloyed joy; but Mary had often felt a sadness, something like a foreboding of misfortune, come over her mind whenever her marriage was alluded to. She could not tell her own heart the cause of this melancholy; it was not that she was averse to the union, for she loved Robert more than all the world besides; nor that she feared to dwell in the wilderness—there had not, for a long time, been an alarm from the Indians. Why is it that, at times, a shadow will fall on the spirit, which no efforts of the mind, no arguments of reason can dispel? There were great preparations for the wedding. * * *

Three o'clock was the hour of ceremony; then followed a feast; and, lastly, all the company who had horses, were to ride and escort the young couple to their dwelling. Of the wedding-dresses, I shall only say, that they were quite fashionable then, and would be very monstrous now; and a minute description of antiquated attire ought not to occupy much of a story so limited as this. The reverend John Rayner officiated at the ceremony; and then the whole party sat down to a long table crowned with an enormous Indian pudding,—not made of Indians, as an Englishman might suppose, but of Indian meal,—and served up in a huge pewter platter. The plates were of the same metal, all shining like silver, from a recent scrubbing; and then they had roast beef, and lamb, and venison, and many other good things, which they relished better for seldom indulging in them. But they had no wine, nor strong drink, in those days; and, what would be remarkable now, the host felt no mortification from not having them to offer, nor his guests disappointment in not having them to partake. Robert's house stood about a mile and a half from that of Captain Waldron's,* and eighty rods from any human habitation. The distance was not great, but it was all wilderness; and the road was only cut and freed from the obstruction of trees. No carriage could have rolled over the rugged way; but that was no subject of regret, as not a wheel-vehicle, excepting great lumber-carts, had ever been seen in Dover. So the gentlemen mounted their goodly steeds, and, each gallantly taking a lady behind him, they set off with the bridegroom and bride at the head of the cavalcade, in great style, followed by the smiles and benedictions of those who could not join for lack of horses. Their progress was joyous and rapid, till they entered the winding path of the forest, where a more sober pace became necessary; but Robert's horse, being accustomed to the way, still pressed on at a rate that soon made him several rods in advance of the party. The path, just before entering the clearing, approached very near the river; this curve was made to avoid a large rock, that stood like a wall on the north side of the road, confining its width to a space barely sufficient for a passage. Just as Robert was turning this rock, Mary, uttering a shriek, was either torn, or fell from her seat, the horse springing forward at the same instant; and, while Robert, calling on his wife, was attempting to rein his steed, a gun was discharged by an Indian from behind the rock. The ball struck the horse, as he reared high from the effect of the rein, on the breast, and he fell backwards upon his rider. The report of the gun was followed by a loud shout from the wedding party,—not that they suspected the cause of the firing, or its fatal consequences,—they supposed Robert had reached his own house, and fired his gun as the signal. Their shouts intimidated the savages, who precipitately fled with their prisoner, without even stopping to scalp her unfortunate husband. The party rode joyously up; but who can describe their consternation and horror, on finding Robert stretched, apparently lifeless, on the ground, covered with the blood of his dying steed, which they mistook for his own; while Mary was no where to be found! Calamities never fall with such an overwhelming force as when they surprise us in the midst of security and happiness. From that company, lately so gay, was now heard nothing but lamentations for the sufferers, or execrations upon the enemy. The men were all unarmed; they could not, therefore, pursue the Indians and endeavour to rescue Mary; but having ascertained Robert was still living, they bore him back to the dwelling of Captain Waldron, whence he had so lately gone in all the pride of youth and joy. There was no sleep that night in Dover. The inhabitants seemed panic-struck. They crowded to the fortified houses,—mothers pressing their children closer to their bosoms, as they listened in breathless terror, often fancying they heard the stealthy tread of the savages, and trembling in agony, as they thought of their horrible yells. But the night passed away without alarm, and a bright morning sun soon dissipated their imaginary terrors. Robert had nearly recovered from the effects of his fall; and though his cheek was pale, there was a sternness in his dark eye that told his spirit was unquelled. It was his determination to seek his wife; and several young men, after they found his resolution could not be altered, volunteered to accompany him. They went first to the fatal rock; from thence they followed the Indians nearly a mile into the woods; but for a long time no farther traces could be found. After searching many hours, they were joined by a praying Indian, as he was called. Mendowit learned the English language, and became converted to Christianity soon after the colonists settled in Salem. He had received many favours from the elder Mr. Wilson,* and had loved Robert from his infancy. He had lately wandered to Dover, and spent his time in hunting and fishing around Robert's clearing. Mendowit soon discovered the trail of the Indians. They had returned on their own steps after the departure of the wedding party, and kept the narrow path till it joined the more open one; and then they struck off through the wilderness. After following about three miles, their encampment was discovered. Mendowit examined it attentively, as also the direction the savages had taken. 'How many are there?' asked Robert. 'Two, besides the captive,' replied Mendowit. Robert's cheek became paler, as he stooped to pluck from a bush a fragment of lace and gauze, which he knew had belonged to Mary's bridal dress. Placing the fragment in his bosom, he inquired where Mendowit thought the hostile Indians were retreating. 'They are Mohawks,' returned the other; 'I know by the track of their moccasins; and they will go to their tribe on the great river or the lakes.' 'They shall not!' exclaimed Robert, stamping on the ground in fury. 'I will pursue them; I will rescue Mary, or die with her. Mendowit, you know the paths of the woods—will you go with me?' and here he enumerated several articles he would give him,—a gun, powder, &c. 'They will go through the hidden paths of the Agiocochook,' remarked the Indian, thoughtfully. 'We can overtake them before they reach the White Mountains!' said Robert, eagerly. 'You shall have the best gun I can purchase in Boston, Mendowit, and my horn full of powder, and a new knife.' These were powerful temptations to the Indian; but a more powerful one was the ancient and inveterate hatred he bore the Mohawks. Revenge is an inextinguishable passion in a red man's breast. Mendowit was a Christian as far as he could be, without ceasing to be an Indian; but his new principles could never eradicate his early prejudices, nor subdue his ruling passion. Now, the Mohawks had injured a Christian friend, and the indulgence of his hatred towards them seemed a Christian virtue. But there was an obstacle to his accompanying Robert. Mendowit concluded these Indians would retreat through what is now called the *Notch* of the White Mountains; and of that pass he had a superstitious dread. But Robert urged him with so many persuasions, suggesting also the certainty of overtaking the Mohawks long before they reached Agiocochook, that Mendowit finally consented. The sun was just setting when this arrangement was concluded. To follow the Indian trail during the night was impracticable; and Robert, now there seemed a possibility of recovering Mary, became reasonable enough to listen to the advice of his friends, and consent to stay till the ensuing morning. The night was mostly spent in preparations for his adventure, or in listening to the advice of those who thought themselves fully competent to judge of the best method of proceeding in the attack of Indians. Some tried to dissuade the young husband from the attempt to recover his wife by force, as the Indians, they averred, always murdered their prisoners when attacked. They said it would be best to send a messenger to the Mohawks, who would doubtless disclaim all knowledge of the violence which had, probably, been perpetrated by some stragglers from their tribe, and negotiate for the release or ransom of the captive. Robert's blood chilled at the suggestion that his rashness might accelerate the death of his wife; but the negotiation for her ransom was uncertain, and the period of her release might be distant. He thought she could not long survive in captivity; and he hoped to surprise her captors unawares, to free her, clasp her to his bosom, and hear her sweet voice pronounce

* Mary's foster-father.

* Robert's father.

his name as that of her deliverer. As the picture brightened beneath his fancy, he started from his seat and rushed out, to see if the morning light might not be discovered. It soon dawned; and, completely equipped, the Indian with his gun and tomahawk, Robert with a double-barrelled rifle, sword, and ammunition, and each carrying a pack containing their provisions and restoratives for Mary, they set off on an expedition fraught, doubtless, with more *real* perils than the adventures of many proud knights whose deeds are recorded in historic legends, and emblazoned on the scutcheons of their descendants. Fame is certainly more dependent on fortunate circumstances than great achievements. Had Robert Wilson lived in the days of chivalry, his courage and constancy would have been the theme of poets and song of minstrels; now, the only record of his name, or even his existence, will be this unpretending story. They entered the deep forest, and, guided by the traces of the retreating Indians, pressed forward, at first, with all the speed they could urge. But Mendowit soon checked his rapid pace, and represented to Robert that the two Mohawks were perhaps scouts from a large party, and that caution must be used, or they might unawares be caught in an ambush. Robert's impatience would never have submitted to this curb, could he by any means have avoided it; but as he could not quicken the pace of Mendowit, he was compelled to conform to it. Cautiously, therefore, they journeyed on through the old woods, where a civilised being had never before voluntarily ventured. All was silence, save when, at long intervals, the cry of some solitary bird broke on the ear with startling shrillness; or perhaps a rustling among the dry branches made the travellers pause in breathless silence, till a deer, bounding across their path, would plunge into the opposite thicket; while they did not dare to send a bullet after him, lest the report of their guns should alarm the enemy, who might, even then, be lurking close beside them. There was during the journey a fearful apprehension, an undefinable horror on the heart and mind of Robert, far more terrible than he would have endured had he known Mary had ceased to exist. The tortures she might be forced to undergo haunted his imagination, till every sound seemed to warn him to hasten to her relief; and the delays and obstructions that were continually arising made his blood boil with a fury he could scarcely control. His impatience greatly surprised Mendowit, who, with all the philosophic calmness of a sage, would take his own time to examine the traces of their fleeing foes, and calculate the distance they had gained, and the probable time when they should overtake them. This would have been soon, had the Mohawks proceeded straight forwards. But, as if anticipating pursuit, they were continually practising to elude it. They would often trace back their own footsteps, like the doublings of a fox; and, when following the course of a river, travel in the water, and cross and recross at places which none but the sagacity of a red man could have discovered. These subtle movements satisfied Mendowit that there was no large body of Indians at hand; and on the morning of the fourth day he announced that they should soon see Mary. They were approaching the mountains, and Mendowit seemed eager to overtake the Indians before entering the defile that led to the Notch. By the foot-prints they ascertained Mary did not walk, probably could not; and Robert shuddered, and clenched his gun with a convulsive grasp, as, at each step, his eye searched around in every penetrable direction, dreading to meet a confirmation of his fears; yet the sight of her mangled corse would scarcely have added to his heart's agony. The weather, which, ever since they left Dover, and, indeed for some time before, had been extremely dry and warm, now suddenly changed; and they seemed transported to another region. Thick, black masses of clouds enveloped the mountains, and soon covered the whole horizon, and the darkness of night came down at once; and then the wind rose, and, at intervals, swept onward with the force of a tornado. It required no effort of the imagination to fancy the old woods were groaning with apprehensions of some terrible calamity. The trunks of the largest trees quivered, and their lofty heads bent almost to the ground, as the 'mountain winds went sounding by' from a chasm far more awful than the 'Roncesvalles strait.' 'We must return,' said Mendowit, pausing: 'we cannot overtake them. The secret path of Agiocochook, Mendowit must not tread.' 'You must,' returned Robert, sternly, mistaking the cause of his guide's reluctance; 'but you need not fight. Only show me the Mohawks, and, be there two hundred, I will rescue Mary.' He was interrupted by a flash of lightning so vivid, that, for a moment, the mountains and their recesses seemed all revealed;—their high heads, that reached upwards to the heavens—their yawning chasms and deep gullies—the huge rocks, some fixed as earth's foundations, and others apparently suspended in air, ready to topple on the heads of those beneath—the dark trees, with their roots and fibres twisted amid the precipices over which they were bending, and clinging, as it were, for safety. A tremendous peal of thunder followed; its echoes reverberated through the trembling mountains with a deafening roar, and then the rain burst in torrents. It was in vain to attempt moving forward while the wind and rain beat so furiously; and Robert asked the Indian where they could shelter. Mendowit replied by a motion towards the west side of the mountain near which they stood, and began hastily to ascend. Robert followed. The path was perilous, and required much caution; but the Indian appeared well acquainted with the difficulties, and easily surmounted them, till he reached a kind of cavern in the side of a precipice, which they both entered in safety. They were now sheltered from the pelting of the storm, but not from its uproar. It seemed as if air, fire, and water, were loosened to work their pleasure on the shrinking and quaking earth. The lightning that shone in one continued glare—the awful rolling of the thunder that shook these everlasting hills—the rain, that did not fall in drops, but poured in large streams from the black clouds—the howling of the wind, as it raved through the hollow passes—the frequent and loud crash of falling rocks and trees,—all united to give to the scene an awful sublimity, which the soul could feel, but the pen can never describe. Amid this wreck of matter, as it were, Robert heeded not his own danger; he thought only of his wife. At every fresh burst of the tempest, 'Oh, where is Mary now?' came over his heart, till his knees smote together, and large drops of sweat started on his pale forehead. Then he would rush to the narrow entrance of the cell, with clenched hands, and look abroad to see if there was any abatement of the storm; and then, in despair, he would seek the furthest gloom of the cavern, throw himself down on the damp rock, close his eyes, and endeavour to banish all thought from his mind. Thus passed the hours till after midnight; when, during a pause of the wind, a strange noise was heard. It was not like a shriek, or cry from any human voice, or the yell of a wild beast; but a deep, dismal sound, thrilling the listener like a warning call from some unearthly being. Robert started on his feet. A bright flash of lightning shewed him Mendowit rising from his recumbent posture; his hands were falling powerless by his side, and his face expressed an internal agitation and terror which a red man rarely exhibits. 'It is the voice of the Abamocho,' said the Indian, in a low tone, that evidently trembled. 'I have heard it once before. He calls for a victim.' 'Where is he?' demanded Robert, unsheathing his sword. 'He is the spirit of the dark land!' said Mendowit, shrinking down, as if to hide himself from some dreaded object. 'He rules over these mountains; he comes in the storm, and none whom he marks for destruction can escape him.' Robert's whole soul had been so engrossed with the idea of Mary, and now so resolved her, that scarcely a thought he gave for any other human being had entered his mind since leaving Dover. The appalling noise he had just heard, and Mendowit's singular manner, now aroused his curiosity to inquire what so moved the Indian, when alluding to the Agiocochook. Mendowit, after heaving a deep sigh, replied, 'These mountains belong to Abamocho, the evil spirit. This spirit always favours the Mohawks; and it was to make them a path, when they were fleeing before the arrows of Tookenchosen, the great sachem of the Massachusetts, that his rent the mountain asunder. The evil spirit sat on a large rock, on the highest peak of the mountain, and he beckoned for the Mohawks to pass by, laying his hand on his breast. They obeyed, and went in safety; but when Tookenchosen would have followed them, the spirit spread his arms abroad, and great stones and trees were hurled down upon the warriors, till all perished except their chief. This was many, many moons before the white men came; but none of our warriors dared venture to Agiocochook, to bring away the bones of the slain. At last my father was sachem of Massachusetts. He was a great chief. His tribe was more numerous than the leaves of the summer forest. A thousand warriors followed his steps; and he said he would bring back the bones of his fathers. He called his young men; and took me, that I might learn the paths of the woods. I was a child then; I could not bend a warrior's bow—but they went not to the fight.' He paused; and Robert knew, by the tones of his voice, that the recollections of other years pressed sadly on his mind. After a few moments of breathless silence, he resumed: 'We came to Agiocochook. The storm was loud as you now hear; and in this very cave my father and I passed the night. We heard the voice of Abamocho. In the morning we saw him seated on his rock. He waved his arm for us to be gone. I saw it, and trembled; but my father would not depart. He sought all the secret places; but the bones of our fathers had perished. We returned to our tribe; but the evil spirit sent a curse upon us. Sickness destroyed our young men; the Mohawks scalped our old men and children; my father fell by their arrows. I avenged his death; but I could not prevent the destruction of my nation. Three times I journeyed to the Agiocochook, with the

prowess, to appease Abamocho. We prayed to the Keteen when at home. It availed not.' Again he paused; and Robert, who had listened with intense interest to the story, inquired where the remnant of his tribe dwelt now. 'Young man,' said Mendowit, rising with a melancholy but majestic air, while the lightning showed his tall form, and the gray locks that waved in thick masses over his venerable forehead; 'young man, I once led a host more numerous than the trees of yonder forest. I was chief of a mighty nation—now Mendowit dwells alone. I am the last of my tribe.' As he ended, he sank down, and covered his face with his hands. Robert's life had been a laborious but a very happy one. He was naturally of a cheerful temperament, and seldom had his imagination dwelt on the dark shades of human life. He had felt, as youth and health are prone to feel, as if earth were made purposely for the happiness of man, and existence would never have an end. A few hours had taught him solemn lessons of the vanity and change of all created things. Without and around him was the destroying tempest, dashing to atoms the works of nature; within was Mendowit, an image of moral desolation. Robert sat down; and, while the picture of human vicissitudes was present thus vividly and mournfully to his mind, mingled with the thought of his own heart-sickening disappointment, he wept like an infant. The tears he shed were not merely those of selfish regret. He wept the miseries to which man is exposed, till his mind was insensibly drawn to ponder on the transgressions that must have made such punishments necessary. And never had he breathed so contrite a prayer as now came from his soul, humbled before that Almighty Power who alone can say to the mariner, 'peace!'—to the tempest, 'be still!' A sweet calm at length fell on Robert's tossed mind, the calm of confidence that all would finally be found to have been ordered for the best; and he sunk into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till aroused by Mendowit. It was late in the morning; the storm had ceased; and they sallied forth to examine the appearance without. An exhalation like smoke arose from the dripping woods and wet grounds beneath and around them, concealing most of the devastations the storm had wrought. The clouds moved slowly up the sides of the mountain, still entirely shrouding its tall peaks; but they did not wear the threatening hue of the preceding night. They had discharged their contents, and their lightened folds were now gradually melting, and ready to dispersed before the morning sun, though its beams had not yet penetrated their dark masses. The wind was entirely hushed, and not a sound, except the solemn monotonous roar of a distant waterfall, broke on the stillness. While Robert was contrasting the almost breathless tranquillity he now gazed upon with the wild uproar he had so lately witnessed, Mendowit touched his shoulder; and, looking round, he beheld the features of the Indian distorted, while he gazed and pointed upward towards a huge mountain, that rose in the furthest distance before them. Above its tall peak reposed a black cloud, and it was the appearance of that cloud which so terrified Mendowit. 'It is the Abamocho,' said he, in a suppressed hollow tone; and certainly, by the aid of a little imagination, it might be likened to a human form of gigantic proportions. The dark form, drawn against a cloud of lighter hue, was seen in profile; a projection, that might pass for an arm, stretched forward to a vast distance; and then a shapeless mass, that the Indian might call a robe, fell down and covered the surrounding precipice. 'Your evil genius,' said Robert, half laughing, as he looked alternately at his guide and the cloud, 'has, to my thinking, a most monstrous and evil-looking nose.' 'Hugh!' said Mendowit, interrupting him. 'That part which formed the arm of the spirit began slowly to move towards the body of the cloud, incorporating with it in such a manner, that the Indian might well be pardoned for thinking Abamocho had folded his hand on his breast. Mendowit had held his breath suspended during the movement of the cloud, and his deep aspiration, as he emphatically said, 'Abamocho is pleased; we may now go in safety,' sounded like the breathing of a drowning man when he rises to the surface of the water. After hastily refreshing themselves, they descended from their retreat, and began their progress through the defile. The storm had obliterated all traces of the Mohawks; but there were no diverging paths; those who once entered the pass must proceed onward. It was now that Robert saw the devastations of the storm. Their way was obstructed by fallen trees, fragments of rock, deep gullies, and roaring waterfalls, pouring from the sides of the mountain, and swelling the Saco, till its turbid stream nearly flooded the whole valley. They proceeded silently and cautiously for more than an hour, when Mendowit suddenly paused, and, whispering to Robert, 'I scent the smoke of fire,' sunk on his hands and knees, and crept forward, as softly as a cat circumventing her prey. A few rods distant lay a huge tree, uprooted by the late storm; sheltered behind this, Mendowit half rose, and, through the interstices of the roots, examined the prospect before him. He soon signed for Robert to advance; who, imitating the posture of his guide, instantly crept forward, and, at a little distance before them, beheld—Mary. She, with the two Mohawks, was seated behind a shelving rock, whose projection had been their only shelter from the storm. The height of the projection did not allow them to stand upright; but the Indians had kindled a fire, and were now partaking of their rude meal. Their backs were towards Robert, and their faces fronted their prisoner, who, wrapped in a covering of skins, reclined against a fragment of the rock. Just as Robert looked, one of the Mohawks held some food towards Mary. She uncovered her head, and, by a gesture, refused the morsel. Her cheek was so pale, and her whole countenance looked so sunken, that Robert thought her expiring. His heart and brain seemed on fire, as his eyes flashed around, to see if any advantage might be taken ere he rushed upon the foe. At that moment, the Mohawks, uttering a horrible cry, sprung upon their feet, and ran towards him. He raised his gun; but Mendowit, seizing his shoulder, drew him backwards, at the same time crying, 'The mountain! the mountain!' Robert looked upward. Awful precipices, to the height of more than two thousand feet, rose above him. Near the highest pinnacle, and the very one over which Abamocho had been seated, the earth had been loosened by the violent rains. Some slight cause, perhaps the sudden bursting forth of a mountain spring, had given motion to the mass; and it was now moving forward, gathering fresh strength from its progress, uprooting the old trees, unbedding the ancient rocks, and all rolling onwards with a force and velocity no human barrier could oppose, no created power resist. One glance told Robert that Mary must perish; that he could not save her. 'But I will die with her!' he exclaimed; and shaking off the grasp of Mendowit as he would a feather, 'Mary, oh Mary!' he continued, rushing towards her. She uncovered her head, made an effort to rise, and articulated 'Robert!' as he caught and clasped her to his bosom. 'Oh, Mary, must we die?' he exclaimed. 'We must, we must,' she cried, as she gazed on the rolling mountain in agonising horror; 'why, why did you come?' He replied not; but, leaning against the rock, pressed her closer to his heart; while she, clinging around his neck, burst into a passion of tears, and, laying her head on his bosom, sobbed like an infant. He bowed his face upon her cold wet cheek, and breathed one cry for mercy; yet even then there was in the hearts of both lovers a feeling of wild joy in the thought that they should not be separated. The mass came down, tearing, and crumbling, and sweeping all before it! The whole mountain trembled, and the ground shook like an earthquake. The air was darkened by the shower of water, stones, and branches of trees, crushed and shivered to atoms; while the blast swept by like a whirlwind, and the crash and roar of the convulsion were far more appalling than the loudest thunder. It might have been one minute, or twenty,—for neither of the lovers took note of time,—when, in the hush as of death-like stillness that succeeded the uproar, Robert looked around and saw the consuming storm had passed by. It had passed, covering the valley, further than the eye could reach, with ruin. Masses of granite, and shivered trees, and mountain earth, were heaped high around, filling the bed of the Saco, and exhibiting an awful picture of the desolating track of the avalanche. Only one little spot had escaped its wrath, and there, safe, as if sheltered in the hollow of His hand who notices the fall of a sparrow, and, locked in each other's arms, were Robert and Mary! Beside them stood Mendowit—his gun firmly clenched, and his quick eye rolling around him like a maniac. He had followed Robert, though he did not intend it; probably impelled by that feeling which makes us loath to face danger alone; and thus had escaped. The Mohawks were doubtless crushed, as they never appeared again. * * * They made a litter for Mary, and they bore her on it by day, and her husband sheltered her in his bosom by night, till they reached Dover. Robert and Mary lived long and happily in their dwelling on the banks of the Cochecho. In all the subsequent attacks of the Indians on Dover they were unmolested; and their devoted affection, which continued unabated even to extreme old age, was often ascribed to the dangers they had suffered and escaped together. Mendowit thought himself richly repaid for his share in the expedition. He had, besides a new rifle, powder, and knife, both the guns of the Mohawks, which he managed to carry to Dover, as trophies of his complete success in tracking their paths. And, moreover, he enjoyed, till the day of his death, the friendship and protection of Robert and Mary; and, when he slept that deep, cold sleep, which, sooner or later, will close the eyes of all who dwell beneath the sun, they saw him laid decently in the grave, and their tears fell at the remembrance of his virtues and his services."

We are afraid this is rather of the longest of the extract kind: but it reads well, and we shall return to our other *Yankee friends* (how

well the two words sound together, and how much of good will, and how little of insult, do they convey!) next week. We hope this conclusion will be admired as a darling of a parenthesis!

On the Designs of Russia. By Lieut.-Colonel De Lacy Evans. 8vo. pp. 251. London, 1828. J. Murray.

Of this comprehensive political and military view of Russia, of its past progress, of its present position, and of its (probable) ulterior ascendency and ambitious objects, we do not consider it incumbent upon us to treat at large. Such a work must be read and well weighed by all who are concerned in national affairs; and the dabbling of a literary reviewer cannot be supposed likely to enlighten them much, or greatly to inform the general public. Colonel Evans seems to be deeply impressed with the opinion that the growing power of the Russian empire threatens not only the balance and independence of Europe, but, especially, the welfare of Britain, and the safety of her Indian possessions. Whether his apprehensions are just or exaggerated, it is not for us to determine; but we can truly say, that the data on which he reasons are at once curious and important, and that his intelligence is drawn from all points and quarters which bear upon the question, and the various topics discussed in an enlarged and statesman-like manner.

Colonel Evans asserts, that the Grecian revolt was prepared from within the Russian frontier; that the augmentation of her armies must be in contemplation of other events than victories over the Turks; that the consequences of these certain victories must lead to European wars, when the conquered territories come to be distributed; that Russia, once established on the Hellespont, will threaten India, British maritime ascendency, and even British connexion with Ireland; that France will be reduced in comparison with Russia to an inferior, or third-rate power; that Austria and Sweden will be paralysed, while Prussia and Holland are secured by family alliances; a Russo-Germanic confederation formed, and America courted; and, in fine, that within some fifteen years hence, Russia will be paramount as Buonaparte was some fifteen years ago. Upon these arguments it appears to us, that, while there can be no doubt of the rapidly increasing strength of Russia, there are securities against any undue use of her vast force, such as the wild aim at universal empire could inspire. The author, indeed, himself suggests, at the present moment, a close union between England and France, as sufficient to recall the Emperor Nicholas from the prosecution of the Turkish war with any idea of aggrandisement; and, should the Russian eagle even wave over the minarets of Constantinople, and all the country submit, unless a wise and moderate system were immediately adopted, in unison with the common interests of nations, surely a timely sense of common danger would combine the three mighty powers of Austria, France, and England, against the aggressor; and who can doubt the result? But this is presuming (of which there is no proof) that Russia entertains such boundless prospects of extended rule and domination: hitherto she has gone hand in hand with other kingdoms, and we believe there is jealousy enough alive every where to lead to precautions and resistance whenever any disposition is evinced to overstep the right line of general policy. Besides, we are among those who entertain no very appalling dread of universal empire. The history of the world shews us that the attempt has invariably brought ruin on the attempters; and the very lesson of Buonaparte himself, to whose efforts these anticipated by the author on the part of Russia are compared, is surely too recent and too terrible to encourage any similar mad scheme of ambition. And again, we would suggest, as a consolatory reflection against these predicated evils, that we are unacquainted with any period at which it could be shewn that long-matured prospective plans were realised according to the project of the planners. Calculations of years to come have been invariably overthrown by strange and unforeseen contingencies. Let any man fancy that he had slept for only the last half century, and waked at the distance of every ten years—in the years 1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820—we think it would put him out of conceit for prophesying what should happen and be the actual state of things in 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, and 1880, should the comet, happily, spare the earth so long! Still, however, we ought not to neglect the warning voice of judgment and penetration; and the work before us is eminently one entitled to the closest attention of political men. We shall, therefore, copy a few paragraphs to illustrate it, from the many that are most worthy of being well considered. On the subject of military colonisation in Russia (respecting which it will be remembered, Dr. Lyall first sounded the alarm) Colonel Evans observes:—

"The foreign policy of a state whose grandeur is founded upon conquest, must characteristically be that of conquest. It is of course in furtherance of this policy that the great and novel plan of 'military colonisation' has been devised. Eventually this, it appears, is to place at the disposal of government three millions of males, trained from the earliest age to military exercises, and to be held constantly in readiness to reinforce* the embodied army. Whether this number is to be the maximum, will of course depend upon circumstances. The settlements granted to the Roman legions were chiefly for defence, and for services performed. These appear to concern the future more than the past; and are obviously calculated rather to assail than protect. The consequence, if not the intention, is plainly the foundation of an immense military caste, whose confirmed habits and separate interests must no less dispose and qualify them to rivet the chains of their own countrymen, than to impose an equally galling bondage on every surrounding people. What political institution, democratic or otherwise, can be so inimical to the safety of other states, as the uncalled-for preparation of such permanent and overwhelming means of aggression."

Again, "in addition to the enormous and unprecedented military establishment of Russia, an ukase has been just promulgated for the conscription of a reinforcement of one hundred thousand men. Are these prodigious preparations necessary to crush the crazy, feeble, and worn-out strength of the Seraglio?—Clearly not. There is but one interpretation of them. They are meant to overawe the West,—to prevent interruption in the progress and hostility as the sequel of this operation. Nothing is more evidently possible than that the autocratic government may, for the present, deem it most politic to restrain itself to gaining, as a primary step, the line of the Danube. Thus might the public mind in other countries be more gradually reconciled to the eventual result. From the fortresses of the Danube, as a secure basis, or even from the left bank, they might go on, after due collecting of means, and when occasion serves—to the goal of the enterprise: occupying about as many days in doing so as would convey the intelligence to Paris or London. The fatuity of the Turk will never leave the Czar without a most sufficient reason for exhibiting to all the courts in ostensible amity with him, that the honour and interests of his throne and people imperatively demanded of him the advance of the troops, and the sacrifice of his much-loved peace. It seems a great deal more likely, however, that he will now proceed at once to the condign castigation of his misguided opponent. Still, the slower method would be the more prudent—all the contributive means and combinations, military and diplomatical, could thus be better matured."

As it is inconsistent with the plan of the *Literary Gazette* to go far into details with any work of this class, however able, we shall now consign Colonel Evans's reflections on foreign affairs and relations to the multitude of readers whom they must deeply interest; but before we conclude, we add one quotation, which comes home especially to ourselves, and displays the good sense of the author in a prominent light.

"In reference to the motives of other cabinets in hazarding a conflict of opinion or of conduct with ours, there is but too much reason to conclude that a good deal of reliance is placed upon our presumed, or at least confidently proclaimed, financial embarrassments. It is very evident that constant incitements to this calculation have been afforded. No sooner are the receipts of any class in this country (especially if an affluent one) likely to suffer the slightest diminution, than straight every enginery of influence is brought into play, and an anticipatory outcry raised that is heard in all directions. In no nation in the world where truth and general principles are in any degree understood, is this species of manœuvre so unbecomingly exhibited. An approaching general ruin and bankruptcy are on these occasions invariably announced, and unscrupulously insisted on, both at home and abroad; in order to obtain a more ready compliance with some special exemption or legislative enactment favourable to the party alleging itself aggrieved; and thus the moderating impartiality and controlling discretion of the government is but too often subdued to the purposes of the complainants. The reality of the poor man's distress is all this time overlooked, or made use of to point some collateral argument, as matter for some vague harangue: or perhaps is dilated on with stoical magnanimity, as a salutary check to population. It were unseemly to assert, that these representations are, in all cases, fallacious: but certainly it is not the distresses of the most distressed which are most loudly trumpeted. But what gives currency to these ominous prophecies of the national insolvency is, that there are those who occasionally indulge in the same strain who are evidently above all suspicion of an unworthy motive. Thus it is, that but a few evenings back, a noble lord, of unimpeachable character for integrity, has not hesitated, at this great crisis, to declare, in his place in parliament, that he knows not how the government can go on, even under ordinary circumstances, so utterly impoverished are the national resources, and necessitous the Exchequer; and this goes forth on the authority of a distinguished member of the Finance Cabinet

* "Seventy thousand is the number stated to be now available from this source."

mitted, and provoked, too, by no graver matter than some inconsiderable item of expenditure, amounting to about a fractional part of the personal recompense just conferred by the Russian sovereign on General Paskowitz, for concluding a third or fourth rate description of war. Such avowals, from persons of any eminence of station, are now peculiarly ill-timed and indiscreet. Besides, the statement is in itself utterly unfounded. But what are the consequences of those unblushing assertions continued to be made in the very teeth of facts? A foreign government, whose sinister projects may have hitherto been checked, perhaps solely by a sense of the extent of our resources, *now argues thus*:—'England may or may not be in financial difficulties; but certain it is, that the clamour which it would appear will be raised on the least prospect of an extended expenditure or mooting of warlike preparation, must effectually shackle, if not totally debar the ministry from interfering with our proceedings;—and though they were even sure of a majority in parliament, the greater part of every cabinet will be reluctant to hazard their places in order to guard against a contingent danger which may not, at all events, develop itself for some years.' Well—the crisis approaches: we will suppose that these inferences are correct, and that the British ministry adopts some half measure—intimidated or overborne in their judgment by the prejudice which they are well aware will be otherwise excited against them. The proper opportunity for action is lost,—the secretly hostile government gains some great and formidable vantage ground; at length all the world sees that we have nothing left for it, but, on the one hand, to submit ignominiously, and no less destructively; or, on the other, to combat. The latter, it need not be feared, will be the choice. But then we enter the lists with every possible disadvantage; under, perhaps, the inevitable necessity of spending some ten or twenty fold what, in the first instance, might have sufficed; and with an inverse chance of success. And this it is that will be dignified with the appellations of 'economy—a due regard to the commercial welfare—the financial interests of the country,' &c. &c. &c.—while, perhaps, it were much more justly and accurately described as a compendious method of hazarding the fortunes, impairing the power, and squandering eventually the wealth and property of the nation."

If any thing were wanted to clench this judicious and irresistible exposition, a conclusive instance in point, which led to the fall of Poland, is added; but it needs no corroboration, for every observant mind in Britain must feel its force and lament its truth.

The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge, including the Dramas of Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zapolya. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. W. Pickering.

We are rejoiced to see these volumes, the collected fruits of one of the most original minds in our time. Scattered, unappropriated, neglected, and out of print, as many of these poems have been, yet what an influence have they exercised! How many veins of fine gold has Coleridge, with all the profusion of genius, laid open for others to work! In these pages how many lines start up old familiar friends, met with in quotations we knew not whence! and how completely do they bear the impress of the true poet!—thoughts whose truth is written in our own hearts; feelings that make us lay down the book to exclaim, "How often have I felt this myself!"—touches of description so exquisite, that henceforth we never see a green leaf or sunny spot, like to what they picture, without their springing to our lips; tenderness which, both in poet and reader, gushes forth in tears; and imagination whose world is built of the honey extracted even from the weeds of this.—Out on those who would melt down the golden strings of the poet's harp to be coined at the mint, and would cut up the ivory frame into tooth-brushes! Out on those who would banish Homer from their republic, declaiming against poetry as a vain and useless art! Is it nothing, in this harsh and jarring sphere of ours, to have our noblest impulses and kindliest feelings called forth like fountains by the prophet? Is it nothing to have our selfishness counteracted by sympathy with others?—We appeal to these compositions; and if the reader does not rise from them, like their own marriage-guest, "a wiser and a sadder man," he is, indeed, what such theories would make him—a machine, whose thoughts go by clock-work, and his actions by steam; and Coleridge is not so sure of his immortality as we had believed.

Yet even volumes like these are matters of regret: how much more might not, ought not, Coleridge to have done! His fine imagination has rioted in its own idleness; he has been content to think, or rather dream, so much of his life away:—too fanciful an architect, he has carved the marble, and planned the princely halls, but wandered continually away and left the palace in fragments, from which other artists may copy more finished works; and of which, like those from the Elgin Marbles, how few will equal the grace and beauty of the original! The fires to break through the trammels of artificial versification, to deem nature in its simplicity meet study for the poet, Coleridge is the founder of our present noble and impassioned school of poetry: his spirit, like the fire which fertilises the soil it pervades, has impregnated the mind of most of our modern bards, "giving a truth and beauty of its own."

We are now going to quote just a few fragments, just lines, stanzas, or but a single image, yet all of them bearing the stamp of everlasting fame, each and all of the finest poetry. Speaking of change produced in him by happy love—

"Even there, beneath that light-house tower
In the tumultuous evil hour,
Ere peace with Sara came;
Time was I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vexed flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit
A sad gloom-pampered man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When mountain surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shattered bark,
Her vain distress-guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night,
To see no vessel there!

But fancy now more gaily sings;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As skylarks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears that swell
The opened rose! from heaven they fell,
And with the sunbeam blend.
Blessed visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love,
Fostering the heart they bend!"

"A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely: but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh, 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen,
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,)
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!"

"I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragged through fir-groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter, 'mid whose inlet stones
The dingy kidling, with its tinkling bell,
Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood: for I had found
That outward forms the loftiest still receive
Their finer influence from the life within:
Fair ciphers of vague import, where the eye
Traces no spot in which the heart may read
History or prophecy of friend or child,
Or gentle maid our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country! O thou queen,
Thou delegated deity of earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!"

Never in any fiction has nature so finely blended with the supernatural as in the *Ancient Mariner*: what a picture of desolation, relieved by a gleam of hope, is in this verse!—

"At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name."

How vivid the following!—

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Then how exquisite the way in which the charm begins to break!

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

Then this description of music:—

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Perhaps the supernatural was never so depicted by a single touch as in the ensuing:—

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming."

And his return!—

"Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway."

Never did poet compress into single lines more of strength and beauty—

"the silence sank
Like music on my heart."

"Large tears that leave the lashes bright!"

"Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles."

"And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!"

But the following exquisite ballad we must quote entire.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
And old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land!

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve,

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An unstinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride:
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride."

We shall insert but one other little piece, as a variety among our specimens; a piece which well suits its playful title.

"*Something childish, but very natural.*

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on."

From the mode in which the foregoing is introduced, it is evident that whenever Coleridge condescends to trifle he is aware of the fact, which is not always the case with poets, many of whom esteem their poorest productions more than their most successful efforts. It is curious, however, to remark, that with this just sense of the pure ore and the dross, even Coleridge frequently falls into the errors of puerility and doggrel. But this is not a review of censure: it is of well-earned admiration.

And we may boldly ask, what can be added to a mosaic of poetical gems like these? We have only one other observation to make, which is,—how much the force of his description is increased by the reiteration of images: for instance, how the repeated allusion to the lark in our second quotation impresses it on the imagination. This is a part of his art in which he is eminently happy.

We shall not at present attempt to analyse the magnificent translation of Wallenstein: we have done enough for our readers in the specimens we have given of three of the most exquisite poetical volumes in the English language; and have only to add, that they are printed in a style which does credit even to the taste of Mr. Pickering.

Origines Genealogica.

[Second notice; conclusion.]

THE following are the miscellanies which want of room obliged us to postpone in our review of last Saturday:—

"The descendants of Purkis, the man who carried William Rufus's body out of the New Forest after he was slain, still reside in the New Forest, and are still called Purkis.

"Shakespeare's pedigree is known solely by the entries on the Court Rolls of the manor of Rowington. 'It there appears, that John Shakspeare, the eldest son of Richard, died in 1609, and that Thomas Shakspeare was admitted to the Hill Farm, as his son and heir. This Thomas, from his will, which was made in 1614, appears to have been a meal-man or baker, and lived at Moulsey End, in Rowington, May 5, 1614; this widow was admitted in the court baron to her free bench, and afterwards surrendered to her son John, who was then admitted accordingly. He died in February 1652-3, leaving two sons, William, who died in 1690, and John, who died in 1710.' No less than five descents appear in this instance on the Copyhold Court Rolls; there may possibly be further particulars upon them."

Journals of Parliament.—"It is not known when Journals were first kept; those in existence of the upper house commence in the 1st Henry VIII., and of the lower house, in the 1st Edward VI.; but it appears by an ancient original letter, prefixed to the journal-book of Henry VIII., that several journal-books were taken away and suppressed by Cardinal Wolsey. * * * The votes of the House of Commons were first printed in 1681; those of the House of Lords in 1825."

"*Fleet Marriage Registers, 1622 to 1754.*—One of the most notorious abuses existing in London prior to the year 1754, was the solemnisation of marriage by regularly ordained clergymen residing within the Fleet Prison, or its rules, and generally confined for debt. Future generations will possibly discredit the accounts still fresh in the memories of some of our sires: the following is an extract from the Gentleman's Magazine for February 1735, copied by that work from the Grub Street Journal. 'A female correspondent, who signs 'Virtuosa' complains of the many ruinous marriages that are every year practised in the Fleet, by a set of drunken swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black coats and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet, plying about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some pedling alehouse or brandy shop to be married, even on Sunday, stopping them as they go to the church. Not long since, a young lady was deluded and forced from her friends, and by the assistance of a very wicked swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a continual practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. Another young lady was decoyed to a house in the confines of the Fleet by a pretended clergyman: Dr. Wynneck immediately appeared and swore she should be married, or if she would not, he would have his fee, and register the marriage from that night: the lady, to recover her liberty, left her ring as a pledge that she would meet him the morrow night.' These abuses were remedied by Lord Hardwicke's marriage-act in 1754, but not until many noble families had suffered under the inconveniences of a Fleet marriage. Requisite as Lord Hardwicke's act was, it was evident it could not have been popular, from the eagerness of parties to be married under the old law; and it was deemed expedient to print for distribution a single sheet of paper with reasons for passing the bill, which is now too scarce, as well as too curious, not to be here reprinted.—'*Reasons for passing the Bill to prevent Clandestine Marriages.* Multitudes of honourable and reputable families have been greatly injured, and many of them utterly

refined, by clandestine marriages, solemnised in taverns, brandy shops, alehouses, and other houses, within the liberties of the prisons of the Fleet, and King's Bench, and in the Mint, and other pretended privileged places. By which abuse, the religious establishment of marriage is entirely subverted, and the legal evidence thereof rendered precarious and uncertain. Instances of the families ruined by such marriages are too many to be here inserted. The number of these clandestine marriages is almost incredible. On a trial at Guildhall, London, 14th February, 1716, before the then Lord Chief-Justice Parker, in an action brought against John Mottram, a clergyman, living within the rules of the Fleet prison, it was proved that ten register books for marriages were kept in several houses about that prison, and that one of those registers contained above 2000 clandestine marriages solemnised within one year, and the other nine almost as many. Certificates were given of such marriages with the city arms printed on them, and ignorant people were imposed on, in being made to believe that was the king's stamp. The stamp duties on every marriage license are five shillings; on every affidavit made to obtain a license, one shilling; on every bond executed on grant of each license, one shilling and sixpence; and on every marriage certificate, five shillings: total twelve shillings and sixpence. The loss of the stamp duties by these clandestine marriages amounts to 4000*l.* or 5000*l.* per annum. Notwithstanding the redress of these grievances is under the consideration of parliament, yet are they daily committed in defiance of the legislative authority. It is hoped no person will be against a bill to prevent these illegal practices.' The registers of these marriages having been preserved, were purchased some few years since by government from an individual, and are now deposited in the Bishop of London's Registry Office, Doctors' Commons. They commence in the year 1682, and end in 1754; and consist of five volumes prior to the year 1700, and of one hundred and fifty-four from that date to 1754. The books are of paper, in good preservation, and seldom filled, each clergyman having had a separate register, so that there are perhaps twelve registers for every year: the entries are clear and well written, containing the names, descriptions, and sometimes residences, of the parties, with the annexation of bachelor, widower, spinster, or widow: they are signed by the clergyman, but not by the marrying parties. * * *

"The first book published on the subject of genealogy was Kelton's Chronycle, with a genealogy of Edward VI. printed in 1547. * *

"The clergy were the only practicers of physic till the end of the 12th century. Richard Nigel, Bishop of London, who died in 1198, was apothecary to Henry II. The barbers next took up the practice of surgery. * *

"The official documents at the War Office, London, are not of earlier date than the year 1700; but there are very ancient lists of English soldiers, scattered through the public libraries and archives of the country. * * *

"The following specimen is transcribed from a muster-roll of 30th Henry VIII. 1528:—To the kynge o^r sovaigne lorde: Certifien yo highnes and yor most honable councell yor faithfull and obedient subjects, SS Edwarde Croftc, James Baskervyle (and many others), that imediately apon the receipte of yor high comisson hereunto annexed, to usse amongs others in the same commission also named for the mesteryngе and putting in a redynes w^t abilaments of ware of all and singler yor subjects comorant and abydyng w^tin yor countie of Heref. That we he seid comissons assembled oure selves to gethers at the citie of Heref. where we then sepated and aloted oure selves by two at the lest to the sevall hundretts of the seid shyre as before is expressed, for the true and effectual executon of the same yo high comson, and have moustered all and singler yo subjects there accordingly, and by this p'sent boke of our certificat certifie yo majestie and you seid honable councell, as well the nombre of able men for the warres there, as well archers as bilmen, as the certente of all abilaments of warre, and for the triall of archers from bilmen, we have wreten in the mergent of this o^r boke on the hedde of ev'y archer this letter A, and on the hedde of ev'y bilman this letter B; and also aft the surname of ev'y of them have declared the abilament of warre which ev'y of yo seid subjects have. And such yo subjects as be not able p'sons for the warres, and havynge abilaments of warre, we have marked with this letter N. And other yo pore subjects of the seid shire, not mete for the warre, and being of no abilitie to have abilyments of warre, we have clerely omytted out of this booke, referryng them to pray to Almighty Godde for yo most roiall astate long tyme prospously and joyously tendure.

Hundred de Radlow,
Ledbury Borow.

N. Master Richarde Monyngton, horse and harnes for hymselfe, and harnes for one man.
A. Master Elton, horse and harnes for hymself.
B. Thomas Whitewoode, a salet and a gleiff.
B. Thomas Lorymer, a salet, a glaiff, and a gorget.
B. William Meke, a jacke, a salet, a glaiff, and a gorget.
A. John Benees, harnes for hymself.
B. Lewes Nashe, a langebeff, a sword, and a dagger.
.. Richard Tailor, a salet, a gleiff, and a dagger.
B. Thomas Good, a glaif and a dagger.
B. Hugh Ashe, a glaif, a salet, and a dagger.
B. Edward Baret, a glaiff, a dagger.
B. John Smyth, a glayff and a salet.
B. John Holder.
A. Edmund Baknyll, bowe and harrowes.
B. Thomas Honde.
B. Richard Geram, a gleif and a dagger.
B. Master Doctor Haryngton, harnes for hymself.
B. Harry Marche, a glaiff and dagger.
B. John Morgan, a gleiffe and dagger.
B. John Lorymer, a glaiff, swerde, and dagger.
.. Grefyth Tailor, a glayff and dagger.

The following names are selected, and do not follow in sequence in the original return.

A. Richard Carpynt, a bow and twelve arrowes.
B. Richard Jenkyns, a pollax.
A. Thomas Tailor, a bow and a shef of arrowes.
B. Petur Laurence, gent. harnes for hymself.
.. Mastres Heywarde, of the Priors Courte, harnes for a ward.
B. John Skynnr, a salet, a peire of splynt, glaif, and a dagger.
.. Thomas Wicks, horse and harnes, and a spere for on ward.
.. Richard Maveld, a battellax.
B. John Wilton, horse and harnes for himself.
A. John Waters, a jacke, salet, a peire of splyntz, and a glaif.
The seid towneshipp have incomyn xx peire of harnes.
A. Edward Wallewyn, Gent. for to harnes himself.
B. Joseph Lovell, a cote of maile and a gleif.
B. Roger Tompkyns, a halberde and a swerde.
.. John Lyngeyn, Esquier, horse and harnes for hymself, and harnes for eight men.
A. Raffe Chabno, Gent. an horse, a bow, and a sheff of arrowes.
B. Robert Tompkyns, a gleif and a apron of maile.
.. David Nicoll, a sheff of arrowes and a case.
B. John Chamblen, a peire of begarne irons, and a salet, sword, and a dagger.
N. John Bullock, appointed to were John Jamitey is harnes.
A. Thomas Smyth, a peire of almein revetts.
N. Thomas Frygham, a moris pyke.
A. Thomas Hughes, Thomas Hughes, Jun. } a case and hedes for a shef of arrowes.
N. Hewe Jones, a staffe and a salet.
N. John Edwards, a gleve, and a peire of brigharnes, and a salett and splyntz.
N. Thomas Benvoyde, a gleve, a salett, and a quylte cote.
Sir Edward Croft, Knight, xl peire of harnes.
Thomas Monyngton, Equyer, vj peire of hernes.
B. John Marshe, a bille."

From these extracts it will be seen that there is much curious and good matter in this volume; though we have been obliged to blame some of its parts, and its very high price.

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. III.

A Description of a Chronological Chart of the Patriarchs, from Adam to Moses, with some Serious Considerations arising out of a View of the Subject: and an Essay on Mnemonics. By T. S. Peckston. 12mo. pp. 159. London, 1828. Hatchard and Son.

THIS is a Description of a Chart (a copy of which is inserted in the book) intended to shew, at one view, which of the patriarchs were contemporaries, how long they were so, and thence to deduce the great probability of Moses having the best account of the creation, fall, &c., even if the accounts had been handed down to him by oral tradition only. Mr. Peckston derives the data on which his calculations are formed, principally from the Bible; and he seems to have clearly understood and defined them. He demonstrates, from scriptural evidence, that Archbishop Usher, Marshall, Blair, Fresnoy, Trusaler, Priestley, Grey, and others, who have written on patriarchal chronology, have calculated erroneously in placing the birth of Abraham in the year 1996 B.C., instead of 2056 B.C., the year assigned by Mr. Peckston. As it is of importance to theologians to examine the truth in this particular, and as we have not space to transcribe the proofs adduced, either as they regard this or the other objects of the work, we refer them with confidence to the book itself, which appears to us to be very convincing; and, subsequently, to the Chart, which is well composed and delineated.

In addition to the description to the Chart, this work contains some Serious Considerations arising out of the view of the patriarchal chronology, which are well worthy of attention, and a curious and useful Essay on Mnemonics. Altogether, we readily recommend it, as of very considerable utility to all students of theology, and to lovers of scriptural knowledge in general.

Elements of Geography, on a new Plan, rendered plain and amusing, more especially adapted to the capacities of Young Children, and designed for Preparatory Schools; illustrated with Maps and Cuts. By Ingram Cobbin, M.A. 18mo. pp. 116. London, Westley and Davis.

As a mere elementary work for children, this little compilation, had it been well done, might have been useful. The plan is good, but ill executed; and the work is very defective in information, sometimes erroneous, and often ridiculous in style. The following is a specimen: "Near Mexico *are* Po-po-ca-te-petl, which smokes from some fire in it, and *that is* above 1700 feet high"!! &c. p. 20. We are told (at p. 50) that the Turks are a *dirty* people; and that the grand vizier's head is cut off by the emperor of Turkey "*whenever* he displeases him!" Truly, this same grand vizier must be wonderfully tenacious of life, to bear the lopping-off of his head *whenever* his master is angry. We are also informed, that at Aleppo "men and women are *always* smoking pipes." Of such a nature are many other absurd phrases interspersed throughout the work; yet some teachers of young children may, in spite of these defects, consider it useful as a book of first rudiments of geographical knowledge; but still we decidedly prefer the interrogative method. The maps,—although, from their size, necessarily scanty in their contents,—are very neatly executed; but, on seeing the en-

graver's name, we are not surprised at this; for we never yet saw any of Mr. Sidney Hall's performances of this kind which were not well finished.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Formulary for the Preparation and Employment of several New Remedies; namely, Resin of Nux Vomica, Strychnine, Morphine, Hydrocyanic Acid, Cinchona, Emetine, Iodine, Piperine, Chlorurets of Lime and Soda, Salts of Gold, and Platina, Phosphorus, Digitaline, &c. From the Sixth Edition of the Formulaire of M. Magendie. By Joseph Houlton, F.L.S. 12mo. Underwoods.

We merely give the title of this work to intimate its value to medical practitioners, especially in the country. The very names of the remedies afford a curious idea of the modern agents introduced into the medical school.

Villa Architecture: a Collection of Views, with Plans, of Buildings executed in England, Scotland, &c. On Forty-two Plates. By Robert Lugar, Architect. London, folio. J. Taylor.

We cannot conceive any thing lower in art than these designs: the very words, "fancy Gothic," by which some of them are designated, induce with us a sickening sensation; and we regret to say, that on turning to the subjects themselves we are not refreshed. Twenty years ago, such a volume would probably have pleased; but we trust that the knowledge of pointed domestic architecture is now too widely extended for the public to be satisfied with such flimsy affectations. As we cannot conscientiously recommend this work, we must let the author speak for himself.

"In this age, in which architecture is attracting increased attention, and is rapidly advancing its pretensions as a science in the estimation of the public, the practitioner is exposed to a more severe ordeal of comment and criticism than he has heretofore been accustomed to encounter: but whilst the young aspirant to patronage may feel intimidated by such circumstances, the author of the following designs presumes to anticipate the candour, nay, even the sanction and approbation, of that public of which he is not now a young or an inexperienced servant."

The designs have been, or are to be, all executed; and Mr. Lugar concludes by expressing "a hope that they may afford as much pleasure to the public, as he has the satisfaction of saying they have done to his employers individually."

We advise Mr. Lugar, and other publishing artists, to make the principal subjects of plates sufficiently large to shew their features distinctly—mere indications of parts are very deceptive; and occupying space with meretriciously coloured trees, gravel-walks, and hollyhocks, is a useless labour—such objects are found infinitely better displayed in nature.

Designs for Farm Buildings. By P. F. Robinson, Architect. Nos. I. to VI. London, 1828. Carpenter and Son.

We have, in this instance, a more agreeable task to perform. Many of these designs are pleasing objects; but we doubt whether Italian and Swiss buildings of this class could be successfully planted on English soil. We should, however, be glad to see any thing in preference to the slated barrack-like structures which now too frequently disfigure our heretofore picturesque farm-yards. Our approbation is decidedly given to the old English designs; and we recommend Mr. Robinson to confine his future Numbers exclusively to that style. It may also be worth this artist's consideration, how far his plates would be improved by making the principal subjects larger: the parts are certainly not sufficiently defined.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 18th.

I mentioned in my last to you, that commerce is now very generally had recourse to as a means of "raising the wind;" and that even the heroes of the sword are nothing loath to change that weapon for the *aune*—having discovered, that though love may live on flowers, glory's wreaths have not the same art of preserving existence: but I omitted to name, what must be of the deepest importance to exotic exquisites on the other side of the Channel, whose funds are low, that never was there so great a demand for well-frizzled, tight-laced, perfumed, highly-stiffened, brainless coxcombs; and the sums offered for such a species of animal far exceed what might purchase half-a-dozen human beings. Speculations of this kind are, then, far the most advantageous, and require but very little exertion, as,—provided the *petit-maître* on sale be endued with a large share of self-possession, knows how to run his fingers with a certain grace through his curled locks, can adjust his cravat whilst bowing to a lady, seeming alone occupied with his own pretty person, dresses *à la mode*, has broad shoulders (no matter if they be fictitious), a *taille élancée*, black mustaches, and a Rugentino expression of countenance,—his fortune is made, by applying to any of the public matrimonial undertakers of this capital: spurs also to the heels are indispensable;—happily none are required in the head. A few days ago, a being of this description, aged twenty-five, vowed at the altar to honour and love a respectable dame who had counted sixty, at least five years since. No matter: she hid a tender heart under a very tough-looking *dehors*, and the youthful *mari* seemed enchanted with his bargain; for ways and means had totally failed him, when Chance, "that unrighteous god," made him cast his eyes on a paragraph in a newspaper, which described the said lady, (rather, to be sure, in too flattering colours,) specified two hundred thousand francs *dure*, and sixteen thousand francs *de rente*, as an additional attraction to gray hair, wrinkled skin, highly-rouged cheeks, sunk eyes, and all the faded relics of former beauty. Fortunately, the mirror plays false to the last, and casts no unfavourable reflections on old age and ugliness,—at least it would seem so from the looks of conscious merit which ancient dames possess, and the kind reception they give to youthful suitors. I never witnessed a more ridiculous ceremony than the union of the two persons in question. The lady was dressed in the virgin colour, white; a Brussels veil, attached by a diamond to a fair-haired wig, flowed over a neck of olive hue; and a bunch of roses and lily-of-the-valley peeped from beneath her curls, and in some measure concealed the deep furrows of time on her temples: according to the laws of *pudeur*, she cast her eyes on the ground, perhaps she even blushed, if an inch thick of paint would have permitted the spectators to perceive it; at all events her devotion was great; and when the priest exhorted the interesting couple to live in harmony, &c. &c. &c., she turned towards her unfortunate spouse and smiled a promise, which, no doubt, she will try to keep. As for him, he behaved admirably; handed madame to a splendid equipage which awaited her at the church-door, and received the felicitations of his friends as though he thought himself the happiest man in the world in possessing such a bride:—*les écus* have a charm superior to every other quality; come in what shape they will, they are irresistible! *Il faut vivre* is the excuse for the profanation of all elevated sentiments and principles; and the advice of the father who said to his son "get money honestly if you can, but at any rate get money," is followed to the letter of the law by all ranks, high and low, rich and poor; so that the thirst of gain swallows up and stifles the finer feelings of the mind: nor is it to be wondered at, when fortune alone commands respect, and that no one is any thing of themselves, but must count their merits by the number of their servants, the magnificence of their mansion, equipages, horses, the wines on their table, and their box at the Opera,—for, really, these are the ingredients necessary to form a *gentilhomme*; and strip the first man in the kingdom of these, *il n'est plus rien*.

Yesterday was the anniversary of vows made by Louis Treize to the Virgin Mary, which same vows, *à ce qu'on dit*, produced Louis XIV., and lost thousands of lives in consequence. Charles X. came from St. Cloud to perform the accustomed ceremony to the holy mother, attended by his court and several regiments.

At length it is decided that Paris is to have suspension bridges, and already the workmen have commenced their labours. Opposite the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville* they are preparing a large pillar, which is raising in the middle of the river, as an *appui* to the bridge, but which must evidently prevent any tolerably-sized vessel from passing; the river Seine being excessively narrow, such a system of construction appears to me the *pour* and the *contre*, as the pillar must hinder the navigation of ordinary shipping. Of what use, then, is the *pont suspendu?* is a question my ignorance puts to me, and which I doubt if even the architect could solve.

MISREPRESENTATION OF COLOMBIA.

August 18, 1828.

Sir,—If I deemed it advisable in common justice to stop the free circulation of the falsehood respecting the massacre of 1300 men at the Moro of Barcelona, merely on perusing your extracts from Recollections of Colombia, how much more am I impressed with the necessity of exposing the unprincipled frauds of such a writer as this *incognito*, after reading the entire work? There is, I am informed, a class of authors, daily becoming more numerous, who extract from works extant such names and places as suit their purpose, and thus subsist on the public credulity; and I trust that you and your contemporaries, who are voluntary conservators of our country's literature, and should be vigilant guardians of its authenticity and purity, will, whenever exposure is practicable, lend your powerful aid to unmask such shameless impostors.

At pages 49 and 50, the author of these Recollections declares that *he* bore a conspicuous part in an engagement between the squadron under the orders of the late General English and some armed vessels belonging to the authorities of Trinidad; or, in other words, those who were at that time volunteers in the service of Colombia, are accused of having lawlessly fought against their country's flag. Now, sir, as I was one of that number (having embarked with General English, sailed with him

to Trinidad, and thence to Margarita), I disclaim all the honour of that triumph; and affirm (and will, if required, verify my assertion by oath) that this recital is altogether false, and that no such *rencontre* ever took place. I once more declare, that the reported massacre of even the limited number of 300 men at the Moro of Barcelona (thus reduced by a pretended error of the type) is equally devoid of truth.

The engagement in the streets of Barcelona, related at page 95, the destruction of two squadrons of Spanish cavalry, and the subsequent assertion that we fed on the flesh of the horses captured, I solemnly affirm to be fictions. There was an engagement,—but neither of the nature described, nor with any such results; for not a man or horse of the enemy was taken.

It is evident that the writer of these pseudo-Recollections never visited the regions he pretends to describe. At page 149, on a route from Cumana, with which I am well acquainted, he affects to look down from one of the highest peaks of the cordillera of the Andes on the *city* of the Oronoco, and states that "Cumana and Barcelona were the most distinct." From the spot whereon he describes himself to have stood, he could not have seen the Oronoco, even from such an eminence; and the only *city* I know on its banks is that of Angostura; neither Cumana nor Barcelona lying within 100 miles of the river.

The work abounds in fabrications, anachronisms, and topographical errors; and those who have borne a *bonâ fide* part in the events thus distorted, perceive most clearly that the writer was no participator in their toils.

I assure you, sir, that I very reluctantly trouble you, or obtrude myself on the notice of the public; but as works of this description, independently of their natural baseness, tend to mislead the candid inquirer, and to perplex the faithful historian, I trust you will let their unprincipled compilers know that they incur the danger of having their unrighteous lucubrations exposed, and that those really in possession of the facts will not allow such unblushing falsehoods to be foisted on the public as truths.—I am yours, &c.

GEORGE LAVAL CHESTERTON,
Late Captain in the Colombian Army.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FERNANDO PO: JOURNAL CONCLUDED.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 5th.—At day-break was awoke by Cut-throat, who wished me to be moving on our journey. The chief soon after made his appearance, also urging me to proceed. A fowl was then brought me, which I verily believe was killed, cooked, and eaten, within the space of a quarter of an hour. Having finished my meal, and partaken of part of a bottle of topé, I set out, amidst the shouts and exclamations of the whole assembled village. At the entrance of the court-yard of my last evening's friend, he met me with his two sheep, as promised. As we proceeded, I was assailed by such dense bodies of natives from the different hamlets, as effectually to impede my progress; all appearing anxious to have a look at, and examination of, my person. The women were particularly troublesome, being apparently emboldened by my few days' residence among them. All my exertions could not keep them off, and they pulled me about most tempestuously. So completely was my advance obstructed by these kind friends, that at last I was compelled to call to the chief for some persons to extricate me, as I was almost stifled with heat and stench. Some three or four men were sent to my assistance, who finding words of no avail in dispersing the crowd, had recourse to their staves, which they used with no gentle hand, disregarding age or sex. A passage being obtained, I hastened on to join the chief, whom I found waiting for me, and close to whom I took care to keep, during the remainder of our passage through the towns. The shouts, the screams, the bellowings, which rent the air as I passed along, was beyond all comparison, and to me entirely new. The blows given by my liberators caused them to receive many in return. Much was I afraid something unpleasant would ensue to the melancholy negation of our professions of peace and friendship. The forbearing conduct of my defenders fortunately prevented matters coming to a serious conclusion, as at one time I thought they would, from the cloudy aspect of affairs. Great was my joy on reaching the Circus, where every one but those of our party turned back:—I found it to consist of about fifty men and women, the latter carrying large supplies of topé on their head for our market. The chief had with him two wives and his favourite daughter. The former carried each three or four calabashes of topé on their heads; the latter a small basket, containing the chief's drinking utensil and a supply of red and white pigment for his decoration. We returned the same way as we went, every thing wearing much the same appearance. About a mile from our border line, a stop was made, when the chief, standing in front of his party, was anointed with the white pigment, from his neck to his feet, without reserve, by his two wives. When they had finished, the daughter applied the red to his temples, cheeks, and forehead. This done, I was sent for, and he applied the red pigment to my temples and cheeks, with a longitudinal mark from the upper part of the forehead to the tip of the nose. Some of this composition was given me, on my asking for it, and I have since learnt it is made of wood ashes and the leaves of a tree. The chief, having a seat of palm branches made for him by his attendants, now sat down, as did the whole party. I was placed at some distance from him on his right, the rest still farther off. A basket was now placed before him, which, after looking at, he gave to Cut-throat, who distributed its contents (cold boiled yams, and part of a boiled monkey) to the assembled crowd. Five bottles of topé (their favourite number) were then produced, which, after he had tasted, were, as the former, distributed by Cut-throat, the daughter first filling, from one her father pointed out, his small drinking calabash, which he drank off. This was the first time I had ever observed him put any thing between his lips, although I had frequently pressed him to partake of my cheer. While residing with him I never saw any one go within the rails which surrounded his hut, except his wives and children. Cut-throat and Incledon appeared to be his immediate attendants. Whenever any person wished to see the chief, one of them went to the entrance of the enclosure and called him, and he came into my hut and received the parties, which induced the observation before made of its being the audience or receiving hut. They gave me to understand that they dared not enter the enclosure, upon the penalty of having their throats cut. From these circumstances, I am led to the belief that the person and dwelling of the chief is sacred. To resume: the monkey and topé being disposed of, my krooman and I lending them a helping hand, we continued our journey. During the time we were seated, several parties, on their way to our market, approached the spot, and immediately sat down—no one presuming to pass the chief. Our party now consisted of upwards of a hundred. At the entrance to our lines we were met by Captain Harrison, who kindly received the chief. While waiting for a boat to take us on board, he was shewn the blacksmith's shop, then in full work; but it was some time before he could be got to enter it. Although a large piece of iron was in hand, on conversion, he took not the slightest notice of it, his whole attention being absorbed by a bar of the same metal, which at once attracted his eye. He one moment would take it in hand, then replace it, then lay it at his feet, and eye it for some time, with that expressive look which says, I would if I durst. Perceiving his wish to possess it, he was told, (the ship being shewn him,) if he would go on board, the captain would give him some. On our passage to the boat we passed the saw-pit. He was much taken with the saw, then in operation. He gazed intently on it for some time, apparently noticing its use. It was with difficulty he was taken from the spot. A little farther on, a krooman was felling a tree. He took the axe from his hand, and commenced employing it in a most dexterous manner, to our no little amazement and surprise, convincing us he had been long practically acquainted with its handling. Strange as it may appear, with all his thirst for iron and knives, which were promised him on going on board, we could not get him into the boat. Cut-throat was deputed instead, and immediately on our arrival on board, he ran down the ladder, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, to the captain, calling lustily about him for abeesh (fish). Having partaken of some refreshment, the captain presented him, for his chief, with a piece of bar-iron, several knives, and many other articles; also with some iron for himself. Attending the captain on shore, he gave the chief the whole of the presents into his hand, who received them without evincing the slightest token of joy, or changing a muscle of his generally stern countenance. I now accompanied him to the extreme of our lines, when, after purchasing from his followers all they had brought to dispose of, and given to those who were so kind to me at Yapa (the residence of the chief) a trifling present, I parted from them all with cordiality and good wishes.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

IT is stated in the newspapers, that the author of the Pleasures of Hope will deliver a course of lectures at this Institution next spring, "on the History of Classical Literature;" it being part of the plan of the University to engage eminent men, independently of the regular professors, to give occasional lectures on topics of interest and importance. The lecture-rooms already finished are admirably suited for their intended use; and this fine building altogether is so nearly complete, that there can be no doubt of the opening taking place, as has been announced, on the first of October. Among the professors who have been making great preparations for illustrating their subjects, we have seen a splendid collection of models, drawings, and specimens, for Dr. A. Todd Thomson's course of Materia Medica and Pharmacy.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MISSION.

M. Champollion, jun., M. Bibent, an architect, who has written on Pompeii, M. Nestor and M. L'Hote, designers, M. Lenormand, a gentleman well acquainted with the fine arts, and several young students,—amongst whom are the son and the son-in-law of the celebrated composer Cherubini,—have departed from France for Egypt (touching by the way at Agrigentum), under the auspices of the government. The ancient monuments of the country, the tombs, hieroglyphical inscriptions, antiquities generally, and the remains of art, are all comprehended within the objects to be explored by this expedition. It is gratifying to observe a thirst for valuable information and a love of literature also pervading other courts: the Grand Duke of Tuscany has appointed M. H. Rosallini, Oriental Professor of Pisa, M. G. Rosallini, a naturalist, Dr. Ricci, and other Italian scholars and artists, to join the French group, and pursue their inquiries in common.

Since writing the foregoing paragraph, we have received the annexed more circumstantial and agreeable communication.

"The celebrated Champollion has sailed from Toulon for Alexandria, having been placed by the King of France at the head of a commission of six persons, and by the Grand Duke of Tuscany at the head of a similar number of scientific and literary men, to investigate the antiquities of Egypt and Æthiopia. A year and a half will probably be expended in their researches; and as M. Champollion has promised to give occasional details of his transactions to a gentleman of Cambridge, we may expect to be enabled to announce some very gratifying discoveries. It is with great pleasure we learn that Dr. Young has been to Paris, and is completely reconciled and delighted with his great rival in hieroglyphic fame: this is as it should be, and henceforth their only contest will be, not for the priority of claim in the discovery of the Phonetic characters of the hieroglyphics, but who shall contribute most to the full elucidation of these long-hidden mysteries."

FRENCH INSTITUTE.

At the last public sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, three very interesting papers were read: the first, a letter from M. Laborde, jun. who is on his travels in the Holy Land, and who has made some important discoveries there; the second, a treatise, by M. Abel Rémusat, on the natural history of China; and the third an essay, by M. Dureau de la Malle, on the Agrarian Law, the subject of so many contradictory disquisitions. M. de la Malle differs in some points from Niebuhr.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sunday Evening. Painted by R. Farrier; engraved by J. Romney. J. Bulcock.

An aged female, with a child reading the Bible: pretty and pious. There is much simplicity in the design, and the engraver has given it its due effect.

Disturbed by the Nightmare. Painted by Theodore Lane; engraved by H. Dawe. J. Bulcock. Rittner, Paris.

Poor Lane,—(for whose bereaved widow and family, by the way, we would fain recommend a more ample subscription than has been raised, owing, we think, to the dull manner in which it has been proposed to the feeling and benevolence of the public)—this is one of his humorous fancies. Some wags have fastened a deplorable old mare to the knocker of a door; and its knocking has waked a domestic Dunoun, who, rushing forth with a blunderbuss to be resolved who knocked so unkindly, sees the spectre with horrid affright. Every adjunct is supernatural—the dog—the moon—the lights and shadows: it is a very clever print.

An Easy Introduction to Perspective, for the Use of Young Persons; to which are added, Useful Hints on Drawing and Painting. By J. C. Burgess. Souter.

This is the fourth edition of a little work which is calculated to be very serviceable to tyros in art. It exhibits in a plain and simple shape the first principles of a science, without some knowledge of which, they may be assured that all their efforts at improvement must be fruitless. The hints in the appendix, if they do not possess much novelty, are still justly entitled to the epithet "useful." We hope Mr. Burgess does not flatter the public, when he calls it, in his preface, "more than ever liberal and discerning!"

DIORAMA.

We understand that the next picture to be exhibited at the Diorama will be a view of Thiers, which has been for some time at the Diorama in Paris; where it will be replaced by a view of Mont Saint Gothard.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Tell me of what ladies dream:
Is it of the splendid hall,
Song, and lute, and festival;
Jewelled zone and gold-wreath'd hair,
Rose-bud lips and forehead fair?
Is it of the love-born dance—
Beauty, youth, and elegance—
Eyes that in devotion beam;—
These—of these—do ladies dream?

Tell me of what ladies dream:
Is it of the summer-woods,
Fairy haunts and solitudes;
Of the fragrant blossoming boughs,
Moonlight hours and lovers' vows;
Rural cottage, neat and lone,
With some dear beloved one;
Blissful *days* that *minutes* seem;—
These—of these—*do* ladies dream?

Tell me of what ladies dream:
Is it of the stormy wave,
Where the tall ship found a grave;
Of the lonely battle-plain,
Where the warrior-knight lies slain?
Is it of a ruined heart—
Of the agonies to part—
Memories that with sorrows teem;—
These—of these—do ladies dream?

July 29th, 1828. C. Swain.

WRITTEN UNDER A PAINTING OF THE "SPARTAN BOY."

"The boys steal with so much caution, that one of them, having conveyed a young fox under his garment, suffered the creature to tear out his bowels with its feet and claws, choosing rather to die than to be detected."—*Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.*

His sire was of the few
Who stood in Thermopylæ's strait,
Waiting a glorious grave,
Exulting in their fate:
Exulting when the foe,
Like Ocean in its might,
Poured in between the hills
His myriads to the fight.

Like them that proud boy stands,
Though conscious death be near;
And that firm countenance
Hath scorn, but nought of fear.

What though a century
In Sparta he might live?
More than a Spartan's name
Not Sparta's self could give.

But he, in life's young dawn,
May win a deathless name,
Ere rivals cross his path,
Or envy blast his fame.

* * *

Cold drops hung on his brow,
His dark eye glanced in pride
One moment round—and then
Dauntless he sank, and died.

Peregrine Wilton.

MUSIC.

SALISBURY MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We rejoice to see a rich exhibition of native talent on the occasion of this triennial festival, which commenced with great *éclat* on Tuesday. Braham, in the full vigour of his extraordinary powers—Miss Paton, completely restored to the exercise of those exquisite talents which have so often delighted the public, Caradori (English in every thing but name), Miss Grant, a rising favourite, Terrail, E. Taylor, F. Cramer, J. Corfe (of Bristol), and others, form a "glorious band."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

One Cheer more! a National Song. Dedicated to Lord Eldon: the Words by Richard Badnall, Esq.; adapted to a popular Melody by G. W. Reeve. Goulding and D'Almaine.

The air is free, spirited, and exciting; exactly what the sentiments implied by Lord Eldon's celebrated suggestion demanded. "Church and Throne," and "no Papists," are set to the best of music, and may be sung most efficaciously after the best of dinners, and over the best of wines.

Isabel to her Lover. Written by James Stewart; composed by G. Kiakpatrick. J. Power.

An answer to the beautiful serenade, *Wake, Dearest, wake!*—pleasing, but very inferior to the strain that suggested it.

The Fairies' Invitation. R. Guylott. J. Willis.

A very pretty and light cavatina, appropriate to a fairy theme.

Erin's Harp. J. Willis.

A sweet enough ballad, the words by J. B. Trotter; but the pre-occupation of Moore is sorely against any other bard of the Harp.

Musard's Swiss Quadrilles. Willis.

A very excellent set, and sure to be popular with all the dear belles and gents of the light fantastic, &c. The private dance and the public ball will be alike beholden to these charming airs.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Sontag.—This favourite singer has been re-engaged for the Opera next season; and we are assured that, by one of the clauses of her agreement, the same is to be void, in case she marries a sovereign prince during the term of these articles! This lady is indeed mag-

nifique in every thing. She had to play the heroine in the *Lady of the Lake*, when Sir W. Scott was in town; and she sent to him for instructions how to put on her tartan plaid. The good-humoured baronet (as is told) replied, that if the application had come from a *man*, he should have been glad to assist him in arranging his costume; but that he really durst not trust himself with the ticklish task of dressing so bonny a lassie!!

Ballet.—There is some talk of its being the intention of the managers of the King's Theatre to try to go on with opera only, as in Paris; and to dispense with the indecencies of the ballet. All the old gentlemen, frequenters of the house, it is expected, will oppose this innovation; for they say, that as they cannot hear very well at their times of life, it is very hard to hinder them of their only other enjoyment—seeing as much as they can.

HAYMARKET.

On Monday a comedy in two acts, with music, from the pen of Mr. Planché, and called the *Green-eyed Monster*, was produced at this theatre; and we need hardly say with complete success, for the dramatic efforts of this gentleman appear to be as sure of popularity as they are prompt and prolific. The first act of the piece is founded upon the pleasant little vaudeville of *les Deux Jaloux*—a great favourite at the Opera Comique in Paris: but the sequel, in which the tables are turned upon the jealous husband (*Baron Speyenhausen*, Mr. Farren), and he is cured of his green-eyed distemper by the *ruse* of every body's being jealous of him, is due to the invention of Mr. Planché, and is indeed a most amusing and laughable development of the original idea. The humour which the author has thus happily introduced into his drama is admirably embodied by Farren, whose performance throughout may be styled perfect. There is no straining nor exaggeration; but a rich, natural, and pure vein of comedy, which effects every thing without seeming ambitious to overstep the most modest bounds of acting. The other characters are also well supported. The baroness by Mrs. Faucit, the niece by Miss F. H. Kelly, her lover by Mr. Cooper, a yager of most commendable spirit by Mr. Vining, a soubrette by Mrs. Humby, and a gardener by Mr. Wilkinson—all of them jealous in different ways, but ultimately disabused of that passion, to have other and better feelings substituted in its place. The incidents, and the equivocal scenes which feed the monster, are well contrived and very entertaining, as the laughter of the audience loudly testified; and, altogether, this is the best hit of the season for the little theatre, where the company is not so strong as we have seen it in former years. Some of the music by Mr. Lee is pretty enough, some of it rather indifferent; but one song by Mrs. Humby, "I cannot marry Cousin!" has made quite a Cherry-ripe impression, and is in prodigious demand by encorers every night. The German costumes are far more correct, and consequently far more becoming and deserving of praise, than is usually the case on like occasions. We have no doubt but the *Green-eyed Monster* will infect multitudes (with merriment) during the remainder of the season.

MINOR THEATRICALS: ABUSES!!

A STRANGE and shameful practice has, we hear, been adopted by some of the Minor Theatres; an expedient, resembling the Vauxhall lotteries, to attract crowds of the worst description to their blackguard precincts, and, of course, exclude every well-regulated branch of the community from such amusements. The fashion, it seems, is to inundate the town with orders, at the price of *one shilling* each, which admit to boxes, pit, or gallery, of (as we are told) the Coburg and also Sadler's Wells. Two or three thousand persons are thus nightly admitted, and the disorder which prevails can hardly be imagined by any one who has not witnessed the behaviour of so promiscuous an assemblage. Such abuses tend much to lower the Drama; and while on the subject we would also animadvert on the gross impropriety of keeping the Haymarket Theatre open to such late hours as is done by the exhausting representation of five-act comedies, and often of four pieces in one evening. The only object to be gained by this reprehensible custom, is the money which dissolute and vicious visitors add to the receipts, by staggering in at midnight, and being guilty of conduct disgraceful to any place of general resort. The outrages continually offered to public morals in this way are almost incredible; so much so, that it is a very hazardous to take a modest female to a theatre, where you are in danger every moment of hearing the most improper language, and seeing the most flagrant acts of indecorum. Managers may believe it or not, but they surely lose more by banishing the respectable portions of society from their houses, than they can gain by holding out attractions to the profligate and offensive, who to their other annoyances invariably add that of destroying, by their noise and impertinence, whatever of amusement or interest might be derived from the stage. In short, a playhouse ought not to be a brothel; and though it is not possible, perhaps, to steer entirely clear of certain displays of vice, it is decidedly possible to confine them within bounds, to avoid distressing families, or wounding the feelings not of the virtuous or prudish alone, but of every well-bred person. Much to the credit of the English Opera House, this is achieved within its walls; and women, children, and parents, may safely go to enjoy the rational entertainments so amply provided, without the risk of paying for them a price beyond the value of any amusements to compensate.

FRENCH PLAYS.

A NEW French *troupe* is about to open for melo-drame at the West London Theatre on Thursday. Among its members is M. Perier, one of the *premiers acteurs* of the Comédie Française; M. Meynier, the principal of the Porte St. Martin; and several other able artistes.

THE English Theatre in Paris closed with Macready's *Othello*, which was received with the most enthusiastic applause. After the fall of the curtain the audience demanded his reappearance, to receive their homage and their farewell. In vain did Abbott represent that this was contrary to the regulations of the police. The greatest uproar continued for above twenty minutes. At length a deputation from the pit forced Macready on the stage, and a crown of laurel was thrown at his feet.

VARIETIES.

Beet-root: Sugar.—It has been proposed to the French government to establish a model-farm, in which the best modes of cultivating beet-root, and of extracting from it its sugar, may be taught. The projector pledges himself, that if this and other means of encouragement were resorted to, France would, in the course of ten years, be enabled to produce her annual consumption of sugar.

Balloon.—Madame Garnerin has ascended 1200 yards, at Brussels, and descended, safely, per parachute.

Earthquake.—A severe shock of earthquake was lately experienced at Lima. It has injured the city much, though, happily, without the loss of human lives.

Madame Le Normand.—This celebrated French fortune-teller has recently been exercising her profession in London; and was visited by multitudes of our curious countrywomen and countrymen. We are informed, that to those of a rank which might entitle them to be called *public* characters, her *revelations* were quite wonderful; but in less notorious cases, no strolling gypsy ever made more absurd and glaring blunders. So far from being able to penetrate into the future, she shewed herself utterly ignorant of the past; and confounded all ranks, facts, and circumstances, in the grossest manner. Her fee was generally two guineas, but she would take one—rather than disappoint the applicant. She was accompanied by another female, apparently very acute and intelligent, by whom her failures were attributed to the difficulty of foreseeing events through the *English language*, with which Madame Le N. happened not to be acquainted.

Eye-Inscriptions.—Somebody at Manchester has now claimed for a boy or girl thereabouts, that it has its father's name inscribed on the iris of one eye, and the date of its birth on the other. This must be, according to the proverb, "a wise child that knows its own father;" and not a coin-age of the brain and 20-sous piece, like the little Josephine from France. But there is nothing like wonders for precedents; and we should not be surprised to see it become the (inconvenient) fashion for every baby to have its papa's initials at least on one of its peepers. Yet, as much trouble might ensue from this sort of record, we would advise all ladies who love their lords, &c. &c. to think much of their prayers; and so we may, by the force of imagination, look for children with the Lord's Prayer and Creed upon their eyes, as plainly as ever they were written within the bounds of a sixpence by any diligent penman.

Wells: Irrigation.—The Royal Society of Agriculture in France has offered premiums for boring wells in such a manner as to bring the water to the surface of the ground, and thus render it applicable to the purposes of agriculture.

M. Cousin.—M. Cousin has concluded his course of lectures in Paris on the study of the history of philosophy. His whole course, however, has been merely an introduction to that study. Next year he is to enter on the subject itself. He appears, from the reports in the Paris journals, to have made a very powerful impression on his auditors.

Cancers.—A French physician, of the name of Lugol, has published a history of a disease in the brain, perhaps unique. In the short space of four months several hundred cancers spontaneously formed there; and when the head was opened, after death, they were found to be completely soft, and in fact fluid. M. Lugol takes occasion from this curious fact to combat the theory which considers cancers as the result of inflammation.

Infant Schools.—We are happy to observe that these excellent institutions, the great ob-

jects of which are to relieve parents from the care of their children during their labours in the day, and to prevent those children from wandering about the streets, and becoming initiated in every species of crime, have been introduced in Paris. Our old acquaintance Alexandre, the ventriloquist, has advertised one of his performances for their benefit.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, in verse, by M. Panthier, author of Mélodies Poëtiques, is highly esteemed as an able version, and indeed in many passages he has completely seized the spirit and energy of the author, particularly his apostrophe to the ocean, which is full of life and vigour: in other parts he is less happy, his imitations being but a feeble shade of Lord Byron.—*Paris Letter.*

Metallic Electricity.—M. Auguste Delarive, of Geneva, has constantly observed, that the action produced by the component parts of a galvanic pile has ceased either when they were placed in a vacuum, or in a medium which did not operate chemically upon them. On the other hand, M. Delarive has successfully repeated the experiments of an English chemist, who produced electricity by means of a pile composed exclusively of zinc; one face of each plate of which was rough, the other polished. These plates, which, placed at a certain distance from one another, had no communication except by means of the ambient air, nevertheless exhibited a considerable degree of electricity. The consequences which result from these two series of experiments, with respect to the idea we ought to form of the principal cause of the development of electricity in the galvanic pile, are evident, and appear to us to be of a nature to modify the actions of the learned world, as to one of the most important facts of natural philosophy.—*Le Globe.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, we are told, is to contain a number of engravings on steel, besides wood-cuts. Its principal feature of attraction in this department will be an engraving by Thompson, from Behnes' bust of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.—The literary portion of the volume is formed of the contributions of Mrs. Hannah More—Mrs. Opie—Mrs. Hemans—the Author of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter"—James Montgomery—William and Mary Howitt—the Author of "My Early Days," &c.—Rev. Dr. Walsh—Miss Mitford—Mrs. Holland—Richard Howitt—Miss Jewsbury—the Author of "Solitary Hours"—Allan Cunningham, &c.

French Press.—In consequence of the removal of all obstacles by the new law respecting the periodical press, which is about to come into operation in France, *Le Globe,* which has hitherto been compelled to be general, though liberal in its political disquisitions, states, that it will take a direct and active part in the contest of parties in France; without, however, relinquishing its philosophical and literary character.

A second edition of Dr. Walsh's Journey from Constantinople, which has been some time out of print, is nearly ready; and contains, by way of addition, accounts of the Sieges to which the Turkish capital has been exposed.

A letter from Montreal announces that Mr. Galt is engaged on a history of Canada.—*Spectator,* Weekly Journal.

Mr. Murray has sold since January last 17,000 copies of Lord Byron's Works, in four small volumes. This is a striking proof of the advantage of cheap bookselling.

They are printing Corder's trial, in sixpenny Numbers, with myriads of wood-cuts: of the first one, 30,000 are said to be sold! There are to be twenty-four Numbers—twelve shillings for this ruffian!

Sir W. Scott's next Novel is founded on certain incidents in the history of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and will include, *on dit,* his final conflict with the Swiss. The scene partly in Burgundy, partly in Switzerland.

The three new volumes of Tales of a Grandfather are to be ready for Christmas: they bring down the Scottish story to the end of the Rebellion in 1745.

Captain Basil Hall has finished his "walk" in the United States—has travelled in all 16,000 miles in their territory in fifteen months—and is now hard at work "making book." Much may be expected from this concern.

Don Juan, in two volumes, has appeared, beautifully "printed by Thomas Davison, Whitefriars." The text is much better than in the former demi-piratic editions, and the appearance very handsome. But why still keep out the Dedication to Mr. Southey, which we and many others have seen—which Byron wished to be published with the poem—and which is itself a splendid poem—and finally, which would not annoy the worthy Laureate, as it, after all, says nothing of him which Lord B. has not said elsewhere?

Mr. Southey is, we hear, writing or publishing a poem, of which the hero and heroine are of the poetical persuasion of *the Friends.*

Mr. Gleig, author of the Subaltern, has in the press a Series of Tales of Military Adventure, entitled, the Chelsea Pensioners.

Mr. Southey has also in the press, the Story of the Cock and the Hen: a Spanish romance.

Another volume of Mr. Buckingham's Travels in the East and through regions of great general interest, is announced.

In the Press.—Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, Esq.; consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and Miscellaneous Pieces, in prose and verse, never before published.—Two Letters, in reply to the Bishop of Salisbury on 1 John, verse VII., by the Rev. J. Oxlee, Curate of Stonegrave.—An Essay on the Operation of Poison upon the Living Body, by Dr. Addison and Mr. Morgan, of Guy's Hospital.—Medical Essays on Fever, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Heart, &c., by Dr. Joseph Brown.—The Last of the Plantagenets, an Historical Romance; illustrative of the Public Events and Domestic Manners of the Fifteenth Century.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Field's Life, &c. of Parr, Vol. II. 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Book of Genesis, interlinear, Hebrew and English, with Text, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.; without Text, 8*s.* bds.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XVIII. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Colonel Evans on the Designs of Russia, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Croly's Beauties of the Poets, fcp. 10*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Don Juan (uniform with Byron's Works), 2 vols. 18mo. 9*s.* bds.; 2 vols. fcp. 14*s.* bds.—Little Grammarian, 18mo. 3*s.* hf.-bd.—The Child's Duty, 18mo. 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Edmonson on Christian Ministry, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

August.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday	14	From	53.	to	58.	29.52	to	29.54
Friday	15	——	48.	—	68.	29.76	—	29.84
Saturday	16	——	41.	—	68.	29.86	—	Stat.
Sunday	17	——	48.	—	70.	29.85	—	29.84
Monday	18	——	50.	—	70.	29.81	—	29.90
Tuesday	19	——	48.	—	69.	29.96	—	30.07
Wednesday	20	——	48.	—	71.	30.06	—	29.96

Prevailing wind S.W. and N.W.

Generally clear, except the 14th, which was attended with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, 1·325 inches.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude...... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Novello writes to assure us that he is not the author of a Summer's Ramble, though he is in the secret.

"An Old and Constant Subscriber" is informed, that the volume whence is enumerated the direful effects of cometary influence, (slightly glanced at in No. 603, in the paper on the comet, and which we can shew him, if particularly wished,) is Seller's Celestial Atlas, the title of which runs thus:—Atlas Cœlestis: containing the Systems and Theoryes of the Planets, the Constellations of the Starrs, and other Phenomina's of the Heavens; with Nessessary Tables relateing thereto: collected by John Seller. There is no date, but published probably in 1678 or 1679: by another work, it appears the author was Hydrographer to the King. The Atlas contains about sixty very curious engravings, particularly of "Variæ Cometarum figuræ, sicut variis mundi ætatibus apparuerunt." Among these is the comet of 1607.

We have been charged with error for the statement that the comet of 1680 approached no nearer the earth's orbit than a distance equal to the *semi-diameter of the sun* (see No. 603); and it is alleged, that we should have said a *semi-diameter of the earth:* in confirmation of the former statement, however, we have to quote the words of Dr. Halley, from his Synopsis of the Astronomy of Comets. "Hitherto," says he, "none has threatened the earth with a nearer appulse than that of 1680; for, by calculation, I find that in November, 11 deg. 1 hour 6 min. P. M., that comet was not above the *semi-diameter of the sun* to the northwards of the way of the earth."

There seems to be a great deal of quackery in such paragraphs as the following, which has been addressed to us. We are sure our friend Von Martius, however, has nothing to do with it. "His Majesty the King of Bavaria has most munificently presented to the Medico-Botanical Society of London, of which he is a member, and which his most gracious Majesty the King of England has lately been pleased to take under his immediate patronage,—a collection of nearly 600 dried plants, indigenous to his and the neighbouring dominions, arranged according to the natural system, by Professor Martius, of Munich, whose travels in the Brazils, at the expense of the late King of Bavaria, have added great riches to every department of natural sciences. The colours of the specimens have been perfectly preserved by the peculiar mode of drying them adopted by the learned botanist."

We are sorry to confess that we do not comprehend Lieutenant Sabben's letter respecting the six perfect solids and the rectification of the circle.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," will close on Saturday, August 30th.
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SCOTLAND is certainly the place where the most interesting philosophical inquiries are carried on in our times, and whence the most valuable literary productions are issued to an admiring world. These two small, but vastly important, volumes are evidence of the facts. In the first, an "Ancien Courtier de Vin" (which may be interpreted, a stanch old lover of wine), spreads out before his readers the whole extent of that Eden where the vine is cultivated on the banks of the Gironde, whose liquid treasures cheer the heart of man in so many far distant lands. In the last, a Glasgow physician (and no town in his majesty's dominions ought to furnish better judges on questions of drinking) has had the kindness to enlarge upon the excellent effects of tippling, not, however, without (as doctors must always be cautious) throwing in a few dampers respecting the possible bad consequences of indulging too often in very prodigious excesses. Having carefully perused both volumes, and confirmed their truth by the necessary compotations, our known philanthropy induces us to bring their merits into wider notice; and we trust the result will be, that no reader of sense will rise from our Review with the *hideus* of a Cockney friend of ours, who declares that he disapproves of *drinking*, because it is of an *eating* quality;—at any rate, that *vine* always *eats* him.

First, then, with regard (and a very sincere regard, too) to the wines of Bordeaux,—a very different article from any thing of the Bord-de-l'eau kind,—they consist of the following captivating varieties:—

"For red wines of the first class: *Le Carmenet, la Carmenère, le Malbeck, le Petit Verdot, le Gros Verdot, le Merlot*, and *le Massoutet*.—For red wines of the second class, and common wines: *Le Mençin, le Teinturier, le Balousat, la Pelouille, le Cioutat, la Petite Chalosse noire, le Cruchinet rouge*, and *le pied de Perdrix*.—The species for choice white wines are named: *Le Sauvignon, la Malvoisie, la Prunilla, le Semillon, le Blanc Verdot, le Muscadet doux ou résinotte, la Chalosse dorée, le Cruchinet blanc*, and the white *Muscat*.—The common white sorts are: *La Blanquette, l'Enrageat ou pique poux, le Blaguais*, and *la grosse Chalosse blanche*, with the *Verdot gris*." (Not verdigris, be it remembered.)

Of the manufacture, we have only to notice, that "to make the white wine, it is not, like the red, put into the vat to ferment, but the grapes are trod; and when taken from the press, the juice, skins, and seeds, are put into casks (the stalks having been separated): here it ferments and becomes wine of itself. When the fermentation in the barrels has entirely ceased, it is racked off, and care is taken to fill up what has been consumed by evaporation, as often as possible, and this operation ought to take place at least once or twice a-week. When you wish to make *Muscat* wine, the grapes (as with the other white wines) are left till quite ripe, and the stalks of the bunches are twisted on the vines, so as not to convey any more nourishment from the root, in order that they may become a little withered and dried in the sun; these grapes are afterwards gathered, pressed, and the *must* is left to ferment; but as this juice is glutinous and syrupy, the sun having deprived it of a great part of its water, this operation takes place imperfectly. The *Muscat* wine can be made only in warm countries, as in Languedoc and Provence, where the sun has great force. The best wines are from Frontignan and Lunel: to be good they ought to be rather pale white, glutinous, of a musky odour, having a sweet and strong taste. The Spanish wines, as well as all those used as liqueurs, are made in a manner similar to that of the *Muscat*."

In managing and preserving these wines, we learn, "whenever a cask of wine is drawn off, it is necessary to rinse it, and to burn in the cask a match of sulphurated linen, suspended by a little hook to hold it in the barrel. This precaution of burning the match is necessary to preserve the wine from all fermentation, which might be occasioned by the great heats, as also sometimes by the too great colds. The size of the match must be in proportion to the force of the wine, to its delicacy, or age: the older it is, the less sulphur is necessary. The white wines require most sulphur, because they are the most apt to ferment or fret."

The wine is racked off four times in eighteen months after being made; the fourth racking is in March: "it is then that the casks may be stowed with the bung at the side, after the cooper has fixed four hoops of iron at least on each—namely, two at each end; and the wooden hoops must also be new. The casks having once the bung in the side, have no longer need to be filled up; and are only visited once in six months, in March and October, in order to be racked, as mentioned above. It is to be observed, that when the wine has attained the age of five or six years, it does not want drawing off oftener than once a-year, which in this case is done in the month of March, the moment when the wines are always finer and clearer than at any other season of the year."

Touching the consumption of these wines generally, it is stated: "Each country has its customs. In France, as in Holland, every one wishes for natural wines; and it is for that reason that Holland imports her wines from France upon the lees, in order to manage and take care of them after the manner of the country. In the north, especially in Russia and Prussia, experience has taught men to prefer importing wines from France at two or three years old, because they are already freed from the greater part of their dregs and tartar. In England, every one being long accustomed to drink strong Port wines, Madeira, and heady Spanish wines, the pure wines, such as we gather them, are not so much esteemed; because they are found, in comparison with the others, not sufficiently strong tasted, and too cold. Our *natural* wines, however, are infinitely preferable for the health, to the spirituous, heady Spanish wines; the Bordeaux wines, especially, are highly recommended by the faculty for the sick, and those menaced by consumption, or suffering from inflammation in the chest. But in order to give the Bordeaux wines some resemblance to those wines of Spain and Portugal which are used in England—to render them of the taste preferred in that kingdom, from the effect of long habit—the greatest part of our wine-merchants who trade with England are obliged to *work them*, that is to say, to mix them with other wines by means of a particular operation. This is the reason why, in general, the wines shipped for England are not pure, and can no longer be known to be the same, when compared with those which remain at Bordeaux, such as they are produced in the department of the Gironde. The operation consists in mixing a certain quantity of Hermitage, and other kinds of fine strong wines of the south, which give fire to the Claret, but which render it dry when old, turn it of a brick red colour, and cause a deposit of sediment when it has been some time in bottle. When by the effect of mixing several sorts of wines, a working or fretting results which might injure the quality, they take some mineral crystal, reduce it to powder, and put an ounce into each barrel, beat up with a proper quantity of isinglass, and rack off the wine about fifteen days after, when it has got clear, and has entirely ceased to work. To give odour (*bouquet*) to the wine, they take two drams of orris-root (*racine d'iris*) in powder put into a fine rag, and let it hang about fifteen days in the cask; after which it is taken out, because the wine has then acquired sufficient odour; you may also, if desired, put the powder into the barrel, beat up with fining, and fifteen days after, it may be racked off. Many persons, to make the wine appear older and higher flavoured, and at the same time to prevent the injuring its quality, employ raspberry brandy (*esprit framboisé*): in this case the dose is two ounces for each cask; this spirit is well mixed with the wine, and fifteen or twenty days after, the wine has acquired a certain degree of apparent maturity, which is increased by a kind of odour which this mixture gives it. The bouquet which by these means is given to the common or ordinary wines never replaces perfectly the natural flavour which distinguishes our choice wines of Medoc and Grave, which ought to embalm the palate. It is very easy to distinguish the fictitious bouquet which has been given to the wine, if you have ever so little habit of tasting; for the smell of the *iris*, as well as the raspberry, always predominates in the wines which have been worked, and

forms a striking contrast with the natural flavour of the same wines. * * *

"The best growths of Bordeaux are those of Lafitte, Latour, Chateau Margaux, Haut Brion, and Mouton." About 200,000 tuns are produced in ordinary years, at the expense of nearly two millions sterling.*

"The vineyards in this department which produce the first growths are situated on the border of the Landes (the sandy districts), and once formed part of them. Other wines are gathered from the high grounds, between the two rivers (*l'entre deux mers*), and in the alluvial flats which border the Garonne and Dordogne. The district of Medoc furnishes the first growths in its upper (or southern) division. These wines possess, in an eminent degree, a union of the best qualities of those of other countries, viz. colour, perfume, taste, and salubrity; hence the true connoisseur esteems them highly. They are named Chateau Margaux, Latour, and Lafitte, and are all three equal in reputation and in commercial value. There are many other excellent growths, which are classed as first, second, third, and fourth class; each of these classes has (like the first) its most distinguished growths."

We will not go into the distinctions of Palus or flat-country wine, Queyries that produced on alluvial grounds, Côte from hill slopes, and Grave from gravelly or sandy soil: the two former are chiefly exported to the Indies and the north of Holland; and sometimes, like such strong coarse brandied wines as those of Cahors, serve to give colour, &c. even to the finest sorts of Medoc! Much of the worst of Cahors, mixed with white, and also the lowest of St. Macaire (Bordeaux), are consumed in Paris and Bretagne—and Russia and Prussia are large purchasers of them. When half and half brandy they are called *raugome*. It is curious to remark, from the returns in 1823, that, "owing to our high rate of duties, England, the richest country in Europe, uses less French wine than even the poorest nation, if we except Sweden. Hamburgh alone takes above eight times as much as the British Isles." But what signifies that, according to the present extensive practice in London among the rascals who sell cheap compositions under the names of foreign wines. If only one tun, instead of about a thousand tuns, were to be annually imported, they could nevertheless sell quite as much genuine Champagne, Burgundy, Claret, Port, Sherry, and Madeira!

Having now completely informed our readers what good wine really is, and taught the most ignorant of them (we hope) to distinguish the true *sève*—the *goût de terroir*, whether it be flint or iron—and the *bouquet*; it is our duty to turn to Dr. Macnish and his pleasant *Anatomy*.

Glass-go, as may readily be imagined, has long been famous for its tippling glories. Years ago, when we knew it, there was hardly a citizen, a manufacturer, a merchant, a baillie, or a lord rector, who did not toil through the fore and afternoon with the most laudable Scots diligence and industry, but cheered by the promised, the certain symposia of the evening; for, ever after these dry details of the world's affairs, would they, as the poet Dryden expresses it,

"Then hasten to be drunk, *the* business of the day.

In short, it might fairly be said that punch was the *primum mobile* which caused the city's motto to be triumphantly realised, and made "Glasgow flourish." Educated in such an inspiriting arena, Dr. Robert Macnish comes before the public with high claims to be considered oracular on the subject of drunkenness, though we cannot help thinking there is some arrogance in his phrase of anatomising it. Burton might anatomise melancholy, or Mr. Brookes might anatomise Thurtell; but to anatomise the system of drinking, trace the circulation of the bottle as you would of the blood, analyse the various humours about the social table, as if they were lymph, or serum, or bile—dissect the involutions and ramifications of the fanciful brain, as if it were in a *caput mortuum*,—bah! not even a Glasgow doctor could succeed in the demonstrations. Our author, however, shews considerable talent; and, by way of beginning well, has the name of Make-fun as his publisher, and dedicates his book to a Greek letter—Delta, whose "sincere friend" he declares himself to be, and professes for it "every sentiment of admiration." He then goes gaily at his subject, and commends the antiquity and universality of drunkenness.

"Drunkenness (quoth he) is not, like some other vices, peculiar to modern times. It is handed down [qu. round?] to us from 'hoar antiquity;' and if the records of the antediluvian era were more complete, we should probably find that it was not unknown to the father of the human race. The cases of Noah and Lot, recorded in the sacred writings, are the earliest of which tradition or history has left any record; and both occurred in the infancy of society. Indeed, wherever the grape flourished, inebriation prevailed. The formation of wine from this fruit was among the earliest discoveries of man."

It thus appears that Adam is suspected by Dr. Macnish of sipping a sup now and then;—and it is clear, on the same authority, that Noah first took to water and afterwards took to wine, a change not to be wondered at, remembering the immense quantity of the former with which he had to deal. These must have been very aguish times; and even lower down in the stream of human generations, we accordingly find Lot following the common custom of his kind,—or, as Pope says,

"He was but born to try
The lot of man—to tipple,* and to die."

"Drunkenness (continues the Doctor, impressing its multitudinous deserts upon our minds) drunkenness has varied greatly at different times, and among different nations." It prevails "to a much greater extent in northern than in southern latitudes. The nature of the climate renders this *inevitable*, and gives to the human frame its capabilities of withstanding liquor." This accounts for the moral and physical superiority of the northern over the southern nations. In the one, the people are all nerve, energy, enterprise, valour; in the other, nothing but enervation, weakness, lassitude, and cowardice. Then, how easily is your Southron intoxicated! "Upon constitutions so differently organised, it cannot be expected that a given portion of stimulus will operate with equal power. The airy, inflammable nature of the first (*i. e.* the Southron) is easily roused to excitation, and manifests feelings which the second (*i. e.* the Northman) does not experience till he has partaken much more largely of the stimulating cause. On this account, the one may be inebriated, and the other remain comparatively sober upon a similar quantity. In speaking of this subject, it is always to be remembered that a person is not to be considered a drunkard because he consumes a certain portion of liquor, but because what he does consume produces certain effects upon his system." And on this hypothesis the Doctor is fiercely indignant against the French, who are only so little more towards the south pole than the English are. "Who (he exclaims) ever heard of an Englishman sipping *eau sucrée*, and treating his friends to a glass of lemonade? Yet such things are common in France; and of all the practices of that country, they are those most thoroughly visited by the contemptuous malisons of John Bull." And so they ought—but having thus denounced modern folly, the author enthusiastically reverts to the good old times, which he paints with all the gusto of a "true jolly toper." "It is (he observes) a common belief that wine was the only inebriating liquor known to antiquity; but this is a mistake. Tacitus mentions the use of ale or beer as common among the Germans of his time. By the Egyptians, likewise, whose country was ill adapted to the cultivation of the grape, it was employed as a substitute for wine. Ale was common in the middle ages; and Mr. Park states that very good beer is made, by the usual process of brewing and malting, in the interior of Africa. The favourite drink of our Saxon ancestors was ale or mead. Those worshippers of Odin were so notoriously addicted to drunkenness, that it was regarded as honourable rather than otherwise; and the man who could withstand the greatest quantity was looked upon with admiration and respect: whence the drunken songs of the Scandinavian scalds: whence the glories of Valhalla, the fancied happiness of whose inhabitants consisted in quaffing draughts from the skulls of their enemies slain in battle. Even ardent spirit, which is generally supposed to be a modern discovery, probably existed from a very early period. It is said to have been first made by the Arabians in the middle ages; and in all likelihood may lay claim to a still remoter origin. The spirituous liquor called arrack has been manufactured in the island of Java, as well as in the continent of Hindostan, from time immemorial. Brandy was made in Sicily at the commencement of the fourteenth century. As to wine, it was so common in ancient times as to have a tutelar god appropriated to it; Bacchus and

* "The first growths of Burgundy are La Romanée-Conti, Le Chambertin, Le Richebourg, Le Clos Vougeot, La Romanée de St. Vivant, Ta Tache, and Le Clos St. Georges, Département de la Côte d'Or. After these the following are quoted, as being superior to the second class wines: Le Clos de Premeau, Le Musigny, Le Tart, Les bonnes Marres, La Roche, Les Verrailles, Le Clos Majot, Le Clos de St. Jean, and Le Clos de la Perrière,—these likewise are in the Département de la Côte d'Or."—"The most esteemed wines of Dauphiny are known by the names of Meal, Greffier, Bessac, Beaume en Raucoulé, on the ground of l'Hermitage, Département de la Drome." But great part of the wines of the second class differ little from those of the first, and are substituted for them in commerce. "Those of Champagne are delicate, and of a silky softness; they quickly affect the head, but their effects soon pass away, and they are generally esteemed to be wholesome. The wines of the Lyonnais differ from those of Dauphiny, in having rather less body, and more briskness and vivacity. Those of Avignon have much liveliness (*de feu*), are delicate and agreeable. The produce of Bearn is strong and heady; that of Roussillon has more colour, body, and spirit, than some of the others, but is deficient in delicacy and perfume (*bouquet*). The principal growths of the second class wines are as follow: In *Champagne*—Verry, Verzenay, Mailly, St. Basle, Bouzy, and le Clos St. Thierry. In *Burgundy*—Corton, and parts of the growths of Vosne, Nuits, Volnay, Pommard, Beaune, Chambolle, Morey, Savigny, and Meersault. The Côtes of Olivotes, Pitoy de Perrière, and des Preaux; the Clos of Chainette and Migrenne, Le Moulin à Vent, les Torins et Chenas. In *Dauphiny*—Le Tain and l'Etoile. In the *Lyonnais*—La Côte Rotie. Of *Bordeaux*—Rosan, Leoville, Gorse, La Rose, Pichon, Longueville, Calon, Capelle, Margaux, &c. In the *Comtat d'Avignon*—Le Coteau Brulé. In *Bearn*—Le Jurançon de M. de Perpigna; Les Vins de Gan, and de Biville. In *Roussillon*—Calliourne, Bagnols, and Casperan."

* I think Pope says suffer, not tipple.—*Printer's Demon.* We quote from memory, and, as far as we recollect either Lot or Pope, believe we are perfectly correct.—*Ed.*

his companion Silenus are as household words in the mouths of all, and constituted most important features of the heathen mythology. We have all heard of the Falernian and Campanian wines, and of the wines of Cyprus and Shiraz. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the ancients were in no respect *inferior* to the moderns in the excellence of their vinous liquors, whatever they may have been in the variety."

The Doctor next points out the guilt and folly of that notorious *impostor*, Mahomet; and the vile and beastly ignorance that prevailed during what are justly called "the dark ages."

"Wine was so common (he remarks) in the eastern nations, that *Mahomet* foreseeing the baleful effects of its propagation, forbade it to his followers, who, to compensate themselves, had recourse to opium. *The Gothic, or dark ages, seem to have been those in which it was least common:* in proof of this, it may be mentioned that so late as 1298, it was vended as a cordial by the English apothecaries. At the present day it is little drunk, except by the upper classes, in those countries which do not naturally furnish the grape. In those that do, it is so cheap as to come within the reach of even the lowest."

We have little to add to this panegyric, except that we cordially approve of the denunciation of the cheat of Mecca for seducing his deluded followers from wine into laudanum; and that we are obliged to the Doctor for elucidating a new cause for the deplorable prostration of intellect in the Gothic times, when drinking "was least common!"

Approaching to our own age, the author laments the falling off in the descendants of Odin's worshippers. He says, "if we turn from antiquity to our own times, we shall find little cause to congratulate ourselves upon any improvement." Alas! this is too true; and we partially impute it, with the learned Doctor, to the mal-practices of the adulterers of every liquor that is sold to the public. "It would be well (he observes) if the liquor vended to the poor possessed the qualities of that furnished by the contraband dealer; but, instead of this, it is usually a vile compound of every thing spurious and pestilent, and seems expressly contrived for the purpose of preying upon the vitals of the unfortunate victims who partake of it. The extent to which adulteration has been carried in all kinds of liquor, is, indeed, such as to interest every class of society. Wine, for instance, is often impregnated with alum and sugar of lead, the latter dangerous ingredient being resorted to by innkeepers and others, to take away the sour taste so common in bad wines. * * * Alum and sugar of lead are also common in spirituous liquors; and in many cases, oil of vitriol, turpentine, and other materials equally abominable, are to be found in combination with them. That detestable liquor called British gin, is literally compounded of these ingredients; nor are malt liquors, with their multifarious narcotic additions, less thoroughly sophisticated or less detrimental to the health."

That we persevere at all in drinking, in defiance of these nefarious and dangerous innovations, is indeed highly praiseworthy; it shews that the bibacious spirit is not subdued, though it is modified and controlled by the dread of poisons. But so far are we from confessing to the existing degeneracy of the human race, that we deem it would be a foul libel upon, and an indelible disgrace to, "the march of intellect," to suppose, that if really good drink were provided, it would not be consumed in much larger quantities than at any former era of the world, however renowned in history. Even as it is, Dr. Macnish allows that there are still some [many gallant] persons who will be drunkards, "in spite of all that can be done to prevent them. Some are drunkards by choice, and others by necessity. The former have an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament, of coarse unintellectual minds, and of low and animal propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre, and a flow of animal spirits which other people are without. They delight in the roar and riot of drinking-clubs; and with them, in particular, all the miseries of life may be referred to the bottle. The drunkard by necessity was never meant by nature to be dissipated. He is, perhaps, a person of amiable dispositions."

This passage occurs in Chap. II. upon the causes of drunkenness, among which the Doctor takes no notice whatever of *thirst*. As for his Calvinistic doctrine of being drunkards by necessity, it may do for the predestinarians of the West of Scotland—the posterity of the old Covenanters—but would be scouted in more civilised regions, where men drink from choice. But there are some customs which the Doctor, we presume, has observed about Glasgow, that redeem this blot. For instance: "mason-lodges are true academies of tippling"—and "husbands sometimes teach their wives to be drunkards by indulging them in toddy, and such fluids, every time they themselves sit down to their libations." These friendly and social indulgences must add greatly to the felicity and harmony of the marriage state in Clydesdale; and we point them out for the example of the sots on the banks of the Thames, who would hardly ever give their wives a drop—if they could help it.

But surely this is like preaching over one's liquor; and we have said enough to recommend Dr. Macnish's work to the whole reading and drinking world. We shall therefore say little more, except to express our sorrow, that by one cruel observation, at page 27, the author severely injures the reputation of four distinguished men, and utterly annihilates the long-established fame of two.* In Chap. III., however, he rallies, as if it were the third bottle; and he declares, "the pleasures of getting drunk are certainly ecstatic. While the illusion lasts, happiness is complete; care and melancholy are thrown to the wind, and Elysium, with all its glories, descends upon the dazzled imagination of the drinker. Some authors have spoken of the pleasure of being completely drunk: this, however, is not the most exquisite period. The time is when a person is neither 'drunken nor sober, but neighbour to both,' as Bishop Andrews says in his 'Ex-ale-tation of Ale.' The moment is when the ethereal emanations begin to float around the brain—when the soul is commencing to expand its wings and rise from earth—when the tongue feels itself somewhat loosened in the mouth, and breaks the previous taciturnity, if any such existed. What are the sensations of incipient drunkenness? First, an unusual serenity prevails over the mind, and the soul of the votary is filled with a placid satisfaction. By degrees he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ears, at every pause of the conversation. He seems, to himself, to wear his head lighter than usual upon his shoulders. Then a species of obscurity, thinner than the finest mist, passes before his eyes, and makes him see objects rather indistinctly. The lights begin to dance and appear double. A gaiety and warmth are felt at the same time about the heart. The imagination is expanded and filled with a thousand delightful images. He becomes loquacious, and pours forth, in enthusiastic language, the thoughts which are born, as it were, within him. Now comes a spirit of universal contentment with himself and all the world. He thinks no more of misery; it is dissolved in the bliss of the moment. This is the acme of the fit—the ecstasy is now perfect."

What can we add to this glowing eulogy? Nothing! Long may Dr. Macnish, and often may he, enjoy the full luxury of those delights he has so redolently painted!—and may it be our happy fortune, before we die, to meet him where we may troll, after the old Laird of Pennycuik,

> Though this night we drink the sea,
> The morn we'll still as drouthy be.

* "Voltaire and Fontenelle used coffee. The excitements of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco; while Demosthenes and Haller were sufficiently stimulated by drinking freely of cold water." Monstrous!

Memoirs of the Rev. S. Parr, LL.D. Vol. II. By the Rev. W. Field. 8vo. pp. 483. London, 1828. Colburn.

When the first volume of this work was published, last January, we briefly noticed it, and promised to review it more at large when the second and concluding volume should appear; and this we now do, though, we confess, with very little predilection for the task—especially after having had to express our opinion upon the intermediate Parriana of Mr. Barker. Mr. Field, having enjoyed thirty-six years of intimacy with Dr. Parr, seems to be well fitted to add the most minute particulars to the very minute biography of that individual; and, accordingly, we find that he has considered nothing to be too small or insignificant for record. His first volume seems to be principally compiled from Maurice's Memoir, the New Monthly Magazine, the Public Characters, the Bibliotheca Parriana, the Spital Sermon, and other familiar publications, both of the learned doctor and of other persons; and to possess very little of originality. Such documents, indeed, as lay claim to that character, are represented to be in the custody of Dr. J. Johnstone of Birmingham (who is thus enabled to make eight instead of two volumes), and of the Rev. J. Lynes, whom Mr. Field styles the "grandson-in-law," by marriage, of Dr. Parr, and who is Dr. Johnstone's co-executor to the will as well as co-adjutor in the literary part of these posthumous labours. Dr. Johnstone also boasts of a forty years' friendship with Dr. P., and of being his physician; while in the struggle for pre-eminency as to the right of acting the biographer, he and his associates consider Mr. Field as an interloper, thrusting himself into their business, and even making impertinent requests for their assistance (refer to Field, Vol. I. pp. 180, 190, and 301). Nor is this all: Mr. Field is a Unitarian minister at Leam, near Warwick, and at the head of a large school where children of that persuasion are taught; and he is, we are assured, very highly prized by his dissenting brethren for his zeal as well as for his learning.* It is not surprising,

* Considering this, there seems to us to be a very odd blunder on the part of the learned gentleman at page 75, which may be shared between him and a pupil of Dr. Parr's, whom he quotes without a comment on his error. "In reading a Greek or Latin author (says this well-taught pupil of his master) a stream of illustration issued from him. When we were up at Virgil with him, he thundered out, *ore rotundo*, all the passages which the poet had borrowed, and whilst he borrowed, adorned, from Homer and Apollonius the Herodian." Who this

therefore, that they "upon the adverse faction" should accuse him, which they do, of wishing to misrepresent Dr. Parr as a secret convert to Unitarianism, at the expense of his sincerity.* They assert, on the contrary, that the doctor was perfectly tolerant, and that though he did not agree (as is very evident) with the tenets of established orthodoxy in the Church of England, yet that he was a sound member, and untinctured with Unitarian apostacy.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Non nostrúm tantas componere lites!

The second volume of Mr. Field, to which is prefixed another portrait of Parr with a round nose, the first Volume exhibiting a square one, — devotes its early pages to party feelings and portraits, eulogies upon every body of the same political creed, and abuse of every thing, as well as person, opposed to that creed. It is a melancholy picture of the engrossing power of faction (we care not on which side), which blinds us to the merits of those who happen to differ from us in opinion, and weds us even to the vices of those with whom we happen to agree. It was the misfortune of Parr's life to be a violent partisan. But we will pass from the subject to offer a few specimens of his conversational powers, as they are adduced by his biographer.

"He was insisting upon the importance of discipline, established on a wise system, and enforced with a steady hand, in schools, in colleges, in the navy, in the army,—when he was suddenly and somewhat rudely interrupted by a young officer, who had just received his commission, and was not a little proud of his blushing honours. 'What, sir,' said he, 'do you mean to apply that word *discipline* to the *officers* of the army? It may be well enough for the *privates*.' 'Yes, sir, I do,' was the stern reply; 'it is discipline makes the scholar—it is discipline makes the soldier—it is discipline makes the gentleman—and the want of discipline has made you—what you are.' To another young man, by whom he had been much annoyed, he said—'Sir, your tongue goes to work before your brain; and when your brain does work, it generates nothing but error and absurdity.' To a third, who was one of bold and forward, but ill-supported, pretensions, he said—'B—, you have read *little*—thought *less*—and know *nothing*.' It happened in a large company that the question was proposed to him, and urgently pressed upon him, why he had not published more?—or something more worthy of his fame? The expressions of surprise and regret which went round the company, he bore with perfect good humour; till at length a young scholar, jestingly perhaps, but somewhat pertly, called to him—'Suppose, Dr. Parr, you and I were to write a book together?' 'Young man,' he replied, 'if all were to be written in that book which I do know, and which you do not know, it would be a very large book indeed!' Even ladies were not spared who incurred his displeasure, either by pertinacious adherence to the wrong in opinion, or by deficiency of attention to the right and the amiable in conduct. To one who had violated, as he thought, some of the little rules of propriety, he said — 'Madam, your father was a gentleman, and I thought that his daughter might have been a lady.' To another, who had held out in argument against him, not very powerfully, and rather too perseveringly, and who had closed the debate by saying, 'Well! Dr. Parr, I still maintain my opinion;' he replied—'Madam, you may, if you please, *retain* your opinion, but you cannot *maintain* it.' To another, who had also ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterwards apologised for herself, by saying, 'that it is the privilege of women to talk nonsense.' 'No, madam,' replied Dr. Parr, 'it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle.'"

We fancy few people will coincide in thinking these speeches very praiseworthy; for ourselves, we look upon them to be instances of bad temper, bad manners, and over-bearing, or rather bearish, rudeness, which would hardly be tolerated in polite society, or at all, except where one man was exalted into Sir Oracle, in whose presence no dog should bark. Who that ever met in company on an equal footing, and were not sycophantic satellites of a social unsocial Ursa Major, could have borne the behaviour here described?

"Some years ago, Dr. Parr was passing a few days with an old pupil, an eminent barrister, at his house in Staffordshire, when it happened that another visiting inmate was the celebrated H. C. esq. a brother barrister. One day, a large company were invited to dinner, consisting, amongst others, of several neighbouring clergymen, of whom one was fresh from college, just initiated into holy orders, and strangely ignorant, or strangely forgetful, of the little proprieties which regulate social intercourse, at least in the higher circles. This young ecclesiastic, whether conceitedly, for the purpose of display, or unseasonably, if with a view of gaining information, proposed to Dr. Parr question after question, on subjects of theology, much to the offence of the great divine, who exceedingly disliked the introduction of such topics in mixed companies, at festival entertainments. Not, however, deterred by the evident displeasure with which his questions were received, or rather repulsed, he still persisted; and, among other inquiries, pressed, with peculiar earnestness, for an answer to the following: 'Whether Mahomet had ever seen the Christian Scriptures?' 'Sir,' answered Dr. Parr, coldly and tauntingly, 'I have not the pleasure of Mahomet's acquaintance.'—'But,' resumed the querist, 'Dr. Parr, do you think that Mahomet had seen only a false gospel, and the epistle falsely ascribed to Barnabas?' 'Sir, I have not the honour of knowing Mr. Barnabas either,' replied Dr. Parr, with increased sternness of accent and manner. But, nothing daunted even by this rebuff, the young inquisitive returned once more to the charge:—'Excuse me, Dr. Parr; but let me ask you, do you think that Mahomet had ever seen a true gospel or not?' 'Sir,' answered Dr. Parr, greatly irritated, 'if you *will* draw my teeth, why then, to save my dinner, I must say that I think Mahomet had never seen a *true* gospel.' 'And pray,' said Mr. C., who had been looking on, watching, perhaps with a little spiteful pleasure, the old lion vexed and chafed by the teazing buzz of the insect, calling out from the corner of the table where he sat—'And pray, Dr. Parr, did *you* ever see a *true* gospel?' Unprepared for this new and sudden attack, Dr. Parr seemed for a moment confounded; and the attention of the whole company was anxiously directed towards him. But soon recovering himself, and rising from his seat, with an imposing air of dignity, and with a commanding voice of authority, he spoke thus:—'H. C., if *you* had ever seen a *true* gospel, you could not have understood the learned language in which it is written; and if you had seen that true gospel, and could have understood that learned language, *you* could not have comprehended the sublime character it delineates, or the pure morals it inculcates; and if you could have read that true gospel, and comprehended that sublime character, and those pure morals; yet, to shelter your own bad propensities and habits, *you* would have struggled hard to prove the character a fiction, and the morals a falsehood!' It scarcely need be added, that all present were struck with mingled awe and admiration; the bold assailant was abashed, and sunk into silence, from which, during the evening, he could not recover; and after indulging in his usual deep potations, he was carried off senseless to his bed. The following anecdote is told by one of Dr. Parr's pupils:—Of flippancy of remark on religious subjects he was highly impatient. He once, in my hearing, rebuked Mr. F——, a barrister, in good set terms. This gentleman had somewhat inconsiderately observed, that it was human authority which had put the seal of authenticity on the books of Scriptures; and that the councils of Trent and Nice had decided which were apocryphal and which were not so. Dr. Parr, with some difficulty, heard him to the end of his sentence; when, after a most ominous puff from his pipe, he addressed him nearly in these words: 'Mr. Frith, or Mr. Forth, or Mr. Froth—excuse me if I forget your name—I have not the honour of your acquaintance; and the specimen you have just given of your theological knowledge does not make me highly ambitious of it. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that you are as far from correct chronology in your remark, as you are from right reasoning. These two councils, which sat at widely remote periods of time, had nothing to do with the distinction of books, as at present received into our church. It arose

Apollonius was, is an enigma we cannot solve! Was it the poet of *Rhodes?* or was there a partisan of *Herod* of that name?

* The following may be quoted as an instance, and also as an example of Mr. Field's manner. "Though he delighted most in the easy, careless flow of unrestrained conversation, yet sometimes his discourse would take the form of a set harangue, extended to considerable length, and delivered with oratorical effect. Of this an instance occurs to the writer's recollection. He was dining some years ago at Hatton, in company with several clergymen; and among them was an Irish dignitary, who talked long and loudly of 'our excellent church,' of 'our venerable establishment,' in whose fair face, it should seem, he could discover 'neither spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing.' Having suffered him to run the whole length of his line, with no other interruption but a smile, now and then, of pity, or a frown, sometimes, of displeasure, Dr. Parr rose at length from his seat; and, after puffing in clouds for a moment or two, laid down his pipe; then resting one arm on the table, and enforcing all he said by the ponderous movements of the other, he broke out into a vehement declamation on the state of the church, painting in glaring colours the grievances under which 'it was sick, though, he hoped, not dying;' especially in the unequal distribution of its revenues—in the mysticism of some parts of its creed—in the absurdity of some of its articles—in the servile spirit, too prevalent both among its higher and lower clergy, and in their obstinate resistance to the most reasonable and desirable improvements. He insisted that the church was fast losing ground, both in the esteem of the more reflecting part, and in the affections of the great body of the community. 'Unitarians,' said he, 'multiply and calmly persevere. Methodists multiply, and rage, and swagger. High churchmen hate both and abuse both; and deny the necessity of reforming themselves.' 'The church *is* in danger. I own it,' said he, 'but let *them* look to it who have brought it on, and who will not adopt the only method for saving us.' 'Reform,' cried he, roaring out with a voice that literally thundered, and assuming an attitude which seemed to defy all contradiction—'reform! I say, is the only safety for our church. As sure as the uprooted tree must bend, or the tower undermined must bow, so surely our church must fall, unless it be *reformed* in the good opinion of the people.' Then turning to the reverend dignitary, 'Sir,' said he, 'I give you your choice—reform? or ruin?—and mark my words, within twenty years, that choice, whichever it be, must take effect.' He concluded with giving as a toast, 'the Church of England and Ireland! may it be delivered from all its enemies, and from undistinguishing admirers and extravagant encomiasts—of all its enemies, the worst!'"

from the consent of the early Christians, and is built upon the authority of the ancient fathers. You have given an opinion upon a subject which you ought not to have approached; and have betrayed ignorance without modesty, and pedantry without learning. Leave these matters to maturer knowledge and sounder understandings. This advice I honestly give you. In the words of Lucretius I will enforce it:

> Ne mea dona, tibi studio disposta fideli,
> Intellecta prius quam sint, contempta relinquas."

We may subjoin the following by way of a heavy variety. No wonder the doctor disliked punning, if his attempts were always as blank!

"Of all species of wit, punning was one which Dr. Parr disliked, and in which he seldom indulged; and yet some instances of it have been related. Reaching a book from a high shelf in his library, two other books came tumbling down; of which one, a critical work of Lambert Bos, fell upon the other, which was a volume of Hume. 'See!' said he, 'what has happened—*procumbit humi bos.*' On another occasion, sitting in his room, suffering under the effects of a slight cold, when too strong a current was let in upon him, he cried out, 'Stop, stop! that is too much. I am at present only *Par levibus ventis.*' At another time, a gentleman having asked him to subscribe to Dr. Busby's translation of Lucretius, he declined to do so, saying it would cost too much money; it would indeed be 'Lucretius *carus.*'"

It may be imagined that we have made these selections invidiously: on the contrary, they are the best bits of the book which we could pick out for the amusement of our readers. If we wanted to display the trivial and the objectionable, we would quote such as the following passages.

"Early in 1819 Dr. Parr formed the project of a tour through the northern counties of England, and the southern counties of Scotland, from which he anticipated much pleasure; and which proved to him the source of many agreeable reflections through the remaining years of life. Thus, in arranging his plans, he writes for information to his friend, Mr. Parkes: 'Dear Sir,—If it be practicable, I shall go from Carlisle into Scotland. Will you favour me with an account of the distances from Carlisle to Glasgow, and from Glasgow to Edinburgh? Note, if you please, the intermediate stage; and add the names of the second or third best inns. I never go to hotels, or grand houses of entertainment. Be so good as to write at your leisure, fully, on a large sheet of paper. It may be the last journey I shall ever take; and certainly it is the longest I ever did undertake. Yours, very truly, S. Parr.'"

The whole of this tour is an example of similar weakness in attaching consequence to trifles. In Edinburgh the doctor was *feted*, and "he seemed to entertain a higher opinion, if possible, than before, of the literary men who so well supported in their time the honour reflected on their country, by the fame of David Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, John Home, Black, Blair, and others. He often spoke with admiration of their great intellectual powers, or, as he expressed it, 'their confounded strong heads.'" No man who has witnessed a fair symposium with "the mountain dew" could say less. But even here "the Birmingham doctor," as he was scornfully called by one of his adversaries, carried his strong party predilections along with him. He not only admired Jeffrey, Malcolm Laing, and other able as well as inferior Whigs, but he could not help detracting from the highest living name that Scotland could boast, and merely, it should seem, because its owner was a Tory. This is very paltry, and would be the same were a Tory to shew a like want of just estimation towards a Whig—for it is the principle and the fact, and not the difference of politics, that makes the distinction contemptible.

"He was (says Mr. Field) once or twice in the company of an author of greater and more extended celebrity, perhaps, than any other of his time; whose diversified talents have been displayed in the various departments of poetry, biography, history, criticism, and works of fiction. This, the reader need not be told, is Sir Walter Scott; whose conversation, however, it was noticed, that Dr. Parr rather avoided than solicited. He conceived, whether justly or unjustly, that the literary Hercules had proved himself, on certain occasions, a political Proteus: and the slightest deviation from public principle was with him an offence not easily forgiven. This suspicion of the public man, no doubt, influenced the opinion which he always avowed of the author. He thought that his fame was more brilliant than solid or lasting. 'As a critic or a biographer, who,' said Dr. Parr, 'will attempt to carry up his claims very high?'—'His reputation must, then,' continued he, 'depend chiefly upon his poems and his novels.'—'But is not his poetry even now,' added he, 'almost forgotten? And does not their fading popularity threaten the same fate to his novels?'"

Yet will he shine in the roll of fame, when the learned Doctor and all his learned biographers shall be covered in oblivion. Waverley will outlast the Spital Sermon; the Lady of the Lake please, when Bellendenus de Statu has sunk into its pristine insignificance; and the author of Tales of a Grandfather be viewed with admiration and delight, when Philopatris Varvicensis shall be a forgotten name. Mr. Field, however, appears to have coincided too warmly in these opinions of Dr. P. to have felt much disapprobation of the equally puerile and unjust perversion into which they betrayed him. He panegyrises the Doctor's adhesion to Queen Caroline, in terms so glowing that they come to be absolute nonsense.

"The year 1820 (says he) unfolds a dark and distressing page in English history, from which every reader who honours his king and loves his country, would gladly turn away, with an ardent wish that it could be blotted out, as a tale of falsehood or fiction, for ever. This is the amazing and melancholy story of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., of whom posterity will be astonished to read in British annals, that, though a sovereign princess, and the royal consort of England, she was brought to public trial, by the demand, not of the people, but of the court; and that on the charge, *not of a state crime*, but of a civil or moral offence, which, if committed at all, was committed under circumstances usually regarded as exculpatory in the courts of English judicature. More astonished still will posterity be, as they read on, to learn that even this charge, *on the very first touch of examination, crumbled into dust.* * * *

"*The whole population* seemed to rise as one man, hastening to mingle in the *unequal strife;* hurling defiance against the ministerial oppressors, and throwing the shield of their protection round the oppressed."

Now, we are not about to rip up this unhappy controversy again, nor to express the least judgment one way or other upon it, but merely wish to point out the rank folly of any man asserting that the queen was not charged with a state crime—the charge being high treason;—that it crumbled into dust at the first touch of examination;—and, lastly, that the whole population rose (against whom, then?) in her defence; and, nevertheless, that they rose in an unequal strife against more powerful oppressors than the whole population of Great Britain!!! To us this seems to be egregious nonsense; and earnestly do we hope that the memory of this misguided and unfortunate lady will have abler defenders than the rev. author, whose posthumous services appear to be of about as much value as those rendered to her while living by his friend Dr. Parr.

Mexican Illustrations, founded upon Facts; indicative of the present Condition of Society, &c. &c. By Mark Beaufoy, late of the Coldstream Guards. 8vo. pp. 310. London, 1828. Carpenter and Son.

ILLUSTRATIONS "*founded on facts!*" what else could they be founded upon? gravelled us at the title-page of this book, and we turned over the leaf to the dedication. Here, again, we were startled; for the work is inscribed to the Duke of Cambridge and the Coldstream Guards, *because* the author "believes the profession of killing without murder to be the most satisfactory, &c. mode of attaining rank and fortune"!! There is no accounting for tastes; but we should have thought there were a few still more satisfactory modes of thriving in the world than by any way of killing: preserving, saving, benefiting, improving our fellow-creatures, for example; rendering men happy, rather than knocking out their brains with the but-ends of muskets; dispensing enjoyments, and reading the blessing in a nation's eyes, rather than slaughtering tens of thousands, and witnessing the mourning of bereaved parents, and widows, and orphans! But Mr. Beaufoy is of another mind, and we dare say sings with great gusto—

> "What a glorious thing's a battle!
> Then the cries of wounded flying!
> Then the groans of soldiers dying!
> What a glorious thing's a battle!"

Hoping for better in the preface, we proceeded to that; but once more we were repelled from the volume, by an intimation of the writer in these words:—"That many of the anecdotes related are indelicate, I am unwillingly obliged to admit; but when a man attempts to delineate a *beast*, he must be careful not to substitute 'Hyperion for a satyr.'"

Stumbling thus on the first three steps of the threshold, it is very natural to suppose that we were in no hurry to advance farther into this work, which will account for its having been laid aside by us from the hour of its publication till now. On perusing it, however, though we certainly observe some passages which stand much in need of the apology offered by the author, and which it is astonishing he should have retained to impeach his judgment, being obviously aware of their impropriety; yet it is but candid to say, that we have met with nothing so offensive as to banish the Illustrations from the circle of general readers. The objectionable parts are rather disagreeable, from describing too plainly nasty habits and appearances (see page 40, &c.); but we are not aware of any indecency, or of any expressions unbecoming in a gentleman to pen. Perhaps a more decided fault in the narrative is, the tone of supercilious censure with which the author treats almost every subject and person. Calling the justly celebrated traveller Humboldt "Baron Humbug," is poor wit; and if th

Baron has been wrong in some of his statements, it is still equally poor argument. Mr. Bullock is spoken of with little more respect; and every thing Mexican is despised in the highest style of John-Bullism. Indeed, Mr. Beaufoy seems to have been too delicate in his appetites for a rough wayfarer in foreign and half-civilised lands. He missed the *cuisine* of the Coldstream at Zacual-*pan*, in spite of its promising termination: St. James's Street had exported none of its refinements to Tlalpuxahua. Thus he tells us of his eating tortillas: "I rather liked these tortillas when toasted crisp; but as I knew the way in which they were patted by hands not always delicately clean, I took care not to eat the two or three top cakes of a series."

We are afraid that a similar intimate acquaintance with the very best cookery at home would not improve our relish for the most *recherché* dishes: it is not amiss, therefore, in England or in Mexico, to enjoy such matters as you find good, savoury, piquant, and palatable, asking no questions for conscience' sake. "The manner" (continues the author, in rather a whimsical fashion of deterioration)—"the manner in which the Creoles receive each other and strangers, is with an overpowering politeness, which they scarcely even pretend possesses a single spark of sincerity: they embrace on each side, throwing the arms round the neck and shoulder first one way and then the other, goodnaturedly striking the back with the open palm: they place every thing they have at the disposal of the new comer, wishing he may live a thousand years; but unhappy is the indiscreet person who takes them at their word."

As we never met with any body who had been indiscreet enough to take a compliment of this sort in earnest, and live a thousand years, we are not prepared to contradict the author as to the unhappiness of the result. We will make some inquiries, however, as the point is interesting on the score of longevities, and trust to be able to speak more definitely in our Review of Mr. Beaufoy's second edition. The following may meanwhile be read as a sample of his sweeping censures.

"The descendants of the Spaniards in Mexico pay not the slightest attention to veracity. They do not understand the meaning of 'word of honour,' but interpret it into words of convenience. In every transaction they will cheat you if possible; making no scruple to deny promises, contracts, loans, or debts. The lawyers are there quite a different sort of persons from the respectable portion of the profession in England. Confidential queries and acknowledgments to a legal adviser in Mexico are the most certain means you could adopt of ruining your own affairs; for if there is a doubt, no sooner have you turned your back, than the worthy lawyer seeks your adversary, makes his own terms, and betrays the weak points of your cause. Creoles of title have been more than once caught in the fact, when endeavouring to purloin prints, books, &c. from the shop of a highly respectable European established in the capital; and what was even worse, laughed at their detection as a good joke, instead of being ashamed of their knavery."

Yet he adds, which seems inconsistent:—"But as far as my own experience goes, I must differ from the sweeping accusation of theft so often alleged against all the *lower* classes of Mexicans; for throughout my excursions, I cannot recall to mind a single instance in which any article was stolen from my baggage. It is true I kept my eyes about me; but on some occasions, when half a hundred men, women, and children, have been crowding round to listen to a musical snuff-box I used to produce in the hot country, things might have been easily stolen without my knowing it, if the people had been so inclined."

The subjoined are further and characteristic traits.

"Huts are almost always guarded by a dozen curs; as, though the natives will not hesitate to stab a Christian, they will by no means kill a dog: the brutes will run out a long distance to bite your horses' heels; but if you turn and shew symptoms of fight, they will sneak back as quickly as they advanced. One of the favourite habits of the great mass of the community in Mexico, not only in the hot country where the sun overpowers the inhabitants with lassitude, but also in the mountainous regions where the thermometer often sinks below the freezing point, is killing the vermin in each other's hair. Towards sunset not a hut is to be found where this employment is not going forward. The men are seen extended on the ground, with their heads on the knees of the women, who with infinite dexterity catch the disagreeable intruders; taking especial care, however, to kill only a certain number daily, that the recreation may never fail: the lords of the creation will then cleanse the hair of their wives and children in the same manner. On Saturdays many of the women and girls from the villages go down to the rivulets, and stripping themselves naked, except a very short petticoat, sometimes commence washing their garments, their long black hair, and parts of their person: the passing and repassing of workmen or others causes not the slightest interruption in the scene. * * *

"To a foreigner, the confusion of sounds between the *s* and the *j*, the *b* and the *v*, the *h* and the *g*, pronounced with a cigar in the mouth, is perplexing to a degree; but the annoyance occasioned by those incessant phrases 'poco à poco,' and 'quien sabe,' is quite intolerable. The first is an excuse for every kind of idleness; that it is too hot or too cold, the wind is too high or too slight, it is time for dinner, time for a (siesta) nap, that to-morrow will do just as well. The other means every thing; the precise interpretation depends on the way in which it is drawled out. It is the French shrug, the English knowing wink, the sign of ignorance, of indifference, of doubt. A man, I will undertake to say, might travel throughout the Republic, visiting every person and place worth his attention, without knowing another word of Spanish than *poco à poco*, *quien sabe*, *usted*, and *si*;* and that, provided he had a constant supply of cigars in his pocket, he should quit the country with the reputation of being a remarkably well-informed and agreeable companion. On the few large pieces of water met with in Mexico, the Indians make use of a long shallow boat for the purpose of fishing; which is so narrow, that persons unaccustomed to the mode of managing it, would immediately lose their balance and get upset. It is formed of the trunk of one tree; and the Indian owners are often seen in the rainy season, covered with an odd-looking cloak made of the broad reeds of the morass, which effectually turns off the wet during the heaviest of storms. On the great estates for breeding of cattle in the warmer districts, it is usual for the men who pursue them with the lazo through the wilderness of shrubs, to guard themselves against the thorns of the mimosa trees, by means of a mantle of skins which envelopes all but their face: a long cape hangs from each arm, which the riders hold before their eyes when they dash through a thicket; but I once saw two savage-looking fellows, who were galloping fearlessly in every direction, although completely naked. * * *

"A good saddle-horse, for the cities or travelling, is taught what they term the *paso*; which is effected by striking the inside of the knees of the animal when exercising, until it attains a pace between the trot and the canter; a sort of waddle ridiculous enough to look at, but extremely easy and agreeable to the rider. Journeys of twenty miles a-day, for weeks together, may thus be accomplished without fatigue."

Besides sketches of the foregoing kind, there is some mining information, some antiquarian investigations, and a number of cuts which contribute much to the interest of the work: so that, notwithstanding what we have noticed unfavourable to it, we must own that is lively and amusing.

* *Poco à poco*, slowly; *quien sabe*, who knows or cares? *usted*, you; *si*, yes.

Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs. Vol. III.

[Second paper.]

THIS volume comes down to the period when the allies pressed on Paris, and it was resolved that the Empress and King of Rome should fly for safety. It is, as we have already mentioned, full of remarkable relations, which, however distorted by the writer, cannot fail to excite a lively interest, and throw a vivid light upon the transactions to which they allude. The rascality of the police* under Savary is divulged in a style of ludicrous simplicity, something resembling the chuckling sincerity with which a trickster, after he has gained his aim, tells how he has swindled you into your losing bet or bad bargain. The intrigues put us strongly in mind of some of the horse-cases tried in our courts of law, where the lowest practices, the basest lies, and the most unblushing effrontery, adorn the heroes of the cause, who swear, point blank too, to the most direct contradictions and diametrically opposite statements. M. Savary would have been a prince of a horse-dealer! But we will not detain our readers with much more of his business in the police way than we have already quoted; our remaining selections shall rather refer to higher affairs—affairs of government, of monarchs, of revolutions; and assuredly some of these are passing strange. Savary, among other exploits, arrested an officer belonging to the Prince of Orange, at the time a match between him and the English Princess Charlotte was in contemplation; and, from rifling his papers, he says he discovered that this

* Of the police at this period we can give a singular an original anecdote. About an hour after the execution at the castle of Vincennes, two gendarmes, who had been present at the murder of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, entered into a wine-shop near the barrier, and related to the master of the shop the scene they had just witnessed. An agent of police, who overheard their conversation, represented to them that they ought to be more guarded in spreading such false reports, at a moment when the city was already in a state of great agitation: (Pichegru had just been arrested). The gendarmes persisting in their assertion, and even affirming that they themselves had been engaged in the execution, the agent of police put them under arrest, and conducted them to the préfecture. The préfet was in bed, it being only about six o'clock in the morning. The officer, however, entered his bed-room, and made his report. The préfet, supposing that the two gendarmes were conspirators, who had assumed that disguise, wrote instantly to Buonaparte, to inform him that two conspirators had just been arrested, who were spreading reports injurious to his character and honour; that they had the insolence to say that a prince of the house of Bourbon had been arrested in Germany by some French troops, and that he had been shot at the castle of Vincennes, &c. The above fact shews the secrecy in which the foul murder of the unhappy prince was enveloped, when even his arrival at Paris was unknown to the préfet of police.—*Ed. L. G.*

was "a connexion not much to the young prince's taste. He alleged as his motive an apprehension of not finding in that union the happiness which is the only object of marriage, without a certainty of which he would renounce all thoughts of it. He plainly said, in short, that he feared he never could accustom himself to the domineering conduct which he thought it would be the lot of her future husband to submit to. This was no praise of the princess of England; and his mind had not yet acquired a philosophical turn respecting the female character. It was, no doubt, his wish that the Princess Charlotte should be nothing more than Princess of Orange, but that he should become a Prince of England."

The following respecting Murat, in 1811, goes beyond any thing we previously remember. "The emperor directed the arrest of a chamberlain of the King of Naples, who had not left Paris. His directions were obeyed; and an examination took place of the chamberlain's papers, amongst which were found nineteen letters in the King of Naples' own hand-writing. There could no longer exist any doubt, after the perusal of these documents, that whether the idea had originated with himself, or whether it emanated from the brains of some of the persons in his service in Paris, this prince seriously entertained the hope of succeeding to the emperor, in a given case, that of his death, for instance.—Most of those letters were dated in 1809, and had been written whilst the emperor was at Vienna, and the English had possession of Flushing."

We should remark, that Savary is inveterate against Fouché throughout his work,* and does not spare Talleyrand.†

"The style (he continues) of that correspondence was no enigma to me. I found the true key to it in the many injunctions it contained; and felt more than ever convinced that the project of succeeding to the emperor was deeply rooted in the mind of the King of Naples, who had never relinquished it until the birth of the King of Rome. I entertained the impression that his obstinacy in insisting upon retaining about the person of his ambassador in Paris a host of gallant youths, all military men, was nothing more than a precaution on his part, for the purpose of obtaining correct information of the personal dispositions of the individuals holding high employments, of whose concurrence he would have stood in need if the event had come to pass, which was a previous condition to carrying his views into effect."*

According to his own report of himself, not only on this, but on all other occasions, the worthy minister of police knew every thing that happened every where. But, to make assurance doubly sure, and at least become acquainted with these secrets, for his own purposes, he took an opportunity of Buonaparte's absence from Paris; and he tells us—"I gave orders (such is the rogue's confession)† that, under pretence of some awkward mistake, a Neapolitan courier should be arrested instead of another courier, and placed for a couple of hours at my disposal. * * *

"The first Neapolitan courier was not long in making his appearance; and my instructions were so judiciously carried into effect, that he was brought to my hotel. Those who conducted him there were, in fact, under the impression that they had actually committed a mistake, with the exception, however, of one person, who was in the secret of my intentions. They expected to be reprimanded; and received, on the contrary, some proof of my satisfaction. I opened every paper,—even the ambassador's packet,—and sent it back to him with so much haste, that he might have had doubts of its being any thing more than a mistake, if his experience had not told him otherwise.—[Characteristic gent!] * *

"This (he adds) is the proper place for mentioning that the emperor had already contemplated to separate the crown of Italy from that of France, and to bestow the former upon his successor: he only delayed making a declaration to that effect until the birth of a second son, who would have been king of all Italy. He had sometimes indulged with his friends in that pleasing hope; and as he treated the King of Naples as a man whom he considered to be inseparably linked to his system, the idea did not occur to him that he would ever dare to oppose his views, if the anticipated event should occur. Nevertheless, this was really the case."

The fact is, every one was playing his own game, and there was neither confidence, honesty, truth, nor attachment, in the whole crowd of these worthless sycophants. No wonder that the catastrophe came at last; but the wonder is prodigious that the rotten fabric should have stood so long, ay, and laid Europe prostrate at the feet of such a set of charlatans. The empress seems to have been out of their pale; for the author confesses, "No pains were taken to trumpet forth her praise; but her merits were known and appreciated by all who surrounded her. I feel pleasure in repeating, that on no occasion did I find it necessary to resort to any underhand means of securing to the empress a good reception from the public, by whom she was sincerely esteemed and beloved."

The breaking-up of the vile knot, who had so long disgraced authority and humbled the world, (we are not disposed to think highly of courtiers generally, but surely they cannot all be so depraved and so contemptible as these volumes shew the court of Buonaparte to have been)—the breaking-up of the system approached, and the picture of the last hours of an empire sustained only by force, is deserving of calm and philosophical contemplation, as a lesson for all times. Napoleon had been defeated in his endeavours to restore victory to his arms in the campaign which succeeded the calamitous invasion of Russia. The German states had fallen off from him one by one, as they dared; Murat had deserted him; and Wrede (whom he deemed he had attached by largesses) only marked his sense of them by becoming, as the friend of Bavaria, one of the most able of his enemies.

The legislative body was assembled in Paris, but here also abandonment and opposition were manifest. "The emperor possessed a considerable treasure, the fruit of his economy. He transferred thirty millions to the public treasury; but this resource was far from being sufficient to meet the exigencies. The credit of the government was shaken; and without money it was impossible to rely with certainty on any thing. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to have recourse to the sale of the communel estates. This resource would have been sufficient; but although the measure was carried into effect, by the regular administrative authority, it nevertheless formed one of the grounds of complaint, of which the legislative body availed itself, in order to deprive the government of the last support it possessed. The legislative body had been for a long time

* "M. Fouché was of a restless disposition; he always wanted to be employed on something, and generally against somebody. He had already contrived to get access to the empress, whose favour he will eagerly endeavouring to gain, in order to turn it to his own purposes when occasion should serve. For my own part, I was not sorry for this removal; as it relieved me from the annoyance of receiving the condolence of persons who thought it impossible that the Duke of Otranto should not return to a post, for which they considered him exclusively competent. If the emperor had not called him to Dresden, it is probable that he and I would not long have continued on a footing of good understanding; for I was resolved to take my revenge whenever he might attempt any intrigue, the object of which could only be to cast ridicule on me. We should then have seen which of the two would have outstripped the other. I was far from concurring with those who attributed to him a vast share of talent. It will be seen whether experience has justified my opinion."

† Respecting him at the period when the allies were near Paris, he states:—"I had a positive order to abstain from measures of severity, and was therefore under the necessity of allowing him to run on. I affected not to understand, though in fact my curiosity was the more excited. His experience, however, was proof against the bait thus held out. I could obtain no positive information from him. I was correctly informed of all the visits he received; but his conduct was so artfully disguised, that he could give it the appearance of being quite natural, by successively receiving persons of every opinion, and of all characters. I took care not to have one of them spoken to: the state of our affairs was far too desperate to induce any of those persons to renounce the court favours which they already anticipated the prospect of obtaining. What, besides, could they have told me? of a conversation in which no positive fact could be discovered, or of their private opinions respecting the intentions of M. de Talleyrand, which were in a great measure known to me. I was in this state of uneasiness, when happening to ride about town it occurred to me to pass close by the prince's hotel. I descried from a great distance the carriage of the Archbishop of Mechlin, and imagined they were in close conference together. Being determined to satisfy myself on the subject, I dismounted in the street, and walked in unexpectedly, instead of having the folding-door of the hotel thrown open to me. The porter recognised, but had not the courage to stop me. I quickly ascended the staircase, and reached M. de Talleyrand's closet without meeting with any one in the ante-chamber. He was in close conference with the archbishop. I entered so suddenly, that my appearance had as striking an effect upon them as if I had got in through the window. They stopped short in their conversation, which had been exceedingly animated; both seemed to have suddenly lost the power of speech. The archbishop's countenance, however, appeared the most discomposed. On perceiving their confusion, I guessed the subject of their conversation, and could not help saying to them, 'This time, at least, you cannot deny it, I find you in the act of conspiring.' I was right in my conjecture: they set up a laugh, and endeavoured to deceive me as to their intentions; but I requested them in vain to continue their conversation: they had lost the thread of it. I withdrew, under the conviction that they were hatching some plot, though I was ignorant of its exact nature."—[What a disgraceful business for a high minister of state!!]

* After all, the King of Naples died like a chivalrous hero, in comparison with his brother-in-law. His protest against the tribunal, his letter to his wife, and his noble meeting of the fatal sentence, belong to the character of fame; while all Buonaparte's St. Helena tenaciousness of life and littleness class with the contemptible and piteous.—*Ed. L. G.*

† On another occasion, when he wanted to get at the despatches of the Russian embassy, he says—"I knew that the Emperor Alexander's aide-de-camp was about to take his departure, and that every one was getting despatches in readiness. Men of all characters and descriptions are to be met with in Paris. I had of late found out one who knew the secret by which letters were shut up with certain padlocks, called *à la Raynier*. Had not the aide-de-camp left Paris, I should probably have become acquainted with whatever was contained in the press in the wall close by the chimney of his apartment. By means which it is unnecessary to divulge, I at last succeeded in obtaining possession of the whole contents of the Russian officer's despatch, dated 21st February, 1812. I drew out of his portfolio the report he addressed to the Emperor of Russia, with its accompanying letter; the copy of the instructions given by the emperor two days before to the director-in-chief of the war department, on the subject of forwarding the military equipages of the army; and, lastly, a summary of the organisation of the grand army, in different corps, according to the orders given to the Duke de Feltre, minister of war. I first determined to ascertain whether I was *not myself the dupe of some snare laid to entrap me*; and I repaired to the emperor, who admitted his having recently given the orders in question. * * * On the day of the departure of the Russian officer, it occurred to me to pay a visit to the prefect of police, with whom I lived on terms of friendly intimacy. I found him closing a letter to my address, in which he sent me copies of all the written papers found in the apartment of the Emperor of Russia's aide-de-camp: the originals were on the table, and ready to be sent to the Duke of Bassano, the minister for foreign affairs, who had asked for them. Though I could not but feel hurt at what a mere accident had enabled me to discover, I was not surprised at it."

at Paris; but the session was not opened. How great a responsibility rests on those persons who dissuaded the emperor from this act, in order to serve their petty private interests! Already were the mischievous and designing occupied with machinations. They tampered with the deputies, who were discontented, in consequence of the inactivity in which they were kept, and particularly on account of the state of affairs which they exaggerated, because it was not brought under their view. They soon began to make all sorts of reflections, and this amongst others, that if the constitution had been stronger, and the resources, both of population and finance, had been not so entirely placed at the disposal of the government, such misfortunes would not, and could not, have happened. Private resentments mixed themselves up with these reflections. The legislative body contained some old public functionaries, who imagined they had cause to complain of the emperor, those especially who had obtained neither favour nor distinction. They believed that a favourable moment had arrived for bringing him to a strict account. They gave the rein to their passions, instead of occupying themselves with the danger which menaced the state. They had all flattered the emperor's government during his prosperity; they had lavished praises on all the acts of his administration, when all they had to do was to give their assent; they made him a thousand protestations of fidelity and attachment when he was the master of the world; and in the only conjuncture probably in which he could have had need of their assistance, to extricate the state from a danger which could not fail to involve themselves in destruction, they proved untractable, and selected that moment for regulating the limits of a power, which could not be too absolute for the circumstances of the moment, and the bounds of which they would themselves have readily extended, at a period when it might really have been abused. This conduct of the legislative body completed our misfortune."—The amount of which is, that seeing their country drained to the last franc, and exhausted to the last man, they were not such slaves of Buonaparte as the minister of his police. Talleyrand was, in this extremity, offered the seals of foreign affairs; but he was too wily to accept them. "M. de Talleyrand, (says the author,) who knew the object which had been aimed at by all the preceding coalitions, was not deceived respecting the views of the present. He related to me that he said to the emperor, 'Here is your work destroyed. Your allies, by successively abandoning you, have left you no other alternative but that of treating without loss of time; treating at their expense, and at all hazards. A bad peace cannot be so fatal to us as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful. Time and means to recall fortune to your side are wanting, and your enemies will not allow you a moment to breathe. There are, however, among them different interests, which we should endeavour to bring in conflict. Private ambitions present means, of which we might avail ourselves to prepare a diversion.' The emperor asked him to explain himself, and M. de Talleyrand continued: 'There is in England a family which has acquired a distinction favourable to the encouragement of every kind of ambition. It is natural to suppose that it possesses ambition, or, at least, that by shewing a disposition to second its ambition, we may excite in it the desire of elevation; and also, that there are in England a sufficient number of adventurous men to run the chances of its fortune. At all events, such a proposition could do us no harm. On the contrary, if it were listened to, it might bring about changes which would soon place us in a state in which we would have little to repair. Another consideration is, that your allies having failed you, you can now do nothing solid except with new men, connected from the beginning with the conservation of your system.' The emperor listened to M. de Talleyrand, but desired him to speak out more plainly, remarking, that he was always the same, and that there was no knowing what he would be at. Thus pressed, Talleyrand mentioned the Wellesley family, and said, 'Look at Wellington, who may be supposed to have something in view. If he submit to live on his reputation, he will soon be forgotten. He has several examples before his eyes; and a talent such as his will not be stopped, so long as there is something to be desired.' The emperor did not adopt these suggestions."

How ridiculous this must appear to English readers! But the French were so accustomed to revolutions and to king-making, that they fancied the people of other countries were as ready as themselves to see thrones overturned, and aspiring subjects lifted to sovereign places. Talleyrand, to use a vulgar phrase, must have been humbugging Buonaparte, when he wanted to make him believe that the ambition of Wellington might be tempted to reach at the British crown!!!

Not so in France; for even during the grand invasion in the spring of 1814, when the last stake was at issue, "strange rumours were in circulation respecting Prince Joseph. He is asserted to have said, within the hearing of others, that it was no longer in the emperor's power to make peace; but that he himself would bring it about by means of the empress. My only reason for crediting the assertion was, that the emperor's brothers had on other occasions ventured to suppose that they could act a conspicuous part without his assistance. What surprised me most in the present case was, that Prince Joseph should give way to such illusions. He was less presumptuous than the rest of the family, and was, besides, sincerely attached to his brother. Nevertheless, the spirit of intrigue was actively at work about his person. He spoke to me himself of a plan which had been suggested to him. This was nothing less than to have him proclaimed as regent by the assembled senate, who would also have pronounced the emperor's forfeiture of the throne. Joseph clearly saw, that, if this event had occurred, he would have been at the enemy's mercy, after thus opening the road to Paris, which the fascination still attached to the emperor's name had the effect of keeping still closed against them. I felt, however, the conviction that the leaders in the scheme had fed him with hopes of success previously to his quitting the metropolis."

It was now, as afterwards at Waterloo, *sauve qui peut* at Paris; every one for himself, and the d—l take the hindmost. Even Savary hesitated about raising the mob, but was afraid that they would tear him to pieces; and so he ran too. His account of the last council at the Tuileries is quite a curiosity: we can only give its finale, and ours also of this notice.

"On quitting the palace of the Tuileries, M. de Talleyrand came up and addressed me in these words:—'Well,' said he, 'thus ends all this business. Are you not also of the opinion of the council? It must be owned we are losing the game with fine cards in our hands. Such is the consequence of the folly of some ignorant men who persevere in exercising from day to day a fatal influence. The emperor is really much to be pitied; and yet this will not be the case, for he is very unreasonable in so obstinately confiding in the people who beset him: it is a mere act of weakness, which is quite unaccountable in such a man. Consider, sir, what a downfal for the pages of history to record! He should have given his name to the age he lives in, instead of which it will only stand conspicuous in the catalogue of adventurers! I am deeply mortified at the bare idea. What course are we now to adopt? It is not the duty of every one to remain under this edifice now crumbling to ruins: however, we shall see what will happen. The emperor would have done much better to spare me his insults, and to form a more correct estimate of those who instilled prejudices into his mind. He would have discovered that such friends as the latter are much more to be dreaded than open enemies. What would he have said of any one else who might have involved himself in the like difficulties?'"

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. IV.

Rudiments of Geography, on a new plan. Designed to assist the Memory by Comparison and Classification; with numerous Engravings of Manners, &c., accompanied with an Atlas, exhibiting the prevailing Religions, Forms of Government, Degrees of Civilization, and the Comparative Size of Towns, Rivers, and Mountains. 18mo. pp. 214. London, 1828. Whittaker.

THIS work is an importation from America, and reprinted in England. It is compiled on a principle similar to the little work of Mr. Cobbin (noticed last week), and possesses one apparent advantage over it; viz. the introduction of a variety of questions after every subject, for the purpose of exercising the pupil in what he has read or already learnt. At first sight, it would seem that these questions refer to an immense quantity of matter on which the work presents no information; but the preface informs us, that, "in the use of this work, it is intended that the pupil should derive most of his information from a careful examination of the maps and chart, (which are published in a separate volume, 4to.), as the only substantial basis of a knowledge of geography. No pains should be spared to render this part of the subject familiar to his mind. To effect this object, the questions have been made as numerous and particular as the limits of such a work will allow, and it is not designed to give him any information in words which he can obtain from the maps." Thus far it appears good, and, with the aid of the Atlas, the pupil may, with these "Rudiments," obtain a tolerable initiation into the *first principles* of geography; but farther than this he cannot go, as the book itself is too bare of such instruction as cannot be obtained from the maps. What, for instance, can be learnt from Mr. Woodbridge's book, of that venerable and interesting country, Egypt? when the information he deigns to afford thereof is wholly contained in the following six lines!

"Egypt is celebrated for the wonderful pyramids, near Cairo, and other works of the ancient inhabitants. It is a hot but very fruitful country, which is watered by the overflowing of the Nile, instead of rain. There are some professed Christians in Egypt, but the people are generally in the lowest state of ignorance and oppression."

Then follow nine questions concerning the boundaries, and two or three chief places of Egypt; the answers to which must be derived from *the map*, and from the same source we suppose the pupil must obtain *all other* requisite information concerning Egypt! Does Mr. Woodbridge suppose that children can learn geography by instinct or inspiration? The style of the work is often poor and ungrammatical, and it contains a great deal of matter that is truly absurd. What, for instance, can justify the introduction of such a paragraph as the following?

"The natives of these (the East India) islands are chiefly Pagans, and some of them devour their parents when they become old. The parents descend from a tree, and suffer themselves to be killed, saying, 'The fruit is ripe, and it must be eaten'"!!!

Whoever is the writer or compiler of the absurd parts of this book, whether it be the Rev. W. C. Woodbridge, A.M. of America, or the editor of the work in this country, he evidently shews a great want of judgment, and that he is totally unfit for the task of writing books for the tuition of youth.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Shampooing, &c. By S. D. Mahomed, &c. 8vo. Brighton.

WE are not sure that we have not noticed this volume of our Æsculapius of Brighton before,—but a good turn cannot be done too often; and as he has shampooed us more than once, we shall review him (if it should be so) again. It is really quite distressing to persons confined to London at this season, to witness friends and acquaintances, whose absence they had scarcely discovered, walk in upon them ruddy and hilarious—poor, weak, pale dogs only a fortnight ago, but now, stout, brown, active, loud-speaking, devil-may-cariah fellows;—and when wonder is expressed at the alteration in their appearance, saying with an excessive air, "Why, I have been to Brighton, and taken Mahomed's Shampoo Baths so many times—and so you see I am another man." Heartily do we wish that Mahomed had pulled them to pieces. But with regard to his book, it is a medley; consisting of statements of cases, scraps from many sources in praise of the Indian medicated bath, and arguments to prove that there are few maladies which will not yield to the shampoo. For asthma it is a specific; and we would recommend to all our readers who are contracted in their bodies (or even in their minds—for nobody can tell how far the operation may produce internal effects), to try the system:—as for rheumatism and sprains, let them look to it for cure. In short, this is not the impostor Mahomed, but a clever practitioner, in a way which often yields relief to diseases and pains of long standing, by a very simple process.

Chameleon Sketches. By the Author of "a Picturesque Promenade round Dorking." 12mo. pp. 251.

DORKING is one of the loveliest landscape-spots within any half-hundred miles of London; and it has been one of our omissions not to have spoken well of the book mentioned in this title-page as a recommendation of the author. However, it was a pleasing little volume that slipt by; and we, at this late hour, do it the justice of saying, that it deserves well of all Dorking folks and Dorking visitors. We had a design of dilating on the sylvan beauties it describes, from personal enjoyment, or we should, at once, have borne a testimony to its merits, as concise as this.

The *Chameleon Sketches* shew the same inclination in the author to observe, to feel, and to describe. He is evidently young, and it is a disadvantage to him that we are old; for though his remarks have quite as much of mind as will please the less experienced, we cannot, though we approve, think of setting forth extracts as fit food for *our* contemporaries. But as this mode of speech may be considered rather oracular; we will pronounce *Chameleon Sketches* to be an agreeable miscellany, though we would not instruct graybeards by quoting from its pages.

Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments, &c. &c. Edited by F. Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 440. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THE good sense and judgment of the editor have been evinced in so many useful publications, which we have been called on to notice in the course of our labours, that we take up any work bearing his name with the certain conviction, that it will add to the mass of instructive and valuable reading for which the public are already his debtors. The present volume is founded on M. H. Zschokke's Sketch in 1819 (which is much more intelligible than his name is pronounceable); and Mr. Shoberl has greatly improved his original by additions, collected from the best authorities, missionary reports, &c. within the last eight or ten years. The historical accounts of the introduction and early progress of Christianity are very curious; especially as they are combined with references to the superstitions which were superseded.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 25.

AN extraordinary circumstance took place the other day. An Irishman, who arrived here some months ago, made his *début* in the capital by tumbling into love with a fair Parisian; and, not being able to tumble out again, wooed and married the lady, settled two hundred a-year on her, and deemed himself the happiest man alive, in the prospect of possessing *la plus belle femme de Paris*. Previous, however, to his putting *la corde au cou*, and enchaining himself for life, he forgot to inquire whether the lady of his love had other tender ties—debts; and also whether she owed her fine form entirely to nature, instead of having recourse to artifice to produce the curves, rises, and falls, necessary to attain the shape *à-la-mode* (that of an hour-glass); these questions *mon Irelandois* never thought of putting before-hand; so that when he discovered that at least the half of his *cara sposa* was cotton—that she owed ten thousand francs of debt—and that her affections had long been placed on a noble cuirassier,—he sallied forth to a lawyer, to consult him upon dissolving a marriage where so much deception had been used; and dwelt with peculiar force on the artificial *embonpoint* of madame, to the no small amusement of M. l'Avoué, who assured him, if marriages could be broken on such a plea, scarcely one would exist; but that, in the present times, no man was *assez fou* to believe appearances; and that, though in Ireland it might be the custom to appreciate the fair sex by their size and weight, as yet they were not trafficked for at Paris by measurement. The Hibernian was inconsolable. To live with the lady was impossible; so it was agreed that he should propose a separation until she acquired the dimensions he judged reasonable; that he should pay her debts, on condition of her renouncing a hundred a-year; and that she should reside in her province, live on *milk*, take exercise, and adopt the quickest fattening system during an absence of twelve months. These propositions were partially acceded to; the lady relinquished one hundred a-year of her settlement; but to return to the country was out of the question; besides that, on condition of his absence, she would esteem herself but too happy in remaining a skeleton for life. So ended the matrimonial adventures of Paddy, who set out for Switzerland, in search of fresh blunders.

I went on Wednesday night to see the new *pièce d'opéra*, *Le Comte Ory*, and was enchanted with the music; the plot was also interesting enough—absent lords, handsome pages, a beautiful dame left unprotected and exposed to vows, sighs, and tears of suitors, who kindly offer to fill the husband's place,—were the leading features of the intrigue. Count Ory is an old Lovelace, but sang divinely; for the drinking chorus, chanted by him and his companions when disguised as pilgrims, was admirably performed. The author was called for, and announced to be Rossini!

The Académie Française, at its last sitting, adjudged a prize of 6,000 francs to Mr. Charles Comte, *redacteur* of the *European Censor*, and author of *Traité de Legislation*; also 3,000 francs to the charming authoress of *Les Six Amours*, in which, however, there is one error, that of not having placed maternal love the first in rank, purity, and strength; but in every other respect the fair writer is unexceptionable, and merits the esteem and admiration of the lovers of belles lettres. Many of the prizes in the colleges have been gained by Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, Mulattoes, Persians, and even a South American negro, which proves the impartiality of this nation in judging merit. I understand that many of the Egyptians here are peculiarly gifted with the talent of calculation.

Lord Cochrane, it is said, sets out in a few days for Greece, and, I believe, will have many followers, as volunteers, to join him. Several young men of rank and fortune have given large sums to aid the Greek cause.

Our king goes in a few days to visit Luneville.

The Polytechnical Society has admitted M. Fayatier, a young statuary, sculptor of the beautiful and famed statue of Spartacus, as one of its members; and also a *Polonais literati* as a correspondent, who has shewn his gratitude for such an honour by the gift of eight hundred volumes to the society—a large donation for the gratification of self-love!

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

SIR,—Having been advised to make a short tour this summer for the benefit of my health, I visited Paris, and among my letters of introduction was fortunate enough to obtain two or three addressed to the principal medical gentlemen who practise animal magnetism in that city. The generality of your readers being, I believe, but little acquainted with this interesting science,* it may not be unacceptable to them to receive a plain statement of a few facts connected with it, which came under my own immediate observation.† My name, if it

* Several of our Paris letters last year gave accounts of its progress, and of remarkable cases that had occurred. —*Ed. L. G.*

† Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the history of animal magnetism, its important *curative* powers, and its most astonishing, though comparatively rare, effect, somnambulism, may be referred to the following books, which are doubtless to be had at some of the French booksellers in London:—Histoire Critique du

can add any weight to the narrative, may be learned by inquiry at your office.

I carried from London a lock of hair belonging to a sick friend. His disorder was of a bilious nature, resembling jaundice, especially in its having thrown a dark hue, approaching to black, over the whole surface of his body. The bile, as I understood, had taken a wrong course, and mixed, not as it ought to do, with the blood. A physician of the first eminence, who attended him, informed me when leaving London, that his recovery was all but hopeless. Dropsy was supervening on the disorder of the liver.

Twelve days elapsed between the cutting of the lock of hair and my presenting it to Madame Gillaud, a somnambulist, at the apartments of Dr. Dupotet, in the Rue des Saints Pères, at Paris. The doctor having, by the process of magnetising for a few seconds, produced in this woman the extraordinary kind of walking (or rather, talking) sleep, called somnambulism, she received from him the hair, felt it for a while with attention, then (very differently from her usual manner in other consultations which I had witnessed) she dropped her head upon her breast, and fell into a state of complete torpor, from which her magnetiser had great difficulty in arousing her. At length she recovered, raised her head a little, and said, slowly,—"Je m'en vais—je vais mourir." She proceeded to tell us, that the patient was drawing towards the close of his career, that he had the *maladie noire*, that his blood was corrupted, that there was no use in ordering any thing for him, but that he might be allowed to do what he liked best himself. In answer to the question, Whether magnetising would be of any service to him, she replied, that it might prolong his life *a little*. I had carefully abstained from giving any hint, either to M. Dupotet, the respectable physician, himself, or to his somnambule, which might guide either of them to a previous knowledge of this case: you may judge, therefore, of my astonishment on discovering the accurate acquaintance she had internally acquired of its nature and speedy termination. A few posts afterwards, I learned that my friend had actually paid the debt of nature on the very day preceding this consultation.

It may be objected, that if the clear-sightedness of this somnambulist was perfect, she should have known that the person in question was no more, at the moment she was consulted about him. But you will recollect, that the hair had been severed from his head *twelve days before*, and the magnetic fluid contained in it could only convey to her perception a sensation of the patient's *then* state, viz. that of a dying man, which she certainly expressed in a very unequivocal manner. Nor let it be alleged that this was but a lucky guess on her part; for I consulted her at the same time on the cases of two other distant friends, through the medium of their hair, and received proofs of her intelligence equally surprising; especially where, from describing the physical state of one of these persons, she made a sudden digression, to paint some traits in his moral character—traits perfectly familiar to his friends—which had caught her admiration.

During my stay at Paris, I had also frequent opportunities of seeing, at M. Foissac's, in the rue Mondovi, a somnambulist of the name of Paul, who has the faculty of reading with his eyes shut,—an experiment which I repeatedly investigated and fully verified, myself holding his eyelids firmly closed, while various books were taken and opened at random before him, out of which he read fluently. I forbear giving the details of these experiments, because similar ones, which took place before the committee of investigation appointed by the Royal Academy of Medicine, in Paris, have been recorded in the Hermes.

Not two months ago, Mr. Editor, I foolishly declared, that nothing would ever induce me to believe the wonders related of animal magnetism; because, forsooth, I had never seen or heard the like: now—I am free to acknowledge, that there may be more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy; or rather, I am more than ever ready to declare with the son of Jesse, that the works of the Lord are great—worthy to be studied and had in remembrance—sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. E.

Magnetisme Animal, par J. P. F. Deleuze—Instruction Pratique sur le Magnetisme Animal, par le même—Traité du Somnambulisme, par A. Bertrand—Exposé des Cures operées en France par le Magnetisme Animal—L'Hermes, a monthly publication, begun in 1826, Levi, Quai des Augustins—Le Propagateur, published monthly, by M. Dupotet, 26, Rue des Sts. Pères.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR SEPTEMBER.

"Oh! it is beautiful to see this world
Poised in the crystal air, with all its seas,
Mountains, and plains, majestically rolling
Around its noiseless axis, day by day,
And year by year, and century after century;
And, as it turns, still wheeling through the immense
Of ether, circling the resplendent sun
In calm and simple grandeur."—*Atherstone.*

Thus faithfully does the poet describe the rotation and revolution of the earth, which beneficent arrangement, combined with the inclination of its axis, successively adorns this globe with the flowers of spring, tempers the fervid heat of a tropical sun, dispenses abundantly the ripened fruits of autumn, stills the howling tempest, and loosens the icy fetters which mark the gloom and desolation of winter. This interchange of the seasons is forcibly presented to our minds by the arrival of our planet at that part of its orbit when the sun shines from pole to pole, and the days and nights are every where equal,—a cheering event to that part of the human family in high south latitudes, who will, on the 22d day, 14 hrs. 20 min. have their vernal equinox, and bid adieu to the rigours of winter, to anticipate the cheering influence of the summer's sun; while to our hemisphere there awaits the sere and yellow leaf of autumn, the fitful blast, and the snowy livery of winter; but bearing also to the Briton's home the anticipation of the cheerful hearth, drawing around it, as with a magic wand, the social and domestic circle.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Leo	8	20	33
☽ First Quarter in Sagittarius	16	11	26
O Full Moon in Pisces	23	2	12
☾ Last Quarter in Gemini	30	9	7

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Cancer	4	23	0
Venus in Cancer	5	3	0
Mercury in Leo	9	2	20
Jupiter in Libra	13	6	0
Mars in Sagittarius	17	23	15

6th day, 3 hrs. 15 min.—Mercury in superior conjunction, 1 deg. 40 min. north of the sun.

1st day—the following are the proportion of the phases of Venus, the morning star:

Illuminated part	3.07284
Dark part	8.92716
Apparent diameter	40 sec.

The brilliancy of this planet is not in proportion to the breadth of the disc that is enlightened, but on the quantity of illuminated surface: when Venus has the whole disc enlightened, it is at its greatest distance, consequently appears under its smallest angle, and is scarcely perceptible amidst the splendour of the solar rays; on the contrary, when nearest the earth, so small a portion of the orb is in the enlightened hemisphere (though subtending its greatest angle), that it is with difficulty seen, both on this account and its proximity to the sun: it follows, then, that the greatest brilliancy observed must be between the inferior and superior conjunctions of the planet, and this occurs between the places of greatest elongation and inferior conjunction, or about 40 deg. east or west of the sun, when the planet may be seen with the greatest ease during the day: this position Venus will attain early in the month, in the constellation Cancer.

Mars continues a conspicuous object in Sagittarius, and passes the meridian at a very low altitude, at the following times respectively:

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	7	53	13	7	31	25	7	13

The intermediate periods of the transits may be easily obtained by proportion.

18th day, 3 hrs.—Jupiter in conjunction with 2 α Libræ. There are no visible eclipses of the satellites this month.

Saturn rises shortly after midnight, attended by those stars which deck with brilliancy the evening canopy of winter. Cancer, the zodiacal constellation which this planet has recently entered, is not distinguished by any star of a greater magnitude than the third; there are seven of the fourth, and seventy-five stars of inferior magnitudes; it is, however, of considerable interest, as being the constellation in which, 2000 years since, the sun attained his greatest northern declination: two of the stars in Cancer are called the Asses—Asellus borealis and Asellus australis, between which is a cluster of small stars called Præsepe, the Manger. We learn from Plutarch, that when the sun entered this sign, the Egyptians baked cakes, on which an ass was represented bound, that animal being the emblem of Typhon. In the Hindu zodiac, and that of Esné, the symbol of this sign is a beetle. When Cancer rises, the pointers are in the north, below the pole, elevated 18½ deg. and 23½ deg. respectively. Lacerta occupies the zenith; and Fomalhaut, a star of the first magnitude, at a small elevation above the south horizon.

1st day.—Uranus re-enters Capricornus, and passes the meridian at the following times respectively:

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	9	21	11	8	44	21	8	7

Deptford. J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

[We reprint, verbatim et literatim, the annexed choice morsel, as a specimen of English printing on the Continent. It is a pamphlet of fifteen pages.]

Humble Appeal to the Loyalty of the British Nation. By George Wolffgang Ulric Wedel, *concerning the Machinations against his detected natural System of the Earth, and his invented Meter of the Longitudes, entirely answering to the National Demand. Humbly dedicated to the illustrious Members of the House of Commons by the Author.* Altona, 1828. Printed by C. G. Pinckvoss.

"Recte ominamur etiam in hac scientia alterum, talia successu temporis detectum iri, quæ nostrum etiamnum superant plane intellectum."—*Joh. Hevelii Mercurius in Sole visus Gedani 1662 p. 3.*

"My assiduous and careful studies of the Nature during more than 12 years, being

blessed through the Grace of God by the detection of the true System of our Earth; the knowledge of which enabled me to invent a Meter of the Longitudes, who defines to ¼ of a degree the Longitude of the place wherein the Observation is made and entirely resolves the National Demand since any other need, than the notion of the time in the place of Observation: '*I am necessitated to implore by this publick* humble Appeal the Loyalty of the British Nation, *against the Machinations of Men, whose Interest is contrary to my invented Instruments, and who by this reason hitherto suppressed the publick notice of their existence.*' The fact is as follows: — Wanting the notice on the forms of the British Constitution and Government, I addressed 1822 Febr. 22 a latin letter to the Most Honourable House of the Commons, wherein I notified my detection belonging the natural System of the Earth, and my invention of a Meter of Longitudes with the description of his construction. I adjoined 6 designs, and diverse little printed tracts concerning my new doctrine. By a kindly french answer April 6. 1822 Mr. *Young Dr., Secretary of the Board of Longitudes*, informed me, that my pacquet was traded by the late Marquis of Londonderry, with the approbation of the Hon. Speaker of the House of Commons, to the Board of Longitudes; which, as a competent Judge of my Inventions, in one of his Sessions April 4, had enquired the contents of my pacquet; but: '*that they had nothing found therein, for to testify their approbation.*' Entirely persuaded of the truth of my detection and invention, and that it were impossible to judge *in but one Session* on the real value of my new doctrine, and on the effects of my Meter of the Longitudes before his construction; I minuted May 12. a second french letter, wherein I requested a more exact examination of my papers, assuring, that the strictest inquiry would vindicate all my assertions. Communicating this minute to a friend of mine, he told me, that it would be useless to send this letter at London, because the Board of Longitudes never would favour my invented Instrument, being it contrary to the Interest of their Body. For prove of this assertion, he communicated to me the 19the Volume of the universal geographical Ephemerids, where pag. 129—153: 'Mr. Götze *on* Th. Mudge *Chronometer*,' has related the Injustices and secret Practices of the Board of Longitudes, against all the Inventions, which could resolve the Problem on the Longitudes by an other way, than by the use of the tables of the Moon; and that a member of the Board had declared: '*that the perfection of time keepers would be against the Interest of the Science.*' Thus, I retained my intended answer to the Board of Longitudes. 1826 April 14. I wrote to His *Excellency* the *Lord Canning* a french letter concerning my forementioned Inventions, wherein I complained, to be disappointed of the reward for so much pains I applied on the resolution of the long desired Problem, and requested His *Excellency*, to favour me against the traverses of my Adversaries; and that, after having proved, that my meter of Longitude wholly answered to the National Question; an advance of 500 Sovreigns graciously might paid to me here to the end, that I could leave Hambro, and travel for London, where I wished to prove the great value of all my detections, and to claim the price assured by a Parlamentary Act, to the Inventor of the Meter of Longitudes. I was honour'd April 28. by a gracious answer, wherein the Right Hon. *Marquis Clouricarde* informed me: '*that the Board of Admiralty were the proper Department for appreciating my discoveries, to whom I had to send my papers and requests.*' By virtue of this gracious advice, I wrote May 19 1826. a french letter to the Most Honourable Board of Admiralty, which by the favour of *Sir Canning*, His Majesty's General Consul here, was sent at London. In these my letter I related my detection of the true system of the Earth; my invention of a Meter of Longitude entirely resolving the National Demand; my invention of an other Instrument, by me called Tellurium, by which I could show all Phenomena's concerning the Earth, render reason on their Causes, and on the Causes of all optical deceptions. That 1822 Febr. 22. I addressed a latin letter to the Most Hon. House of the Commons belonging my inventions, on which I received an condemanatory Judgment from the Board of Longitudes, because he had but made a superficial Enquiry on the contents of my papers; that I had composed an answer to the Board, for to require a more careful examination of all my assertions and inventions, which would prove their truth; but that I had not sent these letter, being advised by certain proofs from a friend of mine, that the Board of Longitudes for reasons of his particular Interests, never would favour my invented Instrument, although it determines to ¼ of a Degree the Longitude of the place with no lesser certitude, than the Gnomons by the shadow, the time o'clock. Lastly, I humbly supplicated: '*that after having proved the real effect of my Meter of Longitudes*' an advance of 500 Sovreigns on the price of 20000 Pounds graciously might accorded and paid to me here at Hambro, which I needs for to transfer me at London. To this letter I adjoined the copy of my destined answer to the Board of Longitudes, and 50 Dogma's of my new doctrine, whereof I asserted 1826 Oct. 27 and 28 in the Mercury of Altona, and in the Correspondent of Hambro, what none of my numerous adversaries at this day has dared to confute: '*that no Astronomer or Mathematician in the World would be able, to make any real objection against them.*' In a note of my 37th. Dogma I remarked, how erroneously hithertho the degrees of Longitude were determined; being asserted in the history of the travels to the South-Sea, that Otaheite differred from the Observatory at Greenwich, 148 deg. 50 min. by Commodore *Byron*, 150 deg. 0 min. by Captain *Wallis*, and 149 deg. 32 min. by Captain *Cook*; whilst the difference of time 2 hrs. 14 min. 16 sec. carefully observed 1769 on the transit of Venus, undoubtedly had constated, but a distance of 33 deg. 30 min. 16 sec. Beyond this fact, in a special german dissertation: '*On the Observations of the Heaven*,' I've proved: that none of them, nay any Tables of the Moon, are able to determine the true number of the degree of Longitude of any place on the Earth; whereof the great value of my invented Instrument for Mankind, can not be doubted. Although the contents of my letter and the adjoined pieces proved, that their Author were a very learned Man; nevertheless hitherto after more than a years time, I received not a word on the accept of my letter, nay any answer. An Inhumanity, which the Right Hon. Chiefs of the Admiralty, never would have permitted, if my most interesting letter and the adjoined 50 Dogma's were come to their notice. Probably, an ennemy of my new doctrine and a Patron of the Board of Longitudes, reported to their Lordships: that my papers contained but astronomical matters; wherefore he received the Order: to remit them to the Board of Longitudes; who, as Adversaries, and accused by me, related to the Board of Admiralty: '*that my pacquet contained nothing, but Chimera's of a Mad, and merited not to be answered.*' This true Relation of the facts; will, I doubt not, justify this my humble Appeal to the Loyalty of a Nation, whose strong Justice and Magnanimity will never permit; that by the machinations of any one; a stranger of merit should be defrauded of the reward, stated by a Parlamentary Act to the Inventor of a Meter, which on ¼ a degree determines the Longitude of each place of the instituted Observation. Nay, that by the great quantity of very learned and opulent Men in England, there will be found many private persons, who would favour me by the requested 500 Sovreigns, being the only way for to make the personal acquaintance of the Detector of the natural System of the Earth; to see the admirable effects of his invented Instruments; to be instructed of his new doctrine; and to hear the resolutions of all objections or doubts, which might be moved, against any one of his assertions. Belonging the quantity of faults, I committed in this Appeal against the Genious of the English Tongue and their Grammar rules, I am persuaded: that one of the cultivatest Nations, which esteems Realty much more, than all beauties of Words, will graciously excuse them to a German, who from his youth endeavoured: '*more to be, than to seem.*'

"*Hambro Febr.* 22 1826.

"GEORGE WOLFFGANG ULRIC WEDEL."

FINE ARTS.

ART AND ARTISTS.

UNDER this title, and in the absence of other matter connected with painting, we shall occasionally offer a few remarks on what is going forward within our own observation, or on what may be communicated to us on good authority by others, interested in the cause and character of the Fine Arts.

Painting, it is well known, is essentially an imitative art. Although, in its higher departments, it aims at much nobler objects, yet, in its ordinary practice, its efforts are directed to produce a deception on the sight. In many cases, however, this has led to deceptions of another kind, the authors of which, if not chargeable with actual fraud (which we much doubt), cannot at any rate assume the title of "Innocent Impostors."*

Artists, as well as men of more wealth and of higher worldly pretensions, often leave in their works what may be called "bones of contention." The originality of a picture is frequently contested with as much warmth and zeal as the title to an estate. The love of art leads naturally to the purchase of the productions of art; and purchasers give rise to traders in the commodity sought after. Presently, not only what is excellent, but what is scarce, becomes the object of attraction, both to the amateur and to the dealer. Demand stimulates to the production of supply; and uniques and originals are multiplied in an extraordinary manner. The consequence of this is, that doubt associates itself with what is really genuine; which, if destitute of a name or a pedigree, will be set aside until it can find one.

To put the saddle on the right steed, is not always in the power of those who would willingly do it. So it often fares with pictorial

* A work so called by Bernard Picart.

appropriation; and the names and dates of paintings are frequently asserted or conjectured upon very slight and insufficient data. Doubtful originals (if the term may be allowed) have been so frequently the subject of critical animadversion and exposure, that the utility of any further discussion on the point may be questioned; but as there are tyro-collectors and amateurs who may wish to be instructed in matters of this kind, we will mention a case which has very recently come under our cognizance, attended with circumstances of rather a peculiar nature, which will shew how little the judgment even of men eminently skilled in the knowledge and practice of the art, can in some instances be depended upon, when they are required to determine on the style and character of different masters and schools of painting.

A gentleman who has long been well known for his extensive and tasteful collection of prints, lately purchased a certain painting. As it had the Corunna mark on the back, it was considered a Spanish picture, and it was ascribed to Velasquez. Some doubts, however, being entertained by the purchaser on this head, the picture was placed in the shop of an eminent printseller and publisher, that it might be generally seen, and that opinions might be collected respecting it. The result was, that it was universally pronounced to be of Spanish origin; and that a number of good judges declared it to be an unfinished picture by Velasquez. The merits of the work were acknowledged by everybody.

Some time after these various opinions had been given, a person who was well acquainted with the productions of the late Richard Morton Paye, came into the shop, and on inquiring to whom this picture belonged, and what it did there, was told that it was considered to be an unfinished picture by Velasquez. "Velasquez!" he exclaimed; "alas, poor Paye! how little would you, in the neglected and forlorn situation in which you were allowed to pine out your life, have imagined that a mistake would ever be made so flattering to your talents!" He then proceeded to prove the fidelity of his recognition of the picture, not merely by his familiarity with Paye's style, but by naming the individuals—the wife and children of the artist—who had sat for the characters introduced into the composition.

Let us not be suspected of any disposition to do injustice to Paye's memory. On the contrary, we are sure that those who recollect his "Sulky Boy," his "Child of Sorrow," his "St. James's Day," &c. will agree with us that the error was by no means so surprising as at first sight, and to persons unacquainted with the powers of that able but unfortunate artist, it may appear. Our only object has been to shew how difficult it is to judge of such matters; and if that difficulty exists in cases in which little or no effort has been made to produce it, how much must it be increased in instances in which the greatest ingenuity has been practised for the express purpose of deception! In our next paper on the subject we will adduce a few out of a thousand such instances.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ALFREDE AND MATYLDA.*

Written by Robertt Haiswode, of Chepingtoriton, in 1520.

THE bryghtt enamell of the mornyng's gleame
Begann to daunce onn bobblynge Avonn's streame,
As yothefull Alfrede and Matylda fayre
Stoode sorowynge bie, ennobledd bie despayre:
Att tymes theyr lypps the tynts of Autumpe wore,
Att tymes a palerr hewe thann wynterr bore;
And faste the rayne of love bedew'dd theyr eyne,
As thos, in earnefull[1] strayns, theyr tenes[2] theie dyd bewreene.[3]

Alfrede.

Ah! iff wee parte, ne moe to meete agayne,
Wythyn thie wydow'dd herte wyll everr brenn
The frostie vygyls of a cloysterr'd nun,
Insteade of feerie[4] love's effulgentt sonne!
Ne moe with myne wyll carolynge[5] beatt hie,
Gyve throbb for throbb, and sygh returne forr sygh,
Butt bee bie nyghtt congeal'dd bie lethall feares,
Bie daie consum'dd awaie inn unavaylynge teares!

Matylda.

Alas! howe soone is happlesse love ondonne,
Wytherr'd and deadde almostt beforre begunn;
Lych Marchh's openyng flowrs thatt sygh'dd forr Maie,
Which Apryll's teares inn angerr wash'dd awaie.
Our tenes alych, alych our domes shall bee,
Where'err thou wander'stt I wyll followe thee;
And whann ourr sprytes throughe feere are purg'dd fromm claie,
Inn pees theie shalle repose upponn the mylkie waie.

Alfrede.

The raynbowe hewes that payntt the laughyng mees[6]
The gule-stayn'dd[7] folyage of the okenn trees,
The starrie spangells of the mornynge dewe,
The laverock's mayn songes and skies of blewe,
Maie weel the sloots of gentill shepherdds joie,
Whose hertes ne hopelesse loves or cares alloie;
Butt whatt cann seeme to tenefull loverrs fayre,
Whose hopes butt darkenns moe the mydnyghtt of despayre?

Matylda.

To thotelesse swayns itt maie bee blyss indeede,
To marke the yeare through alle hys ages speede,
Butt everie seasone seemes alych to mee,
Eternall wynterr whann awaie fromm thee!
Fromm howrr to howrr I oftt beweepe ourr love,
Wyth alle the happie sorowe of the dove,
And fancie, as itts sylentt waterrs flowe,
Mie bosome's swotestt joies mustt thos bee mientt[8] wyth woe.
Palerr thann cloudes thatt stayne the azure nyghtt,
Or starrs thatt shoote beneathe theyr feeble lyghtt,
And eke as crymson as the mornyng's rode,[9]
The lornlie[10] payre inn dumbe dystracyon stoode;
Whann onn the banke Matylda sonke and dyed,
And Alfrede plong'dd hys daggerr inn hys syde:
Hys purpell soule came roshynge fromm the wounde,
And o'err the lyfeless claie deathe's ensygns stream'dd arownde.

* We thank our friendly correspondent for this curious poetical and antiquarian relic of beauty. We shall be glad to hear from him again; and to correct any errors into which the indistinctness of his MS. may have led us.

1 Tender. 2 Woes. 3 Express. 4 Fiery. 5 Dancing. 6 Meadows. 7 Blood-coloured. 8 Mingled. 9 Complexion. 10 Forlorn.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. IX.*

Robby Bell and his Asses.

SOME years by-gone, the above singular character was wont to travel in several of the southern counties of Scotland, accompanied by an old and faithful long-eared friend, bearing two enormous panniers, containing Robby's merchandise. This consisted of wooden, pewter, and horn spoons, needles and thread, pins, twopenny penknives, superb glittering brass rings and brooches, old ballads,—in short, the most motley and miscellaneous collection of articles ever offered to the vulgar gaze. These, made up into bundles, Robby used to call his *pingles*. As he and his ass were doucely jogging along, under the genial influence of a fine May morning, the drooping ears of the latter were suddenly and majestically erected at the sound of an astounding braying on the other side of the hedge. In proof that even asses are not devoid of companionable qualities, away brushed the mercantile one through a gap in the hedge, scattering panniers and pingles to the four winds of heaven. Robby, who with bonnet on head, and hands contemplatively screwed behind his back, had been trudging in the rear, witnessed the truculent behaviour of the brute, and its direful consequences, with feelings of mingled rage and despondency. But previous to trying to regather the unfortunate pingles, prudence suggested the propriety of catching the delinquent. So unwearied and agile was the plaguy animal in his gambols, that an hour elapsed, and an acre of young wheat was completely trodden under foot, before he was clutched in the grasp of his justly incensed master. Crying with vexation, Robby next proceeded to collect his pingles, lying in heart-breaking confusion over the whole terrene surface; but he had scarcely commenced this agreeable task, when the *lord of the manor* appeared, and claimed the ass as a stray, or trespasser. Poor Robby, fairly at his wit's end, cries out in a fury, "It sets ye weel tae speak that way o' my *cuddie*,[1] when it was ye're ain devil o' a cuddie's menseless[2] thrapple[3] brocht him ower. If your's had keepit his damned cleck[4] to himsel (Gude forgie me for swearing), naether me or mine wad hae seen you or ye're wheat, but been five mile farrer on oor gate." "Weel, Robby," said the laird, "a' this passion o' yours will no pay me for my acre o' wheat; but as I believe ye are an honest man, I'll let you gang wi' your breadwinner; ("deil be in his feet!" muttered poor Robby,) but no before you gie me your word to meet me at the Jeddart Court, to answer this trespass, conform to law." There was no remedy, and the unfortunate vender of pingles was obliged to promise he would so do. When the trying hour arrived, he made his appearance before Lords G—ll—s and H—d, at that time on the Jedburgh circuit. Robby, it seems, had been in trouble before, and given more than one guinea to counsel without effect. He was now resolved to speak for himself. The prosecutor's charge for asinine delinquency was easily made, when Robby was called upon for his defence. He went on about the two asses in such an unintelligible rigmarole way, that the sapient judges were completely at fault. "My good man," said Lord G—ll—s, "I am most willing to hear what you have to say, but really I do not understand you." "No understand me!" bellowed like a furnace the incensed Robby; "weel, mon, gin you will ha' it, sup-

* No. VIII. of these Sketches, Macnab's opinion of the Russians, appeared in No. 574.

1 Ass. 2 Unmannerly. 3 Throat. 4 Noise.

pose ye were ae[1] ass, an' that mon (pointing to Lord H—d) another, an' ye were to *braye*, and he were to rin after ye, hoo the deil cou'd I help it?" Then writhing himself a little aside in his vexation, he muttered, "A pair o' hairy, lang-legged, land-loupers *too*, by ma faith!" Robby came off victorious.

Musical Beans.

Mr. Nicholson, of Carnock, a genuine Scottish laird of the old school, like many greater men, was frequently known to confer a favour from no better or higher feeling than that excited by a witty, humorous, or eccentric reply. This weak side of his was well known, and signally improved upon by sundry wily applicants. Be it understood, that the aforesaid worthy piqued himself on being a capital player on that melodious instrument the bagpipe. One of his tenants, who was much in arrears for rent, had a most unseasonable visit from the laird, demanding immediate payment. Cunning Saunders knew well that his landlord was generally as hard as a millstone, yet he did not despair of coming round him. "At'weal, ye're honour," says he, "I canna pay you just noo, for I hae na' the siller." "Why, Saunders," quo' the laird, "I must alloo that is in ordinar accounted a very sufficient reason for ane's no paying his just and lawful debts; but its weel kent through the hail countra-side, that you have had a grand crap this year, and plenty o' siller you maun hae, that's past ae hair o' a doot." "The gude Lord forgie your honour," says Saunders, "what ca' ye a gran crap? I'm sure you heard tell of my field o' beans, that I lookit for sae muckle siller fra, for nae ither purpose, Gude kens, but to put it into your honour's pouch, an' hoo did they turn oot? Och! sirs, sirs, my heart's like to break when I think o't!" "Deil tak ye!" quo' the laird; "I aye thocht thae very beans were the best pairt o' your crap." "The best pairt," most dolefully ejaculated Saunders: "whae, sir, gif ilka bean-stalk had been a *piper*, he wadna hae heard his neist neibour play!" It is almost needless to add, that Saunders got his own time to pay.

DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

We have reason to believe that the arrangements respecting this theatre, at least for the ensuing season, are completed. The negotiation with Mr. H. Harris has, it seems, gone off; and Mr. Willett, having purchased the shares of Mr. C. Kemble and Captain Forbes, stands in the situation of proprietor. Mr. Fawcett is to be sole manager.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

"*Not for me*," *or the Apple of Discord*, a ballad opera, in two acts, the music composed by Louis Maurer, was produced here last Monday evening. The first act of this piece is another version of '*Twas I*, a musical farce, translated from the French by Mr. H. Payne, and played with some success at Covent Garden. What the second act is a version of, it would be difficult to say, as the conclusion is, to speak the truth, rather lame and impotent:—we therefore willingly turn to the more pleasing duty of bestowing our unqualified approbation on the music, and the way in which it was executed. Thanks to the judgment, taste, and exertion, of Messrs. Arnold and Hawes, we have at length an orchestra in an English theatre to which it is a gratification to listen. Nothing could be better than the style in which the overture "Not for me," was played on Monday evening—a light, graceful composition, smacking more of the French than of the German school, as does, indeed, the whole of the music. Oh the relief of such a performance, after our ears have been tortured by the vile jangling of the unsociable fiddles at the Haymarket, two of which are never of the same mind! We really counsel Mr. Morris to discharge the whole of his "ghastly band," and substitute an unambitious barrel-organ, which might be ground by a little boy at a shilling per night, to the great saving of his pocket, and the inexpressible comfort of his audiences. —But to return to the Strand. The air, by Miss Kelly, "I'm sure my heart will ne'er forget," is an exceedingly pleasing melody; as is also that sung by Miss H. Cawse, "True it is that beauty goes." The trio which immediately follows the latter, "Ah, not for me, in pity!" is a delicious *morceau*; but the most extraordinary composition in the piece is an air, admirably sung by Miss Goward—"A Guardian ought to have an eye" (a point, by the way, upon which we entirely agree with the author)—the voice-part consisting of only one note, with a masterly accompaniment, played *con sordini*. This was the hit of the opera, and received a hearty *encore*. On the whole, we were much pleased with Louis Maurer, and shall be happy to improve our acquaintance with him. The actors did their utmost for the piece, particularly Miss Kelly and Miss Goward; the latter of whom, in the character of *Miss Winifred Virulent*, displayed fresh claims to the approbation of the public. We object, however, decidedly to her dress, which, though droll enough in itself, is terribly out of keeping. The same remark, of course, applies to the two old maids, her companions. Some dissent was expressed at the fall of the curtain, and on the announcement for repetition; but the applause, though not enthusiastic, predominated. We had nearly forgotten to mention a very pretty scene, the only one in the piece—a distant View of York, by Tomkins and Pitt. This is another point in which the English Opera House far surpasses its summer rival. Seriously, and in the most friendly spirit, we recommend to the manager of the latter to make some speedy improvement in his orchestra and painting-room. We grant that music and decoration are of secondary consequence at the Haymarket; but is it creditable to so respectable and flourishing an establishment to be behind the meanest of the minors in any particular? We are sure it will be felt that our notice of these matters is as kindly meant as it is imperatively called for. *Verbum sap.*

On Thursday another novelty, called *Miss Wright*, was produced, but too late for our criticism.

[1] One.

VARIETIES.

The Teeth.—A volume, by M. Maury, has recently been published in France, containing every thing hitherto known respecting the teeth, their extraction, and the diseases to which they are subject; and describing the best means of fabricating artificial teeth. It is accompanied by plates, and appears to be a very complete work.

Printers' Pension Society.—Instead of going a shooting on the 1st of September, to the imminent danger of all tame creatures, the city friends of the Printers' Pension Society are to have a steam-boat excursion to the Nore and Medway, Alderman Venables at the helm, and Alderman Crowder at the log-book. Messrs. V. Figgins and J. Bleaden also patronise this pleasant expedient for augmenting a charitable fund: we wish them a prosperous voyage, and hope they will raise the wind.

Dr. Gall.—This celebrated person, who may be called the founder of the phrenological sect, died at Paris, on Friday the 22d.

One of the Paris journals expresses regret that our admired tragedian, Mr. Young, should be on a visit to that city at a period when the English theatre is closed, thus precluding the Parisian public from witnessing any display of his high talent.

Major Laing.—At a sitting of the Geographical Society of Paris on the 4th of July, M. Jomard communicated a letter from M. Muller, dated from St. Louis, in Senegal, where he is the interpreter for the oriental languages, confirming the death of Major Laing.—*Le Globe.*

Dr. Gordon Smith has been elected Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of London.

Paris.—We are swarming here with English and Irish physicians, to the great displeasure of French doctors, who esteem it their peculiar right to diminish population in their own country, therefore look most grave and ill-humoured at others exercising that prerogative. There was an attempt to stop the invasion of foreign poisoners,—for many of those who style themselves doctors know nothing of their profession, nor would be allowed to practise it at home. A few lives have already been sacrificed to ignorance; but in these hard times, when all are crying out for bread, such misfortunes are regarded as general good: the more who die, the more is left for others: this is the charitable calculation of the day.—*Paris Letter.*

Intellectual Organization.—M. Tinel, the author of a work on intellectual organization, in which he professes to shew the organic causes of all the instinctive, moral, and intellectual faculties, has written to the French Academy, to invite the members to a conference, in which, he says, he will explain to them the principles of his doctrine. The letter has been deposited with the secretary, in order that the members *who may think proper to attend* may give in their names!

Human Life.—A variety of curious calculations has lately been made in France, with respect to the average duration of human life, &c., in Paris, during the eighteenth century. It appears, that the average age of marriage was, for men, about twenty-nine years and three quarters—for women, about twenty-four years and three quarters; and that the average age of parents, at the birth of a son, was, for women, about twenty-eight years and a quarter—for men, about thirty-three years and a quarter. It follows, that there were nearly three generations in Paris during the last century. It is a remarkable fact, that this estimate coincides with that of the Greeks in their chronological tables.

The Gambia.—A map has lately been drawn, in which the course of the Gambia is traced to the westward of Coussaye, corrected by the last astronomical observations of Captain Owen to Pisania, and by the travelling observations of Beaufort with respect to the eastern part. It appears that the map in Mungo Park's second voyage, and which has been adopted by all geographers, represents it too far north by thirty-three and even by fifty-five minutes.

Africa.—At the desire of the King of Benin, a school of mutual instruction is about to be established in the capital of that African king-

dom, by M. Epinat, a young Frenchman, who has lately devoted himself, with generous enthusiasm, to the abolition of the slave trade, and the civilisation of Africa.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Military Authors.—Lieutenant Colonel de Lacy Evans, whose work "On the Designs of Russia" has made so great a sensation, and one so vastly beneficial for the newspapers at this dead season of the year (so called, because in it murders are mostly committed, or at least attract most notice), served originally, we hear, in India, then through the Peninsular war, where he reaped considerable distinction; and, lastly, in the North American campaign, on the staff. He is said to be still a very young man; so that we may expect further benefits from his powerful pen.

These men of sword and pen are all the rage at present. Of Captain Basil Hall's South American works 16,000 copies in all have already been sold; 8000 of these in the Constable Miscellany cheap edition. Of the Rev. Lieut. Gleig, A.M.'s Subaltern, we hear Blackwood has sold upwards of 9000, besides their original appearance in his Magazine. Major-General David Stewart (of Garth), however, led the way; and surely his History of the Highland Regiments will keep its high and honourable place in the library. Two or three very large editions of that work have been already sold, and we fancy it is out of print. The excellent author is just appointed Governor of St. Lucie, where, if firmness and kindness, united with shrewd sense, great experience, high character, and most engaging manners, are enough to make a government useful and successful, it is easy to predict the result of his experiment. The General has lately, by the death of a brother, succeeded to the family estate and fine old castle of Garth, in Perthshire: but it would be a pity to see such a man rusticated entirely, while all the vigour of head and hand remains with him.

Poor Colonel Denham's death has made a strong sensation in all classes of society where he was known. He was a most unaffected, plain, thoroughly honest, good man—modest in the highest degree, and amiable.

Among other military penmen, we have also recently had Colonel Napier, Captain Beauclerc, and Mr. Beaufoy. Who says, *Cedant arma togæ?*

A poem, entitled All for Love; or, the Sinner well Saved, in three Cantos or Sections, by Mr. Southey, with engravings from the designs of Mr. Westall, is in the press, and will come out in October.

One of the four young gentlemen "of rank and station" who were lately puffed in the *Quarterly* for their American peregrinations, and the liberality of their accounts of Brother Jonathan, concluded (we are told) one of his letters with this *post-scriptum*—"Since writing the above, I have been at a Yankee ball. Here we are, just returned, weary with impertinence, and wet with spittle." Why does not this young gentleman *publish?* It might be a good preparation for the Washington Embassy.

Our readers will be much gratified with learning that Mr. Sotheby, the elegant and accomplished translator of the Georgics and of Oberon, is engaged in a new version of the Iliad, in heroic rhyme. He is said to have already completed the first six books in a masterly manner.

A Mr. Mangham announces a Treatise on a subject very interesting to all literary persons, viz.—the Laws of Literary Property: comprising their History and Present State, with Disquisitions on their Injustice and Impolicy.

The Edrisi.—It has been proposed to print the translation of the Edrisi by M. Amédée Jaubert, and to let it constitute the fourth volume of the Memoirs of the French Geographical Society.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir (an Annual for Children, under the superintendence of Mrs. Alaric A. Watts), will, we are informed, contain, besides numerous wood-cuts, by George Cruikshanks and others, a variety of line engravings on steel, by Messrs. Edwards, Engleheart, Greatbatch, Baker, &c., after Designs by Messrs. Northcote, F. Howard, Gill, Wood, Hamilton, Green, Good, &c.—The literary contents of the volume have been supplied by a great number of eminent authors, distinguished as writers for the juvenile classes.

A monthly periodical publication, to illustrate the Cities, Towns, Docks, and chief Public Buildings in Great Britain, is announced, with descriptions from the able pen of Mr. Moule.

In the Press.—A Manual of the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Eye, &c. By S. J. Stratford, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of General Miller, 2 vols. 8vo. Plates, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Marshall's Naval Biography, Supplement, Part II. 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Arminius's Works, translated by Nichols, Vol. II. 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Simonis Lexicon Heb. Chald. et Lat. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* sewed.—Supplement to Auber's Analysis, royal 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Finch's Self Knowledge, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Williams's Abstracts, 1828, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Vigers' Greek Idioms, translated by Seager, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Practice of Tenancy of Land in Great Britain, by Kennedy and Grainger, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.

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No. IV. will be published in October.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

St. Petersburgh: a Journal of Travels to and from that Capital, through Flanders, the Rhenish Provinces, Prussia, Russia, Poland, Silesia, Saxony, the Confederated States of Germany, and France. By A. B. Granville, M.D. F.R.S., &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

Travels in Russia, &c. &c. By W. Rae Wilson, Esq. F. S. A., Author of Travels in Egypt, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE first of these works is not yet, we believe, in the hands of the public generally; the last has been before it for several months: and we are induced to place them together, in order to kill the two birds with one stone. Not indeed that we mean to kill them at all; but as they belong to the same nest, it will save both us and our readers some trouble to look at them in juxta-position, as far as they fly in company, and only to separate them where they separate from each other.

Both begin by being dedicated, with permission, to the King: Dr. Granville's is a simple inscription, but Mr. Wilson takes the earliest occasion to be opiniative, and accordingly he tells his Majesty, "I will abstain from employing phrases that have been applied so often and so indiscriminately as to lose all meaning, and confine myself to observing, that, colossal as the power of Russia is, she offers little at present to excite the envy of Great Britain." He farther gives his Majesty the satisfactory assurance, that "the sovereign, also, of a free and generous people may contemplate without jealousy the power of an autocrat, however boundless;" and on this ground the author builds his hope that any compliments he may pay to the Russian Czars will not be taken amiss!!

From the parallel between the dedications, a correct idea may be formed of the difference between these two publications throughout. Dr. Granville's is indeed largely swollen from extraneous sources, while Mr. Wilson's is swollen by the record of his own minute and trivial remarks: but where the former has borrowed and compiled, he has done it skilfully, so as to make a good whole; whereas the latter has really produced one of the worst written and trite compositions, from actual observation, that it has ever been our task to wade through, not even excepting his own former works. We think it would have been better if Dr. G. had published less, and we are convinced it would have been better if Mr. W. had not published at all. But he is an inveterate traveller, and an earnest book-maker; and to present his volumes to crowned heads throughout the world, and see announcements of this feat, together with extracts, in the newspapers, appears to be the harmless *summum bonum* of his harmless existence.

In *his* preface Dr. G. states, among other reasons for publishing, "a wish to prove, that, although he left his ordinary business for nearly four months, he was not altogether idle during that period:" of which two volumes, of above thirteen hundred closely-printed pages, may, in our opinion, be received as more than conclusive evidence. The worthy doctor also assigns a desire to "occupy his time in as profitable a manner as he could," page iv; which may also be admitted, if it be true, as we hear it is, that his liberal publisher has paid a very large sum for these volumes. But still, though we notice these things in a tone approaching to irony, we must acknowledge that the Doctor has succeeded in fulfilling the objects which he proposed to himself, and which are thus stated:

"The author begs that his work may be received for what he intends it—a minute, and, he hopes, a tolerably accurate account of the actual state of the imperial residence of Russia; embracing every subject which is likely to be of service to a traveller visiting that capital, where he will find no cicerone, or modern printed description of the city, to guide him. To this, he has added as much collateral information as he was able to bring together touching other countries through which he travelled, on his way to and from St. Petersburgh; occasionally making use, for that purpose, of materials which he had collected in the course of former excursions. If the author adds, in conclusion, that he has endeavoured, by the introduction of a variety of subjects, to make his book less dry than a mere *livre des postes*, by the help of descriptions, anecdotes, and personal narrative, he trusts that his readers will find no reason to censure the attempt."

We have but one fault to find with this avowal. Dr. G. ought, in candour, to have said, that not only his own former excursions, but also the journals of preceding travellers, had contributed much of the materials for all those parts of his narrative which do not treat of Petersburgh. It is at that city, indeed, that he becomes most original, and at the same time most instructive and entertaining: the previous travels being, of necessity, repetitions of what has been said by other writers. But, as these volumes are not yet in circulation, we shall abstain from any critical strictures: nor shall we be induced to take the previous route from London to Petersburgh. At present we prefer jumping at once to the Russian capital, and amusing our readers with some of the most personal, novel, and popular descriptions furnished of that place. Being in the house and company of Count Woronzow, Dr. Granville enjoyed opportunities of seeing the best society; and he says:

"I would appeal to the young noblemen and others who accompanied the two or three last embassies-extraordinary to St. Petersburgh, whether they were not highly pleased, as well as surprised, at the state of society they found in that city; whether they did not, in fact, think that, in many respects, the intercourse of the noble, the gay, and the rich, in St. Petersburgh, is distinguished by a *je ne sçais quoi*, which is, perhaps, wanting in capitals that boast of a higher degree of civilisation. With respect to the fair sex," he agrees with Ancelot in estimating them far higher than has hitherto been done for mental attainments. "Foreigners (he continues) are not agreed on the subject of female beauty at St. Petersburgh. In general, it may be said, that the ladies are not so strikingly handsome as in England; but to this assertion there are a great many exceptions.—A very good opportunity of seeing the several characters of female beauty occurs whenever they are assembled together at a *soirée*, or *réunion*, at the houses of people of rank. These *soirées* take place frequently in St. Petersburgh, without any written invitation or cards, but simply by reciprocal verbal communications among the friends and acknowledged visitors of the party at whose house they are to be held. These *réunions* differ from both the *conversazione* and the *fêtes privées*. I shall give a sketch of one of the former only, which may be assumed as pretty nearly the model of all of them. Madame de S——, mother-in-law to an old acquaintance of mine, Count de B——, who had resided as Russian commissioner at St. Helena during Buonaparte's confinement in that island, introduced me to General and Madame B—— P——; the former of whom had once been minister from Russia at Rio Janeiro, and had been twice in England; of the manner and language of which country he was so passionately fond, as to have acquired the surname of Anglomane. The people began to assemble at ten o'clock, and in about an hour's time the principal rooms were crowded, but not to suffocation. On the arrival of our carriage, the private street-door was opened by two Swiss in their gala-liveries, and several more gigantic footmen in blue liveries, with broad silver lace scattered all over them, lined the hall and stairs up to the landing of the principal floor, where six *valets-de-pied*, in the plain dress of smart English grooms of the chamber, and powdered, introduced the party as they arrived, announcing them, not with the stentorian voice which resounds through the halls of Grosvenor Square, and causes the proud hearts of some of the visitors to dilate, while it makes the minor importance of others shrink into insignificance; but privately to the hospitable hosts of the mansion. The suite of apartments into which we were ushered, though not large, were striking, from the richness of their decorations. Paintings hung in every room, some of them of great value. The tables were groaning under their rich ornaments, and that common appendage to all the fine houses in St. Petersburgh, mirrors of excessive dimensions, reflected a hundred times, by their relative position, the company and the decorations, over which was thrown a blaze of light from innumerable wax tapers in every part. The last room of the suite was, as usual, the state bed-chamber. A rich screen was placed before the bed. The floors were *parquetés*, and without carpet. We were severally presented to the daughter of

our host, the Princess Sophia G——, justly considered a very handsome lady. I conversed a great deal with the general, who speaks English fluently, and who, *à fur et à mesure*, as the company came in, was kind enough to acquaint me, in my quality of a total stranger, with their name, rank, and connexions. Most of the fashionable world, as I afterwards understood from competent judges, and all the *corps diplomatique*, amongst whom I recognised M. Disbrowe, who with his amiable lady enjoyed a well-deserved popularity at St. Petersburgh, were present on this occasion. It would be impossible to single out those among the fair sex who seemed to attract most attention; but it is also just to remark, that this brilliant assembly offered more that one specimen of Russian female beauty. * * * We had some Italian vocal music in the first instance, when the *soirée* changed into a regular ball, by which time it was pretty nearly impossible to move through any of the rooms, even those in which the most grave of the company were assembled around card tables. Now I presume that a ball in St. Petersburgh must be something like a ball any where else, except that some other national dance, besides those eternal *avant deux, et dos-à-dos*, is likely to be performed by the young people; and so it was in reality at the ball of General P——, which I found, on inquiry, to resemble *in toto* the balls given by any other family of rank in the capital, and may therefore be taken as a specimen of the whole. My experience on this head is very limited. I think I attended another on a much larger scale, and in a mansion three times the size; but the performances were the same; the spirit, the dances, the good understanding between partners, one and the same thing. The first dance which I saw, I believe they told me was called *la promenade*, and a very convenient mode of opening a ball it is. It seems that any gentleman may propose to a lady to take a tour with him; and I found that the *chaperons* themselves, however grave and matronly, were included in this prelude. The promenade takes place first through all the suite of rooms, in a sort of sauntering procession, and next round the ball-room; after which, the ladies take their seat, and there is an end of it. Waltzes began soon after, and here the affair was far otherwise animated. Ladies are invited without any previous introduction, and go round generally but once with the same cavalier, and have no sooner taken their seats, than another suitor presents himself for the same honour. This whirling of persons and brains round a large room must make the young ladies tolerably *giddy*, and lasts rather too long. French *contre-danses* were next introduced in divided sets, and much in the same way, I presume, as they are arranged and danced in King Street; and here the ladies had an opportunity of displaying their *savoir faire* in the most *nonchalante* manner imaginable. But, from my heart, I pitied the gentlemen: in my life, I never saw any thing so lack-a-daisical. True, it is the fashion for the cavalier not to lift himself a hair's-breadth from the ground as he struts through the mazes of the *chaîne Anglaise* and the *chassez, croisez*; but surely nothing can appear more pitiable than a well-bred gentleman striving to get through an '*en avant seul*,' amid a square of tittering young damsels and tight-laced exquisites. Such things, I presume, take place in St. Petersburgh, because they are known to exist in every other capital in Europe; and I believe that fashionable people never require a stronger reason for their 'sayings and doings.' I shall not attempt to describe the *mazzurka*, a dance which followed next, and which acknowledges a Polish origin. It is both pretty and tiresome: marching, waltzing, and striking of the feet against the pavement, are its three leading features, and the wildness of the musical accompaniment is very singular. Refreshments were most plentifully supplied. Indeed they may be said to have showered in at every minute. Ices of all sorts and shapes, *bon-bons, confitures*, and exotic fruits, were constantly to be met with in every one of the rooms, brought in by the six or eight grooms of the chamber before mentioned, who tried to penetrate through the multitude of decorated visitors with as little *fracas* as possible. How the thing ended, I know not; for I took advantage of Count de B—— and his bride's offer to take me home at half-past one o'clock in the morning, when the bustle was at its maximum, and was glad to find myself once more installed in my quiet chamber."

In describing a Russian nobleman's house, Dr. G. observes:—

"At the top of the great staircase is an ante-room, in which there are always a great many servants; for these invariably follow their master or mistress up stairs to receive cloaks, wrappings, furs, shoes, galoshes, flannel boots, and douillettes, which are cast off in this ante-room, and never before. While I am on the subject of servants in the great Russian families, I may just observe, that although the practice is said to have been in a measure modified since 1812, still the number of them is really astonishing; the more so, as there is in fact no occupation for the tenth part of them, particularly in families that are evidently in straitened circumstances. 'I have seen repeatedly,' said a Russian officer to me, occupying a distinguished situation at St. Petersburgh, 'in the house of noblemen, or persons high in office, six, eight, and ten servants, in different costumes, waiting in an ante-room, doing positively nothing, and these formed but a small part of the establishment. For in a great house, not only there are, as I dare say there are in the houses of the great in England, an *intendant*, a *maître d'hôtel*, several grooms of the chamber, the lady's footman and footboys, and the gentleman's valet and footmen, but also the *sommelier*, the *chasseur*, the *Schweiss*, the *coureurs*, the *frotteurs*, and *porteurs* of wood and water, those who light the stoves, the *dvornick*, and again the cook, the *marmitons*, with a long list of *et ceteras*, besides a whole string of ladies' waiting-women, and a host of peasants about the yard, stable, coach-house, and outer offices, coachmen and under-coachmen, postilions, and outriders. But what is worse than this, is, that all and each of these people, when once established in a house, multiply in an astonishing ratio; first, because wives are brought in; next, because children are born; thirdly, because relations are admitted; and lastly, because friends will be treated, and made to partake of the general *cocagne*.' 'When I married,' continued my friend, 'I was determined that none but really necessary people should remain in my household, and I cut down my list to forty of them; but, to my great surprise, three or four years afterwards, I discovered that they had nearly doubled. In every other country but in Russia, a nobleman would be satisfied with three, four, or five servants to wait at table; here, on the contrary, one is stationed behind each chair. Until very lately (and indeed in many of the principal provinces, and at the country-houses of the great, the practice still prevails), there was a servant in every room to receive orders, and one or two little boys stationed at each door of the numerous rooms *en-suite*; and these performed the office that bells now perform; but since the introduction of the latter convenience, the attendance of these young messengers has been dispensed with. The Countess Orloff has so many servants and other persons in her suite at Moscow, that she is obliged to have an hospital purposely for them when they are ill. I believe they are seldom less than 800 in number. But with all these regiments of domestics, there is not a housemaid any where, either to make your bed or to dust your room, both operations being performed by men, than which nothing can be more odious in my sight.' To the truth of the latter observation and conclusion, I can bear witness. It is the general practice, and therefore useless to complain; but, during the time of my remaining in St. Petersburgh, I never once cast my eye on that useful servant mentioned last by my Russian acquaintance. * * *

"I am assured, by persons upon whose judgment I can rely, that the splendour of the imperial court of St. Petersburgh on gala days and fêtes is superior to any thing in any other court in Europe, and is oftener displayed. The great fêtes and ceremonies which took place, shortly before our arrival at St. Petersburgh, on the occasion of the christening of the Grand-duchess Catherine, daughter of the Grand-duke Michael, and of the Grand-duke Constantine the second son of the emperor, are said to have been of this description. We dined generally, and so did every body else I believe, at five o'clock. In one of the principal drawing-rooms there is a small table set out with a number of small dishes containing carved cold tongue, dried herrings, caviar, preserves, anchovies, thin slices of bread and cheese, with small bottles of liqueurs or brandy: most of the guests partake of some of these before dinner. On entering the dining-room, the table decked out with a gilt or silver plateau of great value, in the centre, surrounded by vases of flowers, groups of fruit, and baskets of dry comfitures, excites the attention of the stranger. Around this the guests take their seats with that intuitive attention to distinction of rank, which good breeding naturally imparts to people in every country. It is not true, however, (at least not true in about twenty of the first Russian houses in St. Petersburgh, with which I was acquainted,) as both English and French writers have, even so late as last year, asserted, that the ladies sit all on one side, that the guests of an inferior rank are all compelled to take the bottom of the table; and that only the worst fare, and a particular set of trash wines, are allowed to the latter. I never remarked any thing of the kind; and indeed there is no bottom of the table, since both the master and mistress take their places in the centre, and are consequently equally distant from their guests at each end of it, where I often remarked persons of the first rank and character. The Marchese Caraccioli, who was a great gourmand, and spent several years in England, as ambassador from Naples, used to observe, in reference to English cookery, 'Il y a en Angleterre soixante sectes religieuses différentes, et une seule sauce, le melted butter! quel pays!' Had the marquess been ambassador at St. Petersburgh instead, he would have been spared the trouble of such an antithesis. I doubt whether any other national cookery can boast of a greater variety

of dishes or sauces than the Russian, and I feel convinced that *Maître Anonyme*, the editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, will be considered as not having done one half of his duty if he expires before he has opened to the public the budget of Russian dishes. These are presented to the guests by the *maître d'hôtel* and his assistants, already carved at the side tables, and one after the other, with the pleasing attention of whispering into your ears the nomenclature of each dish. One comes and another goes, and a servant follows with a decanter in each hand. The first commends to your attention a little *vareniky*; the second, finding that you have already before you a dish of *stchy*, brings round the *rastingay*, or oblong pastry, to eat with it. He of the bottles then thinks it high time to remind you of such cordial beverages as Champagne, Burgundy, Lafitte, Pacharete, Vin du Commandeur, du Johannisberg, de la Comète, and so on, until you know not what choice to make. Mine was the easiest task on such occasions, for I took none, and I am the better for it: but the quantity of champagne that I saw drank in St. Petersburgh actually astounded me. I feel confident that there must be another champagne country somewhat nearer to Russia than the French champagne, to supply what is actually consumed of that wine. In general the Russians are excellent connoisseurs in wine. I have often been present at learned discussions among them on this subject, and particularly on the wines of the Crimea, which a chartered company, supported and encouraged by the emperor and several high characters, is endeavouring to multiply, improve, and introduce at the St. Petersburgh tables. They may succeed. But apropos of *vareniky!* It is a dish of which many are very fond, made of a thin paste of buck-wheat flour, not baked, having fresh cream-cheese inside, melted butter thrown over it, and eaten with sour cream. Yet this heterogeneous kind of fare is nothing compared to another called *bâtvinia*, which is, indeed, the king of the ollas, as may be judged from the enumeration of its ingredients, which are as follow: kvass (the vehicle), kislistchi, salt-fish, craw-fish, spinage, salt-cucumbers, and onions. These form a mixture (a mixture with a vengeance!) which is used and served up with a piece of ice in the middle. When the late Emperor Alexander, who is said to have been very fond of this national dish, was at the congress of Vienna, he ordered it to be presented at a dinner at which the corps diplomatique had been invited; and turning to a noble and military lord, more remarkable for blunt straightforwardness than Machiavellian diplomacy, asked him how he found the *bâtvinia*. 'Je le trouve détestable! Sire,' was the answer.—But the fish! Oh, the fish is delectable at St. Petersburgh! They have no cod and no turbot, but commend me to the *sterlet*, the sovereign of the fish for the table, and to the *soudak*, and to the *sieg*, and to the *yerschè*, and the *kilky*, and so on to the end of a long list; but of these more anon, when I shall introduce to the notice of my readers the fish-markets of St. Petersburgh. Count Pouschkine, the *grand echanson* to the emperor, who, to many other excellent qualities, unites that of being a member of the Amphitryon Club, insisted on my tasting a real Russian dinner, and actually took the trouble of ordering one on purpose at his house, to which a great number of persons of distinction were invited. This proved a complete lesson to me on Russian cookery. By way of gaining personal experience I tasted of every thing, and took down the name of all that I tasted; the result of which was, that I got a list of dishes, and an indigestion from eating them. Figure to yourself, gentle reader, the state in which Dr. Paris's 'cauldron' must have been with *stchy* and *borsch* soups, the one with cabbage, the other with fermented beet-root; rastingaï and crougloi pirrog (a patty with fowl and eggs); stewed sterlet; quails slowly roasted in a stew-pan, and covered with thick sour cream; stewed pork with mushrooms and truffles; *jelliottes* and white asparagus; kascha and kascha pudding; *fromage*, *caviar*, *compotes*, Astracan grapes, and Crimea apples; *confitures*, sweet wines, and draughts of *kwass*, or *kislistchi*, the former being a species of brewed fermented liquor, prepared from rye-flour and rye and barley malt, of which the latter is a strong effervescent variety: fancy, I say, all this safely lodged within the parietes of a single stomach, and think, oh think, of the night that must have followed! However, the Russian noblemen do not all dine in this way, and some are trying to introduce the fashionable English manner of decking the table and dining,—uniting with it excellent French cookery, which, after all, is the best, and is that which is more commonly to be found at the tables of the grand *seigneurs* in Russia. The nobleman who is taking the lead in introducing the English style of dining with the richly chased corner-dishes, and the top and bottom dishes concealed by splendid covers of silver, is Count Stanislaus Potochi, the grand master of the ceremonies, brother-in-law to Countess Woronzow, well known in this, as well as in his native country, for his *bon-ton* and great wealth. I once had the honour of dining at his table, when Count Nesselrode, Prince Volkonsky, Counts Woronzow, Strogonoff, Orloff, Matussevitch, Baron Nicolaï, Mons. Poletica, and some of their ladies, with others, were of the party. I shall not attempt to describe the splendour of the entertainment which was given in his library, forming a gallery magnificently fitted up, one hundred feet in length, and forty feet wide. After dinner Count Potochi shewed us the extensive and costly improvements then in progress in his mansion, which, when furnished, will, for richness of decoration, size, and number of the apartments, and taste displayed throughout its internal arrangement, eclipse many of the palaces of the great, that now bear away the palm of superiority in St. Petersburgh. We were particularly struck with a grand Gothic ball-room, of unusually large proportions, whose vaulted ceiling springs aloft about sixty feet, and rests on pillared walls, pierced with a double range of lofty Gothic windows, bearing emblazoned upon their stained glass the arms of the noble host, and throwing a softened light on a tesselated pavement of black ebony and white Carelin poplar. The English in St. Petersburgh preserve at their dinners their national manners in every respect intact, excepting that they have adopted, and seem pleased with, some of the Russian dishes and beverages, particularly the beer made there. In the centre of their table also is introduced, from the first, the dessert, as a permanent decoration; and, with one or two exceptions, the custom of the ladies withdrawing before the gentlemen is abolished. In both the Russian and English houses, the greater part of the company retire after dinner, disposing of themselves in a variety of ways to spend the evening."

We shall resume these works next Saturday.

Eccelino da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua: a Poem, in Twelve Books. By H. Augustus Viscount Dillon. 8vo. pp. 420. London, 1828. E. Lloyd and Son.

An epic poem, and by a nobleman! So rare a coincidence ought to have obtained a speedier review; but we have been as often repulsed by the incongruities displayed by the noble author, as we have been attracted by his talents. And twelve books of poetry are at all times a fearful sitting-down; and Italian tyrants, who have been dead six centuries, are not very interesting, even though suggested, as in the present instance, by a lady. (Preface, p. vii.) The noble writer, in the same page, offers a rather novel excuse for his work, namely, that of ignorance; for he says, "Notwithstanding a ten years' residence in Italy, yet, drawn away by other studies and pursuits, the Italian muse is unknown to me. I can say the same with respect to the French and Spanish. I have not looked into the Classics since I left the University of Oxford. I consider these to be fortunate circumstances; for I should never have had the resolution to have entered into the lists, had I been intimately acquainted with the mighty efforts of poetic genius that have flourished and illumined the world. Let this poem be received, therefore, as the festive song of a Troubadour, rather than a finished, laborious task, achieved by the light of the scholastic lamp. Much of it has been rapidly composed, during journeys made on foot and on horseback, amidst the scenery that it describes, and where traditions yet remain to inflame the imagination. It was begun at Florence, February 1825; nine books were finished in Italy, September 1826; and the last lines were written in London, July 1827:" which circumstantial intelligence being given, we now advance to the heroic song of *Eccelino da Romano.*

This composition is indeed a strange mixture. From the sublime to the ridiculous has been called but one step: in poetry, however, there are many intermediate steps between these extremes, and, as it seems to us, the noble viscount has trodden and re-trodden them all. Most irregular marks of considerable but most irregular genius are every where to be found, alternating with versification which resembles nothing so much as the translations of the operas at the King's Theatre. Fine thoughts and fine expressions are interlaced with ideas almost approaching to nonsense, and language of the veriest doggrel. And, finally, though sometimes natural in the human delineations, and picturesque in the descriptive, the prevailing tone is that of exaggeration in the former, and turgidness in the latter. Let us take a sketch of Lombardy:

"Earth yielded here kindly her goodliest fruits;
The milk-white oxen heaved along the wains,
Groaning with weight of Bacchus' joyous toll!
Ceres and Pomona shed around their
Smiles that met on ev'ry side his dark frown,
Who from his lofty sand view'd that sad land,
From which his iron grasp squeezed tears and gore,
Fast holding, had invested with despair."

Perhaps worse poetry was never committed than the lines we have marked in italics; and, with due respect to the grammatical construction of the last three, we are bound to confess that we cannot extract their meaning. We will quote another passage. The mother of the hero (his father is an infernal Spirit) addresses him thus:

"My daughters fair
Have all espoused been to mightiest lords;
My sons all revel in their rich domains;
And they thy youthful talent deem brilliant

Were blazon'd forth, like to the orient sun,
Who chases far and quick the gloom of night;
So thy renown once shone through the dark clouds
Of vapours foul, that dimm'd thy early day."

But to this poor stuff are added a just reflection and well-written description:

"Success will blazon crime till it become
Virtue; so has the victor ever chain'd
His gory victims to his chariot wheels,
And yet th' incense of their applause received.
Faint, and more faint, she utter'd these last words;
Her quicken'd spirit saw the near approach
Of its escape, and shot a sudden flash
From her majestic eye, whose steady glare
Shew'd absence of all fear."

The funeral of this fiend-beloved lady abounds in traits peculiar to the noble author.

"With wonder all beheld the man who now,
Duteous to rites divine, could thus appear
Mantled in sable garb, though his bright mail
Shining amid the folds, like twinkling stars
Through the black clouds, betray'd at once the man
That from himself ne'er could abstracted be.
Heavy he hung upon his *airy* steed,
That with elastic step paced buoyantly
Over the ground, *whose* breathing nostrils now
Seem'd from afar to snuff his native gales
Of happy Araby.

* * * *

Behind him came six hundred valiant knights;
Each 'stead of warlike brand, a flaming torch
High held; as when the moon upon the sea
Sheds her chaste light, so did their armour clear
Reflect the pallid gleam around; ghastly
Th' unvisor'd warriors look'd, grim as a troop
Of ghosts that wander on the banks of Styx.

* * * *

Opening wide its pond'rous gates, the church,
Portal of tombs, the pageant now receives.
Portal of the grave: *for Religion is*
The lofty arch that's thrown from earth to worlds
We cannot reach,* but o'er that arch that doth
Th' infinite combine with our darker state
Below, that hath thrown man drifting betwixt
Two awful tides, half angel, half a brute;
Swimming on hope, he strives and gasps for breath
Eternal. Eccelino enters now
The fane, struck with these thoughts, that ever will
Flit through the heart of e'en a reckless man.
A thousand voices swell th' harmonious choir,
Ten thousand tapers brilliant burn around;
The solemn dirge—the march of death—deep in
The dismal grave the heart benumb'd doth sink."

A storm ensues, and

"Behold in utter darkness, from the tomb
Portentous rises now a pale blue flame,
Nor light, nor heat *emits* around, itself
Alone is visible."

Of all the flames that ever were seen, earthly or supernatural, this is unquestionably the most surprising: a flame that emits no light, and yet is visible, puzzles our optical science; but the foregoing quotations need little remark, as the parts we have distinguished by a different type will shew the truth of our criticism touching the good and the bad in the noble viscount's medley. His metaphysics are generally so confused, that we cannot undertake to develop them,—and must therefore leave them, like other riddles, to be guessed or given up by more acute readers. The following is a superb example of the writer's hatred of tyranny,—a passion which he pours forth on many occasions with no small degree of honest fury.

"Say, muse, of all the horrors that do most
Afflict mankind, what place is meetest? Where
The pandemonium of all guile, if not
In tyrant's councils? Need we then for worse
Go search the depths of hell? No; for in hell
A race exists in nought akin to us,
Whilst tyrants are of our own flesh and blood;
Their teethless gums our mother's nipple oft
Have press'd, and drawn the self-same tide of milk;
They will with treach'rous smiles our presence greet,
And still with smiles hear our o'erstrain'd joints
Crack on the bed of torture; sighs they hear
Wrung from the heaving bosom 'reft of all
The elements that nature gives to glad
Our hearts, air, earth, and fire, and water pure.
Pause then, my muse, lest my distracted brain,
Lost in this maze of horror, blind with rage,
Should on my argument confusion throw!"

Amen, say we: but let us in fairness afford a contrast, which, though injured by the wretched termination of some of the lines, and other defects, is yet creditable to his taste and feelings.

"Ye who have ever known what 'tis to lose
Some dear, priz'd object, will in sadness feel
How sweet the consolation thus to cling
E'en to the unconscious dust; not sweeter is
The breath of Spring's first flowers to him long in
Cities closely pent, he, when, wand'ring forth
At dawn, by pleasant brooks, or on the brow
Of wood-capp'd hill, lists to the early notes
Of lark, that, tow'ring o'er enamell'd meads,
Blithe swells its warbling throat. Yet greater balm
To her sick soul, the dust of him so loved
From common dust to separate. Resign'd
To lesser ills, she bids a last adieu
To Padua's walls."

We subjoin a female portrait of beauty, and a most glowing tribute to the power of woman.

"Hermione, the maid was named, whose form,
Rounded and full, display'd the sanctuary
Of Love; for Love might well have chosen here,
So fair a shrine, to make his long abode.
Of ivory and alabaster blent,
Her limbs were form'd in so exact a mould,
That their transparent forms might almost seem
To melt in air, or float impalpable,
Like the bright moonbeams in the quiet lake.
Nor, though she thus beauteous, ethereal, pure
As sweetest breath of early flowers, not less
She glow'd a woman to the touch, that might
The type of all her sex have been. Her breast
An altar was, in which did burn a lamp
Exhaustless; whose bright light shed from her eyes
Such rays of tenderness, that e'en might tame
The lion in his rage, and bid him quit
His prey, and crouch beneath her feet (for such,
As olden legends sing, is Beauty's power!);
Her voice the silver bells would shame! her hair
Like Terni's waterfall did dazzling shine:
Nor fairer form than her's hath Fancy bright
E'er wove, or Grecian chisel ever form'd,
In marble breathing with ideal grace.
Oh, woman! arm'd with love's resistless pow'r,
How oft does terror flash from thy full eye,
And thunder hang upon thy lip! Thy words,
Like lightning, wither the proud breast of man,
With all the horrors of the tempest fraught;
And then one sunny smile of thy soft eye
Revives our trembling heart; the shudd'ring chill
Of thy disdain, like clouds, is chased away;—
Disdain, that fiercer is than lion's roar,
More stern than tyrant's frown, which quite o'ercomes
Our courage high (disdain and confusion then,
Like mists, our sick'ning atmosphere becomes).
O'er man, proud man, such is thy wond'rous might,
That men for thee, do wealth, and fame, and power,
Abandon; the lead of mankind have left
Submissive, to be led by thee. The queen
Of willing arts thou reign'st! Thy potent spells
Who can withstand, enchantress? who resist
The subtle fascination of thine eyes,
Or the sweet poison that, like siren's notes,
Drops from thy tongue, and, falling on the ear,
Can e'en to madness turn the brain of him
That's deep imbued with philosophic lore?"

Perhaps this is enough of the noble bard, whose faults and merits are so curiously inwoven together, as to negative his own odd assertion, as oddly expressed (if we understand it aright), that

"no man's heels
His good and evil genius both do tread,
And each doth pull him to the right or left."

We shall therefore conclude with mentioning that the poem ends in a grand battle, almost a burlesque on Homer, in which Romano is wounded to the death. Three or four brief specimens will illustrate this.

"Hot Scanerola him now meets, and comes
At him with might and speed; his spurs are dug
Deep in his horse's sides; with force not less
Than galley's bowsprit driving on a rock.

* * * *

More ground he gains:
His squadrons, quick re-form'd, his genius shines
Transcendent. Wheresoe'er he turns his face,
'Tis like the glorious sun that chases fogs
And mists; where'er he turns his horse's head,
The clouds of leaguers are dispersed and fly.

* * * *

Fury now reign'd in each
Brave breast; compact and close they march, in hope
Through th' adverse front to cut their way, and gain
Their former land.

* * * *

Now furious rush'd
Each knight and soldier of his host, resolved
To sell their lives for glory, and achieve
A deathless name; expert in arms, they seem'd
Like centaurs, as they wheel'd to right and left,
And rode down whole battalions in their course.

* * * *

Now hard the stormy blast of battle drove,
Like pelting sleet and hail; and louder roar'd
The furious yell than howling winter winds;
For death or victory swell'd each gallant heart.

We can go no farther than hearts swelled by death!!—though

"Many an eye
Of gallant knight was dimm'd, and *swoon*, and then
Was seal'd in night."

* Altered from Young, however!—*Ed. L. G.*

The United States of North America as they are. 8vo. pp. 242. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE writer, whoever he is, appears to be an admirer of the United States, and therefore we may with the greater propriety put faith in his sketches. As for his speculations, they must of necessity be more problematical; but such as both are, we shall, without circumlocution, endeavour to convey an adequate idea of them to the reader.

The author is of opinion, that the principle of monarchism is developing itself in the Union, and that it will in all probability eventually succeed, not by means of revolution, but by "that cunning, cautious [bush-fighting] way" which he thinks peculiarly *American*, and in this instance peculiarly personal in John Adams.* The dreadful prospect of a monarchy appals him; and he paints the delights of a republic in the last struggle for the presidency.

"The party of Crawford kept themselves in the back-ground, without listening either to the insinuations of Jackson's or Adams's party. Clay, who at first chose likewise to stand neuter, now deemed it the proper time to step forward and to assume the part of mediator: his adherents, as we mentioned, were Kentuckians: the credit of the Kentuckians is not very firm. A certain fashionable way of life, gambling, races, state bankruptcies, land speculations, an inveterate propensity to the bottle, have caused much disorder in the financial circumstances of these gentlemen: even the honourable speaker, Mr. Clay, was not thought quite exempt from the general diseases of his state. There was but one remedy—to get Mr. Clay into the office of secretary of state, and thus afford his faithful friends the means of retrieving their fortune and credit by the gift of important offices."

The pure republican was accordingly won over to Adams, (not being, see *Genesis* 1, the first of the *Adams* made of *Clay*,) to whom his accession gave the majority, and of course the supreme magistracy, of free and glorious America!

"To describe (says the author) the temper of the nation after these events, is scarcely in my power. The suppressed malicious smile of the Tories, who dared not manifest their mischievous joy at their victory; the republican federalist doubtfully shaking his head at the triumph of a party which not many years before actually intended to sell their country; the simple democrat who had but an obscure idea of the whole proceedings, and was unable to comprehend how the great gentleman could have been so blind as to prefer a Tory to the second Washington (Jackson); the Radicals, finally, who had conceived from Jackson's elevation very sanguine hopes respecting offices, and now saw themselves so cruelly disappointed, loudly denouncing treachery, and

* The President! But the author seems to entertain an antipathy to all the *Johns* that ever lived; for he says—"The Johns have never furnished high specimens of a prudent government. The English John lost his dominions, the French his liberty, the Bohemian his life, and the American his second election."

crying out for civil war: such were the scenes that might everywhere be witnessed."

A monarchy is no doubt a horrid sort of government; but some of these sketches are really almost as bad as court corruptions, sycophancies, and all the odious train of evils which arise out of holding the candle to that Devil—Power. Thus was a president made, and such a president for a republic! "John Quincy Adams was already unpopular on his father's account. Introduced at an early period into the most important public offices, he became accustomed to look down upon the people. A Tory by birth and by education, he is as stanch as his father; but, with less mental capacity, he is infinitely more dangerous. His father's political errors and the embassies of London, St. Petersburgh, and Paris, were the schools in which he was trained; cold, circumspect, and free from passion, he disregards the censures as well as the approbation of the people, above whom he considers himself elevated." [What could a king more?] "When secretary of state, he uttered the following memorable words:—'The United States will not be ranked among nations till the presidency becomes hereditary.' When one of the representatives was introduced to a nightly interview with him, and expressed his scruples respecting the manner of the election, the characteristic reply of Adams was: 'Sir, the time will come, even with the United States, when the government, and not a prejudiced populace destitute of character, will determine the public opinion. The question is, whether you, sir, are sensible of the importance and the advantages which must necessarily accrue to you from the present source, or whether you prefer the old system. Your determination in regard to the election is decisive.' * * * Adams had no republican party in his favour; his election was the work of the monarchists and of his own genius. The nation, as was to be expected, has shrunk from such a union, and the better part is waiting with impatience for the moment which shall deliver it from an administration, from whose hostile tendency it cannot look for any measures but such as are both dangerous to its political freedom and to its general welfare."*

A pretty pass for "*the Nation*" to have been brought to: this is something like Mr. Field's paradox, with the people all on one side, and being beat, nevertheless, by—nobody or nothing. But the system above elucidated does not seem to operate only in choosing of presidents; for the author says, that "the people do not expect to have a president chosen without the ordinary intrigues incident to electioneering. To these they are accustomed, and there will hardly be found a constable in the United States who obtains his petty office without intrigues." Well, we must presume that this is human nature, and perhaps come at last to the poet's, instead of the theorist's and politician's, definition, that

"Whate'er is best administered is best."

As we have incidentally touched on the author's portrait of Mr. Adams, it may not be amiss to couple it with a slight etching of Mr. Clay.

"His peculiar talent consists in making himself popular with his state. In order to win his countrymen over to his interests, he plays as easily the part of the drunkard and the gambler, as in good company he can put on the gentleman. The Kentuckian, however, is apparent, and his coarse impetuosity breaks forth on every occasion. This latter circumstance, so far from affecting his popularity, renders him the idol of his countrymen. 'That is a mighty great man! That is a wonderfully eminent man! That is the very first man in the Union!' you may hear from every Kentuckian, and be knocked down if you should not be precisely of the same opinion. Clay has in his person very little that is attractive; a disagreeable face, gray piercing eyes, full of a wild and malicious fire, distinguish the shrewd and impetuous politician, who knows no delicacy in the choice of his means. No other state but Kentucky would have forgiven Clay's breach of trust. The Kentuckians were angry only so long as they were unacquainted with the price of this job *en gros*; as soon as they had the opening prospect of offices from their countryman, the present secretary of state, he again became their favourite." Yet, "his private life is far from being exemplary; a duellist and a gambler, he has neither principle nor a sense of what is due to decorum."

As a *tertium quid*, we add a few of the lineaments of General Jackson.

"Never, perhaps, has public opinion been so divided about any man as it is about General Jackson. Whilst the one party (Adams's) describes him as a tyrant, a military chieftain, a lawless soldier,—the other represents him as a hero surpassing Washington himself. He is at the head of the opposition, and the ruling power has, therefore, as much reason to depreciate him, as his own party has to extol him to the skies. The first view of Andrew Jackson is imposing, but the impression he leaves is not an agreeable one. A stature above the common size; a body which fatigues and hardships have cleared of all superfluous flesh; a physiognomy indicating violent passions; a face furrowed by deep lines; a grayish piercing eye, bespeaking less of shrewdness than of impetuosity, and which age has not robbed of its fire: these, with a tincture of Irish cunning, are the peculiarities that distinguish the present hero of the opposition. * * There is in him a strange association of arbitrary violence united to republican equality. The same person who could act in a manner approaching to tyranny against Tories, and persons whose patriotism admits of doubt, treats the poorest militia-man as his equal. * * That a man of so determined a character as Jackson must necessarily have many enemies, is natural: the assertion that, had it been in his power, he would have caused all the members of the Hartford convention to be hanged, was alone sufficient to justify the animosity of his enemies. His most ardent friends have many reasons for wishing to obliterate the recollection of his conduct at New Orleans towards Arbuthnot, and on several other occasions. These are stains upon his character, which no subsequent efforts for his country can remove; and they prevented not only the most distinguished men, but even whole states, from joining him in the year 1824. Whether this political delicacy will again prevail, or whether the federalists and democrats will be convinced that Jackson, though violent in his youth and in his maturer years, cannot be dangerous to their peace and safety when upwards of seventy, the year 1828 will teach us."

So much for persons; now for things: and first, of political views.

"If the United States came out of the last war with honour, they may thank their Perrys, their Bainbridges, and their Jacksons, though the miniature victories of these leaders were but a small compensation for the blows inflicted by their opponents. That the Union was not dissolved, may be ascribed to Madison. * * Nothing can be less solid, nothing can offer less security for the future, than the bond of the Union itself,—a vast unwieldy body, held together only by motives of self-interest and of egotism. One of the most important questions which attacks the foundation of this very egotism in its vital parts, and widens every hour more and more the distance between the Southern and the Northern States, is the possession of slaves. It is not a mere party question; the whole population are opposed to each other, and the steps taken by the governments in regard to this essential point, are watched by the southern people with a jealousy which is almost incredible. Happily for the Union, four of the presidents were citizens of slave states, and therefore treated the point in question with corresponding delicacy, leaving it to time to remedy the evil. * * If Virginia, to preserve her presidental monopoly, should try again to form a party of her own at the next election, then Mr. Adams will certainly succeed, and the foundation of a monarchical government will thus be laid. If Virginia and Georgia should unite with Pennsylvania, not only the republican party may be considered as triumphant—but the preponderance of their principles, under the guidance of Jackson, will necessarily produce a reform, and a salutary riddance of that evil, which, during the course of fifty years, has eaten into the very heart of the Union."

The Congress.—"A glance at the Congress of the United States, will solve the mystery of the last election. This Congress is composed of so many states, varying in degrees of civilisation, that an infinite diversity and contradiction in the views of the honourable members must be the necessary consequence when assembled in Congress. The cunning literate Yankee, the adventurous New Yorker, the simple and honest Pennsylvanian, the aristocratic Virginian, the proud Carolinian and Georgian, have the same language with the unfeeling and presumptuous Kentuckian, but not the same views. Their manner of speaking, the course they pursue to attain their ends, are, *toto cœlo*, different. The first interest with every member of the Congress is of course his own; the station of a representative is to be the stepping-stone to a permanent office. His second object is to promote the views of his party; the ne

* The author says elsewhere—"It would be underrating Mr. Adams's talents, to presume that he is not sufficiently aware of his own strength to enforce the suggestions of a fanciful and an ambitious mind. He is now again at the head of the party which so evidently proved to the Union in 1812 that they were tired of the republican constitution. He renounced them at that time, because they wanted to range themselves, not under his banners, but under those of Great Britain. At present he is again in union with them; they are literally his phalanx, himself their chief. By means of this party he has all the New England states, and part of New York and New Jersey, on his side. In both these latter states, as well as in Virginia, public opinion amongst the higher classes declares itself almost openly for monarchical government. To what extent corruption and depravity have arrived in the west, the president's election has made manifest. Daily experience tells us how patiently the nation submits. What are we not to expect from a man who is endowed with a sufficient stock of calculating prudence to wait for time and tide? The United States are approaching to a crisis which will decide whether the republican or the monarchical government is eventually to prevail. If Mr. Adams should be capable of maintaining his ground at the next election for the president's chair in 1828, then the nation may be justly said to have lost all sense of honour and of liberty, and to be sufficiently tamed for the yoke. It will then be as ripe for the blow as the Romans were with their expiring liberty; and without any violent convulsion, Mr. Adams may pursue the measures which he and his party have prepared for his usurpation and his eventual accession to a throne. No doubt then remains about the fate of the northern divisions. Its separation from the Southern and Western States, with an hereditary president, perhaps a crowned head, to govern it, will be the natural consequence."

the interest of his county, then of the particular state to which he belongs, and finally that of the nation. A central point of union could hardly be expected amidst so many conflicting objects. The interests of the different states clash in such a manner as not to admit of a steady aim, such as is exhibited by the British Parliament. The latter consists of Whigs and Tories, whereas the Congress of the United States is an assembly of brokers, sent by their respective states not to promote the welfare of the Union, but of their own mean and sordid interests. One is expected to bring the turnpike through his county, another a canal, a third is to procure a lighthouse, a fourth an academy or a deaf and dumb asylum. These are the important affairs committed to the representatives: if they succeed, messenger-like, in the execution of their errands, they are called 'excellent fellows.' The administration, of course, avails itself of these opportunities, does all in its power to meet the wishes of its 'honourables' in matters of such vital interest, and is rewarded by corresponding good offices in return. The Congress has precisely the appearance of an exchange, where every one manages his own business to the best of his understanding, without troubling himself much about the affairs of his neighbours, until his own are terminated."

If all this be true, surely a reform in parliament is wanted in America as well as in Great Britain; but we proceed:

"The election expenses cannot be compared with those of a member of the British House of Commons; for the sum of five thousand pounds, one might easily purchase the representative seats of the whole state! Instead of squandering money, of which we are too fond to throw it away for the ambitious purpose of corrupting our honest fellow-citizens, we indulge in a little slander. We have our negotiators as in Great Britain, but they are not so much trusted, because we trust nobody. All they have in their power to give, is a pair of shoes, an imitation beaver hat, or the like. The extravagancies in which the English are said to indulge, such as the payment of five guineas for a canary-bird, or ten for a dish of greens to the wife of a freeholder, would be deemed shameful in our honest country! We are indeed much too steady to imitate so bad an example! The utmost we give are dinners, with plenty of whisky and brandy for gentlemen and those we think worthy; and a treat, as we usually call it, for the other '*sovereigns*,' at some tavern: this consists of genuine whisky, in the proportion of two barrels for a county, at the rate of three pounds for both barrels. The highest expenses we incur are with our newspapers, and these are said to be enormous; for two inches square we have to pay a dollar: of course a column often amounts to four or five dollars. True it is, that the honest editors make ample compensation to us for this expense, by laying open and explaining our adversary's faults in such a way, that Hogarth, had he lived amongst us, would not have found it necessary to visit gin-shops and the haunts of vice;—our newspapers would have furnished sufficient matter whereupon to establish his name. Brother Jonathan is known to carry his inquiries very far, and even into the privacy of families; and if the lady of a would-be honourable, in some states, does not happen to wash her husband's and children's linen, and make their clothes, he is assuredly undone; he has no claim to popularity; he is a proud man, a federalist, a Tory, and heaven knows what besides. This is pretty much our mode from the Alleghany Mountains to St. Louis, north of the Ohio."

Oh, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Cooper! where art thou, Mr. Cooper? to dash all the teeth down the throat of this slanderer!

"The prevalent spirit of democracy (adds the wretch) no doubt does very well in an enlightened state; but if a person is to be elected for no better reason than that he is a potter or a carpenter, or for his having the manners of a journeyman, it shews a poverty of understanding which provokes our contempt. These very errors in the mode of electing their representatives are the causes why the state of Pennsylvania is so much neglected, and its interests so little attended to. It possesses neither the influence of the New England nor of the western and southern states, which, although democratic, are not so far advanced in their predilection for these principles as to send none but tradesmen to Congress. No wonder then that some worthies are to be found among the representatives of the middle states, who, to the no small scandal of the more fashionable imitators of the British House of Commons, are economical enough to send home, in a truly republican manner, their dirty linen and worn-out pantaloons franked by the mail; the linen to be returned to Washington by the same conveyance, the clothes to be altered by their honourable ladies into second-hand trowsers for the offspring of the parsimonious representative. As soon as one of the members of Congress opens his mouth, you may tell to what part of the Union he belongs. The more literate Yankee borrows from Shakspeare and Byron, blundering through both these and other authors, in order to embellish the offspring of his genius. Should restitution be demanded of one of these honourables, as once the peacocks are said to have reclaimed their own from the jack-daw, we should stand a chance of witnessing a still more lamentable scene. The Kentuckian (Mr. Trimble) swears 'By G—d,' and 'may heaven's lightning blast him, if he meant any more, and he hoped that the calumniator and perjured felon (meaning Mr. M'Duffie) he has described, may be delivered over to heaven's hangman, to scourge the rascal naked round the horizon of heaven's circumference.' The poor Ohian (Vance) tells us, 'that he came from the very lowest orders of society;' and giving us a specimen of lamentation, leaves us uncertain whether he is not attempting to raise a subscription for himself. The proud Georgian speaks of violated rights and civil war, because he is not permitted to drive the poor Indians into the wildernesses of Oregan. The Carolinian declares that he is going to live and to die with his slaves; while the Pennsylvanian, quietly seated on his bench, seems to be perfectly astounded and perplexed by the wisdom, energy, good sense, learning, and elegance of his honourable brethren."

Upon the whole, it seems to us, that, after all, the newspapers, at so many dollars per square inch, are the real legislators, principalities, and powers of America: but as our extracts have bordered more on politics than we could wish, though with such a volume before us we had no alternative, we shall evite every other question connected therewith, and finish with a bit of a picture of a campo-religious meeting.

"We arrived (the author relates) at a wood with an open free ground, on the left of which was a farm-house. About four thousand people, with twenty preachers, were present; part of them were at work erecting huts, with trees and branches. At ten o'clock the religious exercises began, which only differed from other forms of worship by the ranting of the preacher and the deep groanings of his audience. We returned to Meadville, to revisit the place in the afternoon. The scene was now changed; one of their most violent enthusiasts was in the pulpit, and his theme was the love of Christ, and the hatred of sin: the stream of his eloquence overflowed with love. At the words, 'You are to love Christ fervently, you are to hold him in your arms,' the whole assembly sighed deeply, and such ejaculations were now heard, as almost to bereave me of every sense. The preacher growing warmer and more violent, exclaimed at last, 'There I see Christ—there he is sitting'—nodding to me. 'There is Christ!' exclaimed one of the auditors. 'I have him in my arms,' cried another. A third and a fourth joined in the exclamation; and such a scene of sighing, jumping, leaping, and beating their breasts, ensued, as became only a company of madmen: this, however, was only the prelude to what was to follow. The preacher, after a short pause, began to speak of sin; how Christ and sin were incompatible, how sin was the work of the devil, and brought us, or would bring us, to hell. The sighing now changed into groanings, reminding the hearer of a field of battle. The more the preacher enlarged upon the torments of hell, the deeper was the groaning. On a sudden one of the women was seized with violent convulsions, her face became livid, her eyes were distorted, a cold perspiration ran down her forehead; she was raised, as if by a supernatural power, and fell senseless to the ground. A howling ensued, which was heard at the distance of two miles: many of the women threw themselves down, beating their breasts, and tearing their garments; others jumped, like Bacchantes, their hair flying in disorder, their breasts thrown open, until exhausted with shrieks they sank down by the side of their sisters. Life seemed to have fled with decency from these fanatics: half naked they lay senseless on the ground, until removed by the preachers and elders. I observed with shuddering and dismay to what an extraordinary degree of madness religious fanaticism may lead. The evening service was held immediately after supper (a meal which every one had brought with him), and lasted till half-past ten; it differed but little from the former scene: at eleven the pious fanatics retired to their huts. When the reader is informed that these four thousand sectaries were, almost without exception, of the lower orders, uneducated and uninformed, and mostly young people of both sexes, who having waited for this opportunity with the utmost impatience, arrived from a distance of from ten to twenty miles, he will not be surprised to hear it stated, that scenes of illicit intercourse followed, over which, though delicacy draws the veil, truth commands us to pronounce to be the natural effects of the previous unholy excitement. The next day the same scenes were acted; on the third day both preachers and auditors were so exhausted that they returned home."

We have only to add, the writer adduces some extraordinary instances of the mal-administration of the laws and of justice; but as this is peculiar to no country, we need not enter upon the topic. There is also often to be observed inconsistencies in his statements; but to one fact he firmly adheres, namely, that the love of money is the ruling principle throughout the Union, in government, in commerce, in individual life, in every thing.

An Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Description of Chelsea and its Environs. By Thomas Faulkner, author of "the Historical Accounts of Chelsea, Fulham, and Kensington," &c. &c. Part I. 8vo. pp. 64. To be concluded in Sixteen Monthly Parts. Chelsea, T. Faulkner; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

Mr. Faulkner is a useful pioneer in the paths of parochial antiquities, and Chelsea a parish eminently deserving of his attention. Its vicinity to the metropolis, and its own early consideration, made it the site of many important events, and the residence of many distinguished persons; and from his inquiries into these, we have no doubt but Mr. Faulkner will elicit a volume of much general as well as local interest. His first Part, now before us, may be considered a fair specimen. The style in which it is written is intelligible and suited to the subject, though not occasionally so polished as could be wished, as the close of the very opening paragraph will testify. But p. 8 is still more careless in the language and choice of words. "The county of Middlesex received its name from having been inhabited by a party of Saxons, who being situated in the midst of the three kingdoms of the East, West, and South Saxons, were called by their neighbours Middle Saxons, which in common conversation was soon abbreviated to Middlesex." "A *party* of Saxons" is a vile phrase, and "common conversation" is little better; but the author proceeds to mention, that the rivulet which flows from the Serpentine through Knightsbridge, and bounds the parish on the east, overflowed its banks in January 1809, "inundated the surrounding fields, filled the lower parts of the adjoining houses with water, and caused great devastation for several days. The waters formed a large lake, extending from the corner of Royal Hospital Row, on the west, to the Bun House, on the east, being several feet in depth; and boats were in readiness to carry passengers on their journey to and from London: the damage incurred by this awful visitation was very considerable, especially among those whose habitations stood in the immediate vicinity of the creek." In spite of this grandiloquent passage, we remember that the *awful visitation* of the overflowing brook did no great harm; and we notice the manner of describing it, merely for the sake of warning Mr. F. not to make small affairs of too much importance, as if Chelsea were the world, its boundaries oceans, and its particular accidents universal calamities. This is an error into which local writers are too apt to fall. But we turn from these slight censures to the more pleasing duty of complimenting Mr. F. on the information he has sought out and produced. The following will be found more than commonly curious at this period, when the Thames, its impurities, and its fisheries, are such objects of public concern. A picture of the *status quo* of 1675 or 1676, is given in a paper found among Earl Cadogan's records,—but it is not known whether it was presented to the house. It runs thus:—

"A true and impartial representation of the deplorable condition of the fishing trade upon this famous river Thames, the grounds and causes thereof, the ways and means to be used for the replenishing and restoring the said river, as formerly, with all sorts of fish, as also their preservation for the future, humbly proposed by us, and tendered by us, (who are daily exercised, and also brought up in the mystery and arts of fishing,) to the serious consideration of this honourable house, both for the benefit of the city and country, and for the propagating of, and encouragement to, the fishing trade upon the said river. In former years this river did abound with salmon, gudgeon, pike, carp, perch, chub, barbel, roach, dace, smelts, eels, and flounders, to the accommodating the rich and relieving of the poor, by reason of their great plenty. We shall only instance two or three particulars:—in former years, salmon have been sold to the fishmonger, as they run, at 56*s.* or 3*l.* the score; as also at 3*d.* the pound, or under; smelts at 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 7*d.*, the hundred; flounders at 10*d.* five inches and a half, and 12*d.* the hundred; market flounders at 20*d.* and 2*s.* the hundred. But of late years the above fish have been sold for at least four times the above prices; the markets thereby are generally unfurnished, the fishermen greatly damnified and impoverished, for that they have been necessitated to leave the dealings they were brought up in, and betake themselves to some other employment, and many families reduced to great extremities; and the ways and means which have been used in reducing the river into this miserable and low condition, we shall clearly demonstrate in a few particulars. First, in general, as to unsizable nets of all sorts, which are now used throughout the river, as rugnets, which should be two inches and a half in the mash, is now but one inch and three quarters for the taking of flounders; nets for roach and dace are now but one inch in the mash, which should be two inches. Herdnets, which are utterly unlawful, and not to be used at all, are now used very frequently; a net, now called by the name of a gudgeon-net, never used nor heard of in former times, is now commonly used, the mash being so small, that the handle of a tobacco-pipe will not go through; and these nets are used all the year long. These several nets are used also in an unlawful manner, and at unlawful times; first, as to the manner, it is thus—they will tie three of these nets together, which will then extend to a hundred yards in the Thames, at least, and set a little boy upon the shore, having one end of the net, and the men with the other end in their boats; thereby driving the fish together, and then bring both ends together upon the shore and land, so that no fish (excepting the young fry) can escape. This has been one of the most fatal ways in bringing the river into this low condition. Thirdly, as to unlawful times; it is frequently practised in the night, but especially on Saturday and Sunday nights; for then they are least suspected. And as though this was not sufficient for their purpose, they use the said nets when roach and dace are in spawning; and also, which is more pernicious, when salmon are in spawning; and some hundred of spawning salmon have been taken this way. Moreover, when young salmon have been spawned, and grown up the size of small dace, they have caught them in great numbers with these nets, and sold them for 2*d.* or 3*d.* the dozen, and leave vast quantities of spawn and the young fry upon the shore. Unlawful ways are likewise used in the taking of smelts at spawning time, and for their brood also. Fourthly, there are four sorts of nets used below bridge unlawfully; viz. a trinker net, a stowbate net, a floater net, and a hebber net; these are destructive, being much smaller in the mash than the law requires. So great is the spoil upon the young fry by reason of the abovesaid nets, that thousands of sea-fowls attend their being thrown overboard when dead, or dying, moreover, when under pressure of drawing to shore. For smelts (which ought not to be done at all), they will land upon the shore boat-loads of the fry and spawn, and the tide there going off so fast, they are left upon the shore to perish. Fifthly, and one of the greatest causes of the abovesaid mischief upon the river, is, the great sum of money the water-bailiffs give for their places during life. James Comber, now under water-bailiff, confesses that he gave to the other bailiff for his place eleven hundred pounds, and to bring in a revenue answerable to this great sum, he extorts a yearly revenue from the fishermen, whereby they are emboldened, as well as necessitated, to use unlawful nets at unlawful times and places. These are the ways and means which have been used for near thirty years past for the accomplishing of this great scarcity of fish; *it is not, therefore, no marvel* to behold the calamity which is come upon the fishing trade, to any judicious man who will take these things into his serious consideration. By what has been said, it is apparent that the abuses which have been practised upon this famous river for many years are very great. Much more might be added, as a further manifestation touching this subject; but, lest we should seem tedious to this honourable house, we shall forbear, unless further required; only permit us to mention this, that if the like fatal destruction should be made upon the beasts of the field, when they are ready to be delivered, and upon the young ones when brought forth, this nation would feel the dismal effects thereof in a few years. For the remedying of the said abuses, and for preventing the like for the future, we humbly offer these reasons following:—That the company of fishermen may be confirmed by act of parliament; and that they may have full power to choose two indifferent and two sufficient persons out of every town and village upon the said river where they may be had, to make inspection, and to take cognisance of all offenders that shall fish as before expressed; and to invest them with full power to seize upon their nets and burn them, and secure the persons, in order to have corporeal punishment inflicted upon them, and to be kept to work at Bridewell or some other place, which will be a greater terror to the offenders than the losing of their nets or a prison; for many of them, through idleness, value not to lie in a prison, when the parish are compelled to maintain their wives and children. Secondly, when every such respective town shall have two inspectors, it will be far greater discouragement to those that, otherwise, will be too ready to transgress, and that will not adventure to run so great a hazard. Thirdly, the places of fish to spawn in, and the time of their spawning, are better known to fishermen, which find them out by daily inspection and other observation, and so are made the more capable to find out the offenders of that kind, and to know their designs by the time of their going, and by the nets they have provided. Fourthly, that the places where the fish shall settle to spawn may be kept rough, that they may spawn quietly, and that no net in spawning time shall be shot there. Fifthly, those that are constituted to make inspection in every town or village, will be in a capacity to take notice what fish are sold there, viz. whether out of season, great with spawn, new spawned, or the brooding of fish, whether roach, dace, flounders, or small barbels, salmons, or the brood of fry of any other fish whatsoever, and that they may have power to seize upon the fish as unlawful, and

to present their names to the company of fishermen. Sixthly, that the said company may have full power to search shops and places, and where nets are made and sold, for unlawful nets; and if any are found, to have power to take them away, and display them; and some forfeitures, according to the nature of the offence where they are found, be inflicted. Seventhly, to conclude, with only one more pernicious practice, which is called pansing; that is to say, five or six boats will go in the night-time, and shoot their nets, one above another, to the intent they may force the fish into their nets, for those which the one misses, the other takes, which is another great cause of the scarcity of fish.' "

These, then, were the grievances above a century and a half ago: they seem to have been increasing and aggravating ever since, till the once fish-swarming and silver Thames can hardly boast of a living fin, and for aqueous beauty pretty nearly resembles the horrible sea so powerfully portrayed in Coleridge's Ancient Mariner:

> "The very deep did rot: O Christ!
> That ever this should be!
> Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea."

We will not trouble our readers with any other extracts, but merely, from among notices of matters of interest to the inhabitants of London, as well as to those of the vicinity, quote the following:

"The surveyors of the highways of this parish have received notice from the commissioners of the woods and forests, of their intention of giving up their rights in the king's road at Christmas next; it will, consequently, after that time, become a public road, and be kept in repair at the expense of the parish." This well-known path from Westminster to Hampton Court Palace, was first made a king's road in the time of Charles II.

Upon the whole, we consider Mr. Faulkner's design to be most meritorious; and in so populous a district there can be no fear of its meeting with the encouragement it deserves.

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. V.

A Latin Grammar, compiled from the best Editions of the Roman Classics now extant, and adapted to the mode of teaching by Termination. By D. B. Hickie. 12mo. pp. 240. London, Longman and Co.

THE object of this work is to correct the falsities, and supply the defects, of the Eton Latin Grammar. "Many scholars," says Mr. Hickie, "have of late engaged, professedly, in a similar undertaking, and with similar views; but all have overlooked the two great errors which disgrace the Eton Grammar, and which, above all, required correction, viz. wrong genders, and false perfects; not to speak of the absurdity of clogging the Latin verb with a host of supines which never existed except in the brains of grammarians." The author has undoubtedly succeeded in improving it in one sense, by correcting some of the falsities, and supplying many of the defects; among which, those of wrong genders and false perfects are conspicuous: but we do not approve of his mode of arrangement, and his too laconic definitions, which frequently render them abrupt and unfinished, thereby requiring parts to be supplied by the reader; for instance, "Genders, two; masculine and feminine." "Numbers, two; singular and plural." The rules for the genders of nouns, in Mr. Hickie's Grammar, appear too early; and in regard to the exceptions from the rules, no novice in learning can fix them on the mind by Latin hexameters; for what person is there, who, beginning to study the Latin language, will take the trouble to find out the meaning of all the words comprised in those hexameters? Will it not create in the pupils a great dislike to the language, and too early an idea of its difficulty? On this point the Eton Grammar has the advantage, in which the rules for the genders do not appear till the pupil has gone entirely through the accidence; when, consequently, he will be farther advanced, and better prepared to commence them. The learner has also the benefit, in the Eton Grammar, of referring to the construction (at the end of the book), to ascertain whether the meanings he assigns to the words be correct or not; but, on the other hand, the syntax of Mr. Hickie's Grammar is an improvement, with the exception of the examples being solely in Latin. On the whole, we consider this to be a clever book, and one that may be of much greater assistance to students than it can be to beginners. With the addition of the Port Royal Grammar, to those who wish to obtain a critical knowledge of the Latin language, it will be still more useful.

A Compendium of Modern Geography; with Remarks on the Physical Peculiarities, Productions, Commerce, and Government of the various Countries; Questions for Examination at the End of each Division; and Descriptive Tables, in which are given the Pronunciation, and a concise Account of all the Places that occur in the Work. Illustrated by Nine Maps. By the Rev. Alex. Stewart. 18mo. pp. 296. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

THE plan of this work, if not original, is praiseworthy. As a compendious system it is an improvement upon some of the many elementary geographical works which have preceded it. The idea of attaching a kind of gazetteer of principal places to the description of each country, does not strike us as being so useful in its principal object; because a boy must know all Mr. Stewart's book professes to teach, before he can tell where to look in it for the name of any place! There are also some odd blunders in the calculation of latitude and longitude. For instance, he states that Russia "stretches from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific Ocean, from 18 deg. to 192 deg. E. longitude, a space of more than 9000 miles!" whilst Asia is represented to have 164 deg. of longitude, from 26 deg. E. to 170 deg. W., and to be in length, "from the mouth of the Dardanelles to the Gulf of Corea, 5,400 miles!" In this computation Mr. Stewart measures Russia on a *small* circle or parallel (at about 60 deg. of N. latitude), and generously allows about 52 miles to a degree;* while in measuring Asia on a much larger circle (at about 40 degs. N. latitude), he computes only at the rate of 33 miles† to a degree! Such things betray strange carelessness in a compiler of so critical a book as a new compendium of geography. Mr. Stewart's work is, however, in some respects more entertaining for children than other publications of the same class which we see in great circulation.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

An Exposition of the Book of Psalms, Explanatory, Critical, and Devotional. By John Morison. Part I. 8vo. Pp. 176.

HE who cultivates the soil of his own mind is in the path of duty and happiness; he who improves the moral aspect of his household and his neighbourhood is happier still; but that is, after all, the noblest kind of exertion which tends to benefit the human family at large, and to instruct and console the heart of man, in whatever climate or age it may reach him. Is it not clear, that every successful effort to elicit moral truth, and to place it in a new and simple light, has in it this character of wide-spreading utility? The removal of each error is the removal of an obstacle, *pro tanto*, to happiness;—it is in darkness and neglected obscurity that noxious insects most abound;—and an incorrect or feeble appreciation of truth has much to do with the continuance of those evil habits that infest and torment our whole lives.

It might seem to our blindness, that, after the gift of revelation, no room should be left for the patient toil of translators and commentators; yet the fact is not so. And even if it should be too much to say that, in the difficulty of translating so ancient a record, it has never happened that erroneous views have been inadvertently protruded as the sacred truths of Heaven,—shall we then petulantly give up our Bibles? We may if we choose; but there is nothing better to be found; and the moral health of our people will inevitably decay. As wisely might we decapitate a man to remove a freckle on his face; or proscribe the use of water, because it may sometimes convey a particle of dust. Nevertheless, is it not highly desirable that the pure element should be brought to our lips fresh and clear as it descends from the bounteous heaven? Certainly. Just now great attention is most deservedly paid to this matter; and he who shall devise a simple and efficacious mode by which even the poor man of our vast city shall drink his cup of water pure and fresh and sparkling as it issues from the fountain, will deserve a bronze statue, and go down to posterity with honour. So, too, he that shall labour successfully in the great field of biblical criticism, and remove any obscurities or inaccuracies that may have crept in, and so give home to our bosoms the thought of inspiration in its native simplicity and force, will do a noble deed, and win to himself a high reward.

We greatly rejoice, that healthy, manly, biblical criticism is again flourishing among us. What hidden wealth have the labours of Lowth opened up to our view!—and the mine is yet very rich. It is the more matter of rejoicing, when the love of accurate biblical research is combined with a true relish for all that the Bible teaches—two qualities not always found together. Now the work before us, which has called up these reflections, does seem to us in a high degree to combine these two endowments. Here is no fanciful or mystical theory running through the exposition, and blinding the mind of the author to the plain, simple meaning of the sacred page. Truly delightful and fascinating as are many of the interpretations given by Bishop Horne, still we apprehend that all must have felt something of this tinge in perusing his work. The author of the present *Exposition of the Psalms* has wholly avoided this rock; and yet no truths are passed lightly over, nor is the prophetic character of the Psalms in the least overlooked. Very great pains have been taken to render this work useful to plain Christians, and suited to be read in the family circle: still combining with it that constant reference to the highest critical authorities, which will render it valuable to the young minister in his attempts to enter deeply into the exact force of the Hebrew text. We are pleased to observe the frequent references

* Instead of 30. † When there are 46.

to the learned commentary of Dr. Adam Clarke; and the more so, as the author is evidently by no means disposed to adopt servilely either his opinions or those of any other writer: and it also gives us pleasure, as another instance of that increasing expansion of mind which is now so happily uniting together true Christians in the bonds of friendship and good-will, however they may differ on minute and secondary matters. They only who have had some experience of the matter, can form an adequate idea of the patient labour and toil required by such an effort. He who sits down to write an essay, a tale, or a sermon, may, if in the right frame, proceed rapidly on, "currente calamo," to the conclusion; so, too, a merely hortatory exposition: but it is far otherwise with the critical annotator. He must wade through folios of the older expositors, often perplexed by their obscure and inelegant Latinity. A writer may frequently spend days in consulting the best living Hebrew critics; and after comparing their views with his own, still, perhaps, see no very distinct rendering of a passage. The Septuagint and the different versions may be pored over through many a midnight hour; and yet, perhaps, all that meets the eye as an index of the labour employed, is the observation — "An obscure passage, on which the labours of ancient and modern critics seem to have thrown little light;" and the reader passes on, unthinking of what even this has cost. But men who thus toil in the public service merit effectual patronage. Elegant sermons pass through manifold editions; but a steady, persevering effort to present the most delightful portion of the Hebrew Scriptures in their original sublimity and energy, surely merits even higher encouragement. And we are truly pleased to hear, that this work has already received the warm encomium, and very liberal support, of many of our most dignified ecclesiastics, as well as of the inquiring portion of the laity. We cordially wish the author increasing popularity; and the more so, as very arduous midnight toil still lies before him: the human mind is naturally strung up to renewed vigour and diligence by finding that its efforts are widely observed and duly appreciated.

We observe too, with pleasure, that this work, which we trust will find a place in every young student's library, is handsomely got up, as such a book should be, and yet afforded to the public at a much lower price than is frequently demanded for a book as inferior to it in typographical elegance as in real labour and utility.

The newly discovered Temple at Cadachio, in the Island of Corfu. Illustrated by William Railton, Architect.

INTERESTING, inasmuch as it contributes to our store of classical monuments, but not important as conveying new lights in architecture.

"The temple was hexastyle peripteral: there was but one entrance to the temple, which was on the eastern side: there were no antæ to the cella wall. The number of columns in the flank is restored from conjecture. There are several examples, both in Greece and Magna Græcia, of this species of temple with an equal number of columns in the flank, and also of others having double the number of those in front, among which the following may be enumerated:—the temples of Ægina, Rhamnus, Pæstum, Selinus, and Ægesta. The intercolumniation is wide, contrary to the general rule of the Greeks in erecting temples in the Doric style; but this is not the only example remaining of a similar deviation. The portico of Philip of Macedon at Delos, and the Doric temple at Gnidus, are instances in which they have exceeded the diastyle. * * *

"The discovery of this temple" (noticed at the time, and described in the *Literary Gazette*) "was owing to the following circumstance:—The springs at Cadachio, which supply our navy with water, being unusually low in the autumn of 1822, the engineers, under the command of Col. Whitmore, were employed to ascertain the cause. While digging, a Doric column being discovered *in situ*, led to a further excavation, which brought to light the ground-plan of the temple. The columns of the west or the land side were in their places, as were also five of the south, and two on the north side, but in a very mutilated state. The walls of the cella, with the exception of two courses, have been removed: in the interior there are some curious remains of an altar; the rest of the building has, together with the cliff, fallen into the sea."

The plates (five in number), consisting of a plan and elevation, with sections, &c. of details, are neatly executed.

Poems, Sacred and Miscellaneous. By George Woods, jun. 8vo. pp. 167. London, Baldwin and Cradock.

A VOLUME of sacred compositions, from their character and objects paraphrastic, and rather cultivating religious feeling than aiming at poetical excellence. If, therefore, they are to be esteemed for their propriety, they cannot be exalted for their inspiration.

The Missionary Gazetteer. By C. Williams. 12mo. pp. 492. London, Westley and Davis.

FOLLOWING the example of an American publication, the editor of this Gazetteer has given a geographical and historical account of the stations known to missionary societies of every kind. He also notes their progress in *evangelisation*, which gives the work a cast of opinion rather than of science. Mr. Smith, the missionary in Demerara, consequently occupies a large space in that colony—a space which future generations would scout, if it were possible to fancy that a miserable religious controversy could be handed down to posterity in any reprint of a book of information. We allude to this (one of many similar errors) for the sake of declaring our opinion, that all works purporting to be of general utility should be purged of particular, sectarian, or political objects.

Don Juan.—We mentioned the other day Davison's new and handsome edition of Don Juan, in two volumes, printed in a style of neatness which does credit even to this eminent typographer's typography. There are, besides, (which we omitted to notice), two engraved frontispieces, by E. Finden, from Westall, of the scene of wretchedness on shipboard, and of Juan shipwrecked, watched over by Haidee (rather tall); which are very appropriate embellishments to the fair tomes.

The Life of the celebrated Sir Francis Drake, the first English Circumnavigator, &c. &c. Imp. 8vo. pp. 72. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THIS work has been put together from Camden's and Stowe's Annals, Betham's Baronetage, Hakluyt's Voyages, Purchas's Pilgrims, Monson's Naval Tracts, and other sources of information. We have perused it with great satisfaction; and merely mention it as one of those books which are likely to be prized as rarities in the libraries of the curious. An excellent portrait, lithographed, gives much additional value to the volume.

Mechanic's Magazine. Vol. IX. Knight and Lacey.

To this volume of a very useful miscellany is prefixed a fearful portrait of the Duke of Sussex, "bearded like a pard." It quite disguises H. R. H., and renders his honest, English, good-looking countenance, the face of a barbarous hulan or pandour, most ugly to behold. We trust his Royal Highness does not carry his love of Hebrew literature to the extent of changing a British Prince into the similitude of an old Jew clothesman.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, August 30.

I KNOW not if a work by Madame Neckar, entitled *L'Education Progressive*, has yet appeared in England; it has met here with universal and merited applause. I have only read a part of it; but sufficient to be certain of its being well received by all parents who wish to make their children something better than machines, and think the education of reason superior to that of force. What pleases me particularly in this volume is, that the fair author differs from other writers on the same subject, and proves that education is never finished; but that each epoch of life requires a particular study, according to the duties required. Madame Neckar shews, also, how necessary it is to consult the inclinations and tastes of a child, and never make it a being merely subordinate to discipline.

The *Académie Française* has proposed several prizes for the years 1829 and 1830. Ten thousand francs will be awarded him who shall write the best treatise on *l'Influence des Loix sur les Mœurs, et de l'Influence des Mœurs sur les Loix*: this question is a most interesting one, and promises to be well developed; for more than one man of genius has undertaken to resolve it. *De la Charité, considerée dans son Principe, dans ses Applications, et dans son Influence sur les Mœurs et sur l'Economie Sociale*, is another subject given for the pen of talent to dissert upon, and no doubt will be well treated in one sense; but as man revolts at the very word *charity*, and considers it as derogatory to the dignity of his feelings, I believe that the best thing the Academy could do, would be to vote it out of their Dictionary, and supply its place by some other which conveys less humiliation in the sound.

The Minister of the Interior paid a visit to the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, and discovered that it was not vast enough, that a new *salle* would be necessary, in order to place together the volumes most in requisition: this observation on his part brought to my mind one which, perhaps, the most profound thinker in France made on the same occasion, "that the most benevolent act to society would be to burn every book; so as to let men work on a new canvass, draw from their own sources of observation, and not from old ideas, which, though suited to the times they were written for, cannot be applied to the present." But ministers and thinkers generally differ widely.

The famous Dr. Gall's death has occasioned much regret,—at least so say the journals, who never fail to eulogise the dead. He may have merited the high encomiums pronounced on him; but one cannot help regretting, generally speaking, that this perfectibility of virtue,

which is described on tomb-stones, in the newspapers, &c. &c., after the exit of great men, is not more evidently revealed during their lifetimes. The doctor expired in great agony, it is said, at his country-house, near *Mont Rouge*, rather an anti-philosophical residence.

Fêtes are still going on, thanks to all the good saints who have lived before us! *Le Jour de St. Louis* was kept at St. Cloud, in honour of the Duke d'Angoulême. The band of the guards played all the morning under his windows:—they are exquisite musicians; to hear them perform the airs of Henry IV. is a treat for the soul, even the soul of a prince: they have no small flutes or fifes, which the French are so fond of, but which destroy the effect of martial music. In the evening there was a spectacle *à la cour:* the *troupe* from the Théâtre de Feydeau performed the *Héritage* and *La Voiture renversée*, which seemed to amuse his majesty—but he always appears pleased. The ballet was splendid, and, as the company were all in full dress, the *coup d'œil* was superb. The Duchess d'Angoulême was dressed in white and diamonds, and looked very queenly; the ambassadors, marshals, and grand personages, were placed near the orchestra, the theatre being too small to furnish them with boxes: they had previously had the honour of dining with the king. The military on guard alone seemed not to enjoy the scene: standing for such a length of time in a heated atmosphere is no small trial of strength; added to which, these gentlemen appeared ready to drop beneath the weight of their swords, helmets, and embroidered uniform.

As I was walking home the other evening, my attention was drawn to one of those ambulating *show houses*, around which stood a crowd of nearly two hundred people. On the front of the machine was painted a human being dressed in the Turkish style: a great fat woman, with a monkey beside her, declaimed on the beauty and curiosity of the extraordinary creature within, whose thumb resembled a dog, each finger a different animal, and in the palm a rose in full bloom, and of great splendour. Having rather a horror of monstrosities, and being no amateur of the vagaries of nature, I had not courage to accept the fair lady's invitation to enter, notwithstanding her tempting me by offering me credit for two sous, and calling me by some flattering epithets: so I awaited the descent of others, whose curiosity counterbalanced their fear; and they assured me the hand of the man was such as described. A naturalist, who heard the fact, pretends that this man has passed six metempsychoses. As I stood there for about ten minutes, I am sure they received above three francs; indeed, sights are among the most lucrative employments followed by the working classes; but when once they have recourse to a life of *vagabondage* they cannot again turn to labour: this they avow themselves.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FRENCH VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

The Gazette of Java, of 22d March, gives some particulars of the course followed by the French corvette *l'Astrolabe*, commanded by Captain Dumont d'Urville, which has touched at Amboyna. The corvette bore four years ago the name of the *Coquille*, and performed nearly the same voyage, under the command of Lieut. Duperry, M. Dumont d'Urville being at that time second in command. M. Dumont, who sailed from Toulon 25th April, 1826, had explored several points of New Holland, touched at Port Jackson, and then continued his voyage to New Zealand. He passed three months near that large island, and discovered numerous bays, channels, and islands, hitherto unknown. He then proceeded to the Fidjee archipelago, which he traversed in various directions, and found a hundred islets erroneously placed in the charts, and twenty others wholly unknown. The Astrolabe had afterwards visited the New Hebrides, the Loyalty Islands, the north part of the reef (*récif*) of New Caledonia, the east part of La Louisade, the Langlan isles, and anchored in Port Cotterel, New Ireland, 5th July, 1827. He then ran along the south coast of New Britain, where he was exposed to great danger. On the 3d of August, 1827, he passed Dampier's Straits, and sailed very close to New Guinea, where the fine weather allowed him to make with facility correct observations. M. Dumont has left at Amboyna a live Bahiroussa, which he intends to take on board again on his return back to Europe. He is looking for, and hopes also to find, a live Nautilus.

The French government has received a letter from Captain Dumont, dated Hobart's Town, Van Diemen's Land, January 4, 1828. It was there he first heard of the discoveries of Captain Dillon, of the Research, relative to La Pérouse.* He hoped to sail the next day to visit Tucopia and the Malliccolo isles, to ascertain the correctness of Captain Dillon's discoveries.

LA PEROUSE.

In the last Number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* there is a paper on the expeditions which, at various times, have been sent in search of the unfortunate Pérouse, at the close of which it is asserted that, although probable, it is by no means certain, that the vessels known to have been wrecked on a reef off the Manicolo Island, were the Boussole and her consorte. Could the writer of that paper have seen the *Literary Gazette* of the 12th of April last, in which is a letter from Mr. John Russell, an officer on board the Research (a vessel despatched by the Indian government for the purpose of making every possible inquiry on the subject), to his uncle Sir W. Betham, describing the various articles which had been found on the island, and especially a part of a plated candlestick, on which was engraved a shield with arms, of which arms we inserted an accurate engraving, and shewed that they were the arms of the family of Colignon, the name of the botanist on board the Boussole? This fact, as we observed at the time, afforded conclusive evidence that the vessels whose wrecks have thus been traced could be no other than M. de la Pérouse's ships. How is it that so incontrovertible a proof escaped the attention of the writer in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, whose main object, indeed, seems to have been the introduction of an ode on the subject?

ACADEMIE ROYALE DES SCIENCES.

An analysis has been published by the two secretaries of the Académie Royale des Sciences, at Paris, of the labours of the Academy during the year 1827. They appear to have been numerous and valuable. Besides a variety of communications from scientific correspondents, both in France and elsewhere, many important contributions have been made by members of the Academy. Among others, posthumous papers by M. Laplace, exhibiting new means of working the long calculations of the distances of the planets; experiments by M. Biot on the pendulum, shewing that it is susceptible of great variations, and therefore that it is not a good standard of measure; inquiries by M. Fourier into the temperature of the spaces in which the planets move; meteorological observations by M. Bouvard; experiments on the refraction of a rare mineral in the Tyrol, by M. Biot; four memoirs on the laws of sound by M. Savart; a paper by M. Girard on roads, railways, and canals, in which the preference is given to the last; calculations respecting the known comets of our system by M. Damoiseau; hydrographic works by Rear Admiral de Rossel, M. Beautemps-Beaupré, and others; numerous and interesting communications from the Baron Dupin; &c. &c.

* See the *Literary Gazette* for Sir W. Betham's account of these discoveries; and above, for our notice of the *Revue Encyclopédique's* ignorance of them.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KING'S COLLEGE.

We have reason to believe, from what we have heard of this Institution, that its site will be in the Regent's Park, where there is an eligible space, of about fourteen acres, at the disposal of the crown. His Majesty, there can be no doubt, desires to shew his approbation of a college founded under the auspices of his ministers, and supported by the weight of the established church; and it is equally certain, that a grant of this kind would be a far more valuable and effectual patronage than any sum of money, however munificent. The necessary arrangements are, accordingly, expected to take place, which will at once set the design into active motion. The localities hitherto proposed have all been found deficient in some important respect. The ground at the top of the Bird-cage Walk, towards Pimlico, though central and convenient, and with an adequate extent of frontage, wanted depth—having indeed little more than enough for a considerable dwelling-house. Another site was offered on the Lambeth side of the river, near the end of Westminster Bridge, opposite to the Speaker's house; but the lowness of the neighbourhood, and other causes, presented obstacles to this plan which could not be surmounted. Similar objections, including a toll-bar, appeared to the Surrey end of Waterloo Bridge, where another space might have been obtained. Unless, therefore, such a spot as that we have mentioned in the Regent's Park is appointed, we know not where the King's College could be erected. The amount of the subscription is now about £166,000.

EGYPTIAN PAPYRI.

Some of the journals have already mentioned that M. Champollion, jun. having, on his way to Egypt, stopped at Aix, was informed that a M. Sallier had some Egyptian curiosities, among which M. C. found several papyri of great value. The following is the detailed account of this discovery:—

"These papyri, ten or twelve in number, were purchased some years ago, with a collection of antiquities from Egypt, of a sea-faring man, a native of that country. Most of them contain prayers or rituals, of different lengths, which had been placed in mummy cases. There is among them a contract for a sale, made under the reign of one of the Ptolemies; and, lastly, three rolls together, written in magnificent demotic characters, which we know were used for civil purposes. M. Champollion could not sufficiently express his astonishment and joy, when, on inspecting the first of these rolls, which is pretty voluminous, he discovered that it contained the *History of the Campaigns of Sesostris Rhamses*, called also Sethos, Sethosis, and Sesosis; and that

it gave the most circumstantial details respecting his conquests, the countries which he traversed, and the strength and composition of his army. The MS. concludes with the declaration of the historian, who, after having recorded his name and his titles, states that he wrote in the ninth year of the reign of Sesostris Rhamesses, the king of kings, the lion of battle, the arm to which God has given strength, and other periphrases in the oriental style. It is to be remarked, that the ninth year mentioned by the writer is the same which Diodorus Siculus designates as that of the return of Sesostris to Egypt. This period immediately succeeds the times of Moses, and the great Sesostris was probably the son of the king who pursued the Hebrews to the Red Sea. Perhaps, too, he is the same Ægyptus who compelled his brother Danaus, or Armais, to seek refuge in Greece, because he had attempted during his absence to seize on the throne. On the same MS. of which we have been speaking, after a blank space, another composition begins, called '*Praises of the great King Amemnengon.*' Some leaves only, which are separated by intervals, and marked with numbers, finish this roll, and constitute the commencement of the history which is continued in the second of these papyri. We may perhaps conjecture that this Amemnengon reigned before Sesostris, since the author wrote in the ninth year of the reign of the latter. This presumption may also be confirmed by the acknowledged custom of representing in the Egyptian monuments after the principal character the figure of his father, and sometimes of his grandfather. Besides, the successor of Sesostris bears in Herodotus the name of Pheron, in Diodorus that of Sesostris II., and in Manetho that of Rapsaces or Rapses; whereas his father is called Amenophis or Amenoph,—a name which has a considerable resemblance to that on the MS. A more careful investigation will remove all uncertainty in this respect."

The third roll treats of astronomy or astrology, or most likely of both these sciences: it has not yet been unrolled, but it is easy to foresee that it will be highly interesting. It will perhaps make us acquainted with the observations which had been made in ancient times, and the system of the heavens, according to the notions of the Egyptians and the Chaldeans, the nations who, in all probability, were the first that cultivated that science.

To the preceding details, we must add the description of a small figure of basalt, which was found with the three rolls.

"It represents a man kneeling, whose height, if the figure were standing, would be eleven inches, the head being fifteen lines. He is leaning on a kind of table, the upper part of which is in the form of a desk; the hands placed upon it, but which are broken off, were probably in the attitude of writing. On the front of the desk is carved the *cartouche* of Sesostris; and on the back of the figure, in hieroglyphic characters, the name of the person, with the title of *singer and friend of Sesostris*. M. Champollion had made a drawing of this figure before he saw the papyri.

"Every thing induces us to believe that it is the same writer whose portrait and works were found in his tomb. How important, therefore, must these writings be, since their author, a contemporary of Sesostris, could not have exercised the functions with which he was invested without attending the hero in his victorious career.

"The publication of these papyri, which will not be delayed, will shew the importance of the discovery due to the zeal and ability of M. Champollion, and give him farther claims to the gratitude of the learned world, which has long placed him among those to whom science owes the greatest obligations."*

FINE ARTS.

ARTS AND ARTISTS.—NO. II.

Few admirers of English art, as it existed five and twenty or thirty years ago, but are well acquainted with the pictures of Julius Cæsar Ibbetson, and with his versatility of pencil as a landscape and cattle painter. His talents, in the variety of his styles, have not inaptly been compared to those of D. Teniers: yet, like many other men of great ability, his genius was no match for poverty. Involved in difficulties, and not having the good fortune, like Morland, to be able to find a ready sale for his works, he fell into the hands of those who could,—not under his name, but under those of Wilson, Berghem, &c.

It was the practice of any of his employers, when applied to by some rich amateur for a picture from the hand of a favourite master, to say that they had not one just then, but that they were in treaty for a superb specimen—a perfect gem. In a fortnight, or a little more, it would be forthcoming;—and so it was. Italian canvass, or, if on panel, Florence oak, attested its character; and the subject and handling were evidently those of the master. "It had been carefully and judiciously cleaned;—a *leetle* tinge, the mark of age, yet remained; but it was thought better not to go too far, lest some of the glazing might be removed:" and in this way the farce was carried on, to the no small mortification of the artist-fabricator, whose "poverty, but not his will," consented thus to the prostitution of his powers.

At length, however, Ibbetson broke through the trammels by which he had been confined, and appeared in his own character as an artist. His abilities then attracted the notice (among many others) of M. de Loutherbourg, who introduced him to Mons. Desenfans, of pictorial memory. An invitation to breakfast placed Ibbetson and Loutherbourg in Mons. Desenfans' parlour, the walls of which were covered with *chefs-d'œuvre* of art; and the judgment of the young painter was tried and exercised on the merits of the several masters and schools; until, arriving at a picture which seemed to attract Ibbetson's particular regard, Mons. Desenfans observed—"That, Mr. Ibbetson, is a very beautiful example of David Teniers." There was a pause. Mons. Desenfans requested Ibbetson's opinion; whose answer, after another pause, was: "That picture, sir?—that picture *I* painted!" Here was "confusion worse confounded." The collector had been taken in; his judgment had been committed. The murder, however, was out. Marks and circumstances proved the fact beyond the possibility of controversy. The good-natured Loutherbourg endeavoured to "take up this mangled matter at the best:"—"he had frequently been deceived;" nay, he went farther, and told how, in his younger days, he had himself manufactured a few old masters. Whether or not this apology mended the business, we know not; but certain it is that poor Ibbetson was never again asked to breakfast with Mons. Desenfans.*

We recollect another instance of fallibility of judgment in a gentleman equally conversant with the fine arts, and who had shewn equal taste in collecting specimens of them. At a period somewhat later than that to which we have just adverted, the prejudices existing in favour of foreign art extended to china-painting; and it was roundly asserted, that neither the colours nor the talents of the English china-painters could vie with those of the French. Accident, however, brought this question to the test. The gentleman alluded to having occasion to employ one of our best china-painters,—the late Thomas Baxter,—in some ordinary work, the china-closet was opened, for the purpose of giving the order; when a highly finished piece of porcelain on one of the shelves attracted the notice of the artist. "That, Mr. Baxter," said the gentleman, "you perceive is French." "Yes, sir," answered Baxter, "the porcelain is French, but the painting is English." "How know you that, sir? I bought it for French." "I painted it myself for Mr. ——, in Fleet Street." This proved to be actually the case. It was the common practice at that time for the masters of china-shops to procure the porcelain from France, and have it painted on in this country.

Numerous other cases might be adduced to shew the strong prejudices which formerly existed in favour of foreign pictures, foreign sculpture, foreign china, and foreign every thing. The good sense of the present day has, however, in a great measure dispelled those prejudices; and we trust they will soon entirely disappear.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Macbeth. Engraved in mezzotinto by Thomas Lupton, from a Drawing by John Martin. Walter B. Tiffin.

In the print before us, the spirit of inspiration is poured out in an equal degree as in

* We cannot better than in this place request attention to an announced publication, which is not only valuable as a contribution towards unravelling the mysteries of ancient Egyptian lore, but singularly deserving of patronage as a work of gratitude and humanity—of gratitude to poor Belzoni, who ventured so much in this cause—and of humanity to his widow, who cheered his labours, and now in poverty laments his loss. We allude to a Prospectus issued by Mr. Churchill, of Leicester Square, for publishing a complete Series of Lithographic Engravings, from the Original Model of the Egyptian Tomb, now in the possession of Mrs. Belzoni; and dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Clarence.—This magnificent sepulchre, we may remind our readers (quoting the Prospectus), is a vast excavation in a rock, and the model is constructed on a scale of one-sixth of the tomb. The numerous passages and halls of which it consists are painted and covered with figures and hieroglyphics in basso-relievo. The whole length of the excavation is three hundred and nine feet; and was discovered by Belzoni in the valley of Beban el Malook, near Thebes, in the year 1818. The plan of the Valley and sections of the Tomb, to be seen at Mr. Churchill's, give a general idea of the intended lithographic copy, or great Atlas of this important relic of antiquity, which will contain at least eighty plates. "The expense of a work of such magnitude makes it necessary (continues the announcement) to secure two hundred subscribers before the undertaking can commence; and it is proposed to bring it out in Numbers, from twelve to fourteen, at twenty-five shillings each. The anxiety which the late Mr. Belzoni always expressed to preserve this precious manuscript to science (as its hieroglyphics and historical figures may be considered a biography of the entombed king), at length induces his widow to the present exertion, although nearly sinking under the pressure of the many complicated difficulties which she has encountered since his death. She, therefore, confidently relies on the liberal sentiments of every friend to science for encouragement to enable her to effect so desirable an object. Mrs. Belzoni, wishing to facilitate the study of hieroglyphics, intends adding to the Atlas a classification of hieroglyphics observed in the tomb."—Most sincerely do we wish her success; and when we consider the excellence of the design we can hardly doubt it, even were the appeal made to a community far less enlightened and benevolent than that of the British empire.—*Ed. L. G.*

* Ibbetson published a whimsical book entitled "Humbugalogia," in which he fully exposed the ignorance and tricks of professed picture-dealers. Among other rather coarse, but very forcible, illustrations which it contained, was one to the following effect:—"These people say they have a great love for the fine arts:—yes; just such a love as a butcher has for a fat ox!"

others of this artist's extraordinary performances. The wild and romantic scenery of the desolate heath, the chaotic character of cloud and rock, together with the vanishing of the witches, are so embodied by his pencil, that the shapes and "airy nothings" of imagination receive from it "a local habitation and a name." The print is executed with a power and skill in unison with the subject, and may be ranked among Mr. Lupton's best efforts.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. By Edmund Lodge, Esq. Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A., &c. Part XXXIII.

KING CHARLES I.; James, Marquess of Hamilton; Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; Edward Montagu, Earl of Manchester; and Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyll;—form the thirty-third Part, and complete the eighth volume of this interesting national work. Inequalities must occasionally occur in carrying on a publication of such extent; and the present Part is certainly not one of the finest that has appeared. Great allowances, however, must always be made for engravers, who are obliged so to execute their plates, as to ensure their yielding a large number of impressions. To that consideration, the exceeding opposition of black and white, in the portrait of Charles, is probably to be attributed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MISANTHROPE TO HIS SON.

"This is but one from many
Of life's chequer'd scenes."—*L. E. L.*

THOU leav'st me for the world—the false, the vain,
The treacherous world—alas! too soon to [know
How bitter is the fruit thou wouldst obtain!
How mean the core of that vast gilded show!
How deep the arts there practised to beguile!
How black the purpose veil'd there 'neath a smile!

Spare not thy father—bid his aged eyes
Turn to the grave, forgetting earthly love;
Leave him—with not a hope beneath the skies,
Save that swift death his sorrows may re- [move;
Bid the *last* link of life be like the first;
Go, leave this bruised and aching heart to burst!

Clasp the alluring world to thy young breast;
Believe it the great glory it appears:
Though it brought daggers to thy father's rest—
Though it brought poison to thy father's [tears—
Deem thou the world as noble as it seems,
And wake to madness from thy splendid dreams.

If Happiness on earth hath an abode,
She dwells among the forest leaves and flowers;
She speaks before the shrine of Nature's God;
She smiles in beauty through the summer hours;—
Not in bright hall, nor crowded citadel—
Not with the high nor wealthy may she dwell.

Not with the high, even though all be won—
They're fretted by the very toys they crave;
Not with the wealthy, for their souls are gone
With their adventurous vessels o'er the wave;
Not in the glitt'ring dance—there Envy sips
The blushing rose from young and lovely lips.

Return to our rude cave: still be thy hand
My gentle guide through the tall ancient woods—
The only lasting glory of the land,
God's arm hath rear'd within his solitudes:
Then perfect not the deed thou hast begun—
Break not thy father's heart, my son! my son!

July 29th, 1828. C. SWAIN.

MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

(*From the German of Gleim.*)

MY native land, on thy sweet shore
Lighter heaves the breast;
Could I tread thy soil once more,
How I should be blest!

Heart, so anxious and so pained,
Fitting is thy wo:
My native land, what have I gained
By wandering from thee so?

Fairer green bedecks thy fields,
Lovelier blue thy skies,
Cooler shade thy forest yields,
Dew brighter on thee lies.

Thy sabbath-bells a sweeter note
Echo far and near;
Thy nightingale's melodious throat
Thrills more sweet the ear.

Softer flow thy lavish streams
Through the meadow's bloom;
Oh, how beautiful the dreams
'Neath thy lindens' gloom!

Fair thy sun and temperate,
Genial light and heat:
To my father's household-gate
Let me bend my feet;
There, forgetting all the past,
I will rest my limbs at last!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. X.

Paper Peat of In—th—n.

THE clerical worthy distinguished far and wide by the above literary cognomen, was not long ago the spiritual director of the small parish of In—th—n, a spot now much resorted to as a watering-place by the natives of the "Modern Athens." Its mineral spa is generally believed to be the St. Ronan's Well of the northern magician. The village is delightfully situated on the banks of the Tweed, where its waters are joined by the river Quair. The surrounding scenery is beautifully picturesque, the fine mansion of the Earl of Traquair forming a prominent feature in the landscape. The parish church is a curious old structure, but not such a curiosity as its former worthy occupant, known by the name of Paper Peat. The origin of his being complimented for life with the above facetious title, is attributed to a certain unlucky sermon he preached many years ago. His gude folk held in most orthodox abhorrence all read discourses, and even scunnered* at the idea of notes, however brief. They considered this practice as a manifest proof of the incapacity of the minister; and if he really happened to be an able man, it was viewed by them as an unpardonable aggravation, since, by gluing his optics on a few scraps of paper, he lamentably and sinfully fettered his gifts and graces, and left no door open for the inpouring of the Spirit. The good pastor well knew the extreme dislike his hearers had to the weary bits o' paper; but being plagued with a treacherous memory, he was obliged to have recourse to them. In order, however, to elude as much as possible the vigilant eye of the congregation, he made use of sundry half sheets of paper, headed, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on, to the final scrap, containing *uses of terror*, or *encouragement*, according as the thunders of Mount Sinai, or the blessings of Mount Zion, happened to predominate in the discourse. These important slips of paper were deposited on the left page of the Bible; and when he had exhausted one, he, in a truly legerdemain style, slid it over to the right page. But, alas! cunning as the poor minister thought himself, he was one fatal day doomed to essay the pangs of complete exposure and lasting mortification. He had got the length of *thirdly*, when, lo! the indispensable scrap had vanished, as if by the agency of the foul fiend himself. In a state of unspeakable confusion, he thus went on: "Thirdly, my beloved brethren"—(a long and awful pause, wound up by an emphatic hem, or rather groan)—"I say, my beloved brethren, thirdly"—(hem, hem). "We come now, my dear friends, in the third place" (hem, hem, hem), (all the time groping amongst the papers with increasing agitation, and the perspiration breaking on his poor oblivious brow in agonising drops). The manuscript truant in question had unluckily fallen over the pulpit, where it was picked up by an auld wife, seated, for deafness' sake, on one of the steps. With the aid of her spectacles, she contrived to make out the leading word, and forthwith bawled out, to the infinite discomfiture of miserable *Mess John*, "Dear sir, here's *thirdly lying here!*"

* Shuddered.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Bells, at Eve, were ringing. Song, Words, and Music, by W. Ball. London, W. George.

THE first verse of this song, though borrowing a thought from Moore, is very tender and poetical; and the air is one of the sweetest which Mr. Ball has composed. It is calculated to be an especial favourite among the abundance of simple melodies now published.

The Family Man; a Song. Composed by T. H. Bayly, Esq. London, Willis.

TEN children, besides a baby at the breast, ("oh, for the days of good king Herod!") are represented in the lithographic embellishment of this piece of music. The song is a pleasantry; and at Christmas time, or any other time, when multitudinous families do assemble (invito Malthus-o), may occasion a laugh,—all graver considerations of the quantity of food, the numbers of pairs of shoes, and the sundries, et-ceteras, &c., being at such periods complacently forgotten.

Day is departing. By I. Willis. Willis.

THIS ballad-melody, on three notes, may be peculiar, but to our tastes it is wondrous insipid. We remember something of the same sort by Eavestaff, in a Selection of French Melodies, which pleased from its novelty,—the idea, however, was not worth repetition.

The Lamb astray; a Pastoral. By W. Ball. Symphonies, &c. by Moschelles. J. Power.

WE have so pretty and so simple a pastoral as to make us wish that more compositions of that kind were published.

Let Joy be remembered now. The Words and Music by T. Moore. J. Power.

THE music has much of grace and beauty; the words are inferior to the generality of Moore's lyrical compositions.

Select Airs from Cosi fan Tutti. Arranged for the piano-forte, by Vincent Novello. Book I.

EVERY body knows how very beautiful Mozart's music in the Cosi fan Tutti is, so that we need say nothing farther of this selection than that it is worthy of a place in every music-stand.

1. *The broken Bower.* 2. *I'm a bright Wanderer.* By C. Cope Temple, Esq. Cramer and Co.

THESE are two of the sweetest songs we have heard for many a day. The first bears a strong family-likeness to the old air of "Bobbing Joan;" the last is light, unaffected, and beautifully set.

Musard's Fourth Set of Quadrilles. Boosey.

As ugly a *set* as ever attempted to *set* little feet *a*-twinkling. With a full band the tunes might be tolerable; but otherwise they are in-tolerable.

I brought thee hither. Written by Mr. Baddeley. Composed by Sola. Faulkner.

OF this strain we need only say that it is one of the sweetest that ever Sola composed.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

A MR. BENSON made his appearance at the Haymarket on Tuesday evening, as *Young Meadows*, in *Love in a Village*. Why, why will they attempt opera at this house, with such an orchestra and such a company? Besides, comedy and farce are the true elements of the Haymarket, and music is neither expected nor desired. It was merely tolerated when Vestris was there,—and, she gone, "all the rest is leather and prunella." We look forward to the production of something more natural to the establishment in the *Barber Baron*, which we are told is a translation, by a new hand, from *Le Barbier Châtelain*, a piece playing with some success in Paris.—Where is Kenny? Where is Poole? Are they lost or mislaid—stolen or strayed? If they do not make us laugh very soon, we shall certainly have them cried.

The sad jumble called *Miss Wright, or Courting by Proxy*, to which we alluded in our last, has been withdrawn; and, we hope, to make way for something worthy the present reputation of the English Opera House. A new opera, called the *Pirates of Genoa*, the music by the celebrated Weigl, the composer of the Schweitzer Familie, was announced for last night, and (if performed, for it has been postponed several times,) we trust succeeded.

SURREY THEATRE.

ON Tuesday, Mr. Elliston made an effort, very creditable for a suburban theatre, to represent an opera with the music of Von Weber. Its name is *Sylvana*, and it is of the romantic cast, comprehending bold barons, fair damsels in distress, hermits, hunters, wild forests, tournaments, and the usual et cetera of chivalrous times, including a bear, which we were extremely disappointed in finding did not turn out to be the father of the heroine. He was, incontinently, shot; and we could not help exclaiming, as he rolled over—

> On the *bare* earth exposed he lies,
> Without a friend to close his eyes—

for they were of exceedingly bright yellow glass, though by no means glazed or glassy in death. The real human father of Sylvana, however, lived on, a much greater brute and savage than the slain Bruin, and most accurately personated by Mr. Yardley, who, it may be remembered, recovered his sight by a flash of lightning, and, in consequence, still retains such a flash in his eye, as to be quite terrific upon the stage. Nothing, in fact, could be more vivid than his representation, whether gleaming horribly on his victims, or waving his dagger in the most fork-like style which we ever witnessed:

> Behold his eye,
> As bright as is the eagle's, *lightens* forth.

But what added greatly to the effect produced by this gentleman's coruscations, was his admirable imitation of the thunder when he sung. While he roared, *we*, as Milton says,

> With the voice divine
> Nigh *thunder-struck*, the exalted man, to whom
> Such high attest was given, a while surveyed
> With wonder.

It was not, of course, to be expected that any other of the masculine characters could compare with this; and therefore, speaking of the rest of the men-folks, we can only state, that Phillips was one baron with two songs, and flourished exceedingly; that Miss Graddon was another baron, of awful warlike proportions, and a most sweet pipe; and that Mr. Vale was a cowardly servitor of considerable humour, who sang, very cleverly, a song of dubiety, each verse archly ending with "perhaps" (the idea from a French vaudeville song, *Peut-être*); and a second song of no dubiety at all, being a very indecent and ribald production, with a chorus fit for no where that can be mentioned. Mrs. Fitzwilliam was Sylvana, and her pantomime (for she had nothing to say or sing) was replete with nature and force: it might possibly be said to want grace, but the failing was compensated by truth and energy. Miss Helme, the only other female of note in the piece, sang as like Miss Paton as she could, and was, though some hundred leagues behind that most accomplished Siren, pleasing even in her imitation.—With regard to the music, that of the whole first act is as fine as we have heard in any theatre; and if the curtain dropped there, we would say that it was one of the highest treats that could be given to the public: the choruses are equal to any thing Weber ever composed. But the sequel, with a few pretty passages, is very wearisome, and is, we are prone to think, sadly interpolated in the musical way. The scenery is in general worthy of much praise. The *dénouement* is more happy than could be expected, from the early catastrophe of the bear—and we really cannot see why he should be killed outright: there is the heroine saved when an infant, by the assassin *rocking* her to sleep instead of throwing her over the *precipices*, as he was commanded; and why the poor animal should not also be rescued, after tumbling down from the rifle-shot, seems to us to be inconsistent with the good nature of the author, and the character of the symphonies.

French Plays.—In consequence of some new arrangements, we are informed that M. Mar, the editor of the *Furet de Londres*, has separated from M. Chedelle, and has no concern with the management of the French company, whose performances are still announced at the West London Theatre.

VARIETIES.

Stuttering.—Mr. James Wright, a teacher of elocution, recommends reading in a whisper (gradually augmented to a louder tone), as a remedy for stuttering. The several organs of articulation ought, he observes, to be distinctly known and exercised; and especial care should be taken to avoid those distortions of countenance which usually attend stammering.

Corn in France.—Forty years ago, when the population of France was only twenty-five millions, the annual produce of corn was about fourteen thousand millions of pounds. At present, when the population is estimated at thirty-one millions, the annual produce of corn is very little more; and there is neither exportation nor importation of that article. It is presumed, therefore, that the land which has been brought into cultivation since the revolution, has been devoted to the growth of leguminous plants and of potatoes, rather than to that of wheat and other grain.

Fossil Bones.—Fossil bones, similar to those found in caves in Germany and England, have lately been discovered in the cavern of Miremont, in the department of La Dordogne in France. They were near the surface, imbedded in red clay, and are friable and fractured. They consist principally of teeth and bones resembling those of the bear with the arched forehead, fossil remains of which have been found at Iserlohn and elsewhere in Germany. There are no stalactites in the cavern of Miremont. In one part of it, under several strata of marl, which seem of a more recent formation than those of the red clay, fragments of earthenware have been found, strongly resembling those which have been discovered, though rarely, in certain ruins and modern alluvial soils; and the form, colour, and other properties of which denote them to belong to a period anterior to the introduction of Roman arts into Gaul.

Comets.—The two comets, which are soon to appear, excite much interest. According to the calculations of M. Damoiseau, of the French Academy, that, the mean revolution of which is 2460 days, will arrive at the perihelion on the 27th of November, 1832, at thirty-two minutes, twenty-one seconds after eleven: its perturbations may be nine days, fifteen hours, fifty-six minutes, twenty-seven seconds. The comet, the period of which is three years and a third, has a less irregular motion. It will re-appear towards the end of the present summer: on the 11th of November it will reach its shortest distance from the earth; and towards the middle of the 10th of January, 1829, it will arrive at the perihelion. It is hoped that the observations on this comet will tend to resolve the important question as to the resistance of the ether to the movements of celestial bodies.—*Foreign Journal.*

Arabic Sayings.—Reside where thou wilt, acquire knowledge and virtue, and they will stand thee in the place of ancestors: the man is he who can say, "See what I am;" not he who says, "See what my father was."—When God would display in broad day a virtue hidden in the shade, he excites against it the tongue of the envious. If the flame did not catch every thing surrounding it, the exquisite perfume of the aloes would be unknown.—This life is but a fragile fragment; senseless is he who attaches himself to it: what is passed is dead; what is to come is hidden: thou hast only the moment in which thou breathest.—Thy life is divided into two portions; consider well what they are: that which is gone, is a dream; that which remains, a wish.

Geology.—The energy with which the Germans cultivate geology and mineralogy is particularly exemplified by a virtuosi society of gentlemen of Heidelberg, who, for the promotion of science, have not only united ta-

lent, but, at a considerable expense, have commenced their laudable purpose of collecting rocks and minerals, to an unprecedented extent. It is carried on by subscription; and the society supply a series of all the rocks in the known world, every six months, in small sets, the products of its labours. Three sets have been already furnished to the first subscribers.

Berlin Museum.—A great addition has been made to the Berlin Museum by the purchase of that of General Koller, at Prague.

New Style of Petitions.—Among the productions of the day is a petition to the King against granting any further concessions to the Roman Catholics, which is printed in various-coloured letters, on a broad sheet of strong paper, and surrounded by wood-cuts engraved by M. U. Sears. The top-piece is a crucifixion, in which there is a tolerable likeness of the Duke of Wellington, as one of the Roman soldiers casting lots for the raiment of the Saviour. At the foot is the resurrection; and on each side are designs, tending to shew the superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic faith.

The last very bad Puns.—This being what is called the dull season, it is uncommonly pleasant to mark the effect it has upon the human mind, in producing such abominable puns as the following:—

Why are washer-women, busily engaged, like Adam and Eve in Paradise? Because they are *so-apy* (so happy).

Why is a widower, going to be married, like Eau de Cologne? Because he is *re-wiving*.

Why is a vine like a soldier? Because it is listed and trained, has *ten-drills*, and shoots.

Why is a sailor, when at sea, not a sailor? Because he's *a-board*.

Why is a city gentleman, taken poorly in Grosvenor Square, like a recluse? Because he is *sick-westward* (sequestered).

Why is it better for a man to have two losses than one? Because the first is a loss, and the second is *a-gain*.

"If Britannia rules the waves," said a qualmish writing-master, going to Margate last week in a storm, "I wish she'd rule 'em *straighter*."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Annuals.—We are inundated with notices of these forthcoming productions; all of them possessing claims to public attention, and some of them making extraordinary efforts both in literature and the arts. When we consider the vast cost lavished on these small volumes, which nothing but a very large sale could enable the parties to expend (from not less than *two* to the amount of perhaps *six* or *eight* thousand pounds and more), it will appear that they are publications of comparatively the cheapest kind, since the engravings of the least emulous of them would, in any other form, be worth more than the price of the whole work with its contributions from so many distinguished hands. Indeed, but for the use of steel plates, from which thousands of impressions can be taken, it would be impossible to get up such books at such prices. We do not therefore think that the increase of their numbers will have any other effect than that of creating a corresponding increase of demand: the best will, of course, carry off the palm; but we are of opinion that every one that is well conducted will meet with sufficient encouragement. To promote this, we give a list as far as we can.

1. Ackermann's Forget-me-not—the first in the field, and one which has hitherto merited and enjoyed a very large circulation.

2. The Souvenir, Mr. Alaric Watts's, which set the example, so beneficial to arts and artists, of having the highest style of embellishments in works of this class. This year, if we may judge from the beautiful proofs lying before us, these efforts have been continued with augmented spirit and success. Most of the engravings are indeed exquisite, and the subjects remarkably well chosen, both for appropriateness and variety.

3. The Amulet, by Mr. Hall, which takes a more serious tone than its compeers, and has established its character with a very large and influential part of the community.

4. Friendship's Offering, is under the direction of another poet of no mean celebrity, Mr. T. Pringle. We have as yet seen nothing of its composition, but expect good things from the talents and assiduity of its editor.

5. The Pledge of Friendship, the name of which is altered into *The Gem*, promises to realise its new title, as it is edited by Mr. T. Hood, whose tender as well as sportive muse is competent greatly to enrich any production of this kind. But of this Annual we must also allow we have as yet seen nothing.

6. The Bijou, published by Mr. Pickering, and edited, we believe, by Mr. N. H. Nicholas. This is its second year: the first No. had some striking features, which attracted much notice.

7. The Keepsake, under the direction of Mr. C. Heath for the arts, and of Mr. F. M. Reynolds for the literature. The beauty of its illustrations last year commanded great applause, and this season even more strenuous exertions have been made to raise it still higher, especially in its literary compositions. We have seen three or four of the plates, which it is impossible to surpass.

8. The Anniversary, with Mr. Sharp in the direction of the fine art department, and Allan Cunningham the editor. Both names are pledges of excellence. One proof, of Sir W. Scott in his study, is shewn as an example of the engravings. Scotland has, we hear, furnished many of the literary contributions.

9. The Winter's Wreath resembles the Amulet in some measure, and is, we understand, principally derived from Liverpool, but the contributors are of all quarters, as in the other Annuals, from John o' Groat's House to the Land's End.

10. 11. 12. The Christmas Box, the New Year's Gift, and the Juvenile Forget-me-not, we have already noticed in the *Literary Gazettes* they are for children. We neglected to say of the New Year's Gift, that among its engravings would be the Children of the Wood by Miss Dagley, engraved by J. C. Edwards; Northcote's Marriage of Prince Richard, &c. by Engleheart; a Dancing Girl, from Wood, by Greatbatch; and other ornaments.

A musical Annual has also been announced (see the *L. G.* No. 605); and we should not wonder to see several other projects of the same kind, peculiarly addressed to different pursuits and orders of society.

The Almanacks, too, have been much improved by this new species of composition, which has in other respects had considerable effects upon the Fine Arts and the floating literature of the country. Moore, Campbell, and Rogers, are almost the only eminent names which have not been begged or bought into the fact of contributing.

To this little sketch of these favourite publications, we beg to add, that we have spoken to the best of the information before us. Wishing them all heartily prosperity, and the public joy of the competition which is likely to lead to excellence, we are bound, in our station, and on terms of friendship with the majority of the parties, to exercise the most rigid impartiality, even to the extent of noticing their efforts in the line of priority in which they reach us, whether as specimens of arts or literature.

Mr. Carrington, the distinguished bard of "Dartmoor," &c. is preparing a volume of miscellaneous poems for early publication.

The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, so long announced, may very shortly be expected.

Robert Montgomery, author of the Omnipresence of the Deity, &c. has in the press a volume entitled An Universal Prayer, a Poem—Death—A Vision of Heaven—and a Vision of Hell.

In the Press.—Remarks on the several Sunday Services of the Church throughout the Year, by the Rev. Bishop Jolly.—Pleasures of the Mind, a Poem, by Charles Swain, author of Metrical Essays.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Rev. R. H. Carne's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—An Epistle from Abelard to Eloise, by Thomas Stewart, Esq. 1s. 6d.—Earl Stanhope's Letter to the Owners and Occupiers of Sheep Farms, 1s. 6d.—Evidence on the Wool Trade, 2s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

August.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday .. 21	From 48. to 66.	29.83 to 29.76
Friday 22	— 48. — 62.	29.59 — 29.60
Saturday .. 23	— 48. — 66.	29.90 — 30.00
Sunday 24	— 45. — 74.	30.10 — 30.16
Monday 25	— 53. — 75.	30.15 — 30.16
Tuesday .. 26	— 52. — 73.	30.26 — Stat.
Wednesday 27	— 49. — 71.	30.25 — 30.25

Wind variable, prevailing N.W. and S.W.

Generally clear; a little rain on the 22d.

Rain fallen, .1 of an inch.

August.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday .. 28	From 50. to 73.	30.16 to 30.13
Friday 29	— 51. — 71.	30.12 — Stat.
Saturday .. 30	— 56. — 70.	29.12 — 30.09
Sunday 31	— 53. — 63.	30.03 — 30.00
September.		
Monday .. 1	— 55. — 72.	29.96 — 29.90
Tuesday .. 2	— 52. — 70.	29.92 — 29.93
Wednesday 3	— 45. — 65.	30.00 — Stat.

Wind variable, prevailing N.E.

Generally clear: a heavy shower of rain on the 1st instant.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Edmonton.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for September 1, contains, among other interesting Articles: Burton's Cromwellian Diary—The Feast of Alle Denilles, a Ballad, by Lord Nugent—Lines by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—John Bullism—English Residents Abroad—Evils of Measurement in Literature—The Philosophy of Clubs—Advertisements Extraordinary—The Chaperon—Old Age—A Rencontre in the Desert—The Lyre's Complaint, by F. H.—Sketches of the Irish Priesthood, No. 1—A Hint to Retiring Citizens—Rambles in New South Wales—On Proverbs—Sketches of Parisian Society and Manners—Reviews of New Publications: Memoirs of Borrego—Crawfurd's Residence at Siam and Cochin-China, &c. &c.—The Drama—Music—Mademoiselle Sontag, &c.—Fine Arts—Report from the Select Committee on Public Buildings—Meetings of Perth Societies—Useful Arts—Rural Economy—Literary and Commercial Reports—Biographical Memoirs of distinguished Persons lately deceased—Provincial Occurrences, &c. &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England, &c. &c.; with considerable Additions. By the Rev. James Dallaway. Royal 8vo. Vol. V. London, 1828. Major.

THE fifth volume of this valuable work consists of a Catalogue of Engravers, who had been born or who had resided in England; digested by Mr. Walpole, from Vertue's MSS., to which considerable additions have been made by Mr. Dallaway. From those additions we extract the following interesting notices of Hollar and Strange.

"Wenceslaus Hollar, born 1607, died 1677. To have been born with a singular talent, which he exercised with industry, which permitted neither interval nor repose, for the course of more than forty years—to have passed a long life in adversity, without the errors to which many men of genius have owed it—and to end that life in the destitution of common comforts, merely from the insufficient emoluments of a profession, and with a strictly moral character: such was the fate of Hollar! After a narrative of his labours, and of the injustice he sustained, we shall commiserate him, as having 'fallen on evil men and evil days.' Yet, of no engraver of that age is the posthumous fame greater, or the value of his works enhanced to so high a degree. He was born at Prague in 1607. His family were of the higher order of gentry, by patent from the Kings of Bohemia, and upon account of their attachment to the Protestant religion had suffered very greatly in their fortune. Wenceslaus was intended by his father for the profession of the law, and was initiated into its preparatory studies. After the battle and siege of Prague, in 1619, the ruin of his family was completed by confiscation; and he had to depend for future maintenance solely upon a dexterity which he had very early shewn in the use of his pen and pencil. He adopted and excelled in a style best suited to chorography, or delineations of cities and places, between mapping and drawing, which was novel and popular. His first residence was at Frankfort, where he received instructions of Mathew Merian, the well-known engraver, from whom he learned to finish plates from celebrated pictures. At eighteen years of age (1625), he published his first prints of 'a Madonna and an Ecce Homo.' He travelled through Germany, employing himself in taking views of the chief towns, and sketches from the paintings in the best collections, during several years. In 1636, T. Earl of Arundel, then upon his embassy to the Emperor Ferdinand II. rested at Cologne, where Hollar exhibited his works to him; and this circumstance was the origin of all the good fortune that ever beamed upon his days. The discernment of the noble connoisseur soon discovered that Hollar's talent had not yet reached its zenith; he therefore promised his patronage, and immediately retained him in his suite. He was treated with the greatest respect, and accompanied the embassy as a private Bohemian gentleman. He signed his plate with a view of Wurtzbourg, '*W. Hollar delin. in legatione Arundelianâ ad Imperatorem.*' These were, indeed, his golden days: he was placed in an apartment in Arundel House, when the earl returned in the course of the next year, had an uninterrupted admission to the sumptuous collection, from several of which he engraved; was liberally remunerated; and, to complete his happiness, married a young gentlewoman who was under the protection of the countess. In the few years before the commencement of the civil war, and the departure of his patron from England, he constantly pursued his art and increased his reputation. Soon after his arrival, he published a View of London from Greenwich Park; an Equestrian Portrait of Lord Arundel, as Commander of the Expedition against the Scots, in 1639; and in 1640, '*Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus*,' consisting of twenty-six plates of English females; and the curious Arundelian cup, designed by Andrea Mantegna; and in the next year, portraits of the King and Queen, ovals, in a single plate, from Vandyck. That eminent painter disliked his manner, as having so little in common with the science of painting; and for that reason, defective in communicating the spirit, and transmitting the character, which animates his figures. Beside this, Vandyck was partial to Bolswert and other engravers, who had formed their manner from the school of Rubens. The style of Hollar, whatever were the subject, was uniformly the same. Of the portraits taken from Vandyck, the greater part have a date 1642, which is after his death. In 1644, he had completed a collection of sixty plates of the dresses of ladies of different European countries, which was entitled '*Aula Veneris.*' In 1645, he applied himself wholly to engraving from the Arundel collection, and particularly from the original drawings of Lionardo da Vinci. The last works done from this collection were thirty-eight plates of shells, without title or explanation, which are among the rarest. In that year he became a soldier, and with Robert Peake, an artist and printseller, and W. Faithorne, then young, held a commission under the brave Marquess of Winchester, and were present with him at Basing House, during its noble defence for a siege of two months. Clarendon observes, that upon its surrender many were put to the sword; but these artists were spared, and they were allowed to retire in safety, after a short imprisonment. Hollar then resorted to the protection of Lord Arundel, who was settled at Antwerp; after whose death, in 1646, he remained there, employed by dealers in prints, and penuriously paid. In fact, his works were not held in due estimation on the continent, where engravers were more numerous, and jealous of his fame, and prints were sold at a very low price. His whole subsistence was therefore precarious from that time to 1652; yet he undertook engravings from paintings of note—from Breugle and Elsheimer, and lastly from Holbein's Dance of Death. But his leisure, as an occupation of delight, was still devoted to engrave the drawings he had made from the Arundel collection, to which he always affixed '*Ex Coll. Arund.*' The great work of the 'Monasticon' was about this time contemplated by Sir W. Dugdale, by whom he was invited to establish himself in England once more, which he did in 1652, with the hopes of a more certain maintenance. He likewise embellished the 'Histories of St. Paul's Cathedral, and of Warwickshire.' There is a statement in the 'Memoirs of Sir W. Dugdale,' lately published, of the number of views and delineations in St. Paul's (which were supplied by subscribers to whom they are dedicated), and of the money Hollar received for them, which was exactly 185*l.* 10*s.* for forty-five plates. In Ogilby's Virgil there are several folio plates by his hand. Even for plates of a large size he was not paid more than four or five pounds each by the first mentioned. At this period, and probably after the death of his first wife, he retired to the house of W. Faithorne, who was a printseller, near Temple Bar, as well as an engraver. To give some idea of inadequate reward, Hollar was condemned to work under this roof with an hour-glass placed before him to regulate the miserable payment to be afforded by his employer; and such was his scrupulous honesty, that he turned it whenever he was interrupted. His patient industry anticipated a certain reward upon the Restoration; yet after several years he found himself as poor and as much neglected as many other royalists were, who had, in fact, suffered the most in that cause. It is not easy to account for the neglect he experienced from Prince Rupert (the son of the sovereign of his own country), who was himself an artist, and who certainly patronised the art. Hollar has engraved his portrait, beside two large views of his naval victories over the Dutch; but no farther encouragement ensued. Thus deserted, and almost destitute of the supply of a day, he finished his greatly extended View of London from Greenwich Hill, upon two sheets, for Stent, another printseller; and Vertue, of whose veracity there is no reason to doubt, asserts, that for this labour he was remunerated with *thirty shillings!* He had likewise married again. London was now by fire and plague depopulated of both artists and employers, and Hollar existed in a state of positive want. His son, a youth of talent, fell a sacrifice to the plague. In 1669, a fallacious prospect of advantage opened upon him from the court—no less, indeed, than a proposal to accompany Lord Howard, appointed the governor of Tangier, in order to make accurate plans and draughts of the fortifications there. At the age of sixty-two was Hollar compelled by penury to accept an office to which no conditions of reward were annexed, but to be left to the liberality of the government. On the burning sands of Africa he was required to make surveys and measurements. A year of suffering and labour was so passed by him, when, upon his return, the ship was attacked by Turkish pirates, but eventually escaped. Immediately upon his arrival in London, with

his accustomed assiduity, he finished the plates of Tangier, upon which he styled himself 'Iconographus Regis.' He, like so many others, was paid with a vain title; and after great importunity, he obtained for all his toil and time a grant from the crown of one hundred pounds for his labour and expenses. This sum was probably soon exhausted; but in 1672, he had a permanent engagement with two eminent heralds, Dugdale and Sandford, for the Monasticon and the Royal Genealogy, for whom he visited the North, to make the requisite drawing. The last plate he began, and which his feeble hand was unable to complete, was of the Tomb of Edward IV. in the chapel at Windsor, for Sandford's work. Hollar died (or was buried) on the 28th of March, 1677, when he had nearly completed his seventieth year. There is a circumstance recorded to have taken place immediately previous to his dissolution, from which every feeling mind will recoil with regret, if not with indignation. As he was expiring, it has been asserted that bailiffs were sent to seize the bed upon which he lay, for a very small debt. He could not satisfy the demand, but meekly requested them to spare him the use of his bed for a little while—only till he found another in the grave. From this sad story one would wish to withhold implicit belief; for Aubrey, who knew him well, totally omits it, and observes incidentally, 'that he was thriftless as to the world, and died *not rich*'—an expression which by no means conveys an idea of his having been reduced to that extreme poverty which has been stated by all his other biographers, who have repeated the original tale. Yet it was related to Vertue by F. Place, who was Hollar's particular friend."

"Sir Robert Strange was born in 1721, in the Orkney Islands, of a good Highland family, and was classically educated at Kirkwall, and intended to practise the law, which his native genius soon induced him to relinquish. He was engaged in the battle of Culloden, in 1745, and escaping to Paris, became a pupil of Le Bas. In 1751 he first established himself in the profession of an engraver, and soon attained to great excellence. He was induced in 1760 to go to Rome in pursuit of art, and had the patronage of an English court established there at that period. In Italy he gained all the advantage, and received all the honour, which an artist could receive in that country; and his portrait was placed in the Florentine Gallery. Upon his return to England, he obtained the royal patronage, and as the only subject from any English master, engraved the apotheosis of the king's children, from a picture by West. He received the honour of knighthood on the 5th of January, 1787; and died in 1792, at the age of seventy-one years. A few years previously he had carefully selected eighty copies of the finest and most choice impressions of each plate he had engraved, and bound them in as many folio volumes, arranged according to the date of each print. To each volume he prefixed two portraits of himself, on the same plate, one an etching, and the other a finished proof, to shew that his talent had not been impaired by years. Each volume, beside a dedication to the king, contains an introduction, which treats on the progress of engraving, and critical remarks on the pictures from which he had engraved. Having made a small collection of paintings in Italy, he published a *Catalogue Raisonné* of them in 1769, 8vo. At the end he added a list of twenty-seven engravings, and the prices he fixed upon them, which amounted in the whole only to 9*l.* 11*s.* Fifty-five years afterwards, at the sale of Sir M. M. Sykes, 1824, thirty-five proof impressions of Strange's engraving produced no less a sum than 190*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* The print which so greatly enhanced this sum was a portrait of Charles I. standing in his robes, after Vandyck—a choice proof before any letter. Note under the print, 'Given me by the most excellent engraver thereof, M. M. S.' So great was the competition, that it was sold for 51*l.* 9*s.* About fifty plates from the most celebrated Italian pictures are distinguished by an intelligent execution, which by the admirable union of the point and graver, produce a vigorous and harmonious effect."

Among the finely engraved portraits which adorn this volume, are Van Voerst, by B. P. Gibbon; Luke Vosterman, by W. Raddon; Wenceslaus Hollar, by W. Skelton; William Faithorne, by J. H. Robinson; R. Tompson, by W. Bond; Hamlet Winstanley, by J. Thomson; Sir Robert Strange, by W. C. Edwards, &c.

In closing our notice of Mr. Dallaway's most interesting publication, we repeat our former declaration, "that he has done great honour to himself, and great service to his country, by having so successfully devoted himself to his laborious though elegant task;" and we beg to congratulate him on its happy completion.

The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick. Edited by his friend Henry Vernon. 12mo. pp. 326. London, 1828. Ridgway.

This volume of tales is of the Crayon school, and dedicated to Geoffrey, the first of that name. It contains sixteen sketches of various kinds, including an introduction and a life of the *dit* Wilmot Warwick. To speak fairly of its qualities, we may say, that they are of a pleasing, though rather level class — seldom rising into brilliancy or melting into pathos, but occasionally smart, and sometimes touching. Therefore they may serve well enough to while away an hour of this autumnal weather; and we readily recommend them for that gracious use; giving at the same time a literary slice by way of taste.

The introduction describes Wilmot Warwick as a wandering musician, receiving aid from his old school-fellow and friend Vernon, but without recognition on either side till the former is seized with a fatal malady, and soon after dies, leaving the story of his life and other papers (the tales in question) to the latter. Their meeting is affectingly told: Wilmot, pausing some minutes to regain his composure, says—"Thank God, you will own me, Vernon! As you have acted thus far in my behalf, you will, I am sure, remain my friend to the end. I shall not trouble you long—death has advanced upon the last hold of my existence, and his conquest will be easy and immediate. Often have I arraigned the hard fate which parted us—I have now to bless the good fortune which has brought about this interview, and at last conducted me to your bosom, on which my lacerated heart may repose a few moments, ere it ceases to throb, and leaves me at rest for ever!' 'Nay, do not talk in this manner,' I replied, 'you shall be removed immediately to my residence.' The medical attendant shook his head, in token of the impossibility of such a step. 'No, my dear Vernon,' said Wilmot, smiling, 'do not think of that; I shall soon be removed to my *own* house—the only one I shall have ever had—the only one I have now any hope or wish to inhabit.' * * *

"Wilmot just lived through the night, hourly losing strength, yet retaining his faculties, though he spoke but little. Day returned—but not for *him:* he had barely time to greet it, when, looking at me for an instant, he faintly uttered his last blessing, and closed his eyes. I felt my hand gently squeezed by that of my expiring friend. It was the last exertion of which his frame was capable; and, but a moment after, the sudden relaxation of its pressure gave evidence that Wilmot and his miseries were parted for ever!"

The life of this unfortunate is not very satisfactorily made out, but, like most of the other stories, has a good deal of the stamp of reality impressed upon its incidents. He is jilted, kills a friend in a duel, and goes to see Macready in Virginius; then takes to guitar-playing, and dies as we have recorded. Among his literary remains there is a portrait of an odd gentleman, which is well drawn;—travelling with him, the other *dramatis personæ* and their adventures are picked up, and strung together in the volume under consideration.

"The odd gentleman might be some fifty years old, with every apparent prospect of living fifty more. There was a compactness in his form, and an uprightness in his manner of bearing it, which at once indicated the full possession of health and bodily vigour; and he would every now and then draw up his chest and throw back his shoulders with something of a martial air, slapping his knee occasionally, and with considerable force, as though to convince all observers that he could both give a cuff and bear one. He was evidently a character, and in his dress something peculiar was observable. He wore a pepper-and-salt coat, cut in some measure after the fashion of the old school, and closed up to the neck with steel buttons. Only a small portion of his cravat was visible, but this, by the way, was of the most snowy whiteness. His breeches were light drab, particularly well made about the knees. A neat ribbed stocking and low gaiter told well upon his well-formed leg, which, ever and anon, he rubbed down and patted, as if he were coaxing a pet spaniel. A low-crowned hat, with a broad brim, completed his dress, which bore throughout the marks of cleanliness and precision. He had only been in the hotel one night, and nobody knew, exactly, who he was; though every one unhesitatingly pronounced him 'a very queer fellow;' and I heard the chamber-maid alluding to him as 'the odd gentleman.' As we drove out of the inn-yard, he gave this same chamber-maid a very odd wink and parting nod, which she returned with corresponding significance, betokening, as I fancied, that their intimacy was just as familiar as their acquaintance had been short. The expression of his face was one of sly good humour, gentlemanly and agreeable, with a spice of mischief in it; an expression which I imagined arose from his having been in the constant habit of winking and leering at the girls from his youth upwards. One eye was a little less open than the other, and the wrinkles which surrounded it gave it a peculiar archness. His mouth was marked by a subdued smile; and his face, altogether, exhibited such a strange medley of gravity, good nature, and roguery, that it was almost impossible to look upon it without an inclination to laugh."

He gives an account of Christmas Night, which is graphic enough, but has nothing particular to recommend it; nor has Twelfth Night, or St. Valentine's Day, any higher pretensions. The Haunted Mill is a better tale; and the Poacher, and the Smuggler, with some parts of a Painter's Narrative, are the most favourable specimens of the author's talents.

The other sketches, such as Gordon, Henry Halworth, the Wig, the Dead Arm, are but mediocre. We should prefer quoting the Haunted Mill; but as it is rather too long for us, we must adopt the Smuggler as our sample story. The author describes himself as having entered Elmouth, a small fishing town, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon; and he proceeds thus:—

"The madhouse, being in tolerable repair, was decidedly the most cheerful-looking edifice in the village, and I was only at a loss to conceive why so melancholy a situation should have been chosen as suitable to the purposes of the asylum. At the back of the building was a high wall, which appeared to encircle a garden or pleasure-ground for the benefit of the patients; and I walked round it, in the hope of finding some aperture or grating whence I might obtain a view of the interior. Unsuccessful, however, in this attempt, I turned to leave the spot, when my steps were suddenly arrested by the sound of voices within the enclosure; and as the speakers drew nearer to the place which I occupied, I could clearly distinguish their words. One voice was too truly that of some poor female maniac,—the other, that of her keeper. 'Rest assured,' said the latter, 'all will be well. Your husband loves your brother both for your sake and his own; and in due time (though you must summon up all your patience) he will discover him, wherever he may be hidden.' 'Hidden!' exclaimed the female, 'why should my brother hide himself?' 'Doubtless,' answered her keeper, 'to escape the cruelty of the pirates.' 'And if the pirates have him?' 'Your husband still shall effect his rescue.' 'If he do not,' said the female, with that mirthless laugh peculiar to insanity, 'if he do not—his blood—' The keeper emphatically interrupted her threat. 'Nay,' she cried, in a tone almost amounting to a shriek, '*your* blood, too,—*yours*—' 'Silence, madam!' exclaimed the former, sternly; 'treat your regent with more respect, else,' said he, stamping his foot violently upon the ground, 'in the king's name I shall arraign you on a charge of treason!' Suddenly she became quiet, speaking in a sweetly subdued tone, but in a manner so irrelative, that for some minutes I could scarcely divine any meaning. At length she desired her companion to play upon his flute. He did so. The air was cheerful and plaintive by turns. 'O!' said she, 'that it could speak—speak thus:'—saying this, she bade her keeper's attention, and sung as follows:—

'Poor hapless maiden, desolate and lone—
Come hither—hither—sleep upon a breast
Which never yet felt *sorrow of its own*,
But which can still feel *thine*, and give thee rest.

Come! at my smile thy many griefs shall fly;
I'll yield thee joy, or share in thy distress;
I'll lull thee with the sighs of sympathy,
And thou shalt wake again to happiness.

For I'm so rich in comfort, nothing more
Can soften waking thoughts or sweeten sleep;
This only now remains t'increase my store—
The bliss of weeping oft with those who weep.'

"I need scarcely comment on the peculiar qualities of insanity, which frequently endows its victims with a store of fancy, whence they derive a much greater consciousness of wealth, power, or happiness, than the mines of reality ever yield even to the most fortunate among the children of reason. But, alas! in the joys of a maniac we experience nothing reciprocal; and look upon her imaginary happiness as upon the phosphorescent gleam of decay, visibly only when all around is gloom—shining, perhaps brilliantly, but dispensing no light. The reason of this poor girl had evidently been crushed beneath the ruin which involved either a husband's or a brother's fate; and the words of her song—so expressive of entire and perfect happiness—were, most probably, an extreme contradiction of all that would have been elicited by sanity and truth. The last words of her song fell indistinctly upon my ear as she retired towards the house. I waited a few moments to discover whether she would again pass by; but all was silence, save the turret clock, which, sounding the hour of nine, reminded me that the distance of a league and a half separated me from my bed-chamber. Determining to revisit this place at another and more seasonable time, for the purpose of making some inquiry into the history of one who had so deeply interested me, I directed my steps homeward. It was a lovely night; and the moon, nearly in the full, shone with more than usual splendour. Every now and then a light cloud passed like a thin veil over her disk, borne rapidly on by the rising breeze, which had already curled the wave, and set the breakers in commotion. I walked forward with divided attention; now gazing with admiration upon the noble cliffs which reared their darkened profiles against the deep blue sky; and then, recurring with melancholy reflection to the subject of the poor maniac. I had proceeded a considerable distance, when I suddenly espied a man in the dress of an officer of the preventive service, who, at a more moderate pace than mine, was walking the same way; and being of a somewhat sociable turn (particularly when I take late walks in lonely situations), I quickened my steps, and soon came up with him. 'Hallo!' said he, turning short round as he heard my steps, 'friend or foe?' 'Certainly no *foe*,' I replied; 'but willing to be your companion to Elmouth, if you be going that way.' 'Which I am,' said he, 'and shall be happy in your society.' 'Pray, how far may we be,' I inquired, 'from the place of our destination?' 'Why,' said he, pointing towards the summit of the cliff, 'that gibbet is the half-way mark betwixt Elmouth and ———:' (the extremes of my ramble.) I looked up, and perceived the gibbet to which my companion had pointed. It bore the skeleton of a man, which swung to and fro in the wind, and creaked loudly with every motion. On passing the spot previously, this frightful warning of justice had escaped my observation; but it now appeared doubly conspicuous, suspended as it was in dark relief against the light of the moon. 'Ah,' said my companion, 'that's been the way with Dick Darwell for many a year, during a seafaring life of daring and danger. For fifteen years he acknowledged no ruler but the winds, and since his death (now nearly half that time) he has been keeping up the game upon the gibbet.' 'And what is his history?' 'I will inform you briefly,' replied the narrator, who thus proceeded:—'It is pretty generally known, I believe, that old Darwell—the father of yon hanging carcase—was an old brute, whose temper was such as to render home the least desirable place in the world to his children, consisting of a boy and girl. The latter was fortunate enough to escape his tyranny in some measure, by an early marriage with a Captain Hardy—one of *my* craft—an officer in the preventive service, commanding the Dragon cutter: but poor Dick remained to suffer under a double share of wanton austerity, while his sister, who loved him dearly, feared even to commiserate, much more to defend him. Dick, however, was not unable to fight his own battles; on the contrary, he partook of his father's violence, though he never evinced it except in retaliation. He saw people on all sides ready to defend him, but was loath to embroil any one in his disputes; and, perhaps, knew too well the impregnability of his father's heart, which would rather acquire rancour from being opposed, than permit the intrusions of humanity. Many and violent had been their quarrels: at length the son, unable any longer either to bear his father's impetuosity or to curb his own, ran away; and old Darwell, when it was too late, became more inclined to think and feel as a parent should have done. The loss and uncertain fate of her brother greatly embittered the days of Mrs. Hardy, who had otherwise lived happily in the society of her husband. Yet, even here, she had much to agitate her. The occasional dangers to which Captain Hardy was subject in the fulfilment of his duties excited her constant apprehension; while his frequent absence from home contributed to her uneasiness. Many were the sighs which followed her brother's self-banishment; and neither the sight nor mention of her father was calculated to enliven her reflections. Had death been the separator, time might have restored to the affectionate sister her comfort and peace of mind; but it was *doubt* which worried her: and the melancholy probability of her brother having committed suicide would occasionally force itself upon her thoughts, and make her doubly miserable. Captain Hardy had only just recovered from a severe wound received in the chase of a smuggler, when secret information was given him concerning the re-appearance of the same vessel within two leagues of his station. Foiled in his previous attempt, though with no loss of honour, he determined this time on more efficacious exertion; and, tearing himself away from the arms of his disconsolate wife (who now, more than ever, despaired of seeing him return in safety), he once again took the command of his service-tried cutter. It was night when they put off, and blowing stiffly from the shore, so that they had much ado to keep within the bearing of a headland, which, as they were led to understand, covered the position of the smuggler. They were not mistaken in their course; but, on doubling the promontory, the object of their search was no where visible. Apprised of their situation, the smugglers had taken advantage of the wind and put out to sea. Disappointed, but yet not hopeless of success, Hardy, striking a random course, continued the pursuit; and at break of day, to his great joy, came in sight of the enemy. At noon he arrived within shot, and received immediate proof of the smuggler's intention to risk an engagement. Every thing, indeed, had been favourable for necessary preparation on the part of the latter, and a well-directed ball from her stern chaser brought down a sailor from the rigging of the Dragon. Hardy had the courage of a lion, but not, perhaps, the coolness fitting a commander; and, bearing onward beneath a heavy fire, he soon came alongside the smuggler—fixed the grappling iron with his own hand—and was the first to board her. The captains met hand to hand; but, after a short conflict, were separated in the confusion of the fray. Hardy's sword, however, fell with mortal force upon two of his antagonists, and in the course of ten minutes the smuggler's deck was in the possession of our officers! Among the vanquished dead which lay around, the chief smuggler and several of his crew were not to be discovered; and the conquerors had scarcely time to range the deck, when a shot from the Dragon struck Hardy, and the fight was renewed on board

his own vessel. The contest, however, was too unequal to be of long duration, and the lawless captain, after a furious resistance, was secured a prisoner. Seeing the impossibility of making any stand on board his own ship, he had taken advantage of the smoke and confusion, leaped into a boat at her unengaged side, and, together with three of his desperate comrades, had moved round to the stern of the Dragon, and ascended her deck unobserved. Hardy fell to rise no more; but, ere he breathed his last, the exulting shout of victory blessed his ears, and he now only desired to part from life upon the deck of the Dragon. Having invoked the aid of Heaven in behalf of his beloved wife, he would have gazed upon the captive author of her widowhood, but death prevented it; and he closed his eyes for ever, unknowing that he had been instrumental to the seizure of one, whom, only a few years back, he had deeply loved, and whose memory he had ever fondly cherished. I need scarcely add that he had fallen by the hand of his brother-in-law—the self-abandoned Darwell! Mrs. Hardy was among the first who saw the victorious Dragon towing its prize into port. But what, alas! was victory to her? and where was she to find consolation for the loss with which it had been purchased? Death would most likely have relieved her from a prolongation of her misery, if the last sad horror which awaited her had not been sufficient to deprive her of reason. The sight of her husband's murderer effected this: but she is now ignorant that the gibbeted bones of a British smuggler are those of her once-loved brother! You have seen the *one* sad object;—if you enter the private madhouse at ——, you may behold the other!'"

We have only to add, that there are several little poetical productions scattered through these pages, similar to the piece above quoted.

An Account of an Egyptian Mummy presented to the Museum of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, by the late James Blayds, Esq. Drawn up at the request of the Council, by William Osburn, jun. F.R.S.L., Secretary to the Society. With an Appendix, containing the Chemical and Anatomical Details of the Examination of the Body. By Messrs. E. S. George, F.L.S. Secretary to the Society; T. P. Teale; and R. Hey. Pp. 51, with Five Plates.

THE attention of the public has of late been much directed to the subject of Egyptian literature and antiquities, in consequence of the important discoveries of our worthy countryman Dr. Young, and of M. Champollion. The learned and indefatigable Dr. Young, in the year 1814, turned his attention to the Rosetta Stone; and by a patient and continued application in comparing the three inscriptions, succeeded in deciphering the hieroglyphic and enchorial texts. The doctor demonstratively proved the existence of a phonetic alphabet, in the hieroglyphic character, from the proper names on the stone; and published the result of his discoveries in the Museum Criticum, and subsequently in the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica. This system was taken up and extended by M. Champollion, and fully corroborated by the researches of Mr. Salt* in Egypt, so that the matter is put beyond the possibility of a doubt, by the labours of these gentlemen. While stating our belief in the correctness of the principle upon which they have gone, we beg to be understood as being far from subscribing to *all* that Champollion has advanced, although we admit that he has done much to merit the approbation of learned men. We lately announced to the public the departure of this gentleman to Egypt, to pursue his researches, and we have now great pleasure in bringing before our readers a small pamphlet, entitled "an Account of an Egyptian Mummy," &c. We are informed in the advertisement, that the mummy was presented to the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society by the late John Blayds, esq. "which appears to possess greater claims to consideration than ordinarily belongs to monuments of this description," so that the council requested the author to draw up an account of it, which he has executed in a perspicuous and masterly manner.

The first part of the work contains a description of it, from which we make the following curious and interesting extract.

"A wreath or fillet was discovered on the breast (of the mummy), exactly resembling in form the collars which are constantly represented round the necks of Egyptian figures. It consists of two garlands: the upper one is composed of nine strings, each of which is double; a row of red berries strung upon a straw, or stalk, is connected at intervals of eight berries, with another string, by little loops of the same material; to this last string, which is a thickish stalk, are sewed the petals of the lotus flower: each petal, neatly folded, being bent over the string, and completely secured in its place by two very thin stalks which pass on each side of it, and cross each other after the manner of wicker-work. The lower garland consists of nine single strings, all of them having the petals of the lotus sewed to them as before; but on the two higher ones, or those next the throat, a small compound globular flower is enclosed within each petal, and stands just above it. The execution of these intricate pieces of flower-work is very neat and accurate."

On removing the bandages of the head and face, a singular ornament was discovered, made of red leather, in the form of a lotus flower, with figures and hieroglyphs upon it, evidently stamped with hot metal types, drawings of which are given in the work.

"The operation of unwrapping being continued, several pieces of linen were found laid upon the body. One of the finest of these pieces proved, on examination, to be a perfect garment. It is of a very simple form, being merely a piece of cloth doubled and seamed together on two sides like a bag: the aperture answering to the collar is cut out and hemmed round; it has no sleeves, but the garment itself must have reached nearly to the elbow, where it was probably confined by some means. The holes for the arms are hemmed round like the collar. Round the bottom is a fringe about an inch and a half in breadth. It is unquestionably the kind of Egyptian garment described by Herodotus, under the name of *calasiris*: *Ἐνδιδύκασι δὲ χιτῶνας λινέους, περὶ τὰ σκέλεα θυσανωτοὺς οὓς καλέουσι καλασίρις.*"

The next part contains an explanation of the mythological paintings on the case, and of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, in which much learning and research are displayed. The two succeeding portions of the work are occupied in describing the name of the deceased, and the hieroglyphs on the red leather: from these it appears, that the individual there preserved was the priest Natsif-amon, a contemporary of Remeses V. the last monarch of the eighteenth dynasty of the kings of Egypt, whose reign commenced more than 3300 years ago.

The Appendix displays much chemical knowledge and scientific research. We can fully recommend the work to the lovers of Egyptian antiquities as well worth their attention; and feel justified in saying, that it does honour to the council of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society and to the gentlemen concerned in its production.

* See Essay on Dr. Young's and M. Champollion's Phonetic System of Hieroglyphics, &c. &c. by Mr. Salt, and addressed to the Right Hon. C. Yorke, 8vo. pp. 72: published by Messrs. Longman, about three years ago. In this Mr. S. added the names of Arsinoë and Philip to the important phonetic keys previously discovered: and also developed many Roman names. Indeed this work, with its elucidatory plates, is replete with valuable information; and must form a portion of every study where the attempt to unravel these ancient mysteries is made. We are firmly persuaded that, in a few years, hundreds of inscriptions hitherto sealed up, if not the whole language, will be intelligible, and throw great light on the earliest records of mankind.

Dr. Granville's Travels in Russia.
Mr. Rae Wilson's Travels, &c.

BECAUSE we have yoked these two authors together, it must not be supposed either that we meant to contrast or to compare them, though instances both of contrast and comparison must occur as we accompany them over the same ground, and attend to their descriptions of the same things. But the union was formed simply for our conveniency, to save room, to avoid repetitions, and to place matters in as correct and luminous a form as we could before our readers.

As a book for tourists to consult, Dr. Granville's is certainly a very superior guide; and its ornaments, about fifty in number, are another great recommendation to it. At St. Petersburgh, under the auspices of that amiable and accomplished nobleman, Count Woronzow, he enjoyed opportunities of seeing more than any writer upon that city with whom we are acquainted: and his introduction to the Empress Mother seems to have facilitated his entrance to most of the public institutions (so largely indebted to her patronage), and obtained for him a knowledge of their interior organisation and management, of which he has made a very excellent use in this work. Dr. Clarke and Dr. Lyall, it may be remembered, say very little of the northern capital; the latter especially addressing himself to the description of Moscow and its inhabitants. It thus happens that Dr. Granville's is by far the most ample and best account of the former city which we have seen, though we have charged him with prolixity in other parts of his journal. Having in candour offered these remarks, we may proceed with our double Review.

On their way to Russia from Berlin, both our travellers pursued the same route; and we will stop with them at a few of the posts, in order to ascertain how different people get over the same road, and agree or disagree about the same objects. Of Marienburg castle, Mr. Wilson tells us—

"The view of Marienburg, with a most conspicuous pile of building on a height, bore a strong resemblance to the town of Upsala, in Sweden, and the prodigious edifice overhanging it. This structure is of enormous extent, surrounded by a moat, and forms, internally, a quadrangular court, one side of which is formed by a large church. One window of the church is fitted up with an effigy of the Virgin Mary, twenty feet in height. Great part of this place had been converted by the French into magazines; but various improvements were going on to restore it to its former consequence. One side of it is in the highest order and beauty. Among the apartments were banqueting-halls, council-rooms, chapels, &c. The

windows of the latter consisted entirely of stained glass, representing scriptural subjects; and they were also richly emblazoned with coats of arms. One of these, which had under it the name of Hohenlohe, was probably that of some ancestor of the celebrated miracle-worker. In the banqueting-hall, the roof is supported by a single column of granite. When the Poles wished to *retake* this castle, a red bonnet was held out at a window opposite to the pillar, as a signal in what direction to fire, it being supposed that if a ball struck the column, the whole roof would necessarily be instantly demolished. In the hall was a kind of sideboard of stone, in a recess communicating with a separate apartment, where the dishes used to be handed in, and a groove was cut to drain off whatever might be spilled. Another magnificent hall is that where *the knights* assemble, which is ninety-seven feet long, forty-eight broad, and twenty-five in height, and is supported by six pillars in the centre. There are eight windows on one side looking towards the river, and six on the other, all filled with beautiful stained glass."

After perusing this, with all its blundering changes of the verbs from *is* to *was*, and from past to present, the reader is about as well informed as before he began. "The knights" are mentioned without a previous hint of who or what they were, or rather are, for Mr. Wilson says the hall is that where they "assemble!" Will it be guessed that he is speaking of the Teutonic order of the 13th and two later centuries? Dr. G. may fill up the hiatus.

"The precise time in which this castle was built is not sufficiently known. As a simple citadel, it was in existence as far back as the close of the thirteenth century. It was then the residence of one of the officers of the religious order of chivalry, called Teutonic, from its being composed of Germans, *Teutones*. In 1281 it was greatly enlarged by the addition of that part which was afterwards known under the name of the ancient castle. The grand-master of the order, Godfrey de Hohenlohe, having visited Prussia, and found the knights in that country in a flourishing condition, transferred the seat of the grand-master from Venice to the castle of Marienburg, which he at the same time caused to be considerably enlarged. This translocation of the principal and grand sojourner was approved of, and confirmed by an encampment of the knights held at Elbing, on which occasion many of the propositions of the grand-master being opposed, he resigned his high office, and retired in disgust from Marienburg. His successor built the middle and lower castle, as he found the existing edifice insufficient for the accommodation of the splendid and numerous retinue of himself and others. Succeeding grand-masters built the church of Notre-Dame in the immediate vicinity of the castle, which is still in existence, and forms a very prominent feature in the romantic landscape of these ruins. After half a century of repose, in the year 1410, Marienburg was surrounded and vigorously attacked by Jagellon, king of Poland, at the head of a considerable army; and it was during this siege that a plan was formed by some Bohemian brethren of the order, living in the castle, for the total destruction of the knights. These traitors, corrupted by the gold of the Polish king, promised to give a signal whenever the whole chapter should be assembled in the grand hall of the council, in order that the Polish artillery-men might fire a cannon-shot in the direction of the centre of that hall, in hopes that the single pillar, which supports the many ribbed arches of its vaulted roof, might be carried away, and thus crush at one blow the whole confraternity. The signal was given by shewing a red cap out of one of the upper casements of the building facing the Polish army. The shot was fired, but passed by the pillar at a short distance from it, and lodged in the upper part of the farthest wall, where it is to be seen to this day. The castellan, who accompanied us, took care to point out to our attention this memorable shot; and in narrating the preceding tradition, added, that the safety of the order on that occasion was attributed to the intervention of a miraculous image of the blessed Mary, which was at that time in a chapel belonging to the castle. The besieging army soon after broke up their camp and retired, leaving the knights in the full enjoyment of their lordly domain for the space of thirty years more; during which time they were guilty of every species of tyranny and vexation, respecting neither the personal liberty nor the property of the neighbouring people; and trampling equally under foot the laws of justice and decorum. Galled and disgusted at the abominations of the knight-monks, the neighbouring burghers entered at last into a coalition against them, brought mercenary troops to combat them, and having claimed the assistance of Casimir, king of Poland, in 1457, the latter took possession of Marienburg, and drove the grand-master from the castle. That officer retired to Dirschau, on the left bank of the Vistula, and left behind him the relics and sacred paraphernalia of the order. The treaty of Thorn, concluded in 1466, confirmed the possession of this fortified place to the crown of Poland, to which it continued to belong for upwards of three centuries. Since that time it was, once and again, taken by the Swedes, retaken by the Poles, and ultimately made an integral part of the Prussian dominions, under the great Frederick. In the year 1644, that portion which was called the Old Castle became a prey to the flames, and was levelled to the ground, even to the subterranean chambers. The interior of what remains standing has lately been put in complete repair, by order, and under the immediate superintendence, and, I believe, at the expense, of Prince William of Prussia, who with a laudable zeal for antiquities, and great respect for the relics of former times of glory existing in his royal father's dominions, has of late years undertaken to restore and keep up the most celebrated and interesting remains of Gothic architecture. In the present instance the prince's taste and judgment are alike conspicuous. We examined every part of this extensive building, preceded by the castellan, carrying a heavy bunch of massive keys, under the action of which, portals, secret pannels, and trap-doors, suddenly gave way to admit us through lengthened corridors, lined with the cells of the knight-monks, into their halls, their dormitories, and refectory, and down into the subterranean caverns, where we remarked parts of the building resembling tombs, deep wells, and dungeons. Filled with the reflections which such scenes were calculated to excite, we returned, with minds but ill-disposed, to view with admiration some of the relics and sacred vases belonging to the order, now preserved in the chapel, into which we were also introduced."

Respecting the people of Königsberg, our travellers agree to a nicety. "The manners and mode of living of the inhabitants partake as little of modern refinement as the houses they occupy," says Mr. Wilson. "The inhabitants themselves, in dress and appearance, seem as far removed from the present age as their habitations," says Dr. Granville. But Mr. Wilson goes a little farther; for he states, that the women employed in needle-work in the streets casting often "a *roguish* glance on the passengers," is a "custom which says more for the *simplicity* of the people of K. than for their refinement or taste for intellectual pursuits"!! On leaving this place we find both travellers discussing the merits and demerits of the three roads to Memel, and finally adopting the same way. Mr. Wilson's mention of this route is in his usual style, but worthy of quotation for its *wildnesses*.* "In one place the road passed through a gloomy wood of birch and pine for eight miles together; and in this rude and savage tract are to be found wolves, stags, *wild* beasts, serpents (three feet in length), and venomous reptiles. *Wild* strawberries grow most profusely in the woods, and are gathered by the peasants, who present them to travellers for a trifle. On emerging from this scene of *wildness*, the cultivated landscape looked doubly pleasing from the contrast. Here the fields were neatly enclosed with wooden palings, formed of trees sloped and fixed to two upright pieces about twelve feet asunder; at the bottom of which, turf is piled up about two feet in height, and secured by pieces of wood on each side. The country now became bare, and the crops were prodigiously *behind* in growth, considering the advanced season. We saw many storks standing two and two, looking at *each other* in their proud and erect attitude."

This is a unique landscape, and the finishing touch of the storks gazing at each other quite picturesque. Methinks, as Hamlet almost says, we see them now. Dr. Granville oddly enough designates this *wild* tract of his brother tourist, beyond Labiau, "*antediluvian fields*," but what he means we cannot tell; surely the storks are not antediluvian?

At Tilsit, Mr. W. tells us the famous raft on which Alexander and Buonaparte met was 200 yards above the bridge; Dr. Granville says it was a few yards from the bridge. And now, passing Memel, both travellers enter the dominions of Russia, where their different receptions appear to have caused them to view things in very opposite lights. At Polangen, the frontier town of Russia, poor Mr. Wilson was visited by a misery of authorship such as is not recorded by D'Israeli. "The gate (he says) was opened by an officer, and a filthy, surly Cossack, wrapped up in a brown coat, and with huge, bushy whiskers, beard, and mustaches, holding a naked sword, and assuming an air of official superiority. At Polangen all the luggage was taken to a house occupied by the douaniers; and every article was turned out, handled, and examined. We were prepared to find great jealousy exercised on the part of the Russians towards books, especially such, however trifling, as treated in any way of this country; and had therefore abstained from bringing any. Their suspicion of such articles had been of late greatly increased by publications speaking unreservedly on the subject of the Russian empire. *I had but one book in my portmanteau, and this was a volume of my travels in the Holy Land, which was intended as a present to the emperor.* It was, however, instantly seized upon: the officers took it into another room, and shut the door: but it being *in the English language*,

* We ought to have mentioned, perhaps, the chief piece of news he tells us of Konigsberg, before quitting it—viz. that a goose may be bought for sixpence. We should not think it quite safe to travel there.

[evidently a boast,—for we never saw a book of Mr. Wilson's in that language,] they could not tell what were its contents, and demanded the nature of the publication. On my Russian servant informing them that it was for his imperial majesty, and that if they chose they might attach the lead to it [as if not heavy enough before], with the official mark, and send it to St. Petersburg, they again held a consultation, and sent for the principal douanier. We were then ordered into the apartment, where was a most ferocious-looking fellow with a drawn sword, whose appearance was well calculated to inspire awe: he stood on one side, in an erect attitude like a statue, beside an enormous pair of scales suspended from the ceiling; and after much conversation, through the medium of my interpreter, the volume was returned."

The danger of losing his treasure seems to have utterly soured Mr. Wilson's generally kind and complacent temper. His passport is found wrong, and he is vexatiously detained till he can send it back to Memel to be rectified; and all the while he is obliged to put up with the horrid accommodations of Polangen.* "Patience (he pathetically exclaims) being now our only remedy, we proceeded to an inn kept by a Jew, where we found ourselves surrounded by beings totally different in looks, dress, and manners, from any we had hitherto met with. The houses are built entirely of wood; and one side of the street is inhabited by the Hebrew race, the other by Cossacks. * * * In this wretched place we were obliged to continue the remainder of the day, without any means of whiling away the time, in an apartment that was the very picture of desolation, and where we were sadly annoyed by vermin. * * * Notwithstanding we had a passport granted by the Russian authority at London, which had been examined and signed by the Russian consul at Memel, the police-master thought fit to furnish us with a *podoroshna*, permitting us to proceed to St. Petersburgh, for which we paid 23 rubles, or 19*s*. sterling. These podoroshnas form no inconsiderable item in the 'ways and means' of this country. Being now assured, in the language of the knight of the whip, that things were 'all right,' we left this deplorable inn, after being sadly annoyed by vermin, and surrounded with filth."

With Dr. Granville, on the contrary, Polangen was quite another sort of place. "The servants were left to attend to the necessary ceremony of visiting every part of the baggage, which occupied about two hours, while we proceeded to the post-house in the village, kept by a Jew, the place being mostly inhabited by people of that nation. There, for the first time, we experienced the luxury of a travelling French cook and *batterie de cuisine*, which until now had been useless appendages to our equipage. That most useful person had preceded us on this occasion, and prepared a delightful little repast, which was improved by the excellent wheaten bread to be got in the place. * * * We soon found ourselves at liberty to proceed. It has often been asserted by English travellers, that the *douane* on this frontier is vexatious and unusually strict, and that every thing is turned out, handled, and examined. To judge from my own experience, I should say that the system is as like that followed by the officers at Dover as any two systems can be. There also, as I know to my cost, every article was turned out, handled, and examined with perfect civility, on my return to England; and with baggage, consisting of a couple of imperials only, after experiencing a delay of nearly two hours, I found myself taxed to the amount of nineteen pounds, although I had not a single article of merchandise. At Polangen, on the contrary, with the same quantity of baggage, *and a great many medical books*, I had not a single kopeeck to pay, even after the severest scrutiny of the contents of my imperials. * * * It is incredible how rapidly the amount of revenue derived from the Polangen custom-house has been increasing in the last six years. In 1822 it was less than three thousand roubles; in 1827 it was little short of one million of the same money. How will political economists explain this phenomenon?" The *podoroshna*, according to the doctor, "is a mere order for horses chargeable with a tax, addressed to post-masters, perfectly distinct from a passport, and granted by the governor-general of the province or government, in the name of the emperor. The produce which this source of revenue yields to government serves to keep up, in part, the posting establishments. The charge for horses is so low, that without some extra resource and assistance, post-masters could not exist. The charge paid on the delivery of the podoroshna is calculated on the number of horses which it is intended to take on the journey, and on the whole distance in versts."

Apropos of *versts*:—Mr. Wilson (page 167) declares that a verst is *three quarters of an English mile*; Dr. Granville (page 379) asserts that it is *one third of two English miles*: by this measurement, Dr. Granville would travel 60 miles where Mr. Wilson would travel 67½, a difference of about ten per cent, that would be felt upon so long a road, both in additional expense and fatigue. And this sort of difference seems to have attended our authors throughout. The floating bridge over the Dwina near Riga is, according to Mr. Wilson, 2600 feet long, and forty in breadth: Dr. Granville relates that he found it much shortened, for it measured "710 paces, which give a length equal to 1600 feet,"—one thousand less than Mr. Wilson's estimate. At Riga itself, however, there is a striking agreement between the writers; so striking, that we have no hesitation in believing that Dr. G. refreshed his memory from Mr. Wilson's book.

"The church of St. James, adjoining this, is built of brick, with a tower, tapering spire, and a roof of copper. That of St. Peter is of considerable magnitude, being 272 feet long by 116 wide. The pulpit is entirely of marble, and from an inscription on it, appears to have been the *gift of an individual* [interesting intelligence]. It is surmounted by an angel, also of marble, holding a gilt olive branch in the right hand; and St. Peter is represented on it in front with a book and keys. There is a candelabrum here of extraordinary dimensions, it being fifteen feet in height and twelve in circumference, and it has three stages of branches for lights. From the summit of the steeple, which for its elegance and proportions is considered one of the best structures of the kind in Russia, is a fine view of the city: the bustle on the quays, and the numerous vessels, contribute much to the liveliness of the scene, while the windings of the Dwina, and the islands with which it is studded, form a beautiful landscape in the back-ground. The horizon is bounded for about two thirds of its circumference with dark forests."—*Wilson*, p. 187.

"From the top of the tower of the church of St. Peter, the view of the town, and the small territory around it, bounded by extensive and impenetrable dark forests of firs and pines, is imposing. The eye wanders as far as the Baltic, and plainly distinguishes the bay, where are seen riding at anchor several large vessels, many of them bearing the English colours."—*Granville*, p. 393.

Again, at Dorpat, we discover strong resemblance:—

"Dorpat, or Dörpt, as it is sometimes written, lies on the river Embeck."—*Wilson*, p. 198.

"After changing horses five different times, we reached Dorpat, or, as it is frequently written, Dörpt."—*Granville*, p. 399.

"The principal building, a college, which was founded in 1805, and finished about 1809, is a large pile 250 feet (German) in length, by sixty in depth; but independently of its Doric portico, slightly projecting in the centre, it has little pretensions to elegance, the rest of the front being without any architectural ornaments, and the windows quite naked. It is built of brick, coated with stucco, and has a heavy roof of sheet iron."—*Wilson*, p. 200.

"The principal college of the university is a large building, upwards of two hundred feet in length, with an unpretending and unadorned elevation, having a Doric portico in front. It is built of brick plastered over, and its roof is covered with sheets of iron."—*Granville*, p. 402.

Accident never led two persons to write two such sentences as these, without the one consulting the other; and we mention the coincidence, not as a censure on Dr. Granville, who, producing an ample itinerary of some 1400 pages from a journey of only four months, was bound to consult, and must have consulted, preceding travellers—but to justify our own opinion, which has been questioned on this point. But we will pursue this comparison of coincidences, or of contradictions, no farther than by adding one example, *which mingles both*, and which we leave to our readers to reconcile as they can.

The winter palace at St. Petersburgh "is nearly square, and has its principal front towards the Neva. The length of this building is 150 feet, and its depth 350. It consists of two orders, Ionic and Corinthian; but is by no means an elegant specimen of architecture, being erected in a very heavy, uncouth style, and although possessing a certain degree of grandeur, distinguished by no beauty."—*Wilson*, p. 228-9.

"This great and imposing structure has a square form, three sides of which are unconnected with any other building. The north side, or that which presents its front to the Neva, is 721 feet in extent, one-fourth of which line, at each extremity, projects twenty-four feet from the centre. It is composed of a basement story of the Ionic order, surmounted by a principal and a second story or attic of the Corinthian order. The roof is surrounded by

* Polangen is famous for its trade in amber: "This substance is found by the inhabitants on the coast, between Polangen and Pillau, either loosely on the shore, on which it has been thrown by the strong north and westerly winds, or in small hillocks of sand near the sea, where it is found in regular strata. The quantity found yearly in this manner, and on this small extent of coast, besides what little is sometimes discovered in beds of pit coal in the interior of the country, is said to amount [to] from 150 to 200 tons, yielding a revenue to the government of Prussia of about 100,000 francs. As amber is much less in vogue in Western Europe than in former times, the best pieces, which are very transparent, and frequently weigh as much as three ounces, are sent to Turkey and Persia, for the heads of their expensive pipes and hookahs. Very few trinkets are now sold for ornaments to ladies' dresses; and the great bulk of amber annually found is converted into a species of scented spirits and oil, which are much esteemed for the composition of delicate varnish. In the rough state, amber is sold by the tun, and forms an object of export trade from Memel and Konigsberg."—*Granville.*

a light balustrade adorned with vases and statues."—*Granville*, p. 531-2.

From these we learn that this palace is of a square form; but whether good or bad in architecture, and whether its front to the Neva is 721 or 227 feet, who can tell?!

In order to diversify this paper, we again refer to Dr. Granville's entertaining sketches of St. Petersburgh.

"In the course of my conversation with some of the oldest noblemen of the court, I learned that Russian society among the great was considered to have improved materially since it had lost the pompous and almost kingly style of living which characterised it during the reign of Catherine. On one of these occasions, I was informed by a grand officer of the court, who had been a frequent eye-witness to the facts he described, that the late chancellor of all the orders of knighthood in Russia, and grand chamberlain, Monsieur Naryschkine, lived, when resident in that capital, in the greatest magnificence. He was the last of those Russian noblemen who almost vied with their sovereign in the splendour of their mansion, their equipage, and their entertainments. His house, which was on a large scale, was thrown open every evening from dusk till a late hour, and filled to excess, although upwards of twenty spacious rooms were used on the occasion. Here every thing that could seduce the imagination, please the eye, and satisfy the appetite of a very Apicius, was to be found in profusion. To the individual fond of staking his thousands on the turn of a card or the throw of a die, the accommodation was unlimited. In affording this facility to his guests, the grand chamberlain was not singular, as high play is of all times and of all nations. Music, both vocal and instrumental, entertained the many who either liked it, or affected to do so. Dancing, lounging, talking aloud, boisterous laughing, soft whisperings, agreeable *rencontres*, and even intellectual conversation, with the incessant to and fro bustling of laced attendants, obeying the least sign or token of command, presented a spectacle not to be met with at present in any of the residences of the great in St. Petersburgh, although by no means rare at that time. Naryschkine's great delight was to fill his mansion. The morning was often spent in seeking for people to whom he could address an invitation; and when once introduced, every guest was heartily welcomed whenever he chose to attend. It was in this assemblage of all that is rich, gay, great, and illustrious, that the finest of their sex in St. Petersburgh might often be found. At a late hour, a magnificent supper was served on the grandest scale imaginable. My informant, who had been in the confidence of the noble master of the house, and in the habit of frequenting it almost every night, assures me that the expense of such entertainments could not have been less than twenty thousand rubles daily, and that every other part of his establishment was costly in proportion. The fortune of this extraordinary nobleman was immense."

[To be continued.]

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.—NO. II.

In Dr. Channing's eloquent pamphlets* he displays both great command of language and great capacity of mind. His analysis of the character of Buonaparte is discriminating and profound; and especially dispels, in the most complete manner, that remarkable delusion, upon which, republicans, of all men, so long and so pertinaciously upheld the cause of despotism. The little work more recently published is a sequel to that masterly production, and goes into the general consideration of "Power and Greatness." It sets off, as a sportsman would say, at score, and rather startles us with abrupt aphorisms—almost paradoxes. Of Napoleon it is declared: "The love of power, that common principle, explains, in a great degree, his character and life. His crimes did not spring from any passion or impulse peculiar to himself. With all his contempt of the human race, he still belonged to it." Now, we acknowledge that we cannot comprehend these three short sentences. The first is plain enough: the second seems to imply, that Buonaparte sinned from a common principle inherent in our natures, and carried to excess by him; but it is running wild to go farther, and put the converse, viz. that he was consequently not an individual of a separate and distinct order, governed by superhuman or unhuman passions, but one of our species, and absolutely belonged to it. Every man belongs to the race of men; and it is a piece of idle jargon (which we notice in this high quarter, because it has become offensively prevalent with all the would-be philosophers and metaphysicians of the day) to speak about persons, as if any one could suppose they were demons or angels, or perhaps half crocodiles and half alligators, like a Kentuckian. We pass, however, to an example which will place the writer's abilities in a juster light.

"There is another power over men, very different from this; a power, not to quicken and elevate, but to crush and subdue—a power which robs men of the free use of their nature, takes them out of their own hands, and compels them to bend to another's will. This is the sway which men grasp at most eagerly, and which it is our great purpose to expose. To reign, to give laws, to clothe their own wills with omnipotence, to annihilate all other wills, to spoil the individual of that self-direction which is his most precious right; this has ever been deemed by multitudes the highest prize for competition and conflict. The most envied men are those who have succeeded in prostrating multitudes, in subjecting whole communities, to their single will. It is the love of this power, in all its forms, which we are anxious to hold up to reprobation. If any crime should be placed by society beyond pardon, it is this. This power has been exerted most conspicuously and perniciously by two classes of men—the priest or minister of religion, and the civil ruler. Both rely on the same instruments; that is, pain or terror; the first calling to his aid the fires and torments of the future world, and practising on the natural dread of invisible powers; and the latter availing himself of chains, dungeons, and gibbets, in the present life. Through these terrible applications, man has in all ages and in almost every country been made, in a greater or less degree, a slave and machine; been shackled in all his faculties, and degraded into a tool of others' wills and passions. The influence of almost every political and religious institution has been to make man abject in mind, fearful, servile, a mechanical repeater of opinions which he dares not try, and a contributor of his toil, sweat, and blood, to governments which never dreamed of the general weal as their only legitimate end. On the immense majority of men thus wronged and enslaved, the consciousness of their own nature has not yet dawned; and the doctrine, that each has a mind worth more than the material world, and framed to grow for ever by a self-forming, self-directing energy, is still a secret, a mystery."

The force and truth of this picture will be owned by every intelligent being who looks abroad, even in our braggart and enlightened era—yet it is easier to see the evil than to amend it; and wise men go on, accommodating themselves to it in the ways most agreeable to themselves, without stirring up revolutions, which generally end in leaving matters pretty nearly as they found them—that is to say, great changes in property, and in the relative situation of ranks; but none whatever in moral principles, or in the nature of the active agents who have acquired the glorious right to govern the welfare of their fellow-creatures and study their own inclinations. The farce is only repeated with a change of characters; and will be, for generations to come, notwithstanding the march of intellect and the concomitant march of ridicule. There is much more that we might well cite to justify our praises of Dr. Channing, but one piece must suffice.

"It is the distinction of republican institutions, that whilst they compel the passion for power to moderate its pretensions, and to satisfy itself with more limited gratifications, they tend to spread it more widely through the community, and to make it a universal principle. The doors of office being opened to all, crowds burn to rush in. A thousand hands are stretched out to grasp the reins which are denied to none. Perhaps in this boasted and boasting land of liberty, not a few, if called to state the chief good of a republic, would place it in this; that every man is eligible to every office, and that the highest places of power and trust are prizes for universal competition. The superiority attributed by many to our institutions, is, not that they secure the greatest freedom, but give every man a chance of ruling; not that they reduce the power of government within the narrowest limits which the safety of the state admits, but throw it into as many hands as possible. The despot's great crime is thought to be, that he keeps the delight of dominion to himself, that he makes a monopoly of it, whilst our more generous institutions, by breaking it into parcels, and inviting the multitude to scramble for it, spread this joy more widely. The result is, that political ambition infects our country, and generates a feverish restlessness and discontent, which, to the monarchist, may seem more than a balance for our forms of liberty. The spirit of intrigue, which in absolute governments is confined to courts, walks abroad through the land; and as individuals can accomplish no political purposes single handed, they band themselves into parties, ostensibly framed for public ends, but aiming only at the acquisition of power. The nominal sovereign, that is, the people, like all other sovereigns, is courted and flattered, and told that it can do [no] wrong. Its pride is pampered, its passions inflamed, its prejudices made inveterate. Such are the processes by which other republics have been subverted, and he must be blind who cannot trace them among ourselves. We mean not to exaggerate our dangers. We rejoice to know, that the improvements of society oppose many checks to the love of power. But every wise man who sees its workings must dread it as our chief foe."

There is too much for reflection suggested by this brief extract to require any comment or commendation of ours.

Of Mr. Willis's volume of poems, it is not

* The original habitat of these papers is the Christian Examiner, a Boston periodical.

requisite to say much: they are chiefly college (Yale College) productions, and are proofs of good feelings and a poetical turn, though immature and imperfect in the execution. They promise; yet they are too level to promise much.

The poetry by the Author of Moral Pieces has more of variety and of practised talent. The writer is addicted to antiquities, and his compositions stand in need of notes. But every accident seems to be a theme for him; and he is often deplorably bad, as a contrast to much of a laudable beauty. *Ex. gr. the bad.*

——— "the maiden in fear and in sorrow
Shriek'd loud as she breathed its bituminous air,
The gases sulphuric detected with horror,
And pour'd to each god of the waters her prayer."

Something better, on a battle between the Whites and the Indians:

"Ah! the contending din,
The shock, the shout, the revelry of war,
I cannot sing. They ask a bolder lay,
A firmer hand. There are who can behold
God's image marr'd, and call it glorious strife
And godlike victory. There are who love
The trumpet's clangour, and the hoarse response
Of the death-groan. I cannot strike the lyre
That breathes of war. It seems to me that Death
Doth his own work so mightily, that man
Need aid him not.
Even in the time of peace,
The dance of pleasure, and the bloom of health,
He smites his victims oft enough to soothe
The hater of his kind. The longest lease
Which Earth's frail tenant holds, his fourscore years
Of labour and of sorrow, are brief space
To do the work of an eternity."

We will add one entire, though short, poem, with a pretty moral ending.

"To a Glow-worm.

Little being of a day,
Glowing in thy cell alone,
Shedding light with mystic ray
On thy path and on my own;

Dost thou whisper to my heart?—
'Though I grovel in the sod,
Still I mock man's boasted art
With the workmanship of God.'

See! the fire-fly in his flight
Scouring thy serene career,—
He, the eccentric meteor bright,
Thou, the planet of thy sphere.

Why, within thy cavern damp,
Thus with trembling haste dost cower?
Fear'st thou I would quench thy lamp,—
Lustre of thy lonely bower?

No!—Regain thy couch of clay,
Sparkle brightly as before:
Man should dread to take away
Gifts he never can restore."

Of the *Whimwhams*, the last publication on our list, we cannot say much, except that it attempts to be facetious, and rather fails than succeeds. Its fault is, that it falls below the line of low humour, and gets into slang and vulgarity. Blasting the eyes of brewers (page 67)—flames bursting (89), &c. &c. are inexcusable faults.

We shall, however, look for more and higher transatlantic productions: retaining our opinion, that as yet America has little to boast of, but confidently expecting a full and glorious fruitage from her British-descended genius, high aspirations, and unimpeded opportunities.

MEXICO.

[Having recently met with the following notice in a foreign journal, it has reminded us of a concluding paper (though the sixth) still due to Captain Lyon's two interesting volumes.

"*Palanqué.*—It is feared that, in consequence of the immense forests by which the extraordinary ruins at Palanqué are surrounded, and the myriads of serpents by which the ruins themselves are infested, that it will be a matter of considerable difficulty to prosecute those minute researches into these interesting relics of ancient days, from which so much curious and valuable information might justly be expected."]

THE antiquities of this country will, as they become better known, lead, probably, to some very curious deductions: their resemblance to the most ancient Egyptian remains, when an ample comparison can be made, will no doubt throw new lights on the early history of mankind; and a great work now in progress by a noble lord is likely to afford very extensive and important facilities for this purpose. As yet, however, we have only fragments of Mexican lore of this kind. At a village called Panuco, Capt. Lyon says:

"I waited on Don Fernando de San Pedro, a very great man, to whom I had letters of introduction, in each of which was particularly mentioned my anxiety to see any objects of interest which might exist in this place, such as Indian antiquities or natural productions of the country. I had been informed by several people at Tampico, that a great number of very curious idols were to be found on this person's estate, though the owner of these treasures appeared himself quite ignorant of his riches, and scarcely knew what was meant by 'antiquities,' still less by the term 'idol.' He was, however, all graciousness, and permitted me to roam about and make whatever discoveries I might wish. One of my canoe-men was of far more assistance in my research; and his first prize was an odd grotesque-looking figure in terra cotta, used as a child's plaything, for which I was to pay a quarter of a dollar."

Under the guidance of a priest, however, our countryman was more successful. He continues—

"With this kind guide I again visited Don Fernando, in whose house itself the padre soon found a curious idol for me to copy. I had no sooner commenced my drawing, than it excited so much astonishment, that half-a-dozen grotesque figures and vases were quickly brought to me; Don Fernando himself presenting me with a little bird-shaped whistle of earthenware, having two holes on each side, so that a kind of tune might be produced from it. I now found full occupation for the day; and a whole group of children were sent out in search of toys, which I agreed to purchase at a medio (three-pence) each. In addition to my acquisitions of this kind, I obtained permission to copy many others, which the owners valued too highly as playthings for their children to part with. The streets of Panuco are to this day thickly strewed with the remains of ancient crockery; and often after heavy rains entire vessels and toys are found washed down the water-courses. In the evening of this day, after the hour of siesta, I sought out my friend the padre, who it appeared had been busy in my service, and he gave me three most curious little figures. He also took me to examine a very perfect earthen flute; but the boy to whom it belonged could not be persuaded to part with it. We walked afterwards to see the remains of what the padre informed me were once pyramids, and to which the name 'cue' is still applied, although they are now nothing more than five or six mounds of earth of thirty or forty feet in height. They lie to the westward of the town, near each other, and on the plain around them I found several pieces of obsidian arrow-heads, which must have been brought from a great distance by the warriors who once peopled the banks of the river. * * *

"The padre sent me as a present several curious ancient toys and whistles, with one small terra cotta vase very beautifully carved with those peculiar flourishes introduced in the Mexican manuscripts. I was also fortunate enough to procure an antique flute of a very compact red clay, which had once been polished and painted. It had four holes, and the mouth part was in the form of a grotesque head. * * *

"The descendants of the warlike people who formerly inhabited the 'numerous populous towns on the banks of the river' yet dwell in the neighbourhood, but in very diminished numbers. In their mild, dejected countenances no trace is seen of their being the offspring of those warriors who defeated Grijalva their first discoverer, Garay, and the troops of Cortes, who did not effect their subjugation without great loss of men, and at an expense of 60,000 dollars,—an enormous sum in those days. Time and the tremendous periodical rains have been insufficient to destroy all vestiges of the Guastecas nation. The remains of the pyramids, the quantities of obsidian weapons, the idols and the utensils, toys and ornaments in finely worked clay,—all combine to shew that the arts once flourished to a very considerable extent on this now thinly peopled spot. Some of the vases yet retain their colours and vitreous glazing, and many are of an earth as light and well baked as that of Tuscany;—while the figures, from their singular attitudes and grotesque expression, might serve as models to the toy-makers of the present day. The flutes, single and double, with two, three, or four holes, the oddly shaped pipes and whistles, and the jars modelled into birds, toads, and other animals—all in terra cotta—exhibit as much humour as ingenuity, and are found either entire or broken, in such quantities as to induce a belief that Panuco was actually a mart for crockery-ware. I learnt also that at a rancho called Calondras, about nine leagues from the town, some very interesting objects of antiquity are to be met with, situated on the side of a hill covered with wild pines. The principal of these is a large oven-like chamber, on the floor of which a great number of the flat stones, similar to those still used by women in grinding maize, were found, and can even now be procured. It is only in the month of May that this place is accessible; as the pines being dry, may then be burned from the face of the hill. It is conjectured that these stones, with a quantity of other imperishable articles of household furniture long since removed, had been deposited in the cave on some flight of the Indians, as being too heavy for farther removal."

But the most remarkable antiquarian remains which Captain Lyon visited, were the ruins of an ancient Indian city, about fourteen leagues to the southward of Zacatecas, on an isolated hill upon an extensive plain, and called Cerro de los Edificios. Quadrangles, pyramids, circles of stones, altars, tanks, caves,*

* Speaking of one of these, it is stated—"One of the principal objects of our expedition had been to enter this mysterious place, which none of the natives had ever ventured to do, and we came provided with torches for the purpose: unfortunately, however, the mouth had very recently fallen in, and we could merely see that it was a narrow well-built entrance, bearing in many places the remains of good smooth plastering. A large beam of cedar once supported the roof; but its removal by the country people had caused the dilapidation which we now observed. Mr. Tindal in knocking out some pieces of regularly burnt brick, soon brought a ruin upon his head, but escaped without injury; and his accident caused a thick cloud of yellow dust to fall, which on issuing from the cave assumed a bright appearance under the full glare of the sun;—an effect not lost upon the natives, who became more than ever persuaded that an immense treasure lay hidden in this mysterious place. The general opinion of those who remember when the excavation was clear, is, that it is very deep; and from many circumstances there is a probability of its having been a place of confinement for victims. Its vicinity to the great hall, in which there can be little doubt that the sanguinary rites of the

mysterious passages, pillars, and all the architectural glories of Aztec monarchs, abound. We regret we cannot go into the details, and we also regret to find that we cannot enter upon the consideration of the grand question of the mines, on which much light is thrown by this narrative: but we can only notice, that the author's opinion, which is of great weight, is upon the whole extremely favourable, and that he anticipates a prosperous issue to several of these undertakings. We conclude with a few extracts, omitted in their proper places, as belonging to the natural history of Mexico. At one place our author found "an alligator's nest with thirty-nine eggs. It is the custom of the caymans to select some sunny sandy beach, in which they bury their eggs, piling a large heap of sand above them. They then leave their offspring to be hatched by the heat of the sun; although, as the Indians informed me, they keep 'a register in their head,' and return at the expiration of thirty days, when their newly produced little ones are ready to be taken on the mother's back and receive their first lessons in swimming. The idea that the alligator devours her young if she can catch them, is denied by the Indians, who, on the contrary, declare her to be very kind to them. I should like to have seen in what way the maternal solicitude of one of these horrid creatures is shewn; for a nursing alligatress must be a great curiosity. The eggs are about the size of those of our domestic ducks, but bearing a highly enamelled surface. At each end they are translucent; but an opaque white band encircles the middle, which appears to have a dividing membrane across it. The yolk also resembles that of a duck's egg, but has a slight flavour of musk, and the white is nearly of the consistence of jelly. On the border of the river I shot a small eagle of that species which, according to the Indians, preys upon serpents. In landing for my bird, I crossed the recent track of a leopard which had been drinking in the stream; and in a few minutes killed two fine turkeys."

In a ruin, "amongst the stones of the altar, Mr. Tindal killed a blue-tailed lizard, which is rare, and one of the most beautiful little creatures of the species: the bright ultramarine blue of the tail is not excelled by any artificial colour. In a curious old book I found a description of this creature, with the account of a superstition which exactly corresponds with one existing in Africa with respect to the ourral, a large kind of lizard. 'They are poysonous, and thirst after the blood of breeding women; and they report that if a woman, or but her clothes, do touch this creature, she will afterwards prove barren.'"

At Mal Paso, "under a portico or gallery, we saw hanging the stuffed skins of five pumas or Mexican lions of a light dun colour, four lion cubs, twelve gray wolves and two black ones, very much resembling dogs, and which probably were a cross between a wolf and a dog. The lions had been taken in pitfalls; and it is customary to course the wolves and laso them, when heavy and inactive after a plenteous meal."

Again:—"I had often heard of an animal named zorillo, a kind of pole-cat, which is abundant in some parts of Mexico, and wished much to experience the effects of the pungent odour it has the power of emitting when pursued. In Mr. Walkinshaw's house my curiosity was more than satisfied, his dogs having recently killed one of these creatures. They were in consequence so impregnated with its smell, as to communicate it wherever they went, and with such strength as to cause a severe pain in the head. I know not how to describe this peculiar odour; but it is worse than any thing I ever experienced, or could have imagined. The animal, as far as I could judge from its mutilated carcass, is the size of a very young badger, and much resembling that animal in the disposition of its colours. It is said to be slow and inactive; but until my sense of taste or smell should fail me, I never could have the hardihood to chase it."

Finis.

Mexicans were once held, is one argument in favour of this supposition; but there is another equally forcible,—its immediate proximity to a cliff of about 150 feet, down which the bodies of victims may have been precipitated, as was the custom at the inhuman sacrifices of the Aztecs."

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. VI.

An English Lesson Book for the junior Classes. By Lucy Aikin. 18mo. pp. 219. London, Longman and Co.

Poetry for Children, consisting of Short Pieces, to be committed to Memory. Selected by Lucy Aikin. A new edition, considerably improved. 18mo. pp. 180. London, Longman and Co.

THESE are two pretty little books for the use of children. The name of Aikin has long been of standard excellence in the juvenile and general literary world; and the fair authoress of the small works before us has done not a little to support that well-earned fame. The latter volume has deservedly run through several editions; and that now produced gives it in an enlarged and much improved form. It is a judicious collection of the simplest poetry of the best authors; and its object, as the preface declares, is "to promote the love and study of poetry, by supplying, in a convenient form, a considerable number of pieces of verse proper for children to commit to memory." This is a laudable intention, as the study of poetry is ever pleasing to infant minds, and certainly tends to refine and exalt the ideas of youth, in proportion to the purity and morality of the verse. In this latter respect, Miss Aikin's choice is eminently entitled to approbation; and in this new edition she has carefully revised the whole, and added many sweet little pieces. We forgot to mention that the original articles are not the worst in the volume.

The *Lesson Book* contains a very appropriate selection of short tales for children: it is intended to succeed the use of the Spelling Book, and is well adapted to be used in preparatory and female schools.

On the whole, we recommend these neat little volumes to the notice of parents and teachers in general.

Stories from Scripture, on an improved Plan: Old Testament. By the Rev. Bourne Hall Draper. Second edition. 18mo. pp. 192. London, Harris.

True Stories from English History, chronologically arranged, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Death of George the Third. By a Mother, Author of "True Stories from Ancient History," &c. Second edition, considerably enlarged. 18mo. pp. 324. London, Harris.

THESE Stories from Scripture are written in a simple and familiar style, and form a sort of running commentary upon the events recorded in holy writ, perfectly adapted to the understandings of children. Their plan presents an excellent course of moral instruction, pleasingly blended with the tales of sacred history, and therefore eminently fitted for the attentive perusal of the young. Parents cannot do better than furnish their nurseries liberally with such laudable publications; and in this spirit we readily commend it to their notice.

The volume of *True Stories from English History* is from a lady's pen; which, we presume, accounts for a specimen of bad Latinity discoverable in the 15th page. It is not, as its name might imply, a mere selection of facts from our national annals; but a brief, though connected, anecdotical narrative of the principal events of English history, from its earliest to the present era; written in a pleasant, story-telling style, divested of minute details and unnecessary disquisitions, and retaining merely the principal and most interesting occurrences, public and domestic, recorded of our ancestors. These are judiciously besprinkled with familiar notices of manners, customs, and other necessary information; so as to present, on the whole, a delightful little volume for youthful perusal. The work, however, is by no means free from faults; several ridiculous mistakes betoken the fair compiler to have had but a superficial acquaintance with some things which she has attempted to describe; and a few silly observations, and blunders in style, are here and there observable. But, altogether, these are of minor importance; and, on the whole, we can recommend these *True Stories*, as bearing an aspect of veracity, and calculated, in a great degree, to amuse and instruct the portion of society to which they are addressed.

Both of the above-named books are plentifully embellished with neat little engravings on copper, and printed in the best style. Indeed, every praise is due to the "getting up," as by such means they are rendered eligible objects for presents.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Tocsin; or, a Review of the London Police Establishments, with Hints for their Improvement, and for the Prevention of Calamitous Fires, &c. By T. B. W. Dudley.

THIS little pamphlet has excited in us feelings of alarm very similar to those which we recollect accompanied the perusal of Accum's celebrated Death in the Pot. As in the one case our gastronomic propensities were for some time sadly checked by the description of the multiplied evils to which we must inevitably subject ourselves by their gratification, so in the other we doubt whether we shall sleep soundly in our beds for the next month, in consequence of Mr. Dudley's detailed explanation of the frightful dangers of every kind by which we are nightly beset. Although there is a great deal of irrelevant matter in Mr. Dudley's work, which, to say truth, is written in the style distinguished by the appellation of "rigmarole,") yet it contains many valuable hints with regard to the reformation of the police of London, and to other means of guarding against accident, rapine, and violence. Among other recommendations, one which appears to be peculiarly deserving of attention, is the establishment of an effective and permanent night police, as a substitute for the present wretched and inefficient system of parish watchmen.

Notes on the Campaign of 1808-9, in the North of Spain. By Lieut.-Colonel T. S. Sorell. J. Murray.

COLONEL SORELL was military secretary and aide-de-camp to Sir D. Baird, and he has taken up the pen to refute certain assertions in Col. Napier's History of the Peninsular War, and to correct certain mistakes in Sir Walter Scott's

Life of Napoleon. This pamphlet, of fifty-three pages, is evidently the statement of that gallant officer, Sir David Baird; but as it is chiefly documentary, it affords us no room for extract. We can only say, that it seems to us to be conclusive on the points to which it refers; and that it is well calculated to correct loose history on every circumstance to which it relates. At all events, we think (our judgment not being military, but we trust common sense) it completely absolves Sir D. Baird from even a shadow of blame—if such were intended by either of the publications referred to.

The Cause and Cure of Ireland; exhibited in a Dialogue on the Catholic Question. By William T. Haley. Pp. 33. London, 1828. Rodes.

WITHOUT exception, the cleverest of the thousand and one publications which have appeared on the Catholic Question. On the merits of that question, *pro* or *con*, we do not feel it necessary to deliver an opinion; but, in the little pamphlet before us, any unprejudiced person will be ready to admit the quaint force of the arguments used against the emancipation, as it is called, of "Ireland's seven millions."

Gothic Ornaments, selected from the different Cathedrals and Churches in England. By Thomas and Charles Atkinson, Architects. Folio. London, Thomas Griffiths.

EVERY work which may in the smallest degree be calculated to diffuse a knowledge of English pointed architecture, will always have our best wishes and support; but we shall defer giving an opinion upon this until the appearance of another Number.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 6th.

Encore des fêtes! If, however, I give you a surfeit of them, you must not lay the fault to my charge, but accuse Messieurs les Saints, who, it seems, become the patrons of pleasure in all its various forms, as soon as they cross the Styx, and make an entire recantation of the rigid and freezing principles to which they owed their renown on earth. On Monday commenced the famous *fête des loges*, in the forest of St. Germain, opposite the ancient convent of St. Augustine. During the three days of festivity, from Paris to St. Germain was one volume of dust, through which moved stages, hackney coaches, cabriolets, charabanes, charettes, in double-quick speed, as also the omnibus, a kind of caravan, which contained at least thirty precious souls, whose loud laughter, *bons-mots*, and cries of "*Vive les Saints!*" evinced the lightness of their hearts, and their determination to make the most of the joyous moment. Arrived at St. Germain, one might have imagined that care had never darkened the brow of a single individual there—all was life and glee, neither dame nor chevalier were to be seen with a *triste figure*; even the countenances of old beggar-men and beggar-women were kindled into gaiety, as they stood in battle array to levy the tribute of a sous on their more affluent brethren;—pretty faces peeped from the windows; and, to crown all, the weather was delightful, and permitted fair ladies to put in play every motion of coquetry, and deck themselves in summer colours, gauzes, muslins, &c. so as to shew their graces and beauty to the best advantage. Six o'clock in the evening is the *bon-ton* hour for moving to the scene of hilarity; and indeed I know of no *coup d'œil* equally offensive in chasing ennui and the spleen: it is impossible to resist a sensation of happiness in witnessing five or six thousand people, apparently strangers to sorrow, or any of the bitter feelings which discolour pleasure, and give it a jaundiced hue. Tents were erected in the midst of the wood, containing different kinds of merchandise, which sold for double their value. Tables spread with wine, cheese, fruits, pies, &c. tempted lovers to regale their mistresses, and lighten their own brains, as well as heels, by the juice of the grape; whilst other groups performed in the mazy dance, or, trusting to the moon's light, strayed through by-ways to listen to tender declarations, carved their names on trees, as witnesses of promises, made, perhaps, with every good intention to be kept, but which will not, I fear, outlive the year. No matter—others will replace them; and time is just as well cheated thus, as by breaking one's heart with fidelity. I was enchanted with the costume of some of the peasants, as also with their beauty, and the freshness of their complexions: they generally formed country dances apart, and were satisfied to find partners in their own class; whereas the Parisian ladies' maids, and *ouvrières* of every description, dress in the height of fashion, and will not give their hand to a commoner. One of the best-equipped ladies was pointed out to me as a washerwoman: no doubt she deemed borrowing no theft, and decked herself in the lace bodice, costly embroidered petticoat, and silk stockings, of some of her customers; but this is a common practice here, and really the *jolie blanchisseuse* looked so at her ease under these fine garments, that one could scarce feel angry with her for the loan she had taken of them. The ball generally lasts until midnight, sometimes later: even old women, bent into the shape of triangles, leaning on some superannuated beau, with powdered *queue*, and antiquated-cut coat, hobble homewards at that hour, and relate the adventures of the day with as much animation as though they were five-and-twenty, and had counted a dozen conquests. 'Tis a pity slander and all uncharitableness generally follow these festivals; but the crime lies at the Saints' door, *à ce qu'il me semble*—for they seem to countenance M. Cupidon on all such occasions, though afterwards they let loose Madame la Médisance to darken the fair reputations of imprudent demoiselles, who forgot that trees have tongues, that zephyrs whisper, and that Dame Luna gives a treacherous light. This, however, is all as it should be,—and for six weeks, confessional boxes are thronged by young penitents; so that every profession has its turn, and M. le Curé profits by the bad counsels and temptations of the little god; good comes then from evil, and the balance of social advantages is equalised.

Mr. Horace Vernet took his leave of the king some days since, previous to his departure for Rome. The annual paintings sent this year by the *pensionnaires de l'Ecole de France* from that capital are not very numerous, nor very interesting as to subjects. A view of Civitella, near Subiaco, by M. Giroux, gives promise of a good artist, though connoisseurs find fault with the want of purity in the colouring of his foregrounds. There is also a copy of the Descent from the Cross from Garofolo, by M. Debay; but the subjects taken from the sacred writings seldom answer the ends intended by painters. There is another picture by the same artist, who seems by no means *of bon goût* as to choice. It is that of the *Courtisane Phrynée*, when brought before the Heliots to be judged for *lèse majesté divine*, having offended the gods. Her defender deeming that the most efficacious manner of moving the judges in her favour, was by exposing the beauty of her form, instead of pleading her cause, merely pulled aside the garment which enveloped her; this had the desired effect on the wise Heliots, who immediately acquitted her. The painter, however, has by no means given that perfection to Phrynée which could justify the judgment, or excuse a departure from the stern law of justice.

A subscription is going forward to erect a monument to *J. J. Rousseau* in Switzerland.

The streets of Paris are become quite a scene of gaiety, owing to the numerous cheap vehicles which are now to be seen driving *pêle-mêle* to every quarter of the town.

The art of *pocket-picking* is making considerable progress. *Il faut vivre*, say the unemployed; give us work, and we will not rob.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES.—(v.)

UNDER this title four papers have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, one of the leading objects of which journal is to bring all questions of interest to science fairly under the view of the public, prejudging nothing, but candidly stating the pretensions by which new discoveries or improvements are supported; and where experiments have been tried, the results or facts elicited from them. A more useful or honourable course can hardly be imagined, nor one less liable to objection or censure; and it may also be assumed, that such a subject as the *Cure of Consumptive Diseases* was highly deserving of notice and discussion. It was, therefore, with considerable surprise that we found ourselves assailed on this account, and in very reprehensible language, by a Dr. Johnson, the editor, we understand, of a medical periodical work, a copy of the last Number of which (the first we ever saw) has been sent to us by some good-natured friend. We have observed, of late years, as a matter of literary curiosity, that medical writers seemed to have adopted that acrimony which disgraced the polemics and politicians of former times, but which had been discarded by them and every other class of controversialists, as inconsistent with the better taste and manners of the present age. Coarseness, intemperance, and abuse, being no longer considered (if ever they were) strength, sense, and argument, had generally disappeared from all productions in which men of education were concerned; and persons who, either from professional rank or other circumstances, laid claim to the character of gentlemen, agreed in opinion that it was unbecoming to *print* what no gentleman could *say* without getting himself thrust out of good company. Dr. Johnson, however, who, as a physician, having a right to mix with respectable society, ought to entertain these notions and principles common to all gentlemen, has departed widely from those rules which decent breeding and politeness enjoin, and shewn himself to be one of that opposite class of writers who mistake Billingsgate vulgarity and hard words for reasoning and force.*

* We have been informed, since writing this, that a regular warfare of scurrility and personal abuse is carried on between this Doctor and a rival medical work, which is degrading to the press, and would disgrace chimney-sweepers. These examples, with the elegancies of Dr. Reece, all the dispute between Dr. Harrison and the College of Physicians, and many other instances which we need not enumerate, tend to prove the truth of our remark, that the profession which ought to be one of the most humane and refined, is, beyond all others, rendered contemptible and obnoxious by its low squabbles and ribald publications.

Having gratuitously conferred on *Mr.* Long a degree of *Dr.* (no enviable title, by the way, if not more adorned than by himself), *Dr.* Johnson says:—"The following case, which presented itself this very day (29th August) will serve as a specimen of the *kind* of consumptions, and of the wonderful cures of that disease, which are so much brunted about, especially in that prostituted, venal, and talentless journal, the *Literary Gazette.*" He then relates the case, and adds: "We cannot, however, close this article without again expressing our indignant contempt of that sink of prostitution, the *Literary Gazette.* If, for a paltry premium, they have trumpeted forth the mendacious cures of consumption by such an impudent medicaster as Dr. Long, in order to deceive the unsuspecting sufferer, and tamper with his pocket and his health, they deserve the reprobation of the public at large. If they have opened their columns through ignorance to designing knaves, who are paid for these fulsome puffs, they are scarcely less culpable, and not at all less despicable."

Without offering any comment on the nature of this language (which it would be found very inconvenient to apply *vivâ voce* to any responsible individual connected with the *Literary Gazette*), we deem it incumbent upon us to meet the charge, inasmuch as it involves matter of deep public concernment. We shall, therefore, briefly recapitulate what we have done to provoke this St. Giles' tirade, and then as briefly refute Dr. Johnson's false assertions respecting the very case in question.

In the *first* of our four preceding papers we alluded to the report much spread abroad on a subject of vital importance, namely, the discovery of effective means for alleviating and curing consumptive diseases. We stated that we thought it our duty to inquire into the grounds for this report—that facilities had been afforded us—that we had visited and examined Mr. Long's classes of patients; and though the impression made on our minds was favourable, we advised any parties interested in the matter to institute a similar investigation.

In our *second* paper, we expressed our desire simply to elicit the truth, to destroy pretension if not supported by evidence, and, at all events, to place the thing fairly before the public. We pointed out the fact, that if there was a failure in curing this dreaded malady, it was only a failure where all medicine failed; and alluding to irrefragable cases into which we had examined, declared our conviction that Mr. Long's process could not do any injury.

Our *third* paper, in replying to many applications from medical and other correspondents, repeated our anxiety to elicit the truth, being indifferent whether the investigation "propped a beneficial, or destroyed a rotten system;" and we referred to the strong cases of Messrs. Wilding and Braithwaite, which had been reported in the *John Bull* newspaper. We expressed our scepticism with regard to irregular practice, and honestly said, that we were not competent to enter upon the pathology of what was called consumption; at the same time acknowledging that many great discoveries had been fortuitously made; and that such proofs as Mr. Long produced would determine questions of life and estate in any legal trial.

Our *fourth* paper mentioned the leading peculiarities in the new practice; and, without bringing forward the names of parties, sufficiently specified the number and nature of the testimonies laid before us. We again adverted to the difficulty of defining consumption, and "committed ourselves to no opinion," but once more referred to persons of great intelligence and in the best ranks of society, who having had complaints *like* consumption, averred that these complaints were relieved or removed.

Having so acted, we cannot see how we have justly exposed ourselves to Dr. Johnson's, or any honest man's, vituperation. We literally decided nothing: the subject seemed to be an important one, calling for inquiry, and we took considerable trouble to make ourselves master of its bearings. We pretended to no medical knowledge to entitle us to pronounce upon the symptoms and character of any disease; and we plainly stated the facts in proof before us, desiring the public to follow up our course and judge for itself,—not considering it to be either wise or liberal to condemn a discovery merely because it was novel, and different from preceding practice.

But having undoubtedly produced a considerable effect on the general mind by these papers, we were fully sensible of the necessity imposed upon us, when accused by Dr. Johnson, of ascertaining whether we had been deluded, and made (if so, most unconsciously and conscientiously,) the means of deluding the public. We accordingly demanded an immediate reference to the party on whose case he founds his ungentlemanlike abuse of the *Literary Gazette*, and were indeed much astonished at the patient's version of the story, directly contradicting Dr. Johnson in every essential particular. This individual, Mr. ****, we found to be a young man of very superior intelligence; and we called upon him to deal explicitly with us, for the sake of that truth which had been the object of all our interference with this question. We read Dr. Johnson's statement of his case, and desired him to point out where it was correct and where the reverse. The following was the consequence:—"*The young man* (Dr. J. asserts) *had neither cough,*[1] *expectoration,*[2] *fever,*[3] *dyspnœa,*[4] *or a single symptom of phthisis, save the loss of flesh.*" The young man himself avers, that he had cough[1]; that he had and still has expectoration[2], though in a less degree, as he used, particularly in the morning, to spit blood, which symptom is now entirely gone; that he had fever[3], the remains of ague, in which his complaint originated; and that he had dyspnœa[4], and yet has considerable difficulty in breathing. More flat contradictions it is not easy to conceive: but we come further to the phthisis, of which the Doctor asserts, in addition to the foregoing:—"This (the loss of flesh) was quite enough, in the Doctor's eyes, to constitute CONSUMPTION, especially as the patient complained of wandering pains about the *sides, shoulders, and pit of the stomach.*" To which our informant replied, "This is not so; for my complaint pervaded the region of the chest, and affected me especially under the sternum!!" Dr. J. further asserts, that on stripping the patient's chest, he found the whole surface covered with pustules produced by tartar-emetic. This the patient denies, and says the appearance on his chest was of quite a different character, and such as could not be mistaken for tartar-emetic pustules. Dr. J. asserts, that "the emaciation went on;" which also Mr. **** contradicts, and says, on the contrary, that it stopped. Dr. J. asserts, that the disease was in the mind: the patient says, that, though he laboured under some mental depression, it was *not:* but the Doctor has the decency to make the following allowance: "It was confessed by the patient that Dr. Long *had done him more good than the regular practitioner.*" Well might it be so confessed; as the patient assured us most solemnly (besides the effects already mentioned), that when he went to Mr. Long he could not walk a hundred yards; but in three weeks, under his treatment, he walked from Kensington to Harley Street, and back again, the same day; that it entirely removed constant cold and violent nocturnal perspirations, which were wasting him away; and that it procured, within a period of twenty-four hours, a copious discharge of acrid matter, not less than a pint, from the seat of his disorder.

We will not occupy our readers further with Dr. Johnson and *his* case; nor would we have gone so far merely to refute his foul language, though bound to demonstrate that we had done nothing to forfeit the confidence reposed in the *Literary Gazette* by the public at large. But the question of utility took a wider range: and we trust, that while justifying ourselves, we have also been successful in vindicating the course we have pursued as one faithfully and earnestly directed to the elucidation of a subject of more than common interest to the community. If shewn to be empiricism, we will be the foremost to denounce it; but if it really alleviate human sufferings, it will not be the utter falsification of a case that can turn us from our public duty.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Of the paintings left by the kindness and liberality of his Most Gracious Majesty and several noble proprietors, for the study of the artists at the British Institution, the following will shew, that both the most excellent in art, and abundant variety in subject, has been selected for that purpose.

The Duchesse de St. Croix	Vandyke.
The Spanish Courtesan	Murillo.
Innocent the Tenth	Velasquez.
Portrait of a Spanish Gentleman	Do.
The Embarkation of St. Paul	Claude.
Preceptor and his Pupil	L. Bassan.
Virgin and Child	G. Romano.
Titian's Daughter	Titian.
The Water Seller	Velasquez.
Portrait of Anthony Triette	Vandyke.
Waterfall	Ruysdael.
Cattle in a Landscape	Cuyp.
The Fox and the Crane	Snydest.
River View by Moonlight	Vandermeer.
The Outside of a House, with Figures	De Hooge.
A Lime-kiln, with Figures	Teniers.
Landscape, with Cattle	Hobbima and Vanderveldo.
Moonlight	Vandermeer.
A Female Saint	Passeglione.
A Farrier's Shop	Wouvermans.
View on a Canal, with Passage-boats	Cuyp.
The Battle between Constantine and Maxentius	Rubens.
Landscape, with Fishermen	D. Teniers.
Do. with Woman milking by	Do.
A Philosopher	Spagnoletto.
View in Venice	Canaletti.
Cleopatra	Guido.
The Interior of a Chamber, with Portraits, &c.	De Hooge.
The Holy Family	Garofolo.

Twenty-nine in all. These are more than sufficient to put the talents of our artists to the test; and if we might judge from the attention that appeared, and the silence that reigned at the time of our visit, there will be no want of exertion on their part:—but time will shew.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scenery of the Rivers Yare and Waveney, Norfolk. From Pictures painted by James Stark. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

This is the first Part of a publication, to be completed in four Parts; each Part to contain six views and three vignettes, engraved from pictures by Mr. Stark, and comprehending the

most beautiful portions of the fine scenery which presents itself on the banks of the Yare and the Waveney. It will be accompanied by historical, geographical, and descriptive accounts of the course of those rivers, and of the parts selected for the work, from the pen of Mr. J. W. Robberds, jun.—Of Mr. Stark's talents, as a landscape-painter, we have frequently had occasion to speak in the *Literary Gazette;* and when we observe the names of Burnet, G. Cooke, W. J. Cooke, Cooper, Forrest, Fox, Goodall, Horsburgh, Lambert, Miller, Pye, Radclyffe, Smith, Varrell, Wallis, &c., mentioned as the engravers by whom the plates are to be executed, we can have no doubt that the work will be highly interesting; not merely to those to whom it may be rendered peculiarly valuable by early recollections and local attachments, but to all admirers of the picturesque and beautiful. Indeed, the first Part, which is now lying before us, gives a most satisfactory earnest of excellence. We are especially charmed with the View of the Mouth of the Yare, engraved by W. Miller; and the view on the same river, near Thorpe church, engraved by G. Cooke.—It is with great pleasure we see that Mr. Stark has obtained so respectable and extensive a list of subscribers to his publication.

Select Illustrations of the County of Surrey; comprising Picturesque Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry, Interesting Remains, &c., with Descriptions. By G. F. Prosser. Part I. Rivington, &c.

There is no district of England which affords a greater abundance of elegant, and, if we may use the epithet, *gentlemanlike* landscape, than the county of Surrey; and we think, therefore, that Mr. Prosser has been judicious in selecting it as the subject of his publication, which is to consist of six or eight Parts, each containing five plates. Those in the present Part are, West-Hill, Pepper-Harrow, Esher-Place, Denbies, and Dulwich College; and they are executed in lithography, in a very pleasing manner.

The Deluge. Painted and engraved in mezzotinto by J. Martin.

We believe this extraordinary production is executed on steel, and we had need steel our hearts to contemplate so awful a visitation on the human race with any thing like critical observation. Fortunately, the artist himself has so far established his character for depicting all that is grand, terrible, and sublime, that we are spared the necessity of detail. The painting, too, has before come under the notice of the *Gazette;* and we can assure our readers that it has lost nothing of its character as a print. On the contrary, it is on the large scale of Mr. Martin's principal works, 27¾ by 18½ inches, like Belshazzar's Feast, Joshua, and the Fall of Nineveh, and one of the most striking and splendid productions that he has ever executed. There is a comet in conjunction with the sun and moon: we trust not prophetic either of Encke's, which we are nightly looking for, or the more threatening fellow of (at the latest) 1834. The compliment of a dedication is paid to the Emperor Nicholas; and the work is every way worthy of a great sovereign.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MIND.

How wondrous is the mind!
  How vast, how beauteous, how magnificent!
Its birth who hath defined?
  Vain is the source philosophers invent.
It is beyond the sphere
  Of finite wisdom to explain its might;
Eternity must clear
  The mystery of the mind to our rapt sight!

Reason's fine ray grows dim,
  Lost in the gloomy labyrinths of thought;
And turns in awe to Him
  From whom alone true wisdom may be sought.

Mind is the human wings
  On which man soars in grandeur and in power;
The ocean from whence springs
  New treasures and fresh beauties every hour!

Creation is the mind's;
  The everlasting earth, the boundless sea:
It is the link that binds
  The mortal unto immortality!

The necromantic wand
  Which strikes the dull, cold marble into life;
Inspires the sculptor's hand
  To radiant themes with deathless honours rife!

The painter's glowing hues
  Warm to expression 'neath its godlike glance,
Till, like a dream, he views
  The landscape grow, the breathing forms advance!

Mind is the ray divine
  Which lights the visions of the poet's eye;
Gives to his lofty line
  Pathos, and power, and grace, and majesty!

It is the breath which fills
  All nature with an atmosphere of love;
Lives in the trees—the hills—
  Shines in the flowers—and stars the heavens above.

September 1828. Charles Swain.

AN AUTUMNAL EVE.

Sunk are the winds that late swept hill and shore,
  The raging billows cease their wild loud dash,
  Above no longer bursts the thunder-crash,
And the big rain descends to earth no more:
Clear is heaven's face, and sweetly in the west
  The sun hangs o'er the hush'd hill's purple top;
  The bird that sought its nest, with lively hop
Again peeps forth, and warbles him to rest;
The hawthorn blossoms scent the cool fresh air;
  And general nature, ere Day breathes his last,
  Wears loveliest smiles in guerdon for the past.
Thus oft life's first hours, sorrow, ills, and care,
Wrap in dark gloom, then sudden flee away,
And leave all bright and blest our closing day.

N. M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The King of Prussia does every thing to promote the advancement of arts and sciences, as well as the improvement of Berlin. He has just erected a large square Grecian building, opposite to the palace, as a museum of antiquities and fine arts. The façade is one continued line of Ionic columns, of the most beautiful proportions; and at each angle of the edifice is a colossal figure, emblematical of the objects for which the museum is intended. The king himself lives in comparative retirement, in a small palace fitted up with the greatest simplicity, and his bed is really not better than that usually allotted to a domestic in England. His study is quite that of an official man of business. He has a large map of his own dominions; and in each town where troops are stationed he fixes a common pin, and on the head of the pin is a small bit of card, on which are written the names of the regiments, their numbers, and commanding officers, in the town. He thus, at any moment, can see the disposition of his immense army, which is very essential to such a government as Prussia, it being a mild despotic military system. He has a most excellent modern map of the Turkish provinces in Europe, and upon this is marked out every thing that can interest a military man. A number of pins, with green heads, point out the positions of the Russian army; and in the same manner, with red- and white-headed pins, he distinguishes the stations of the different kinds of troops of the Turkish host.—*Letter from Berlin.*

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

The Barber Baron made its appearance, according to promise, on Monday evening. The story of the Spectre Barber, in the Popular German Tales, seems to have given the French authors the hint for their piece; and the whim and humour with which the subject was treated by them, obtained for it considerable success in Paris. *Alexander Anibal Frissac* is the fortunate holder of a ticket in the Frankfort lottery, which entitles its purchaser to the barony of Ormsteberg, in Bavaria. He immediately sets off in a German diligence to take possession of his estate—is received by the proper authorities, accompanied by a deputation from the hair-dressers—is presented in due form with the keys of the castle, and sits down to supper in high glee with two guests, who have by chance arrived on the spot, and requested his hospitality. One turns out to be the right heir to the estate—a young colonel in the Bavarian service; and the other a lady, of whom he (the colonel) is enamoured. A plot is laid, to induce the barber to resign his pretensions, for "a consideration." *Peters,* a *ci-devant* trumpeter and porter of the castle, undertakes to personate the long-bearded ghost of an ancient proprietor of the building, who, (according to the village legend,) for some crime committed while in the body, is condemned to walk the gallery, &c., at midnight, till some one is found bold enough to shave him. The new baron retires to his chamber—the ghost appears—makes the traditionary proposition, which Frissac's fears and professional habits are upon the point of inducing him to accede to, when, with the first flourish of his razor, the clock strikes one. The ghost overturns chair, table, candles, and operator—the guests enter in alarm, and the terrified barber is soon persuaded to accept a handsome sum of money in lieu of his lordship, which he has previously found it would be necessary to *sell*, in order to *keep it up* with proper dignity! Our readers will readily perceive there was considerable danger in such extravagance; and the slovenly way in which it has been done into English would have ruined a much safer subject. The translator of *Le Barbier Châtelain* has shewn a singular deficiency, not only of dramatic tact, but of common sense and education in his production. Amongst other ridiculous blunders, imagine a *Strasbourgh* barber professing himself a stranger to *Rhenish wine*, and singing in his chamber a snatch of G. Colman's old song!—

"So I keep my spirits up by pouring spirits down,
For love is like the cholic, cured with brandy O!"

The performers did quite as much as could be expected of them. Farren, as usual, exerted himself to give something like character to the Barber, but nothing could disguise the miserable baldness of the dialogue. One of Mr. Bayly's butterfly songs did no good for

the piece. The town is now heartily sick of butterflies, moths, and other insects. "I'd be a Butterfly," is an elegant trifle, and has been unfairly carped at by some of our modern Dennises, who delight in "breaking butterflies on the wheel;" but a score of such things are rather too many. The farce was withdrawn on Tuesday.

ENGLISH OPERA.

We have long been convinced, that the excuse of a manager being obliged to conform to the taste of the public, is an idle one; and that, on the contrary, it is always in the power of a manager, in a great measure, to direct the taste of his audience,—the town being a much more tractable monster than some vulgar and selfish speculators are inclined to admit. Let those who doubt us look at the English Opera House. Half-a-dozen seasons agone, had any one been rash enough to produce upon its boards a foreign opera, in its original state, he would have paid the forfeit of his temerity before the first act had been half over; and had Mr. Arnold been one of those said vulgar and selfish speculators, he might have gone on producing melo-dramas and farcettas to the present day, and with less risk made, perhaps, quite as much money as he has done by his more honourable course. But Mr. Arnold has a soul for music, and cultivates and admires the fine arts generally, for love as well as for money. The first feasible opportunity that presented itself, therefore, was eagerly seized by him, to introduce and establish a higher order of musical dramatic entertainment than any to which English ears had been accustomed. The innovation was boldly, yet prudently made. A piece was selected, which, from the novelty of its incidents, and the excitement of its story, was likely to arrest the attention of his audiences, and thereby compel them to listen to its music. The *Freyschütz* was produced and succeeded. Following up his first blow, Mr. Arnold produced *Tarrare*, the *Oracle*, and the *Freebooters*;—all possessing more or less interest in their plot, and grandeur in their decorations; and instead of pelting the performer who should venture to sing any thing more refined than an Irish jig,—to the astonishment of all London, audiences were found, and large ones too, who could patiently sit out a scena ten minutes long, and finales having as many notes in them as a whole English opera contained previous to that period. Our gratitude to Mr. Arnold, and his zealous coadjutor Mr. Hawes, for the entertainment they have afforded *us*, and the important victory they have achieved over the ignorance and prejudice of the mob, is great, and we shall never neglect an opportunity of holding them up for imitation to all their competitors. That gratitude has also induced us to wink most inveterately at peccadilloes which have called pretty loudly for our critical reprobation, and to join in the full cry of praise and encouragement, poured out, from probably the same reasons, by our contemporaries. We must, however, be just as well as generous; and, merely because the managers of the English Opera House have manfully raced up the hill, we cannot bring ourselves (were it only from common charity,) to hurry them, by our shout and cheer, over the precipice. Like the town, we have tolerated two most flimsy and improbable dramas, (*Tit for Tat*, and *Not for Me*), as the vehicles for excellent music. Sooner than stop the flow of such fountains of harmony, we have said little of the barren sands by which they are surrounded. A third has, however, made its appearance, and we are compelled to speak out. The *Pirate of Genoa* will not do. We "cannot away with it," and wish Mr. Arnold *would*. Its music, with the exception of the overture and the finale, is common-place, dull, and ineffective; and as a drama, it is positively insulting. There is neither a situation nor a joke, from the beginning to the end; and had it not been for Penson's excellent acting,—(start not, reader! we are stating a fact, incredible as it may appear),—we repeat, had it not been for Penson's excellent acting throughout, particularly in the finale, the piece could not have been decently announced for repetition. We are not amongst those who consider great interest necessary in the plot of an opera; but let us either have something like a drama to hang the airs upon, or, in the name of common sense, do away with the scenes and dresses altogether, put the performers into an orchestra, and give us a series of concerts at once. Beef and mustard is a dish that we do love to feed on, and we do not object to the beef without the mustard; but the mustard without the beef! Had we the patience of Grizzle, we should answer, with Kate the Curst—

> "Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
> That feed'st me with the very name of meat!"

And do our best to break the head of the tantalising caterer.

We last week made our "polite inquiries" for Messrs. Kenney and Poole. We would now ask what is Mr. Peake about? Are we to have nothing more this season from our young O'Keefe? One of his excruciating farces would be worth any money at this dull time of year. *Espérons.*

THE COBURG.

In consequence of a letter, signed G. B. Davidge, impugning our critique upon the Coburg Theatre of the 23d ult., we paid a visit to that place on Tuesday, to satisfy our minds relative to the effects of the free-order system; and we found them exactly what was to be expected. We had carefully denuded ourselves of watch, purse, &c., fastened our handkerchief to a button-hole, and walked boldly to the theatre. It was well filled, and of that happily mixed order which levelled all distinctions. For example, ladies (and gentlemen, most probably,) in the boxes spit into the pit*—gentlemen and ladies in the gallery (between the acts) conversed with ladies and gentlemen in the pit, not quite in whispers, as there were three or four tiers of boxes between them; and the most distinguishable persons we saw were, a gentleman, disguised as a bricklayer's labourer, in the left-hand stage-box—and another gentleman, who used the *liberty* of wearing a *red* night-*cap* in the front row of the pit, while he sat there, but who exhibited it more conspicuously as he walked from that bench over the others, during several excursions which he made in our time. As for the general aspect of the company, we mean the public, it was such as to shake our opinion about the shillings (paid for the diorama, as the theatrical amusement is given *gratis*—and very dear too);—for, sooth to say, we could not fancy that one-third of the number had ever been possessed of so large a sum to spend on an innocent evening's recreation. After staying about an hour, and seeing an old woman act a pretty girl, a great deal of ginger-beer, *et cetera*, drank, some very characteristic scenes (not on the stage), and a prodigious display of kind-heartedness, we came away; and fortunately, as there did not appear to be more than a hundred pick-pockets prowling outside, got to the toll of Waterloo bridge with our hat on.

* It must be allowed that the instance we saw was a lady-one, and therefore only a little spit.

VARIETIES.

Leeds Fine Arts.—The Northern Society, the opening of an exhibition by which at Leeds on the 23d of May, we noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, has concluded a very successful experiment; having not only attained the great object of diffusing a taste for the fine arts, but encouraged talent, by the sale of several hundred pounds worth of pictures, and the receipt of nearly 400*l.* for admissions.

The Gazettes.—The *London*, Government, *Gazette* of Friday, last week, had but one bankrupt: the *Literary Gazette* had but one book, a volume of sermons, and this, with three pamphlets, was its whole list of new publications!!

Medal in Memory of Mr. Canning.—The Parisian medal to commemorate the virtues and genius of Mr. Canning, is stated to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. It has been executed by M. Galle, under the direction of Girard, the celebrated painter—M. Carlot, a sculptor—and M. Desnoyers, engraver. The number of subscribers is not only widely extended throughout the world, but prominently distinguished, by embracing the names of eminent persons of every description and way of thinking.

South America.—At the end of last year, the number of periodical works published in South America was as follows: Spanish America (the islands of Cuba and Porto-Rico) 2; the Mexican Confederation, 25; the Confederation of Guatemala, 7; the Confederation of the Rio de la Plata, 21; the Republic of Chili, 14; the Republic of the Upper Peru, 1; the Republic of the Lower Peru, 21; the Republic of Colombia, 17 (several of which have since ceased); the empire of Brazil, 25; making together 133.

Hebrew Chronology.—M. Rask lately read to the Royal Society of Copenhagen a paper on the Hebrew Chronology, from Adam to the departure from Egypt! The author, supposing or admitting the principle that the duration of human life has never changed, and that the figures in the Bible are exact, arrives at the conclusion, that the word "year," as used by the Hebrews, has various significations; and indicates sometimes one month, sometimes two months, sometimes four months, sometimes six months, &c., and that it was only after the departure from Egypt, and after the establishment of the Mosaic law, that the Jews reckoned by years of twelve months each. This is certainly a very easy mode of getting over difficulties.

Parallel Passages.

> Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
> *And the waves bound beneath me as a steed*
> That knows his rider. *Childe Harold*, Canto III.

> ——— Oh! never
> Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
> Our arms again, and feel our *fiery horses*
> *Like proud seas under us.*
> *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by John Fletcher.

The Sagas.—Two volumes of a Latin translation of the Sagas are now printing at Copenhagen. There have been already published three Icelandic Sagas, of importance to the history of Denmark; namely, the Jomsvikinga-Saga, printed after a very ancient manuscript, and more copious than that which was published in 1824; the Jomsvikinga-Drapa, a poem on the expeditions of these same Jomsvikingan pirates; and lastly, the

Knytlinga-Saga, or the history of the maritime expedition of the Danish pirates to England, which may be considered as a sequel to the adventures of the Jomsvikingasaga, and which finishes in the reign of Canute the Sixth.

The South Sea.—We observe that the plan which, after Weddell's voyage, we recommended so strongly in the *Literary Gazette*, is about to be adopted by the government of the United States, in conjunction with several private individuals. They are fitting out a commercial expedition to explore the South Seas. The vessels are to stay long enough to complete the necessary inquiries, to ensure the safety of the traders, and to give time for the establishment and consolidation of relations of reciprocal utility. The advantages which it is evident America must derive from this undertaking will, it is supposed, not cost more than 50,000 dollars!

M. Rivail, *chef d'institution publique* at Paris, has proposed a plan to the Chamber of Deputies, for the amelioration in public education, which is as yet in the swaddling-clothes of the seventeenth century, having never advanced since that period,—at least M. Rivail so asserts; and his ideas as to the forming the mind and character of man (both of which are generally left to chance in this kingdom), have met with universal approbation. At the same time, a reviewer remarked, whilst applauding the opinions and intentions of the author of this new system of instruction, the perfectibility of his method, &c., that man being more an animal than a moral creature, the first necessities of nature must be gratified ere any advancement can be expected or produced; and that no early principles will stand firm against the passions of humanity, or its imperative wants.—*Paris Letter.*

The fourth volume of *Voyage dans les Cinq Parties du Monde, par M. Albert Montemont*, author of *Lettres sur l'Astronomie*, is just published; and as it treats of the empire of the Czars, and gives a just idea of the resources of the country, whose battalions are now marching towards the East, it is considered not only a most interesting, but also a valuable performance.—Amongst the writings of the day is one which gave me real pain, as it is one of the many examples of the instability of human attachment: the title of this work is, *Promenades Philosophiques autour de mon Village*, by an officer; and dedicated to M. de Jouy. The writer turns his pen against his former commander, Napoleon; and on the same pages of abuse which he dedicates to the fallen, or rather the dead, emperor, is also traced the most undue flattery to the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin, who, *malgré ses talens*, will never be even a literary hero, or indeed a hero of any kind, except in his own opinion.—*Paris Letter.*

A magistrate who has rendered himself famous for the versatility and pliability of his opinions, has just published a work, entitled *Des Moyens de mettre la Charte en harmonie avec la Royauté, par M. Cottu*; which, however, it appears is so strange a medley of contradiction, that another publication is announced, called *Des Moyens de mettre M. Cottu en harmonie avec lui-même.*

Squaring the Circle.—The Dublin Evening Mail affirms, that a boy of thirteen years of age, named James Graham, and residing at Mountcharles, in Donnegal, has demonstrated the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle.

Humane Apprehension.—A provincial paper begins an account of a serious injury, inflicted on a gentleman, by the sudden and unexpected discharge of a fowling-piece, in the following manner:—"With the sporting season comes its certain concomitant,—gun-shot wounds, and loss of life. We fear we record the first accident in 1828."

A Flash Card.—C. Hammond, Slap Kiksis Builder. Long Sleeve Kicksis got up right, and kept by an artful dodge from visiting the knees, when worn without straps. Trotter Cases, Mud Pipes, and Boot Kiv'ers, carved to fit any Pins, and turned out slap.—(*Verbatim et literatim copy.*)

Conjectural Knowledge.—The following brief but pithy dialogue occurred lately on the Epsom road, between a cockney and a countryman:—

Cockney. I say, Bill, my good fellor, vich is the vay to Epsom?

Countryman. How did you know that my name was Bill?

Cockney. Vy, I guessed it.

Countryman. But how did you know that I was a good fellow?

Cockney. Vy, I guessed it.

Countryman. Then, guess the way to Epsom.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We are informed that the editorship of the historical and antiquarian department of the New Series of the Retrospective Review has passed into other hands; Mr. Nicolas having withdrawn from it, and with him, we believe, most of his literary friends who have contributed to the last six Nos.

The Thirteenth Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms' series of Early English Prose Romances, which are dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty, will appear in the course of a few days, and complete the first three volumes of the work.

The Rev. H. Tattam, Rector of St. Cuthbert's, Bedford, has in the press a Compendious Grammar of the Egyptian Language, both of the Coptic and Sahidic Dialects; with Observations on the Bashmuric: together with the Alphabets of the Hieroglyphic and Enchorial Characters, and some Explanation relative to their Use. To this work, for which we look forward with high expectation, there is an Appendix, consisting of the Rudiments of a Dictionary of the Ancient Egyptian Language in the Enchorial Character, by Dr. Young.

A new Quarterly Review is announced, to be edited by the Rev. Blanco White.

Another Juvenile Annual is promised by the publishers of the Keepsake.

Hints to Counsel, Coroners, and Juries, on the Examination of Medical Witnesses, by John Gordon Smith, M.D., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of London, will shortly appear.

In the Press.—Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other Matters, selected from the columns of the Times Journal, with additional pieces.—By order of the Committee, the First Book for the Instruction of the Students of the new King's College.—An Essay, explanatory of a Method whereby Cancerous Ulceration may be stopped, by the Formation of Crusts and granulating Margins, with Practical Remarks on other Analogous Diseases, by W. Farr, Surgeon to the Cancer Institution, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

September.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Thursday	4	From 51. to 68.		30.02 to	Stat.
Friday	5	— 49. — 66.		29.96 —	Stat.
Saturday	6	— 43. — 66.		29.96 —	30.00
Sunday	7	— 55. — 73.		30.00 —	Stat.
Monday	8	— 53. — 74.		29.95 —	29.91
Tuesday	9	— 56. — 70.		29.73 —	29.86
Wednesday	10	— 45. — 66.		29.79 —	29.56

Wind variable, prevailing N. and N.E.
Generally clear; except the 19th, when it was raining.
Rain fallen, ·125 of an inch.

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No. 609. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

America; or, a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures on their future Prospects. By a Citizen of the United States, author of "Europe," &c. 8vo. pp. 356. London, 1828. Murray.

In reviewing Colonel Evans's recent work, while we allowed due praise to the capacious views and able reasoning of the author, we animadverted on the extravagancy of that prophetical sort of writing of which conjecture is the basis, and wild hypothesis the result. A geologist theorising on the interior of the earth from his limited acquaintance with its outward crust, has been compared to an insect on the skin of an elephant, venturing to discuss all the internal parts and properties of that huge animal: but how far less presumptuous is the geologist than the political speculator! We do know something of this globe's surface; but of the future we know absolutely nothing. And yet we find poor short-sighted creatures smattering away about events which are to take place two or three centuries hence,—just as if they could tell what would happen before next Christmas! Colonel Evans, however, was a cold, rational calculator in comparison with our American Citizen. He, indeed, is a perfect Providence, and disposes of nations for hundreds of years with supreme facility and almighty power. England is to lose her colonies, and sink into insignificance; the West of Europe, *crushed* under the giant mass of the Russian political colossus, is to become one consolidated empire, balanced by America as another! There are to be no little divisions of states into kingdoms of twenty or forty millions of inhabitants; but great big dominions, three or four in all occupying the universe. Of these, of course, America is to be the biggest, and the best, and the happiest, and the greatest. "The natural termination of the progress of events, which is now going on, will be the union of the whole continent into one military monarchy. Great Britain, while she preserves her colonial empire, will maintain her independence at home, and her rank as a first-rate power; but when she loses her foreign possessions, and the sceptre of the ocean which will go with them, she must also lose her importance, and sink into a dependency of the neighbouring continent." Then, it is evident, there will be but this old "continent with its dependencies" and "America," and perhaps New South Wales, *vulgò* Botany Bay! Already, indeed, after only fifty years of national existence, certain causes have given to the United States "the lofty position of a leading power among the nations; and, however the fact may now be doubted or disputed by some, it will become in a very short time as evident to all, as it is at present to those who examine with unprejudiced minds the situation of the world." For "under the operation of the liberal system, we see throughout America an exhibition of prosperity, national and individual, such as probably the world never witnessed before upon the same scale; a substantial equality of property and of personal and political rights; a high degree of intellectual and moral activity pervading and animating the whole mass of society; a general diffusion of the material comforts of life, of knowledge and virtue, and, as a necessary consequence, of happiness; an increase of population and a progress of improvement unheard of, unthought of, in any former age or region; gigantic enterprises in the way of internal development and foreign commerce, of which monarchs never dreamed, conceived and executed by states and individuals; tens of millions of busy, proud, and wealthy men, governed and defended almost without either armies or taxes; and finally, as if in mockery of the idle fears and vain pretences of the adversaries of this system, the whole movement going on in uninterrupted tranquillity; while at the same time the empires which are ruled upon the opposite principles, and whose professed object, and only supposed advantage, is tranquillity, are constantly convulsed with revolutions, and given up for ever to the standing curses of foreign and domestic war."

How different is this picture to that which we copied from another volume on America a fortnight ago! It is really wonderful to see how exaggerations both ways disguise the middle truth. Here we have a writer on a subject which, to be worth any thing, should be accurately stated, talking of the "TENS of *millions* of busy, proud, and wealthy men" in the united government, the entire population of which is far from *two* ten millions. Such dealing with round numbers might do for an enthusiastic romancer, but is quite inconsistent with just reasoning. Then there is the assumption of changeless permanency to American institutions, on the experience of half a century; as if human nature would not lead to revolutions in the New World, as it has done in the Old—as if there were no ambitious passions there, no opposition of interests, no corruption, no selfishness—as if, in short, the men and women of that vast continent were what might be denominated *Angelico-Americans*, and not Anglo-Americans, as of old. Filled with such frippery and folly, we lay down this book at the conclusion of Chap. I., tired and disgusted with its silliness and verbiage.

It is, however, but fair, according to our system, to let the author exhibit himself; and we quote some of his rodomontades, which belong to the Cooper school.

"See the New York canal, a work that would do honour to the mightiest empires; a work not inferior to the splendid monuments of Egyptian, Chinese, or European enterprise, planned and executed by a single state, with its own funds, in eight years. Look at Ohio, putting forth, in her fresh and youthful beauty, the vigour of maturity, and rivalling already the example of New York. Behold the genius of improvement awaking in the other states, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, intersecting their territories with these precious conduits of wealth, and preparing even now to apply the summit level to the tops of the Alleghany Ridge, and thus realise the fable (already antiquated in the age of Horace), of a time when the sea-gods drove their herds to pasture on the mountains—

Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes.

Observe the venerable universities of Harvard and Yale, founded, endowed, nursed, patronised, and protected, by their respective states; the recent and highly promising institutions of the same kind in Virginia and Kentucky; the literary fund of Connecticut and New York; and the various other establishments, less conspicuous, but in some cases not less valuable, for which we are indebted either wholly or in part to the enlightened protection of the state governments. When we look at these things, it is impossible not to be convinced that we can hardly appreciate too highly the direct advantages resulting from the preservation of these governments as parts of our political system. When we see these things, and contemplate at the same time the general government harmoniously co-operating with the states, when necessary, in all their enterprises, while in the exercise of its own immediate functions it is spreading abroad among the nations the fear and the love of our country, until the very name of the United States has become with the wise and good throughout the world the symbol, as it were, of political justice, and a word of good omen, auspicious of something noble and fortunate wherever it is pronounced,—it is difficult not to be carried away beyond the line of cool and sober approbation, which belongs, perhaps, more properly to the nature of the subject, into something like enthusiasm. If the thought were not too bold, we might almost be tempted to believe that Providence had specially interfered in our favour, and recompensed by these more than ordinary blessings bestowed upon their offspring, the toils, the sufferings, the manly virtues, the sincere though sometimes mistaken piety of our pilgrim fathers."

O, the New York canal! be forgotten, ye Grand Junction and Paddington. O, the fresh and youthful beauty of Ohio! and O, the *venerable* universities of a nation just fifty years of age! O, the awaking Genius of improvement, doing something about *these* precious conduits, of which the grammar sufficeth not to let us into the secret, and preparing to play the very classical d—l with the Alleghany Ridge, and get the sea-gods off the Bay of Newfoundland to drive their herds,—the mermaids and sea-*serpents*, so often seen in these seas,—to pasture on the snow-covered tops where there is no pasture! O, the Kentucky College! what is the London University, and the King's own—not to mention Oxford or Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Aberdeen, or St. Andrew's aha? And O, the Literary Fund at Connecticut (Connect-i-cut ought

to be more famous for canals, by the by)!—"When we look at these things," are not we overcome with their magnitude, their magnificence, their promise? The mind is lost in wonder, the eyes swim, the brain rolls round, the soul collapses, vivid visions brighten as they recede into the distance, and the whole physical and moral powers of man are absorbed in ecstasies;—and we write a pretty considerable deal of nonsense, which casts ridicule over really excellent works and estimable institutions.

It is hardly worth while to follow our Coopering friend any further; but with regard to the present tremendous influence of the United States in the great affairs of the world, we should much like him to inform us where it exists. The mighty contest now at issue on the banks of the Danube seems to us to be carried on just as if there was no America—not one of the powers of Europe, Russia, Austria, Turkey, or England, ever dream of consulting America about the matter, any more than they would advise with the Emperor of Japan, or the Sultan of Loo Choo!

Perhaps the subjoined may afford some consolation to the timid among our readers; for it is gratifying to learn that the events anticipated by the author may take some short time in being accomplished.

"Such is now, and *probably may be for two or three centuries to come*, the political power of England, that her distant appendages will scarcely attempt or even desire to change their position. Her greatness, however, being founded principally on foreign commerce, and not sustained by a corresponding territorial basis, must of course undergo a somewhat rapid decline, and the time when this shall happen will be the period for the scattered and heterogeneous possessions of this queen of the ocean and mistress of islands to assume respectively an independent life. The Canadas, the East Indies, New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope, and the rest of the colonies, will then separate their fortunes, and severally provide for their convenience and safety, in the manner which may appear to each most expedient. * *

"Had we subdued Canada in the last war, or should we do it at any time hereafter, we should of course restore it at the conclusion of peace, which would never be made upon any other basis than that of prior possession. While, however, the British empire retains its vigour, which, as I observed before, may probably be for two or three centuries to come, its distant appendages will doubtless adhere to it; and Canada may perhaps be one of the last that will fall off. It would, therefore, be wholly premature to enlarge upon the subject now. The events of future centuries may be left with safety to the care of future generations."

This being also our opinion, we shall not meddle with them; and being the author's opinion, we are rather amazed that he has. Indeed, if either that worthy person or any other will take the trouble to look back to what America was three centuries ago, and observe what it is now, they will, if they are sagacious, hardly take the additional trouble of predicting what it is to be three centuries hence.

In this conviction, therefore, we bid the Citizen-author of "Europe," and of this absurd volume, good bye, until he dream and roar again.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras. Part I. With Engravings. 4to. pp. 120. London. Longman and Co.

Our countrymen in every part of India are distinguishing themselves by an earnest pursuit of knowledge; and we trust ere long to see Great Britain rescued from the reproach of neglecting the literature of the most extraordinary empire that ever existed in the annals of mankind. The Madras Society was paralysed soon after its institution by the loss of several of its most able contributors, especially of Mr. Francis Whyte Ellis; and owes its revival, in some degree, and the publication of these papers, to Sir C. E. Grey. They are twelve in number, and embrace interesting topics of oriental science and learning—the law-books and ordeals of the Hindus, accounts of ancient graves, geology, the Hindu zodiac, meteorology, and other philosophical, historical, and statistical inquiries. The essay on the Hindu ordeals, by the Abbé Dubois, is very curious; but the editor is mistaken in thinking that the writer's work (which contains them more at large, "Mœurs et Institutions des Peuples d'Inde") has not been translated into English: it was published in 4to. a few years ago.

On the subject of the law-books of the Hindus, the following seems to us to be deserving of attention. The writer says:—"The errors and inconsistencies into which Mr. Mill, Mr. Ward, and other writers, have lately been led, are very numerous;" and adds this note—"The able author of the History of British India will not be offended that this remark on so important a subject is neither suppressed nor qualified. Mr. Ellis has left a paper in answer to Mr. Mill's Observations on Hindu Law. It is a fragment only, and apparently a very small part of what Mr. Ellis thought of putting together: the three following instances, however, are pointed out in it as errors of Mr. Mill. 1. Mr. Mill has said, vol. i. p. 130, of the first 4to. edition, that the power of legislation and of interpreting the laws amongst the Hindus exclusively belongs to the priesthood. Mr. Ellis notices the error of ascribing to the whole body of Brahmans a sacerdotal character, an error into which Europeans seem very generally to have been led by the fact that none but Brahmans are priests, whence they have concluded that none but priests are Brahmans; and Sir W. Jones has countenanced this mistake by translating, in the Institutes of Menu, the words used to designate an individual of the first caste, viz. 'Brahmanah' and 'Viprah,' priest, and the feminine of them, 'Brahmani' and 'Viprà,' priestess. The latter mistake is particularly remarkable, as the wives of Brahmans, though they assist in the private devotions of their family, not only never officiate as priestesses, but have no part in the public ceremonies of religion, except as spectators. The truth is, the first caste of Hindus, though from their birth eligible to the priesthood, are not necessarily priests. The conduct of religious ceremonies, though the highest, is only one of the many duties appropriated to the caste; they are also, professionally, the *savans*, or men of letters, to whom the interests of science and literature are committed in all their branches, the hereditary teachers of the other classes, both in sacred and profane learning, and especially the lawyers. To these different occupations, and their subordinate divisions, they applied themselves as to so many distinct professions, the respective members of which never interfered with each other, any more than our divines do with our physicians, or either of these with our jurists; and hence have proceeded the several distinctions now actually obtaining among the Brahmans in southern India. These are, first, Vaidica Brahmana, subdivided into Sastris, men of science; Achárya, teachers; and Pujáris, priests: the two former of these may perform the higher offices of religion in the solemn sacrifices, &c., or act as Purohita, domestic chaplains, &c.; but the last only conduct the public worship in the temples, and are considered an inferior class. Secondly, Lougica or Niyógi Brahmana, secular Brahmanas, who gain their livelihood by the several worldly occupations permitted to the caste. These distinctions are now become hereditary; but as this is founded solely on custom, and not on law, the restriction is more nominal than real, as any Niyógi family may become Vaidica, if the head of it qualifies himself by the study of the sciences; and *vice versâ*, any Vaidica may betake himself to worldly pursuits, sinking thereby, perhaps, in the estimation of his fellows, but not forfeiting his privileges and distinctions as a Brahman. 2. Mr. Mill has said, vol. i. p. 128, 'The administration of justice by the king in person stands in the sacred books as a leading principle of their jurisprudence, and the revolution of ages has introduced no change in this primeval practice.' Mr. Mill here makes a considerable mistake, if, as it seems from the context, he supposes that, in Hindu states, it is or was the practice to administer justice only in the presence of the king. It is true that in the Hindu governments there was always an *aula regis*, or court, at the seat of government, in which the king was supposed, according to the letter of the laws, to preside in person, though he might appoint a deputy, and always had assessors; but it is doubtful how far the practice was kept up; and, at all events, it is certain that there were three other principal courts known to the Hindu laws, and fifteen *sorts of* inferior courts, all having their several jurisdictions clearly defined, and many of them bearing a striking resemblance to the courts of the English common law."

The third error pointed out relates to the divine origin and definitions to preserve the laws; but it is too long for extract.

The paper on the Indian Zodiac maintains that it was borrowed directly or mediately from the Greeks. Reverting to the more popular paper, on Ordeals, we shall say nothing of the four principal kinds, by the balance, by water, by fire, and by poison, but only notice the strange invocation and conclusion.

"The priest, turning to the east, will say—'Adoration to the three worlds.' He will immediately add, 'Goddess Virtue! come in this place; come here, accompanied by the Ashtadiacu-Pologa, or the eight gods, guardians of the eight corners of the world, by the gods of wealth and by winds.' After this mantra he shall offer the great pudja to the goddess Virtue. Then turning to the east, he will say, 'Adoration to Indra!' (the Lord of God.) Turning to the south, he will say, 'Adoration to Yamah!' (the Lord of Hell.) To the west, 'Adoration to Varuna!' (the Lord of Water.) To the north, 'Adoration to Cubera!' (the Lord of Wealth.) To the south-east, (Adoration to Agny!' (Fire.) To the south-west, 'Adoration to Nehirita!' (the Lord of Demons.) To the north-east, 'Adoration to Vahiouru!' (Wind.) To the north-west, 'Adoration to Isannia!' (the Lord of malevolent Spirits.) He shall next offer the pudja in honour of all gods in general. Then turning to the east, he shall offer the pudja to the gods

of wealth, who are eight in number, viz. Dara, Druba, Shama, Cubera, Appa, &c. &c. Turning to the north-east, he shall offer the pudja to the twelve suns, whose names are Datra, Anguayama, Mitre, Varuna, Baga, Indra, &c. &c. Turning to the south-west, he must offer the same pudja to the twelve Rudras, whose names are Vira-badre, Shambu, Guyrisha, Capatria, Stanaba, &c. &c. He shall offer the same to the sixteen mothers, the names of whom are, Brammy, Camatiry, Vishnary, Varahy, Mahindry, &c. &c. He must next offer it to Ganisa; and finally to the eight winds, whose names are, Anima, Maruta, Prama, Pranashisha, &c. He finishes the whole by offering to Virtue the little pudja; that is, dust of sandal-wood, flowers, frankincense, akchatta (or grains of unboiled rice made red with saffron-water), a burning lamp, and neweddiam; the latter consists of articles of food. * *

"There also exist a great number of private ordeals, which do not require so much solemnity; such as that of obliging the suspected person to sink his arm to the elbow into a vase filled with boiling oil, with which cow-dung has been mixed, in order to increase its ardour; that of enclosing a snake (Cobra capella) in a basket, into which a ring or a piece of money is cast, and the accused obliged to fetch the ring or piece of money after having been blindfold; and many others. If, in the first instance, he does not experience the effects of the boiling oil, and if he is not bitten by the snake in the second, he is reputed not guilty; and guilty if the reverse happens. The ordeals are recurred to in dubious cases, not only by public magistrates, but also oftener by private persons, to ascertain a fact which interests them. A housekeeper, or the chief of a village in the houses of whom any article of value has been stolen, will frequently oblige the persons who compose their family, or the inhabitants of their village, to undergo the ordeal, in order to find out through it the thief. Jealous husbands will often have recourse to it, in order to ascertain the virtue of their wives. These ordeals have, in many instances, the advantage of intimidating the persons against whom they are directed, who, when they perceive that they cannot escape them, confess their guilt. But this advantage is far from compensating for the real and serious evils which in most instances result from them, by causing the condemnation of persons often guiltless, who fancy that they may with impunity be undergone, and that the elements ought to bear a public and authentic testimony to their innocence, and lose for this purpose their inherent properties. I know instances of married women unjustly suspected by their husbands, and obliged by them to make out their virtue by the ordeal of the boiling oil. The former, proud of their innocence, did not hesitate to undergo the ordeal, the consequences of which were a considerable swelling and inflammation of the arm, soon followed by gangrene and death. It is no doubt the manner in which the sanctity of the oath is slighted by the Hindus which has given rise to the ordeals. In fact, there is, perhaps, no people on earth among whom an oath is more common, and perjury more frequent, or committed with so little remorse. If in the most ordinary transactions of life they have no scruple to confirm them by the most awful oaths, and often by the most dreadful imprecations, they have still less to violate either when their interest requires it. And wo to the person, the honour, or other temporal interests of him who shall depend upon the oath of a Hindu, if it be the interest of the latter to injure him!"

We conclude with a translation, by Ram Ras, Head English Master at the College of Fort St. George, of an ancient grant in the Carnataca language.

"Be prosperous! In the year of Saka 1412, on Tuesday, the 15th of the increasing moon, in the conjunction of the planets in the lunar constellation of Critika, and in the month of Cartika of the year Saumya,—I, Virasrí Gajapati Gaud,éswara, the lord of the nine crores of the Carnatica infantry, and sovereign of the city of Calibarige, equal to Purushótama in glory, the king of kings, possessing dominions through valour, and endowed with all the virtues, having performed libation on the banks of the river Brahmagunde, do give the village of Potaveram, in the province of Ammanapolu, with the eight rights of enjoyment appertaining thereto, for the purpose of celebrating festivals to Sri Mahalingodbhava, the god of Chedulávadu. Whosoever shall support this gift, will obtain the fruit of performing a hundred sacrifices in Cási, and an increase of life, health, and prosperity; and whoever seizes it, will incur the crime of slaying a thousand black kine and Brahmans on the banks of Ganga."

"*Sanscrit Stanzas.*—I shall bear on my head the sandals of those, either of my own race or that of others, who, ever intent on virtue, may continue to protect my donation.

"To support that given by another is more meritorious than one's own gift; and by seizing that given by another, one's own gift becomes fruitless.

"He who seizes that given either by himself or by another, shall be born as a worm in the midst of ordure for sixty thousand years."

Demonologia; or, Natural Knowledge Revealed: being an Exposé of Ancient and Modern Superstitions, &c. &c By J. S. F. 12mo. pp. 438. London. Bumpus.

MR. BUMPUS is a bold man, and Mr. or Signor J. S. F. is a bolder. To dare an exposé of all "superstitions, credulity, fanaticism, enthusiasm, and imposture, as connected with the doctrine, caballa, and jargon, of amulets, apparitions, astrology, charms, demonology, devils, divination, dreams, deuteroscopia, effluvia, fate, fatalism, friars, ghosts, gipsies, hell, hypocrites, incantations, inquisition, jugglers, magicians, legends, magic, miracles, monks, nymphs, physiognomy, oracles, purgatory, predestination, predictions, quackery, relics, saints, second sight, signs before death, sorcery, spirits, salamanders, spells, talismans, traditions, trials, witches, witchcraft, &c. &c.; the whole unfolding many singular phenomena in the page of nature;" why, the very list of names is enough to freeze an ordinary person's blood, and make him reel out of the circle into the fangs of fiends. Yet, seduced to imitate the gallant bearing of the publisher and author, we have read the whole story of axinomancy, arithmomancy, belomancy, brizomancy, cleromancy, coscinomancy, capnomancy, and calogstromancy; besides chiromancy, dactyliomancy, gastromancy, geomancy, hydromancy, lecanomancy, necromancy, onomancy, onomamancy, onycomancy, onymancy, ornithomancy, pyromancy, pyscomancy, rhabdomancy, romancy, sciomancy, and every other sort of mancy, till we feel perfectly competent to the task of divination, for the benefit of the world at large.

But before doing so, we must complain of Mr. J. S. F. What business has he, treating of such a subject as demonology, to endeavour to put us out of conceit with superstitions? A matter-of-fact man had nothing to do with such a work. He should have been credulous, fond of the marvellous, a firm believer in ghosts, fairies, and witches (if he had not even seen them all), enthusiastic, romantic, and the very reverse of a truth-teller. But these are qualifications which the author wants. He disparages the ideal world, and would cruelly explain into realities all the wonderful wonders of wonders which no man born of woman ought for an instant to doubt. Scepticism is always an odious vice; and in a case of this kind it is a positive crime, *lese majestie* against a potentate who shall be nameless,—we allude to him of the hoof.

After all, as there is nothing very new in this collection, we shall perhaps best display its character by quoting a few of the most curious passages.

"In 1523, the astrologers having prophesied incessant rains and fearful floods, the abbot of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, built a house on Harrow-the-Hill, and stored it with provisions. Many persons followed his example and repaired to high places. However, no extraordinary floods appearing, the disappointed soothsayers pacified the people by owning themselves mistaken just one hundred years in their calculation. * * *

"Modern chemistry is not without a hope, not to say a certainty, of verifying the golden visions of the alchymists. Dr. Gertanner, of Gottingen, has lately adventured the following prophecy:—'In the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will make gold; kitchen materials will be of silver, and even gold, which will contribute more than any thing else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxydes of copper, lead, and iron, which we daily swallow with our food.' This sublime chemist, though he does not venture to predict that universal elixir which is to prolong life at pleasure, yet approximates to it. A chemical friend observed, that 'the metals seem to be composite bodies, which nature is perpetually preparing; and it may be reserved for the future researches of science to trace, and perhaps to imitate, some of these curious operations.'"

"Three kinds of divination were chiefly cultivated by the Magi: necromancy, which appears to have been twofold; the predicting of future events by the inspection of dead bodies, and the invoking of departed spirits, which were forced to unfold the dark decrees of fate,—a science which has in all ages been almost universally diffused over the earth; lecanomancy, by which demons, in obedience to certain powerful songs, were obliged to enter a vessel filled with water, and to answer whatever questions were put to them; and hydromancy, which differs from lecanomancy in this, that the voice of the demon was not heard, but his form was perceptible in the water, in which he represented, either by means of his satellites or by written verses, the cause and issue of any particular event."

"Lightfoot has proved that the Jews, after their return from Babylon, having entirely forsaken idolatry, and being no longer favoured with the gift of prophecy, gradually abandoned themselves, before the coming of our Saviour, to sorcery and divination. The Talmud, which they still regard with a reverence bordering on idolatry, abounds with instructions for the due observance of superstitious rites. After the destruction of their city and temple, many Israelitish imposters were highly esteemed for their pretended skill in magic. Under pretence of interpreting dreams, they met with daily

opportunities of practising the most shameful frauds. Many rabbins were quite as well versed in the school of Zoroaster as in that of Moses. They prescribed all kinds of conjuration; some for the cure of wounds, some against the dreaded bite of serpents, and others against thefts and enchantments. Like the Magi, they boasted that by means of their art they held an intercourse with superior beings. Thus Bath-kool, daughter of the voice, is the name given by them to the echo: they regarded it as an oracle, which, in the second temple, was destined to supply the defect of the Urim and Thummim, the mysterious oracles of the first. Of Bath-kool many absurd stories are related. Thus, when two rabbins went to consult her concerning the fate of another rabbin, Samuel the Babylonian, they passed before a school, in which they heard a boy reading aloud, 'And Samuel died.' (1 Sam. ch. xxv. v. 1.) On inquiry, they subsequently found that the object of their anxiety was no longer an inhabitant of the earth; and thus a casual coincidence, of which no reasonable man would have been surprised, was confidently ascribed to the oracular powers of Bath-kool. Two other rabbins, Jona and Josa, went to visit Acha in his sickness: as they proceeded on their way they said, 'let us hear what sentence Bath-kool will pronounce on the fate of our brother.' Immediately they heard a voice, as if addressed by a woman to her neighbour—'the candle is going out; let not the light be extinguished in Israel.' (Lightfoot, vol. ii. p. 267.) No more doubt was entertained that these words proceeded from Bath-kool, than that Elias now assists at the circumcision of every Jewish child. The divinations of the Israelites were founded on the influence of the stars, and on the operations of spirits. That singular people did not, indeed, like the Chaldeans and Magi, regard the heavenly bodies as gods and genii; but they ascribed to them a great power over the actions and opinions of men. Hence the common proverb, 'such a one may be thankful to his stars,' when spoken of any person distinguished for his wealth, power, or wisdom. The mazzal-tool was the happy, and the mazzal-ra the malignant influence; and the fate of every one was supposed to be regulated by either one or the other. * * *

"*Alectoromantia* is an ancient kind of divination, performed by means of a cock, which was used among the Greeks, in the following manner. A circle was made on the ground, and divided into twenty-four equal portions or spaces: in each space was written one of the letters of the alphabet, and upon each of these letters was laid a grain of wheat. This being done, a cock was placed within the circle, and careful observation was made of the grains he picked. The letters corresponding to these grains were afterwards formed into a word, which word was the answer decreed. It was thus that Libanius and Iamblicus sought who should succeed the Emperor Valens; and the cock answering to the spaces ΘΕΟΔ, they concluded upon Theodore, bnt, by a mistake, instead of Theodosius."

These quotations will shew that this is a book of various art and knowledge; really a book of *intelligence*, if not of intellect—of superhumanity, if not of humanity. As critics, however, we must notice the Ouran or Uran, Soangus, of the island (see Gulliver's geography) of Gromboccanore, in the East Indies, which the author asserts to be a *man-devil*. There being no such creature or abstraction in existence, we beg leave to submit this chapter, pp. 163-4, to the Editor and Reviewers in the *Lady's Magazine*, for their especial consideration. First, they will find it requisite to disprove the existence of such monsters; and, secondly, as Mr. Irving says, to make the application for the uses of their fair readers. To assist them in this laudable enterprise, we will state what *men-devils* are supposed to be.

"These people, it seems, have the art of rendering themselves invisible, and passing where they please, and by these means do infinite mischief; for which reason the people hate and fear them mortally, and always kill them on the spot when they can take them."

To conclude, however, there is much of amusement and of information in this little volume, which, unpretendingly put forth, is full of recollections from a host of authors well worthy of being *popularly* recollected.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. After the Drawings and with the Descriptions of Dr. Meyrick. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XIII.

THE plates in the present Part are,—the Brass Knocker on the door of the Entrance Hall at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire (which, in the opinion of Mr. William Young Ottley, does credit to John of Bologna, who must have given the design, so like those of the school of Michael Angelo); the Entrance Hall of Goodrich Court; Martels de Fer, and Horsemen's Hammers; the Hastilude Chamber at Goodrich Court; Pommel and Chafes of three Indian Cimeters; Chain-armour and Helmets from Delhi; and Battle-axes and Pole-axes. They are all beautifully engraved, and perspicuously explained. The following little history of tournaments, which occurs in the description of the Hastilude Chamber at Goodrich Court, is very curious and interesting.

"The invention of tournaments has been erroneously attributed to Geoffry de Preuilly, in 1066; they were derived from the Troy game much before his time, he having merely added some new manœuvres. It was from the introduction of wheeling round to commence each attack, in French *tournoyer*, that they received this appellation; for previously they were distinguished as ensiludes and hastiludes.—This pastime, so captivating to the martial feelings of an unrefined state of society, was attended with such dangerous consequences, as, at first, to call forth the power of the church and state to check its continuance. Such, however, was the infatuation of the knighthood of Europe, that neither the ordinances which issued from councils, the harangues from the pulpit, nor the writings of the clergy, were able to restrain the inordinate passion for this military sport.—What these were unable to effect, was, in process of time, in some measure, remedied by the excess to which it was carried. When kings, instead of forbidding the practice, like Henry II., or of permitting it in particular places, and at stated seasons, as Richard I., overlooked it, as did Henry III., and next gave it their royal countenance, which was the conduct of Edward I., its frequent occurrence rendered necessary some precautions. For this purpose the primary step was to divide the joust into peaceable combat and that 'to the utterance;' and while the weapons and habiliments of war were retained for the latter, blunted spears, swords of whalebone, and protections of tough leather, became appropriated to the former. The further improvement was to increase the strength of real armour for the purpose: for as the various exercises, comprehended under the name of tournament, were considered fit practice for war, heavier weapons were assigned to them, to render young knights more expert in battle.—The next thing was to enclose that part of the field in which the tournament was held by a railing termed 'the lists,' and then to separate the horses of the jousters by a paling called 'the barrier;' while, to prevent accidents from the pressure of the crowd, double lists were sometimes formed.—Pluvinel, who wrote at the close of the reign of James I., says, 'There ought to be, at each end of the lists, a little scaffold, the height of the stirrup, on which two or three persons can stand, viz. the knight, the armourer to arm him, and his assistant; and hence he mounts his steed.' The fleetest horses, and such as could withstand a violent shock, were preferred; for one or both were, in case of collision, thrown to the ground, if the lances were not broken nor the knights unhorsed."

When finished, in the style in which it has hitherto been carried on, Mr. Skelton's work will be one of the most interesting ornaments of the library, whether of antiquary, amateur, or general reader.

Clifford's Descriptive Guide of Tunbridge Wells. Pp. 188. Fourth edition. Tunbridge Wells, 1828.

UNFORTUNATE critics as we are, chained to the desk, with awful piles of folios, quartos, and octavos, staring us full in the face, and labouring with our pen, like the galley-slave at his oar, it is most reviving to us to take up a guide-book, and fancy ourselves out of town at this season, when nobody but ourselves, and a million of other persons, are to be found in the deserted streets of the metropolis. Yes; here we are at Tunbridge Wells, with Mr. Clifford's volume in our hand,—and apparently a most delightful place it is. Contents: Tunbridge Wells—discovery of the mineral waters—buildings first erected at Southborough and Rusthall—the chapel of ease, built by subscription—walks paved, and buildings erected thereon—chalybeate springs and public baths—the "folly"—oh, Mr. Clifford! Mr. Clifford! it is really not fair to expaflate on the folly of good-natured people who may visit your wells—"bowling green—of the nature and use of the waters." We are not usually water-drinkers, therefore let us see what the "walks and rides round Tunbridge Wells" will do for us. And here we go, mounted upon a donkey, the *common* mode, it seems, of enjoying the place.

"The common, on which are walks, rides, romantic rocks, the race-ground, &c., has become a favourite place of resort with the visiters of the Wells. The turf is covered during the summer with flocks of sheep; and pedestrians, equestrians, and *asinurians* of all ranks, sexes, and ages, amuse themselves on it. Asses were first brought into fashion here by a lady of rank (Lady G. S*ym*ur), in the year 1801, when the Prince and Princess of Orange, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and many other noble visiters, were here. This sudden and unlooked-for fashion was for a long time the topic of conversation, and caused many poetical effusions, chiefly complimentary to the ladies in general, or some particular fair one: these compositions were usually left in the library for the inspection and entertainment of the company; no copy of them, however, it is presumed, has been preserved, except the following"——And for these we must refer to Mr. Clifford's volume, pp. 41, 42, and 43, as the transcribing would too long

delay our excursion to "the High Rocks,"—(*Gee up, neddy!*)—which every body goes to see, and "which are about a mile and a half from the Wells, situated among woods, by the side of a gentle murmuring stream, and afford great matter of speculation to the curious naturalist and antiquary: some of them are above seventy feet high, though the average may be taken at forty. They are partly divided from each other, and split in several places by great clefts and chasms, that lead quite through the midst of them by narrow gloomy passages. Within one of the innermost clefts there is a particular rock, which, when struck, rings like a bell, and hence is called the Bell Rock! A lady losing her lap-dog, which had fallen into a chasm, has left these lines, inscribed by way of epitaph:—

1702.
THIS SCRATCH I MAKE, THAT YOV MAY KNOW
ON THIS ROCK LYES Ye BEAVTIOVS BOW;
READER, THIS ROCK IS Ye BOW'S BELL—
STRIKE 'T WITH THY STICK AND RING HIS KNELL."

Poor soul!—there's a blow—*ding-dong, ding-dong.* No wonder for the Cockneys to be so much at home at Tunbridge Wells, though six and thirty miles from St. Paul's, being still within the sound of Bow's bell!

"Between these rocks and the opposite hills there is a deep, narrow, winding valley, which by some is supposed to have been the bed of a river. Some think that the whole of this irregular and romantic scene was occasioned by the violence of an earthquake; and others are of opinion that it was the effect of the universal deluge. The great and good Dr. Isaac Watts, who visited this spot, struck with their appearance, wrote a sermon on the occasion, from Rev. vi. 15—17."

We never were unfeeling critics—no—no, we are kindly creatures, therefore will we urge our poor donkey no farther—interesting as Speldhurst, with its monuments of the Waller family, may be—as Southborough, with the recollections of it derived from the Memoirs of Grammont—as Penshurst, rich in associations with the illustrious Sidneys;—interesting as these rides may be, our poor donkey seems weary with his mile-and-a-half journey to the High Rocks; and we, facing him about, return to the amusements of the Wells, of which we will present our readers with Mr. Clifford's account.

"The celebrated Nash, commonly called Beau Nash, the first *arbiter elegantiarum* of an English public place, once presided over the amusements at Tunbridge Wells; and some of his institutions yet remain in force: his portrait still adorns the Assembly Rooms. Here in the summer, and at Bath in the winter, he attended with punctuality. In the season of his prosperity he would make his entrance to the Wells in his chariot, drawn by six handsome grays, preceded by two outriders with French horns. He died at Bath in 1761, aged 88 years, and was buried in the abbey church with much pomp. The crowd at his funeral was so great, that not only the streets were filled, but the tops of the houses were covered with spectators. After this singular character, the following gentlemen have officiated as masters of the ceremonies:—Mr. Collet, Mr. Derrick,* Mr. Blake, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Fotheringham, Mr. Amsinck, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Roberts, Captain Meryweather. Every person who intends to drink the waters takes a glass on his arrival, and pays what is called a 'welcome penny' to the dippers: he then subscribes at the libraries, which are well filled, and at the assembly rooms. The officiating clergyman is paid by the subscription of the company at the libraries. The organist of the chapel, also, depends upon the liberality of those who frequent that place of worship. The musicians have a book at the rooms, where the company contribute for their support. After a person has put down his name at each place enumerated, he may consider himself as privileged to join in the amusements of the place. The company generally meet on the parade early in the morning, when the band ascends the orchestra; and after drinking the water and spending an hour or two in walking, occasionally assemble in parties to breakfast. After this repast, it is customary to attend morning service in the chapel, and to walk, ride, or read, according to their inclinations. After prayers the music re-commences, and the company again assemble on the walks to form distant excursions or select society. In the evening the band ascends the orchestra the third time, and the evening promenade begins; after which, tea-parties, card-assemblies, and attendance at the theatre or public rooms, finish the amusements of the day. Independent of the usual balls, Thursday evening is appropriated to a promenade, tea-drinking, and ball; on which occasion there is always a full attendance of the company, as well as at the annual race-ball, which regularly takes place on the first night of the races. The master of the ceremonies has two balls in the season, which are generally very brilliant and full. Private balls, too, are frequently given by people of fashion in the height of the season; and on these occasions elegant suppers are generally added. Here are also frequent concerts, attended by the most eminent performers in London. Sometimes public breakfasts at the rooms, which are always well attended, form a part of the morning amusement. The season at Tunbridge Wells being now of much longer duration than formerly, some families come as early as March or April, and may continue here till the latter end of November; particularly those who come merely for the benefit of their health, the water being considered equally beneficial in cold weather, provided it be dry; and the air, though sharp, as pure and healthy as in summer."

Mr. Clifford concludes his volume with some local *bon-mots* and anecdotes; the only one of which that is not an old acquaintance we copy.

"Several individuals of great oddity have lived at Tunbridge Wells. Amongst these it would be unpardonable not to notice the memorable Mrs. Sarah Porter, called the 'Queen of the Touters.' This singular character was well known to all the visiters till within the year 1762; and was first introduced here by the celebrated Beau Nash, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions for him. She pretended to know the fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, &c. of every person of distinction, whom she suffered not to escape from her importunity. She had a shrewd memory, and could recollect or forget whatever was for her interest. It was her custom to stand at the ball-room door, and make some thousand courtseys in a day. She had not the least inclination to trust; and if any individual did not immediately subscribe to her, she would take her book, pen and ink in her hand, and follow the person all round the room, when it was full of company, which often made many of them very angry; but reprimanding her was never known to put her out of humour, or make her uncivil. The boys would often tease her, by telling her that two or three gentlemen, who they believed were foreigners, had slipt by her up the parade; at which she would shew the utmost anxiety: and being asked, Why are you so uneasy, they'll soon be back again?—she would answer—'I don't know that; for I have known more than one drop down dead before returning, and many that have slipt quite away.' She valued herself much upon her intrepidity, and not giving up any thing; and an ingenious, droll American parson, who made himself very affable with her, obtained from her many laughable and singular secrets, as well as some curious anecdotes of her life. A print of this strange person was made after a fine picture of Vandermisson; and the only one now remaining is in the possession of the compiler and publisher of this Guide."

* Derrick was the Joe Miller of his day. Besides his Jest Book, he has left us two volumes of very pleasantly written letters, descriptive of his tour in Ireland and of Tunbridge Wells. One of the latter gentlemen (we think Mr. Tyson) published the History of Tunbridge Wells, in 4to., with plates.—*Ed. L. G.*

Dr. Granville's Travels in Russia.
Mr. Rae Wilson's Travels, &c.

[Third Notice.]

A PROFESSIONAL touch follows the sketch of St. Petersburgh society with which our last notice of Dr. Granville's work ended; but, though it has much food for reflection, we are not inclined to meddle with it,—and pass forward to another interior description.

"Although the practice of keeping open house on a scale of such magnitude is completely abolished in St. Petersburgh at present, there are still, as I have elsewhere observed, some great families who collect together numerous parties every night, and to whom the facility of introduction is nearly as great as in the case of the late grand chamberlain. But St. Petersburgh is undergoing, in regard to the manners and tone of its society, precisely the same change which every other capital in Europe has experienced, from show, number, and noise, to a tasteful arrangement of chaste ornaments and useful furniture, a selection of a few persons, and quiet conversation. The midnight revelry and the fancy dishes are only permitted on a few occasions; when, after a fatiguing succession of dances, or the too protracted harmony of a modern private concert, nature seems really to call for support. The practice of early suppers, however, still prevails to some extent, even where a very small circle has assembled. The hour at which dinner is served is so much too early in general, that another repast seems almost indispensable. The *bourgeoisie* at St. Petersburgh have their parties and their amusements; and I understand that they are equally hospitable on those occasions. Some of the Russian merchants, who have accumulated great wealth, are sumptuously lodged, and will from time to time give grand entertainments in their magnificent houses to a vast concourse of people, when, perhaps, they may be living on the humblest fare in the bosoms of their own families. A house of this description was pointed out to me in the Troït, which belongs to a general dealer, named Ponomareff; and others, looking like palaces in several parts of the city, and said to be furnished in the most splendid style, occupied by Borissoff and Haritchkoff, hemp and tallow merchants. It is seldom that the society of these persons is of that general nature to admit the introduction of foreigners. The English and Russian merchants, though on the best footing imaginable, carry on no other intercourse beyond commercial transactions. However, the real Rus-

sian merchant, or man of business, is not unmindful of the pleasure of associating with his equals; and even the most toilsome labour, or penurious disposition, leaves him some feeling for the pleasures of society. The Burgher's Club is a proof of this propensity. The Americans have a club of their own; the English have also a club, or rather there is a club under that name, but into which Germans, as well as Russians, are admitted, and form a principal part of the members. I was introduced to it by Dr. Leighton, and dined there with him. The club consists of 350 members, who are balloted for. Strangers to be introduced must have their names entered every day by one of the members; a regulation found so inconvenient, that but few avail themselves of this privilege. The house is commodious; but the rooms are neither so well furnished nor lighted up as in the clubs of London or at Frankfort. Play is the principal source of amusement, but not to the total exclusion of more serious and rational ways of passing the time. All the Russian, and many of the foreign newspapers, among which I observed the English *Courier*, are taken in, together with some monthly publications; but the collection of books is trifling indeed. There is a regular house dinner, *à la Russe*, every day, which is much frequented. Another club, known by the name of the Commercial Club, is daily open for the admission of merchants and strangers on the English Quay, in which the attendance and the dinners are said to be much superior. Some of the English merchants who frequent this club have formed a very select and valuable library, principally of English books, both of reference and general reading, which is placed under the care of Mr. Moberley, a very well-informed mercantile gentleman, partner to Mr. Anderson, the 'doyen' by seniority, and the most respected of the English merchants in St. Petersburgh. The late Emperor Alexander never passed this genuine specimen of an old sterling English merchant without stopping to speak to him. There are a number of families among the population of St. Petersburgh, forming, as it were, a class of society apart, which consists of free people, who belong neither to the church, the nobility, the public functionaries, nor to patented merchants. It comprehends *les gens de lettres*, those who are engaged in the exercise of the liberal professions, and the artisans, and might be said to bear some analogy to what in France was called the *tiers-état*. This class is not numerous, nor does it possess much influence in society at St. Petersburgh. Still, among themselves there is a cordial and gratifying intercourse kept up, which frequently affords, as it did me more than once, an opportunity of spending an hour or two in the evening among clever, agreeable, and well-informed persons. This class is designated in Russian by a particular name, which I have forgotten."

The excellent and graphic account of a Russian wedding will form a congenial second to this extract.

"Early one day in November, a kind young friend, the son of Mr. Anderson, the oldest English merchant in St. Petersburgh, whose attentions to me were unremitting, put a finely embossed card into my hands, on which was printed, in Russian characters, the following invitation, literally translated:

'Ivan Ivanovitch and Prascovia Constantinovna Ivanoff humbly request the favour of your attendance to the marriage ceremony of their daughter Anna Ivanowna with Nicholai Demetrivich Borissow, and to the dinner-table, this November the 13th day, in the year 1827, at two o'clock in the afternoon.'

On the embossed border of the card, delicately edged with rose colour, the emblematic figure of Hymen was represented on the one side, standing under a palm-tree, between the sleeping dogs of fidelity, and inviting from the other side the figures of the bride and bridegroom. I learned that the parties were wealthy Russian hemp-commission agents, and most excellent people; and as such an invitation promised to afford me an opportunity of witnessing the church marriage ceremony, of which I had read so many dissimilar accounts, I gladly accepted it. At two, the friends of the parties assembled from all quarters in the winter church of the *Annunciation*, in the Vassileiostrow, where a great concourse of people had already collected round the choristers or chanters, who, in the most delightful manner imaginable, and in the fuga style, were singing hymns, mixing with skilful combination the sopranos and bass voices. We beguiled half an hour in listening to their strains, waiting for the arrival of the bride. In the mean time I surveyed the picturesque groups of people that kept gradually forming in various parts of the church, where the kaftaned Russian, with his well-caressed beard, mixed with the throng of young and good-looking females. Some of the latter, dressed in the fashion of the country, their heads profusely ornamented with gold and embroidered veils; and others, according to the more attractive garb of the French, presented a striking contrast to many of the assembled men, whom I understood to belong to the class of Russian merchants, but who wore neither the kaftan nor the beard. Their smooth and shaven faces, with the general style of dress common to most of the European nations, scarcely permitted their being distinguished from several English merchants present, who had been invited on the occasion. The officiating priest, decked in his rich church vestments, accompanied by the deacon, advanced from the sanctuary towards the door of entrance into the church, and there received the pair about to be made happy, to whom he delivered a lighted taper, making, at the same time, the sign of the cross thrice on their foreheads, and conducted them to the upper part of the nave. Incense was scattered before them, while maids, splendidly attired, walked between the paranymphy, or bridegroom and bride. The Greek church requires not the presence of either of the parents of the bride on such an occasion. Is it to spare them the pain of voluntarily surrendering every authority over their child to one who is a stranger to her blood? I stood by the side of the table on which were deposited the rings, and before which the priest halted at the conclusion of a litany, wherein the choristers assisted, and from which he pronounced, in a loud and impressive voice, the following prayer, his face being turned towards the sanctuary, and the bride and bridegroom placed immediately behind him, holding their lighted tapers:

'O Eternal God! thou who didst collect together the scattered atoms by wondrous union, and didst join them by an indissoluble tie, who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca, and made them heirs of thy promise; give thy blessing unto these thy servants, and guide them in every good work: for thou art the merciful God, the lover of mankind, and to thee we offer up our praise, now and for ever, even unto ages of ages.'

The import of this beautiful invocation was, at the time, interpreted to me by a friend well acquainted with the whole service and office of espousals, the language of which he assured me was all equally impressive. The priest, next turning round to the couple, blessed them, and taking the rings from the table, gave one to each, beginning with the man, and proclaiming aloud that they stood betrothed, 'now and for ever, even unto ages of ages,' which declaration he repeated thrice to them, while they mutually exchanged the rings an equal number of times. The rings were now again surrendered to the priest, who crossed the forehead of the couple with them, and put them on the fore-finger of the right hand of each; and turning to the sanctuary, read another impressive part of the service, in which an allusion is made to all the circumstances in the Holy Testament, where a ring is mentioned as the pledge of union, honour, and power; and prayed the Lord to 'bless the espousals of thy servants, Anna Ivanowna and Nicholai Demetrivich, and confirm them in thy holy union; for thou in the beginning didst create them, male and female, and appoint the woman for a help to the man, and for the succession of mankind. Let thine angel go before them to guide them all the days of their life.' The priest now taking hold of the hands of both parties, led them forward and caused them to stand on a silken carpet, which lay spread before them. The congregation usually watch this moment with intense curiosity, for it is augured that the party which steps first on the rich brocade will have the mastery over the other through life. In the present case, our fair bride secured possession of this prospective privilege with modest forwardness. Two silver imperial crowns were next produced by a hyman, which the priest took, and first blessing the bridegroom, placed one of them on his head, while the other, destined for the bride, was merely held over her head by a friend, lest its admirable superstructure, raised by Charles, the most fashionable perruquier of the capital, employed on this occasion, should be disturbed. That famed artist had successfully blended the spotless flower, emblematic of innocence, with the rich tresses of the bride, which were farther embellished by a splendid tiara of large diamonds. Her white satin robe, from the hands of Mademoiselle Louise, gracefully pencilling the contours of her bust, was gathered around her waist by a zone studded with precious stones, which fastened to her side a *bouquet* of white flowers. The common cup being now brought to the priest, he blessed it, and gave it to the bridegroom, who took a sip from its contents thrice, and transferred it to her who was to be his mate, for a repetition of the same ceremony. After a short pause, and some prayers from the responser, in which the choristers joined with musical notes, the priest took the bride and bridegroom by the hand; the friends holding their crowns, and walked with them round the desk thrice, having both their right hands fast in his, from west to east, saying—

'Exult, O Isaiah! for a virgin has conceived and brought forth a Son, Emanuel, God and man; the East is his name. Him do we magnify, and call the virgin blessed!'

Then taking off the bridegroom's crown, he said—

'Be thou magnified, O bridegroom, as Abraham! Be thou blessed as Isaac, and multiplied as Jacob, walking in peace, and performing the commandments of God in righteousness.'

In removing the bride's crown, he exclaimed—

'And be thou magnified, O bride, as Sarah! Be thou joyful as Rebecca, and multiplied as Rachael; delighting in thine own husband, and observing the bounds of the law, according to the good pleasure of God.'

The ceremony now drew to its conclusion, the tapers were extinguished and taken from the bride and bridegroom, who walking towards the holy screen were dismissed by the priest, received the congratulations of the company, and saluted each other. We all now hurried

to our carriages, the youngest to their sledges, and took the direction of the house of the bride's father, where we were received by that person in his Russian costume, and with a flowing beard, who conducted the company, as the sound of a full band of music, into the banqueting-room, already prepared for about fifty guests, with tables decked with golden *plateaux* and vases bearing artificial flowers, mixed with piles of fruit and *bonbons*. Here a large assemblage of friends had already met, through which we made our way to an inner room, where the bride, seated by the side of her mother, and surrounded by matrons and damsels, received, with becoming modesty, our congratulations. I was surprised at finding in the gynæceum of a class of society of this description, such agreeable and easy manners, untainted by the least *gaucherie* or awkward pretensions. My engagements prevented my remaining to dinner; but I returned time enough in the evening to be present at the conclusion of the day's ceremony. The dinner had passed off without any remarkable occurrence, and considering the enormous quantity of Champagne consumed (a very favourite beverage on all gala-days with the middle classes of society at St. Petersburgh), I found the party *almost* philosophical. Toasts to the bride and bridegroom had been repeatedly drank, and the night was far advanced when the *passajonaiatetz* took the bride by the hand, and conducted her into the bed-chamber, where he consigned her to the care of all the married ladies present, himself retiring immediately after. Those matrons assisted in disrobing her of the bridal vestments, and in assuming the garb appropriate to the chamber in which they were. The passajonaiatetz next performed the like office of conducting the bridegroom to the chamber, who put on his *schlafrock*, or night-gown, the married ladies having previously retired. These operations being concluded, the doors of the bed-chamber were thrown open, and we all walked in in procession, quaffing a goblet of Champagne to the health of the parties, kissing the bride's hands, who returned the salutations on our cheeks, and embracing *à la Française* the cheeks of the bridegroom, who luckily, in the present instance, had neither the Russian beard nor the modern English whiskers. With one voice we then wished the happy pair a hearty blessing, and withdrew, when the doors were closed. The company gradually dispersed. Dinners and dancing went on for three successive days. On the first of these I attended for a few minutes, being determined to satisfy my curiosity to the last. I had, however, to pay for this indulgence, having been compelled, by immemorial usage, on entering the room, to drink a bumper of the sparkling juice to the dregs in honour of the bride, to undergo the same ceremony of bride and bridegroom's salutation, and to whirl half a round of a waltz with the former. But I had made up my mind to bear even worse *inconveniences* than these, should it have been necessary, rather than forego the advantage of judging for myself of the truth or falsehood of the many exaggerated and fanciful descriptions given by travellers of a Russian wedding. To complete this account of what I *witnessed*, I should add, that on the eighth day, the happy pair attended once more at the church, for the ceremony of 'dissolving the crowns,' which is performed by the priest, with appropriate prayers, in allusion to the rites of matrimony."

By way of variety we must now turn again to our friend Mr. Rae Wilson. The *force* of language, and the acumen of philosophical reasoning, can hardly go farther than his description of the wine-cellars at Hamburgh!!

"Under the most elegant mansions are to be found wine-cellars; while apartments for drinking, bacchanalian carousing, and the sale of all kinds of spirits, are to be seen in every direction; and some of them are resorted to by the very lowest of the tippling tribe. It has been remarked somewhere, in reference to these petty traders in this Stygian comfort, that there is not a more miserable shift for a livelihood than their calling. Whoever would be successful in the exercise of it, must, indeed, be of a watchful and suspicious, as well as of a bold and resolute temper, that he may neither be imposed on by sharpers, nor bullied by the oaths of coachmen and soldiers. He ought to be a dabbler in jokes and loud laughter, and have all the winning 'ways and means' to allure customers, and be well versed in sallies the mob make use of to banter prudence and frugality; be obsequious to the most despicable; be able to endure with patience and good humour the vilest language of drabs; and without a frown bear with all the *squalid noise* and impertinence that the utmost indigence and laziness can produce in the most shameless and abandoned vulgar. On the subject of tippling, it may be added, that nothing is more destructive to the health or industry of the poor: it *charms* the inactive, the desperate, and the crazy of either sex, and makes the starving look on his rags with stupid indolence. In a word, such a propensity falls under the description of *a fiery lake, that sets the very brain in flames, burns up the entrails, scorches every internal part*, and is at the same time a Lethe of oblivion, in which the wretch drowns his cares. Moreover, this liquid poison makes him quarrelsome, renders him a perfect savage,—and, alas! it has often been the cause of his shedding the blood of his fellow-creatures! Would that we could say that this degrading and immoral practice—one that entails such a train of distress and misery on the lower orders and their families — pernicious alike to both body and mind—were confined to the city of Hamburgh. It is absolutely idle for us to talk of the spread of intelligence among society, while so great a portion of the population abandon themselves to a habit that is not only highly pernicious and destructive in itself, but the propagator of wretchedness and crime."

The following, from the same author, is equally characteristic:—

"The senate, or stadt-house, which stands in the centre of the city, is an irregular building, *it* having been erected or *repaired* at different periods. It is 258 feet in length; and it is a remarkable fact, and one which reflects credit on *this public body* [*i. e.* the stadt-*house*], that there exists only a solitary instance of a member having been in bankrupt circumstances: on that event he proceeded in state to the assembly, and resigned his dignity; feeling, under such a change of circumstance, that it was altogether inconsistent for him to remain in office. The town-hall, which is spacious, is ornamented with paintings; and at the east end of it are representations of the twelve apostles, with Christ in the centre. Here are five chests, with the names of the five parishes of Hamburgh, to receive contributions for *them*." [Quære, for the apostles?]

In short, Mr. Wilson's is absolutely about the most confused and worst-written book we ever saw. Speaking of Altona, he goes on to tell us, that "the *public gardens*, which are laid out with taste, *look down on the river*"—a most strange and shameful proceeding!—and that "of all the objects in this quarter most striking to a contemplative mind, is the sacred spot *near it*, where the ashes of the immortal Klopstock are deposited." Having *sailed* to Hamburgh, we are rather surprised, on the author's leaving that place, to be informed that the *road* was one of the very worst he had hitherto travelled—seeing that it happened to be also the first; but we do not wonder at his dislike to it—for he adds, that the *windings* were sharp, *quick*, and narrow! But his amazing tact for observation revives after getting through these quick windings; and he remarks—"The country now became pleasant and wooded: some of the crops, especially the barley, were farther advanced than in England at the same season. On some of the commons the flocks of geese were in fact so numerous, that at a distance the ground appeared as if actually covered with snow. Such is the passion here for smoking, that children about ten years of age might be seen with pipes in their mouths, whiffing with great gravity and composure." In this way matters of every sort, and of not the slightest interest, are jumbled together throughout two long volumes.

SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS. NO. VII.

The Little Grammarian; or, an Easy Guide to the Parts of Speech, and familiar Illustrations of the leading Rules of Syntax; in a Series of Instructive and Amusing Tales. By the Rev. W. Fletcher. 18mo. pp. 175. London, Harris.

Lessons of Wisdom for the Young; or, Spring Mornings and Evenings. With twelve Engravings. By the same. 18mo. pp. 111. London, Harris.

The Child's Duty; dedicated by a Mother to her Children. 18mo. pp. 106. London, Harris.

THE first-named work is intended to diminish the toil of young beginners in learning grammar, by giving easy and amusing illustrations of the several parts of speech on the Abbé Gaultier's plan. The parts of speech, and their rules, are first defined in a clear and simple manner, and after each definition a pleasant little tale follows, containing as many words as possible of that part of speech which it is intended to illustrate: these words are printed in italics, so that the child may easily recognise them, and, by their frequent repetition, impress them, and the rule by which they are regulated, on his memory. There is, however, a consequent stiffness in all the rest of the sentences, which are constrained both in language and construction, in order to introduce the *lesson words*. The principal elementary rules of syntax are simplified and elucidated in like manner, and accompanied by exercises in concord and government. The work is altogether cleverly executed, and well calculated to facilitate the first attainment of grammatic rudiments, and to effect its author's object, of "innocently beguiling our little friends into a knowledge of matters too uninteresting to please in their crude and undigested form."

The *Lessons of Wisdom*, by the same author, are a series of brief moral essays on the beauties and wonders of creation and nature, conveyed in a very pleasing form, so as to afford both amusement and instruction to the tiny race of humanity for whom they are intended. This *petit* volume is fully described by its title; and is better suited to children

than the trashy fictions which are so universally resorted to for their amusement. The latter tend to no good purpose, while such useful little works as these are equally well calculated to amuse and even to instruct. Both of the above are embellished with a number of very nice engravings on copper.

The title of the last of the three works under notice sufficiently explains its purport; and we have much gratification in observing that the *Child's Duty* is clearly and scripturally defined by its amiable authoress: we therefore recommend it, as highly proper to be put into the hands of youth, from infancy to a much riper age.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Memoirs and Select Remains of the late Rev. John Cooke. By George Redford, M.A. 8vo. pp. 601. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

Mr. Cooke was, during forty-three years, pastor of the Independent church, Maidenhead, Berks; and this is a collection of religious papers of every description connected with his ministry. Considering the gravity of the matters contained in the volume, it is oddly enough introduced by a preface commencing thus:—"A book without a preface is liable to be looked upon as a stranger entering a company without a bow"!! The memoir is hardly less curious: but we can afford only one extract as a sample: it will speak plainly enough the character of the work, coming under the head of remarkable providences in early life.

"When it was supposed he had acquired knowledge enough for the business of farming, he was removed from school. His years passed away in the ordinary labours of that homely but healthful occupation. Still he had no religious impressions, and was not in a situation likely to receive any. He enjoyed, however, several very merciful deliverances from danger, which, at the time, affected and impressed his mind. 'At twelve years of age,' he says, 'I went with a young man, who was eighteen years old, to a river to learn to swim. This was the first attempt. With a strong rope across my chest, and a two-gallon bottle at each end of the string, I walked out of my depth. Feeling the buoyancy of the water, I cried to the young man. He could not swim; and in attempting to reach me, found himself in danger of being lifted from his feet.' In this situation, it appears, the youth could render him no assistance without greatly endangering his own life. Providentially for John Cooke, the bottles sustained him above water, until the wind, which was strong, by degrees blew the bottles towards the shore. Had not the wind been strong enough to overcome the current, so far at least as to make the bottles flow towards the side, he must have been borne away, and in all probability would have sunk to the bottom. Another very remarkable case of providential preservation occurred when he was only thirteen years of age. Mr. Laver had left him, one Sabbath afternoon, in the house by himself. Wanting amusement, he thought he would take his master's gun, and go into a neighbouring field of oats, to fire at a large number of rooks there collected. The rooks swarmed over his head, and so great was their noise, that when he had pulled the trigger of his gun he thought it had discharged its contents; and in anticipation of his exploit, imagined that he had hit some of the rooks. He then rested his gun upon the ground, and blew into the barrel to clear it, as he had seen Mr. Laver often do, when he had discharged it. But the gun was not discharged, and the instant he removed his mouth from the barrel it went off. He says, in reference to this occurrence, 'I was so surprised, alarmed, and shocked, that I sat down on a bank, extremely sick with the fright; but never thought of God, Providence, or eternity. 'God speaketh once, yea twice, and man perceiveth it not.'' Another instance of an equally narrow escape from sudden death, occurred when he was about fifteen. He got upon a cart loaded with wet manure. The cart suddenly fell backwards, and himself under it. The whole weight of the load fell upon him, and in a short time he must have been suffocated, had not two men, at a considerable distance, seen the cart tip backwards, and the boy upon it. They ran to his relief, and happily succeeded in removing the pressure before he was smothered. These were memorable deliverances, but they produced only a momentary impression; like most youths, he soon lost sight of the hand that had saved him. These providences, however, in after life were not forgotten; they were reviewed and recorded with a lively sense of the divine goodness, and with the cheerful consecration of a life, so preserved, to the glory of God."

A Practical View of the Present State of Slavery in the West Indies, &c. By Alexander Barclay. 8vo. pp. 490. London, 1828. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is the third edition of a work from the pen of a gentleman of great experience and great ability. It charges the advocates for emancipation, &c. with having aimed for years, in their speeches and writings, at effects more than at truth, and avows its purpose to be that of setting the condition of the slaves in the West Indies fairly and honestly before the public. With this view, and on this side, it embraces every topic connected with the question at issue, and may be considered a *vade mecum* of what can be urged on behalf of the planters' interests.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY PROPOSED.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—After your favourable mention, in the *Literary Gazette* of the 24th of May, of the hint relating to the establishment of a Geographical Society, I confidently expected that some of your correspondents would immediately discuss the formation of such an institution.

My expectation having, however, been disappointed, and fearing that the answer to your correspondent may have escaped the notice of those who feel desirous of promoting geographical knowledge, I request you will spare me a small portion of your columns to direct or recall attention to this important subject.

No country is so deeply interested as England in the acquisition of a correct knowledge of the physical, moral, and political geography of every part of the world; yet, while we have societies for the cultivation of almost every other branch of knowledge, we have none for the cultivation of that science on which our political and commercial prosperity so greatly depends.

The non-existence of a Geographical Society in England cannot, I am certain, be traced to the want of proper persons to constitute it: for no nation abounds so much as this country in voyagers and travellers; and the reading public generally considers the study of geography not less agreeable than instructive. Neither can its absence arise from the want of means for effectively executing the purposes for which such a society should be instituted; for we have active and intelligent fellow-countrymen either constantly visiting or residing in almost every part of the habitable globe.

As we enjoy the benefit and pleasure derived from geography, and are better circumstanced in reference to its cultivation than any other European nation—it may be inquired, why a Geographical Society has not long since been established in England? It is simply because no person possessing influence and energy has proposed its establishment. If the formation of a Geographical Society was proposed or zealously patronised by a few distinguished individuals, there is no doubt that a society, which would unite the suffrages of the politician, the man of letters, and the merchant—would rapidly become eminent for its numbers and its utility.

It would be easy to enumerate the objects to which a Geographical Society should direct its attention, and the means by which they might be attained; but I will limit myself to stating, that I think statistics, the topography of the British empire, and history so far as it is intimately connected with geography, should be included among its objects; and that furnishing travellers with topics of inquiry connected with the countries they visit, and encouraging them by conferring honorary distinctions, or pecuniary rewards, and by the publication of their observations,—should be employed as means of increasing our geographical knowledge.

In conclusion, I take the liberty of stating my conviction of the strong probability, that geography, through being honoured and patronised, would be more generally and deeply studied, and thereby attain the rank of a science which it should, but does not at present, possess in England. I am yours, &c.

W. H.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

This infant design is every day acquiring new claims to encouragement, and bids fair to become, as we hoped it would, extensively beneficial to the mechanical arts, the manufactures, and the commerce of the country. The old proverb says, "ye must creep ere ye walk;" and we hold it not to be the worst sign of success, that any novelty starts with a small beginning, and gradually gathers strength and importance, as is the case with the National Repository: this is better than a great and sudden blaze, which as suddenly expires. In a former notice of this Gallery, we pointed out some of the causes which operated against it; but still, even supposing them to remain in full force, there was and is room enough for an Institution of this sort to do much good, and promote many useful and profitable objects. It has been reproached with being an imitation of the French; but if the French be a good institution, why should not the example be followed? And there is no question but that the Parisian exhibition operates as a powerful stimulus in promoting the improvement of a multitude of trades—the manufacture of paper, of cutlery, of woollens, of silks, of dyes, and, in short, of almost every article in demand for general use or consumption. Let us only look back and see, by a few instances, from what insignificant commencements very important branches of produce have sprung.

It was at the Chateau of Madrid, in the

Bois de Boulogne, that the first manufactory of wove stockings was established, in 1656. Until the year 1665 there was no manufactory of plate-glass in France. Colbert induced some Venetian workmen, of whom Nicolas du Royer was at the head, to come to Paris, granting them an exclusive privilege for twenty years (since continually renewed). They established themselves at St. Gobin; and French plate-glass, for size and beauty, soon surpassed the Venetian. In November 1674, the exclusive privilege of manufacturing tobacco and snuff was granted, on a lease of six years, to Jean Breton, the first two years at 500,000 francs per annum, the other four at 700,000: it was ceded in 1720 to the India Company, at 1,500,000; and in 1771 it was let for 27,000,000.*

Having such proofs of benefit from public note and competition before us, we ought rather to repeat *fas est ab hoste doceri*, than set our faces against any judicious effort to learn from the proceedings of another country how to promote the interests of our own. With these impressions, we have recently visited the National Repository, taking the Catalogue (second edition, with additions) of 295 articles there at present exhibited, in our hand; and we cannot help thinking the subject eminently worthy of attention. Endeavouring to procure it that attention, our remarks must, nevertheless, be very cursory and unconnected.

In the first place, we were struck with the oddness, we had almost said the absurdity, of many of the names given to new productions. They are quite unintelligible, and convey no idea of the substances to which they relate. Thus we have *Phanoxine*, *Grenadine*, *Harlequin-anglo-oriental*, &c. for silks; *Crystallo-ceramic incrustations* for glass; *Keramographic* for globes, &c. &c. One ought to know Greek, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, to make out what such appellations mean: plain, sensible English names would be far preferable. Another defect we find in the Catalogue is, that prices are not mentioned; as it is only by comparisons in this essential particular that we can decide on the merit of the article; for if it be twice or thrice as dear as that at which the foreign produce can be imported, it ought to be discouraged as of no value. *Ex. gr.* when we read of a "fine specimen of Valencia Shawl of British manufacture, equal in every respect to the Lyonese," we ask what is the price of the British, and what of the Lyonese? without which our intelligence is worthless. The same remark applies to a very beautiful article of female adornment—"English Mechlin Lace; manufactured by Miss Sophia Woodward, New Basford, near Nottingham. The fabric the same as French Mechlin; manufactured entirely of English materials, only by the inventor of the machinery."

Having examined the silks and the looms at work on various curious patterns,—the muslins, table-covers, cloaks, straw plait, glass-ware, steam-engine models, engine wheels, suspension bridges, bronzes, plate, &c. &c., our notice was attracted by "an ornamental *Blackwood* box, illustrative of the nature of *eccentric turning*," which we thought at once must be a new edition of our worthy friend Christopher North's Magazine—but, to our disappointment, discovered to be literally an Ebony box, manufactured by a firm, the pronouncing of which would give Christopher the jaws'-ache, viz, "Holtzapffel and Co." Running on, we found the *head* of his present Majesty, *carved* by F. C. Phillips, and began to fear for another Charles the First affair; but luckily the deed was done in sardonyx, and another, still more natural, in mother-of-pearl. The same artist has the portrait of *a youth* in its fittest emblem, *wax*; flexible, susceptible of any impressions—not durable! Wood engravings, printing, and other works of the class, followed; and among these was "a design for a Waterloo monument, proposed to be erected (of all places in the world) *in* St. James's canal." A splendid fountain would better suit the site; and such a work is, we have reason to believe, in contemplation. Another remarkable design is, the "project of a pyramidal metropolitan sepulchre. By Thomas Willson, Architect. The edifice is to consist of brick-work, to be faced with square blocks of granite. The base of it would, according to the project, occupy an area of 40 acres, (about as large as Russell Square,) the length of the ground-line being 1200 feet. The height of it is intended to be 1500 feet, (nearly four times the height of St. Paul's).—The projector has published a prospectus of the work, which will be found annexed to the painting exhibited in the gallery." This monstrous piece of folly, the object of which is to have generations rotting in one vast pyramid of Death, instead of being quietly mingled with their parent earth, and forgotten, is perhaps the most ridiculous of the schemes broached in our scheming age. The desire to accomplish that which every wise and philosophical mind must wish not to have accomplished, is indeed worthy of a professor of that art or science, Architecture, which is at so low an ebb in this country, as to stand at the bottom of the whole list.

No. 200 is a most ingenious and clever performance: "*Model of the Human Eye; constructed by G. Francis.* Objects are very accurately depicted on an artificial retina, and the image, as in the human eye, is inverted." This is well deserving of the notice of the curious; and Mr. Francis of patronage for his talents. The following are also very ingenious articles, and merit examination and reward.

"No. 218. *Patent Hinges; manufactured by D. Redmund.* They are so arranged as to close a door without the use of springs.—No. 222. *Filtering Machine by Capillary Attraction; sent in by C. F. Partington.* The water to be filtered is placed in an inverted vessel, and then ascends through the cotton, from whence it passes to the reservoir beneath. It is found useful in those cases of chemical manipulation in which the gaseous compounds united with the water are to be prevented from contact with the atmosphere.—No. 225. *Dynamometer; manufactured by H. Marriott.* This instrument is employed to measure the strength of animals.—No. 226. *Indicator of Repulsion, to shew the force of a blow; manufactured by H. Marriott.*—No. 259. *Improved Recumbent Chair; manufactured by R. Dawe.* By elevating a spring beneath the arm where the hand rests, it may readily be converted into a couch, and any required inclination given to the back or arms; and by drawing out a sliding pannel beneath, its length may be increased.—No. 271. *Portable Flour-dressing Machine; manufactured by J. Yearsley:*"—an admirable invention, and one which may be employed with the utmost advantage to society. By it, private families may enjoy pure and unadulterated bread, with the least possible trouble. The poor in parishes, having one placed at their service by a benevolent pastor or squire, might grind their harvest-gleanings, and be almost blessed by this simple contrivance. We earnestly recommend it.

We add the annexed rather as curiosities, to shew the diversity of matters which the Repository embraces, than as being of extraordinary utility. "No. 230, 231. *Portable Guns, in the shape of Walking-sticks; manufactured by J. P. Hubbard.*—No. 232. *Portable Pistols, in the shape of a Whip; manufactured by J. P. Hubbard.*—No. 243. *A Walking-stick, covered with Whalebone:* containing a mariner's compass, with opera-glass, telescope, pens, ink, &c. &c. &c.—No. 261. *Macintosh's Elastic Air Pillow.* The jean or canvass is rendered impervious to air, by a thin stratum of caoutchouc, or India rubber, dissolved in pyroligneous ether."—And, strange to say, "No. 289. *Cook's Life Preserver for* Carriages!" Another rather droll entry is, "Quarrel's *Albion State Lamp*"—but we never meddle with politics; and as this is intended to keep up a constant flame, we must leave it to the care of its (as far as a name goes) ill-omened inventor.

Altogether, though we recognise many old acquaintances from the Society of Arts in these rooms, we consider them to be eminently entitled to the public countenance.

CURE OF CONSUMPTIVE DISEASES.—(VI.) Our readers need not be afraid that we are going to weary them with any controversy: we have but a few words to add to the statement in our last Number, and we *finally* bestow them on Dr. Johnson, and on the far more interesting topic to which his unmannerly attack referred. It may be necessary to notice, in the first place, that we have received a letter from Dr. J., in which he, like another Quixote, challenges *us* to appeal to a third party, to decide between him and Mr. St. John Long; and offers us the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the Company of Apothecaries, out of which to select some of the most eminent members to sit as umpires, while the combatants enter the lists and do battle. Now, we refuse this trial, because we have no authority over Mr. Long to compel him to fight with Dr. Johnson; though we understand him to declare, that he has not the slightest objection to bring the success of his practice to proof even before the tribunal of the faculty, which it is very natural to suppose must be prejudiced against him. In truth, we should hold any physician, surgeon, or apothecary, in London, to be wrong, if he did not doubt the efficacy of any discovery in medicine, such as Mr. St. John Long, or any other gentleman not professionally educated, advances a claim to have made: but, at the same time, intimate as we are with not a few of the leading men in these three branches, we should also expect, from their liberality and justice, that the moment they had inquired, and were convinced of the validity of the pretension, they would as decidedly pronounce in its favour, and promote its success. Several medical gentlemen have, indeed, already done so, and given written testimonies of their conviction to Mr. Long. (1.)

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* The government at present keeps the manufacture in its own hands.

(1.) A Physician (Dr. M.), of great practice and experience, having carefully examined Mr. Long's proceedings, writes to a friend, who had asked his opinion, and was a patient of Mr. L.'s,—after some very sensible remarks on the impossibility of restoring those whose strength and stamina are so completely exhausted as to leave nothing to act upon,—"it must be conceded, where those of the highest professional information and talents have failed to render any benefit, Mr. Long has been extraordinarily and wonderfully successful. Witness the cases of Miss E., Miss H., the Rev. Mr. N., Mr. Y., and a host of others: (we conceal the names, but the letter is in our possession). In all these instances, extreme emaciation, hectic fever, purulent expectoration, and the long and

But, it seems (according to Dr. Johnson, and in spite of the letter from a physician like himself, on which we have just supported ourselves,) the grand question is, that the diseases which he acknowledges to be cured by Mr. Long are not *bonâ fide* consumption; and in the case on which he founded his charge, the *stethoscope** was more to be relied upon than the positive declaration of the patient respecting his symptoms! Upon this point, all we have to say is, that Mr. St. John Long has laid before us not only many cases in which the parties aver themselves to have been relieved and saved from complaints, all the appearances of which were those hitherto considered to be evidence of consumption (2), and of the most immediate and fatal kind too (2), but has also shewn us the diagnostics of distinguished medical authorities, previously consulted, stating these very instances to be consumption, which he has speedily arrested, and ultimately eradicated. We are not, therefore, going into an argument on the pathology of the disease;—all that we want to be sure of, is, that what is like consumption, what not only patients but physicians call consumption, is precisely that species of disease of which Mr. Long professes the cure, and produces a multitude of testimonials that he has cured.

With this we take our leave of the subject: all that we have had to do with which has been to open it, as it well merited from its importance, for public scrutiny. It was our misfortune, an accident not essential to the investigation, to excite the morbid humours of Dr. Johnson, and provoke his ire against "that prostituted, venal, and talentless journal—that sink of prostitution—the *Literary Gazette*." We are sure that we have sufficiently vindicated ourselves from such imputations with the public at large; but we are anxious to stand better in the opinion of even our accuser; and to shew him that we are not deserving of this abuse from an able person very high in his own esteem, we will copy the note sent to us by Dr. James Johnson, with his "Essay on Morbid Sensibility."

"Dr. James Johnson, Editor of the Medico-Chirurgical Review, begs to present the accompanying essay to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*. Should the essay be found to merit half a column in the *L. G.*, it would be very gratifying to the author."

Alas, *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* the half-column gratification was unluckily not given, and hence the terrible bad character of the then esteemed and valuable *Literary Gazette*.

frightful train of symptoms usually indicative of tuberculated lungs, and the approach of death, were present, but, as you already know, removed by the means employed by Mr. Long: thereby conferring on them a character and value far beyond what the remedial measures usually prescribed by the more regularly initiated in the profession are entitled to." [*Can any thing be stronger?*]

* This infallible machine, it must be recollected, is a thing put to your chest, with a tube passing to your ear, which enables you to hear and comprehend how all is going on inside with your heart, liver, lungs, &c. &c. &c. In this case the individual appears to have lost the greater portion of his disease before Dr. J. applied his instrument to ascertain that he had no consumptive symptoms!

(2.) We would ask if the following documents, from many testimonies voluntarily and gratefully offered to us as public journalists by the parties, are not our sufficient warrant for what we have said? The Rev. Mr. N. declares that his lungs were decidedly in a tuberculated state, &c. describing the worst symptoms. Mr. H., a personal acquaintance, describes the most wasting decline. Miss E. relates the utmost debility, and a dreadful state of noisome expectoration. Miss H., cough, hæmorrhage, and utter prostration of strength. And, in short, we did not utter a word till we were overwhelmed by testimonies of this nature, from intelligent persons in the upper walks of life; and therefore, instead of regretting what we have published, we should consider ourselves inexcusable if, as friends of humanity, we had not brought the matter forward.

METALLIC ELECTRICITY.

To the Editor.

SIR,—In your *Literary Gazette* of Aug. 23, is inserted a translation from *Le Globe*, on Metallic Electricity; wherein it is stated, "that M. Agnôte Delarive, of Geneva, has successfully repeated the experiments of an English chemist, who produced electricity by means of a pile composed exclusively of zinc, one face of each plate of which was rough, and the other polished: these plates, which, placed at a certain distance from one another, had no communication except by means of the ambient air, nevertheless exhibited a considerable degree of electricity." Now, I have every reason to believe that the pile here alluded to, was constructed by myself, the first and only one of the kind, until I exhibited it in my lecture on galvanism, delivered before the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, on the 17th of January last. I have, since that time, exhibited its electrical powers in my lectures before some other similar societies, and at several academies. This pile was first constructed early in the summer of 1827, and its publication was reserved purposely for the illustration of my lectures the following season, and giving to them a greater degree of interest by bringing before my auditors this novel electrical apparatus. M. Delarive became informed of the pile in question, in a conversation which he had with Mr. Watkins, philosophical instrument maker, and curator of philosophical apparatus in the University of London, who had seen it at my lecture at the Western Institution. Mr. Watkins has mentioned this "electric column" at page 17 of his Popular Sketch of Electro-Magnetism; but not having ascribed its invention, or the discovery of its powers, to any particular individual, I was ready to suppose that that gentleman possibly might have seen or heard of some other pile of the same kind. I have, since the publication of that work, had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Watkins, who has assured me that the pile which I exhibited at the above-mentioned lecture was the only one of the kind he had ever seen or heard of; Mr. Watkins likewise informed me of the conversation which took place on this subject between himself and M. Delarive.

As my views of the nature of the action of dry electric piles do not exactly harmonise with any hypothesis yet made public, I purpose to notice them in an early communication for insertion in your journal. I shall, at the same time, have to notice other electric piles, with different kinds of metal, each pile containing only one kind. W. STURGEON.

Artillery Place, Woolwich, Aug. 27.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Child's Dream. Engraved by G. Parker, from a Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Bulcock.

THIS is a picture which has been repeatedly engraved. Mr. Parker has executed his task with much ability: the tone of the flesh is very beautiful; and the masses of light and shade are well preserved. It is in stipple.

Paris and its Environs. Engraved under the superintendence of Mr. C. Heath, from Drawings made under the direction of A. Pugin, Esq. Jennings.

THIS is the first Number of a little work which is to appear once a fortnight, at a price so moderate as to come within the means of every one. Each Number will contain four views, engraved in the line manner, and accompanied by letter-press descriptions in English and French. The plates in No. I. are pleasingly executed, and give a very good idea of the different scenes which they are intended to represent.

The Souvenir.—In the *Literary Gazette* of the 6th inst. we mentioned the beautiful engravings which are to illustrate and adorn the forthcoming "Souvenir." Their excellence, however, demands a fuller notice of some of them. One of the most fascinating is "The Sisters," engraved by J. H. Robinson, after F. P. Stephanoff, and replete with grace, vivacity, and expression. We know not whether to assign the higher meed of praise to the designer or to the engraver. It is, indeed, an exquisite gem. Another extraordinary production is "Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus," engraved by E. Goodall. The picture, by F. Danby, A., was the admiration of the public, when in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; and it is perfectly astonishing to see how successfully Mr. Goodall has copied its effects, and introduced almost all its details, in the space of a few inches! The sunny haze of the distance, in particular, is miraculously imitated. "The Departure of Mary Queen of Scots from France," is also a delightful little print; in the highest degree creditable to the talents both of Mr. Leahy and of Mr. Goodyear. In "Ehrenbreitstein," Mr. Pye has very happily preserved the breadth and grandeur by which Mr. Turner, in his best works, is distinguished above all his competitors. "Love taught by the Graces" is sweetly engraved by J. C. Edwards, after the pleasing original by W. Hilton, R.A. "The Proposal," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A., is also admirable. Nothing can exceed the characteristic expression both of the lover and of his fair-one.—In short, we have seldom witnessed so rare an assemblage of talent, in so small a compass, as this highly finished publication will be enabled to boast.

The proofs of the *Forget-me-not*, and *Friendship's Offering*, have reached us; but too late for notice this week.

Bunbury's Whims. Two Plates. For the Scrap-Book. Engraved from original Drawings by the late Henry Bunbury, Esq. W. B. Cooke.

THESE plates comprehend five representations of human figures, grotesquely composed of circles, angles, and squares. Under them are four distichs, by T. Hood, characterised by his peculiar talent, and which we would transcribe, were it not that their effect would be materially injured without the means of reference to the subjects of which they are the illustration.

French Characters, for the Scrap-Book and Album. W. B. Cooke.

THIS little whimsical publication belongs to the same class as that which we have just mentioned. It consists of what are called "Implemental Characters;" that is, of heads, the features of which are formed of the implements used by the originals in their respective occupations. A palette, a colour-box, a portfolio, a mall-stick, &c. make up the head of an artist; a loaf of sugar, a pestle and mortar, a pound of candles, &c. the head of a grocer; an anvil, a vice, a hammer, a pair of bellows, &c. the head of a blacksmith; and a milk-pan, a skimming-dish, sundry jugs and kettles, &c. the head of a dairy-maid. As in

the former work, each plate is enlivened by two humorous lines from the pen of T. Hood. These on the blacksmith are especially happy:

> "'Tis said that Vice—and here's the very case—
> Can harden the expression of the face."

STATUE OF MR. CANNING AT LIVERPOOL.

At a meeting of subscribers to a monumental tribute in memory of Mr. Canning, at Liverpool, it was, after considerable discussion, agreed, on the motion of Mr. Gladstone, to erect a bronze statue of the illustrious deceased, in the centre of St. George's crescent, at the top of Lord Street. Some of the subscribers wished the statue to be of marble, and placed in the town-hall; but the majority decided on the more public situation, which necessarily led to the adoption of bronze. Mr. Chantrey is to execute the work; and as Mr. Westmacott is engaged to make a similar statue, on a larger scale, for London, we shall have the opportunity of witnessing the different ideas of these two distinguished artists on one of the finest subjects that could exercise their genius.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare, exhibited in a Series of Outline Plates. Drawn and engraved by Frank Howard. Nos. V. VI. VII. VIII. IX. London. Cadell, &c.

The fifth Number of Mr. Howard's work (of which we have already spoken well in its progress) contains outlines of All's Well that Ends Well, and Hamlet; and we are glad that Mr. Howard did not *end* with it; for, though very meritorious, it is, to us, the least impressive of his dramatic illustrations. It borders too closely on Retzsch's Faust, for originality; and the plagiarisms from Planché's Costume* are so manifest that they ought to have been acknowledged. The very Ghost is *borrowed*, and ought to have been *given up*. The sixth Number illustrates the Taming of the Shrew; the seventh, Julius Cæsar, and Antony and Cleopatra; the eighth, the Merchant of Venice; and the ninth, Much Ado about Nothing, and Richard the Second. We are happy to say that we think this last Number is decidedly the best that Mr. Howard has produced. It contains several exceedingly beautiful groups; the expression of most of which is as complete as it could possibly be made by any addition of light and shade.

Views in Stratford-upon-Avon and its Vicinity, illustrative of the Biography of Shakspeare; accompanied with Descriptive Remarks. By William Rider. 1828. Warwick and Leamington, J. Merridew and W. Rider; London, W. Goodhugh.

The etchings in this little publication are five in number; and are executed in a free artist-like style. They consist of "Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery, exterior;" "Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery, interior;" "Shakespeare's Birth-place, Stratford-upon-Avon;" "the Keeper's Lodge, on Daisy Hill, Fulbroke Park;" and "Charlecote Hall, Warwickshire." The descriptive remarks do not contain much information; but so little is known of our great bard, that for even the scantiest addition to that knowledge we are grateful. The following notice of Shakespeare's birth-place at Stratford-upon-Avon, Mr. Rider says he has extracted from an account with which he was favoured by a gentleman of Stratford, whose acquirements, taste, and leisure, have secured him the most intimate acquaintance with the subject.

"Unvarying tradition has pointed out the house represented in the accompanying plate as that in which John Shakspeare resided when his illustrious son was born. Though it is now of unassuming appearance, and rather of mean character as to architectural grace, it was probably in the sixteenth century esteemed a dwelling quite adequate to the domestic accommodation of a glover, even though enrolled amongst the corporation, and executing the magistracy in a provincial town of the ordinary pretensions of Stratford. The instrument is still preserved in the archives of the borough whereby John Shakspeare became the actual possessor of these premises, in 1574, by purchase from Edmund and Emma Hall, for the sum of 40*l*. They then consisted of two dwellings, with gardens, &c. He resided in the Eastern House, including the frontage here delineated; and on his demise he left the whole to William, his eldest son, who bequeathed them to his children, reserving a life interest to his sister Joan in the particular residence of their father, wherein she dwelt till her death in 1646."

To this paragraph Mr. Rider adds:

"As the father of Shakspeare is generally known only to have been a woolstapler, and in the preceding account he is mentioned as having been a glover, it may be necessary to remark, that he is said to have followed the latter occupation previous to his becoming a dealer in wool."

[We believe he was a *gentleman*, and entitled to *arms*: a matter not then, as now, to be assumed by any body and every body.—*Ed. L. G.*]

A Supplement to an Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakspeare Portraits, &c. By A. Wivell.

Mr. Wivell, sometime since, published a work, to which the present is a Supplement. We reviewed that work in the 546th No. of the *Literary Gazette*; and Mr. Wivell has taken advantage of his Supplement, to shew that our notice of his work put him more out of humour with us, or with himself, than he ought to have been. It will be remembered by our readers, that we have contributed assiduously to the exposure of the knaves who have been concerned in the manufacture and sale of Shakspeare Portraits. It is probable, that but for our having been previously engaged in this laudable undertaking, from sources of information to which we had access, Mr. Wivell's book might have escaped our notice altogether; but the subject was one upon which we welcomed a fellow-labourer; and while we praised his industry and research, we felt ourselves obliged to state that the production was ill written, or else have allowed its readers to charge us with having permitted this glaring fact to escape us. The justification of our remark is to be found in every page of the work; and, we may now add, is as visible in every page of the Supplement. Mr. Wivell admits his want of literary attainments, whilst he is inconsistently angry with us for having made the discovery which he confirms: he ought to know, that whoever ventures to become an author, must abide the comments of public critics upon the manner as well as matter of his production. Mr. Wivell states that "he prides himself only upon a knowledge of paintings and engravings." If by this statement he expects us to subscribe to the infallibility of his judgment upon the Shakspeare Portraits, we do not hesitate to withhold it; for, he continues (page 29 of the Supplement,) in speaking of a portrait in his possession, one of the forgeries by Zincke, which has been engraved among the illustrations in the Supplement: "I think that I may say with truth, that it is the most successful effort to deceive the unwary, or even the experienced connoisseur, ever done." Judging from the print, we think that Mr. Wivell has in no one instance exposed so clumsy a fabrication, and one so obviously an imposition. We suspect that Mr. Wivell's real dislike to our criticism of his work, arose from our having not only disbelieved his assertion upon the Felton picture, but proved that it was a forgery. In stating its history, and that it was painted by Cranch (*mispelt Crauch* in our notice), we repeated the declaration of one of Cranch's most intimate friends, who knew of the facts as they occurred, and who had often enjoyed a laugh with Cranch at the folly of those who had been deceived. We may add, in justice to Mr. Wivell, who checks our further remarks upon his ill-written book by his plea of ignorance, that, in spite of its errors, it contains much valuable and authentic information, which will be read with advantage by those who are interested in the subject. The plates in the Supplement are valuable additions to an "Inquiry" which Mr. Wivell appears to have nearly, if not quite, exhausted.

Gallery of Shakspeare: Hamlet. By J. W. Lake. Rolandi.

Miniature copies, etched with great skill and neatness, of Retzsch's Outlines; accompanied by extracts from the play.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CASTELL HYLL APPARYCYONN.*

By Robertt Haiewoode.

The rodie feytures of the sonne
Ne longerr smyl'dd upponn the lea,
Butt faste beforre the evenynge donne
Dyd hys goldenn feeres expyrynge flee.

The pale-fac'dd estells[1] tremblynge eyne,
Imbruedd wyth teares, appear'dd onn hie;
Wyth syckenynge glarre the moone dyd sheene,
And meteorrs shott alonge the skie.

The fyttfull wynds were calme and styll,
Ne sownde the nyghtt's deepe slumberrs broke;
Darke vapoures hunge on everie hyll,
Lych age's sylverrie cryne[2] orr smoke.

Inn breathelesse sylence stoode the trees,
The ryverrs trembledd onn theyr waie,
And lyghttlie o'err the dewie mees
Inn cyrcles dsunc'dd the leven's[3] rale.

Whann lo! ble yonderr moulderrynge towrr[4]
Appear'dd a phantomm wann and pale,
Lych Pacyence, restynge free fromm stoure,[5]
Upponn the plomage off the gale.

Hys face look'dd whyterr thann a shrowd,
Hys eyne two estells fyll'dd wyth teares,
Hys mantell was a sabell cloude,
Hys stature bentt and hoare wyth yeares.

A sanguyne mole upponn hys breste,
Butt bryghtterr farr thann crymson gore,
Appear'dd beneathe hys ayrie vestt,
And inn hys hand a speare he bore.

And thos the lornlie phantomm spoke,—
Itts fayntestt tones were lowdd and shryll,
Lych cavern'dd wyndds eche accentt broke,
Orr thonderr onn a dystantt hyll.

* How often do we regret, on consulting this work, that it had not been undertaken on a higher scale, and adequately executed? We hardly know a design, connecting antiquities with the popular feelings attached to the stage (and reforming the stage itself), better calculated to unite the suffrages of the general public.

* In our last poem from this beautiful source we should correct the following:—*for* autumpe *read* autumpne—esmefull, esmefull—Ne moe wyth myne wyll, &c., Ne moe wyth myne 'tt wyll, &c.—darkenne, darkenne.

[1] Stars. [2] Hair. [3] Lightning. [4] Perturbation.

"Agaynstt mie lyffe upponn thys spott
Hys lethall sworde the murth'rerr bore,
And here itt is mie spyrytt's lott
To roame att nyghtt foreverrmore!

Deny'dd a restynge-place onn hie,
Through erthe itt nowe bewreenes hirr dole,
Forr nothynge can approache the skie
Exceptt a pees departedd soule.

Yett doethh itt mie spyrytt joie,
As thorow ayre itt roames unblestt,
To wote the thornes thatt nowe alloie
Wyll tayntt forr aye the murthererr's breste."

Thann lych the sylverrie mystts thatt flee
Beforre the sonne's effulgentt raie,
Orr Pees abash'dd att Slauffterr's ee,
Itt meltedd innto ayre awaie.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MODERN: HOME: HIGH! (I.)

THERE is an adage to the effect, that one man may steal a horse with impunity, while another man shall be hanged for looking over a hedge; and we see illustrations of the truth of this every day. We see that, as if by common consent, the vices or crimes of certain persons are seldom or never alluded to: it seems as if only such parts of their characters as they might wish the world to think and speak of, are what the world consents to receive and act upon. On the contrary, we see other persons, as it were, singled out to be the scapegoats of society, the victims for sacrifice, with a whole hecatomb of the sins of their fellows laid upon their heads, all their good qualities thrown into oblivion, and themselves persecuted as monsters without a redeeming virtue.

And the rationale of both these cases is to be discovered firmly founded on human nature: it is, indeed, the same principle which leads to the extreme opposites of conclusions and actions; as from our own centre we indifferently direct our eye to either pole. Self is the source of all. In sparing, on the one hand, we soothe our own sense of errors, and plume ourselves upon the liberality which makes allowances for the imperfections of mankind, ourselves among the number. We are wonderfully magnanimous towards frailties, because we admit that we too are frail; and in the compromise held out to others, we not only rock our own consciences to sleep, but we require an equal license to be granted to our offences in return. It is a bargain of iniquity: the *quid pro quo* in vicious indulgence!—But we must also, on other occasions, assume a virtue if we have it not, and then it is that our fury keeps no bounds. There is no consideration, no mercy, in us. As if our own purity were in proportion to the vehemence with which we denounce every fault, we find no grounds of alleviation, no causes for excuse. In the severity of our judgments we seek to hide ourselves from ourselves, and most hypocritically condemn the very follies and crimes of which we are guilty. This mixture of cunning and villany shews us off to advantage; and, by a strange delusion, as we fancy we deceive the rest of the world, we either partially or entirely deceive our own perceptions. The tacit compact is general, and its terms are, Give me credit for my good qualities, and I will give you a like credit; at the same time let us cordially join in abhorring, detesting, and execrating, the stricken deers of the herd. As in the old Mosaic law, let us lay the whole burthens of the congregation upon their devoted heads, strike the knife to their hearts, and sprinkle their blood about, that we may be considered purified.

We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of a variety of pamphlets* relative to transactions in the upper sphere of life, and which have really astonished us by the scenes they unfold. It is painful to read these details; but when read, we are forced to acknowledge that there are more extraordinary things in real life than were ever invented for the plots of fashionable novels, or fictions of any description whatever.

Of all the narratives which we ever perused, that which (in several of these pamphlets) relates the domestic history of Mr. L. Wellesley is the most extraordinary. When a man sits down in his closet quietly and dispassionately to weigh it, he cannot believe his senses, that such a farce has been gravely and legally acted, by men of the highest station and authority, in the *very* present age. Of errors this gentleman has displayed an abundance—for his every hour, at home or abroad, his moments of relaxation and hilarity, have been ransacked,—his looks and his language, in privacy and in public, have been translated—nay, his motives and ideas have been sworn to;—and all this by whom?—by worthless menials, by scoundrel attorneys and their clerks, and by disappointed expectants, who, if they could not eat the honey, were well enough disposed to destroy the honey-maker. We have looked at this case carefully, and we would not palliate one error of Mr. L. Wellesley's for the universe; but because we condemn his dissipation, are we prepared for the inquisitorial consequence, for the rack he has suffered, and for the moral death to which he has been doomed?† We say frankly that we are not; and we shall proceed to develop the most prominent of the circumstances which our pamphlet-reading enables us to review—promising, that we shall at least afford our readers some curious sketches of society from these and other sources. The *Literary Gazette* cannot deal in scandal, or we should have enough to gratify the rankest appetites. Some strange stories must appear, but of these we shall be tender and cautious. What Lord Westmeath has to tell of his ladyloss; and what Mr. Wellesley has to say against those who, if he be deprived of his parental rights, have, at least, no right to supersede him, we shall fairly extract. The account we promise, will fill an appropriate sheet of our sketches of living manners; and, if we execute our purpose as we contemplate, be uninstructive neither to the present age nor to that which may hereafter pick up a volume of our labours.

PHRENOLOGY IN ITS GLORY.

WHETHER Dr. Gall bequeathed his cranium to his disciples or not, we are not sufficiently informed; but even if he did, we are proud to say that England has just furnished a nobler instance of devotedness to science. A young surgeon (as appears from the police reports), of the name of Mr. Henry Holme, having through the agency of his father obtained access into the family vault at Hendon, under the plea of burying the daughter of the one and the sister of the other (most probably a headless trunk), took the opportunity of pursuing his phrenological researches, by breaking open three coffins, and cutting off and carrying away in a bag the heads of their ghastly inmates. What adds to the beauty of the transaction, is the circumstance that one of these heads was that of the enthusiastic Inquirer's own mother. The evidence states that he lifted up the corpse, removed the shroud from the body, and then severed its head with a knife, and bagged the maternal booty for a home* experiment. This matter has, it seems, excited a strong anti-scientific sensation in the uncivilised parish of Hendon, a place in the wilds, eight miles remote from London; and the churchwardens, &c. are prosecuting Mr. H. junior for stealing his mamma's head. Mr. H. senior, however, the present or existing *head* of the H. family, has given bail for his son, and the magistrates were assured that the investigation was desired only in consequence of there being something wrong about the brains of the H.'s, and that the furtive operator did not the less "honour his father and his mother, that his days might be long in the land."—We consider the whole to be a triumph of science, and especially of the principles of phrenology.

BYRONIANA.

(From a Correspondent.)

AT the time Lord Byron was one of the committee for the management of Drury Lane, a pretty young woman, who had been smitten with the disease of scrawling poetry, went to his house with her manuscripts, to request permission to dedicate her work to his lordship. He received her in his library, and made many inquiries respecting her situation and mode of life. Finding she was dependant, and had formed the intention of trusting to her pen for her future subsistence, he urged her in the most eloquent and gentle manner to abandon such a thought, and pointed out the wretchedness of a mode of existence at once so laborious and precarious. He warned her of the great danger of doing what she had then done, and counselled her never again to visit a young man either in his own house or any where else; and having ascertained what she expected to receive for her manuscript, which he advised her not to publish, he presented her with a 50*l.* note, and dismissed her, full of gratitude, and deeply affected by his dignified kindness and the sterling value of his advices.

This I have related to you to shew that Lord B. did not deserve some of the obloquy heaped upon him in his mature years; but, going deeper into the causes of such errors as those with which he may be more justly charged, there is a circumstance which I know did occur, and which, I doubt not, had a powerful influence upon his disposition. It is well known that his father, Colonel Byron, wooed and married Miss Gordon, of Gight, for the purpose of paying his debts out of her fortune; and having succeeded in this right honourable scheme, the whole of his subsequent conduct towards her was consistent with it, and calculated to blight her every innocent hope, to poison her high spirit, and to

* 1. A Sketch of Lord Westmeath's Case. Pp. 48. Printed at the Independent Press; and privately circulated to a very limited number.
2. Judgment of the Right Honourable Earl Eldon, Lord Chancellor, on the Petition of Wellesley *v.* Duke of Beaufort, February 1, 1827. Pp. 64. London. Miller.
3. Two Letters to the Right Hon. Earl Eldon, &c. By the Hon. W. L. Wellesley. Pp. 134. Third edition. Miller.
4. Observations upon the Power exercised by the Court of Chancery, of depriving a Father of the custody of his Children. Pp. 48. Miller.
5. Affidavit of the Hon. W. L. Wellesley, in September 1827. Unpublished.
6. Statements respecting Sir W. Crespigny, &c. &c.
7. Statement respecting Mr. Hutchinson, Solicitor, his Clerk, &c. &c.

† We are now speaking as if the testimony against him were entitled to implicit credit; taking the matter upon its own face, and not weighing the showings on the other side.

* *Var. lect.* Holme experiment.

crush her heart. Some months before the birth of Lord Byron, she went to the theatre in Edinburgh, to see Mrs. Siddons, then in the full glory of her powers, play the part of Isabella, in the Fatal Marriage; and the coincidence of the name of Biron, added to the effect of Mrs. Siddons's performance, so completely overwhelmed her, that she fell into strong convulsions, and was carried home delirious. All sensible medical men are aware of the powerful influence that such agitations, and such a state of mind and feeling in a mother, were likely to have on the future temper and character of her son.

MUSIC.

[The following, from Vienna, has been printed several weeks, and waiting an opportunity for insertion.]

THE great novelty and prodigy of the day is one M. Paganini, an Italian performer on the violin. This is the first time that he has left Italy; but I heard him previously, about five years ago, at Milan, in competition with M. Lafond, whom he beat fairly. He is, without contradiction, not only the first player on the violin, but no other performer, upon what instrument soever, can be styled his equal: Kalkbrenner, Rode, Romberg, Moscheles, Jew and Gentile, are his inferiors by at least some thousand degrees: they are not fit as we say in Germany, to *reach him the water*. He is Matthews on the violin, performs a whole concert on a single string, where you are sure to hear, besides his own instrument, a harp, a guitar, and a flute. In one word, he is a necromancer, and bids fair to beat *la giraffe*. We have here hats, shawls, gloves, and nonsense of every description *à la giraffe*; but yesterday I actually ate *Auflaufy*:—you will caution your translator against translating the word by *the gathering of a mob*—it is merely a very innocent, rather insipid, sweetmeat—*à la Paganini*.

There is a great deal of romance in the report about his former life, and the means and vicissitudes by which he has attained such extraordinary skill. Already a clever performer, he killed his wife from jealousy, or threw her into the water, which amounts to the same thing, as it shews the same kind disposition. For want of evidence, however, he was not executed for this crime, but condemned to ten years' imprisonment. His judge, it seems, must have been an amateur, for he allowed him to take his violin to his place of confinement; but, by the whimsical proviso he made, one might think this same judge to have been an Englishman; for, although he allowed him his violin, he would by no means grant him a supply of strings,—so that poor Paganini was reduced to one only, when, after seven years' imprisonment, the King of Naples (for the whole happened at Naples, and under the reign of Napoleon) chanced to pass his prison-house, heard him *harp* upon his last string, and was so enchanted by his performance, that he immediately issued orders for his release. All this, however, he contradicts by an article in the *Beobachter* and the *Modenzeitung*, of which I send you a copy.

He has already performed thrice to crowded houses in our great Masquerade Hall. The beginning of the concert was, as usual, stated for half-past eleven; at eleven, not a pin dropping from the roof would have reached the ground: people were already there at nine o'clock. He came hither with six florins (paper) in his pocket; now you may style him a warm man. From Vienna he intends to proceed to Paris, and thence to London.

A new translation of Sir W. Scott's *Lady of the Lake* has appeared; it is masterly *done*: as a proof of its fidelity I give you the following line:—

"The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending,"

is given by

Der vogel taucht in's dickicht sein gefieder;

which literally means,

The bird into the copse its plumage plunges.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

Valeria!—altered from Valerie by a lady of rank: prettily written, but the subject too extravagant and dull to be made any thing of by any body. Miss F. H. Kelly played the opening scenes admirably; but was rather too violent towards the end. The celebrated *j'existe!* was quite lost in the translation, and was *j'existe* no longer. Miss Kelly looked towards the audience for objects, when she had recovered her sight; Mademoiselle Mars, with propriety, kept at the back of the stage, where there was a landscape. But as Miss K. had only a library scene, she could not well help the deviation, which had, however, a ridiculous effect. Altogether, the subject was better handled by Poole, in a small piece called *Augusta*, at Drury Lane, a few seasons ago, where it failed.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A VERY pleasant trifle, called *The Quartette, or Interrupted Harmony*,—as light as a feather,—was brought out here on Thursday. It is whimsical, and well put together, with two very pretty songs, prettily sung by Miss Goward, who played capitally. The story is of a lady, who, living in retirement some leagues from Paris, and, to escape scandal, forbidding men the house,—through her love for music gets the staff of a hussar regiment by degrees quartered upon her. These heroes, on the arrival of her uncle, the general, hide themselves; but he finding the trumpeter, who is also of the party, makes him blow the turn out, and they all turn out accordingly. The whole raised a good laugh from beginning to end, as hearty as it was short.

SURREY THEATRE.

AT this theatre the opera of *Artaxerxes* has been played by the juvenile corps: and the little Coveney proved herself a perfect young Billington in Mandane. The other parts were also filled as well as possible by their small representatives. A new harlequinade, besides, witnesses to the activity of Mr. Elliston.

KEAN.*

"WE attentively studied Kean in the last characters in which he appeared, and we ratify all the praises that we have already given him; only adding, that in comparing him to Monvel for the perfect accuracy of his diction, his great intelligence, and his talent in supplying by art the absence of the gifts of nature, we ought to have said that he did not approach Monvel with respect to the unction which that actor threw so admirably into his parts. Kean has not obtained a fashionable success at Paris; but he has been duly estimated by a select portion of the public,—by amateurs who have taken the pains to study his manner. Undoubtedly, they do not recognise in Kean a perfect actor, or one of very varied talents. Skilful in the art of expressing malice, perverseness, cutting irony, terrible rage, he does not know how to impart to his acting the charm which accompanies heroism, generous sentiments, noble virtues; and it must be confessed, that it is especially this description of dramatic pictures which the French public prefers; although, to succeed in producing it, an actor may have less need of talent. If to this disadvantage be joined the exhaustion which at present deprives this actor of a portion of his powers, the reputation which he has acquired in England, and the judgment which has been pronounced upon him in France, may easily be explained. They who have been shocked by certain actions, without grace or dignity, too often repeated, and by those affected sobs, which occasionally resemble a convulsive laugh, are right in their censure; but justice requires us to remark, that these are the defects of the national taste, rather than of that of the actor; for it was precisely in those passages that his countrymen applauded him with the greatest enthusiasm. He must, therefore, be pardoned for having too frequent recourse to these vulgarities: it is precisely that cause of his success in his own country which has in ours diminished the effect of his talent. Kean was also more highly appreciated, and his performances attracted fuller audiences, towards the close of his engagement in Paris."—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

* Mr. Kean has been of late occasionally performing with success in the west of England, Liverpool, and other places.

MACREADY.*

"WE have already stated our opinion of Macready, and we have little to add to it. Of the three tragedians who share the applause of the English public,† Macready is the one whom we prefer. It is he who appears to us to possess, in the highest degree, the secret of speaking to the soul, and the gift of creating emotion: it is he who approximates the most nearly to our taste, by being natural without vulgarity, and elegant without affectation. He is occasionally chargeable with action a little formal, with attitudes a little too academical; and also with exclamations too much prolonged, and consequently without effect (although certain persons pretend to admire them); but these are faults which may easily be corrected. Macready possesses most of the qualities which constitute the great actor. He is still young; he is passionately fond of his art; he is well informed; and he has a taste for study. With such qualities he ought to do much, and even to surpass himself. He has already had the courage to reform a manner which had been very successful, but which did not satisfy the purity of his taste. He is now in a good path, and he has only to persevere, to place himself in the rank of the most celebrated actors of the English stage."—*Revue Encyclopédique*.

SINCLAIR has been performing for ten days with great *éclat* at Liverpool, where the journals say he was in excellent voice and "encored in every thing." Miss Noel enacted and sang the leading female parts also much to the gratification of the audiences.

VARIETIES.

Saltpetre.—A commission, composed of four members of the French Academy, appointed at

* Mr. Macready is playing, we observe from the *Cambridge Chronicle*, with immense applause at Cambridge. His Virginius, Othello, and William Tell, are spoken most enthusiastically.

† Kemble, Kean, and Macready. The Parisians have not yet had an opportunity of seeing Young.—*Ed. L. G.*

the desire of the government, has lately made an elaborate report, on the best means of producing saltpetre on economical terms; and more especially on the merit of the artificial nitrates formed from materials containing neither animal nor vegetable matter, recommended by M. Longchamp.

The Pendulum.—It is stated in a Plymouth newspaper, that Professor Airy of Cambridge has arrived at some new and unexpected results in experiments with the pendulum, made in some of the deepest Cornish mines.

Improvements.—The *regeneration* of Covent Garden market is now in progress; and this, hitherto, great nuisance will be made a noble market-place, and an ornament to London, under the auspices of its landlord, his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

Earthquakes.—Two earthquakes were felt at Martinique in the month of July; the one on the 6th, at half-past two o'clock in the morning; the other on the 29th, at half-past four in the morning. The latter preceded by twenty-three hours the earthquake which did so much mischief at Lima; and it is probable, therefore, that the two events were not unconnected.

Epidemic.—A singular epidemic has prevailed during the last six months in the islands of the archipelago of the Antilles. It resembles articular rheumatism in the sharp pains of the limbs, with swelling. In most cases it is accompanied with an eruption analogous to scarlet fever. It is not, however, very dangerous. At one time half the inhabitants of the Havannah were attacked by it. All the medical practitioners agree that they never witnessed a similar epidemic; and to denote its strange character, the people in the French Antilles have named it "the giraffe."

Maize.—Maize was cultivated in America at the time of the discovery of the new world. It was never known to the Arabs, the Romans, or the Greeks, on the ancient continent. The African plant, which some authors have identified with maize, is only a particular kind of millet.—*Foreign Journal.*

Mademoiselle Sontag.—The French critics, speaking of Mademoiselle Sontag's re-appearance in Paris, after her excursion to London, say that every body was curious to ascertain what effect the English climate had produced on her voice and talent! They add, that she appears to have acquired more power and volume in her middle tones, and that several of her notes, which were formerly dull, are now distinct; but that, on the other hand, her general voice is less soft, sweet, and silvery than formerly; and that she forces it beyond its natural power. They charge this, however, not upon the London fogs, but upon the London amateurs, whose remarks have induced Mademoiselle Sontag to change the style of her singing.

Recipe for making White Crows or Ravens.—Rub with the fat of a white cat some crows' eggs—those new laid are the best; let the eggs also be done over with the brains of the said cat; afterwards set them to be hatched by a very white pullet that has never hatched before; during the whole time she must be kept impervious to the sun, and the place must be hung with white linen cloths; and the crows or ravens produced from these eggs will be white!!! This precious article is to be found at page 139, vol. 1st, of a work in two volumes, printed at Edinburgh in 1777, entitled the "Young Ladie's School of Arts," by Mrs. Hannah Robertson; with an ornamented title-page which would not disgrace one of the beautiful Annuals of the present day. It contains, besides some well-engraved flowers, many rational recipes, and instructions on a great variety of subjects; but, besides the above blessed imaginings, they are interspersed with various recipes, the very titles of some of which are unmentionable. What are we to think of these days?

A Bull.—It appears, by a notice issued under the highest authority of the City of London (it would do credit to Dublin), that the carriage-way along Ludgate Hill and Street is closed, in order that the *new* pavement may be *relaid*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Purcell's Sacred Music is now, we see from a Prospectus, to be collected and edited; and by a gentleman whom we should think fully adequate to the duty—Mr. Vincent Novello. The vocal secular Music of Purcell was collected and published by his widow two years after his decease, in 1695, under the title of Orpheus Britannicus: but his ecclesiastical compositions, which do equal honour to his skill and science, have remained scattered and detached in various works by other authors; and many of his Anthems, &c. still remain in MS. All these Mr. Novello proposes to bring into one entire work.

Another Annual!—Mr. Ackermann announces, to be published at the same time with the other Annuals, Le Petit Bijou, written entirely in French, by Mons. d'Emden, embellished with Seven fine Engravings, from Drawings made purposely for the work, and dedicated, by permission, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

The Bishop of Down and Connor (Dr. Mant) is preparing for the press a volume on those Events in our blessed Saviour's Life which are the Subjects of Annual Commemoration in the Services of the United Church of England and Ireland.—*Anonymous.*

The Rev. C. Benson, Master of the Temple, is about to reprint his Chronology of our Saviour's Life.

A Life of Nollekens, the Sculptor, by Mr. Smith of the British Museum, is announced.

Mr. H. Smith has, it is said, in preparation another novel, called Zillah, or a Tale of Jerusalem.

Times Telescope for the ensuing year is to be published at the usual time, and will, we are assured, contain a variety of new and interesting matter, original poetry by living authors, &c. &c.

In the Press.—The Casket of Literary Gems. Second Series.—Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland: new edition, with an original Memoir of the Author, and Notes, by the Rev. Robert Burns, D.D.—A System of Geography, Popular and Scientific. By James Bell, Editor of Rollin's Ancient History, &c.—Popular Illustrations of Medicine and Diet, Part I.: of the principal exciting Causes of Disease and Death. By Dr. Shirley Palmer.—The History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity. By the Rev. Samuel Hinds, Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford.—A History of the Church of England, to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, Author of the Bampton Lectures for 1809.—Another volume, in quarto, of Dr. Lingard's History of England is nearly ready.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sequel to Wanostrocht's Recueil, 12mo. 4*s.* sheep.—Fabe's French Orthoepy, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Cursham's Martin Luther, a Poem, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

September.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday	11	From	50.	to	68.	29.56	to	29.55
Friday	12	——	57.	—	64.	29.46	—	29.39
Saturday	13	——	56.	—	68.	29.46	—	29.56
Sunday	14	——	48.	—	54.	29.86	—	30.02
Monday	15	——	44.	—	62.	29.16	—	30.31
Tuesday	16	——	36.	—	59.	29.46	—	29.48
Wednesday	17	——	37.	—	62.	30.31	—	30.20

Prevailing winds N.E. and S.W.

Except the 15th, 16th, and 17th, generally cloudy, with heavy rain.

Rain fallen, ·85 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude ...... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude .... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Frederick Panton must pant on, for us. It is really strange that ardent lovers should not send their poetical effusions to the parties most interested in them: why do they want to publish them, as if they were the bans?

We have sent D.'s letter to the proper quarter: the distance from the populous parts of the metropolis seems to us to be a strong objection to the site.

G. S. will not do—wants originality.

M. J. is so completely an Advertisement, that we cannot comply with the request respecting the Bibliothèque Classique Latine.

M. Lemaire's work will, we dare say, find its way to this country.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

The Fall of Nineveh, Deluge, &c. &c.

THE EXHIBITION of the above PICTURES, by Mr. MARTIN, the Painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, will close on the 29th of this month.

The Proofs of the Deluge, price Five Guineas, are now ready for delivery, at 30, Allsop Terrace.

DR. ARMSTRONG'S LECTURES on the MORBID ANATOMY, NATURE, and TREATMENT of ACUTE and CHRONIC DISEASES. Dr. Armstrong will commence his Lectures on the above-mentioned Subjects, on Wednesday, the 1st of October, 1828, at half-past Five o'Clock, p. m. in the Anatomical and Medical School, Webb Street, Maze Pond, Borough. These Lectures will be illustrated by numerous Drawings, Morbid Preparations, and Casts in Wax and Plaster. For further Particulars, apply to Dr. Armstrong, 48, Russell Square.

From the Office of "Bell's Life in London," 169, Strand, Sept. 1828.

WE have received a vast number of Letters complaining of extortionate charges for "Bell's Life in London," served by Agents in the Country, which we have no doubt are as injurious to us as they are offensive to our friends. We repeat, that the ready-money price for our Journal is Seven Pence; but for half a year's credit, an extra halfpenny is usually charged, which, of course, includes the expense of wrapper, addressing, and sending to the Post Office.

We do not send any Papers from our own Office, but in all cases hand the orders from the Country over to such London Newspaper Agents as we consider will most punctually attend to them. Annexed are the names and addresses of some of the Agents who are regular in their charges. Orders sent for this, or any other London Newspaper, should be accompanied by a reference to get payment twice a year in London. There are many other Agents equally respectable.

Messrs. Howes and Co. Thavies Inn, Holborn; Mr. Marlborough, Ave Maria Lane, St. Paul's; Mr. Ray, Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill; Messrs. Smith, 192, Strand; Mr. Westley, 169, Strand; Messrs. Woodward and Co. Bull's Head Court, Newgate Street.

Orders for "Bell's Life in London," sent to the above Agents, will be executed on the terms we have stated; namely, 7*d.* for ready money, and 7½*d.* for credit.

Sale of "Bell's Life in London" during the past Three Months of June, July, and August.

Sunday, June 1	[illegible]
Sunday, June 8	24,474
Sunday, June 15	[illegible]
Sunday, June 22	[illegible]
Sunday, June 29	[illegible],700
Sunday, July 6	[illegible]
Sunday, July 13	[illegible]
Sunday, July 20	[illegible]
Sunday, July 27	[illegible]
Sunday, Aug. 3	[illegible]
Sunday, Aug. 10	[illegible]
Sunday, Aug. 17	[illegible]
Sunday, Aug. 24	[illegible]
Sunday, Aug. 31	[illegible]

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY,

Price Six Shillings,

THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. III.

"It gave us pleasure to receive the present Number of the Foreign Review. The first article, Delambre's History of Astronomy, may perhaps deter some from perusing it, through an apprehension of meeting with scientific details. Let them not be afraid, they will meet with nothing which those who are least scientific may not readily understand. It exhibits a clear and interesting view of the progress of improvement in certain astronomical instruments, to which the science is chiefly indebted for its present state of comparative perfection; and the perusal of it, so far from being irksome, will, we are persuaded, be a source of no ordinary pleasure. Article X. Modern French Novels, contains some excellent dissections of French novels in general, and particularly of the Memoirs of the Contemporaine, a French Harriet Wilson. This lady sent a letter to M. de Villele, it is said, threatening a publication of some scandalous anecdotes, unless a certain sum of money were instantly paid. But she met her equal in the ex-minister, who replied that he had by him a multitude of anecdotes, infinitely more piquant than any in her possession, and if the fair bully would give him only half the money demanded, she should instantly be furnished with the batch! Besides these, we have valuable papers on Spanish, Italian, Swedish, and Danish poetry, to which we can do nothing more than allude. The short reviews, too, are worthy of attention, and the present number altogether seems likely to perpetuate and extend the character which the work has already acquired."—*Edinburgh Saturday Evening Post.*

London: Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Bossange, Barthés, and Lowell, Great Marlborough Street; and by all other Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

Homeri Ilias, cum Notis Anglicis.

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THE ILIAD of HOMER, chiefly from the Text of Heyne, with copious English Notes, illustrating the Grammatical Construction, the Manners and Customs, the Mythology and Antiquities of the Heroic Ages; and Preliminary Observations on Points of Classical Interest and Importance connected with Homer and his Writings.

By the Rev. WILLIAM TROLLOPE, M.A.
Late of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and one of the Masters of Christ's Hospital.

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No. 610. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Doings in London; or Day and Night Scenes of the Frauds, Frolics, Manners, and Depravities of the Metropolis. By George Smeeton. 8vo. pp. 423. London, 1828. Smeeton.

We have now had several books of this kind, and we are very sceptical about their leading to the diminution of crime. In one of his own illustrative quotations, Mr. Smeeton says, "your ignorance is bliss, and proves the words of *Pope*" [Pope or Gray, 'tis all de same, for the beauty and correctness of the poetical quotation,]

> "If ignorance is bliss,
> It's folly to be wise."

Now if this be true, any detailed account of the "depravities of London" must be injurious; and we are inclined to think that it is so. Youthful curiosity is more likely to be piqued by some of the scenes, than vice deterred by disgust or dread from seeking the most dangerous of them. But we would not care so much for books of this class, though recommended by wood-cuts *ad captandum* and low prices, were it not that they serve to fill up the measure of a very bad and corruptive course of popular reading. The far greater mischief is wrought by the newspaper press. Not to mention the *Sunday* journals, which *par excellence* too generally live upon slander and obscenity,—let any one look at the common construction of the best daily papers, and say if they furnish that species of intelligence and information which is fittest for a well-regulated community. On the contrary, the disproportionate space in their columns allotted to prurient law cases and to low police reports is enough, by reiteration, to corrupt the feelings and morals of any People. It is true that the foreign news is very scanty, derived from sources of no authority, conflicting and partial, and almost repetitions of the same things for months together; but surely, after this sort of matter is disposed of, it would be possible to fill even a daily journal with superior matter to that with which these influential engines are now stuffed. Silly paragraphs, taken without discrimination or correction from country newspapers, are the most venial of their offences. It is the avidity with which infamous transactions are reported that disgraces them, and renders their tendency pernicious on society. In short, it is a serious consideration to admit any Newspaper into a family circle, unless your mind be made up to the point, that details of every vulgar and worthless piece of riot and ribaldry, minute descriptions of what passes in brothels, and circumstantial accounts of the most unnatural and abhorrent crimes, are fit for the perusal of the young and the female portions of your home. Were these subjects, or any of them, only incidental, were they touched upon once or twice, the sense and feeling of the public would revolt from the insult to decency and propriety: but custom doth breed habit; and we are becoming so accustomed to them, that, though ever and anon there is an exclamation against some particular offensive statement, we pass over the constant repetition of a system of filth which must eradicate every idea of innocency from the face of the country, and plant in its stead an acquaintance with all that is vile and detestable in human nature. Day after day is the deluge poured forth, and the perpetual wearing of the stream must produce effects to be deprecated, not only from the actual guilt of which they are the origin, but from their wide-spreading debasement of character where purity is most to be coveted. It is a growing and a fearful evil; and, if it does not speedily correct itself, it will, in our opinion, bring ruin upon the existing periodical press.

As these remarks are more of digression than review, it may be gathered that we are not inclined to go into the particulars of Mr. Smeeton's work. It tells of many things we could wish never to have seen in print; but, we must add, that if warnings to avoid what is wrong are likely to prevent persons from committing wrong, these warnings are not wanting in the present volume. We will endeavour to extract a passage as a specimen, which may amuse our readers without producing any more unfavourable impression.

"Now, pray, let us trace our steps towards St. Giles's, which being agreed to, they set out on their voyage of discovery to that most delectable region, well known as the Holy Land. 'In order,' said Mentor, 'that we may obtain an admission to the meeting of beggars, or cadgers, as they are called, we must disguise ourselves, and be dressed in rags; and I will speak to the landlord of the Beggar's Opera, in Church Lane, and, I have no doubt, he will gain us an interview.' Upon application to the worthy host, he furnished Mentor and Peregrine with such clothes as he was sure would completely prevent them from being discovered, and introduced them the same evening: they paid their *footing*, which was a gallon of beer each, and were then desired to take a seat, if they could find one, and join heartily in the *Merry Doings of the Jovial Beggars.* 'That little fellow on the right,' said Mentor, 'sitting on his go-cart, is the celebrated *Andrew Whitson*, the king of the beggars, and one of the most dissipated of his class. He is only two feet eight inches in height, thirty-three inches round the body, twenty-two inches round the head, and fourteen inches from the chin to the crown. From the heel to the knee-joint he measures sixteen inches, ten from the knee-joint to the hip-bone, and six inches and a quarter round the waist: he is double-jointed throughout, and possesses considerable strength, particularly in the hand: he always sleeps on the floor, and has done so ever since he was eight years old; and, perhaps, in the course of his life never stood upright. His legs are curved, and have the appearance of thin planks, having no calves; the shin-bones were greatly protruded, but he usually covered them with a clean apron. He has made much use of his time during his intercourse with society, and his mind is stored with information, scarcely inferior to others of his age in similar walks of life. He is now (1826), with the exception of Hossey, whom you see sitting on the table, with a pipe in his mouth, and a glass in his hand, and who lost his legs by the fall of some timber, in December 1784, the only sledge-beggar in London. Go-cart, Billies-in-bowls, or sledge-beggars, are denominations for those cripples whose misfortunes will not permit them to travel in any other way. The following are the most celebrated of this class:—*Philip in the Tub:* a fellow who constantly attended weddings in London, and recited the ballad of 'Jesse, or the Happy Pair.' Hogarth has introduced him in his wedding of the Industrious Apprentice. *Billy in the Bowl* was famous in Dublin: he left Ireland on the union, and was met in London by a noble lord, who observed, 'So, *you* are here, too?' 'Yes, my lord,' replied Billy, 'the union has brought *us all* over.' *John Mac Nally*, who, after scuttling about the streets for some time, discovered the power of novelty, and trained two dogs, Boxer and Rover, to draw him in a sledge with wheels, by which means he increased his income beyond all belief. The celebrated *Jew Beggar*, of Petticoat Lane, who was to be seen there and in the neighbourhood in a go-cart. His venerable appearance gained him a very comfortable living. That beggar you see fiddling is the equally notorious *Billy Waters*, the king of the beggars elect: he is a most facetious fellow, full of fun and whim, and levies great contributions on the credulity of John Bull, from the singularity of his appearance. The woman dancing is known as the *barker:* she gets her living by pretending to be in fits, and barking like a dog: she is well known about Holborn. When she is tired of the *fit* trade, she regularly goes over London, early in the morning, to strike out the teeth of dead dogs that have been stolen and killed for the sake of their skins. These teeth she sells to bookbinders, carvers, and gilders, as burnishing-tools. At other times she frequents Thames Street, and the adjoining lanes, inhabited by orange merchants, and picks up, from the kennels, the refuse of lemons and rotten oranges: these she sells to the Jew distillers, who extract from them a portion of liquor, and can thus afford the means of selling, at considerably reduced prices, lemon-drops and orange-juice to the lower order of confectioners. She likewise begs vials, pretending to have an order for medicines at the hospital or dispensary, for her dear husband, or only child, but cannot get the physic without a bottle; and, when she can, she begs some white linen rags to dress the wounds with; these she soon turns into money, at the old iron shops—the 'dealers in marine stores.' Very frequently she assumes an appearance of pregnancy, in order to obtain child-bed linen, which she has done nine or ten times over. Her partner is Granne Manoo, in a different dress to that in which he appears in public: he is scarcely out of gaol three months in the year. He

scratches his legs about the ancles to make them bleed, and he never goes out with shoes on his feet. He goes literally so naked, that it is almost disgusting to see him; and thus he collects a greater quantity of habiliments and shoes than any other man: these shoes he sells to the people who live in cellars in Monmouth Street, Chick Lane, Rosemary Lane, &c. These persons give them new soles, or otherwise repair them, and are called translators. That man at the back part of the room has been in the medical line; he is an Irishman; he writes a beautiful hand, and gets a good livelihood by writing petitions and begging-letters, for which he obtains sixpence or a shilling each, according to their length. 'I was told,' continued Mentor, 'by the late Major Hanger, that he accompanied our present king, when Prince of Wales, to one of these beggars' carnivals, as they were then called; and, after being there some time, the chairman, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, addressing the company, and pointing to the prince, said, 'I call upon that ere gentleman *with a shirt on* for a song.' The prince, as well as he could, got excused, upon Major Hanger promising to sing for him, and he chanted the following ballad, called the 'Beggar's Wedding, or the Jovial Crew,' with great applause:

'Then Tom o' Bedlam winds his horn at best,
Their trumpet 'twas to bring away their feast;
Pick't many bones they had found in the street,
Carrots kick'd out of kennels with their feet;
Crusts gather'd up for bisket,* twice so dried,
Alms—rubs, and olla podridas beside,
Many such dishes more; but I would cumber
Any to name them, more than I can number.
Then comes the banquet, which must never fail,
That the town gave, of Whitbread and strong ale.
All was so tipsie, that they could not go,
And yet would dance, and cry'd for music hoe.
With tongues and gridiron, they were play'd unto,
And blind men sung, as they are us'd to do.
Some whistled, and some hollow sticks did sound,
And so melodiously they pipy around:
Lame men, lame women, manfully cry advance,
And so, all limping, jovially did dance.''

The landlord now whispered to Mentor, that it was prudent to leave the company, as they were about fixing their different routes for the ensuing day's business; accordingly, Mentor and Peregrine, drinking to the company, and wishing them 'luck till they were tired of it,' departed, both of them highly delighted with their entertainment; and, going to a private room, shook off their ragged *toggery*, having previously ordered a supper to be ready for them, which was served up, although in such a house, in a manner that would not have disgraced some of the first coffee-houses: it was agreed that 'mine host' was to do them the pleasure of his company, and crack a bottle with them, while he detailed the *doings* of the London beggars; of whose exploits and extraordinary mode of gaining a livelihood few people have any idea. 'I have made,' said the landlord, 'the history of London beggars my particular study; and, from the situation I hold, I am enabled to glean many facts which other people would feel it impossible to do; exclusive of my being possessed of, I believe, every work extant, relative to mendicity. The beggar's calling, if not one of the most respectable, may, doubtless, be regarded as one of the most ancient. In every part of the globe where man is congregated, the inequality of his condition, the too frequent indolence of his habits, or the shifts to which human misery is occasionally reduced, will compel him to depend for his support on the generosity of his fellow-creatures, and even sometimes lead him to this disgraceful mode of existence. I think,' continued the landlord, 'there are seven thousand beggars upon the town daily, and that they each beg two shillings a day, take one with the other,—that is, 700*l.* a day. There are between two hundred and three hundred beggars frequent my house in the course of the day. I am particular as to whom I have to sleep here. In some houses, a fellow stands at the door, and takes the money; for threepence they have straw; for fourpence they have clean straw; and for sixpence, a mattress to sleep on. The servants go and examine all the places, to see that all is free from felony; and then they are let out into the streets, just as you would open the door of a gaol; and at night they come in again. They have a general meeting in the course of the year, and each day they are divided into companies, and each company has its particular walk; the whole company taking the most beneficial walks in turn, keeping it half an hour to three or four hours, as agreed on: their earnings vary much, some as much as five shillings a day. We estimate every one expends about two shillings a day, and sixpence for a bed. They start off in parties of four and six together. There are many lodging-houses besides public-houses. * *

"However wretched and depraved the beggars and inhabitants of these lodging-houses may be, they certainly were worse twenty years ago; for then there was no honour among thieves, the sheets belonging to the lodging-houses having the names of the owners painted on them in large characters of red lead, in order to prevent their being bought, if stolen, thus: MARY JORDAN, DIOT STREET—STOP THIEF. At this time the pokers, shovels, tongs, gridirons, and purl-pots of the public-houses, particularly the Maidenhead, in Diot Street (since pulled down), were all chained to the fire-place. The last cook-shop where the knives and forks were chained to the table, was on the south side of High Street: it was kept about fifty years ago by a man of the name of Fossell. Most certainly the major part of the London beggars are impostors. Very few of the beggars who pretend to be lame, are so. Many beggars get from ten shillings to twenty shillings a-day; and I have a fellow here who spends fifty shillings a-week for his board: he is blind, and has been known to get thirty shillings a-day. There is a portrait of James Turner, a beggar, who valued his time at one shilling per hour. We had an old woman who kept a night-school for the purpose of teaching the children the art and mystery of scolding and begging: the academy was principally for females."

* "It is seldom the beggars eat the food given to them; and it is a well-known fact that they sell their broken bread to biscuit-bakers, who grind it for the purpose of making tops and bottoms!"

Lyric Offerings. By S. Laman Blanchard. 12mo. pp. 96. London, 1828. Ainsworth.

"Oh! how this dawn of poetry resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!"

These lines are perhaps the truest criticism we can apply to this little volume: we know few whose fate it would be more difficult to foresee; for it is full of poetry and full of faults. We should think the author was a very young man; if so, he has all the *matériel* for a great poet: *Lyric Offerings* are the work of genius in its earliest stage, when the mind, fevered "with unreal beauty," turns its very feelings into fancies—springs impatiently from earth, forgetting that it is a fabled bird, which is said to exist only in the air; and often becomes affected, to avoid being common-place. A few quotations will best exemplify our meaning, and shew that if Mr. Blanchard has much that offends the judgment, he has many parts whose best praise is to be found in their own beauties.

"She stood beside the ruin of a wall
Painted and carved; where unplucked flowers and moss
O'ergrew the beauty of the ruling Cross:
And sainted foreheads, which in other time
Had bowed their earth in heaven's cloud-columned hall,
Were greenly wreathed in mockery of age.
And here a bank its purple shadow kept
Above a lake, where Hope perchance had wept,
Ere yet a tear was made the mirror of a crime,
And here a monument whose ice-like page
Dropt as the day perused it—though a bard
Had found therein the coldness of reward:
Dark trees were dying round it. Farther on,
A gray and falling bridge sent gentle strife
Through waters, which, unstained with human life,
Made music mid the roots that twined the stone.
And far beyond a plain, where living forms
Flashed in the lustre of warm summer hours,
And a thick world of forest, whose deep tune
And shadows stretched where no sear leaves were strewn,
Stood hills, the *hiding-place of sunny storms*
That laughed amid the light in sudden showers.

* * * *

And that brief moment of the heart's unveiling
Is worth its long years of succeeding light;
For every coming hour must find it failing
With hopes that may return not—onward sailing,
Until its voyage shall be wrecked in night,
And all things darken in the sinking sight.
Not thus with these—the poet who had seen
Earth's splendour fade before him; and the bride
Whom his stript breast now sheltered in its pride—
In whom no thought recoiled on what had been,
But clasped the heart whereof she felt the queen,
And feared no darkness as the daylight died.
Each was the other's life; their passion seemed
All that hath e'er been found, or feigned, or dreamed;
The atmosphere and earth, the sky, the shade—
All which was theirs to see, and all that cannot fade.

Their melancholy was but deeper joy,
Too deep for smiles—for he was marked with grief;
And she, though sunnier thoughts the spell destroy,
Was fashioned in the sweetest starriest time
E'er whispered of in poet's midnight rhyme;
And her pale gloom had ever felt relief
In token of a morrow. Now they were
Throned on the bosom of their love, uniting
In one small circle all that least can err,
Sting, and deceive, with all that most can bless,
Support, and shield in virtue's pathlessness.
They winged them o'er the fields of air, alighting
In some lone spot to talk on fairy themes;
Or twined within the hollow of a shell,
Whose sea-voice sang to them, steered their true dreams
Where never mortal eye hath seen how well
The beautiful unenvied things of ocean dwell.
They met the winds together."

And then the following slight but exquisite touches:—

"O'er the sands she stray'd,
Mute as a wish within a human breast.

Her eyes had many shadows, as each dye,
Each tinge of thought, dissolved into its sky.

Her veins seemed heaven's blue,
And their bright blood the sunshine that runs through.

She lived as lives the moon for her dark lord,
Or rainbow, scabbard of the tempest's sword.

A track where the moon glides, with stars strewn o'er
Like jewels in the night-sea."

Or the little boat that glides on in "the morning of the moon." Or where the Poet's Bride,

"On the scroll
Of the vast shore, his haunting image traced,
And wept to see the waters rasing it."

If images and expressions like these are not fresh from the fairy land of poetry, we know not what constitutes that language whose words are pictures. And now that we proceed to the less pleasant task of censuring, it is with the firm belief that such faults as we observe, belong to one whose blemishes are worth amending. In how bad a taste are such expressions as, "his fleet heart's horses;" or again, "his heart's honeysuckles;" or where their thoughts walk "their serene dominion as a meadow;" or where there is a "warmth to keep his flowers awake," &c. &c. The ode in the Spirit of Poetry is full of similar blots as

beauties. We like the following little poem much.

"Stanzas for Evening.

There is an hour when leaves are still, and winds sleep on the wave;
When far beneath the closing clouds the day hath found a grave;
And stars that at the note of dawn begin their circling flight,
Return, like sun-tired birds, to seek the sable boughs of night.
The curtains of the mind are closed, and slumber is most sweet,
And visions to the hearts of men direct their fairy feet:
The wearied wing hath gained a tree, pain sighs itself to rest,
And beauty's bridegroom lies upon the pillow of her breast.
There is a feeling in that hour which tumult ne'er hath known,
Which nature seems to dedicate to silent things alone;
The spirit of the lonely wakes, as rising from the dead,
And finds its shroud adorned with flowers, its night-lamp newly fed.
The mournful moon her rainbows hath, and mid the blight of all
That garlands life, some blossoms live, like lilies on a pall;
Thus while to lone affliction's couch some stranger-joy may come,
The bee that hoardeth sweets all day hath sadness in its hum.
Yet some there are whose fire of years leaves no remembered spark,
Whose summer-time itself is bleak, whose very daybreak dark.
The stem, though naked, still may live, the leaf though perished cling;
But if at first the root be cleft, it lies a branchless thing.
And oh! to such, long, hallow'd nights their patient music send;
The hours like drooping angels walk, more graceful as they bend;
And stars emit a hope-like ray, that melts as it comes nigh,
And nothing in that calm hath life that doth not wish to die."

It is evident that Shelley has been the favourite inspiration of these pages; and we scarcely object to this—the very enthusiasm of admiration is the mark of a poet; but faults are catching, and few faults would be greater stumbling-blocks than his in the way of popularity. Poets should always bear in mind that they do not write for poets only. We now close Mr. Blanchard's volume, convinced that his future reputation rests with himself: he has only to concentrate the essence of poetry, which he most undeniably possesses, and to take care, while looking for felicitous expressions, not to adopt those which are not allowable by any stretch of allusion or meaning; which render similes and metaphors, otherwise excellent, perfectly burlesque; and which provoke the carpings of little critics, who are insensible to the higher qualities which they certainly spot, but neither mar nor conceal. He will thus make the Spirit of Poetry what he exquisitely defines it to be in this couplet—

"What is it but the air of Heaven
Along an earthly lyre?"

A Guide to Mount's Bay and Land's End, &c. A new edition. By a Physician. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1826. Underwoods.

The republication of a volume which appeared some years ago, when there were no Literary Gazettes to make the merits of authors known, and which consequently did not attract a tithe of that attention so justly due to it: for under the unassuming title of a local Guide, it is indeed a work of various and excellent qualities, alike entertaining and instructive. We have no hesitation in pitching upon Dr. Paris as the Physician to whom the public is indebted for it. Like several of his other writings, it makes philosophy a sport, and science a pleasure, by mingling anecdote, amusing recollections, and lighter matter, with notices of the extraordinary geology, mineralogy, botany, antiquities, &c. which distinguish this very peculiar part of the British coast. Six short excursions from Penzance furnish his observant mind with materials of greater interest than many men could elicit by travelling from one end of Europe to the other; and his book, instead of being a dry Itinerary, is a rich mine of information, like one of those of tin or copper in the district of which it treats. We shall therefore, without further preface, transfer some of its stores to our page.

"The sea is encroaching upon every part of the Cornish coast. In the memory of many persons still living, the cricketers were unable to throw a ball across the Western Green, between Penzance and Newlyn, which is now not many feet in breadth; and the grandfather of the present vicar of Madron is known to have received tithes from the land under the cliff of Penzance. On the northern coast we have striking instances of the sea having made similar inroads. This, however, is the natural result of the slow and silent depredation of the water upon the land: but at a very remote period we are assured by tradition that a considerable part of the present bay, especially that comprehended within a line drawn from near Cuddan point on the east side, to Mousehole on the west, was land covered with wood, but which, by an awful convulsion and irruption of the sea, was suddenly swept away. 'If we trace the north-west shore of the bay, from the Mount westward to Newlyn, the ebb-tide leaves a large space uncovered; the sea-sand is from one to two or three feet deep, and under this stratum of sand is found a black vegetable mould, full of woodland detritus, such as the branches, leaves, and nuts of coppice wood, together with the roots and trunks of forest trees of large growth. All these are manifestly indigenous; and, from the freshness and preservation of some of the remains, the inundation of sand, as well as water, must have been sudden and simultaneous; and the circumstance of ripe nuts and leaves remaining together would seem to shew that the irruption happened in the autumn or in the beginning of winter. This vegetable substratum has been traced seaward as far as the ebb would permit, and has been found continuous and of like nature. Another proof of these shores having been suddenly visited by a tremendous catastrophe, has been afforded by the nature of the sand banks constituting the Eastern and Western Greens, and which will be found to be the detritus of disintegrated granite; whereas the natural sand, which forms the bed of the sea, is altogether unlike it, being much more comminuted, different in colour, and evidently the result of pulverised clay-slate.' But when did this mighty catastrophe occur, and what were its causes? These are questions which are not readily answered: the event is so buried in the depths of antiquity, that nothing certain or satisfactory can be collected concerning it; although it would appear, from the concurrent testimony of Florence of Worcester and the Saxon Chronicles, that a remarkable invasion of the ocean occurred in November 1099. With respect to the causes of the phenomenon we are equally uninformed: let the geologist examine the appearance of the coast with attention, and then decide with what probability De Luc attributed the catastrophe to a subsidence of the land. It must not, however, be concealed that many geologists have questioned the probability of the occurrence altogether; and argue from the appearance of the coast, 'whose rocks beat back the envious siege of watery Neptune,' that no very important change in the hydrographical outline of the Cornish peninsula can have taken place during the present constitution of the earth's surface. If St. Michael's Mount be in reality the *Ictis* of Diodorus Siculus, we have certainly a decisive proof that no material change has taken place for the space of eighteen centuries at least; for the historian describes the access to this island precisely such as it is at the present period—practicable only at low water for wheel carriages."

The action of the sea and other natural causes produce many remarkable effects on this coast. For example, at Kynance Cove, "One of the rocks in this cove exhibits a very curious phenomenon, whimsically called the Devil's Bellows. There is a very deep chasm, through which the sea rushes like a water-spout, preceded by a sub-marine rumbling, as loud as thunder: a flowing tide, accompanied with a swell of the waves, seems to be essential for the production of this effect. De Luc offers the following explanation of the phenomenon. 'In the rock there is a succession of caverns, into which the agitated sea rushes by some sub-marine passage, and being dashed and broken against their sides, a large quantity of air* is thus disengaged from them, which, becoming highly compressed, and not being able to escape beneath, in consequence of the perpetual entrance of the waves, is forced to pass with great violence and noise from cavern to cavern, until it forces itself, together with a column of water, through the opening above.'"

"We now proceed to Sennan Church-town,† which, according to barometrical admeasurement, is 391 feet above the level of the sea. It is about a mile from the Land's End, and is celebrated for containing the ale-house whimsically called 'The First and Last Inn in England.' On the western side of its sign is inscribed 'The First,' and on the eastern side, 'The Last Inn in England.' * * Having arrived at the celebrated promontory, we descend a rapid slope, which brings us to a bold group of rocks, composing the western extremity of our island. Some years ago a military officer who visited this spot, was rash enough to descend on horseback; the horse soon became unruly, plunged, reared, and, fearful to relate, fell backwards over the precipice, and, rolling from rock to rock, was dashed to atoms before it reached the sea. The rider was for some time unable to disengage himself; but at length, by a desperate effort, he threw himself off, and was happily caught by some fragments of rock, at the very brink of the precipice, where he remained suspended in a state of insensibility until assistance could be afforded him! The awful spot is marked by the figure of a horse-shoe, traced on the turf with a deep incision, which is cleared out from time to time, in order to preserve it as a monument of rashness, which could be alone equalled by the good fortune with which it was attended. Why any promontory in an island should be exclusively denominated the Land's *End*, it is difficult to understand; yet, so powerful is the charm of a name, that many persons have visited it on no other account. The intelligent tourist, however, will receive a much more substantial gratification from his visit; the great geological interest of the spot will afford him an ample source of entertainment and instruction, while the magnificence of its convulsed scenery, the ceaseless roar and deep intonation of the ocean, and the wild shrieks of the cormorant,—all combine to awaken the

* "The quantity of air thus separated from water is so great, that in the Alps and in the Pyrenees very powerful bellows are made for forges by the fall of a column of water, through a wooden pipe, into a closed cask, in which it dashes on a stone in the bottom, when the air thus disengaged from it is carried by another pipe, placed in the cover of the cask, into the foundery."

† "*Church-town.* This expression is peculiar to Cornwall. The fact is, that since many market, and even borough towns are without a church, the Cornish dignify those that have it with the title of church-town."

blended sensations of awe and admiration. The cliff which bounds this extremity is rather abrupt than elevated, not being more than sixty feet above the level of the sea. It is composed entirely of granite, the forms of which present a very extraordinary appearance, assuming in some places the resemblance of shafts that had been regularly cut with the chisel; in others, regular equidistant fissures divide the rock into horizontal masses, and give it the character of basaltic columns; in other places, again, the impetuous waves of the ocean have opened, for their retreat, gigantic arches, through which the angry billows roll and bellow with tremendous fury. Several of these rocks, from their grotesque forms, have acquired whimsical appellations, as that of the Armed Knight, the Irish Lady, &c. An inclining rock on the side of a craggy headland, south of the Land's End, has obtained the name of Dr. Johnson's Head; and visiters, after having heard the appellation, seldom fail to acknowledge that it bears some resemblance to the physiognomy of that extraordinary man. On the north, this rocky scene is terminated by a promontory 229 feet above the level of the sea, called Cape Cornwall, between which and the Land's End the coast retires, and forms Whitsand Bay; a name which it derives from the peculiar whiteness of its sand, and amongst which the naturalist will find several rare microscopic shells. There are, besides, some historical recollections which invest this spot with interest. It was in this bay that Stephen landed on his first arrival in England, as did King John on his return from Ireland; and Perkin Warbeck, in the prosecution of those claims to the crown to which some late writers have been disposed to consider that he was entitled, as the real son of Edward the Fourth. * * The natural product of the high lands is only a thin turf, interspersed with heath, fern, and furze. This product is carefully collected, and preserved in stacks by the inhabitants, for the purpose of fuel. It is worthy of remark, that the nature of the fuel employed in a country always imparts a character to its cookery; hence the striking difference between that of Paris and London: so in Cornwall, the convenience afforded by the furze in the process of baking, has given origin to the general use of pies. Every article of food is dressed in a pie; whence it has become a proverb, that 'the devil will not come into Cornwall for fear of being put into a pie.' In a season of scarcity, the attorneys of the county having at the quarter sessions very properly resolved to abstain from every kind of pastry, an allusion to the above proverb was very happily introduced into an epigram extemporaneously delivered on the occasion, and which, from its point and humour, deserves to be recorded:

> 'If the proverb be true, that the fame of our pies
> Prevents us from falling to Satan a prey,
> It is clear that his friends—the attorneys—are wise
> In moving such obstacles out of the way.'"

Among the curious customs remaining in this remote and ancient quarter, the author mentions the following at Penzance.

"The most singular one is, perhaps, the celebration of the Eve of Saint John the Baptist,* our town saint, which falls on Midsummer Eve; and that of the Eve of Saint Peter, the patron of fishermen. No sooner does the tardy sun sink into the western ocean, than the young and old of both sexes, animated by the genius of the night, assemble in the town and different villages of the bay with lighted torches. Tar-barrels having been erected on tall poles in the market-place, on the pier, and in other conspicuous spots, are soon urged into a state of vivid combustion, shedding an appalling glare on every surrounding object, and which, when multiplied by numerous reflections in the waves, produce at a distant view a spectacle so singular and novel as to defy the powers of description; while the stranger who issues forth to gain a closer view of the festivities of the town, may well imagine himself suddenly transported to the regions of the furies and infernal gods; or else that he is witnessing, in the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, the awful celebration of the fifth day of the Eleusinian feast;* while the shrieks of the female spectators, and the triumphant yells of the torch-bearers, with their hair streaming in the wind, and their flambeaus whirling with inconceivable velocity, are realities not calculated to dispel the illusion. No sooner are the torches burnt out, than the numerous inhabitants engaged in the frolic, pouring forth from the quay and its neighbourhood, form a long string, and, hand in hand, run furiously through every street, vociferating, 'an eye,'—'an eye,'—'an eye!' At length they suddenly stop, and the two last of the string, elevating their clasped hands, form *an eye* to this enormous *needle*, through which the *thread* of populace runs; and thus they continue to repeat the game until weariness dissolves the union, which rarely happens before midnight. On the following day (Midsummer day) festivities of a very different character enliven the bay; and the spectator can hardly be induced to believe that the same actors are engaged in both dramas. At about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, the country people, drest in their best apparel, pour into Penzance from the neighbouring villages, for the purpose of performing an aquatic divertisement. At this hour the quay and pier are crowded with holiday-makers, where a number of vessels, many of which are provided with music for the occasion, lie in readiness to receive them. In a short time the embarkation is completed, and the sea continues for many hours to present a moving picture of the most animating description. Penzance is remarkable in history for having been entered and burnt by the Spaniards in the year 1595. From time immemorial a prediction had prevailed, that a period would arrive when '*some strangers should land on the rocks of Merlin, who should burn Paul's Church, Penzance, and Newlyn.*' Of the actual accomplishment of this prediction we receive a full account from Carew; from which it would appear, that on the 23d of July, 1595, about two hundred men landed from a squadron of Spanish galleys on the coast of Mousehole, when they set fire to the church of Paul, and then to Mousehole itself. Finding little or no resistance, they proceeded to Newlyn,† and from thence to Penzance. Sir Francis Godolphin endeavoured to inspire the inhabitants with courage to repel these assailants; but so fascinated were they by the remembrance of the ancient prophecy, that they fled in all directions, supposing that it was useless to contend against the destiny that had been predicted. The Spaniards, availing themselves of this desertion, set it on fire in different places, as they had already done to Newlyn, and then returned to their galleys, intending to renew the flames on the ensuing day; but the Cornish having recovered from their panic, and assembled in great numbers on the beach, so annoyed the Spaniards with their bullets and arrows, that they drew their galleys farther off, and, availing themselves of a favourable breeze, put to sea and escaped. It is worthy of remark, that when the Spaniards first came on shore, they actually landed on a rock called 'Merlin.' The historian concludes this narrative by observing, that these were the only Spaniards that ever landed in England as enemies."

In this quotation we have been somewhat amused with the grand philosophical language in which the simple fact of *lighting* the tar-barrels is told;—they are "soon urged into a state of vivid combustion." There are here and there touches of the same kind of flowery style; for instance—"The scenery, too, is here of the most magnificent description; rocks overhang rocks in ruinous grandeur, and appear so fearfully equipoised, that, although secure in their immensity, they create in the mind the most awful apprehension of their instability, whilst the mighty roar of the ocean beneath unites in effect with the scenery above. All around is sublime." We like the plain manner better, even were it as plain as Dolly Pentreath's epitaph.

"Paul church is a very conspicuous object, from its high elevation, and interests the historian from the tradition, already stated, of its having been burnt by the Spaniards; upon which occasion the south porch alone is said, in consequence of the direction of the wind, to have escaped the conflagration. A pleasing confirmation of this tradition was lately afforded during some repairs, when one of the wooden supporters was found charred at the end nearest the body of the church. It also deserves notice, that the thick stone division at the back of the Trewarveneth pew, which has so frequently occasioned inquiry, is a part of the old church which escaped the fire. In the church is the following curious notice of its having been burnt: '*The Spanger burnt this church in the year* 1595.' Most tourists inform us that in this churchyard is to be seen the monumental stone with the epitaph of old Dolly Pentreath, so celebrated among antiquaries as having been the last person who spoke the Cornish language. Such a monument, however, if it ever existed, is no longer to be found; nor can any information be obtained with regard to its probable locality. Her epitaph is said to have been both in the Cornish and English language, viz.

> 'Coth Dol Pentreath cans ha deaw
> Marir en bedans en Powl pleu;
> Na en an eglar ganna poble bras
> Bet en eglar hay coth Dolly es!'
>
> 'Old Dol Pentreath, one hundred age and two,
> Both born and in Paul parish buried too;
> Not in the church, mongst people great and high,
> But in the churchyard, doth old Dolly lie!'"

Of St. Michael's Mount, one of the most striking features of the Cornish coast, and not uncelebrated in early history, we have a very interesting account; and regret we can only quote a slight portion of it.

"On one of the angles of this tower is to be seen the carcass of a stone lantern, in which, during the fishing season, and in dark tem-

* "It is reasonable to advert to the summer solstice for this custom, although brought into the Christian calendar under the sanction of John the Baptist. Those sacred fires 'kindled about midnight, on the moment of the solstice, by the great part of the ancient and modern nations, the origin of which loses itself in antiquity.'—See Gebelin, and also Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities."

* "The fifth day of the Eleusinian feast was called 'the day of the torches,' because at night the men and women ran about with them in imitation of Ceres, who, having lighted a torch at the fire of Mount Ætna, wandered about from place to place, in search of her daughter Proserpine. Hence may we not trace the high antiquity of this species of popular rejoicing?"

† "Will not this historical fact explain the peculiar cast of beauty possessed by many of the fish-women residing in this village?"

pestuous nights, it may reasonably be supposed that the monks, to whom the tithe of such fishery belonged, kept a light as a guide to sailors, and a safeguard to their own property: this lantern is now vulgarly denominated St. Michael's Chair, since it will just admit one person to sit down in it: the attempt is not without danger; for the chair, elevated above the battlements, projects so far over the precipice, that the climber must actually turn the whole body at that altitude in order to take a seat in it; notwithstanding the danger, however, it is often attempted: indeed, one of the first questions generally put to a stranger, if married, after he has visited the Mount,—Did you sit in the chair?—for there is a conceit, that if a married woman has sufficient resolution to place herself in it, it will at once invest her with all the regalia of petticoat government; and that if a married man sit in it, he will thereby receive ample powers for the management of his wife. This is probably a remnant of monkish fable, a supposed virtue conferred by some saint, perhaps a legacy of St. Keyne, for the same virtue is attributed to her well.

> 'The person of that man or wife
> Whose chance or choice attains
> First of this sacred stream to drink,
> Thereby the mastery gains.'"

We find so much respecting the mines, the pilchard fisheries, and other topics of general curiosity, that, though only a small volume, we must devote another paper to Dr. Paris's labour.

Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire, accompanied by Historical and Descriptive Notices. Parts I. II. III. and IV. 4to. pp. 64. Birmingham, 1827, Beilby, Knott, and Beilby; London, W. B. Cooke.

This is a valuable and beautiful publication. The four Parts which we have already seen form the half of the intended work.—If it were only that

> "The lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,"

that would be a sufficient cause for especially endearing the county of Warwick to every Englishman; but, as the able writer of the *Historical and Descriptive Notices* justly observes, Warwickshire is also "a county rich in noble monuments of feudal and ancient architecture, and abounding with scenes of deep and imperishable interest."

The various topographical details are copious, and we have no doubt correct. As a specimen of the literary part of the work we transcribe the account of the celebrated Dugdale, which is attached to the notice of Blithe Hall, his residence; now in the possession of his descendant, Dugdale Stratford Dugdale, Esq., one of the members for the county.

"Sir William Dugdale, the only son of John Dugdale, of Shustoke, gent., was born there September 12, 1605. He was placed at the free school in Coventry, where he continued till he was fifteen. In 1623 he married; and on the death of his father in 1624, he took up his residence on an estate which he possessed at Fillongley; but in the following year he purchased the manor of Blithe, in the parish of Shustoke, and selling his estate at Fillongley, he removed to Blithe Hall, devoting the principal part of his time to the study of antiquities. In 1638 he went to London, and was introduced to Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Henry Spelman, through whose interest he was created a pursuivant at arms extraordinary, by the name of Blanch Lyon. He was afterwards made rouge-croix pursuivant in ordinary, by letters patent, dated March 18, 1640; and having a lodging in the heralds' office, and convenient opportunities, he spent that year and part of the following in augmenting his collections out of the records in the Tower and other places. In 1641, through Sir Christopher Hatton's encouragement, he employed himself in taking exact draughts of all the monuments in Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's Cathedral, and in many other cathedral and parochial churches of England. In 1642 he was ordered by the king to repair to York; and in July was commanded to attend the Earl of Northampton, who was marching into Worcestershire and Warwickshire, to oppose the forces raised by Lord Brooke for the service of the parliament. He was with the king at the battle of Edge-Hill, and afterwards at Oxford, where he continued with his majesty till the surrender of that garrison to the parliament in 1646. In 1642 he had been created M.A., and in 1644 made Chester herald. During his long residence at Oxford he applied himself to the search of such antiquities, in the Bodleian and other libraries, as he thought might conduce to the furtherance of the 'Monasticon,' at that time designed by him and Roger Dodsworth; as also to collect whatever might relate to the history of the ancient nobility of this realm, to be made use of in his 'Baronage.' After the surrender of Oxford upon articles, Dugdale, having the benefit of them, and having compounded for his estate, repaired to London, where he and Dodsworth proceeded vigorously in completing their collections out of the Tower records and Cottonian library, and published, at their own charge, the first volume of 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' adorned with views of abbeys, churches, &c.: the second volume was published in 1661, and the third in 1673. In the mean time, Dugdale printed, at his own charge, and published in 1656, 'The Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated, from records, leiger-books, manuscripts, charters, evidences, tombs, and arms; beautified with maps, prospects, and portraitures.' The author mentions, in his preface, that he had spent the greatest part of his time, for more than twenty years, in accomplishing this work, which, indeed, is allowed to be one of the best methodised and most accurate accounts ever written of this nature, and to stand at the head of all the county histories that have been given to the public. While this work was printing, which occupied nearly a year and a half, Dugdale continued in London, for the sake of correcting the press; during which time he had an opportunity of collecting materials for another work, which he published in 1658, 'The History of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.' Upon the restoration of Charles II., Dugdale was, through the recommendation of Lord Chancellor Hyde, advanced to the office of norroy king at arms; and in 1662 he published 'The History of imbanking and draining of divers fens and marshes, both in foreign parts and in this kingdom, and of the improvement thereby; extracted from records, manuscripts, and other authentic testimonies: adorned with sundry maps, &c.' About the same time he completed the second volume of Sir Henry Spelman's 'Councils;' and also the second part of that learned knight's 'Glossary.' In 1666 he published 'Origines Juridiciales, or historical memoirs of the English laws, courts of justice, forms of trial, punishment in cases criminal, law-writers, law-books, grants and settlements of estates, degree of sergeants, inns of court, chancery, &c.' This work is adorned with the heads of Sir John Clench, Sir Edward Coke, Sir Randolph Crew, Sir Robert Heath, Edward Earl of Clarendon, to whom it is dedicated, Sir Orlando Bridgman, Sir John Vaughan, and Mr. Selden. His next work was the 'Baronage of England,' of which the first part appeared in 1675, and the second and third in 1676. This has been censured as incorrect and defective; but whatever might be its faults, it was so acceptable, that in the year following its publication very few copies remained unsold. In May 1677, this diligent and laborious antiquary was solemnly created garter principal king at arms; and, on the day following, received from his majesty the honour of knighthood. In 1681 he published 'A short view of the late troubles in England; briefly setting forth their rise, growth, and tragical conclusion.' At the same time he published 'The ancient usage in bearing of such ensigns of honour as are commonly called Arms, &c.:' and the last work that he published was, in 1685, 'A perfect copy of all summons of the Nobility to the great Councils and Parliaments of this Realm, from the 49th of King Henry III. until these present times, &c.' He wrote, indeed, some other pieces relating to the same subjects, which were never published; and was, likewise, the chief promoter of the Saxon Dictionary by Mr. William Somner, printed at Oxford in 1659. His collections of materials for the 'Antiquities of Warwickshire' and the 'Baronage of England,' all written with his own hand, contained in twenty-seven volumes in folio, he gave by will to the University of Oxford, together with sixteen other volumes, which are now preserved in Ashmole's Museum. He gave, likewise, several books to the heralds' office, in London, and procured many more for their library. In a short time after his last publication had made its appearance, this illustrious man closed his long and useful mortal career. He died in his chair, at Blithe Hall, on the 10th of February, 1686, in his 81st year, and was interred at Shustoke, in a little vault which he had caused to be made in the church. Over that vault he had erected, in his life-time, an altar-tomb of free-stone, with an epitaph of his own writing."

Of the first four Parts of these Graphic Illustrations it is impossible to speak too highly. They contain sixteen plates (sixteen remaining to be published), which do infinite credit to the talents and taste of Mr. W. Radclyffe, by whom they have been engraved, from drawings made expressly for the work by W. Westall, A.R.A., P. Dewint, J. V. Barber, and F. Mackenzie. "Warwick Castle," both from the river and from the outer court; "Charlecote," "Stratford upon Avon;" and both views of "Aston Hall," are pre-eminently beautiful.—Without meaning to depreciate the merits of fine landscape composition, we must say, that there is a charm in the truth of representations of local scenery, for the absence of which scarcely any other quality can compensate; and of that charm we were never more sensible than while contemplating these delightful prints.

Dr. Granville's Travels in Russia.
Mr. Rae Wilson's Travels, &c.

[Fourth notice.]

The dearth of new publications at this period (and we do not recollect a worse crop) would be an excuse for our continuing this head of our discourse even longer than we intend to continue it; but when it is recollected that these are two separate works, and four thick

volumes, it will be conceded to us that we are not spinning so long a yarn as at first sight appears. The following account of the imperial family, by Dr. G., is, at all events, well entitled to selection, since on the personal character of the Emperor Nicholas more of human happiness or misery depends, at this moment, than on the character of any living being. It is a fearful responsibility to hold such a station; and it is most cheering to hear that the almost despotic sovereign of such a country as Russia is, when so much depends upon it, a just, a good, and a rational man.

"The education which the present Emperor of Russia received in his youth—the example of an elder brother, whom all Europe recognised as an upright prince—the experience of passing events, added to information sought and obtained in foreign countries, while yet removed from the throne—are so many guarantees of the safety of that confidence which other sovereigns have placed in him. Were it even only his character as an eminently dutiful and affectionate son to a surviving parent, herself the acknowledged pattern of every virtue, Nicholas would still have the strongest claim to an implicit belief. But that prince has other and equally strong titles to the utmost reliance of his own subjects and that of foreign nations; for both which reasons he may safely rest his expectations of a full approbation of his conduct. Nicholas the First was thirty-two years of age on the 7th of July last. He was born in the same year in which Catherine the Second closed her long and glorious reign, and did not therefore, like his more fortunate brothers Alexander and Constantine, experience the influence of that great mind in the care of his early education. Nature, however, had provided him with a mother who stood in less need than any reigning princess of the counsels and assistance of others to lead her child in the path of virtue. At an early age he was placed under the guidance of General Count Lamsdorff, an officer of distinguished merit, who had served his sovereign with great reputation, both in the field and as governor of Courland. The count had previously enjoyed a high degree of well-merited confidence at court, as *cavalier de service*, with the Grand-duke Constantine, during a period of ten years, and likewise as director of the first corps of cadets. He enjoyed the patronage of the present empress mother, then reigning empress; and it was under her direction that he conducted the education of the Grand-duke Nicholas, and that of his brother the Grand-duke Michael, from the time of the former of those two princes completing the fourth year of his age. No choice could have been more fortunate. The qualities of the governor's heart were precisely such as affectionate parents would wish to see appreciated by their children; and those of his mind were strictly of that cast which were required to direct the studies of his illustrious pupils, under the instructions of proper masters. The count is no more: he terminated his long and honourable career, at the age of eighty-three, on the 4th of April last; and from his character, as portrayed in the court gazette, it is fair to conclude that the principles which he doubtless endeavoured to instil into the bosom of his imperial pupil must have been consonant with those which marked his own conduct through life. * * *

"As Nicholas grew in years, preceptors for the higher branches of learning were selected from among the most eminent men of the country; and it is but justice to make particular mention of one of them, Monsieur Balouhiansky, who had the honour of instructing the grand-duke in the principles of the art of government and of practical science; and the continuation of whose services Nicholas has since secured to himself, as emperor, by placing him in his private *chancellerie* in the situation of state secretary. Too young at the time of the invasion of his country to take a prominent part in that war of defence, which was soon followed by another and the last campaign, Nicholas has not had opportunities of acquiring that degree of experience in warlike operations which would be required of him were he intended for a mere military conqueror. But the art and science of military operations, without which experience itself is frequently of no avail, he studied under very able masters and veteran officers. In the year 1816, travelling in foreign countries was deemed expedient by the grand-duke, with a view to acquire more enlarged notions respecting those nations which were acting the most conspicuous parts in Europe. Among these, Great Britain was selected as the country which offered a wider field of observation to a prince desirous of information. The grand-duke, therefore, visited England in November of that year: he landed at Dover, where he was received by the Russian ambassador and Colonel Ford, who commanded the engineers stationed in the town, and who accompanied the prince round the fortifications of the castle, on the heights, and through the subterraneous passages of that fortress. His first step on British ground was marked by a proof of liberal disposition. The noise of the cannon which had been firing to celebrate his arrival, according to form, had frightened a horse that was standing in a cart at a short distance from the shore. The animal ran the length of some streets, dragging its heavy load after it, when it fell down and expired. The grand-duke was passing at the time; and learning, on inquiry, the nature of the accident which had deprived an industrious man of a useful animal, insisted on compensating him with a sum of money far above his loss, of which, observed the prince, 'I am myself the innocent cause.' The grand-duke resided in St. Alban's House, in Stratford-place, where the Austrian archdukes had been staying a short time before. He was accompanied by General Kutusoff, Baron Nicolay, now Russian ambassador at Copenhagen, Dr. now Sir William Crichton, and others. Royal carriages and footmen were placed at his disposal: he held levees, received the subjects of his imperial brother, listened to the complaints, history, and petitions of the supplicants amongst those Russians who happened to be in London in need of assistance, and in all cases relieved them, either with money, or by providing, in concert with the ambassador, for their return to their native country. A frequent and mutual intercourse was kept up, during his residence at St. Alban's House, between the royal family and himself. The grand-duke received visits from the prince regent and his royal brothers, to whom he gave a grand entertainment on board a Russian frigate, at Woolwich. He rode out a great deal—visited many of the public establishments, frequently accompanied by the late Sir W. Congreve, than whom few people were better able to explain their nature and objects—mixed freely in society—and acquired a high degree of popularity for his affability and polished manners. After a residence of some weeks, he extended his visits to several parts of England and Scotland, endeavouring to make himself master of those peculiarities which distinguish this above all other nations. In the following year he married the present Empress Alexandra Feodorowna, then Princess Charlotta of Prussia, daughter of Frederic William the Third, and of the late queen, whose name is highly revered in her own country, and wherever virtue and an elevated mind are justly valued. With the hallowed reputation of her lamented mother, which preceded her to the country of her husband, the present empress carried thither her own name, already associated by the public voice with every noble quality that can embellish the fair sex, and more particularly one in so exalted a station. Nature, too, had been so lavish of her favours on the person of the empress, that it is impossible to imagine a more striking appearance, or one which, with the handsome countenance of the late Queen of Prussia, and somewhat of that melancholy expression which marks the upper part of the face of her royal father, unites to a stately majestic carriage so much grace and dignity. Of the many portraits which Mr. Dawe has painted of the empress, some of which (particularly the last, in her gala-dress) possess great merit as pictures, I think the palm is due to that which has been beautifully engraved by Mr. Wright, and which represents her majesty sitting, playfully entertaining her two eldest children, the hereditary grand-duke, and the grand-duchess Maria. The artist seems to have seized in this instance not only the lineaments of the face, but those of the mind of his illustrious original. Of this most amiable princess the emperor is represented to be doatingly fond; and with her he leads an extremely domesticated life, although surrounded by all the cares of so vast an empire. He is frequently seen abroad with her, without any of that attendant pomp and splendour which are perhaps necessary pageants with less popular sovereigns; and both are known to devote much parental care to the education of the numerous children with which their union has been blessed. Of these, five survive; namely, Alexander Nicholaevitch, the hereditary grand-duke, born in 1818; Maria Nicholajevna, grand-duchess, born in 1819; Olga Nicholajevna, grand-duchess, born in 1822; Alexandra Nicholajevna, grand-duchess, born in 1825; and, lastly, Constantine Nicholaevitch, grand-duke, who was born in September 1827, a few weeks before our arrival at St. Petersburgh. The hereditary grand-duke is placed under the superintendence of General Ouschakoff, one of the aids-de-camp-general of the emperor, assisted by Colonel Mörder, and receives instructions from Monsieur Joukovsky, one of the most distinguished literary characters in Russia. It is remarkable that the three grand-duchesses have English nurses attached to their establishment. The hereditary grand-duke is a very fine-looking child, strongly resembling his father, high-spirited, and, it is said, of the most promising disposition. With such a domestic *ménage* as distinguishes the present imperial family of Russia, it is impossible not to expect from the children every thing that is flattering to the prospects of that country, and, we may add, of Europe; for the destinies of all nations must necessarily be more or less interested in the question—who is to wield the resources of that extensive empire. The hereditary grand-duke, who had been appointed colonel of a regiment of hussars from his earliest age, was named, during our stay in the capital, *ataman* of all the Cossack troops; on which occasion the court gazette published the imperial rescript, addressed to General Kouteinikoff, commanding those forces. * * *

"The prince is brought up, both in a do-

mestic and military points of view, in the strictest discipline, and constantly under the eyes of his parents, and the vigilant and intelligent superintendence of the empress mother. He frequently walks or drives about town, attended by a companion of about his own age, who is educated with him, and is the son of a general officer. I have more than once seen him in the severest weather dressed in his simple uniform, accompanied by his playmate, driving a two-horse sledge, with none of the fur trappings which other people deem it necessary to wear as a protection against a cold of several degrees below the freezing point, blooming with health, and full of gaiety, receiving with a pleasing smile the salutations and marks of respect which, when recognised during the rapidity of his course, every class of persons seem delighted in paying to their future emperor. * * *

"Nor is the individual conduct of the emperor himself without its good effect on the minds of his people. His application to business is most regular. The affairs of the state alone seem to engross his attention; and it is said that he seldom gives an hour to pleasure which might have been better devoted to the welfare of his subjects. He rises early, and spends some time in transacting military matters. Part of this consists in receiving, as I before stated, Count Diebitch, the chief of the état-major, who daily waits on his majesty from seven o'clock till nine, and reports the state of the army during the preceding day, and receives his majesty's commands. After breakfast he either attends the council, or receives his ministers daily; each of whom has his appointed days and hours for waiting on the emperor. He has on some occasions attended the senate; and it was reported, while we were at St. Petersburgh, that having heard that the senators had been in the habit of assembling very late,—a practice which caused considerable delay in public business,—his majesty called early one day at the house of the senate, and finding none of its members assembled, simply desired it to be made known to them, that the emperor had attended to transact business at such an hour. From that time the senators took care to be at their post with greater punctuality. At one o'clock he generally attends the parade. * * *

"After the parade his majesty generally returns home, and if there are to be any private presentations to him, it is before his dinner that they take place; otherwise he either walks or rides out alone, or accompanied by the empress. He is very fond of riding on horseback, but he also frequently goes out with his consort in a French cabriolet, which he drives himself. I have likewise seen him walking up and down that magnificent quay on the Neva, called the English Line, either alone or accompanied by some minister or general officer; and I understand, that in fair weather, and when the empress is in good health, her majesty often accompanies him on these excursions. On such occasions it is the etiquette on the part of persons who meet them to stand still until they have passed, pulling their hats off, when the emperor invariably returns the salutation *à la militaire*, by putting the back of the hand up to his hat. With all persons who are known to him, he will occasionally stop and converse with great affability and without reserve. The dinner-hour is between three and four o'clock; after which his majesty spends part of the day with his family and children. The evening brings its own labours and occupations. Ministers are received, or the emperor attends to business in his private cabinet with his own secretary; but on fixed days, at eight o'clock, he orders a particular minister to bring his *porte-feuille*, and will remain with him till ten, going methodically through, and despatching an infinite variety of business, so as to clear away every sort of arrear, and make himself master of the different subjects of each department. The strict observance of engagements which his majesty is known to expect on every occasion, tends materially to facilitate every operation, and serves as a lesson to his subjects, that, without punctuality in all the affairs and transactions of life, talent, rank, nay even a high character, are rendered useless to society. The imperial family retires early to rest. I have known some distinguished persons, who have had the honour of being invited to the presence of the emperor and empress in the evening, come away at ten o'clock, the hour at which it was understood that their majesties retired for the night. How else, indeed, could any human frame support, for any length of time, the toils, cares, and anxieties, which commence with these exalted persons at sunrise, and continue all day without intermission? Not satisfied with the ordinary routine of affairs, Nicholas, who seems to be the most indefatigable and active sovereign now reigning, and whose occupations are generally of a serious nature, having the good and happiness of his people in view, has traced out to himself other tasks and other duties. One of the additional burdens which he has voluntarily imposed on himself, is that of looking over the reports and returns of every arrest and imprisonment that takes place in his empire, as well as of the state of the prisons, according to a formula which he has himself prescribed, and ordered to be filled up and regularly forwarded to him in a direct manner. In these returns, the name of each prisoner or individual arrested, the nature of the crime, and the length of time during which he has been imprisoned, either before or after trial, must be accurately entered. Judging from this information, his majesty has frequently given orders for bringing persons to a speedy trial who had been long in prison, and others to be released who appeared to have suffered long, or to have been too severely punished. In some cases, he has ordered the sentence either to be revoked, or its severity mitigated, in consequence of certain extenuating circumstances which appeared on the face of the information contained in the statement. It is not necessary to remark how much good, in a country like Russia, as yet deprived of the great blessing of a uniform, inviolable, and intelligible code of criminal laws, so praiseworthy an undertaking on the part of an all-powerful monarch must produce."

The empress mother is described as a model of benevolence and goodness: her whole life seems to be actively devoted to the great objects of humanity and charity; and all the philanthropic institutions, as well as those for encouraging industry and the arts, in St. Petersburgh, feel the cherishing effects of her zeal and influence.

(To be continued.)

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

King James the Second: a dramatic Poem. By John Crauford Whitehead, M.D. 8vo. pp. 151. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

A LESS dramatic subject than James the Second we could scarcely have imagined; but on reference to Dr. Whitehead's production, we found that the drama was a theological and political essay in disguise.

Practical Lectures on the Historical Books of the Old Testament. By the Rev. H. Lindsay, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Wimbledon, Surrey. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THESE excellent sermons formed part of a series preached at Wimbledon, during six summer months, to congregations consisting principally of respectable tradesmen—the labouring classes—and domestic servants. They are of the most practical and useful character, and are well calculated to interest the minds of every class, whether of hearers or readers; and we earnestly recommend these volumes to the general public.

A Volume of Sermons. By the Rev. C. B. Taylor, M.A. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1828. Hessey.

WELL meriting a like rank among the pious labours of the ministry, is this simple, but admirable volume. Directed to instruct and improve even the most ignorant; while it reflects lustre on the Christian motives of its amiable author, it at the same time does honour to his talents. Mr. Taylor's abilities, as a moral, persuasive, and delightful writer, are too well known to require a comment.

Horæ Religiosæ; or, Daily Approaches to God, in a Series of Prayers, Meditations, and Hymns. London, 1828. Tilt.

A VERY small but very beautiful and well-selected book of devotion, to which our most eminent divines and moralists contribute in various ways. A portrait of Bishop Bloomfield and an appropriate vignette adorn it; and it is altogether a manual of excellent tendency.

Castle's Manual of Surgery. 12mo. pp. 334. London, 1828. Cox and Son.

THE name of every disease that can make a man wretched, and the usual ways in which they are treated, are to be found in this useful little volume. We turned its pages over, to see if we knew enough of any of the subjects to be able to speak to its general character; but even the "treatment of stumps" was, we found, too much for our pen. All we can say, therefore, is, that we hear a good report of the Manual among medical students.

A Manual of the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Eye and its Appendages. By S. I. Stratford, Member of the College of Surgeons, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 199. Longman and Co.

WE consider this to be a very excellent, practical, and useful treatise, which well deserves to be consulted wherever that delicate and important organ, the eye, is affected.

The Pleasures of Ornithology: a Poem. By James Jennings, Author of "Ornithologia." 12mo. pp. 46. London, Poole and Edwards.

WE lauded the author's Ornithologia; but we think the present is carrying the matter rather too far. The greatest Pleasures of Ornithology, at this time, are to be found in dissecting Michaelmas geese, grouse, partridges, chickens, and pigeons,—as for a semi-scientific, semi-sentimental poem about them, it is a melancholy absurdity, without one merry thought. Yet there is some fun in it—witness the dedication.

"To *her* who, midst the world's vicissitudes
Of good, of ill, of pleasure, and of pain,
Hath ever boldly stood, like steadfast rock,
Amid the strife of ocean;—*her* who *still*,
Through years of varied fortune, *still* unchanged,

A faithful friend and comforter remains;—
To *her* who long, beside the social hearth,
Hath twined of firmness and of constancy
A wreath that ne'er shall perish; unto *her*,
Affectionate, sincere, this *sylvan song*
I consecrate—these *Pleasures of the Birds!!!*"

After this most dove-like inscription, Mr. Jennings demands leave to say one final strain, ere Time "mows down to dust his being;" and then he gets into such a flock of merulids, sylviads, and alaudinas, (*i. e.* thrushes, warblers, and larks;) that we are quite lost in the concert of notes.

Mr. Jennings is a humane, well-meaning person, and all the birds of the air are (or ought to be) much obliged to him; for he goes through every tribe; and by describing

"Their songs, their habits, structure, and their nests,"

endeavours to awaken a kindly human feeling and sympathy in their favour. This is pushed to the utmost, when he begs sportsmen to let their deed be

"Swift as the lightning's shaft—a struggle, *sigh*,
And silence:"

the sigh of a partridge or a land-rail! But withal, this little book will be found not a bad amusement for young ornithologists.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 20.

As this people cannot exist without emotions, it is wonderful that the springs both of head and heart are not fined away by constant movement ere half the span of a Parisian life be passed. A few days since the crowd pressed to the Place du Palais de Justice, where Constance Melun, the *ci-devant femme de chambre* of Mlle. Mars, was exposed in the pillory, as were also eleven other women, one of whom was branded. Mde. Melun, *à ce qu'on dit*, testified neither shame nor contrition, though at the moment she descended into the car which was to conduct her to the prison of St. Lazare the populace hissed her. This disapprobation was perhaps feigned by the spectators to cover their own handy-work, for two Englishmen had their pockets picked at the same moment: indeed all public punishments are well attended by *léger-de-main* gentlemen, and speculations run high on such occasions. "Necessity has no law," is the creed of thieves; and a good occasion for helping themselves they regard as a providential circumstance.

On the 15th we had races at the Champs de Mars; but not being a good jockey, I cannot give you an interesting description of them. The riders were dressed in English fashion, and the French multitude appeared enchanted with the rapidity and lightness of the coursers. There was some high betting; and this new species of pleasure will furnish another means of gratifying the passion for gambling. It was the Duc de Bourdeaux who distributed the prizes: he was dressed as a colonel of hussars: his sister was not with him, but both his governors were in attendance. Nothing can flatter the people more than taking a part in their amusements; therefore the young prince will become most popular.

I went to see Mlle. Mars in the *Mariage d'Argent*: it was her first performance in this capital since her visit to London. The enthusiasm testified on her appearance could only be equalled by that shewn to our Macready. A crown was thrown on the stage ere she commenced, but she won it fairly in the character of *Mdme. de Brienne*. A new piece was hissed at the Vaudeville, and with reason; for an author must be mad to give the title *l'Art de se faire aimer de son Mari* to his composition. This is a lesson Parisian dames do not want; for nothing could be more displaced, *ennuyant*, and troublesome, with them, than a loving husband, who would in consequence be for ever at home, jealous as a Spaniard, and always on the *qui vive*, lest master Cupid should adopt other forms than his *chez lui*.

The performances of the *élèves sculpteurs* who compete for the grand prize were *exposed* at the *Ecole de Beaux Arts* on the 10th inst. The subject given is Hercules at the moment when the pains seize him in consequence of the tunic dipped in the blood of Nessus, and sent by Dejanira; and the demigod devotes himself to death, causes a pile to be made, throws himself on it, and orders it to be set on fire. There are eight competitors, and I rather think judges will be much embarrassed in their decision, as five of the eight seem to have equal claim to success. Were I to speak from *goût*, and an unscientific judgment, I should give the preference to the Hercules of M. Debay, though his form does not answer the idea of great muscular strength, and one of the legs is rather of a serpentine shape; yet the calm of the countenance, the proud position of the head, and the imperious movement of the hand which points out the flambeau to set fire to the pile, express admirably the feelings of a mind unconquered by pain, though submitting to it. [Since writing this, the prizes have been adjudged; and I find that I have proved myself a bad *judge* of sculpture—for, directly contrary to my ideas, M. Dautin gained the first prize, and M. Jaques (whose Hercules is a most academical-looking demi-god) the second:—so much for difference of opinion in matters of taste!]

The departure of Chateaubriand has taken place: he set out on the 15th, to the great regret of men of letters and all those who were admitted to his society. The journals teem with eulogies on him; and when he shall have crossed the Alps, not a blemish will be found to sully his name. There is nothing like absence and death to make a bright fame. A monument is voted to Mr. Gall. The French are profuse of ghostly honours, or rather honouring ghosts. Mdme. Gall has published a letter in defence of her husband's principles, and to prove that he was neither atheist nor deist, but an excellent papist: how far she will persuade the public, I know not, nor is it of much consequence in Paris; for esteem does not depend on one's creed here; and few men (apparently, and judging from their lives) hold to any particular religion except for form's sake.

All the world, to use a French phrase, are gone to Mont Calvaire to relieve their souls of the summer's sinning, and to clear the way, by confession, for winter's frailties. Paris is quite empty at this moment; for one may as well give up the hope of going to heaven, as miss any pleasure procurable for love or money: every shop, too, is shut; and young and old are on the road to enjoyment, dressed in their best, and, to all appearances, with *light hearts*—*tant mieux!* I admire their philosophy, which does not even allow the little burden of offences they are about to acknowledge, to curb for a moment their mirth, though they are sure of undergoing a *certain penance*, according to the measure of their *péchés*. Three young girls have just left me, who are going to deposit the secrets of their sinnings in the chapel of the sacred mount; but they did not seem to dread a severe admonition from their confessor:—I am speaking of the middling classes, for the higher orders have generally their family clergyman.

The king returned here on Thursday, on his way to St. Cloud; and the people flocked to witness his arrival. His postilions had their hats decorated with ribands of different colours, and their heads stored with the water of life; for they reeled to and fro through the streets all the evening, in honour of having conducted his majesty, whose health, I presume, they drank until their heels became as light as their heads.

The lovers of song are in despair here: Mdlle. Sontag has pronounced her irrevocable refusal to stay for the winter.

The delightful M. de la Martine has arrived in Paris, and I hope in my next to announce some new effusions from his pen.

ODDS AND ENDS:

From a Traveller's Note Book.

The most courteous nation on earth, as they call themselves—the French, are now the only people who exercise, at least in Europe, the disgusting practice of personal search upon *all* travellers who pass their frontiers, particularly if coming from Switzerland; and the dirty *gentlemen* who are employed in the disgusting duty, appear to revel in feelings of which any but such as they are would be ashamed. In passing, for instance, from Geneva to Dole, the first station is at La Rousses, where the passports are demanded—the travellers' trunks are rigorously examined, but not permitted to be *plumbed*—sealed—to prevent the necessity of a second search. At the next station, Morey, the passports are again demanded, and a second examination of trunks frequently enforced—though only a post distant from the former halt. At the third station of the *douane*, at La Maison Neuve, the traveller is obliged to leave his carriage, and if by Diligence, at midnight to enter a den of ruffians, and submit to a most disgusting personal examination: he is felt all over his body—his pockets are turned out—and every thing, and every folded paper examined, as if he had the power of concealing a musical box or a pound of tobacco in a tooth-pick case. Ladies are not exempted from this search, in another room, by women:—and all this, in spite of the conviction which these dirty *employés* must often feel, that the traveller is not a *contrabandier*, nor even a *négociant*.

From an advertisement for the Grande Albergo alla Torre di Londra, in Verona, circulated generally on the road, and printed in Italian, German, French, and English, the following is the English one literally copied:—

"*Circulatory.*—The old Inn of Londons Tower, placed among the more agreeable situation of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Zignoni, restored by the decorum most indulgent to good things of life's easle's which are favoured from every arts liable at Inn same, with all object that is concerned conveniency of stage coaches, proper horses but good forages, and coach house; Do offers at Innkeeper the constant hope, to be honoured from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats, to delight of nations, round table, Caffee house, hackney coach, men servants of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive to accomplish in Him all satisfaction, and at Sirs, who will do the favor honouring him a very assured Kindness."

A visit to Louvere on the Lago d'Iseo is very rarely made by the English traveller in the north of Italy, though it is of easy accomplishment, and through scenes of great beauty. It is only a day's journey from Milan, by the delightfully situated town of Camonica, on the Adda—by Bergamo and the Lake of Spinone, over a good carriage-road. The approach to

Louvere, and the view up the Val Camonica, are the most strikingly beautiful that I ever saw; but the great interest of this visit to the English traveller is Louvere, where Lady M.W. Montague resided so many years, and whence so many of her letters are dated: the house in which she lived, the Casa Celani, is now a tolerable inn, under the sign of the Cannon d'Oro; and the *noble* family of Celani, established there since the year 1200, according to a genealogical tree exhibited in the *sala grande*, are the present innkeepers.

The sights of Venice have greatly increased in interest within a few years—I might have said days, for it is not a month since a new suite of galleries was opened, which contains some of the finest productions of the Venetian painters, and their Prince's noblest work, the Presentation of the Virgin, which, though painted by Titian at the age of eighty, surpasses all his other pieces in purity of design and admirable treatment of the subject. And in colour it appears to be a work of his most perfect period: it has not the vigour, amounting to severity, of his Assumption, but it will dwell longer upon the mind of the observer, and with a purer impression;—it cannot be fairly brought into comparison with his Pietro Martyre, but, like that grand painting, will be recalled in the memory of those who have seen it surrounded by a halo which will conceal its comparison with all inferior works. In the Church of the Frari, a monument has been erected to Canova, in which his design for the tomb of Titian has been adopted: it is very grand and impressive, but it is too much a repetition of his model of a tomb for a German princess, which contained the beautiful group of the Benificenza. The monument in the Frari contains his heart; his body lies in the new church erected by him in the place of his nativity, Passagne; and his *right hand*, with very questionable taste, has been separated, and put into a tawdry porphyry vase, with gilt handles, and placed over the president's chair in the council chamber of the Academia delle belle Arti. Beneath the vase is fastened the last chisel which he used, and which bears his initials, A. C.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

8th day, 12 hrs. 18 min. 15 sec.—the sun will be eclipsed, invisible to the British Isles; the eclipse will be central and annular to the inhabitants of the islands between Byron's and the Friendly Islands in the South Pacific Ocean; a ring of the solar orb will surround the opaque body of the moon, 52 sec. in breadth: this phenomenon will occur in the hand of the Virgin, near the bright star Spica Virginis.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Virgo . . .	8	12	8
☽ First Quarter in Sagittarius	15	18	47
○ Full Moon in Taurus . . .	22	13	12
☾ Last Quarter in Cancer . .	30	4	34

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Cancer	2	11	30
Venus in Leo	4	9	15
Mercury in Libra	10	8	7
Jupiter in Libra	10	22	45
Mars in Capricornus	16	8	0
Saturn in Cancer	29	22	20

23d day—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible a short time after sunset.

7th day—Venus at her greatest elongation, near Regulus, from which star the planet will be distant 1 deg. 30 min. Venus continues a very beautiful object as a morning star, and may be traced through the day, till it sinks below the horizon.

Mars, on the evening of the 12th day, will pass 2¼ deg. south of Uranus, and will thus furnish an excellent opportunity of detecting this distant planet; they will pass the meridian together at 6 hrs. 50 min.

The proximity of Jupiter to the sun precludes favourable observation; after the 21st day, the eclipses of his satellites will not be visible.

Saturn is rapidly approaching to a favourable position for observation for those who do not pursue their astronomical researches beyond midnight: towards the end of the month, this planet will rise shortly after 10 hrs. 26th day, 23 hrs.—in quadrature.

21st day, 9 hrs. 15 min.—Uranus in quadrature.

The brilliant stars that compose the constellations Taurus, Gemini, and Arion, will, towards the middle of the month, become conspicuous objects in the south-east, shortly before midnight.

As the illumination of the atmosphere diminishes, and yields undivided empire to the darkness of night, a more distinct view of the wonders of the heavens is presented for our investigation; we penetrate with greater facility those awful depths, above, beneath, around; and find ample employment for contemplation and improvement.

In former astronomical papers, brief sketches have been given of those wonders in creation—subjects of a higher astronomy—which carry the mind beyond the movements of this lower sphere, this remote province of the universe, to expatiate on the loftier pinnacles of the higher heavens—systems of suns, performing their revolutions about their common centre of gravity, in vastly extended periods of time—lost stars, those bodies which, after shining for ages, gradually disappear, and are no longer seen as glittering gems in the diadem of night—new stars, or such as suddenly appear where no stars were before observed, justifying the suspicion, that these latter are new creations which have commenced their measured circling way, till the appointed period arrives for them to be commanded back to the realms of obscurity—the subject of Nebulæ, a still higher step in this wondrous scale of progression, dimly telling us, not merely of the existence of other suns like our own, with each a splendid retinue of planets, of solar stars connected together by mutual gravitation, but of systems of these, vastly separated in space, yet almost infinite in the individual suns that form the group, and these groups perhaps infinite in number, and scattered with boundless profusion over the vast concavity of the heavens, while the whole of each starry system is, probably, revolving about some distant, stupendous, and unspeakably resplendent, glorious centre. Nebulæ may be generally divided into two kinds; one, a combination of innumerable stars, which, from their distance, have the appearance of a faint cloud,—a distance so remote, as to leave the most powerful mind faltering in endeavouring to acquire an adequate conception of it: the other, probably not so remote, though inconceivably beyond our system of fixed stars, composed of a luminous matter, of the nature and destiny of which but a very faint idea is furnished for conjecture. The most remarkable of this kind is that in the sword-handle of Orion; its irregularity of form suggests a resemblance to the head of a monstrous animal, with two horns of unequal lengths, making a considerable angle with each other, the lower one having an easterly direction; an unequal brilliancy occurs throughout, as though one part was formed of accumulated luminous matter, assuming in some places the appearance of solidity: those parts which mark the outline of the mouth and eye of the fancied animal may be better described by comparing them to deep indented bays, nearly of a quadrangular figure, well defined, and by its brightness giving an intensity to the darkness of the sky that it surrounds, which, in these openings (probably by contrast), appears of an unusual blackness. The brightest part has by no means a uniform aspect, but exhibits an unevenness not unlike fleecy clouds of a scirrhous or mottled appearance, as if undergoing some change of separation. This bright region in some directions is abruptly terminated, and beyond it is seen a fainter region of nebulosity, while other parts gradually fade into that which is more diluted, till it subsides in the gloom of the neighbouring sky.

In these regions are several minute stars, one cluster of four, on the bright part, of different colours, arranged in the form of a trapezium; five others in the fainter part of the nebula, in the direction of the southern horn; other stars are scattered in and near the nebula, some of which are surrounded with the same milky luminosity: one most striking peculiarity is observed relative to these stars, that the nebulous matter seems to recede from them, so as to leave a dark space between it and their brilliant points, as though the stars were either repelling the nebulous matter or absorbing it. This is particularly the case with those that form the trapezium: a similar appearance may be observed in Sagittarius,—a nebula is broken into three parts, forming dark roads through the luminous matter, leading to a centre in which is situated a beautiful double star. On one of the sides of the dark openings before referred to, in the nebula of Orion, are filaments or fibres of light, which appear as if extending themselves to the opposite side; and on the sides of the head, in the direction of the northern horn, are faint streams of light, not unlike the tails of comets: closely adjoining to this nebula are several smaller. The whole sky for several degrees around this constellation is not free from these appearances; two, close together, one of a spindle, the other of a circular form; in the centre of the latter is a small star: a smaller nebula, at the entrance of one of the dark openings, appears as if drawing together into a star.

This is but an imperfect description of the present appearance of this magnificent phenomenon, as recently seen by Herschel's 20 feet reflecting telescope: there is every reason to believe that it has undergone considerable changes since it was first observed by Huygens, in 1656. A careful comparison of the descriptions and drawings of various astronomers seems to indicate that the bright part of the nebula once extended over a larger space, and that it is gradually receding towards the stars that form the trapezium; similar changes are suspected in other nebulæ; in some instances smaller ones are formed by the decomposition of larger. These mysterious luminous masses of matter may be termed the laboratories of the universe, in which are contained the principles of future systems of suns, planets, satellites, and other tributary bodies;—these elements not in awful stagnation, but through the whole one Spirit incessantly operating with sublime, unerring energy,—a process going on which illimitably extends the fields of conjecture, as it slowly urges its awful way through this boundless range—these mighty

ments and vast operations. How stupendous the consideration! Suns so immeasurably distant, that the light of those which are supposed to be contiguous, is three years in traversing the space that separates them; yet these connected with each other, and innumerable others, on the simple principle of gravitation,—these stars, so numerous, that in the small compass of half a degree, a greater number has been discovered by the telescope, than the naked eye can discern in the whole vault of heaven; and yet there is ground for the belief that the whole of these millions and millions of stars would melt into a soft tint of light, if supposed to be contemplated from some remote point of space. The galaxy (to which belongs several stars of the first, second, and other magnitudes), the cluster in which our sun is placed, if viewed from the bright nebula in the hand of Perseus, would probably appear as an assemblage of telescopic stars, ranged behind each other in boundless perspective. Were we to pursue our flight to that in the girdle of Andromeda,* it would diminish to a milky nebulosity, and, still further to extend our ideal flight, we should indistinctly perceive it as dimly revealed,—its light being nearly blended with the surrounding gloom, like those uncertain apparitions which are only occasionally seen in the field of view of a powerful telescope, when the air is refined and serene. How grand is the consideration of the plenitude of space!—no awful void, no dread vacancy, no dreary solitude: incessant streams of light, from myriads of systems, intersecting each other in every direction, and bearing to the boundless realms of creation evidences of creative power, benevolent design, and universal dominion.

Deptford. J. T. B.

* The nebula in Andromeda is visible to the unassisted eye, and has very much the appearance of a comet, for which there is reason to believe it has recently been mistaken.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KING'S COLLEGE: LONDON UNIVERSITY.

A STATEMENT has found its way into all the newspapers—originating, we believe, in some imposition practised upon the *Courier*—that the Artillery Ground, near Finsbury Square, had been chosen for the site of the King's College. By referring, however, to the *Literary Gazette* of the 6th, it will be seen that the Regent's Park was mentioned as the place where this Institution was to be established; and we have reason to know, that, so far from there having been any change in this design, it has been proceeding as expeditiously as possible towards completion, through the official preliminary forms. The immense saving of expense from having a local habitation (as well as a name) at a small ground-rent from the *King*, will, we understand, induce some important modifications in the application of the subscription money; probably the funding of the donations, amounting to above 30,000*l.*, so as to endow professorships, and provide for certain other purposes in perpetuity; while the annual subscriptions, and other funds, are differently employed, agreeably to the demands of the College. Such is the present aspect of affairs respecting this seminary; and as soon as any thing more determinate is known, we shall, we trust, have it in our power to state it for the public information.

We ought, perhaps, to notice what may be considered an apology for the erroneous stories which have got into the newspapers. Persons, pretending to be authorised by the Committee, have not only sent printed circulars to the various Journals, but have absolutely issued a book,* pretending to the same authority, and containing nothing except an apocryphal tissue of mistatements and inventions. It is very difficult for editors to guard against such impudent frauds:† we have only to caution them and the public against anonymous communications, where so many persons are interested, as in this instance, either in endeavouring to procure the choice of particular grounds, or the sale of spurious works.

Friends to every Institution for the diffusion of knowledge and the improvement of science, we have to announce, and we do so with much pleasure, that the London University commences its useful career on Wednesday next, when the lectures for the first session are to be commenced by Mr. Charles Bell. Those announced for a cycle of six succeeding days, beginning with Wednesday, Oct. 1, and ending Tuesday, Oct. 6, (Sunday being, of course, a day of rest), are all connected with medical instruction, and intrusted to several very able men, whose names must carry much weight with them. We shall make it our business to attend to these proceedings sufficiently to be able to record the opening of so important an undertaking.

At present we have to observe, that during the course of the last month the progress towards completion of such parts of this fine building as will be wanted at the commencement of these lectures has been most rapid. The lecture-rooms required by the professors of anatomy, surgery, medicine, materia medica, and chemistry, are finished; and the arrangements of these rooms, and of the professors' private rooms and museums, with those in the basement of the building for the accommodation of the students in the intervals between the different lectures, including common rooms, dining rooms, kitchens, &c. &c. appear to be admirably suited to the purposes for which they are intended. The splendid apartments meant for the library and museum are in a less forward state, but still advancing; and the approaches to the parts of the building which are to be occupied immediately, are divided from those yet crowded with work-people by iron palisades. In the midst of all this activity, it seems that students are not wanting, and that their number daily increases. Of these, a large proportion are enrolled for the medical classes. The preparations for the reception of pupils of this description are very extensive. Few lecture rooms, we imagine, in Europe, if, indeed, any, are to be compared with the anatomical and chemical theatres. Several persons are busily employed in arranging the anatomical museum, already very considerable, and containing numerous objects, evidently selected and prepared with no common judgment and care. The arrangements for the illustration of the lectures on chemistry, and on natural philosophy, appear to be on the most liberal scale; and, in short, in every department there is an activity visible which cannot be contemplated without interest by all who derive pleasure from seeing the opportunities increased in this great metropolis of acquiring all kinds of laudable knowledge.

* Published somewhere in Paternoster Row, and sold, we hear, to a large extent, owing to placards posted all over town, headed *King's College, &c. &c.* The same, or other, parties caused to be announced the "First Book for the Instruction of the Students of the King's College, *by order of a Committee*," which is a rank imposition, the Committee having ordered nothing of the sort whatever, nor taken any definitive step beyond what we have recorded.—*Ed. L. G.*

† The "Student's First Instructor" is "*said* to be the production of the venerable and *talented* [Irish] Bishop of London," forsooth. The Bishop of London has, we fancy, something else to do than write school-books!!—*Ed. L. G.*

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN ENGLAND.

AN antiquarian investigation of considerable interest took place last week at Keston, in Kent, about fourteen miles from London. The object, as we understand, was to ascertain the situation of the Noviomagus of the Imperial Itinerary, which is there placed by some writers. Whatever other curious facts may be deduced from the excavations made, they have led to the unquestionable discovery of the remains of buildings, one of which is probably a Roman tomb. This is a circular wall, supported by six buttresses, the outward diameter of which circle measures thirty feet. The wall itself is three feet and a half in thickness, and is composed of flints, with layers of tiles turned up at the edges, and so fashioned at the ends as to fit one upon the other. Close to this circular building an oblong square chamber, about twelve feet in length, has been also completely exposed to view; and at a short distance from the latter, a stone coffin was found deposited in the chalk soil, at about eight feet below the surface of the ground.

The present examination has been carried on by four or five gentlemen, members of the Antiquarian Society, from some of whom, no doubt, a more detailed account than the few particulars we have been able to collect, may be expected. In digging, several pieces of fresco painting were thrown up, and innumerable fragments of ancient pottery; a few of these are of dark unbaked clay, with the rudest mouldings. Other fragments, of a deep red colour, are not inferior in texture to the best Wedgwood manufacture, and exhibit most exquisite forms, ornamented by a leafy pattern in relief. One or two bits of tawny-coloured ware present a very singular appearance, resembling mosaic—small and beautiful gravelly pebbles, about the size of seed pearl, being sprinkled on, and imbedded in, certain parts of the surface, probably to form some design. Upwards of a hundred fragments of pottery, with two or three tusks, and the handle of a sword or dagger, which were also turned up, are in the possession of Mr. Crofton Croker, with whom the investigation originated.

The Tumulus where these discoveries have been made, is situated at the foot of a considerable mound, called the War Bank, on the farm of Keston Court, belonging to Mr. Smith, and adjacent to the demesne of Holwood, formerly the seat of Mr. Pitt. The remarkable entrenchments in that demesne, and slightly to be traced on Keston Common, are well known to antiquaries and others by the name of Cæsar's Camp, and a small spring near the road (the source of the river Ravensbourne) as Cæsar's Well. But the War Bank appears to have escaped general notice, if we except a paper on the subject, by Mr. Kempe, published about twelve or fourteen years since. Nothing, however, in the way of examination was done until the present time, although several relics have been, at different periods, accidentally discovered; and the progress of the plough was constantly interrupted by striking against walls and foundations in the adjacent fields.

From a recent respectable lithographic publication, by Henry Warren (of which see notice in the *Literary Gazette*), illustrative of the scenery of the Ravensbourne, accompanied by descriptive letter-press, we are tempted to

make the following extract. But Mr. Warren's work would have pleased us better if he had had the candour to acknowledge how much he was indebted to Mr. Kempe's notice of the antiquities of the War Bank; and we must remark, that he seems implicitly to follow the conjecture of that gentleman, that the Roman Noviomagus, or new city, was built upon the site of a British town.

"Gibson, Somner, and Stillingfleet, have placed the Noviomagus of Antoninus here (at Keston). This has been opposed principally because it is not on the line of the Watling-street way: but on reference to the Itinerary of Antoninus, we shall find that, to take in Noviomagus, it was necessary that the traveller should go considerably out of that direct road to the sea ports; for in 'ITER. II. à Vallo ad Portum Ritupas,' we find this arrangement:

'Londinium.
Noviomagum, m. p. x.
Vagniacim, m. p. xviii.
Durobrivim, m. p. ix.'

Making the distance from London to Rochester, the ancient Durobrivis, thirty-seven miles; whereas, in 'ITER. III. à Londinio ad Portum Dubrim,' as likewise in 'ITER. IV. à Londinio ad Portum Lemanis,' we have the distance direct twenty-seven miles only. A circuitous route, taking in this place as Noviomagus, and Maidstone, determined by Camden and others to be Vagniacæ, in the way to Durobrivim or Rochester, would occupy these ten miles of extra distance. It may be supposed, that the way from London to this place was by a straight road, corresponding with the *via* of the Romans, to the eastward of Lewisham, by Milk-street and Sundridge, in the parish of Bromley, to a woody spot eastward of the before-mentioned works, where are some remains of several smaller banks.

"In furtherance of the opinion of those who place the Noviomagus, or, according to Ptolemy, Neomagus, at Holwood Hill, it may be remarked, that from the name *Neo* magus, or new city, there most probably existed one older, as in the case of Nimeguen in Holland, which was a city of the Batavians before the birth of Christ, called Oppidum Batavorum; but being burnt during the wars with the Romans, that people, when rebuilt, called it Neomagus. So likewise the two cities which bore that ancient name in Normandy."

Since writing the foregoing, it is with great regret we learn, that both the stone coffin and the walls of the buildings have been much injured by the idle curiosity of the neighbouring rustics, who crowd to the spot only to destroy these interesting remains. We most sincerely hope that speedy measures may be taken for their further development and preservation.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

One Cheer more! Prowett. Printed by Hullmandel.

A LITHOGRAPHIC portrait of Lord Eldon in the act of cheering with his glass, as at the memorable Pitt Club dinner, where the noble bacchanalian called for "*One Cheer more.*" Though we do not approve of handing down eminent men to posterity in such undignified aspects, it must be allowed, that this picture is true to the circumstances of the case. The empty glass is evidently in chancery; and the hilarious countenance of the ex-chief of that mighty court is expressive of intense pleasure—the dark eye glistening, and the mouth wrought into a most jovial smile. Instead of an austere judge, we have the king of jolly topers before us, as when

> The grave lord keeper led the brawls,
> And seals and maces danced before him.

Mary, Dowager Empress of Russia; Nicholas 1st, Emperor of all the Russias; Alexandra, Empress of all the Russias; and Grand Duke Alexander, Heir to the Russian Throne. Engraved by T. Wright, from Pictures by G. Dawe, R.A. Colnaghi and Co.

THESE engravings, although of a miniature or medallion size, are very ably executed; and we have no doubt that they possess a strong resemblance to the various originals. There is an exceedingly pleasing expression in the countenance of the Empress; and the Empress Mary's features have a striking resemblance to those of our own King. Were his Majesty pleased to masquerade it in the wig of Charles the Second, the resemblance would be very curious.

Forget-me-not.—Mr. Ackermann undoubtedly possesses a great advantage over his competitors, and one of which he will not easily be deprived, in having been the first to introduce into this country the elegant description of publications generally entitled "Annuals." But he is a man of too much good sense and experience to trust to that circumstance alone for a continuance of his success; and, accordingly, we find him making great exertions to render his little volume deserving of the public patronage, for its intrinsic merits. We have lying before us proofs of the plates which are to embellish the next "Forget-me-not;" and they are so beautiful that we must notice a few of the most striking.—"The Proposal," engraved by W. Humphrys, from a drawing by J. Stephanoff, which must be recollected with pleasure by all who visited the last exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. Mr. Humphrys has been highly successful in retaining the expression of the original;—the delight of the fair enslaver, the affectionate congratulations of her mother and her friend, and the jealous agony of her rival.—"The Idle School-boy," engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by H. Thomson, R.A. Mr. Finden has done great justice to the feeling and taste which Mr. Thomson infuses into every subject that he touches. It is an amusing exhibition of youthful listlessness; and the snail on the wall happily recalls the Shakesperian passage of which it is an illustration.—"Eddystone Lighthouse," engraved by R. Wallis, from a drawing by S. Owen. The powers of Mr. Owen, in the representation of marine views, are well known; and this is one of the most spirited efforts of his that we have seen. It is admirably engraved.—"Marcus Curtius," engraved by H. Le Keux, from a drawing by J. Martin. The minuteness and the multiplicity of the details in this exquisite little print are absolutely miraculous. It is necessary to use a glass of a strong magnifying power in order fully to appreciate them. They are, however, not allowed to interfere with the general effect, which is exceedingly grand.—"Cottage Kitchen," engraved by J. Romney, from a drawing by W. F. Witherington. A scene of rustic comfort and content, which, though very pleasingly depicted, is, we fear, not very common.—"Vicenza," engraved by Freebairn, from a drawing by S. Prout. The sparkling clearness of Mr. Prout's pencil has here been very happily imitated by Mr. Freebairn's graver. Besides the prints we have mentioned, there are "Ellen Strathallan," engraved by J. Agar, from a picture by Miss L. Sharpe; "The Blind Piper," engraved by H. C. Shenton, from a drawing by L. Clennell; "View on the Ganges," engraved (exquisitely) by E. Finden, from a drawing by W. Daniell, R.A.; "Alice," engraved by Joseph Goodyear, from a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; "Constancy," engraved by F. J. Portbury, from a picture by P. Stephanoff; "Fathime and Euphrosyne," engraved by S. Davenport, from a picture by H. Corbould; "Frolic in a Palace," engraved (very finely) by F. Engleheart, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; and "The Faithful Guardian," engraved by H. C. Shenton, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A.; all of which possess considerable merit.

Friendship's Offering.—It is really surprising to see the efforts that are making by the various proprietors and publishers of the little annual works, which have become so much the fashion during the last three or four years, to rival one another in excellence. The embellishments which are to decorate the next volume of "Friendship's Offering" are most of them admirable. "La Frescura," painted by T. Bone, engraved by W. Le Petit, is a rich and elegant composition. "Campbell Castle," painted by G. Arnald, A.R.A., engraved by E. Goodall, reminds us of one of the finest productions of Wilson and Woollett, seen through a diminishing glass. "Hours of Innocence," painted by E. Landseer, A.R.A., engraved by J. A. Wright. Full of animation and character. "The Rival Suitors," painted by J. Stephanoff, engraved by J. Romney. Female coquetry exquisitely displayed. In subjects of this description Mr. Stephanoff seems to luxuriate. "La Fiancée de Marques," painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A., engraved by William Humphrys. Graceful and attractive. "Glen,-Lynden," designed and engraved by J. Martin. A solemn and magnificent effect of chiaroscuro. "Cupid and Psyche," painted by J. Wood, engraved by E. Finden. Beautifully composed. The repose of the god of love, and the surprise and delight of the enamoured Psyche, as she gazes on his youthful form, are perfect. "The Cove of Muscat," painted by W. F. Witherington, from a sketch by Lieut-col. Johnson, C.B., engraved by T. Jeavons. A highly picturesque representation of this celebrated Arabian port.—Besides the plates which we have thus briefly noticed, the volume contains an elegant "Presentation Plate," engraved by J. W. Cook, from a design by H. Corbould. "The Will," painted by W. Kidd, engraved by J. Mitchell; "The Warning," painted by A. Cooper, R.A., engraved by A. W. Warren; "The Parting," painted by B. R. Haydon, engraved by J. Romney; and "The Minstrel Boy," engraved by A. Duncan, from a painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

BIOGRAPHY.

R. P. BONINGTON.

IT is with great sorrow we have to record the death of this young but eminent artist, whose pictures have of late years attracted so much admiration, and who bid so fair to be one of the most distinguished ornaments which the native school of England ever produced. Richard Parkes Bonington was born on the 25th of October, 1801, at the village of Arnold, near Nottingham; where his father was engaged, we believe, in some of the manufacturing or mercantile pursuits general in that part of the country. At the early age of three years he discovered a very extraordinary attachment to the fine arts, which was principally evinced by

his sketching almost every object that presented itself to his observation. But he went even farther, and not unfrequently ventured upon designs; some specimens of which precocious efforts are still in the possession of his parents. They were chiefly drawn in pen-and-ink, with surprising accuracy, and illustrative of history, which, from the moment our infant artist was capable of thought, became his favourite study and research. We ought also to notice, that his sketches of marine subjects (in which he afterwards shone so conspicuously) were, beyond description, wonderful both for correctness and neatness. These productions completely confirmed his father's desire to take every opportunity of leading him to the arts as a profession; and he accordingly continued to direct his attention to the works of the best masters; but, above all, to Nature, the mother, nurse, and guide of true genius. Thus cherished, when Richard was not more than seven or eight years of age, he made some drawings from old buildings situated at Nottingham, which surpassed every thing he had before done; and about the same time he took a more decided turn for marine subjects, which bent of mind appears never afterwards to have forsaken him.

At the age of fifteen his parents journeyed to Paris, feeling assured that the facilities for study afforded by that capital were much more important than any which could elsewhere be attained. Upon his arrival there, application was made for permission to draw in the Louvre; and the gentlemen who conducted that department, astonished beyond measure at the examples of the young English painter's skill, instantly, and in the most flattering manner, granted the boon required. Here, again, we cannot render too much praise to his anxious father for the assiduity and judgment with which he cultivated his son's talents. He took infinite pains to point his attention to the best specimens of the Italian and Flemish schools; and it must be added, that his docile and enthusiastic pupil profited nobly by his invaluable advice. And while thus engaged he met with many encouraging circumstances to cheer him in his labours:—strangers, for instance, who, on visiting the Louvre, and being struck with his performances, purchased them at the prices demanded.

He very soon after became a student of the Institute, and also drew at M. Le Baron Gros's *atelier*. It was about this period, when not occupied at the Institute or at the baron's gallery, that he made many extraordinary drawings of coast scenery; particularly some representing fish-markets, with groups of figures, and for which he at all times found a ready sale. We should not omit to mention, that his study from the figure was exceedingly good; though, were it requisite to define his forte, we should certainly say, that amid all the diversity of his unbounded talents, marine pieces were at once his favourites and *chef-d'œuvres*. Yet we are almost unwilling to adhere to this opinion, when we recollect that one picture, of quite another class, which he exhibited this year at Somerset House;—we allude to his Henry the Third of France,* in which he admirably displayed his knowledge of colour and composition, and his great attention to costume. This picture, whether owing to its being unseen, for it was upon the floor, or to want of taste in the patrons and lovers of painting, is yet, we learn, in the possession of the artist's parents. We trust that his Majesty will be its immediate purchaser: it would be ill bestowed in any other hands. As a contrast to the foregoing, we may remark, that the first time he exhibited in Paris, his drawing was sold the moment the exhibition opened; and for the next (a marine subject) he received the gold medal, at the same time that Sir Thomas Lawrence was decorated with the order of the legion of honour, and Mr. Constable and Mr. Fielding were also liberally awarded medals of gold.

Subsequently to the period alluded to, Mr. Bonington undertook a tour to Italy, from which country he brought back some splendid specimens of his abilities;—his studies from nature literally breathing the atmosphere of the scenes so faithfully and beautifully represented. It was his intention, had his life been spared, to have painted a series of pictures similar to the Ducal Palace, exhibited this year at the British Gallery, Pall Mall!

It affords us a melancholy satisfaction to reflect, that from the first small work which Mr. Bonington exhibited in his native country to the very last, we have invariably felt and expressed the same admiration of his genius which is here embodied in a memoir over his premature grave. He was, indeed, a child of nature; and his acute and sensitive temperament too soon wore out the mortal mansion in which its exhausting operations were performed—as in the alembic of the chemist, which throws off the inestimable produce, but perishes itself in the devouring flame. His mode of preparing for a picture was, after making an elaborate sketch for the outline and detail, to study the *local* colour most accurately; and here he never forgot to catch the peculiarities of the various groups of figures that frequented the spot selected for his pencil. It is unnecessary to particularise his works, which have been from time to time seen in London exhibitions, and which are now in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Countess de Grey, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Carpenter,* the latter of whom has two of his greatest works of the Canaletti school. His disposition (we are assured by every one who knew him) was noble, generous, and benevolent in the extreme; and his filial affection was a remarkable trait in his character. His parents have, indeed, lost in him a son of sons: he was their only child, their pride in life, and their irreparable bereavement in death. His friends, too, have to lament one whom they warmly loved: and, in short, we never heard more sincere and heart-felt regrets expressed for any individual, than we have heard from all who claimed his intimacy or regard. The public and the lovers of the fine arts will join in this common grief; for except, perhaps, in Harlowe, there has been no such ornament of our native school cut off in early prime, and in the full effulgence of spreading fame. Overwhelmed with the number of commissions which poured in upon him in consequence of his rising reputation, he seems to have viewed the accumulation of employment with dismay: success was the proximate cause of his fatal malady. His nerves became deeply affected, and a rapid decline ensued,* which in four months prostrated his strength to the tomb. His latest effort was to travel from Paris to London, where he arrived last week, to consult Mr. St. John Long; but that gentleman declared him to be beyond all human aid; and he died at ten o'clock, on the 23d of September, Tuesday last. His closing hours were perfectly calm; and he was in full possession of his reason almost to the end. On Monday his remains are to be interred; and, as we have mentioned, the president and other members of the Royal Academy have proposed to pay a tribute of respect to his memory, by following his body to the grave.

* Respecting this picture, in our Exhibition criticism, *Literary Gazette*, No. 591, May 17, we thus expressed ourselves, complaining of the scandalously bad light in which it was hung:—"Why is the pain of stooping till one's back is nearly broken, to be inflicted as the price of the pleasure of looking at this able performance?—a performance which it would have done credit to the judgment of the Academy, had they placed it in the best situation the rooms afford. [In a note—"The mantel of the Great Room would have been the proper place for this picture."] Besides possessing a harmony of colouring which would be honourable to any school of art, the subject is treated in a most masterly manner. As a graphic illustration of the character and habits of the French monarch, it may be ranked with some of the well-described scenes by Sir Walter Scott in Quentin Durward, or any other of his historical novels." If you are to have fame, said Dr. Wolcot, speaking of Opie, "you must stay till you've been dead a hundred years." The Royal Academy are not quite so dilatory with regard to poor Bonington; for though they pushed his admirable work into an obscure corner, three months ago, they are now magnanimously pressing forward to give him, as far as they are concerned, a public funeral!!—Out upon such conduct!

* His last sketch, we believe, was done for Mr. Sharpe, and is to be engraved in the Anniversary: it consists of two female figures in a picturesque landscape.

* This is stated to have been brought on by the too copious bleedings of the French physicians, to reduce the fever.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(NO. II.)

It will appear from these slight sketches, drawn from statements of actual life, that there is no station, however high, which can escape the penalties incurred by a departure from the paths of rectitude and virtue. After having undertaken this task, however, we find it beset by greater difficulties than we were aware of; and shall not, we fear, be able to execute our original view. Instead of writing to hold up a beacon light to guide the erring and irresolute in the right road, we find ourselves likely to be mistaken as the apologists for vice and criminal indulgence. But if our readers will go along with us, and separate, as we do, facts from persons, we are satisfied we may, at least to a certain extent, fulfil our purpose in the true spirit in which it was conceived.

Where, we would say, is real happiness to be found, when we contemplate the position of the greatest subject in England, as it is laid open by these pamphlets? Is the highest place the place of ease, of enjoyment? Alas, no! it is only the more exposed, and the broader mark for trouble to assail. The Prime Minister of Britain — the conqueror and military hero, whose glory will go down to the latest posterity, is not exempt from the most painful annoyances and afflictions. As if the political sphere had not its superabundance of cares and sorrows—as if the almost defection of the very high party† with whom he has hitherto so cordially acted, were not enough of vexation,—we see here almost every thing that can distress an individual in more private circumstances of life brought to embitter the lot of this exalted personage. Lord Westmeath unhesitatingly imputes to him his domestic infelicity; and his own nephew complains loudly of his conduct towards him. Let the humbler orders in society rejoice:

> It is surely better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up in a glistering pride
> And wear a golden sorrow.

† See a Letter by the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Kenyon, just published, in which his Grace alludes to the Premier's not going fully to that extent thought vitally essential to the Protestant constitution by his friends and supporters.

It has been most ungallantly said, that "there never was a mischief without a woman in it;" and very irreverently added, "seldom any without a priest." In these cases it is very obvious that the proverb is, at least, sooth so far as the female part of the innuendo is concerned; and partially so, if we look at several reverend gentlemen's intermixture with the Wellesley trials: for example, Mr. Pitman and Mr. de Crespigny.

"In June 1819 (says Lord W.) my wife and I were living in London. She wished to leave me, and I wished her not. She had laid her plan, and employed every species of insulting and unworthy device to induce me to leave my house and abandon my children—*to make it appear as my act.* My own servants were taught to insult me; and (what must be quite amusing to those who now hear this for the first time) one of them is the person whom I sent a constable to turn out, rather than interfere myself to do so; yet this is the single, positive, and only authenticated act of *imputed* violence, which it is assumed made it unsafe for my wife to remain under her husband's protection."

To this ex-parte picture of connubial bliss, his Lordship goes on to add—

"The Duke of Wellington was next selected to use his diplomatic talents to induce me to quit my house. This effort failed; and his Grace having assumed a tone of dictation for which I did not think that place a proper field, I compelled him to take his leave. I was determined he should visit my wife no more in my house;—she left my roof the next day, and has ever since remained separated from me."

Though there may be some novelty in hearing of the first field our mighty captain was ever compelled to leave, this statement is only valuable as a lesson shewing the extreme peril of interfering between man and wife in matrimonial quarrels. His Grace's usual prudence seems to have forsaken him in this instance, and having forgotten or despised the thousand warnings on record against such a Quixotic action, he now experiences the invariable result, and learns that all the power in the world cannot save him from the fate of meddlers in delicate matters—so called, we believe, from being always extremely indelicate. As every thing to the jealous mind is proof as strong as holy writ, the noble Marquess is no sooner infected with the green-eyed monster than he sees in every motion of the illustrious Duke some corroboration of his suspicions. To a bystander, it might appear very natural that his Grace taking part with Lady Westmeath, considering her to be wronged or oppressed, should serve her friends and supporters in this struggle. Not so her lord—he denounces an appointment in the Ordnance to a discharged gardener * of his, the husband of the housekeeper ousted by the constable; and even the subsequent marriage of two ladies' maids, as decided evidence of the Duke of Wellington's improper interest in his family concerns. In the same way, a way that it is possible might distort the most innocent and benevolent deeds into the rankest offences (be it remembered that we are giving no opinions, but endeavouring to educe moral good out of moral evil)—in the same way the Marquess turns upon the Duke an offer of apparently great kindness. He says, "Did or did not [a bad manner, by the by, of putting a proposition] the Duke of Wellington personally tell me, immediately preceding Lady Westmeath's departure from my house, that if I would go abroad for two years, &c. &c. he would answer for it, all would be right, and that there would be no difficulty in procuring a diplomatic situation for me, to induce me to go?" It is not the first time that pretty wives have, both in prose and poetry, been blamed as the causes of their husbands' good fortunes; but we do not see why Lord W. should so strongly designate this as an insidious offer, "for rejecting which he is persecuted to death."

But for this paper we have enough of these imputations and assertions. There is *one* argument we would draw from *one* of their features:—Lord Westmeath is accused of behaving in a harsh, ungentlemanlike way to his lady—Captain Bligh of even the brutality of striking blows. Now, without inquiring whether the charges are true or imaginary, we will take it upon ourselves to say, that though a woman, out of respect to herself, ought not to be provoked to the worst means of revenge, there is nothing on earth so despicable in a man as the barbarity of using violence to a woman. It seems almost to absolve them from every contract entered into as civilised beings; and it is too much to expect propriety from human nature so outraged. And thus comes the melancholy oblivion of self in the desire for revenge; and of the fairest and best of created beings it may truly be said,

In vain with tears her loss she may deplore—
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

* William Mackenzie, storekeeper at Feversham, and since transferred to Ireland.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE

Announces, with a loud voice, that it will open on Wednesday with "*Young Hamlet;*" *Hamlet*, Young, his first appearance there these five years. A Mr. Aitken, from Edinburgh, is the *Horatio;* and *Polonius* (as well as *Simpson and Co.*, the farce) brings forward a deserving favourite, at this house, Mr. Terry. We observe that the performances are to be continued nightly; for Thursday has the *Cure for the Heart-ache*, with Liston, Jones, E. Tree, and a strong comic cast: Friday has *John Bull*, with a *Dennis Brulgruddery* from Edinburgh, Mr. Weekes; and Saturday has *Rob Roy* and *Comfortable Lodgings*, with Mr. Harley. This will shew that the *corps dramatique* is powerful at Old Drury; but it will appear far *more stouter*, when we notice that W. Farren secedes from Covent Garden, that Braham is re-engaged, and that Mrs. Bunn returns. Mr. Cooper is the stage manager, Mr. T. Cooke the director and leader of the band.

COVENT GARDEN.

Of Covent Garden the announcement is also for the 1st; and it is stated that the dramatic corps has been strengthened by the addition of provincial performers of the greatest celebrity. The Grieves are getting forward some splendid scenery; and a magnificent Shakesperian new act drop-curtain has been painted by Roberts. The opening play is *As You Like It.* Thursday the *Barber of Seville.* C. Kemble, Kean, and Mde. Vestris, are named in the bill. Miss Kelly, Miss Goward, and Keeley, are to be remembered from last year. Mr. Green and Miss Forde from Bath, Mr. Bianchi Taylor, Miss Byfield, Miss Pindar, and other musical performers, are also announced. Mr. Fawcett is the stage manager.

VARIETIES.

Scrap of a Theatrical Conversation.—You may say what you like, but I am convinced that *the* Tree will, ere long, be acknowledged and extolled as a first-rate comic actress. Perhaps she may; but why do you call her *the* Tree? Only to distinguish her from *A.* or Anne.

Why is Miss F. H. Kelly's personification of Valerie inferior to that of Mdlle. Mars? Because one plays it with her eyes shut, and the other with her *eyes open.*

The last of the very bad.—Why is Major Smith, when he has two sheriff's-officers at his door like *some* tea-kettles? Because he's block't in.

Why is a short child like an unfinished story? Because it's not all.

When is a good joke the same as a bad one? When it's *a-miss.*

Why is the "Green-eyed Monster" at the Haymarket, like a thump in the mouth? Because it's a hit.

Roman Ruins near the Hague.—An English gentleman, who is travelling in Holland, in one of his recent letters says, "We have this morning been to visit the remains of an immense Roman building or buildings, which have been recently discovered near Voorburg. Innumerable vases of the most beautiful descriptions, Roman rings with inscriptions, ornaments and coins, some of which date before the birth of Christ, have been excavated; all which leads to the supposition, that some calamity, either occasioned by fire, inundation, or otherwise, has thrown down and destroyed the whole buildings. In one of the cellars a perfect skeleton has been found, which further strengthens the opinion: it is the most remarkable object that has yet been discovered. The right arm is placed on the heart, and the whole figure exhibits an attitude of the most perfect agony, as if death had been produced by the heavy pressure of a great weight of stones. There is a difference of opinion as to whether the excavation be a Roman village or one extensive building, destroyed by some accident. The grounds have been purchased by government, and upwards of one hundred men are constantly at work."

Fall of Houses.—Another accident, with loss of lives, has just occurred in Exeter-street, Strand, by the fall of some old houses. Surely, we again repeat, it is worth while to have some commission, as in Paris, at the head of our district surveyors, to prevent these shocking fatalities. We were much struck on beholding the ruins in Exeter-street; for we recollected, that it was in an adjoining house, of the same frail description, that the genius of Lough, our admirable sculptor, was developed, not much more than a year ago. It was in just another of these rotten tenements that he composed and constructed his colossal group of Milo, which reached from the floor to the ceiling of his poor apartment. It is almost wonderful that his labour did not, like a living Samson, pull all down together.

Poisoning.—Several experiments have lately been made in France on the use of ligatures and bleeding in cases of poisoned wounds. Proceeding upon the principle established by M. Majendie, who succeeded in entirely suspending absorption in a dog, by producing an artificial plethora, with the assistance of an abundant infusion of tepid water into the veins, the following experiment was tried. Three grains of the alcoholic extract of nux vomica having been put upon a wound made in the foot of a young dog, a ligature was placed above the humero-cubital articulation of the poisoned limb. As much water was slowly injected by the jugular vein as the

animal could bear without great suffering. A vein was then opened in the poisoned limb below the ligature, and several ounces of blood were drawn from it, and injected into the jugular vein of another dog, which died instantly in tetanic convulsions. The wound of the first-mentioned dog having been carefully cleansed, a little more blood was drawn from the animal, and it was set at liberty. It exhibited no signs of being poisoned, and eight days afterwards was perfectly well.

A young Russian nobleman is now at Merida, in Spain, making interesting discoveries in the ruins of the old Roman amphitheatre. He has already succeeded in obtaining some beautiful vases; and is about to transport from that place two statues of colossal dimensions, which have for the last fifty years been suffered to remain on the outside of the building in a mutilated condition.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We hear that a Pocket Cyclopædia is in preparation of great novelty and boldness of design. This work is announced to be composed of complete treatises on every branch of literature and science, freed from the difficulties of technical and mathematical language; so as to be at once a classical work, and an ample library for the polite and well-informed. The success of such an undertaking must depend on its execution; we are glad, therefore, to learn that many eminent persons in the literary and scientific world give their cordial support to this new project. It is understood that the publication of the Cabinet Cyclopædia will commence in January next, under the superintendence of Dr. Lardner.

Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, author of the Annals of that place, announces two volumes of Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, chiefly historical and legendary, and hitherto unpublished: collected from the recitations of very old people, and accompanied with Explanatory Notes.

Mr. Richards is preparing for the press a Popular Treatise on Nervous Disorders; with Observations on Physical Sympathy, and a Dissertation on the best Dietetic and Medicinal Remedies.

A periodical work is announced, entitled Eminent Women, their Lives and Characters. Designed for the improvement of Female Youth.

In the Press.—The Present State of Van Diemen's Land, its Agriculture, Capabilities, &c. By Henry Widdowson, late Agent to the Van Diemen's Land Agricultural Establishment.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Last Days, by the Rev. E. Irving, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Jesus, the Messiah, by a Lady, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Ottley's First Principles of Arithmetic, 12mo. 2s. sheep.—Fry's Scripture Reader's Guide, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Tablet of French Pronunciation, 18mo. 3s. bds.—Trimmer's Second Footstep, 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 18	From 45. to 65.	30.01 to 29.99
Friday 19	— 43. — 68.	29.96 — 30.02
Saturday .. 20	— 42. — 66.	30.10 — 30.12
Sunday 21	— 37. — 67.	30.12 — 30.04
Monday 22	— 42. — 64.	29.91 — 29.92
Tuesday .. 23	— 48. — 67.	30.00 — 30.05
Wednesday 24	— 51. — 68.	30.04 — 30.00

Wind variable, prevailing S.E. and S.W.

Generally clear; rather foggy on the morning of the 20th.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Civis is thanked for his friendly letter.

We are sorry to be obliged to discourage R. W. T. of Brighton.

The complaint from Lymington, that a work published by Messrs. Whittaker in 1824, entitled The Topography of all the known Vineyards in France, &c. has been republished *verbatim*, under the new name of A Guide to Importers, &c., is, if well founded, which we have not time to determine, an extremely discreditable trick. We observed the latter work noticed in several Reviews without a comment on its spuriously succeeding the same work which had fallen into oblivion.

*** Since writing our notice of the King's College, we have seen the Paternoster Row pamphlet, which we find to be a satirical squib, with wood-cuts, published by Shiell, and consequently not of the character we had understood it to be.

The hawthorn blossoms in an *autumnal* eve is certainly a blunder in the Sonnet in our last No.: it escaped our notice: and even the Glastonbury thorn would only give us winter instead of the usual blossoming time of spring.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S NEW PICTURE of CHAIRING the MEMBERS, (Mock Election, King's Bench), WILL OPEN at the Great Room, Bazar, Old Bond Street, on Monday, October 6th.
Admittance, 1s.; Children, 6d.—Catalogue, 6d.
N.B. Straight forwards, upstairs.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON. The Medical Classes will Open on Wednesday, the 1st of October. The particulars have been already advertised, and may be seen at the Shops of the Medical Booksellers in London; and at Mr. Taylor's, 30, Upper Gower Street.

An Introductory Lecture to his course will be given by each Professor, as follows:—

Physiology, Surgery, and Clinical Surgery, by Charles Bell, Esq.; on Wednesday, the 1st of October.

Nature and Treatment of Diseases, by John Conolly, M.D.; on Thursday, the 2d.

Midwifery, and Diseases of Women and Children, by D. Davis, M.D. on Friday, the 3d.

Anatomy and Operative Surgery, by G. S. Pattison, Esq.; on Saturday, the 4th.

Materia Medica and Pharmacy, by Dr. A. T. Thompson; on Monday, the 6th.

And Clinical Medicine, by Thomas Watson, M. D.; on Tuesday, the 7th.

The Lecture each day will commence at Three o'Clock precisely.

There will be free admissions to these Introductory Lectures, but by Tickets only. Tickets will be delivered to Proprietors at the Office of the University, 20, Percy Street; others must apply to Mr. Taylor, the Bookseller of the University, 30, Upper Gower Street.

Classes for the following branches of education will be opened in November, of which a more detailed account will shortly be advertised:—The Latin, Greek, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, and Oriental Languages and Literature. The French Language, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Comparative Anatomy and Zoology, Jurisprudence and English Law.

Information respecting the system of education to be pursued at the University, with outlines of the courses, tables of fees, &c. will be found in the "Second Statement by the Council," to be had of Longman; Murray, Albemarle Street; and Taylor, 30, Upper Gower Street. Price 1s. 6d.

An abridgment of this Statement will be found in the chief periodical publications of June and July last.

The names of Students are entered at the University Chambers, 29, Percy Street, Bedford Square.

Letters requiring further information, addressed to Mr. Thomas Coates, as above, post paid, will be attended to.

By order of the Council,
THOMAS COATES, Clerk.

University Chambers, September 15, 1828.

DR. COPLAND'S LECTURES on the NATURE and TREATMENT of DISEASES; embracing the Principles of Pathology, Morbid Anatomy, &c. These Lectures will be commenced on Thursday, the 2d October, at Ten o'Clock, A. M. at the Anatomical and Medical School, Little Dean Street, Dean Street, Soho Square, and will be illustrated by Practical Instructions on the Cases under Treatment at the Dispensary attached to the School, and at the Royal Infirmary for Children; and by coloured Drawings, Plates, &c.

Dr. Copland will also deliver a Course of Lectures on the Influence of Climate on Health and Disease; embracing, particularly, the Disorders of Warm Countries.

For particulars, apply to Dr. Copland, 1, Bulstrode Street, Cavendish Square.

MR. ALCOCK will commence his LECTURES on the PRINCIPLES and PRACTICE of SURGERY, at the School of Medicine, Little Dean Street, Dean Street, Soho Square, on Monday, October 6th, at Five o'Clock in the Afternoon.

Gentlemen established in Practice, desirous of renewing their Practical Attainments, may be assisted and superintended in Private Courses of Operative Surgery adapted to their particular pursuits.

Particulars on application to Mr. Alcock, 11, New Burlington Street, between the Hours of Ten and Twelve.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for October, price Half-a-crown, will contain—I. Supply of "Subjects" to the Schools of Anatomy—II. The Smugglers of Algesiras—III. Metropolitan Improvements, No. 3.—IV. Village Sketches, No. 11; the Show—V. Our Modern Pictures—VI. The Evening Star—VII. Dr. Granville's Travels to St. Petersburgh—VIII. The Court of Chancery, No. 3.—IX. The Theatres—Reviews of New Publications—Literary and Scientific Varieties—List of Works Published and in Preparation—Patents lately Granted, and lately Expired—Obituary of Distinguished Individuals—Monthly Agricultural and Commercial Reports, &c. &c.
Published by G. Whittaker, 13, Ave Maria Lane.

Of whom may also be had, embellished with a Portrait of Baroness Grey de Ruthven,

La Belle Assemblée, for October, which will also contain Four full-length Figures, appropriately coloured, of the Female Fashions. The Literary contents will consist of an Illustrative Memoir of the Portrait—Contemporary Poets, and Writers of Fiction, No. 25.—Lord Morpeth—The Longevity of Trees—The Bridal; a Sketch—Fairy Mythology, No. 7.—On the Masques of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Milton—Original Poetry—Notices of New Books—Fine Arts—Publications—Exhibitions, &c. &c. Price 3s.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. V. is this day published.
30, Soho Square, Sept. 27th.

MONSIEUR LOUIS FENWICK DE PORQUET'S STUDIES for the FRENCH and ITALIAN LANGUAGES.
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Buonaparte, un Sénateur et
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Buonaparte et son Jardinier
Conversation de, avec Monsieur Dupuis, Maître de Pension
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Célérier et Napoléon
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The 6th edition of

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No. 611. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Universal Prayer; Death; a Vision of Heaven; and a Vision of Hell. By Robert Montgomery, author of the "Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. &c. 4to. pp. 140. London, 1828. S. Maunder.

WITHIN the present year we had to review a preceding volume of sacred poetry by this highly gifted author; the praise we bestowed upon which has been amply justified by the almost unprecedented call for seven editions within little more than seven months. We must, therefore, now consider him as a confirmed public favourite; and may spare ourselves the task of repeating eulogies or severer critical duties. Our opinion shall be simply and fairly stated. The volume now before us consists of the four poems indicated in the title-page, and two minor pieces: the whole in blank verse. Of the four, we may say that we infinitely prefer Death, and the Vision of Heaven, to the other two; though the Universal Prayer is a calm and dignified production, replete with pure devotional feelings. But we will take them in their order, and make a few remarks on each; only prefacing the whole with the general observation, that Mr. Montgomery (not yet, we believe, of age!) must still be viewed as combining the noblest endowments of genius with something of the effervescence and inexperience of youth. The rapidity with which he has followed up his former great and successful effort must also be taken into account; and while we admire the vigour and fecundity of his ardent mind, we may discover an excuse for the inaccuracies and errors which yet occur in his works.

The Universal Prayer reminds us of the inspired writings of the Psalmist, and we will quote two short passages as examples of its beauty.

"And may the old, upon whose gray-worn heads
Past Time has placed an honourable crown,
When earth grows dim, and worldly joys decay,
Find heaven advancing, as the world retires!
O Thou that fathomest the guilty mind,
And canst unravel each unhallow'd thought
Untold, arouse the erring soul, by sin
Withdrawn from thee! unveil the form of Vice,
And bare her hideous aspect to the eye
Of Truth; then bid the rebel heart return,
And blot its errors with repentant tears."

"In every scene
A love for thee prevails; creation breathes
Of heaven. The vaulted sky bedropt with stars,
The ocean roll'd to rest, or sending up
Tremendous pæans to her mighty Lord!—
The field and flower—whate'er in noontide walk
Is sweet,—allure his wondering heart to Him,
The source and spirit of the moving whole:
All order, beauty, and perfection here,
Are but as shadows of more perfect bliss
Cast from a purer world; he dwells in Thee,
And Thou in him; heaven is his native home,
And immortality shall hail him there."

Yet there are symptoms of haste and carelessness in this poem. At page 12, the "*Sun of Truth*" is made feminine;—the following line is bad, and too alliterative:

"Revealed,—we all are wrecked on rocks of sin:

at page 14, the passions are strangely distinguished from impulse, which roams "unheedful of the voice within:" the "*shadow* of a thought," is rather a questionable expression in itself, but unallowable in a verse where, within two lines, the '*well* of thought" is mentioned: and in this same page, the indiscriminate use of *each* and *every*, with only three words between them, is, to say the least, inelegant. At p. 16, an *arrow* plucked without leaving a *sting*, is also objectionable; and the annexed must have a like verdict—

"Arise,
God of the slave and *free!* and dash *their chains.*"

The foregoing, it is true, are little more than verbal criticisms; but it is an attention to words, as well as to the purity of images and metaphors, which constitutes the refined charm of poetry. Therefore, the phrase "*sainted* blood," applied to the Saviour of the world, is decidedly ill chosen.

We now take up the poem on Death, which is, indeed, a splendid performance. The author sets out by invoking the Tyrant of the World; and then discursively glances at various scenes where his terrors appear. These are surveyed with the eye of true poetry; and, whether grandly dreadful, or affectingly pathetic, belong to the best order of inspiration. Death's agents are described: Murder, "his visage blanched with guilt, and *cold as dead revenge!!*" But we will, before offering further remarks, select a beautiful picture of infancy falling in the bud, though with some imperfections.

"Lo!
A distant landscape, dawning forth amid
The bright suffusion of a summer sun.
On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy
Is bounding, playful as a breeze new-born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his *trepid* [qy?] locks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy *shaped* his brow, and Pleasure *rolls* his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand;
The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.
To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove,—
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
And infant gladness from each happy face,—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.
The scene hath changed into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-eyed and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid,—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon, and nursling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away
Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids seal'd,
Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrobed—
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above."

From the fate of Genius we may also quote a portion, as an example probably of the writer's own emotions.

"To have thy glory mapp'd upon the chart
Of Time, and be immortal in the truth
And offspring of a lofty soul: to build
A monument of mind, on which the world
May gaze, and round it future ages throng,—
Such is the godlike wish for ever warm
And stirring in thy spirit's depth: and oft
Beneath the mute magnificence of heaven,
When wandering at the radiant hour of noon,
Ambition dares, and hope secures thee all!
Romantic boy! ambition is thy curse;
And ere upon the pinnacle of fame
Thou stand'st, with triumph beaming from thy brow,
The grave will hold thee and thy buried hopes.
The path to glory is a path of fire
To feeling hearts, all gifted though they be,
And martyrs to the genius they adore:
The wear of passion and the waste of thought,
The glow of inspiration and the gloom
That like a death-shade clouds the brightest hour,—
And that fierce rack on which a faithless world
Will make thee writhe—all those ennerving pangs,
With agonies that mock the use of words,
Thou canst not bear—thy temple is a tomb!"

A city devoured by plague, a lovely maiden dying of consumption, a captive sinking in his dungeon, a forlorn female perishing in the streets, and other vivid sketches, follow in succession; but we must content ourselves with one variety more, and a very few slight and insulated specimens alike of the excellent and of the unpolished.

"All that we love and feel on Nature's face
Bear dim relations to our common doom.
The clouds that blush and die a beamy death,
Or weep themselves away in rain; the streams
That flow along in dying music,—leaves
That fade, and drop into the frosty arms
Of Winter, there to mingle with dead flowers,—
Are all prophetic of our own decay.
And who, when hung enchanted o'er some page
Where genius flashes from each living line,
Hath never wander'd to the tomb to see
The hand that penned it, and the head that thought
Yet feelings, colour'd by the cloud of death,
With sweet oppression oft o'erflow the mind,
As when with pauseful step we pace some aisle,
And own the eloquence of tombs: or when
Sublimely musing by the sounding deep,
We watch the ever-rolling waves career
To where the ocean weds the sky, and think—
Thus roll away the restless hours of time!"

Of similar beauty and greater novelty are these fine lines:—

"And when the wind,
Like a stray infant down autumnal dales,
Roamed wailingly, she loved to mourn and muse;
To commune with the lonely orphan flowers,
And through sweet Nature's ruin trace her own.
But through the churchyard's silent range to roam,
Was her most saddening joy.
No warriors hand to hand and sword to sword
Confronted, till from out some bloody gap
Their spirits bound into eternity!
The very dust
That in our daily walks we tread, had once
Some breathing mould of beauty been!
I glow'd
With thoughts that panted to be eloquent.
Yet only ventured forth in tears!"

It is not easy from passages so detached to gather the complete effect and spirit: but these can hardly be read without eliciting a perception of their high poetic character. Among the trifling blemishes which require pointing

out in this superb composition, are, the sketch of *Madness*, "like a pale cloud she glides along," which is rather descriptive of *Melancholy*;—the absurd image, "in the joyous *eye* of daily Life, how frequent Death will thrust his woful *face!*"—the phrase, "a fainting sound;"—and another phrase, of the "fierce rain hissing, as though each drop would dash a shower."

The Vision of Heaven, though the idea was probably suggested by Southey's, is of a very different kind, and contains some admirable poetry. Yet it opens very inauspiciously:

"*One* summer evening, from the molten sky,
When radiance came to beautify the world,
By Fancy led, along *some* lawny vale
I roam'd."

The *one* changing to *some*, the definite to the indefinite, is hardly the worst of this passage; for on turning the page we found "the lawny vale" also changed into "the woody dale"—not altogether inconsistent, it is true, but not certainly in perfect landscape keeping.* But then come redeeming beauties far beyond the price of such minute offence. The Poet is in fancy borne upward, and

"Beneath the span
Of heaven, all earth lay languishing in light;
Her streamlets with a bee-like murmur ran,
And while the trees like living creatures waved
Their plumage to the wind, the bird and breeze
Together hymn'd and harmonised the air.

I roam'd, then sat delighted on a mound
Green-tress'd and glitt'ring in the dizzy rays
Of eve, and heavenward turn'd my musing eye.
Who ever glanced the heavens, nor dream'd of God,
Of human destiny, and things divine?
O that mine eye could pierce yon azure cope!
Thus stirred the daring thought; and while it warm'd
Within, a trance like heavenly music stole
Upon my spirit, weaning earthly sense,
Till, in a vision, up the airy deep
It darted, as a sky-bird to the clouds!

Thus disembodied, through the air I wing'd,
Till earth beneath me in the glassy depth
Lay twinkling like a star."

He recognises Milton in the celestial regions; but,

"Fairest of all fair visions seen above,
Remember'd loves and unforgotten friends
Were recognised again! Along a mead
Of bright immensity I saw them stray;
Not anguish-worn, or rack'd with inward fears,
But shining in the beauty of the bless'd:—
Oh! ye in life so loved, in death so mourn'd!
How oft affection through the desert world
Delights to track ye where your feet have trod,
Through fav'rite walks, or fancy-haunted bowers!
On twilight breezes wing your voices? or
In fairy music fraught with infant years,
Are echoes woven from your hymns above?
In mournful days and melancholy hours
We think of you: we shrine ye in the stars,
And recreate ye in celestial dreams!"

Of the poem entitled a Vision of Hell (which resembles neither Milton's nor Byron's) we shall say very little. It is bold and severely moral; but will, we are of opinion, be much condemned, and not without justice. The youth of the writer is indeed hardly sufficient apology for his presumption in placing among "ruined souls" the portraits of individuals recently dead, the originals of which cannot be mistaken.† Hell is too appalling to admit of personality; and we could have wished that this piece had not been where it is, to weaken the sentiments kindled by its nobler associates. We must also dismiss the short productions, Beautiful Influences, and on Seeing a Celebrated Poet, with a single word; but it is of strong commendation, especially of the latter.

On the whole, in concluding our criticism, we have to notice frequent occasions in which Mr. M. commits the fault of going in the same sentence from the past to the present time with his verbs (see pages 50 and 89); and also two or three examples of inharmonious measure.

"Then fiercely dives below, (the) while thunders roll," p. 40.

"Along the mid-heaven floated fairy isles," p. 86.

"Death and Time devoured no more:
The doom revokeless, by prophetic lips foretold," p. 103:

are not blank verse. At page 115 the term antipodes is hardly classical. But no more of these trivial specks, which, after all, are but as those which are seen upon the face of the sun. We have adduced them as lessons to other bards, and in support of our judgment touching the mixed character of genius and inexperience belonging to Mr. Montgomery's work. Taken altogether, it is a great and an extraordinary performance, and will much extend the fame so truly deserved by its author.

* We also dislike the canopy of heaven depicted as of "rainbows, whose transparent *gleams* like *water-shadows* shone;" and three sequent lines, p. 89, beginning with *that*—a blot so easily avoided.

† There is a glorious trait in speaking of one of these as

"One of those surpassing minds
It takes a cent'ry to create."

The Anglo-Irish of the Nineteenth Century. A Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, H. Colburn.

USELESS and common-place mysteries, got up for the sake of a melo-dramatic scene; a hero; the usual necessary nothingness; a heroine in Lady Morgan's most approved style, her identity with herself always in doubt; a plot—but truly that is an ingredient commonly dispensed with in modern novels; and this one quite eschews so old-fashioned a commodity. And yet, with all this to censure, the book is evidently the production of a very clever person; it is the lively, keen observation, which would fill a tourist's portfolio with amusing sketches; it is the vivacity, which would throw off an excellent essay,—but without the talent, or perhaps the experience, necessary for a well-connected novel. Written entirely with reference to the melancholy condition of Ireland, the author has shewn equal discernment and liberality: faults and foibles are severely but entertainingly sketched; while the better parts of the picture are far from being left in the back ground; and we give great credit to the spirit in which they are written. Some scenes, to which we must allow considerable praise, are too long for insertion: perhaps the following quotation is as fair a specimen as any, and, besides, exhibits one peculiar merit in these volumes, viz. several spirited conversations.

"'A good talker!—And who, may I ask, Mr. Secretary, are you so defining?' 'Sir Walter,' answered the secretary. 'I told you,' muttered Gunning, aside to Gerald: then he proceeded aloud, indeed very loud; 'Good talkers! I don't know a more silly cant of this canting day. Mention the name of minister, poet, painter, actor, or essayist,—and the question is, not how does he tax us, or rhyme, or paint, or act, or twist a simple thread of common sense, but 'how does he talk?' that's the important point.' 'But a great name is adorned, at least, by the possession of this pleasing quality,' said Mr. Stewart. 'Indeed, sir!' Gerald thought that the cynic was gratified to engage Mr. Stewart upon a question, in the discussion of which he could, to the utmost verge of language, inconvenience that gentleman's nationality;—'pardon me, it is eclipsed by it. There's Coleridge has lost his poetical name altogether, by his fascinations in the new mode of egotism. The Count de Soligny, in his last letters on England, after giving but a cold account of the bard's published works, adds, 'but I have heard him talk!' thereby grounding his admiration of Coleridge's genius on the man's *unpublished*, talking essays.' 'I was indeed hurt myself to read, this morning, in a licentious periodical work, the account of Coleridge's egotism, given by a cockney essayist,' said the bishop, 'while 'explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister,' Coleridge's 'chant' is, in a strong vein of affectation, much lauded.' 'Chant!—good!' resumed Mr. Gunning; 'ay, and Wordsworth's chant too; and this is the same essayist who constantly exhibits old Northcote as such a talker; adding not a word about his easel. Pray, secretary, how does your courtly Sir Thomas talk? very smoothly, I know, and all that; but how else?' 'Very sensibly.' 'He doesn't mean his answer,' whispered Gunning to Gerald, and then continued: 'Dr. Morris, during his visit at Abbotsford, thought little of the great Northern until he began, after dinner, to recite or talk some of his 'auld world stories;' and then such a picture as we get of his style of recitation, and of his eyes, eyebrows, and all!' 'And the hero of the Shandrydan,' said Gerald, 'in afterwards instituting a comparison between 'the great poet of Scotland, and the great poet of the lakes,' certainly says not a word about their works, but all about their 'different styles of conversation.' 'To be sure: and Wordsworth's 'sonorousness'—chant, I suppose—drawl—I am sure, is quite as much admired as Coleridge's since has been. Then Hobhouse wrote a large volume, partly of memoirs of the Italian rhymsters; and there we find ingenuity on the stretch to ascertain Ugo Foscolo's method of talking. On the authority of 'a lady' who enjoyed the advantage of Ortis's private society, he seems to be a rapid, ceaseless babbler, until we are checked by the grave historical account of his statue-like delivery of certain set speeches in Venice, when we are given to understand that he never loosed his two hands from the back of a chair, nor raised his voice beyond a monotonous rumble.' 'Who is Ugo Foscolo?' asked Lord Horsemantown. 'Ask John Murray,' answered the secretary, sneering. 'And honest John will tell your lordship that he knew him very well,' added Gunning; 'and perhaps he can also supply some notion of Ugo's diversified manner, when upon certain occasions he used, in the fervour of his talking, to toss himself about upon a chair or sofa, and strew the carpet with his locks of—not 'sable,' but brickdust 'silvered.' 'The Edinburgh was half right, some time ago—' began Mr. Stewart. 'What! do you ever think it right?' interrupted Mr. Gunning. '*Apropos* to that, or to something like it,—I beg pardon a moment—Nixon, pen, ink, and paper,' said the secretary, of a sudden,—'pray let me stand excused; but there is one little matter I shall have no time but this evening to do—just a scribble—and I stop no one, not even your discussion, Gunning,—for you know I can write and *talk* together;' and, as he had done speaking, the servant placed the pen, ink, and paper, to his hand; and the secretary immediately began his new task. 'I was about to mention,' resumed Mr. Stewart, 'that though we seldom agree, I did think the Edinburgh warranted in censuring, as scarcely polite, the very talent for which John Philpot Curran's Irish admirers highly praise him; his engrossing habits of conversation at table, and his setting the table in a roar, and all that.' 'No doubt they were right, sir,' assented Mr. Gunning, in a view of his own; 'and yet I presume the Scottish critic would

be one of the first to bless the man who, in his own house, makes his Welsh guests, among others, listen to retails or anticipations of poems or novels, sold or to be sold.' 'But poems and novels of which the repetition can never tire,' said Gerald. 'In the reading, I grant you: you will remark, sir, that we do not now speak of their extraordinary merit—indeed, not at all of them, but merely of their being *so* talked about.' 'Can't men think?' observed Lord Horsemantown. 'No, my lord, because they talk. Talkers! we are grown a nation of talkers. We usurp the women's ancient privilege, and they can only listen to it; it is come to that with them. We leave it to the North American Indians to say 'much talk, little do;' and their Squaws are the only remaining branch of the gentler sex, whose taciturn husbands allow to female tongues the enjoyment of their prescriptive right.' 'There is an actor,' said Mr. Grady, mysteriously, 'who, for talking Greek after dinner, gets more puffed by the press than on account of his doings behind the lamps.' 'I propose a college of talkers,' said the secretary, not stopping his pen, at least observedly; 'nay, a London University, with preparatory schools. I propose an abolition of printed poems, and all kind of books, and the substitution of talking bodies—' 'Of the first of which, Coleridge shall be president,' put in Gunning. 'If you like; but in them let the characters of literary men, at least, be fixed, by good talking works, and afterwards disseminated, by affiliated institutions, over the world.' 'It might be a good way, secretary, to save ourselves the perplexity of our present mixed notion of only doubtful prose or rhyme, and good talking. We should then get a whole character before us.' 'Newton knew nothing about talking,' observed Gerald. 'He had no need,' said Lord Horsemantown. 'I know of a Newton who does,' observed the secretary, in his dry way. 'The very delightful painter?' inquired Gerald. 'Mr. Newton the painter,' rejoined the secretary. 'And after all,' continued Gunning, 'even when we give one of these gentlemen his most wished-for title of 'good talker,' 'tis but a limited and qualified title. They cannot always, nor in every situation, talk well—nay, at all. Thus, Coleridge and Wordsworth are supreme in metaphysics; the one in his metaphysics, the other after a sermon: give them Cobbett, and they stare: yet the turnip-farmer is choice on his own plot of ground; to all intents and purposes, a first-rate talker. Ay, or place the dreamer of the Ancient Mariner, and the dreamer of the Excursion together, and, all to nothing, one becomes a listener, or both wax stupid. Foscolo told me he knew Coleridge when he first came to England; I believe they lived some time in the same house (at least Ugo said so), but did not continue friends. I remember him averring, in a torrent of stunning volubility, that the Highgate Hermit talked too much."

The character of Mr. Gore is well sketched: confounding extravagance with generosity, being too often mean from having been too profuse, and prone to recklessness both in receiving and returning obligations, are drawn in those dark colours they truly merit. Some of the scenes from lower life are almost painfully accurate: but our whole acquaintance with the three volumes has been obtained too hastily, and too late in the week, to admit of our speaking more decidedly to the character of the work.

A Guide to Mount's Bay, &c.

We return to this pleasant volume of the *dulce et utile*, agreeably to our promise, and shall first make a few extracts relative to some of the Cornish mines.

"The names by which the Cornish mines are distinguished are usually invented by the first adventurers, and are often whimsical enough: the usual prefix, *huel* (always pronounced, and generally erroneously spelt, wheel), signifies, in the Cornish language, *a hole;* while the specific name of the mine is taken from some trivial or accidental circumstance: thus Dolcoath was the name of an old woman, Dorothy Koath, who lived upon the spot where the working of the mine commenced; Huel Providence was so called from the accidental way in which it was discovered; and Huel Boys from the lode having been first noticed by children who had been playing, and digging pits in imitation of shafts. By a rough calculation, it may be stated that there are about 130 mines in the country; but the number is of course subject to variation, old workings being frequently given up, and new mines opened, or forsaken ones resumed. Besides the mines, there are also 'stream works,' which afford a large quantity of the purest oxide. They occur in valleys, and derive their name from the manner in which they are worked, which merely consists in washing the alluvial soil, by directing a stream of water over it, when, the finer particles being washed away, the tin ore is procured in a separate form. The process is termed streaming for tin. It is a singular fact, that the only traces of gold to be found in Cornwall are in these alluvial depositions, in which it sometimes occurs in small grains, mostly detached, but occasionally adhering to quartz. The miners engaged in the stream works are generally prepared with quills, into which they drop these particles as they find them; and when the quill is full, it is carried to the goldsmith for sale, and considered as a perquisite."

Speaking of the Crown Engine of Botallack, so named from its vicinity to three rocks called the Three Crowns, Dr. Paris says:

"This is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary and surprising places in the mining districts of Cornwall, whether considered for the rare and rich assemblage of its minerals, or for the wild and stupendous character of its rock scenery. Surely, if ever a spot seemed to bid defiance to the successful efforts of the miner, it was the site of the Crown Engine at Botallack, where, at the very commencement of his subterranean labours, he was required to lower a steam-engine down a precipice of more than two hundred feet, with the view of extending his operations under the bed of the Atlantic ocean!!! There is something in the very idea which alarms the imagination; and the situation and appearance of the gigantic machine, together with the harsh jarring of its bolts, re-echoed from the surrounding rocks, are well calculated to excite our astonishment. But if you are thus struck and surprised at the scene when viewed from the cliff above, how much greater will be your wonder if you descend to the surface of the mine. You will then behold a combination of the powers of Art, with the wild sublimity of Nature, which is quite unparalleled; the effects of the whole being not a little heightened by the hollow roar of the raging billows, which are perpetually lashing the cliff beneath. In looking up, you will observe troops of mules laden with sacks of coals, for the supply of the engine, with their undaunted riders, fearlessly trotting down the winding path which you trembled at descending even on foot. As you approach the engine, the cliff becomes almost perpendicular, and the ore raised from the mine is therefore drawn up over an inclined plane, by means of a horse-engine placed on the extreme verge of the overhanging rocks above, and which seems to the spectator below as if suspended in 'mid air.' The workings of this mine extend at least seventy fathoms in length under the bed of the sea; and in these caverns of darkness are many human beings, for a small pittance, and even that of a precarious amount, constantly digging for ore, regardless of the horrors which surround them, and of the roar of the Atlantic ocean, whose boisterous waves are incessantly rolling over their heads. We should feel pity for the wretch who, as an atonement for his crimes, should be compelled to undergo the task which the Cornish miner voluntarily undertakes, and as cheerfully performs; yet such is the force of habit, that very rarely does any other employment tempt him to forsake his own: the perils of his occupation are scarcely noticed, or if noticed are soon forgotten."

This place is amazingly rich in mineral products, besides the staples tin and copper.

Smelting tin ore "consists in first heating the ore, with about an eighth part of culm,* in a reverberatory furnace for six hours, during which period the sulphur and arsenic are volatilised, and the ore is reduced to its metallic state; the furnace is then tapped, and the liquid metal run out: a second melting, however, is necessary before it is sufficiently pure to be cast into blocks,† and assayed at the coinage. After this last melting, and before the tin is poured into the moulds, a piece of green apple-tree wood is thrown into the liquid metal, and kept under its surface, the effect of which is to throw up the scoria with rapidity; it would seem to act merely in producing a violent ebullition, by the sudden disengagement of steam. One hundred parts of the oxide of tin ('black tin'), at an average, will yield about sixty-five parts of metal, or white tin, as it is technically termed. * * *

"At present the greatest metallic product of the county is copper,‡ although this metal is comparatively of modern discovery, and has not been worked longer than a century. The reason assigned for its having so long remained concealed, is the assumed fact, that copper generally occurs at a much greater depth than tin, and that, consequently, the ancients, for want of proper machinery to drain off the water, were compelled to relinquish the metallic vein before they reached the copper. It is stated by Pryce, in his Mineralogia Cornubiensis, as a general rule, that tin seldom continued rich and worth working lower than fifty fathoms; but of late years the richest tin mines in Cornwall have been much deeper. Trevenen mine was 150, Hewas Downs 140, Poldice 120, and Huel Vor is now upwards of 130 fathoms in depth. Upon the first discovery of copper ore, the miner, to whom its nature was entirely unknown, gave

* "A species of very pure coal, containing no sulphur. It is imported from Wales.

† "It is a favourite custom to dress a beef steak on the pure tin in the mould, as soon as the surface becomes sufficiently hard to bear it; and it must be admitted to be very far superior to that which is cooked in the ordinary manner.

‡ "In the year 1822 the produce of the copper mines in Cornwall amounted to 106,783 tons of ore, which produced 9,331 tons in copper, and 676,988*l.* in money. Whereas the quantity of tin ore raised did not exceed 29,000 tons."

it the name of *poder;* and it will hardly be credited in these times, when it is stated, that he regarded it not only as useless, but upon its appearance was actually induced to abandon the mine: the common expression upon such an occasion was, 'that the ore came in and spoilt the tin.'* About the year 1735, Mr. Coster, a mineralogist of Bristol, observed this said poder among the heaps of rubbish; and seeing that the miners were wholly unacquainted with its value, he formed the design of converting it to his own advantage; he accordingly entered into a contract to purchase as much of it as could be supplied. The scheme succeeded, and Coster long continued to profit by Cornish ignorance. The mines in the county of Cornwall consist chiefly of tin and copper, besides which there are some which yield lead,† cobalt,‡ and silver.§ The ores are in veins, which are provincially termed lodes, the most important of which run in an east and west direction: during their course they vary considerably in width,—from that of a barley-corn to thirty-six feet; the average may be stated at from one to four feet. It is, however, by no means regular; the same lode will vary in size from six inches to two feet in the space of a few fathoms. No instance has yet occurred of lodes having been cut out in depth: the deepest mine now at work is Dolcoath, which is about 235 fathoms from the surface to the lowest part.‖ Crenver and Oatfield have lately been stopped: they were 240 fathoms deep. The rocks through which the lodes descend are of different kinds; thus are copper and tin found in granite as well as in slate. The tin in these veins generally occurs in the state of an oxide: the only copper ore of any consequence is copper pyrites, or sulphuret of copper; the arseniates, carbonates, &c. being too small in quantity to be of any importance in a mining point of view. Iron and arsenical pyrites are also very common attendants, and are both confounded under the name of *mundic.* Besides the metalliferous veins which run easterly and westerly, we have already stated that there are others, not generally containing ore, which maintain a direction from north to south, and on that account are called cross courses, and often prove to the miner a great source of trouble and vexation; for they not only cut through the other veins, but frequently alter their position, or *heave* them, as it is termed; and it is a very curious fact, that most of the tin and copper lodes thus heaved, are shifted in such a manner as to be generally found by turning to the right hand; left-handed heaves being comparatively rare. In Huel Peever this vexatious phenomenon occurred, and it was not until after a search of forty years that the lode was recovered."

In our former Number we described a Cornish fête; but the following is so peculiar to Helston, that we are also tempted to transcribe it,—it is called the *Furry.*

"The morning of the eighth of May is ushered in with the sound of drums and kettles, when the streets are soon thronged with spectators and assistants in the mysteries. So strict is the observance of this day as a general holyday, that should any person be found at work, he is instantly seized, set astride on a pole, and hurried on men's shoulders to the river, where, if he does not commute his punishment by a fine, he is sentenced to leap over a wide place, which he of course fails in attempting, and falls into the water, to the great amusement of the spectators. At about the hour of nine the revellers appear before the grammar school, and make their demand of a prescriptive holyday, after which they collect contributions from house to house. They then *fadé* into the country (*fadé* being an old English word for *go*), and about noon return with flowers and oak branches in their hats and caps: from this time they dance, hand in hand, through the streets, preceded by a violin, playing an ancient traditional tune.* There is also a traditional song which is sung in chorus, involving the history of Robin Hood, whose connexion with the present festival it is not easy to understand. Upon this occasion it is a right, assumed from time immemorial, for the persons engaged in the dance to enter and run through any house they please, without molestation. The higher classes of the inhabitants having, with much good humour, assisted in the rites of the day, and performed their *ex-forensic* orgies, resort to the ball-room, where they are usually met by the neighbouring families, and by those strangers who may happen to be in this part of Cornwall. The merry dance is commenced at an early hour, and generally protracted to the dawn of the ensuing day."

We find we must still reserve our pilchards for another week.

* "The Saxon miners formerly regarded cobalt in the same way. They considered it so troublesome when they found it among other ores, that a prayer was used in the German church, that God would preserve miners from cobalt and from spirits.

† "Lead is principally found in cross courses, or north and south veins. The lead yields about sixty ounces of silver per ton.

‡ "Huel Sparnon tin and copper mine, in the parish of Redruth, is the only mine in the county that ever produced any considerable quantity of cobalt: one fragment raised from it weighed 1,333 pounds.

§ "In the copper lode of Huel Ann there occurred a distinct vein of black and gray silver ore, with native silver, from two to five inches wide, with a wall of quartz on each side. It was, however, very short.

‖ "As the counting-house of Dolcoath has been determined to be 360 feet above the level of the sea, the mine extends 1050 feet below it; which is probably deeper under the sea level than any mine in the globe."

* It is a remarkably pretty air.—*Ed. L. G.*

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Mr. John Martin's Plan for Supplying with Pure Water the Cities of London and Westminster, and of materially improving and beautifying the Western Parts of the Metropolis. Second edition, illustrated with numerous Plates.

MR. MARTIN perseveres, with the ardour of a man of genius, in his efforts to induce the public to adopt the plan which he recommends, and which has already been described in the *Literary Gazette,* for supplying London and Westminster with wholesome water. The main obstacle will probably be the cost of its execution; and yet this is a consideration which ought not, for a single moment, to be put in competition with the salutary results which no one doubts would be produced by so desirable an object.

The Apology of an Officer for withdrawing from the Profession of Arms, contained in a Letter addressed to the King; and a Series of Letters to a Friend, on the Causes and Evils of War, its Unlawfulness, &c. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 272. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THE author, obviously a very worthy, pious, and conscientious gentleman, having taken it into his head that war was unlawful for a Christian, and that even to defend one's-self from attack was a damning crime, has proved the sincerity of his principles by giving up his commission as a Captain in the Navy, and endeavoured to explain his motives and reasons in this publication. We were aware that there is a numerous sect who maintain the unlawfulness of war; but, until we perused this volume, we had no idea that they carried their notions literally to the length of allowing their throats to be cut without offering resistance, and leaving vengeance, as they express it, to the Lord. To argue on such a point, while the world remains unchanged, appears to us to be a ridiculous waste of sense; for though all men must agree, that peace with its harmonies and beauties is infinitely preferable to war with its scourges and horrors, yet to contend that the good, the quiet, the inoffensive, and the virtuous, should deliver themselves up, bound hand and foot, to the wicked and violent, is to offer an encouragement to ruffianly force and vice that would speedily convert this fair creation into a hell of blood, and sin, and misery. It is no matter whence sophisms are drawn to prop so monstrous a theory,—it is but a visionary piece of enthusiastic folly, where goodness of heart has overpowered soundness of intellect.

REVIEW EXTRA AND EXCLUSIVE!

[HAVING had to bemoan the paucity of new publications for several weeks past, it was with much pleasure, while we sat dozing listlessly in our great study-chair (one of Pratt's softest, easiest, most elastic, and best of *iron-stuffed* cushions) on Tuesday night, though even so late as the twelfth hour, which divided the month of September from the month of October, and the autumnal from the winter quarter of the year;—it was with much pleasure, we repeat, that we saw a huge and goodly package of new books laid upon our table, and heard the voice of the bearer (not one of our accustomed devils, but apparently a shade darker, and therefore exceedingly black,) announcing "*a lot of books for review.*" We immediately untied the string, and, in our hurry to devour the contents of these numerous tomes (which we were amazed at the little devil carrying so easily), were delighted beyond measure on finding that the volumes were ready *cut up,* and that our ivory folder might enjoy a sinecure! Travels! Poetry!! A fashionable Novel!!! and so many miscellaneous works!!!! and all together; and at this season of dearth and dulness! Well, it cannot rain but it pours. Vanish messenger, with as slight a smell of sulphur as possible; and be grateful to us, readers, for we have lost no time in ransacking the precious cargo for your edification and entertainment.]

First: *A Six Weeks' Tour on the Continent.* By a Professional Gentleman. 8 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray, Wife, Son, Daughter, and Co.

EIGHT volumes in six weeks beats Dr. Granville's fifteen hundred pages in four months hollow; but we are not in a grumbling humour at this time, and will even take quantity for quality with becoming thankfulness. But of what profession is our Professional Gentleman? One might think, from the bulk of his labours, that he was a professed author, a writer by trade, or, as our French neighbours call it, an *homme de lettres.* Is he a clergyman or an actor, a physician or a musician, a lawyer or a gentleman? for every body performs tours now-a-days, and, what is more, publishes accounts of them; so that not even an invalid of either sex can go to Spa or Aix la Chapelle without telling the world all about it. The present is, however, a production of a superior order; and the traveller seems to have looked as sharp as he rode, and to have peeped into as many holes and corners as was possible within the limited number of hours he had to spare, after a due allowance for sleeping and sea-sickness.

Sailing from London on Saturday morning, August the 2d, he was at Berlin on Tuesday night, the 5th; and must, consequently, have seen a great deal in four days. The steam-packet, Sir Edward Banks, indeed, made a capital voyage of fifty-four hours to Hamburgh; and posting from Hamburgh to Berlin occu-

pied but thirty-five hours. Among the passengers, per steamer, were a brace of newly married couples, who had just finished their moons, and were going abroad in search of amusement; and two gentlemen who were on their way to the Continent to take wives. The former bore the misfortunes of the voyage with remarkable patience; the latter, on the contrary, were as cross with the fair wind as if it had been contrary, and accused the boiler of not working with even a forty-ass power. Instead of being content when the weather was calm, they were furious; and at one period absolutely threatened to break the captain on his own paddle-wheel, unless he applied more force to speed them on their way. Happily Stadt was reached, and four-pence paid for every parcel, towards the maintenance of the King of Hanover—Heaven bless him and his government! and shortly after, a landing was safely effected at Hamburgh, with the entrance to which port the master was a little better acquainted than he of the *Columbine* was with the road of Boulogne, when he run his terrified passengers ashore, a fortnight ago, within a mile or two of Ambleteuse. So much for the modern improvements in naval tactics, and keeping a reckoning by so many pints of boiling water, instead of so many points of the compass!

Altona is so called by the cockney Hamburghers from being *all too near* their city; but near as it was and is, our tourist did not stop to visit it. Indeed he hardly looked at Hamburgh; but as that place has been admirably described by Mr. Rae Wilson, we the less regret the present omission; and any of our readers desiring further information may consult a guide-book. The Stuhl Wagen (two gigs in a basket cart, pro post-chaise) from Hamburgh to Berlin, is a prodigious treat, as the driver generally gets drunk as soon as he can, and you have sundry fallings out with him and from his carriage. On this occasion, after trying every diversity of sandy path and waste, the travellers were only once overturned by the stump of a tree, not more than two feet high, and which did (not) lie in their way at all, though the Stuhl-ilion contrived with great ingenuity to find out its latitude. The examination of luggage, on entering Prussia, was very slight; and up to this mark no passport was ever asked for. Berlin is, as we all know, and therefore it should be mentioned again, a fine-looking city, with long and broad streets running at right angles, high and noble houses; —the Unter den Linden promenade (it has not before been stated, and therefore is quite news) was, at the period of our countryman's inspection of it, viz. August 6th, much frequented by nursery-maids, who seemed to speak German as plainly as London maids of the same rank speak English. The Brandenburgh Gate, the marble statues of Blucher, Bulow, &c., the Place des Gens d'Armes, the theatre, and other public buildings, appeared to have undergone little or no change since they were last described; and all that need be said about them is, that they continue to be, as heretofore, grand and imposing. The outside sights cost nothing; but seeing insides is a rather expensive amusement in Germany, as elsewhere; as douceurs and fees do not expose their offerers to be spit upon or knocked down. The King's Palace is a comfortable and neat residence; and the Princess de Leignitz, his left-handed wife, lives in a small house adjoining, which renders matters still more convenient and comfortable. From the Princess of L.'s, the traveller, by a natural transition, went to the arsenal; the former containing arms for the king, and the latter arms for 30,000 of his soldiers; and we rejoice to add, that all were in excellent order and good condition.

Out of Berlin, the Monument of the Allies is the Lion best worth a visit;—it is even better than the Lion at Waterloo! It stands on a rising ground, and commands a tolerable view of the city. About thirty or forty feet high, of cast iron, and in the Gothic style, each side of every pinnacle is inscribed with the name and date of a victory; and among the rest, *La Belle Alliance* is eminently conspicuous. The dedication is inscribed by the king to his people, as a tribute of respect to those who died in achieving these victories, of gratitude to those who fought in them and yet survive, and as an example to posterity to emulate their patriotism and devotedness.

The porcelain manufactory deserves the notice of every one who values tea-cups and saucers; which, as we do not, we advise the purchase of an iron necklace at the foundery (where they are very neatly wrought), as a specimen of Prussian manufactures less likely to be broken in bringing over to England.

At the Opera, on Friday evening, our intelligent friend saw Planché's Oberon translated into German, and listened to by the king and the Princess de Leignitz aforesaid. House crowded; scenery, dresses, and decorations, good; dancing so-so, and singing ditto,—is the critique. Potsdam and Sans Souci were the Saturday's visitations; and you pay for so many things at the former as to leave you sans six sous for the latter, unless your purse is tolerably replenished: the remains of *Frederick the Great*, in room, in house, in palace, in garrison, in church, in tomb, &c. &c. &c. cannot indeed be seen without disbursing a great many of the living king's likenesses, stamped on certain round pieces of metal called silver groschen, good groschen, and even thalers.—But enough of Berlin; and we proceed to Leipsig, with its tall houses of eight stories, respecting which we will tell no stories at all. Notwithstanding which, the Saxon girls are very pretty, &c.; and the road to Dresden is also very pretty, broad, and with plenty of Elbé-room.* At Dresden it was a fair-day, and there was a good show of gingerbread, and crowds of lads and lasses, besides gaming-stalls, toys, and sutling booths; just as at Peckham—only the very children persisted in speaking a foreign language. At the fine bridge here they have a peculiar custom, for which it seems impossible to assign any sufficient earthly or watery reason whatsoever; unless perhaps it may arise from a dread of the bridge falling over, should all the passengers choose to walk on one side, and thus not preserve a due balance and equipoise. Every person crossing it is obliged to take the right-hand side of the way; and if any one transgresses this sapient rule, he is speedily convinced by a sentry that he is wrong. The glorious picture-gallery, the top of Notre-Dame for a glorious view of the city and country round, the tomb of Moreau, the museum, the crockery warehouse, palaces, armories, must all be supposed to be seen; and as the 12th of August occurred during our loyal tourist's stay at Dresden, it is indispensable to mention that he took the opportunity to drink the health of our gracious sovereign George the Fourth, with four times four, to the exceeding astonishment of his host and hostess, their five daughters, two waiters, and one *laquais de place*. It ought also to be recorded for ever, that the ladies promenade in dresses so exactly like the English, that they might perambulate Piccadilly or Bond-street without attracting the slightest attention, though the *paysannes* display more of costume. At the opera it was Oberon again — the singing much better than at Berlin, the scenery of a very mixed order, from gorgeous to wretched.

From Dresden to Vienna the tourist experienced not the slightest trouble with his baggage, either in crossing the Bohemian or Austrian frontiers, of which so many complaints are sometimes heard. At Prague our friend seems to have been confoundedly puzzled by the *carte à manger* in the lingo of Bohemia, being neither able to read it in manuscript, nor understand it when read. He tried his luck, however, at a spell, and got a bad dinner of sundry dishes; but whether flesh, fowl, fish, or any thing else belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdoms, he is not, as it occurs to us, very capable of explaining for the guidance of future English sojourners in this ancient city.

On the wonders of Vienna we shall not dwell at any length. After nine o'clock at night the streets are almost deserted, and have none of the gaiety of London or Paris. In the library there is an extensive collection of famous *distinguished* portraits of all countries, in some sixty folio volumes; it belonged originally to Prince Eugene, and is brought down to the present age: one of the most interesting heads was an apocryphal likeness of the Editor of the *London Literary Gazette;* but if the Emperor applies to us in a proper manner, we will let him have a genuine picture of that highly distinguished individual. The arsenal is splendid; and contains, among other curiosities, the sword of Scander Beg, the armour of Prince Eugene, an instrument to discharge fifty bullets at one pull of the trigger, and a cannon that is loaded by the breech instead of the muzzle. A giraffe adorns the gardens at Schoenbrunn; and the figure and armour of a tiny Tyrolese foot-page, about eight feet high, who used to attend one of the emperors, graces the Belvidere.

Luxembourg either is or ought to be well known in England as a sort of country palace of the Emperor Francis, with the whole of the apartments on the ground-floor, and most beautiful grounds adorned with temples, towers, bridges, waterfalls, lakes, streams, and other *deliciæ sylvarum;* besides a ground for a tournament, with the lists and all the other chivalric parts in excellent order for

"Free and gentle passages at arms."

Our countryman extended his ride hence to Baden, and rather disapproves of the ladies and gentlemen taking the baths promiscuously; though it is surely less improper in these warm, blue-coloured, and sulphureous springs, than in the clear and open sea at Brighton and other watering places, on our own coasts, where the same practice is religiously observed.

From Vienna our Professional Gentleman took the route by Lintz, along the magnificent and dark-rolling Danube; and at Enns took a waltz at a ball in the hotel, which waltzing is in Germany a very grave and serious business, and by no means like the giddy twirlings of British imitation, turning the heads of the poor innocents, till they are almost ready to swoon in the encircling embrace of their bewildered partners. From Lintz to Salzbourg furnishes nothing worth extracting; and we have not a word to spare on Paracelsus, nor his tomb at the latter place. Crossing a portion of Bavaria we find an account of the salt-

* Quere—Speaking of the Saxon girls, should it not be elbow-room?—*Printer's Devil.*

works; and at Inspruck, of a house with a golden roof, which we wish we had here.

Munich, as it does with every modern visiter, excited the utmost admiration of our countryman, who speaks in raptures of the munificence, taste, and patronage of the arts and literature of its illustrious King. Munich seems to be rapidly becoming, under his sceptre, the Athens of Germany.

Returning home by Augsburg, Ulm (where the hotel containing forty bed-rooms, and Heaven knows how many beds, was crammed to the last inch of sleeping space), Stuttgard, Ludwigsburg, Heilbrunn, &c. &c., we need not follow our remarkably pleasant, intelligent, and able Professional Gentleman any farther. Descending the Rhine, he received the following characteristic sketch of German manners from a friend at *Bonn;* to which we cheerfully give place, as an example of the spirited style in which this entire work is executed.

"It is well known that the students in the different German universities affect great eccentricity of manners and dress, as well as of opinions. The present is the costume of the students of Bonn:—A small green cloth cap, with a bit of leather in front, quite unfit for its original intention of covering the head and shading the eyes; and the binding of the cap generally differs in colour, to denote the club to which the student belongs. The hair is worn long and lank; or if curled, the curls must turn in towards the head, instead of outwards, as every body else would curl the hair. The nose is often adorned with a large pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, worn rather for affectation of singularity than from any dimness of sight occasioned by intensity of abstruse study. The mustache and a little imperial beneath the lower lip are encouraged, while the ordinary facial clothing of a whisker is usually shaved clean off. A pipe, the tube of which would answer for a cudgel, and whose bowl is as big as a breakfast-cup, seldom leaves the mouth of the owner. The countenance is generally set-off by some large scars received in duels, which the students fight on the most trivial occasions. The rest of his dress consists of a frock coat of eccentric cut, no neckcloth, and the collar of the shirt allowed to fall down. From the neck is suspended an immense bag of tobacco, with which they regale themselves at all times, and suffocate every body else that approaches them. The trowsers fit tolerably tight across the body and thighs, and then gradually increase down to the ankles, and vie with the largest Cossacks ever sported in Bond Street. The boots are not always black, but sometimes red, brown, or yellow, with high heels, from which a Quixotish pair of spurs project fully six inches. The right hand of this nondescript often wields a heavy stick, the head of which is generally of iron, in form of a battle-axe, or some strange device. Such is the portrait of a flash German student!"

Having now finished our Review, as far as foreign parts are concerned, it affords us much patriotic delight to add that sentence with which the author concludes his unrivalled itinerary. "Once more," he says, "O London! within thy pure and hallowed bounds; once more within the scent of thy sea-coal fires, and breathing thy ethereal atmosphere; once more enjoying the real luxuries of well-cooked beef-steaks, washed down by porter foaming like the Danube; once more disporting on the Penitentiary-crowned banks of thy pure and silvery-watered Thames;—it affords me, as a Briton, the deepest heart-felt emotion to declare, that after visiting all the bright and glittering palaces and glorious public buildings of Berlin, of Dresden, of Vienna, and of Munich, I have seen nothing like the architecture which Mr. Nash has lavished and is lavishing upon the metropolis of my own native country. *Esto perpetua!*"

Second: *La Morgue: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books.* By M. U. M. 3 vols. post 8vo. (hot-pressed.) London, 1828. Longman and Short Co.

FEW readers of poetry can have forgotten Croly's admirable episode of the Morgue in his Paris in 1815, which probably suggested this more lengthy performance to the author. Perhaps we could have wished it had been confined to eight cantos, and contained in two volumes; for even in this poetical age, readers are apt to be startled at epics; and the best are scarcely perused in a *bonâ fide* spirit of truth, line after line, by one person in half-a-dozen. On the contrary, the Odyssey, agreeably to the ancient pun, makes folks Ill I add; they pray to be Delivered from Tasso's Jerusalem; and Milton's Paradise is so completely Lost as never to be Regained. Even Lord Dillon's Eccelino da Romano has only gone through twenty-three editions; and Southey's Madoc was mentioned but once (by himself in a letter) at the recent grand Welsh Eisteddvodd. The present is therefore to be considered as a bold attempt—arguing the consciousness of immense powers in the enthusiastic bard.

Placing, with the unanimous consent of the public (hardly excepting three or four scribbling blockheads, who cannot comprehend what is splendid, and original, and beautiful, in genius), L. E. L. at the head of the last school of poetry which has sprung up in this country, we are not sorry to see that the imitators of that charming songstress are multiplying in the land, and spreading the sweet influences of graceful compositions and fresh and lovely thoughts over the community. No one, indeed, has yet burst forth to emulate this unequalled bird of song; but even distant approaches to her exquisite melody are delightful. M. U. M. has the extraordinary merit of being one of the nearest to her admired prototype; and though as yet these types of the Initial order must observe their alphabetic position, and follow the more celebrated trio of L. E. L., we do not despair of seeing them more correlated and even in fame. The *Morgue* is descriptive of the unnumbered suicides, murders, and accidents, which so constantly furnish subjects for that dismal place; and we give the following episode of two lovers whose dead bodies were seen there at the same period, as a powerfully affecting example of the skill with which the author can excite the deepest emotions of the human breast.

The midnight hour is speaking on the wind;
It mingles strangely with the far, sweet sound
Sent from the festival, whose streaming lights
Pour fitfully upon the gloomy street.
Dark, melancholy Midnight! why has Mirth
Made her chief hour of thee? It suits thee not, —
And yet it does; for human pleasures are
But mockeries of themselves, and time goes on,
Still striving to elude itself in vain.
'Tis midnight! Wherefore to her lonely chamber
Is the young Adeline so soon returned?
She threw her on a couch, whose crimson rest
Rose like sea-waves around her fragile form;
The silver lamps shone o'er a glass which gave
The shade of the young beauty: on the air
The hyacinth had sighed its languid breath,
And one unfastened lattice let the wind
Wander mid silken curtains, whose rich dyes
Flung colours on the shadows as they past.
And she for whose sweet sake this luxury
Was gathered as her natural element,
How very fair she looked! her raven hair
(Night hath such blackness on the tempest's wing)
Was somewhat loosened from its clustering braids,
And two or three soft curls fell o'er the arm
Which lay like snow beneath them, though more warm—
Or snow with sunset on it. But her cheek,
Pale as if passion fed upon its rose—
Her large dark eyes, whose inward look seemed given
To the sad poetry of its own heart,
Till the imaginary light grew tears—
These told her history. 'Twas love—the deep,
The sensitive, the dangerous on earth,
Where, if we dare to call a spirit up,
It is for our destruction.

* * *

Born amid lonely mountains, where the sky
Seemed blent with earth, hung round with heavy woods,
Dark with a hundred years upon their boughs,
Where the wind spoke as with a spirit's voice—
His home, an ancient castle, in whose halls
Were faded pictures, yet still fair enough,
With somewhat of an eager fancy's aid,
To verify the legends of old time,
When faith, the natural piety of the heart,
And hope, exalted and refined by years
Of high endeavours, sanctified true love
Like a religion. And when Ernest went
To Paris first, his life had been a dream
Of beautiful romance. Alas! the world
Makes war on such illusions; fancies sink,
Like exhalations, to a grave of tears;
The feelings are like ghosts, that haunt the ground
Where they no more may enter: wishes, hopes,
Grow cold and selfish, centering in themselves.
But when that Ernest met sweet Adeline,
His early years were thronging back again;
Love lived at once on memory and on hope:
'Twas like the fortune of a fairy tale
That which seemed theirs. Young, beautiful, beloved!
Ah! these are charmed words; but some there are,
The wayward children of a destiny
Too fortunate, yet turned to bitterness.
Ernest was one of these: the wild romance
Of boyhood had been crushed, but not destroyed,
It had been taught concealment, not restraint,
Suspicion, not discernment: and he sought
A restless and unquiet happiness:
Impetuous, gloomy, with unreal dreams
Fevering the present, holding that his love
Must palliate all offence, save 'gainst itself,
He made the wretchedness of her he loved,
By vain suspicions, sullen jealousies,
That did themselves create the things they loathed.
Ever they met in smiles, to part in tears;
Now she had been too gay, and heard too long,
Too willingly, some flattering cavalier—
And then her sadness only meant reproach.

* * * *

How often had that lonely chamber seen
The long night wept away, and heard the vow
So often made, yet ever made in vain—
That of forgetfulness! But morning came,
And brought him, wretched—suppliant, to her feet
Again his low and pleading voice became
The music of her hope. How could she turn
From those deep, earnest eyes, whose only light
Seemed mirror'd from her own? Again her heart
Melted beneath his passionate eloquence.
But all this wore the beauty of her life:
Her nights were feverish with vain regrets,
Her days with anxious watchings; she had lost
All old, accustomed pleasures; dying round,
Her flowers were fading like herself; her lute
Hung in untuneful idleness.

* * *

She watched him as he joined another group,
And seemed to be the gayest of them all;
His last harsh words were ringing in her ears,
But vaguely, for her worn and wearied heart
Was over-full.
That night a hurried step was by the Seine—
The moonlight saw a white hand grasp the wave—
The wind bore one faint cry—and all was still.

* * *

Yet two are in that gloomy place of death,—
Two—for he followed her; the pistol still
Was in his red right hand. 'Twas said,
Unless the surgeons vilely interfered,
That both should quit the Morgue wrapt in one shroud,
And one grave hold them both!

The closing touch, respecting the surgeons, is very fine, and gives a reality to the mournful picture never surpassed, and hardly, if ever, equalled, in poetic description. It is indeed a melancholy reflection to think how many such scenes are witnessed on the Parisian coasts of the Seine, where the bodies of the unfortunate and love-lorn are almost hourly washed ashore; while the small charge of a small pistol is perhaps the total expense to which the hapless swain of a drowned heroine puts himself to follow her.

Third: *The Quadrille Party; or the Consequences of Waltzing.* Dedicated, by permission, to the King. 10 vols. folio. London, 1828. Colburn and Co.

THE importance of the subject of this elegant fashionable novel will readily plead the writer's† excuse for having extended it to something of the Scuderi bulk, so as to rival the Clelias and similar productions of former times. Though we have been indulged with a sprinkling of works of fiction of the class to which the *Quadrille Party* belongs, it must be allowed on all hands that, up to the present moment, there has been nothing adequate to the occasion. For what could be done by a few hundred volumes, from a multitude of inferior scribblers, towards developing the recesses of high life; towards portraying aristocratic manners; towards delineating that vivacity which prevails in every society of distinction; towards illustrating the wit, humour, and profound information which marks the intercourse of persons of superior rank? Really, instead of pictures, these have been mere daubs; and Pelham itself a low caricature.

But in the author before us we have metal more attractive. From the Palace to the Private Box, she has evidently mixed with none but the very *élite*, the china, as it were, of our species; and her only acquaintance with the lower orders has been obtained by giving orders to servants. The prevailing tone, too, is *fort aisée* and luxurious, but still the fair writer is evidently susceptible of excitement and more lively emotions when the cause is adequate; or, as she herself classically expresses it on a particular occasion, "one oughtn't to be stirred with trifles: neck tea-us inter sit, as Ovid says." Thus, whether she is describing that exquisite languor, ennui, and nothingness, which form so large a portion of fashionable demi-existence, or those spirited little episodes of dissipation, gaming, and intrigue, which so deliciously vary the passing phantasmagoria of being, we find her unequalled in all. Her's is truly a bouquet of the choicest flowers, and we revel in atar of roses while we skim her fascinating pages. The brilliancy of her ideas, the correctness of her feelings, the refinements of even her peccadilloes, are utterly astonishing; and we gaze upon her groups as we would upon fairies or supernatural creatures, so far are they removed above our grosser‡ senses and appetites. We ask ourselves, Do these resplendent things eat, drink, sleep, perspire, use pocket-handkerchiefs? for they do move, they do speak, or seem to say something, they look, and are not essences or automata. Let the inspired genius of the lovely writer answer for us: we extract one of her scenes.

"The golden-faced horologe on the marble mantel had suffered the pointed hand of Time to proceed beyond the mark of III., and the pleasures of the assembly appeared to be at their merrydian* height. Inspiring drafts* of the vintage of Champaigne had put expression, I had almost said meaning, into the eyes, and some slight degree of motion into the limbs of the beaux; and either the same refreshing stimuly,* or that sympathy which is common to our natures, had also imparted sensations to the hitherto listless inanition of the beauteus* dames and sylf-like* belles to whom they lisped their addresses and petitions. The principal groups who now rivetted the attention of the spectator were the versatile Sir Frederick Phidale and his lovely lady; the Marchioness of Crescent (whose marquess had so recently departed on a deeploomatic ambassy* of the most victual* [qy. vital?] importance to the court of the Tooleries,*) and her humble slave, the pensive and elegant, though somewhat emaciated, Lord Charles de Daucyville; Admiral Villact and Lady Margery Bluecalf, so celebrated for her affectation of literature; Sir Thomas Mountgomeril, the pseudo-poet, and the eldest Hon. Miss Flounceit, the squinting daughter of the charming and enbonepoint* hostess; Mr. and Lady Sarah Sanguine, the Duke of Inverness-shire, lately returned from a long and dull excursion in Foreign Parts (if we might judge by the private journal he kept of it, and was so fond of boring all his friends with), and the fair Lady Louise, who looked unutterable things; the Earl of Punsunby and his lady; young Jacketon and Miss Maria Flounceit, the cast of whose green eyes takes quite an opposite direction from that of her sister's grays. These were tripping it on the light fantastic toe, though not paired in the way we have, for the sake of distinctness, enumerated. Lord Stuart and Lady Caroline, like most very recently wedded pairs, were *tête-à-tête* near the fire-place, to the insufferable annoyance of all the *humanities* who had not been *turtlised* during the last two months. In other parts of the splendid apartment, over which candelabras of pure gold, and lustres of diamond-cut-diamond crystal, shed a blaze of refulgence surpassing day, were seen dowagers precious with gems, misses unenvious of the gayer throng who trod so animatedly the mosaic floor, and noblemen and exquisites of whom it was hardly possible to pronounce whether they lived or not. In one recess formed by a bay-window of painted glass, representing Diana and her nymphs bathing, as it seemed in streams of moonlight, were the celebrated Don Tellostorio d'España d'Arias de Gumoso, and the equally celebrated St. John Harley (whose tricks as an amateur-conjuror are so often the delight of private companies), in deep debate on the state of Ireland. In another repess, beneath panes deliciously tinted with the story of Jupiter and Leda, stood, in prodigious conversation, Mr. Benhill, that miserable mimic, and Dr. Grampus, of everlasting gabble; while in the third corresponding window, on which the loves of Venus and Anchises were chastely depicted, sat Squire Boozely and the noble owner of the mansion, both, it must be confessed with chagrin, considerably elevated above that line on the scale of ebriety which indicates the felicitous medium between the zero of abstemiousness and the 212 of Far-in-heat. The two last couples formed a curious and striking contrast; for while the mime and the doctor talked incessantly, and both together, the worthy squire and the noble baron found it impossible to communicate one intelligible syllable to each other. * * *

"Needless were it to relate the flirtations that were carried on during this eventful period. In vain did Lady Phidale direct her beaming glance on the opaque capacity of the drowsy baron. Alas! those eyes, which ought to be prosecuted by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, lost their magic fascination on the wine-bibbing idiot, whose brains were as *rolé-polé* as his heart was oppressed by internal fumes, so as to be unsusceptible of any other sort of burning. What had she then to do, but try their dread artillery on the gallant admiral? and he struck his flag and surrendered, but not at discretion. It is to be hoped that the prisoner will be treated with lenity, if not with kindness, for he was an officer of great gallantry, and has often fought bravely, yard-arm and yard-arm; though, owing to the nature of his service, he could take no share in La Belle Alliance, the only action respecting which he was ever heard to express any envious feelings. In the meanwhile, the Earl of Punsunby directed his very particular attentions to Lady Margery, and an animated *confab* ensued. He spoke to her of unheard-of Gems, and made her other insidious offers, to which the poor fluttering and heedless girl lent a too willing ear. Little was she aware of the peril that awaits those who listen to his serpent speeches—for the tongue of the adder has not more of forked point, and penetrating and pungent poison. And there, watching her faithless lord with all the meekness of affection, sat the sweet Lady P.:—in her deep woman's bosom she foresaw not the domestic distress, horror, and despair, that was to spring from the gay verbiage of this dazzling moment. Would to Heaven we could draw a curtain around all the parties who figured on this sad occasion; and especially around those hapless pairs who, seeking for lawless change as a source of bliss, found only misery, wretchedness, death, and—burial! It need scarcely be observed, that the flirtation (we love the phrase) between the Marchioness and Lord Charles proceeded with all its wonted energy. Her coal-black eyes were absolutely live coal; and so piercing were their arrows of fire, that even Dr. Grampus declared they were enough to melt the ices at the Pole:—Parry-pass-you, or *ceteris Parrybus*, whispered the inveterate wit, Lord Punsunby, to his giggling partner. Yet it was impossible to look on Lord Charles without compassion. His melancholy and hippochondriackal* temperament seemed ever and anon to reproach his dark enslaver for having reduced him to such an estate of bondage. Indeed, the natural sadness of his disposition, and his lugubrious habits, would induce the belief that he must be immovable by the master or even mistress passion. But what will not the tyrant god accomplish? He can make the heavy light, and the light heavy; he can add, and he can pare; he can blind, and he can open eyes far better than Dr. Ware; he can separate and bring together; he can reveal, and he can conceal; he can give life, and he can kill: he, the divinity of the smile and frown, which of the Olympic deities are to be compared with him,—the giant infant, the all-potent, playful monarch!!"

We break off with this superb apostrophe, and shall neither quote the voluptuous description of the waltz, nor the enchanting *badinage* with which the author invests the flirtations of his Grace of Inverness-shire, Mr. Sanguine, Sir T. Mountgomeril, Sir F. Phidale, young Jacketon, the Misses Flounceit, Ladies Sarah and Louise, several of the Dowager Ladies, and all the Misses above the age of thirteen: suffice it to notice that, "*selon les règles*," as she elegantly says, every one enjoyed their particular fancy, and pleasure reigned triumphant over the blissful scene. It is, therefore, with considerable regret that we copy the following paragraph from the *Morning Post*, which appeared only one short week subsequent to the

† Said to be a lady of the highest rank; though rumour differs as to the real name. At the west end of the town the Princess of Q. E. D*** is mentioned: in the city, the Lady M*****a. But if we are to believe the whisper which has reached us, the Marchioness of C*ng**m is the *talented* delineator of these spirited sketches of the *haut-est* ton.

‡ Quære, grocer?—*P. D.*

* We have only given these instances of the accomplished authoress's orthography and mode of writing, thinking it better in other cases to translate the fashionable tongue into the more generally understood language of the country.—*Ed.*

* Sic in orig.

publication of these ten airy, enlivening, and refreshing folios. We ought, however, to remark, that although the author, in her preface, invoked Heaven to witness that all the *dramatis personæ* she had drawn were fictions of her imagination, it was well understood at the time—was even announced in the newspapers, and indeed could not be mistaken by any person conversant with the highest grades of society—that they were each and every one real, genuine, and living characters, sketched with a truth and accuracy almost beyond precedent in the graphic art of fashionable novel-writing. Having said this much, we repeat that we read the following paragraph in the *Morning Post* of yesterday with unfeigned sorrow:

"*Dreadful Catastrophe!!!*—A calamitous affair has just occurred, which, we lament to announce, has plunged several of the noblest families in the kingdom into the deepest mourning and consternation. At present we shall only give the outline of this unexampled catastrophe; for though there can be no doubt of the facts, yet as the statement rests only on private letters from France, we shall abstain from particulars which might wound feelings already too deeply hurt. It appears, then, according to the best information, that when the Columbine steam-packet recently run ashore on the opposite coast, and, in seeking safety, the passengers rushed upon deck, it was discovered, to the astonishment of the parties concerned, that Lord P*****by and Lady M*****y B*****lf, and Lord C****** de D******le and the Marchioness of C******nt had been separately concealed in the cabins below, while the Duke of I********** and Lady L***** had been undisguisedly eloping to the continent in common with the cabin, and Admiral V. and Lady Ph—e with the steerage passengers. Our readers are aware of the near *consanguinity* of some of the high persons whom we just named. Explanations were called for and refused; altercations ensued: and no sooner had they reached the shore, than recourse was had to that honourable satisfaction nothing less than which could atone for these mutual injuries. By a singular fatality, a tragedy already likely to be too deep, was heightened by an unlooked-for incident. As the combatants were proceeding to the sands near Ambleteuse, at day-break, after this unfortunate recognition, the Marquess of C—— on his return from a mission to Paris, drove up in a cabriolet and four. He speedily learnt the extent of his loss, and new arrangements became necessary. These being made, the first meeting took place between the Marquess and Lord C. de D—, whose first fire went through the heart of the former, and he fell stone dead upon the sands. In subsequent encounters Lord P— received a severe but, unless a locked jaw supervene, not a mortal wound in the mouth; though, from the nature of the injury, it is feared he will never again be able to articulate. The Duke of I—— was dropped, killed, at the second exchange by Lord C. de D.; and the Admiral, who is a capital marksman, winged Lord C. de D. at the third shot. The bodies of the Marquess of C—— and Duke of I—— were carried off the ground, and the wounds of Lord P—— were attended to by a French surgeon. The melancholy Lord C. de D. fled from the bloody spot, and has not since been heard of: it is supposed he will be a forlorn and voluntary wanderer, with his arm in a sling, for the remainder of his days at Paris, about the Palais Royal and Boulevards. The innocent and unlucky causes of these untoward circumstances having been drenched to their fair skins in wading through the surf from the sinking vessel, had been dried and put to bed at Ambleteuse, where they lay, little dreaming of the horrors by which they were surrounded. On awaking, their griefs may be imagined, but cannot be described: suffice it to say, their sighs augmented the storm which wrecked the steamer; their sobs increased the hurricane; their tears raised the tide;—their agonising screams were heard at Calais! When sufficiently composed, they were fain to put themselves under the protection of the gallant Admiral, by whom they have since been safely restored to their country and new (and we hope less mortal) conquests. We have only to add the report, that the news had so terrible an effect upon Lord F——, at whose splendid ball some of the parties originally met, that he immediately expired of apoplexy, and his eldest daughter fell a victim to a broken heart, in consequence of the premature exit of the Duke of I——, to whom she was fondly and fatally attached."

We cannot, however, close this Review without expressing our heartfelt gratitude to Messrs. Colburn and Co. for the liberal and spirited manner in which they are following up the publication of works of this eminently useful and instructive class. The public at large, and the literary world in particular, owe them much on this account; and we trust that by paying them, they will be encouraged to proceed, and bring out thousands of similar volumes every season.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

[*Extra and Exclusive.*]

The Art of Puffing. By Doctor James Johnson, M.D., of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. Q. Dr., E. M. C. R., &c. Corresponding Member of the "John Bull," and all other Journals which admit of C. Members, G.G.G., &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. Part I. of a quarterly work, to be published every fortnight.

THE learned Doctor has entered upon this design with all that vigour, spirit, and devotedness to his subject which is always so admirable in an author. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that his execution of it is coarse and awkward. Self-praise and puffing belong to the *Fine Arts*, and are not to be handled by men of much morbid sensibility, or of ordinary or weak minds.

The Complete Letter-Writer; or, Hints for Periodical Authorship. By a Surgeon. 7 vols. 18mo. London, 1828. Underwoods.

WE cannot enter upon the desert of this very complete and charming publication at present. The private letters are models of beauty—the love-letters patterns of the purest breathings of passion—and the more public letters examples of the finest elocution. As a specimen, we select one *supposed to be addressed* by a great author to the conductor of a periodical work, offering his inestimable services.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"SIR,—As I have travelled many hundred Miles of late in Different parts of the world especially in America. And as I have taken many observations of the Cities and Towns Villages and Country at Large, through the which I have passed. Neither have I left the many Rivers unobserved upon whose banks I have went a long, Some of them for hundreds of Miles. As I have much usefull information to communicate; and of all the publications now teaming from the press none of any of their names pleases me so well as that of the *London Literary &c.* As I do not wish to take upon myself to say that I could furnish you with any article Dressed exactly as you and many others would wish or perhaps like As to nicety and Grammatical construction; Yet I can furnish you with abundance of useful and interesting materials and articles of a recent and altogether unknown in print of either book or newspaper, and of much use to mankind as well as diverting if not interesting to yourself, also in their original state, which you may polish and dress as nicely as you chuse, only leaving the Great bulwark; truth in them which I shall be very scrupulous in my adhering to as far as my description goes of any Toun City or River or County or Country; and If at any time You need any help in any thing relative to the Greek or Latin languages, Sentences of which you may occasionally have to translate or exhibit as in this day of brilliant display of Learning, few publications are accounted fashionable or learned without some of it any of the two I can and will if you chuse assist You in exhibiting altering or amending to the best of my knowledge of both, I having had a regular College Education, (I now have my testimonials). All the remuneration I need or ask will be, at present, a few Quires of paper or two or three Shillings weekly to provide me with pens Ink and paper, in order to provide you with a suitable number of different Articles upon different Subjects, Touns Cities Rivers or Seas, &c. or Customs of different nations or peoples, &c. from which You may Select the choicest, and as I have Said above you may correct them yourself: for I Shall not take upon me To write for Such a great work (or great name of a work which ought in a short time to be the most popular in Europe) without you yourself looking over it: for I think that there are few good Latin or Greek Scholars that are proficient in the English language, which is that in the which yours is wrote or Edited in. Sir If this meet your approbation Be pleased to let me know as soon as you can conveniently for yourself, as I have exchanged Some letters with the Editor of the Encyclopaediee Metropolitana and if I now arrange matters with him or commence my writing on medicine I may have less time to give you Such a number of articles As otherwise I would and wish to do, I being besides already ingaged with another Small periodical and as I have said I would give yours a Great preference at this time. If you Directing a note to me (addressed as below) which I will attend to and answer and which, Sir, will oblige ——"

A System of Education for the Higher Orders, &c. By Peter Saint Peter, Esq. Professor of Humanity to the New London University, S.S.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Tilt.

WE have no doubt but this book was written with the best of intentions; but why a Professor of the New London University, whose grand object is to educate and exalt the lower orders, should have bestowed so much pains upon "the higher," is to us inexplicable. Let him teach the toe of the Cockney to tread on the gouty heel of the man of pretension; but leave the Order which he has here addressed to itself. How should he know the proper way of training men to idleness and folly? *Ne sutor:* the proverb *is* musty.

Zoology; or Animals classed according to a new System of External Relations. Under the Patronage of the Zoological Society. 180mo. pp. 3. London, 1828. Bull.

WE do not altogether approve of this new system, which is quite at war with the systems of Cuvier and Polito. The relations are often fanciful, and varieties instead of genera are classed; and even these are imperfect. For example: geese and porcupines, from *mutuality* in quills (why not crows, also?); zebras and naughty children, from mutuality in many stripes (why not sailors, also?); rabbits and M. P.'s, from mutuality in burrows (why not rats, also?);—but why should we multiply proofs of a failure, erroneous in principle, and only deserving of notice from the ingenuity with which it has been executed?

Epitome of the Statutes, &c. &c. Fas-ciculus primus. In one hundred volumes, royal demy. Butterworth.

THIS is the beginning of a digest of our Statute Laws, and brings down the history of British legislation to the period of William Rufus, who is said to have built Westminster Hall for the reception of these invaluable records. Yet, though it may be excellent to possess the wisdom of our ancestors in a collected and condensed form, we have some doubts as to the expediency of preserving acts relating to forests which have been disforested for centuries, to customs which have long ceased to exist, and to rights which the progress of civilisation has rendered a dead letter. These voluminous and intricate questions tend to obscure and perplex what is more necessary for us to know in the times in which we live. Would it not be preferable were we to imitate the Code Napoleon, and reduce our laws within the compass of one volume, or even two or three well-arranged volumes? Might not all that is needful for the guidance of an intelligent people be compressed within less space than a work, only commencing as this is, with a hundred tomes, from the legal press of Mr. Butterworth? Might not * * * * * *

[As we penned these "last words," a strange and singular whisper, low yet loud, soft yet penetrating, gentle yet astounding, invaded our tympanum—it ran thus: "*Scoundrel! is this thy gratitude for the favour I have just conferred on thee? Wouldst thou annihilate litigation, and destroy the lawyers, my best friends on earth?*" Struck by the oddness of the sound, we looked up to ascertain whence it came; and, to our great surprise, saw no-body in the room but the little devil who had brought us the new publications. The clock at that instant struck *one;* and though only an hour had elapsed since the package was delivered to us, the bearer seemed to have grown a foot taller. Enraged at the unseasonable interruption before we had written a tithe of the observations we intended to offer, we exclaimed, "You d******d!" when, in the twinkling of a candle, the snuff of which had fallen down and melted all the wax into the socket for this

final glimmer, we were left in darkness, and could just perceive that conclusive sweep, with which not only the books, but our lucubrations upon them, were consigned to a sooty-looking bag by this impertinent messenger. By day-light, or at least *our* day-light, which always happens as soon as we are fully awake after the sun has risen (varying from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M.), we despatched ourselves to Mr. Moyes's in a pitiable condition—for we were sure that the effects of the robbery would be to leave us without *copy* to fill this incomparable sheet and justly popular Journal. But to give the Devil his due, and to our extreme delight, we learnt, that so far from being knockt-up for MS., we had more than enough from a friend who desired to be nameless. In short, a very tall, gentleman-like looking person, apparently slightly lame, as his pumps creaked in ascending the stairs, had knockt-up Mr. Moyes exactly at one o'clock, and left an excellent article, with his compliments to the editor, for the *Literary Gazette.*]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 27.

We are now very perceptibly reforming in many respects in this city with regard to public conveniences. A society is formed which undertakes to bring water into the houses by means of pipes: this will be attended by two advantages; one, in not having water-carriers, who deluge the stairs, and keep them constantly in a muddy condition; the other, in not obliging foot passengers in the street to risk breaking their necks every ten minutes by running under horses' feet or carriage-wheels, to make way for the water-cart, which generally stands three quarters of an hour before each door. This projected amendment is highly applauded by every body, except the unfortunate wretches whose only talent consists in serving the "liquid spring." They earn generally from four to five francs a day, lead the most sober lives possible, and hardly ever was there an instance of one of them committing the slightest theft, though they have plenty of opportunity. We have another reform amongst the *chiffoniers*, or *rag-pickers*. Formerly, this was a trade open to all who could purchase a basket to carry their load; but as thieves and assassins often adopted the disguise of these people, the better to hide their good intentions, the police now permit none but those who are decorated with a medal, and who have a stationary lodging, to practise this *genre de vie*.

A gentleman named M. Sudre has invented a musical language, and developed his plan in the presence of the Society appointed to examine it. M. Sudre spoke it on his violin, and wrote it in musical signs, which one of his scholars immediately translated with the greatest facility. Should this discovery be brought into use, it will be a new means of conveying ideas,—for wind instruments may serve as telegraphs when the distance is not too far.

Notwithstanding a clouded sky, the race-course at the Champs de Mars was crowded this morning by the fashionables, as well as the *petit monde* of Paris, the halt, the maimed, the crooked, the straight—in fact, every description of personage, was to be seen there; so that the eye had an opportunity of contemplating a vast variety of the "human face divine:" Greeks, Turks, English, French, German, and Italian, were present; and from the diversity of language which met the ear, one might have imagined himself in the Tower of Babel. Betting ran very high; immense sums were lost and won. The king's prize was gained by a courser named Zephyr, whose lightness, swiftness, and grace, so captivated the multitude, that had the victorious quadruped been proposed as emperor, they would hardly have hesitated to elect him. Indeed, it was decided by a numerous majority of *bon-ton* jockeys, that the English proved the superiority of their understanding, in preferring horses to wives; for, say they, women only merit a third place in man's consideration — the dog claiming the second.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN BEECHEY'S EXPEDITION.

We have to announce the return to England of the Blossom, Captain Beechey, after an absence of upwards of three years on a voyage of science and discovery. The main object of this voyage was the conveyance of supplies to Icy Cape, for the Land Arctic Expedition under Captain Franklin, in the event of that enterprising traveller having succeeded in reaching the extreme north-western point of America. This, as our readers are already aware, not being accomplished by him, Capt. Beechey was directed by the Admiralty to make such researches and surveys in the Pacific as might be most advantageous to maritime and geographical knowledge generally.

The Blossom sailed from England about the middle of May 1825; and after visiting and examining various harbours, chiefly on the coasts of South America, at the close of July 1826 reached the neighbourhood of Icy Cape, where she remained until the end of September, in the expectation of the arrival of Capt. Franklin. A party which had been detached from the Blossom in this interval, for the purpose of discovery, advanced upwards of one hundred miles to the west of Icy Cape, although they experienced many dangers from the ice and tempestuous weather. Being disappointed in gaining any intelligence of Captain Franklin, as the season was fast closing in, Capt. Beechey proceeded with his ship to San Francisco. After having surveyed several of the islands on the north-eastern coast of Asia, he visited Loo Choo, and put into Nappa Ising, where the Blossom was exposed to one of the great perils in the navigation of these seas—coral reefs, which appear to have sprung up to an alarming extent since the visit of the Alceste. About the middle of June 1827, Capt. Beechey reached the Bonin Islands, which afford a good anchorage, and have been touched at by English whalers. And here we would repeat what we have formerly mentioned in our accounts of this interesting expedition, that this voyage has led to the discovery of some new islands in the Pacific, and established the fact, that many which are laid down in the best charts do not exist in the positions therein assigned to them.

On one of the Bonin Islands, two Norwegian sailors were discovered, who had been shipwrecked there, and whose histories, if written, would form "the duplicate of Robinson Crusoe." They preferred remaining where they were, to being brought off by the Blossom; and were engaged extensively in the cultivation of vegetables and the breeding of pigs, with the view of supplying whale-ships. This settlement, it appears, may ultimately prove of the greatest importance to the trade.

From these islands the Blossom proceeded to the anchorage of St. Peter and St. Paul, and thence sailed once more in quest of Captain Franklin's expedition. It is unnecessary to inform our readers (before whom we have had the satisfaction to lay, in several of our Nos., original details of these interesting proceedings) that Captain Beechey was again unsuccessful in obtaining any information of the Arctic Land Expedition; and that he therefore, at the close of last season, finally left the northern regions on his return to England.

Capt. Beechey has been accompanied by an experienced naturalist; and extensive collections have been made and preserved during his admirably conducted voyage. Although the Blossom's was a subordinate expedition to those under the command of Captains Parry and Franklin, we are inclined to regard it as one that will be decidedly productive of more real value to science and navigation than those in connexion with which it originated.

METEOROLOGY.

[*From a Friend.*]

On Monday night (the 29th), between eight and nine o'clock, a very singular phenomenon was observed at Headley, a village near Liphook, Hants. One of my servants came in and begged me to look at a white rainbow. I went out of doors, and saw a luminous appearance in the heavens, extending from the west to the zenith, and thence more faintly towards the east, so as to form a narrow arch. In the west the base of the bow was narrowest, and, as it were, confined. The light was also there most concentrated. Had it not been so, I should have taken it for the Aurora Borealis. It was not a cloud, for the stars were seen distinctly, but dimly, through it. The appearance altogether was that of a luminous vapour, or the prodigious tail of a comet, streaming over the heavens, which were perfectly unclouded; and the stars seemed to shine with peculiar brilliancy, except where crossed by the phenomenon above mentioned. There was a rushing wind, and the thermometer only at 60 within doors. Many falling stars of unusual splendour were seen at the same time. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the awful effect of this archway of light, which (as the moon was not yet risen) appeared of terrific brightness. It continued in its strength about half an hour, when it began to bear away to the south, as if carried by the wind, to grow paler, and to become more diffused. Shortly after, a very dark vapour arose in the west, and concealed it from view altogether. A poor woman informs me that she saw a similar appearance three weeks ago; but the oldest inhabitants of the village do not remember having previously seen any thing at all like it. I wish that some scientific contributor to your Gazette (such as the author of the admirable astronomical papers) would inform me of the nature of this phenomenon.

[*From another friendly Correspondent at Croydon.*]

On the evening of the 29th September, from a little before eight till nearly nine o'clock, a beautiful and rare atmospheric phenomenon was observed at this place. It cannot properly be designated a lunar rainbow, for the moon was below the horizon; but a complete semi-circular arch extended nearly from east to west. The western limb, for about twenty degrees, exhibited a luminous appearance, the remaining portion considerably fainter, especially towards the zenith; and the whole colourless, like a delicate cloud, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, like a halo. Frequent changes occurred in its intensity or distinctness; and it gradually faded away, leaving the western ex-

tremity (which had declined in a slight curve toward the south, at an angle of about 75° with the horizon) streaming brightly upwards nearly a quarter of an hour after the bow had disappeared. The wind was south-west, and though the atmosphere was not quite clear, the principal constellations were perfectly visible, and the whole sky cloudless, except towards the south-east. Some light rain had fallen at about half past seven. T.

[Having inserted the above communications, we now add the account written by the contributor of our monthly articles on astronomy, &c.]

A VERY remarkable phenomenon of the nature of Aurora Borealis, was witnessed on Monday evening last (Sept. 29th day, 8 hrs. 30 min.) A vast arch of silvery light appeared in the direction of the magnetic east and west, extending over nearly the whole of the heavens, and making with the western horizon an angle of about 70°, inclining to the south: the stars ι and β Serpentarii were seen through its western extremity, from which the stream pursued its course between Lyra and Aquila, passing Cygnus, and after intersecting the Galaxy (which it considerably surpassed in brightness), proceeded through Andromeda to the Pleiades, where it terminated, describing in its course an uninterrupted luminous curve 160° in length, its mean breadth about 3°, slightly expanding as it approached the magnetic east. A faint crepusculum, of a saffron hue, was observed in the magnetic north, but perfectly quiescent.

8 hrs. 30 min.—The two stars in Serpentarius were occasionally obscured, or dimly seen through the extremity of the luminous arch, which at that part nearest the horizon seemed circular and well defined: at intervals these stars shone forth with undiminished brightness, forcibly suggesting the idea of the glowing nucleus of a comet, for which it was mistaken by many, who considered this unexpected appearance as the predicted messenger in its most tremendous form, suddenly arrived to execute its work of destruction.

8 hrs. 45 min.—Until this time the splendid arch had continued stationary, with the exception of a diminution of its brilliancy in the north-east; there now, however, appeared in the north-west transient gleams of light, separating from the luminous stream in a lateral direction, the coruscations of which determined the nature of the phenomenon.

8 hrs. 57 min.—A meteoric star rushed from the western part of the arch, and pursued a course towards the south: after traversing a space of about 10 deg., it suddenly disappeared.

9 hrs.—A narrow stratum of cloud intersected the stream at an altitude of 20 deg.; shortly after this, the brilliancy gradually abated; and at 9 hrs. 30 min. the phenomenon had wholly disappeared: a brisk wind from the south-west prevailed during its appearance: the verge of the horizon was occupied by a low range of dense clouds.

The most remarkable circumstances attending this phenomenon were, its long quiescence, brilliancy, general equality of breadth, and uniformity of silvery semblance, not in the slightest degree resembling those red and brilliant hues which distinguished the Aurora Borealis of September 1827. It is to be regretted that there is not sufficient data for determining the height of this and similar phenomena: the calculations which have been made, vary from 150 miles to several thousands of miles: one observed in 1716 was seen under the same appearances in places very remote from each other, and ascertained to be visible from lat. 50 deg. N. all over the northern part of Europe, and from the confines of Poland and Russia in the east, to Ireland in the west, and most probably beyond these limits,—a sufficient confirmation of its very great altitude. The Aurora Borealis has been observed to be more frequent about the period of the equinoxes, and is considered by some as an unerring precursor of stormy weather:—there is no doubt but that it is a magnetic phenomenon, the peculiarities of which are governed by the earth's magnetism.

ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES.

AT the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the 15th ult., a letter was read from Captain Durville of the Astrolabe, dated Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, giving an account of the scientific discoveries which have resulted from this expedition. A communication was also read from Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart, who accompanied the expedition, announcing a third supply of objects of natural history, which they have procured for the Academy, and which will make on the whole 700 preparations in bottles (bocaux), and 2,050 drawings taken from plants and from animals, either during their existence, or immediately after their death. Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart in the course of their letter communicate some interesting particulars relative to the Nautilus, or *Argonauta Argo* of Linnæus. They conclude, from numerous observations, that the shell of the nautilus does not belong to it in its natural state, but to another animal, at whose death it is taken possession of by the argonauta. This was the received opinion, until M. de Ferusac and M. Poli undertook to prove that it was erroneous. According to Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart, however, the former opinion seems to be entitled to attention.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OPENING OF THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE first session of this laudable Institution opened on Wednesday with a lecture on physiology and surgery, finely delivered by Mr. Charles Bell. The introductory portion of this discourse applied generally to the foundation of the University, and to the education of medical students, hitherto so desultory and unconnected in the metropolis, where, alone, practical could be joined to theoretical study. The prosperity of the new design depended on its success in remedying this evil; and continuing to be a school whence the stream of knowledge flowed, without interruption, from able teachers to intelligent and grateful pupils. Mr. Bell, in alluding to the King's College, congratulated his auditory on the formation of another Institution for the diffusion of science and literature, by those who, if they had not the genius to invent, possessed the virtue to follow a good example.

The lecture-room was filled with from four to five hundred persons, including the Professors in their gowns, and several noble and distinguished patrons of the undertaking, such as Lord Auckland, Lord J. Russell, Sir J. Mackintosh, Mr. Hume, &c.

At the close of the lecture, the University was allowed to be visited, in all its finished parts, by the assembled multitude. Both externally and internally its appearance certainly does honour to the architect and the managing committee.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

WE have, on various occasions, (and especially in Nos. 574, 591, and 592 of the *Literary Gazette*) described the progress that is making in this country in the acquisition of Oriental learning, and the great advantages which are likely to result from the formation of the Oriental Translation Society. We are glad to observe that an Institution for the attainment of three of the principal languages of the East—Arabic, Persian, and Turkish—is going on very successfully at St. Petersburgh, under the able superintendence of the celebrated M. Adelung. The second examination of the pupils took place a few months ago, and proved so satisfactory, that the emperor conferred the dignity of Grand Cross of the order of St. Vladimir on the learned principal. This Institution already possessed a little library, composed of thirty manuscripts, and a collection of good works on geography, when M. Italinsky, the Russian minister at Rome, bequeathed to it by will his valuable library; the English East India Company sent it a copy of the superb editions of Hafiz and Saadi, published by the Royal College at Fort William; and Mirza Abou Tarab, a counsellor of state, now in the service of Russia, presented it with a great number of manuscripts. Added to this, M. Adelung formed a collection of six hundred oriental medals, which has since been augmented by a donation of a hundred and twenty more from M. de Mazarovitch.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities; illustrated by a series of Prints, representing the ancient Gateways, Castles, Mansions, Street Scenery, &c. with historical and descriptive Accounts of each Subject, and of the Popular Characteristic of every City. By John Britton, F.S.A. M.R.S.L., &c. No. I. Longman and Co.

IN the *Literary Gazette* of the 2d of August, we announced the approaching publication of this interesting work; and we are happy to say that the first Number justifies the highly favourable expectation which we then expressed respecting it. It illustrates the picturesque antiquities of three of our principal cities—York, Lincoln, and Gloucester—in eleven plates: there would have been a twelfth, but for an accidental occurrence, which will retard its appearance until the publication of the next Number. The plates are all more or less beautiful: but our chief favourites are *Bootham Bar, York;* engraved by J. Redaway, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett, the figures by Harvey. *Part of the Western Side of the Walls, Castle, Lincoln;* etched by J. Le Keux, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett: and the *Church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester;* etched by J. Le Keux, from a drawing by W. H. Bartlett, the figures by Brooke. The interest and the variety of the subjects which this work will comprehend, and the moderate price at which it is brought out, must, we are confident, ensure it a very extensive sale.

The Baroness Grey de Ruthyn. Engraved by Dean, from a miniature by Miss Kendrick.

CLEARLY and forcibly executed, and forming the 46th of the series of Portraits of our Female Nobility, in *La Belle Assemblée.*

Lithographic Imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists. By Richard J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson. Part III.

THE four prints before us, viz. "from a Sketch (Lalla Rookh) by T. Phillips, R.A.;" "from a Portrait of Lord Cosmo Russell, son of his

Grace the Duke of Bedford, by Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.;" "from a Sketch (the Origin of a Painter) by W. Mulready, R.A.;" and "from a Drawing by G. Stuart Newton;"—complete the First Part (comprehending twelve plates) of this tasteful and clever publication; and are quite worthy of their predecessors. In the last-mentioned especially—from Mr. Newton's drawing—there is a feminine delicacy and grace which we are not aware that we ever saw surpassed.

As we have noticed this work in its progress, we need hardly remind our readers that it contains fac-similes of twelve drawings after designs of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Wilkie, Leslie, Chalon, Stephanoff, G. Jones, Collins, Jackson, Phillips, Mulready, E. Landseer, and Newton; and that we are inclined to regard it as the triumph of lithography over all that has been advanced against this wonderful discovery. We shall select a single print in proof of this, not on account of its superior execution, but because it will enable us to speak more decidedly with reference to the objections which we hear brought against lithography, even by artists of eminence, who are, however, unacquainted with the theory or capabilities of the art, and offer a general opinion, founded upon the inferior specimens which are daily to be seen. The print we have selected is that after a sketch by Edwin Landseer, the Portrait of Lord Cosmo Russell. It is not to our present purpose to describe the composition,—the boy, full of youthful beauty, bounding over the hills on their native pony, attended by his trusty and eager dog,—but we wish to call the attention of those who have hitherto been inclined to undervalue the powers of lithography, to the general tone of this print, the character preserved in the texture, the exquisite gradation of tint, and the force and the delicacy of execution which it at once exhibits. This is strong praise: but Mr. Lane, as a lithographic draftsman, merits even more, for the fidelity with which he has transferred to stone the sketches copied by him. Each drawing appears to be a work proceeding from hands as different as the minds displayed in the originals.

Views on the Thames. Drawn on stone by Paul Gauci. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co. Nos. I. and II.

EACH plate contains four views of a convenient size for illustration, and sufficiently well executed to convey a general resemblance of the place represented. In Plate II. (Waterloo Bridge,) the sky, with the moon rising from behind a cloud, is managed with considerable skill.

Margate, Ramsgate, and Environs. Drawn on stone by Paul Gauci. Engelmann and Co. Nos. I. II. and III.

MORE highly finished, and more carefully drawn than the *Views on the Thames*, by the same artist. With five subjects on each sheet, well calculated for the scrap-book, as agreeable recollections of these much-frequented watering places.

Mastiff and Greyhound. Drawn on stone by W. P. Sherlock, after an original Picture by Edwin Landseer, A.R.A. in the Collection of J. Wilton, Esq. Engelmann and Co.

A STUDY of dogs, with tasteful accompaniments and back-ground, executed on stone with much care and ability.

Caught in a Shower. Designed and drawn on Stone by A. Hoffy. Engelmann and Co.

AN execrable performance!

Shakespeare in his Study. Drawn on stone by Thomas Fairland, from the original Picture by John Boaden. Engelmann and Co.

SHAKESPEARE in his study, from the *original picture!* Hear this, Mr. Wivell! Although we do not see much to praise in the composition of *this original* picture of Shakespeare, we must bestow our warmest commendation on the manner in which Mr. Fairland has transferred it to stone; and no less do Messrs. Engelmann and Co. deserve our praise for the brilliancy and depth of the printing.

CHAIRING THE MEMBERS.—We have just had a glance at this companion to Haydon's Election, which is to be exhibited at the Bond-street Bazar on Monday; and were we to say nothing more but that it is worthy to be the companion of that very clever picture, we should do enough to panegyrise the artist, and excite the public wishes to see his performance. But it is, in our judgment, even superior to the preceding work,—richer in colour, as well grouped, and as full of humour, without one meretricious or questionable feature. As before, there is a contrast; and one sweet mourning female is introduced to vary the scene of general revelry. Most of the original characters appear in different ways; and there are also some new inhabitants of *Tenterden*, gaolers, soldiers, &c., and a capital portrait of Haydon himself, watching the scene from a window. We have not room for particulars now; but after naming Hogarth's famous picture on a similar subject, we have no hesitation in adding, that Haydon has nothing to fear from any comparison.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PETITION

From the Antique Gods to the Lord Mayor, on his having declared that their Images were indecently naked, and should not be sold in London if not more clothed.

GREAT Jove of London! from our court,
Where we have sat for dim ages,
We're petrified with a report
That threatens all our images.
'Tis said that we're so naked grown,
That mayors and watchmen loathe us;
And, lest men's hearts be turned to stone,
You mean, forsooth, to clothe us!

My Lord! our words must still be fear'd,
Though once our power was vaster;
And though we are in spirit jeer'd,
We yet are gods in plaster.
Each cries, "Let all my limbs be cracked!
Break me in two!—Heav'n bless me!
Do any thing, my Lord, in fact,—
Do any thing but dress me!"

What harm do we? Though proud to flirt
With Leds, and such as her,
Jove won't corrupt the modest dirt
That swarms in your piazzar;
And Venus liked (nor was it odd,
When linked to such a knock-knee)
To charm Anchises or a God,
But not a whiskered Cockney!

The Hercules may stand at ease,
For having fought so neatly;
No harm the Gladiator sees
In having *peeled* completely;
Men of his calling so must be,
Or how did Gully spar so?
Flora's but naked to the knee—
The Opera-dancers are so.

'Twere well if Phidias could enfold
The forms that he embodied;
But will you trust to tailors bold
To dress ambrosial godhead?

Consider, Sir, how fashion flies,
How modes and dresses falter,—
That Nature is the only guide
Which Time will never alter.

Venus without a *roquelaire*
Will soon be thought suburban;
Melpomene must dress her hair
In ringlets or a turban;
A water-proof and broad-brimmed hat
Great Neptune will become ill;
And so must mighty Jove's cravat
Be stiffened up *au Brummell!*

Now, Mrs. Gill* may fashion out
(No person could be properer)
Old ladies for a squeezing rout,
And damsels for the Opera;
And Mr. Muski† furnish forth
Blue coats for him who chooses;—
But could he cut Apollo's cloth,
Or she trick-out the Muses?

Venus declares, with oath divine,
Freckles your fair shall fall on;
Diana swears she will not shine
The nights you have a ball on:
Mars will desert your boxers tall,
When they are called to battle;
And Hermes teach your watchmen all
To steal—then spring the rattle!

Oh! urge it not! we'll do no ill—
We'll not corrupt your City;
The ugly shall be virtuous still,
And, if they please, the pretty!
Relent, ere some barbarian band
Of grace and shape has reft us;
And leave us, Sir, as Phidias and
Some thousand years have left us!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(NO. III.)

As we are not literary watermen, we do not look one way and row another; but it would be very unfair in us, while writing this *series* of sketches, not to state, in the plainest language, that whatever matters we may hazard, of direct or indirect application, the original idea which suggested it, was a consideration of the shameful pharisaical treatment so generally allotted to Mr. Long Wellesley. Nor let our purest female reader start—the *Literary Gazette* will never uphold any cause but the cause of right and propriety: it will not spare the offender in his offences, but it must abhor the persecutions of falsehood and hypocrisy. We have already confessed the difficulties of our subject: but truth is truth, and great is the good to be gathered from it; and we will prosecute our purpose in our own way. Without the most distant reference to conclusions which, before we finish these sketches, must be sufficiently clear, we abridged some of the statements of Lord Westmeath, as a picture of *that* happiness which attends the marriage state, even where honour, fortune, power, and every thing that can gratify human wishes, exists, when vice, or it may be only folly, is permitted to breach the crystal edifice. "Is she jealous?" said an accomplished seducer, of a wife whom he wanted to destroy; "then my talents have nothing to do." But there are a hundred shades of this colour, though less directly pernicious than the horrid *green*, hardly less sapping to the stability and happiness of married life. A grave man and a spirited (we will not say flighty) woman;—a gay man and any woman who has not sense enough to try the effects of a very few years and her own affections;—reck-

* A celebrated milliner in the nineteenth century.
† A celebrated tailor in the nineteenth century.

lessness and eccentricity;—religion and disbelief, each soured by contradiction;—differences of tastes, discovered late, and unaccommodating;—in short, all the varieties of discomfort and dislike which are engendered where good sense and good feeling do not correct the evil, are all eminently productive of such deplorable results as the pamphlets on which we pen these remarks, exhibit to the pitying (but we fear not the improving) world.

For the very short paper we can afford under *this* head *this* week, we shall depart from Lord Westmeath's family discussions to notice, and very cursorily, the Chancellor's decision on the Wellesley suit, as it affects society—society constituted as every living and observant man knows it is in his own circle, and as every blind man knows it is in the high circle to which this judgment applies. That it will never become a precedent, is almost confessed by the upright and virtuous person who pronounced it; and that suggestion, which could not escape his sagacious mind, has since been strengthened by the publications on the subject.* No doubt indeed remains; and it is certain that the peers will, as they were almost invited by Lord Eldon to do, reverse the sentence pronounced in this case. If they do not; if a majority of lords of parliament, laying their hands upon their bosoms, pronounce that Mr. Long Wellesley, on account of his flagrant misconduct, ought not to have the custody and direction of his own children, we should be tempted to cry out against the hypocrisy of men—ay, even of noble men. We would fain not put appeals in their worst terms,—indeed *we* cannot; but if this gentleman, who, in the course of nature, will by and by be a member of the highest court of legislature,—if this gentleman is unworthy of the control of his own family (for all that has been sworn, and the too much that has been proved against him), we are free to say, that the relations of society, as it exists in this country, are utterly dissolved; and that Mr. Wellesley either is a martyr, or that many of the proudest amongst us ought to be immolated on the same shrine. We have, we fancy, exhausted our spirits in our (would-be jocular) review; and on that apology, hope our readers will wait for all the amusement they expect from these sketches till next and *et cetera* weeks. The discussion involves much of importance to all classes.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE

Opened on Wednesday with *Hamlet:* the house was very fully attended; and Young's and Miss Kelly's performances (the latter having appeared for this night only) afforded a genuine treat to the lovers of the Drama. *Horatio* was played by a Mr. Aitken (from Glasgow) with too much of gesticulation; and a Mr. Lee, also from the country, was the *Laertes*, apparently much frightened, and consequently unable to execute his task.

On Thursday a *Cure for the Heart-ache* could not fail, for Liston and Jones were the medicines. A Miss Curtis made her *début* as *Ellen*, and played it very prettily.

COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre opened on the same evening, and was equally well attended, to witness *As You Like It* and *Peter Wilkins*. The house has been refitted with very great taste, and the new drop-scene produces a fine effect. The architectural painting, in particular, is extremely beautiful. Miss Jarman, as *Rosalind*, displayed proofs of much improvement in her acting;—a laudable sign, and giving sure promise of future excellence. Wood sang the songs of *Amiens* very sweetly. C. Kemble was the *Orlando*, and Miss Hughes the *Cœlia*.

The *Barber of Seville* on Thursday brought forward Miss Forde as *Rosina*, and Mr. Green as *Figaro*, both of whom were well received, and displayed considerable merit.

Miss Kelly is not engaged at Covent Garden, as we were informed: both to the loss of the stage and public, this admirable actress is not at either of the winter theatres.

HAYMARKET.

On Monday a clever little piece, called *Management, or the Prompter Puzzled*, was produced here; and, with Farren's admirable acting, made a perfect hit. On Tuesday Miss Faucit dropped her earliest courtesy on the stage, in *Letitia Hardy;* and played it so well, as not merely to lead us to the anticipation of talent hereafter, but almost to establish her claim at once as a first-rate actress in a high line of genteel comedy.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Last night this favoured place of amusement closed a season of unexampled success. At the end of the second piece, Mr. Bartley came forward and delivered the following farewell address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Allow me on this the last night of our season to present myself before you with something like a claim to your kind approbation for the almost unparalleled efforts we have made for your amusement during the short season allotted to us. This claim I trust will be admitted, when I remind you that in a period of twelve weeks we have produced no fewer than eight new pieces, seven of which have, under your favour, proved eminently successful: three of that number being complicated and difficult operas, in which it is confidently hoped we have extended the reputation this theatre has laboured to acquire for the cultivation of the musical drama. I beg leave respectfully to announce the determination of the proprietor to pursue the course which under your encouragement he has so successfully commenced,—of producing operas of such standard merit as it is hoped may stimulate the exertions of indigenous artists, and at last bring forward English composers whose efforts shall rival the German and Italian schools. He is aware, that in a country which may fairly boast equality in all, and superiority in some, of the other fine arts, nothing but industry and encouragement can be wanting to excel in this also; and he has little doubt that with some small concessions of prejudice, we shall shortly find that English music will advance its fair pretensions to general suffrage together with the other arts and sciences in which we stand at least at par with our gifted and more favoured neighbours.—Of our other dramas, if it should be charged against us that we have added another to the list of melodramas embracing the characteristics of *infernal* agency (for which this theatre has also, perhaps, been somewhat remarkable), we may venture at least to hope, from its extraordinary success, that it has not been deemed an *infernally bad* one. Another piece (I need not mention the *Noyades*) has given some scope for the display of the great and varied powers of your favourite and highly *talented* [gifted] actress; and we trust the season has also advantageously exhibited much other talent rising rapidly in your favour and estimation."—[The usual complimentary farewell followed.]

But we give this speech because what has been done here deserves the critic's praise, and the especial encouragement of the lovers of the Drama. It will be perceived that very extraordinary exertions have been made for the entertainment of the public in a short season. No fewer than eight new pieces have been produced; and, with the exception of the farce of *Courting by Proxy, or Miss Wright*, all have been eminently successful. The patent theatres, with their lengthened winter seasons, do not exceed in number or variety the novelties of the English Opera House; and when it is remembered that three of these dramas are full, complicated operas, great credit is due to the director, manager, and performers, for their industry and perseverance.

The proprietor may also congratulate himself on another important point,—in having concluded a highly successful season without the aid of *stars;* by which he has proved that a good company of performers will give more general satisfaction to the audience, and certainly be more beneficial to the receipts of the treasury, than a system which mutilates the Drama, while it can only imperfectly display its highest powers.

Subjoined is a list of the pieces, with the names of the authors and composers, and the number of nights they have been performed:

Pieces.	Nights.	Authors.	Composers.
July 7. Bottle Imp, Musical Romance	44	Peake.	G. H. Rodwell.
14. Noyades, Historical Anecdote	29	Griffin.	M. Moss.
24. He lies like Truth, Operetta	22	Kimpton.	Kearns.
29. Tit for Tat, or the tables turned, Opera	20	Hampden. Napier.	Mozart: arranged to English words by Hawes.
Aug. 23. Not for Me, or the New Apple of Discord, Opera	9	Hampden. Napier.	Louis Maurer: arranged to English words by Hawes.
28. Miss Wright, or courting by Proxy—Farce	3	Moncrieff.	Hawes. Weigl: arranged to English words by Hawes.
Sept. 5. Pirate of Genoa, Opera	14	Milner.	Hawes, &c.
18. Quartetto, or Harmony interrupted, Operetta	14	Reid.	

ADELPHI THEATRE.

On Monday commenced the much-looked-for campaign, under the joint auspices of Mathews and Yates, at this theatre; and it was crowded to the ceiling,—a fair prospect of what it is likely to be throughout the season, where such vigorous and various talent is concentrated. The performances were, a burletta, *de circonstance*, called *Wanted a Partner;* another new comic burletta, entitled *My Absent Son, or Brown Studies;* and the justly popular favourite, *Presumptive Evidence*. Very early in the evening, truly before the drawing up of the curtain, it was obvious that there was a faction in the house, hostile to its success; and hardly had the first piece begun, when this party gave way to the most boisterous and noisy interruptions, which were continued, with more or less violence (and pauses between), till the conclusion of the second burletta. This, of course, rend-

* Three editions of Mr. Wellesley's Two Letters have caused a great revolution in public opinion upon this question.

ered it very difficult for either actors or critics to *perform* their duty; and we, as Mathews was obliged to do, must claim indulgence, if we happen to judge amiss in this instance. *Wanted a Partner* is one of the best productions *of its kind* which we ever witnessed. Advantage is very happily taken by its author of the condition in which the Adelphi was left last year, and of Mathews's inexhaustible versatility. Yates is the advertiser for a partner, but with a *sine quâ non* that he shall not be an actor; and Mathews answers the summons in several characters, and at last *in propriâ personâ*. As Mac (Something), a Scotch penurious manager; as Dangle, a fashionable fop, addicted to green-rooms, the patronage of actresses, and the writing of dramas; and as a fat Puff, who imagines that every thing can be done by paragraphs in the newspapers,—he has interviews with the manager of the Adelphi, and ludicrous and characteristic scenes ensue. At last, as we have mentioned, he appears as Charles Mathews, and a cordial union of interests is agreed upon between him and Frederick Yates. Sinclair is then introduced as the musical star of their company, and sings so delightfully as well to justify a higher station, Mr. Planché's loyal and stirring song, "The King, God bless him!"* Miss Graddon and the other performers then appear, and "God save the King" concludes the entertainment. Perhaps this piece was a little too long (as is often the case on a first representation), but being judiciously curtailed, it must be extremely amusing; for it possesses abundance of wit, and humour, and excellent acting.

The next piece, *My Absent Son*, though possessed of great attractions, does not appear to us to be so well calculated for a two-act burletta, or for the Adelphi, as a drama of far less sterling merit might be. There is not space to develop the admirable character of the absent man (Mathews), nor the two clever parts of his father (a sort of Lord Ogleby, and played by Mr. Butler, a *débutant*, after the manner of Farren, in that ancient beau) and Mrs. Giggle (Mrs. Edwin); so that, in effect, the only part that was fully drawn out was that of a negro servant, done to perfection by Buckstone, the reputed author of the burletta. In a production of this class, the touches must be broader, and all those niceties foregone which it would require a full comedy to delineate and bring out. Still, however, there are some capital scenes in *My Absent Son;* and when it shall have obtained a fair hearing, so as to enable the *artistes* to repress its duller exuberances, we have no doubt but it will be made a public favourite, and have a merry run. We have only to add to our praise of the performers, that Mrs. Edwin and Mrs. Hughes seconded the exertions of Mathews, Buckstone, and Butler, with much ability and spirit. In *Presumptive Evidence*, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Daly, Yates, T. P. Cooke, and Benson Hill, were as affecting and effective as ever: the whole went off with loud applause, and often with the louder applause of silent tears.

Friday. The foregoing critique, written on witnessing the first representation, has since been fully confirmed by the event. The two burlettas, much shortened, have been received by crowded houses every night with shouts of laughter; and *My Absent Son*, by retaining all its broader farce, and resigning its finer efforts, is now a most popular piece.

While speaking of the Adelphi Theatre, we must express our surprise at a letter which has appeared in the *Morning Post*, charging its managers with having attacked the patentees of the regular theatres in their opening piece. We are certain that not one syllable was uttered, even in jest, against them.

* We name the author of this favourite song, which is, as far as we know, the only national air that has ever been received as a welcome variety to "God save the King," as we do not remember to have seen Mr. Planché mentioned as the writer of a production so successful from the music-room to the monarch's palace.

VARIETIES.

Electricity.—In a table of the conductibility of different metals, palladium occupies the first place, and mercury the last. The difference is such, that the former of those metals conducts sixty times better than the latter.

Diving Vessel.—The submarine experiment which was made some time ago, by order of the French Minister of Marine, has been since repeated in the Seine at Paris with greater success; but the government have not yet adopted the plan of the inventor.

Scientific Inquiries.—The scientific men who accompanied the French expedition to the Morea, have received orders to spare no expense in prosecuting their discoveries. The botanists are particularly desired to ascertain the kind of grain which can be grown in the Morea with the greatest advantage. They are to report to the Paris Academy of Sciences; a copy being at the same time sent to the King for his perusal.

Indian corn, about which so much has been written lately, is grown very extensively in the South of France, where, however, it is rarely converted into flour for bread, the inhabitants having an opinion that it gives less nutrition than any other grain. At Bayonne most of the horses live on it; but they are said to possess less strength than horses fed upon oats: and, altogether, it is thought so little equal to the grain common to Europe, that if it were not for the facility and abundance with which it is produced in a climate so favourable to its growth, the cultivation of it would be neglected.

The Canning Medal.—A recent Number of *Le Globe* contains a letter to the editors from M. Dupin, the celebrated member of the French Institute, announcing the completion of the Canning medal. It is the work of an artist selected by a committee of the French Academy, M. Galle; who has taken as his model Mr. Chantrey's bust, (from which a bas-relief was executed by M. David, a French sculptor), and has availed himself of the assistance of M. Gérard, to whom Mr. Canning sat for a portrait. M. Dupin states that the result will be an honour to the French school. After enumerating the various services which Mr. Canning had rendered to the cause of Liberty;—the recognition of the independence of South America—the rescue of Portugal from the invasion and outrages of an army of the faith—the proclaiming of the inviolability of the constitutional throne of the heiress of Brazil—the conclusion of the treaty of the 6th of July, which guaranteed the salvation of Greece—and the combining (for the purpose of enforcing the execution of that treaty,) of the squadrons of the three greatest naval powers of the old world,—M. Dupin observes, "the chiefs and ministers of the nations whose liberties Mr. Canning asserted, have shewn themselves eager to be enrolled among the subscribers to a medal which will be a memorial of their gratitude, and which bears as its inscription, '*A la concorde des Peuples: Liberté civile et religieuse dans l'Univers.*'" He adds, that the number of subscribers is so large, that the price of each medal will be only five francs. Two are to be struck in gold; the one to be presented to Mrs. Canning, the other to his Britannic Majesty.

Rousseau.—The Genevese are about to erect a monument to their fellow-citizen, the Author of *Emile*, and have opened a subscription for that purpose.

Dr. Gall.—Two days after the death of this celebrated phrenologist, who had attained to the age of seventy-one, his head was examined, in the presence of a great many of the faculty, at Paris. The face was greatly emaciated. The skull having been carefully sawed, the bones, both before and behind, appeared to be three lines in thickness. About two ounces of bloody serosity was effused between the dura mater and the pia mater. A serous infiltration of the same weight was found under the pia mater, covering the cerebral circonvolutions. On the dura mater, immediately beyond the right sinus, was a pedicular wart-like excrescence, of the size of a large pea. This excrescence, which was of a grayish colour, seemed to be of long standing. The substance of the brain was consistent. That organ was firm, and perfectly regular; the vessels on the surface alone were slightly injected. No trace of ossification appeared in the cerebral arteries, notwithstanding the advanced age of the defunct. The cerebral ventricles were not opened, as it is intended to preserve the brain; but, in passing the finger under the whole circumference, no part felt depressed, as is the case when there is any internal disorganisation. The weight of the cerebral mass was two pounds, ten ounces, seven drams, and a half.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

The weight of the diamonds found by the government agents in the district of Tajuco, in Brazil, from 1772 to 1818, was 1,298,037 carats; and the quantity received from farming out the mines to a company, after the government had ceased to work them on its own account, was 1,700,000 carats, being together equal in value to about 67,000,000 sterling. The largest of the Brazilian diamonds hitherto obtained weighs 138½ carats. It was found in the year 1771, near the River Abaité, by a poor negro slave, who was liberated, and had a pension of nearly 50*l.* per annum settled upon him for life.

Parisian Theatres.—Most of the Parisian theatres have undergone a recent inspection, by order of the government, for the purpose of ascertaining their solidity, and the number of persons that each will accommodate. The Academy of Music is calculated to hold 1937; the Théâtre Français, 1522; the Comic Opera, 1720; the Italian Theatre, 1282; the Théâtre de Madame, 1040; and the Vaudeville, 1257. The managers of these theatres are prohibited from issuing a greater number of checks to the money-takers than the houses will accommodate with safety and comfort.

Broken Heart.—In the *Times* obituary of Wednesday is announced the death of a gentleman at Lambeth, "in the *eightieth* year of his age, with a *broken heart*, through much [and we should suppose long] neglected merit."

A French paper (Le Mentor), announcing Otway's *Venice Preserved* at the English Theatre in Paris, calls it a "*Tragedie en 5 actes de Doteway!*"

The last worser as bad: from the New College.—Why am I, when I put by money, like myself when I squander it? Because in either case *I am-ass.*

Why is an oak tree like a tight shoe? Because it produces a-corn.

Why may the air equally as well be called fire, earth, or water? Because it is æther (either).

Why is a double line of stables like a theatre? Because they are both for a-mews-meant and profit.

My daughter Anne used to be dull; why is she lively since her marriage? Because she's Anney-mated.

Why is a diligent boy like a Thames waterman? Because he's constantly "a-plying."

Why is a black-leg superior to a man who is superior to him? Because he's a better.

Why is a man who praises his wife too much, like a man who abuses his wife too much? Because he over-rates her.

Why do hop-pickers keep so close to one another? Because they are all-to-gather.

Why are Europeans with white swellings like Africans? Because their knee grows.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Washington.—The forthcoming publication of the works of General Washington, with Notes and Historical Illustrations by Mr. Jared Sparks, is to be divided into six Parts:—1. Letters and Papers relative to his first Military Exploits in the French War, and as Commandant of the Forces in Virginia. 2. Letters and other Papers concerning the American Revolution. 3. Private Correspondence on Public Affairs. 4. Messages and Addresses. 5. Private Letters. 6. Papers on Agriculture.—From the age of twenty-two, until the moment at which he assumed the command of the army of Virginia, Washington had a custom, which he never relinquished during a long and active career;—he kept copies of all the letters which he wrote; even of those which related only to his domestic affairs. For a long time he made those copies with his own hand; and he left all his papers in such perfect order, that it would seem as if he foresaw the importance which posterity would attach to his minutest actions, and as if he wished to submit even the details of his private life to their inspection. Of course, it would be impossible to publish all his manuscripts; for they would amount to above sixty folio volumes. Mr. Sparks has selected from them those which seem to him to be the most important. —*Revue Encyclopédique.*

German Literature.—M. Odofred Muller will publish this year the fourth and fifth volumes of his History of the Greek Nations and Towns; and also, in two volumes, his great work on the Etruscans. M. Schaab, of Mentz, will publish, in three volumes, a History of the Discovery of Printing, by Jean Gersfleisch; and a History of the Rhenish League. M. Stifft will publish a Geognostic Description of the Duchy of Nassau; principally with relation to the mineral waters. And Professor Voemel is preparing, at Frankfort, an edition of Demosthenes, with a very elaborate commentary. At Munich, a periodical work has been commenced, the object of which will be to publish annually every thing that respects the University of that capital.

Russian Literature.—Among the most valuable publications that will take place in the course of the present year in Russia, will be that of the twelfth volume of the History of Russia, which the celebrated Karamsin left unfinished, but which has been continued by M. Bloudof. To this volume M. Stroef will annex an analytical table of the whole work.—M. Serge Glinka, the author of a History of Russia, is preparing a History of the Life and Reign of Alexander the First, in two volumes octavo. M. Vrontzenko is about to send to the press his translation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, which is highly spoken of.

Thomson.—The "Seasons" have lately been translated into Italian prose, by Patrizio Muschi, and published at Florence. There had been several previous translations of them into Italian verse; but their want of success, or the extreme difficulty of the undertaking, induced M. Muschi to prefer prose. A preface contains the life of Thomson, and an analysis of his works.

The Wolfenbuttel Library.—Under the title of "Bibliothecæ Guelferbitanæ Codices Græci et Latini Classici," Dr. Ebert has just drawn up a valuable notice of the manuscripts in the library of Wolfenbuttel, amounting in number to nine hundred and forty-two. They are of great and acknowledged importance, especially with reference to philological studies.

French Periodicals.—The circulation of newspapers in France since the peace has increased at least twofold; and in some of the provinces the number of political and scientific journals is in the proportion of five to one of what it used to be. An official return is preparing of all the periodical works now published in France, with the numbers which they circulate. It is supposed that this is doing for the purpose of ascertaining the amount which a small additional tax upon them would produce to the government.

M. Ventouillac is engaged in a work on French Literature, on a new plan, pointing out the best publications of the principal writers of France; the character of each being established on remarks selected from English and continental critics.

The proprietors of the Boy's own Book are preparing for speedy publication, a volume devoted to the Recreations and Pursuits of Young Ladies. While mentioning this, we may observe, that they have purged the former work of much to which we objected as unfit for youthful reading, and far less for youthful instruction.

The Annuals.—Competition for ever! say we, in annuals, and quarterlys, and monthlys, and weeklys. If the public do not encourage more than one, it is most likely that that one will soon become as unworthy of encouragement as any sinecure placeman. The *Souvenir* has got an admirable and most characteristic likeness of Sir Walter Scott, to supersede a subject print previously engraved; and the *Keepsake*, we see from its advertisement, has accomplished one of the three names we mentioned as unseduced by the golden or persuasive arts of the annual editors—that of *Moore*. After this, we should not wonder to find "the Campbells a' coming, o'ho!" or the Rogers a' running, o'ho! o'ho!!

In the Press.—The Book of Health; a compendium of Domestic Medicine.—Every Man's Book, for 1829; containing Twenty-one Public Acts passed last Session, &c. —A new edition, with a prefatory Address, of an Epistle from Abelard to Heloise, by Thomas Stewart, Esq., nephew to the late Sir William Drummond.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Anglo-Irish of the Nineteenth Century, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Rovigo's Memoirs, English, Vol. IV. 8vo. 16*s.*; French, 14*s.* sewed.—Buckler's Account of Eltham, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Bradburn's Story of Paradise Lost, for Children, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—An Essay on Acting, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Hamilton's Modern Millenarianism, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

September.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday .. 25	From 51. to 71.	29.92 to 29.84
Friday 26	—— 47. — 73.	29.75 — 29.75
Saturday .. 27	—— 52. — 58.	29.82 — 29.81
Sunday 28	—— 40. — 62.	29.76 — 29.72
Monday .. 29	—— 51. — 66.	29.56 — 29.57
Tuesday .. 30	—— 43. — 63.	29.74 — 29.60
October.		
Wednesday 1	—— 46. — 53.	29.56 — 29.60

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 25th and 26th ult., generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen 1.125 inches.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ In referring to our review of fictitious publications, the coinage of our own brain, we beg to notice that this *jeu d'esprit* was written early in the week, when there was literally not one new work of any general interest before us; and we imagined that such a piece of pleasantry might amuse our readers at a period of absolute dearth and dulness. The publications which have since appeared have, however, claimed our earliest attention; and the only article we have been obliged to postpone is a short extract from Dr. Granville's Travels.

Many communications received too late.

By a letter, signed Henry Washbourn, Salisbury Square, and an accompanying volume, we are informed that Mr. W., in December, purchased from the trustees of Mr. Whittaker the remaining stock of the book entitled Topography of all the Vineyards, &c., alluded to in our last *Gazette*: and, farther, that having made very considerable alterations and improvements in this work, adding the Butler's Manual, occupying nearly one third of the new production, he republished it under a slightly changed name; intimating, at the same time, to the trade, and advertising, that it was not altogether an original work. As this seems to have been a fair course, we consider it but justice to insert the explanation.

We won't be accessary to any pastry-cook puffs, and therefore decline the very fine lines on Miss Verrey.

Good sense and justice need fear no quip from us. We insert, with pleasure, the remark on Smeeton's Doings in London: for we should think ill of our *Gazette* if it were not as much liked by "the class of respectable tradesmen" as by any other class whatever, always excepting *the sex* and *the young*. Before graybeards, and literati, and artists, and men of science, we lift up our heads as their best of caterers—for we know that information is most agreeable to them if communicated in a way equally intelligible to girls and boys; and when occasion needs, we can communicate with them in their own language, though it ought not to prevail in a popular journal. But to the matter, which is curious in itself:—the fraternity of London beggars, it seems, do not, as Mr. Smeeton asserts, sell their broken bread to biscuit-bakers, to be ground into tops and bottoms. On the contrary, stale bread is thrown by bakers among the raspings and sweepings of their shops, for dog's-meat. Tops and bottoms (what association in the name!) are, we are assured, "made of the best bread-dough, with the additions of butter, sugar, and often milk, for children's food (the lucky things!); and if not fresh and delicate, they are unsaleable." O! that children would be happy with their tops—we say nothing of their bottoms!

Errata in Celestial Phenomena for October.—Page 617, col. 2, line 19, *for* Arion *read* Orion; p. 617, col. 3, line 14, *for* scirrhous *read* cirrus.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S NEW PICTURE of CHAIRING the MEMBERS, (Mock Election, King's Bench), WILL OPEN on Monday next, at Ten o'Clock, Western Exchange, Old Bond Street.
Admittance, 1*s.*; Children, 6*d.*—Catalogue, 6*d.*
N.B. Straight forwards, upstairs.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. CXLIV. for October.
Contents: I. Ireland and the Catholic Question—II. The Sphinx; an Extravaganza, etched in the manner of Callo—III. Ireland as it is, in 1828—IV. Bath; a Satire—V. Tales of the O'Hara Family—VI. The Present State of Affairs—VII. Court of Darkness—VIII. The Brownie of the Black Haggs. By the Ettrick Shepherd—IX. The Two Voices. By F. H.—X. Ballad Stanzas. By Delta—XI. Antescript—Noctes Ambrosianæ, Nos. XXXVII. XXXVIII.
Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October 1, contains, among a variety of original Articles,—I. Irish Proceedings; the Clare Election—II. Self-Love and Benevolence—III. The Boon of Memory. By Mrs. Hemans—IV. Good Living the cause of Bad Writing—V. Patronage and Art; the British Institution—VI. The French Governess—VII. Letters from the Levant; Castelorizo, Antiphellus, &c.—VIII. The dying Raven—IX. Society in India—X. Traveling Oddities—XI. On Playing Punch—XII. Flowers—XIII. Sketches of Parisian Society—XIV. London Lyrics—XV. Table Talk Abroad; the Bar—XVI. Encomium Moriæ; or, the Praise of Folly—XVII. The Clarendon Correspondence—XVIII. Field's Memoirs of Parr—XIX. Lines written on the Plains of Canons—and the usual Varieties in Politics, Critical Notices, the Drama, Music, Fine Arts, Domestic and Foreign Varieties, Biographical Particulars of Persons lately deceased, Provincial Occurrences, &c.
Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

THE EDINBURGH MEDICAL and SURGICAL JOURNAL, No. XCVII. for October, price 6*s.*
Also,
The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, conducted by Professor Jameson, No. X. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*
Printed for Adam Black, Edinburgh; and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

Price Six Shillings,
THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. III.
"The capacity displayed in certain portions of the 'Foreign Review,' exemplifies in a very eminent manner, how much may be done towards a judicious cultivation of those distant springs of learning which we have hitherto suffered to pour their streams into the heart of lifeless and ungrateful communities, and of which we have known little more than the sound. The article on Astronomy is done in the very spirit of scientific research; and some translations from Ingemann, the Danish poet, are well executed."—*Atlas.*
"The 'Foreign Review' numbers amongst its contributors some men of splendid talents and acquirements, and it is edited with great judgment and industry. We have pleasure in quoting a passage from an able article on Goëthe."—*London Magazine.*
No. IV. will be published in a few days.
London: Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Bossange, Barthès, and Lowell, Great Marlborough Street; and by all other Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

Price 7*s.* 6*d.* No. V. of
THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.
Contents:—I. Arabic Literature—II. Language and Literature of the Magyars (Hungarian)—III. Guizot's History of the English Revolution—IV. Mazure's History of the Revolution of 1688—V. Laplace's Celestial Mechanics, Vol. V.—VI. Karamsin's History of Russia—VII. French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century—VIII. Greece—IX. The Pyrenees—X. Tegnér's Legend of Frithiof—XI. Russia and Turkey. Critical Sketches: XII. Protestantism in France—XIII. Matter's History of Gnosticism—XIV. Wronski's Canons of Logarithms—XV. Semper's Greatness and Decline of Spain—XVI. De Vigny's Cinq-Mars, a Romance—XVII. Dandolo's Letters on Rome, Naples, Venice, and Florence—XVIII. Van der Velde's Life and Letters—XIX. Grabbe's Dramatic Poems—XX. Vassalli's Maltese Grammar—XXI. Hebenstreit's Dictionary of Classical Bibliography—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. V.—List of the principal new Works published on the Continent, from May to August 1828—Index to the Second Volume.
Published by Treuttel and Würtz, Treuttel, Jun. and Richter, 30, Soho Square.
No. VI. will appear in December.

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Notulis illustrata, quas colegit
JOHANNES ROGERS PITMAN, A.M.
Venunt apud C. et J. Rivington, in Coemeterio Paulino, et Vico dicto Waterloo Place.

Voyages and Travels recently published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

An Account of the Poor Colonies, and Agricultural Workhouses, of the Benevolent Society of Holland. By a Member of the Highland Society of Scotland. 12mo. pp. 195. Edinburgh, Brown: London, Duncan. 1828.

In the existing state of a large portion of the labouring population of this country, and with the very heavy demands which are made upon the country at large in the shape of poor-rates, every suggestion, the tendency of which is to remedy such evils, deserves attention; and more especially when that suggestion is not merely the result of speculation, but is founded on a view of what has been successfully accomplished elsewhere. The present account, therefore, of the manner in which the resources of agricultural science have been employed in diminishing the mendicity, poor-rates, and waste lands of Holland, is, in our opinion, entitled to serious notice. "Private property, in every well-governed state," the author of this little volume justly observes in his preface, "ought not merely to be preserved inviolate from gross assault, but free from every unnecessary encroachment and superfluous exaction. Unquestionably, the poor must be supported. They cannot be allowed to starve. Our fellow-creatures cannot be permitted to famish on the streets, or perish from hunger on the high-ways. We admit, therefore, a distinct and positive obligation on the part of every government to charge itself, under certain conditions, with the maintenance of the poor, and on every community to be taxed, if necessary, for that purpose. It is no less, however, an obligation on government to watch over and protect the property of the governed; and since experience has demonstrated that the maintenance of the poor may become a serious tax upon that property, it is the imperative duty of the presiding power, in every country, to take the most effectual measures for preventing or diminishing the evil."

With that view, it appears, that a Society, entitled the Benevolent Society of Holland, at the head of which was Prince Frederick (the second son of the king), began its efforts in 1818, with twenty thousand members, paying a penny a week, or nearly five shillings a year, not by compulsion, but with the same freedom and good will as they had formerly felt in mistaken alms-giving. The result of their experiment at Fredericks-Oord was so delightful, that the government and the inhabitants of Holland generally called for the extension of the scheme; and viewed it as the best method in which even the compulsory assessments could be appropriated. Hence arose numerous contracts with the managers of poor-houses and foundling-hospitals, and the subsequent generalisation of the plan. The author of this volume having recently visited Holland, in company with some friends, and examined personally almost the whole of the institutions thus produced, says: "Both in their principles and practice they are by far the most interesting and efficient charity establishments in Europe. On what may be their ultimate fate, it is not our wish to speculate at present. They are as yet only in their incipient and experimental condition; but no person, accustomed to encounter the mendicity of Holland in 1815 and succeeding years, can return now to that country without being struck with the total disappearance of the host of beggars, or can visit the colonies in which these mendicants are now so profitably employed, without feeling convinced of the *actual* efficacy of the cure."

For a detail of the means by which so desirable an object was obtained, we must refer to the treatise; as our space will allow us only to describe those means very generally. At the price of 56,000 florins,* the Benevolent Society bought a manor in the neighbourhood of Steenwyk. The 600 morgen,† of which this manor consisted, were, with the exception of fifty or sixty, covered with only a stunted heather and mossy earth. A more unpromising subject for the labours of the agriculturist could scarcely have been chosen; but the very bleakness and desolation of its surface, and the comparatively feeble powers of production which existed in its soil, were the reasons why these philanthropists of Holland resolved to select it for their first attempt. It was justly supposed that, if the experiment could succeed in such unfavourable circumstances, no doubt could exist regarding the success which would attend the Society in all their other efforts. The fifty or sixty morgen already cultivated were let to tenants; and 150 morgen of the waste and desert heath were set apart for the establishment of the first colony, which was called Fredericks-Oord, from Prince Frederick, who had so nobly undertaken to preside over the Society. After deepening the river Aa, and making such roads as were sufficient to connect this wilderness with the adjacent country, a warehouse, a school, two manufacturing halls, and fifty-two farm-houses, were erected for the reception of fifty-two families of destitute poor, who took possession on the 1st of November, 1818, and who were supplied with food, and the means and implements necessary for tillage and other labours, placed under able superintendence, and subjected to an excellent code of laws.

The result was extraordinary. In the autumn of 1819 two special committees were appointed to examine into the physical and moral condition of the colony, and into the state of the finances of the Society. "Their inquiries," says our author, "were concluded on the 28th October, 1819, and proved most satisfactorily the complete success which had attended the Society's benevolent exertions. The physical condition of the colony surprised every beholder. The 150 morgen had been enclosed and cultivated. About sixty separate buildings had been erected within this space. These were placed on four lines, and at regular distances, and consisted of a school, a milk-house, a manufacturing shop, the dwelling-houses of the officers of the Society, and those of the colonists. Besides the cultivation of the lands already settled, there were also above a 100 morgen on the other side of the great road, almost ready for the reception of fifty additional families, and the half of the houses were already constructed. The moral and physical condition of the colonists themselves was still more astonishing. The filthy, emaciated, and degraded town-mendicants resembled the healthy peasantry, and seemed proud of having been taught to earn their subsistence by the cultivation of the ground. By a labour at first gentle, but gradually increasing with their strength, most of the families had earned five or six florins a-week. Personal and domestic cleanliness existed every where. The anxiety which their previous uncertain fate had deeply depicted on their countenances, had now given place to the smiles of contentment. Their minds were no longer tortured by looking forward to the future. But if such was the condition of the full-grown colonist, what language can adequately describe the improvement which the children had undergone? The irregularities and vices of the parents formerly promoted the degradation of the children; but now the virtuous example of the elders afforded the strongest guarantee for the proper education of the offspring. The influence of parental authority strengthened the instruction given to the young in the elements of knowledge and religion. The advantages produced by the Society's school upon their minds and moral principles were no less apparent than the astonishing effects which wholesome air and food had produced upon their bodies. Every thing proved that the means had at length been discovered of ameliorating the condition of the starving population of the towns,—of promoting their intellectual and moral civilisation,—and of awakening in their minds that feeling of self-estimation by which they are excited to raise themselves from that state of degradation into which they are so universally plunged. The finances of the Society were found also to be highly prosperous. The Society now contained 21,187 members."

The value of the discovery which the Society had made being now duly appreciated, and all doubt removed concerning the practicability of the scheme, it was resolved to give their efforts a broader base, as the best method of eradicating or alleviating a great national evil; and proposals for that purpose were made by the Society to the administrators of the poor-funds and orphan-hospitals over the country, which proposals were very extensively accepted; a number of different colonies were established, and the beneficial consequences have been such as have already been described.

To those who are interested in the subject (and who is not so?) we strongly recommend the perusal of this work, which contains much

* Twelve florins are equal to one pound sterling.
† A morgen is about an English statute acre and two thirds.

curious and valuable information, although a few of the statements are not quite so perspicuous as they might perhaps be rendered.

Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1829. Edited by F. Shoberl. pp. 418. Ackermann.

Of this papa or mamma of all the Annual family (for we know not whether they are masculine or feminine in the gender of publications), a fair copy having first come into our hands, we have the pleasure of giving it in the first place a fair report in our columns. As is invariably the case with Mr. Ackermann's productions, the *Forget-Me-Not* is very neatly got up, both externally and internally. Of the plates, we have already spoken favourably; and all the other incidental embellishments are equally worthy of praise. Indeed, without looking to the literary portion of these works, we may repeat, that the engravings alone are in value far above the price of the several volumes. But as our business lies more particularly with the literature thus obtained and presented to the public, we shall now, without further preface, apply ourselves to that branch of the *Forget-Me-Not*.

There are a hundred and four contributors, in prose and verse,—the latter prevailing in number, the former in length, so that the pages are pretty nearly divided between the two. But there is a wider difference in the merits of the two components; for while the prose stories are mostly all of a superior order, the poetical pieces are in general of that mediocre class of which we have infinitely too much in our day. And we are rather surprised at this, seeing that the names of Hemans, James Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, James Hogg, Bernard Barton, N. T. Carrington, C. Swain, and other writers who have distinguished themselves, are appended to several of these compositions. But whether infected by the vicinity of bad company, by the insignificance or triteness of the subjects chosen,* or by some other less obvious cause, certain it is that there is nothing striking in the performances of even these popular authors. As for some of the unknown, lesser, or pseudo stars, it would have been better to have left their nebulosities out of the firmament; inasmuch as one or two bright planets are worth more than a whole track of indistinct and unimpressive milky way. A little production by Miss Cortello, though not new, may be excepted, as pretty.

We turn therefore from the versification to the good honest prose with feelings of great satisfaction; and here the reader will be sufficiently rewarded, and find enough to recommend the *Forget-Me-Not* to hearty approbation.

The Euthanasia is an affecting tale of modern Greece, at once characteristic, spirited, and pathetic; Vicenza, and an Hour too Many, are more lively and hardly less clever sketches, —they seem to be by the same, an anonymous, hand, and we suspect also that which penned the opening poem, on Marcus Curtius, where the talents of the bard are cramped into common-place description, instead of expanding with the elevated feeling so likely to be inspired by the fate of the devoted Roman. Lost and Won, a village tale by Miss Mitford, is full of nature, and sweetly touching; and Terence O'Flaherty, by "a Modern Pythagorean," affords a capital contrast in a merry sketch of Irish manners. The Maid of the Beryl, by Mrs. Hofland, does credit to her reputation, and is both interesting and dramatic; and the Goldsmith of Westcheap, by the Author of London in the Olden Time, is a fit companion of so true a picture of the Tudor age. We may also mention the Red Flag at the Fore, by the Old Sailor, as a genuine sea-piece; and Eastern Apologues, by the Ettrick Shepherd, as another laudable variety. Having thus enumerated nine sterling and amusing prose articles, we entertain the less compunction at being obliged to speak less favourably of the verse: for these nine, like so many tailors making a man, are quite sufficient to *make a book!* As an example of them, we are induced to quote an Hour too Many, the pith and brevity of which renders it more suitable to our space than the longer and more attractive history of the Euthanasia.

"Hail, land of the kangaroo!—paradise of the bushranger!—purgatory of England!—happy scene, where the sheep-stealer is metamorphosed into the shepherd; the highwayman is the guardian of the road; the dandy is delicate no more, and earns his daily bread; and the Court of Chancery is unknown—hail to thee, soil of larceny and love! of pickpockets and principle! of every fraud under heaven, and primeval virtue! daughter of jails, and mother of empires!—hail to thee, New South Wales! In all my years—and I am now no boy; and in all my travels—and I am now at the antipodes—I have never heard any maxim so often as, that time is short; yet no maxim that ever dropt from human lips is further from the truth. I appeal to the experience of mankind—to the three hundred heirs of the British peerage, whom their gouty fathers keep out of their honours and estates—to the six hundred and sixty-eight candidates for seats in parliament, which they must wait for till the present sitters die; or turn rebellious to their noble patrons, or their borough patrons, or their Jew patrons; or plunge into joint-stock ruin, and expatriate themselves, for the astonishment of all other countries, and the benefit of their own;—to the six thousand five hundred heroes of the half-pay, longing for tardy war;—to the hundred thousand promissory excisemen lying on the soul of the chancellor of the exchequer, and pining for the mortality of every gauger from the Lizard to the Orkneys;—and, to club the whole discomfort into one, to the entire race of the fine and superfine, who breathe the vital air, from five thousand a year to twenty times the rental, the unhappy population of the realms of indolence included in Bond Street, St. James's, and the squares. For my own part, in all my experience of European deficiencies, I have never found any deficiency of time. Money went like the wind; champagne grew scanty; the trust of tailors ran down to the dregs; the smiles of my fair flirts grew rare as diamonds—every thing became as dry, dull, and stagnant as the Serpentine in summer; but time never failed me. I had a perpetual abundance of a commodity which the philosophers told me was beyond price. I had not merely enough for myself, but enough to give to others; until I discovered the fact, that it was as little a favourite with others as myself, and that, whatever the plausible might say, there was nothing on earth for which they would not be more obliged to me than a donation of my superfluous time. But now let me give a sketch of my story. A single fact is worth a hundred reflections. The first consciousness that I remember, was that of having a superabundance of time; and my first ingenuity was demanded for getting rid of the encumbrance. I had always an hour that perplexed my skill to know what to do with this treasure. A schoolboy turn for long excursions in any direction but that of my pedagogue, indicative of a future general officer; a naturalist-taste for bird-nesting, which, in maturer years, would have made me one of the wonders of the Linnæan Society; a passion for investigating the inside of every thing, from a Catherine-wheel to a China-closet, which would yet have entitled me to the honours of an F.R.S.; and an original vigour in the plunder of orchards, which undoubtedly might have laid the foundation of a first lord of the treasury; were nature's helps to get rid of this oppressive bounty. But though I fought the enemy with perpetual vigour and perpetual variety, he was not to be put to flight by a stripling; and I went to the university as far from being a conqueror as ever. At Oxford I found the superabundance of this great gift acknowledged with an openness worthy of English candour, and combated with the dexterity of an experience five hundred years old. Port-drinking, flirtation, lounging, the invention of new ties to cravats, and new tricks on proctors; billiards, boxing, and bar-maids; seventeen ways of mulling sherry, and as many dozen ways of raising 'the supplies,' were adopted with an adroitness that must have baffled all but the invincible. Yet Time was master at last; and he always indulged me with a liberality that would have driven a less resolute spirit to the bottom of the Isis. At length I gave way; left the university with my blessing and my debts; and rushed up to London, as the grand *place d'armes*, the central spot from which the enemy was excluded by the united strength, wit, and wisdom of a million and a half of men. I might as well have staid bird-nesting in Berkshire. I found the happiest contrivances against the universal invader fail. Pigeon-matches; public dinners; coffee-houses; blue-stocking *réunions*; private morning quadrille practice, with public evening exhibitions of their fruits; dilettanti breakfasts, with a bronze Hercules standing among the bread and butter, or a reposing cast of Venus, fresh from Pompeii, as black and nude as a negress disporting on the banks of the Senegal, but dear and delicate to the eyes of taste; Sunday mornings at Tattersal's, jockeying till the churches let out their population, and the time for visits was come; and Sunday evening routs at *the* duchess's, with a cotillon by the *vraies danseuses* of the opera, followed by a concert, a round game, and a *select* supper for the initiated;—the whole failed. I had always an hour too much—sixty mortal minutes, and every one of them an hour in itself, that I could never squeeze down.

> "Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,
> And make two lovers happy."

may have been called a not over-modest request; but I can vouch for at least one half of it being the daily prayer of some thousands of the best-dressed people that the sun ever summoned to a day of twenty-four hours long. On feeling the symptoms of this horary visitation, I regularly rushed into the streets, on the principle that some alleviation of misery is always to be found in fellow-suffering. This maxim I invariably found false, like every other piece of the boasted wisdom of mankind. I found the suffering infinitely increased by the association with my fellow-fashionables. A

* Epitaph on a Gnat found crushed in the leaf of a Lady's Album; Phaon in Sicily; to the New Year; to a Wood-dove; on a Portrait; Woman's Eye; Woman's Love; Constancy (two poems); Friendship; the Moss-rose; Sunset; the Rainbow; to Poesy; Woman and Music; on a Fall of Snow; to a Butterfly; to a Friend going to America; to Beauty; on the Wreck of a Vessel; the Maniac; to an Evening Star; Remembrance; Remorse, &c. &c. Genius itself could hardly make any thing of such themes; and what must they be in the hands of inferior poetasters?

man might as well have fled from his chamber to enjoy comfort in the wards of an hospital. In one of my marches up and down the *pavé* of St. James's Street, that treadmill of gentlemen convicted in the penalty of having nothing to do, I lounged into the little hotel of the Guards, that stands beside the great hotel of the gamblers, like a babe under its mamma's wing——the likeness admirable, though the scale diminutive. That 'hour too many' cost me three games of billiards, my bachelor's house, and one thousand pounds. This price of sixty minutes startled me a little; and, for a week, I meditated with some seriousness on the superior gaiety of a life spent in paving the streets, driving a waggon, or answering the knocker of a door. But the 'hour' again overflowed me. I was walking it off in Regent Street, when an old fellow-victim met me, and prescribed a trot to Newmarket. The prescription was taken, and the hour was certainly got rid of. But the remedy was costly; for my betting-book left me minus ten thousand pounds. I returned to town like a patient from a watering-place; relieved of every thing but the disease that took me there. My last shilling remained among the noble blacklegs; but nothing could rob me of a fragment of my superfluous time, and I brought even a tenfold allowance of it back. But every disease has a crisis; and when a lounge through the streets became at once useless and inconvenient—when the novelty of being cut by all my noble friends, and of being sedulously followed by that generation who, unlike the fickle world, reserve their tipstaff attentions for the day of adversity, had lost its zest, and I was thinking whether time was to be better fought off by a plunge to the bottom of the Thames, or by the muzzle of one of Manton's hair-triggers—I was saved by a plunge into the King's Bench. There life was new, friendship was undisguised, my coat was not an object of scorn, my exploits were fashion, my duns were inadmissible, and my very captors were turned into my humble servants. There, too, my nature, always social, had its full indulgence; for there I found, rather to my surprise, nine-tenths of my most accomplished acquaintance. But the enemy still made his way; and I had learned to yawn, in spite of billiards and ball-playing, when *the* Act let me loose into the great world again. Good-luck, too, had prepared a surprise for my *début*. I had scarcely exhibited myself in the streets, when I discovered that every man of my *set* was grown utterly blind whenever I happened to walk on the same side of the way, and that I might as well have been buried a century. I was absurd enough to be indignant; for nothing can be more childish than any delicacy when a man cannot bet on the rubber. But one morning a knock came to my attic-door which startled me by its professional vigour. An attorney entered. I had now nothing to fear, for the man whom no one will trust cannot well be in debt; and for once I faced an attorney without a palpitation. His intelligence was flattering. An old uncle of mine, who had worn out all that was human about him in amassing fifty thousand pounds, and finally died of starving himself, had expired with the pen in his hand, in the very act of leaving his thousands to pay the national debt. But fate, propitious to me, had dried up his ink-bottle; the expense of replenishing it would have broken his heart of itself; and the attorney's announcement to me was, that the will, after blinding the solicitor to the treasury and three of his clerks, was pronounced to be altogether illegible. The fact that I was the nearest of kin got into the newspapers; and in my first drive down St. James's, I had the pleasure of discovering that I had cured a vast number of my friends of their calamitous defect of vision. But if the 'post equitem sedet atra cura' was the maxim in the days of Augustus, the man who drives the slower cabriolet in the days of George the Fourth cannot expect to escape. The 'hour too many' overtook me in the first week. On one memorable evening I saw it coming, just as I turned the corner of Piccadilly; fair flight was hopeless, and I took refuge in that snug asylum on the right hand of St. James's Street, which has since expanded into a palace. I stoutly battled the foe, for I 'took no note of time' during the next day and night; and when at last I walked forth into the air, I found that I had relieved myself of the burden of three-fourths of my reversion. A weak mind on such an occasion would have cursed the cards, and talked of taking care of the fragment of his property; but mine was of the higher order, and I determined on revenge. I had my revenge, and saw my winners ruined. They had their consolation, and at the close of a six months' campaign saw me walk into the streets a beggar. I grew desperate, and was voted dangerous. I realised the charge by fastening on a noble lord who had been one of the most adroit in pigeoning me. His life was 'too valuable to his country,' or himself, to allow him to meet a fellow whose life was of no use to any living thing; and through patriotism and the fear of being shot, he kept out of my way. I raged, threatened to post his lordship, and was in the very act of writing out the form of the placard declaring the noble heir of the noble house of —— a cheat and a scoundrel, when by the twopenny-post I received a notice from the Horse Guards that I was on that day to appear in the Gazette as ensign in his majesty's —— regiment, then serving in the Peninsula, with orders to join without delay. This was enough from his lordship, and was certainly better for me than running the chance of damages in the King's Bench, for provoking his majesty's subjects to a breach of the peace. I was gazetted, tried on my uniform before the mirror, entirely approved of my appearance, and wrote my last letter to my last flirt. The Portsmouth mail was to start at eight. I had an hour to spare, and sallied into the street. I met an honest-faced old acquaintance as much at a loss as myself to slay the hour. We were driven by a shower into shelter. The rattle of dice was heard within a green-baize-covered door. We could not stay for ever shivering on the outside. Fortune favoured me; in half an hour I was master of a thousand pounds: it would have been obvious folly and ingratitude to check the torrent of success for the paltry prospects of an ensigncy. I played on, and won on. The clock struck eight. I will own that I trembled as the first sound caught my ear. But whether nervous or not, from that instant the torrent was checked. The loss and gain became alternate. Wine was brought in; I played in furious scorn of consequences. I saw the board covered with gold. I swept it into my stake; I soon saw my stake reduced to nothing. My eyes were dazzled, my hand shook, my brain was on fire. I sang, danced, roared with exultation or despair. How the night closed, I know not; but I found myself at last in a narrow room, surrounded with squalidness, its only light from a high-barred window, and its only furniture the wooden tressel on which I lay, fierce, weary, and feverish, as if I lay on the rack. From this couch of the desperate, I was carried into the presence of a magistrate, to hear that in the *mêlée* of the night before, I had in my rage charged my honest-faced acquaintance with palpable cheating; and having made good my charge by shewing the loaded dice in his hand, had knocked him down with a violence that made his recovery more than doubtful. He had seen my name in the Gazette, and had watched me for the express purpose of final plunder. The wretch died. I was brought to trial, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to seven years' expatriation. Fortunate sentence! On my arrival in New South Wales, as I was found a perfect gentleman, and fit for nothing, there was no resource but to make me try the labour of my hands. Fortunate labour! From six at morning till six at night, I had the spade or the plough in my hands. I dragged carts, I delved rocks, I hewed trees; I had not a moment to spare. The appetite that once grew languid over venison, now felt the exquisite delight of junk beef. The thirst that scorned champagne was now enraptured with spring water. The sleep that had left me many a night tossing within-side the curtains of a hundred-and-fifty-guinea Parisian bed, now came on the roughest piece of turf, and made the planks of my cabin softer than down. I can now run as fast as one of my Newmarket stud, pull down a buffalo, and catch a kangaroo by the tail in fair field. Health, vigour, appetite, and activity, are my superabundance now. I have every thing but time. My banishment expires to-morrow; but I shall never recross the sea. This is my country. Since I set my foot upon its shore I have never had a moment to yawn. In this land of real and substantial life, the spectre that haunted my joyless days dares not be seen—the 'hour too many' is no more."

With this single but strong proof of the entertainment to be derived from the *Forget-Me-Not*, we most cordially recommend it to that public attention and patronage it so well deserves, from the pains and expense bestowed upon it both by editor and publisher.

Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present for 1829. Pp. 420. Smith, Elder, and Co.

It is curious enough (though it may perhaps be accounted for by the poetical taste and habits of its editor, Mr. Pringle), that the *Friendship's Offering* should be the very reverse of the *Forget-Me-Not*,—excelling in its poetry, and failing in its prose. The collection consists of ninety-three productions; and many of the writers are the same as in the preceding publication,* though there are others of different names, and one or two new to the public. We are therefore exempted from the task of offering any further opinion upon a large proportion of the *Friendship's Offering*, and the remainder may be briefly dismissed. The Jewish Pilgrim, a fable similar in structure to Parnell's Hermit, and shewing that the Bible is infinitely more precious than all the glosses and traditions that ever were written upon it, is altogether the best thing in the volume. The Election, by Miss Mitford, is *pretty well*, but

* About three-fourths of each volume is furnished by the same individuals, *ex. gr.* J. Montgomery, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, the late H. Neele, John Clare, J. Bowring, Delta, B. Barton, Misses A. and S. Strickland, James Hogg, Capt M'Naghten, Modern Pythagoreen, R. Howitt, H. Stebbing, Mrs. Bowdich, Mrs. B. C. Wilson, and one or two anonymous writers, the identity of whose style is readily recognised—for instance, the Jewish Pilgrim in *Friendship's Offering*, and the Euthanasia in the *Forget-Me-Not*.

not one of her most successful hits. The Irish Tale, by M. Banim, and another military record by "The Subaltern," are of the same calibre, with nothing particularly worthy of their writers. The Covenanters is tolerably well told; but really the quantity we have read of such matters, since Sir Walter set the example, leaves us little appetite for repetitions about praying presbyters and ruthless dragoons. An Eastern Tale, by Mr. Frazer, possesses neither novelty nor interest: and there are a Sentimental Romance in French; Isabelle de Jaunay, another French story, but in English; a German Dream, and several other performances, respecting which, all that can be said is, that they are rather below than above level.

In the poetical department the Editor himself makes the most conspicuous and shining figure. His "Glen-Lynden, a Tale of Teviotdale," is in fact a very polished and beautiful production. It opens thus:—

"Sweet Teviot, by adventurous Leyden sung,
And famed by mighty Scott in deathless lays,
I may not hope, with far less gifted tongue,
Aught higher to advance thy classic praise;
Yet, as a son his pious tribute pays
To the loved mother he has left behind,
I fain some grateful monument would raise,
Which in far foreign lands may call to mind
The scenes that Scottish hearts to their dear country bind.

* * * *

No perilous theme I meditate: To me
To soar 'mid clouds and storms hath not been given;
Or through the gates of Dread and Mystery
To gaze—like those dark spirits who have striven
To rend the veil that severs earth from heaven:
For I have loved with simple hearts to dwell,
That ne'er to Doubt's forbidden springs were driven,
But lived sequestered in life's lowly dell,
And drank the untroubled stream from Inspiration's well."

The possessor of Lynden's ancient and ruined tower is now a pastoral farmer, cultivating his pleasant domain in the bosom of a loved family, his wife and twin children, and an orphan girl left by a friend; and, after some pleasing description, the poet proceeds—

"Fain would I linger 'mong those fairy bowers,
Aloof from manhood's feverish hopes and fears,
Where Innocence among the vernal flowers
Leads young Delight aye laughing through his tears:
But lo! the cruel spectre Time appears,
Half hid amidst the foliage bright with bloom,
Weaving his ceaseless web of hours and years,
Still onward dyed with deeper hues of gloom;
And Death behind stands darkly, pointing to the tomb!

Ay! Time's harsh hand for youth nor age will stay,
And I must hasten with my lagging strain.
Years steal on years: the locks are wearing gray
On either parent's brow: the youthful train
Have long outgrown their childish pastimes vain:
On Arthur's manly features we may trace
High thought and feeling, checked by anxious pain;
And in each timid maiden's milder face,
Some shade of pensive care with woman's opening grace.

So young—so innocent—can grief's dark cloud
Thus early o'er their hearts its shadow fling?
Affliction's angel, though he crush the proud,
Might pass the humble with relenting wing!
Yet death has not been here; nor hath the sting
Of baleful passion touched one gentle breast:
Whence then can venomed care and sorrow spring,
In this calm seat of love and pious rest?
And the dear parent twain, why look they so distressed?

Ah! evil days have fallen upon the land:
A storm that brooded long has burst at last;
And friends, like forest-trees that closely stand
With roots and branches interwoven fast,
May aid awhile each other in the blast;
But as when giant pines at length give way
The groves below must share the ruin vast,
So men who seemed aloof from Fortune's sway
Fall crushed beneath the shock of lofier than they.

Even so it fared. And dark round Lynden grew
Misfortune's troubles; and foreboding fears,
That rose like distant shadows, nearer drew,
O'ercasting the calm evening of his years:
Yet still amidst the gloom fair hope appears,
A rainbow in the cloud. And, for a space,
Till the horizon closes round or clears,
Returns our tale the enchanted paths to trace
Where youth's fond visions rise with fair but fleeting grace.

Far up the dale, where Lynden's ruined towers
O'erlooked the valley from the old oak wood,
A lake, blue-gleaming from deep forest bowers,
Spread its fair mirror to the landscape rude:
Oft by the margin of that quiet flood,
And through the groves and hoary ruins round,
Young Arthur loved to roam in lonely mood;
Or here, amid tradition's haunted ground,
Long silent hours to lie in mystic musings drowned.

Bold feats of war, fierce feuds of elder times,
And wilder elfin legends, half forgot
And half preserved in uncouth ballad rhymes,
Had peopled with romantic tales the spot:
And here, save bleat of sheep, or simple note
Of shepherd's pipe far on the upland lone,
Or linnet in the bush and lark afloat
Blithe carolling, or stockdove's plaintive moan,
No sound of living thing through the long day was known.

No sound—save, aye, one small brook's tinkling dash
Down the gray mossy cliffs; and, midst the lake,
The quick trout springing oft with gamesome plash;
And wild ducks rustling in the sedgy brake;
And sighing winds that scarce the willows shake;
And hum of bees among the blossomed thyme;
And pittering song of grasshoppers that make
Throughout the glowing meads their mirthful chime:
All rich and soothing sounds of summer's fragrant prime.

Here Arthur loved to roam—a dreaming boy—
Erewhile romantic reveries to frame,
Or read adventurous tales with thrilling joy,
Till his young breast throbbed high with thirst of fame:
But with fair manhood's dawn a softer flame
'Gan mingle with his martial musings high;
And trembling wishes—which he feared to name,
Yet oft betrayed in many a half-drawn sigh—
Told that the hidden shaft deep in his heart did lie.

And there were eyes that from long silken lashes
With stolen glance could spy his secret pain—
Sweet hazel eyes, whose dewy light out-flashes
Like joyous day-spring after summer rain:
And she, the enchantress, loved the youth again
With maiden's first affection, fond and true.
—Ah! youthful love is like the tranquil main,
Heaving 'neath smiling skies its bosom blue—
Beautiful as a spirit—calm, but fearful too!

* * * *

I may not here their growing passion paint,
Or their day-dreams of cloudless bliss disclose:
I may not tell how hope deferred grew faint,
When griefs and troubles in far vista rose:
As the woods tremble ere the tempest blows,
How quaked their hearts (misled by treacherous fears)
When that fell nightmare of the soul's repose,
Green Jealousy his snaky crest upreares,
Whose breath of mildew blights the cherished faith of years."

They are driven by misfortunes from Lynden, and they emigrate—

"—— soon, with many a follower, forth they fare—
High hope and courage in their hearts again:
And now, afloat upon the dark-blue main,
They gaze upon the fast-receding shore
With tearful eyes—while thus the ballad strain,
Half heard amidst the ocean's weltering roar,
Bids farewell to the scenes they ne'er shall visit more:—

'Our native land, our native vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Cheviot mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The battle-mound, the border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we or ours forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!'"

The poem soon closes rather abruptly,—for it is so fine a fragment that we could heartily have wished to see it finished in the manner projected by the author. Looking at the other poetry, we avoid an ode, in strange verse, by the Laureate, on the death of Queen Charlotte; and select, first, the Sword Chant of Thorstein Randi, on account of its originality (though of German extraction) and vigour.

"'Tis not the gray hawk's flight
O'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course
Tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print
Of black steed or gray,
Though swiftering it gallop
A long summer's day—
Which mete forth the lordships
I challenge as mine:
Ha, ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marshes
And numbers define.
Land Giver! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute,
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, 'There am I lord!'
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules Fate, is
This falchion's red gleam,
Might Giver! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding
In brave bower and hall;
I've drank the sweet music
That bright lips let fall;
I've hunted in greenwood,
And heard small birds sing—
But away with this idle
And cold jargoning;
The music I love, is
The shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle,
And garners the grave.
Joy Giver! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean
Thy lightning hath known,
And wide o'er the mainland
Thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father,
Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on
The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
And scourge of the strong,
Fame Giver! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
Than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely
Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
And lives but for thee.
In dreamings of gladness
Thou'rt dancing, with me,
Brave measures of madness
In some battle-field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
Stout hauberk and shield,
Death Giver! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
Soon may depart;
And light is the faith of
Fair woman's heart:
Changeful as light clouds,
And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
As its polish is bright;
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, starlike, burns fiercer,
The darker the night.
Heart Gladner! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perish'd
By war or by wave—
Now, childless and sireless,
I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
Is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
Below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
And with it decay—
While harps shall be ringing,
And scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
Our old fearless day.
Song Giver! I kiss thee."

The name of W. Motherwell, esq. is affixed to this, but we presume it is fictitious, and incline to ascribe the stirring verse to Mr. Kennedy. The following, by Mr. Stebbing, also appears to us to be well entitled to the palm of quotation.

"The Unbending.

Too proud of heart to tell the grief
That chains thy harrowed soul,
Too little schooled in grief to bear
Thy own stern pride's control;
With flushing cheek and restless eye
Thy woman's heart hath told,
Far easier thou in love hadst died,
Than in despair grow cold.

All beautiful! in the full grace
Of thy unsullied thought;
An angel that love sought to teach,
But woman's self when taught—
Thy bosom where youth showers its sweets
And coronals of light;
Thy brow and dewy lips are still
As eloquent and bright:

But troubled is the fountain where
That light of bliss was born;
And thou hast taught thy heart to hate,
To save thyself from scorn:
Faithful thou hadst been in thy truth,
Faithful through good and ill;
But, being left to live unloved,
Thou'dst make that doom thy will.

Still in the world thy path will be,
And still thy brow will wear
Roses as bright as ever wreathed
Their blossoms 'mid thy hair;
But for thy pride and seeming calm—
Thy vainly borne disguise—
No rest shall ever soothe thy soul,
No friendship glad thine eyes.

But lonelier than thy lonely heart
Thy very home shall be,
Nor gentle smile, nor household voice,
Shall e'er seem sweet to thee;
And on from youth to womanhood
Thy weary days shall haste,
Thy happiest feelings turned to gall—
Thy life itself a waste!"

We must, however, conclude; which we do with a strain of natural and soothing melancholy—the Spirit's Land, by John Malcolm.

"The Spirit's Land!—where is that land
Of which our fathers tell?
On whose mysterious, viewless strand
Earth's parted millions dwell!
Beyond the bright and starry sphere,
Creation's flaming space remote;
Beyond the measureless career,
The phantom flight of thought.

There, fadeless flowers their blossoms wave
Beneath a cloudless sky;
And there the latest lingering tear
Is wiped from every eye;
And souls beneath the trees of life
Repose upon that blessed shore,
Where pain, and toil, and storm, and strife,
Shall never reach them more.

And yet, methinks, a chastened wo
E'en there may prompt the sigh—
Sweet sorrows we would not forego
For calm, unmingled joy,
When strains from angel-harps may stray
On heavenly airs, of mortal birth,
That we have heard far, far away,
Amid the bowers of earth.

Ah! then, perchance, their saddening spell,
That from oblivion saves,
May wander, like a lorn farewell,
From this dim land of graves;
And, like the vision of a dream,
Shed on the disembodied mind
Of mortal life a dying gleam,
And loved ones left behind.

Yes—yes, I will, I must believe
That Nature's sacred ties
Survive, and to the spirit cleave,
Immortal in the skies;
And that imperfect were my bliss
In heaven itself, and dashed with care,
If those I loved on earth should miss
The path that leadeth there."

There are a number of other sweet and pleasing compositions, and some doggrel enough; but, taken as a whole, we may most conscientiously speak of this Annual as one well deserving of its share of support and encouragement.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. Vol. IV. and last. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THIS volume brings down his Grace M. Savary's account of the affairs of France to the return of Buonaparte from Elba to the Tuileries; which return, if not historically correct, is at least described in an animated manner. M. Savary declares that it was the result of no conspiracy, but the almost spontaneous act of Napoleon, on learning from the Congress at Vienna, that they were about to transport him to St. Helena; and that Fouché, so far from promoting its success, was the instigator of the movement of troops in the northern provinces to oppose his old master, then rapidly driving on from the south, and raise the Duke of Orleans to the supreme power; though, when his plan was defeated by the unexpected speed of Buonaparte's arrival, this crafty politician took the merit of having driven off the king to make room for that event. But in our review of this publication, it will be more expedient to revert to the circumstances to which it relates, in the order in which they took place; especially as the earlier pages contain some personal narrative which cannot fail to interest our readers.

The Empress Maria Louisa, having been advised by the Council, full of intrigues, to quit Paris on the advance of the allies, the author tells us that she left the capital, "attended by those whom she had specially named to accompany her, and took her departure under her usual escort of guards. The assembled crowd testified every mark of interest in her fate at this painful moment; but if any one had been bold enough to cut the traces from the horses, there would have been an end of all farther responsibility; all hesitation would have disappeared, and the capital would have been saved. It was a remarkable fact, that the King of Rome evinced the utmost resistance at the moment of his being taken to his mother. The child cried out that his papa was betrayed, and he was determined not to go. He grasped at the curtains of the apartment, saying that he was in his own house, and would not quit it. Nothing but the ascendency of Madame de Montesquiou could calm him; and she only succeeded in persuading him that he should allow himself to be taken to his mother, by faithfully promising to bring him back. After the departure of the empress, the power fell into the hands of Prince Joseph, who quitted the Luxembourg, where he resided, and came to establish himself at the Tuileries. He endeavoured to protract the defence, and to take advantage of the few resources remaining to us, only shewing himself indifferent to what was not for the good of the emperor's service; for it must be acknowledged that a spirit of intrigue was at work about his person."

Upon the whole, it appears that Joseph was a far more influential person at this crisis than we had any idea of "the Bottle King's" being at any period of his career. At this epoch, too, Talleyrand is described as a very unprincipled intriguer; and this, as we have before remarked, is one of the causes calculated to elicit truth hereafter, even out of the mistatements of such writers as Savary. Most of the actors in these scenes will be provoked to vindicate themselves and criminate others; and thus, from their conflicting *revelations*, will the future historian be able to unravel the whole of this twisted skein of selfishness, treason, and villany. Indeed, we are assured by a gentleman well versed in the secrets of the Revolution, that Talleyrand's memoirs are already written; and that they are bequeathed to his nephew and successor, with more than an injunction, viz. a mulct in case of disobedience, to publish them ten years after his decease. We hope to live to review them, for they must be very curious. Buonaparte, it seems, thought this personage too deeply compromised by the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and other affairs, to abet the restoration of the Bourbons; but he was mistaken;—and in fact, so crooked were the measures of every soul mentioned in these volumes, that it would not be easy to say to what extremes of veering and contradiction they would not go. According to Savary, however, Talleyrand had substantial reasons for some parts of his conduct: he accuses him and the Prince of the Peace of pocketing, after Buonaparte's return from Egypt, 250,000 francs, monthly, of the 500,000 paid by Spain to France; and of forcing the patentee of the gaming-houses, at another time, to pay him a large sum for a country mansion and estate, to which his title was exceedingly frail. But these charges are, in all probability, exaggerated; for with so much alleged plunder, we believe that Talleyrand is by no means a rich man—to be sure he lost largely by his connexion with one of the Paris banks.

With regard to the surrender of Paris in 1814, M. Savary is indignant at the non-arming of the populace. He says, of Napoleon's hasty retrograde movement to repair his error in marching towards the frontier and leaving the capital open to the allied army,—"He had certainly not loitered on his way. Had Paris held out for two days longer, his army would have entered it; and every one is well acquainted with his skill in the management of affairs. He would have had no hesitation to throw the arsenals open to the people. His presence would have inflamed the multitude. He would have imparted a salutary direction to their enthusiasm, and Paris would no doubt have imitated the example of Saragossa; or, to speak more correctly, the enemy would not have ventured to make any attempt upon it; for, independently of the emperor's being for them a Medusa's head, it was ascertained at a later period, that in the battle which preceded the surrender of the capital, they had nearly consumed the whole of their ammunition. Tears of blood are ready to flow at the bare recollection of these facts."

Matters, however, took another turn, and Buonaparte was compelled to temporise and sue for peace: and here our author's good opinion of himself breaks out in full force. "The measure (he observes) adopted by the emperor, of sending M. de Caulaincourt to treat for peace on any terms, was assuredly the most judicious under existing circumstances. But the Duke of Vicenza was, of all the high functionaries, the one least acquainted with the administrative details of a mighty city, upon whose destinies those of the state were depending. I was well acquainted with the power of opinion exercised over the people by the several municipal authorities of the city; and this was my motive for drawing the emperor's attention to the necessity of fixing beforehand upon a commissioner thus qualified, and for offering my own services in that capacity. This was in every respect the peculiar duty of a minister of police. If the emperor felt a want of confidence in me, he ought instantly to have removed me from the administration, instead of compromising so many interests by a single act. I was not blind to the motives of the refusal which he gave to me. It did not proceed from any want of confidence in my

abilities. The emperor was better able than any one else to appreciate them in the several negotiations which he had intrusted to me. Neither could it arise from any mistrust of my military talents, since of all those he had left in Paris who belonged to the profession of arms, I had been the most frequently engaged on the memorable fields of battle of which nothing is now left beyond the bare recollection of them to console us at the close of our historical career."

It is a remarkable trait of character, that no party or person, royalist, Buonapartist, or republican, seem to have been impressed with the same idea of the Duke of Rovigo's vast talents and abilities, with which he was so entirely satisfied. On the contrary, while he fancied himself the prime mover and agitator of important events, they, almost *unâ voce*, agreed in considering him to be a mere tool. Whichever he was, his lamentations over the giddy misconduct of the Parisians on the entrance of the allied conquerors, is sufficiently ludicrous and national.

"The Russian column entered Paris at twelve or one o'clock of the day after the capitulation for its surrender. This was a moment of intense suffering for those exalted minds who were witnesses of a sight so humiliating to Frenchmen, hitherto so justly proud of the renown of their country. Our armies have also made triumphant entries into foreign capitals, and have done so moreover after memorable battles, whose names have been given to the campaigns in which they were fought. The campaign of Marengo will long retain the name of that town, as well as those of Austerlitz, Jena, and Moscow. They will always stand as monuments of our history in spite of the attacks of envy: but although in the sequel of events so glorious to our arms the vanquished have had the consolation of making us expiate our victories, we have never witnessed their families rushing forward to meet or to welcome us as their liberators; they never stooped to kiss our feet. Nothing but the picture of affliction met our sight. We never witnessed any abject scenes at Vienna and Berlin, where there existed a just cause for apprehending our resentment. All asserted their national dignity; nor did we ever receive more attention than what it was indispensable to pay to us. It was reserved for Paris to exhibit the disgraceful contrast, and to prove to the enemy that it had remained perfectly indifferent to the glory we had acquired, although it had been made the depository of so many trophies. This mode of expressing myself will probably not escape the ordeal of criticism; but my reproaches are exclusively directed against those men who disgraced themselves on the occasion. I hold up to public scorn the servile acts of that period, in order that our descendants, being fired with those sentiments of indignation which such acts are calculated to inspire, should be made acquainted with the nature of the stains it behoves them to wipe away. * * *

"An immense crowd of people had collected to witness the entrance of the Russian army. Curiosity attracted the greater part, and a feeling of indignation brought forth the remainder. Those who had hitherto formed the insignificant portion of society, where they were kept within the bounds of decorum, broke through the restraints by which their private hatred was held in check. Women, some of them of high titles, were seen to transgress the boundaries of self-respect so far, as openly to give way to paroxysms of the most shameful enthusiasm. They rushed through the cavalcade forming the group which accompanied the Emperor of Russia, evincing an eagerness to behold him much more calculated to draw down a sentiment of contempt, than a kindly feeling towards them. Others, who subsisted upon the Emperor Napoleon's liberality, were driving through the streets in calashes, collecting the people together, and uttering imprecations against the man whose favours had been constantly showered upon them. Others, in short, whose time of domestic mourning had scarcely expired, and whose tears should have continued to flow for the loss of near relatives, exhibited themselves in public on the occasion of this triumph, and appeared in it with branches of myrtle and laurel leaves, which they scattered under the horses' feet, instead of seeking amongst the population for avengers of their departed husbands. They employed themselves in weaving crowns for those who had deprived those unhappy men of life, and did so with the very flowers which they should have kept in reserve to ornament the graves of their husbands."

We are of opinion that shows are admirable things for quieting and pleasing the people of all countries; but nobody will deny that this picture of their effect upon the minds of the French population, demonstrates their love of sights, lions, &c. &c. to exceed that of any other country.

At the end of much ado and considerable turmoil, we must now look at the allies in possession of Paris, and proceed to the empress at Blois, by whom the unfavourable news was not received for several days. Mr. S. tells us she "had fallen a prey to the deepest anxiety. During the week of her stay at Blois, her face was constantly bathed in tears. She had formed a very different idea of Frenchmen from that which their present conduct justified. The malice of those who compelled her to descend from the throne, has imputed to her want of energy a part of the misfortunes which befel us; and yet no blame can properly attach to her. If instead of being less than twenty-two years of age, the empress had reached that period of existence at which experience brings a firmness of character along with it, and allows a woman to surround herself with men entitled to her confidence, and to listen to their counsels, the events would probably have taken a different turn; but she was not so situated. The emperor had appointed the persons who surrounded her; and she set the example of submission to his will. In private, as well as in public, she never relaxed from that rigid observance of the laws of propriety which were imposed upon her youth, and which forbade all kinds of private conversation with any one, excepting those who had been named as her counsellors. I had many times the honour of seeing her during those painful moments; and had an opportunity of satisfying myself of her unvaried attachment to the emperor. 'Those who were of opinion that I should remain in Paris,' said the empress one day to me, 'were quite right: the soldiers of my father would not, perhaps, have driven me out of it. What am I to think of his allowing such indignities to be offered to me?' She was in this state of anxiety when she learned the fatal determination brought on by the intrigues of the capital. She received this intelligence from Colonel Galbois. That gallant officer having been despatched from Fontainbleau on the 6th of April, had great difficulty in avoiding the troops of the allies which intercepted the road to Blois. The account of his mission was given by himself: we will quote his own words. 'I reached Blois at an early hour on the following morning, the 7th of April: the empress immediately admitted me to an audience. She was greatly surprised at the emperor's abdication. She could not believe it possible that the allies should contemplate to dethrone the Emperor Napoleon. 'My father,' she said, 'would not allow it. He repeated to me, over and over again, when he placed me on the French throne, that he would always maintain me in that station; and my father is rigidly true to his word.' The empress desired to be left alone, in order that she might meditate on the emperor's letter. I afterwards saw the King of Spain and the King of Westphalia. Joseph was in deep affliction; and Jerome loud in his complaints against Napoleon. Maria Louisa sent for me. Her majesty was in a state of great excitement, and announced to me her intention of proceeding to join the emperor. I observed to her that this was impossible. Her majesty then said to me with warmth: 'Why so, colonel? You are about to join him yourself: my proper place is near the emperor, at a moment when he must be so truly unhappy. I insist upon going to him; and I shall deem myself well off any where, provided I be in his company.' I represented to the empress that I had found great difficulty in coming as far as Blois, and should have to encounter much greater ones in going back to the emperor. Nothing, in fact, could be more perilous than such a journey. The empress yielded with the utmost reluctance. At last, she determined upon writing a letter. I succeeded in overtaking the emperor. He read Maria Louisa's letter with the utmost eagerness, and appeared greatly affected at the kind interest which she took in his fate. The empress spoke of the possibility of collecting an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. The emperor read that passage of the letter in a loud voice, and addressed to me these remarkable words: 'Doubtless I might still hold out another campaign, and offer a successful resistance; but I should be kindling a civil war in France, and I will not do so..... besides which, I have signed my abdication, and I will not recall what I have done.' The emperor, according to Colonel Galbois' report, was not insensible to the firmness displayed by the empress; but he did not share in her sanguine expectations. He wrote her word to proceed to Orleans; and it will hardly be believed, that the officer, who was the bearer of his despatch, was ordered to be accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia, who, on the banks of the Loire, was to serve as a protection to her who had formerly been the sovereign of half of Europe."

At Orleans an agent seized cart-loads of treasure, (exceeding 20 millions of francs!!) or above 830,000*l.* sterling), which had been carried off as the private property of Buonaparte; and M. le Duc is loud in his complaints against this wrong. Among other stories, we are informed:

"The agent of the provisional government claimed the crown jewels, which were returned upon a regular schedule, and with the most scrupulous exactness. None were wanting, except the diamond called 'the Regent,' which was generally kept separate, in consequence of its high value, and of the facility there existed for carrying it off. No one was aware that the empress kept in a work-bag the mounting of one of the emperor's swords, in which it was set. An account was brought to

her of what was going forward; she immediately took out the mounting, and gave it up. The jewels which were her own property were in the same place with the rest; she did not ask a single question with the view of ascertaining if they had not also been carried off. M. Dudon was not yet satisfied; he took possession of the scanty supply of plate which had been removed for the use of the empress and of her son; he did not leave her a single cover, and went to such lengths, that it was found necessary to borrow the plate and china belonging to the bishop at whose house she resided for the two days during which she still remained in Orleans. * * * *

"The period of the residence of the empress at Orleans was one of uniform suffering for that unhappy princess; each moment brought fresh causes of alarm along with it. The emperor had written to her to dismiss the ministers, the members of the government who had accompanied her, as well as the great officers of the crown. She gave publicity to this order, and each one testified his eager desire to repair to her presence, and to lay at her feet the last mark of their respect, by assuring her of their deep regret at her misfortunes. She received in succession all those who presented themselves; she begged of each to retain some recollection of her, and expressed a wish for their happiness; her face was bathed in tears, which would have melted a heart of stone; she held out her hand for them to kiss, and afterwards dismissed them. On the day following this mournful ceremony, the empress found herself almost deserted and alone in the town of Orleans; every one had taken the road back to Paris. I had also taken my departure, when an accident, which I shall presently relate, compelled me to return to Orleans, where I staid two days longer. The episcopal palace, at which the empress was residing, had assumed an altered aspect; hardly any other persons were to be seen except the two or three ladies who had remained in attendance upon her and the King of Rome. The moments which the empress passed in this manner must have been bitter beyond description; her situation was such that she could no longer enjoy any repose. The Duchess de Montebello, her lady of honour, was the only person living with her on terms of close intimacy. The other ladies who accompanied her were not admitted to the same degree of confidence. Madame de Montesquiou enjoyed no greater share of it than was necessarily bestowed upon the individual who had wholly devoted herself to the care of watching over the tender years of the King of Rome. The arch-chancellor had not come so far as Orleans. On leaving Blois he had taken the road back to Paris; his advanced age, added to his infirmities, rendered any change of place extremely painful to him; so that, in these trying moments, the empress had no other person than her lady of honour to advise with. Having been presented to the confidence of Maria Louisa by the emperor himself, that lady had justified the choice of the sovereign by the most unremitting attentions. Maria Louisa entertained for her a friendship as sincere as if she had been one of her sisters, and took great delight in conversing with her respecting that sister. The lady of honour was, as well as the sovereign, wholly devoted to the emperor; like her, however, she was also greatly affected at the storm that had burst over their heads. They collected every report; communicated to each other their feelings of alarm; and thus increased the state of anxiety to which they were both a prey, though under circumstances of a very different nature. The general topic of conversation for some days past had been a pretended design formed by the emperor of making an attempt upon his life. I do not believe that any one ever took upon himself to advise his terminating his career in such a manner: those alone who were longing to be released from all ties of gratitude towards him, have expressed any surprise at his having had the courage to outlive such accumulated misfortunes. For my part, I am of opinion that had he put an end to his life, such an act would have been censured and ridiculed. This course is only befitting a man who cannot escape the infamy that attaches to him; but a great mind should always be proof against the shafts of misfortune. The report of the emperor's death had at first been circulated at Blois, and afterwards in a more circumstantial manner at Orleans. It was even asserted that letters had been received from Fontainbleau, announcing that all would be over the next day. These reports had certainly reached the ears of the empress; for she fell into a state of nervous affection, which deprived her of sleep. Madame de Montebello was equally restless. The various reports in circulation had produced such an effect upon her, that she fancied every one to be a messenger of death. * * * *

"She did me the honour to address to me at Orleans the following words: 'I am indeed much to be pitied. Some advise me to proceed, others to remain. I write to the emperor, and he does not reply to my request. He tells me to write to my father. Alas! what can my father tell me, after the injuries which he allows to be inflicted upon me? I am deserted, and must now trust entirely to Divine Providence. It had once suggested to me the wisest course, when it inspired me with the idea of becoming a canoness. I should have done much better in yielding to that inspiration, than in coming to this country. To repair to the emperor! impossible, without my son, who looks up to me as his natural protector. On the other hand, if the emperor is apprehensive of an attempt being made upon his life, a very improbable circumstance, and is compelled to fly, the embarrassment I should be to him might occasion his falling into the hands of his enemies, who, there is no doubt, have sworn his ruin. I know not what to decide upon. I only live to shed tears.' In fact, they were running in abundance down her face whilst she concluded these words."

But, notwithstanding all this, there appears to have been still a somewhat of female reservation, not so entirely indicative of utter devotedness as M. le Duc would have us believe, for he very simply adds,—'Madame de Montebello, who was possessed of a very large fortune, was not at all disposed to bury herself alive in the island of Elba. Her inclinations led her back to Paris, where she could live in a state of independence. She was sufficiently acquainted with the feelings of the empress, to be well satisfied that if she again met the emperor, no power would ever prevent her from sharing his fate; in which case, the duchess would be under the necessity of accompanying her. Accordingly, she urged with great warmth the propriety of her adopting the course recommended by the emperor, that of addressing herself to the Emperor of Austria; as no sooner should that princess be restored to her family, than her attendant would be relieved from all further obligations. The entreaties of the lady of honour were backed by some treacherous hints. The empress was told that the emperor had never loved her; that he had enjoyed the favours of several mistresses since his marriage, and had only wedded her through motives of policy; but that, after the turn which matters had taken, she would be exposed to unceasing reproaches. The empress gave way to these representations. She wrote to her father, and it was no doubt owing to his invitation that she repaired from Orleans to Rambouillet."

(To be concluded next week.)

A Guide to Mount's Bay, &c.

(Concluded.)

Referring to our account of the Cornish mines, those extensive sources of wealth, we shall now extract an interesting account of the pilchard fishery, another object of great importance.

"The pilchard in size and form very much resembles the common herring,* and is actually confounded with it by Linnæus, under the name of *clupea harengus*; upon close inspection, however, an essential difference may be readily discovered. The pilchard is less compressed, as well as smaller; there is, besides, a very simple and common test of distinction, depending upon the dorsal fin of the pilchard being placed exactly in the centre of gravity; if, therefore, it be taken up by this fin, it will preserve an equilibrium; while the body of the herring, when so tried, will dip towards the head. Mr. Pennant likewise observes, that the scales of the latter easily drop off, whereas those of the pilchard adhere very closely. It has been commonly stated, that these fish migrate from the North Sea in immense shoals during the summer months, and reach the Cornish coast about the middle of July, where they remain until the latter end of September, when they again depart to the arctic regions. This statement, however, cannot be correct, as the fish are never seen off the coasts of Scotland, the northern shores of Ireland, the Isle of Man, nor, in fact, off any coast north of Cornwall. It would therefore seem more probable that they come from some part of the Western Ocean, and return thither at the end of the season. Within the last ten years a considerable alteration in their usual course has taken place, much to the disappointment of the Cornish fishermen;—they have kept at a greater distance from the shores. Whether this circumstance has arisen from their food being farther than usual out at sea, or from any alteration in the currents, it is impossible to ascertain. In the present year, however, they seem to have returned to Saint Ives; an immense quantity, calculated at 2000 hogsheads, having been taken at one 'catch' by two seines in this bay. The other parts of the coast have been visited only by very small shoals. The preparations for this fishery are generally commenced about the end of July,† the period at which the pilchards are ex-

* "There is also a very considerable similarity in their mode of migration. The word herring is derived from the German *heer*, an army, to express their numbers and order of array.

† "The first outfit of a seine, with its boats, oars, ropes, sails, nets, and a quantity of salt sufficient to cure 500 hogsheads of fish, if purchased new, cannot be estimated at less than a thousand pounds. The preparations for the water consists of three boats, *i. e.* two large ones and a small one; each large boat containing seven men, and in the small one are the master, another man, and two boys. The 'seine-boat' and the 'follower' are the names by which the two large boats are distinguished; and the small one is called the 'lurker.'"

pected to pay their annual visit. As they usually make their appearance here in the evening, the boats engaged in the adventure seldom go to sea before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and as rarely remain longer than ten. On some occasions, however, they go out again very early in the morning, and have sometimes succeeded in taking fish at sunrise. The fishermen, arranged in boats which are scattered at a little distance from each other, are directed to the shoals by persons who are stationed on the cliffs, or who sometimes follow in boats. These persons, who are called 'huers,' probably from the hue and cry which they raise, discover them by the peculiar red tint* which the water assumes, and from other indications with which they are well acquainted. The spot where the nets should be cast or shot having been determined from the signals of the huer, the boat containing the great net, or stop-seine as it is called, and which is frequently as much as 300 fathoms in length and ten in depth, is gradually cast from the boat into the sea by two men, as the vessel is gently rowed round the shoal by others of the crew; a service which is performed with such dexterity, that in less than four minutes the whole of this enormous net is shot, and the fish enclosed. Upon this occasion it is always the first care of the seiner to secure that part to which the fish were swimming; and then so to carry the net around them, that they shall be hemmed in on every side. The net immediately spreads itself, the corks on one edge rendering it buoyant, and the leaden weights on the other causing it to sink to the bottom; for if the depth of the water should exceed that of the seine, it is evident that there would be little probability of securing any fish, however large the shoal might be. As the circle in which the seine is shot is generally larger than the net can compass, its two extremities are at a distance from each other when the whole is in the water. Ropes are therefore carried out from each of these ends, by which they are warped together by the men on board the two large boats, so as to bring them into contact. When this is effected, the two extremities, if the shoal be large, are lifted from the bottom, and expeditiously tacked together. During this last operation every method is adopted to agitate the water and drive back the body of fish from this only aperture through which they can escape. This having been accomplished, the fish remain within the enclosure formed by the encircling net, which extends from the surface to the bottom of the sea. It only now remains to secure the seine in its position, for which purpose grapnels or small anchors are carried out at some distance on every side, the ropes from which are fastened to the rope at the upper end of the net: these grapnels will of course retain the seine in its circular position, and preserve it against the influence of the tides and the changes of the weather. Where, however, the shore is sandy and shelving, as in Saint Ives' Bay, the seine is at once drawn into shallow water by a number of men, who are called 'blowsers.' The quantity of fish which is thus secured will depend of course on many contingent circumstances—such, for instance, as the strength of the tides, the nature of the coast, and the dexterity of the fishermen, &c. A seine has sometimes enclosed as many as fifteen hundred or two thousand hogsheads."

"The fish, having been brought to the fish-cellars, undergo the process of being 'cured,' which is performed by laying them up in broad piles, 'in bulk,' as it is called, and salting them, as they are piled up, with bay salt. In this situation they generally remain for forty days, although the time allowed for their lying in bulk is often regulated by the interests of the merchant, who, it may be supposed, is ever ready to avail himself of any favourable turn in the foreign markets. The period directed by government is that of thirty-three days. During this process a great quantity of oil, blood, and dirty pickle, drains from the fish, and which, from the inclination of the floor, immediately find their way into a *receptacle* placed for their *reception*. The pilchards, when taken from the bulk, are carried to large troughs, in which they are washed, and completely cleansed from the salt, filth, and coagulated oil which they had acquired. They are then packed into hogsheads, and pressed by a strong lever, for the purpose of squeezing out the oil, which issues through a hole at the bottom of the cask: the pressing continues for a week, and formerly ten gallons of oil were procured from every hogshead, but at this time not more than four can be obtained; such a change in the fatness of the fish is not easily to be explained. The hogsheads are now headed up, and exported to the different ports of the Mediterranean, principally to the Italian ports; and upon every hogshead so exported, government allows a bounty of 8*s.* 6*d.* Upwards of 30,000 hogsheads are annually consumed in England; and above 100,000 have been exported in one year. The quantity of salt necessary to cure a hogshead of fish is estimated at about 300 lbs.; and the expense of the whole for that quantity, including the cask, salt, labour, &c., is from 1*l.* 3*s.* to 1*l.* 6*s.*; and it has been calculated, that the bounty, together with the value of the oil (from 20*l.* to 21*l.* per ton), will in general reimburse the whole expense. This fishery is in every respect of the highest importance to the county of Cornwall, affording employment to at least 12,000 persons, whilst the capital engaged cannot be fairly estimated at less than 350 or 400,000*l.* The broken and refuse fish are sold at about ten pence per bushel, for manure, and are used throughout the county with excellent effects, especially for raising all green crops; they are usually mixed with sand or soil, and sometimes with sea-weed, to prevent them from raising too luxuriant a crop, arising from a too rapid decomposition: thus employed, their effects are very permanent; and there is a popular belief, that a single pilchard will fertilise a foot square of land for several years: and certain it is, that after the apparent exhaustion of this manure, its powers may be again excited by ploughing-in a small proportion of quick lime, which will produce a still further decomposition of the animal matter, and develop a fresh succession of those elements which are essential to the growth of vegetable substances."

In his Appendix, Dr. Paris speaks most favourably of the climate of Cornwall, and gives a curious account of some quinquennial games lately instituted by a Mr. Knill; but we must pass over these, in order to conclude our notice with *Carn Breh*, an unpublished ode by the late Dr. Walcot, alias Peter Pindar.

"While nature slumbers in the shade,
And Cynthia, clothed in paly light,
Walks her lone way, the mount I tread,
Majestic mid the gloom of night.
With reverence to the lofty hill I bow,
Where Wisdom, Virtue, taught their founts to flow.

Wan, on yon rock's aspiring steep,
Behold a Druid form forlorn!
I see the white-robed phantom weep—
I hear to heaven his wild harp mourn.
The temples open'd to the vulgar eye,
And oaks departed wake his inmost sigh.

Oh! lover of the twilight hour,
That calls thee from the tombs of death,
To haunt the cave, the time-struck tower,
The sea-girt cliff, the stormy heath;
Sweet is thy minstrelsy to him whose lays
First sung this hallow'd hill of ancient days.

Yet not this druid-scene alone
Inspires the gloom-delighted muse;
Ah! many a hill to fame unknown
With awe the tuneful wanderer views;
And oft while midnight lends her list'ning ear,
Sings darkling to the solitary sphere.

Poor ghost! no more the druid-band
Shall watch, devotion-wrapt, their fire;
No more, high sounding through the land,
To virtue strike the plauding lyre.
The snake along the frowning fragment creeps,
And fox obscene beneath the shadow sleeps.

No more beneath the golden hook
The treasures of the grove shall fall;
Time triumphs o'er each vanish'd oak—
The power whose might shall crush this ball—
Yet, yet, till Nature droops the head to die,
Compassion grant each monument a sigh.

The bards in lays sublime no more
The warrior's glorious deeds relate,
Whose patriot arm a thunder bore,
That hurl'd his country's foe to fate:
Lo! mute the harp near each pale Druid hung,
Mute, like the voice that once accordant sung.

Save when the wandering breeze of morn,
Or eve's wild gale with wanton wing,
To hear the note of sorrow mourn,
Steals to the silent sleeping string,
And wildly brushing, wakes with sweetest swell,
The plaintive trembling spirit of the shell.

Here Virtue's awful voice was heard,
That pour'd the instructive truth profound,
Here Cornwall's sons that voice revered,
Where sullen silence sleeps around.
See where she sung, sad, melancholy, tread,
A pensive pilgrim o'er th' unconscious dead.

She calls on Alda's, Odred's name,
Sons to the darken'd world of yore!
Lured by whose eagle-pinion'd fame,
The stranger left his native shore,
Daring, his white sail to the winds he gave,
And sought fair knowledge o'er the distant wave.

Though few these awful rocks revere,
And temples that deserted lie,
The Muse shall ask the tenderest tear
That ever dropt from Pity's eye,
T' embalm the ruins that her sighs deplore,
Where Wisdom, Virtue dwelt, but dwell no more."

After having made these copious and amusing extracts, need we again say how very agreeable a volume is the Guide to Mount's Bay? It makes us repine that we cannot take it in our hand, and visit all the spots and scenes it so well describes.

The Christmas Box. An Annual Present to Young Persons. Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. London. J. Ebers and Co.

When Annuals, originally of a middling size, were so prosperous as to induce a multiplication of the species, it might readily have been anticipated that both bigger and smaller breeds (large paper and children's) would be produced. In the latter race *The Christmas Box* took the lead with a good name and many merits. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we hail the successor of Number First; though, for the present, we can have but very little to say to it. But if we only say that nearly a fourth of its space (viz. some 55 out of 240 pages) is occupied by Garry Owen, or the Snow-Woman, a tale by Miss Edgeworth,—we imagine the intimation will be enough to set all our young readers and their mammas' teeth on edge till they read "that same." Besides this brief hint (which is nevertheless well worth attending to), we may state, that the book is very neat, the cheapest of the infantile school of Annuals, and superb in characteristic and grotesque wood-cuts. A Visit to the Zoolo-

* "The whiteness of the sand in the Bay of St. Ives renders the shoals of fish easily distinguishable, and contributes very greatly to the success of the fishery upon this coast."

gical Gardens, by Mrs. Markham, is another of its most attractive features; and the Ambitious Primrose, by Miss Dagley, is a simply beautiful apologue. As we have neither time nor room for a farther notice, we shall conclude with a hearty recommendation of this volume, which has not one syllable to which even fastidiousness could object in its composition, as unfit for the rising generation; and with "The Progress of Zoology," one of its pleasant ingredients, suggested, we dare say, by Mrs. Markham's excellent paper.

"What a fashionable place
Soon the Regent's Park will grow!
Not alone the human race
To survey its beauties go;
Birds and beasts of every hue,
In order and sobriety,
Come, invited by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Notes of invitation go
To the west and to the east,
Begging of the Hippopo-
Tamus here to come and feast:
Sheep and panthers here we view,
Monstrous contrariety!
All united by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Monkeys leave their native seat,
Monkeys green and monkeys blue,
Other monkeys here to meet,
And kindly ask, 'Pray how d'ye do?'
From New Holland the emeu,
With his better moiety,
Has paid a visit to the Zo-
Ological Society.

Here we see the lazy tor-
Toise creeping with his shell,
And the drowsy, drowsy dor-
Mouse* dreaming in his cell;
Here from all parts of the U-
Niverse we meet variety,
Lodged and boarded by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Bears at pleasure lounge and roll,
Leading lives devoid of pain,
Half day climbing up a pole,
Half day climbing down again;
Their minds tormented by no su-
Perfluous anxiety,
While on good terms with the Zo-
Ological Society.

Would a mammoth could be found,
And made across the sea to swim!
But now, alas! upon the ground
The bones alone are left of him:
I fear a hungry mammoth too,
(So monstrous and unquiet he),
By hunger urged might eat the Zo-
Ological Society!"

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir. London, Longman and Co.

A COPY of this extremely pretty volume reached us only on Thursday, by which time our arrangements for the week are nearly completed, as our numbers oblige us to go to press on Friday afternoon, and work hard in printing all night to be ready for the newsmen on Saturday morning. When we write a juvenile Gazette we will take pains to explain all this to them: at present they may content themselves with the assurance, that they know almost, if not quite, as much about it as their more learned parents. But of the *New Year's Gift*, edited, and well edited, by Mrs. Watts. It is a various and excellent work, with some engravings on steel that would do honour to the highest of the bigger Annuals.† The mingled prose and poetry is well adapted to the capacities of the class to whom it is addressed—the little bodies of this year 1829—the bodies who will think little of us and our circles in 1839, less in 1849, and nothing, or next to nothing, in Anno Domini 1859!! Well; we wish them well through with it, and have to advise them that the present work is an agreeable preparation. By and by, perhaps, when all have appeared, we shall offer something more serious than usual with us on the subject of Juvenile Annuals; for it brings a vitally important question palpably home to the consideration of elder people and heads of families. Now we merely *give* a sweet and tender sample of the *Gift*, in "The Child's first Grief, by Mrs. Hemans."

"'O call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
O call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flower we sowed
Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
O call him back to me!'

'He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee:
The face that once, like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;—
Go, thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.'

'And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?—
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!'"

* "The dormouse is a gentleman who chooses to sleep all the winter, which I hope my readers do not, though it may be as well to sleep as to get up and do nothing. Our friend dormouse *does* work when he *is* up, and gathers into his nest a fine magazine of nuts and acorns."

† See our Fine Arts.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture; and the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society of Scotland. No. I. May, and II. August. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

AN agricultural "Quarterly" of Scotland, which, it is strange, considering the intelligence of that country, and particularly its acknowledged industry, skill, and pre-eminence in the cultivation of the soil, should have been reserved for this time, and for the (in this instance) late activity of so spirited a publisher as Blackwood. However, the work has at last been undertaken; and its first-fruits shew how ripe the harvest was for reaping. It would be out of our way to enter into details of sowing, of manures, of live stock, of feeding, of breeding, of reaping machines, of diseases in oxen, horses, and sheep, and of the ten thousand other natural ills which not only flesh, but bones, corn-crops, fruit-trees, gooseberry-bushes, poultry, hay-stacks, corn-ricks, and turnips, are heir to; but, upon as intelligent a view of all these matters as a Cockney Reviewer (though of beautiful rural extraction) can be supposed to take, we are ready to venture our reputation upon the great excellence of these Nos. Indeed, they lift us back to early days of delight, but with such an increase of knowledge, that we should be sadly afraid to face our country friends again; for if they can tell *us* so much in so short a time, how should we be able to maintain our Town and Literary dignity as universal instructors? We should never win a prize essay, nor receive one mark of honour from the Highland Society.

Sydney's Letters to the Editor of the Courier on the reported Exclusion of Lord Byron's Monument from Westminster Abbey. pp. 13. Cawthorn.

THE principal defect of this publication is, that it is an essay upon nothing—for which the price of one shilling is too much. No application having yet been made to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Cathedral, to admit of the erection of a monument to Lord Byron, their reverences' "reported exclusion" of it, is a mere fudge of the day, of no better authority than the story of the disconsolate and loving widow, who would not suffer her husband to be buried near one who died of the small-pox, because her dear man had never had that disorder!

Scripture Natural History for Youth. By Esther Hewlett. With numerous illustrative Engravings. 2 vols. London, 1828. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

QUITE a treasure for any deserving child, from six years of age to the time of teens. All the animals mentioned in Scripture are not only well described, but a multitude of coloured prints serve to rivet their forms, &c. on the memory. But besides the animal world, we have also the vegetable and mineral, equally well and forcibly, though briefly, impressed on the youthful understanding. In short, these two infantine-looking quartos are in themselves a valuable library.

Anti-Slavery Album. 1828. Howlett and Brimmer.

A BEAUTIFUL little specimen of the perfection to which the new art of printing in gold, and other metals, has been brought. The work consists of "selections in Verse from Cowper, Hannah More, Montgomery, Pringle, and others." Some of the "others" write sad trash: the authors of "The Planter" and "The Slave's Petition," for instance.

We may take the present opportunity of observing, that we have seen some patterns of the adaptation of this novel mode of printing to the formation of covers for books in boards, by Messrs. Howlett and Brimmer, which are ingenious and tasteful.

Constable's Miscellany.

THE last four volumes which we have of this now widely established publication (getting over a sad and inappropriate volume of inanity called the Pleiad) are two volumes of Memorials of the late War in Spain, and two volumes a republication of Russell's popular Tour in Germany. As the latter was very diffusely reviewed at the period of its appearance, and, consequently, very generally read, it would be superfluous to offer any remark upon it at this late hour, except that it forms a very judicious portion of such a miscellany as the present. The Memorials of the War are well selected, and, where original, extremely interesting. A Reminiscence of a Campaign in the Pyrenees, by J. Malcolm, is both new and characteristic. We have been much gratified by its perusal; but all the parts of this selection are good.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, October 5.

YESTERDAY the crowd besieged the doors of the *Institute des Beaux Arts*, which held its annual sitting for the distribution of prizes for the best musical composition. To a *cantate* composed by a M. Despreaux, was adjudged the *grand prix*, though there was little of originality in the style.

On dit that we are to have no feasting on St. Charles's day, and that the habit of distributing sausages, ham, wine, &c. is to be done away with: the people will not be much pleased with this change, though the money formerly so foolishly expended, is to be appropriated to the relief of the suffering indigent. Neither are there to be any promotions in the army, as is customary—merely decorations are to be given, in honour of his Majesty's *fête*—

another reformation which will disappoint those who prefer an increase of pay to a piece of red riband. The vacant places at the *Hôpital des Invalides*, usually filled by men of sixty years of age, are reserved for the halt and the maimed who may return from the Morea: so that it seems the soldiers are not expected to come off with whole bones.

A singular instance of avarice was witnessed in this city a few days ago. A Jew, of the name of Bunck, was found almost lifeless, on a filthy bed, but still grasping the key of his coffers; he was taken to the hospital, where he recovered his senses for a few days; but nature was exhausted by age and voluntary privation, and in a short time he expired, bitterly regreting that he could not take with him his hoarded treasure of about 600,000 francs; 100,000 of which were concealed in different kitchen utensils. Philosophers are trying to account for the malady which occasions this love of gold. The death of M. Gall has awakened attention to the study of intellectual physiology, which had latterly completely fallen into discredit; however, I believe this arises rather from a speculation to make money, than from any other motive,—for Dr. Gall's system has been much depreciated.

Great are the preparations making for future piety—no less than six churches are about to be erected, and may perhaps be ready in time to receive the prayers of our great grandchildren; for here it is not *le premier pas seul qui coute;* on the contrary, the commencement appears easy, but the completion of a design so tedious, that one loses all hope of living to witness its coming to perfection.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

METEOROLOGY.

The Correspondent whose name is signed to this paper, after describing the phenomenon of Monday the 29th ult. as an extraordinary Aurora Borealis, makes the following new remarks on this singular appearance:

About a quarter before nine oclock, when the light of the eastern limb began to be diffused, and exhibited lambent coruscations, with the assistance of Mr. Marsh, the electrical kite was raised in the Artillery Barrack-field: the wind blew briskly from about south-west, and three hundred yards of wired string were let off the reel. Strong sparks were obtained by presenting the knuckle to the reel, and a jar was frequently charged to a considerable intensity: but nothing particular, as regarded the electricity of the atmosphere, during a quarter of an hour that the kite was afloat, was by any means observed. I had, from my first observing the celestial phenomenon, expected to have seen a dense cloud, (such as is generally observed to accompany the Aurora Borealis) in the horizon; but, until the arch had nearly reached the zenith, no such cloud was visible. About this time, however, the anticipated associate began to make its appearance, which for awhile could only be faintly traced by the eye, in the north part of the horizon. It soon became more dense, and better defined by a bright light round its upper edge; but no coruscations, although anxiously looked for, were ever observed to emanate from this part of the Aurora.

Whatever general relation terrestrial magnetism has to the Aurora Borealis, I think it may fairly be inferred, that this particular display strikingly manifested their connexion. The plane of the curve, during the whole of the time, was unquestionably nearly (perhaps exactly) at right angles to the magnetic meridian.

Notwithstanding the atmosphere, during the display of the Aurora, exhibited no unusual electrical phenomena, it certainly became more intensely charged during the following day than I had ever observed it in the whole of the past summer. The kite was raised in the Artillery Barrack-grounds between twelve and one o'clock, and the same twine that was used the preceding night was let out. On presenting the knuckle to the insulated wire, I experienced a tremendous shock, which affected my shoulders and legs, as if an immense battery of low intensity had been discharged from my hand to my feet. This unusual discharge suggested the propriety of immediately quitting the string. The insulating part was therefore tied to a tree, and there left, the kite floating about a hundred yards above the ground. Heavy clouds soon appeared to windward, but advantage was taken to lower the kite before they arrived over it. To prevent the effect of another discharge whilst running down the string, a loop was made at one end of a silk riband, through which the string passed, the other end of the riband being held in the hand. Notwithstanding this precaution, I received another blow much more formidable than the former. The discharge, in this case, passed over three quarters of a yard of silk riband, from the kite-string to my hand; and as the silken insulation at the tree was not so long, it is likely that a considerable quantity of fluid was discharged from the end of the twine over the insulation to the tree. This discharge happened when about a hundred yards of the kite-string had become horizontal betwixt my hand and the tree; and what rendered it more extraordinary, no perceptible cloud was near the kite at the time. The kite, however, was soon brought to the ground without any other disagreeable effect. I never experienced any thing of the kind before, although I have had the kite afloat, with the same twine, more than a hundred times this year, under almost every circumstance of weather, and at various times of the day. The kite-string has uniformly exhibited positive electricity in every experiment.

Woolwich, Oct. 6, 1828. W. Sturgeon.

[In our next we will give a brief description of the simple electroscope with which these experiments are made.]

PURE WATER.

Some experiments have been recently made in Paris to determine the comparative value of different modes of filtration. The first experiment was made upon about six gallons of water taken from the Seine, into which, for some days previously, a small portion of animal matter had been allowed to become tainted, so as to give a disagreeable taste and smell to the water; a portion of this water was then passed through a bed of charcoal, sand, and pebbles, according to the process adopted at the establishment for the supply of filtered water to the inhabitants of Paris. It was found, when filtered, to be perfectly free from the dirt which it had held suspended, and also very nearly deprived of the bad taste which had been conveyed to it by the animal matter. Its chemical properties, however, seemed to remain unaltered; and the gypsum, which the water of the Seine holds in solution so extensively, remained, (it being proved on analysis,) almost as abundant in the filtered as in the unfiltered water. After this experiment, another portion of the water was filtered through a thin bed of animal charcoal, which was prepared by burning bones in a close crucible, with a kind of chimney to allow the escape of the gas. The water so filtered came out perfectly bright, entirely free from the odour and taste which it had possessed, and was more brisk and sparkling than the result of the first filtration; no chemical change beyond this, however, seemed to have been produced. A third experiment was then tried with the remaining portion of the water. Into two gallons there was placed about one drachm of powdered alum; the water, after being stirred up, was allowed to remain quiet for twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which it was examined. This water, with the exception of an inch from the bottom of the vessel, was found to be more clear and sparkling than the result of the second filtration; it was perfectly pure in taste and smell, and was more brisk in the mouth than the other. Towards the bottom was a thick, cloudy, and light sediment, independent of the sand and other heavy particles which had been precipitated. This sediment, on being analysed, gave strong evidence of the presence of putrid animal matter; whilst in the other precipitate were detected several grains of gypsum. It was then determined to ascertain what degree of astringency had been given to the water by the alum which had been introduced, and it was found that at least one-third of the alum had been neutralised, and that the remaining portion had not imparted to the water any astringency which could at all interfere with its valuable properties, or become injurious to the consumers. An equal weight of carbonate of soda, however, was subsequently introduced, so as entirely to neutralise any acidity which might be supposed to be in the water. The introduction of this soda gave no taste whatever to the liquid. The result of this experiment being considered very satisfactory, a simple and cheap filterer was constructed for domestic purposes. It is thus described in the letter from which we have taken the above particulars. Into a wooden cask, of any size, set upright upon a stand, are placed two cocks, one close to the bottom, and the other six inches above it. The cask being filled with water, powdered alum, in the proportion of something less than half a drachm to each gallon, is stirred into the water. No water is drawn out for twenty-four hours; at the end of that time it is taken as wanted from the upper cock; and when no more remains except what is below the upper cock, the water containing the sediment is let off by the lower cock, and the cask is then filled as before, for further use.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Hall's General Atlas. Part X.

There wants now but seven Parts to complete this excellent work, which has hitherto amply fulfilled the great promise of its commencement. Northern Germany (comprising those divisions in which England is so deeply interested, Hanover and Brunswick), Denmark, and South Africa, are contained in the present Part; they are, like their precursors, clear, correct, and obvious for consultation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

One of the largest of the class-rooms of this Institution has been daily crowded to excess, at the hour of three, during the past week, in

consequence of each of the medical professors having successively given an introductory lecture at that hour, explanatory of his mode of teaching the department allotted to him. The first lecture was delivered on the first day of the month, as stated in our last *Gazette*, by Mr. Charles Bell, the professor of surgery and physiology. His discourse related chiefly to the advantages to be expected from a permanent and complete medical school, and on the interest, utility, and connexion of medical studies. The second lecture was delivered on the following day by Dr. Conolly, and has subsequently been published. It was a most able and eloquent address, and its appearance in print proves to us how justly it merited the high eulogies we had heard bestowed upon it. In effect, it contained a very general view of the fluctuations and present state of medicine, and an explanation of the manner in which it was proposed to teach the nature and treatment of diseases, and pointing to the previous education and habits desirable for the student. Dr. D. Davis, the professor of midwifery, gave the third lecture, and contrived, with much tact and judgment, to adapt a somewhat difficult subject to the large and mixed audience which he had to address. Mr. Pattison, the professor of anatomy, followed on Saturday, and in a very animated discourse vindicated the pursuit of anatomy from the prejudices so unjustly entertained against it. On Monday the proceedings at the University were recommenced by Dr. A. T. Thomson, the professor of materia medica, who detailed his method of teaching his very important department in a manner which must have satisfied his hearers that his course of lectures on that subject would be one of the most complete, because one of the most copiously and beautifully illustrated, that was ever delivered in a medical school. It is this method of illustration by specimens, preparations, and drawings, applied, as it is to be, not only to the materia medica, but to several other departments, including that of the practice of medicine, which seems to us in its extent, if not in its absolute novelty, to form a very advantageous feature in the plan of the medical school of the University; and we cannot doubt that it will prove both attractive to students, and serviceable to the public. The last of the introductory lectures of a strictly medical kind was pronounced on Tuesday by Dr. Watson, the professor of clinical medicine; and, in judicious arrangement and elegance of expression, was at least not inferior to those by which it had been preceded. It is but just to say, that the satisfaction of the large audiences which have thus been daily collected together has been expressed on each occasion in a manner the most unequivocal; and that the general impression produced by the lectures is, that the Council of the University have well acquitted themselves of their duty to the proprietors, by selecting professors fully able to conduct a most complete and efficient course of medical and surgical instruction. Since our last brief notice of the interior arrangements of the University, the building has been daily open to, and thronged by, the public. The anatomical museum, the museum of materia medica, and the apparatus-room of Dr. Lardner, the professor of natural philosophy, are well worthy of a visit. Much judgment has been displayed in the fitting-up of the different apartments. Those, in particular, for the use of the students, including two excellent common rooms and spacious rooms for refreshments, are most excellent. Although the general classes have not commenced, yet, as the regular medical lectures are now daily given, the whole establishment is assuming an air of business. We are glad to learn, that not only are the different medical classes well attended, but that many students are already registered for the classical and philosophical parts of education. The total number of students now entered is one hundred and thirty. And if the professors in all the various departments of this great Institution proceed, as we doubt not they will do, according to the liberal and truly enlightened principles and feelings which have been publicly and eloquently avowed by all the medical professors, of the complete success of the London University not a shadow of doubt can possibly be entertained.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery. From Drawings by Captain Batty. Part VIII. R. Jennings.

We have more than once noticed this interesting publication with the praise which it deserves. Of the plates in the present Part, we principally admire the venerable Guelphic residence, at Munden, of the ancestors of our royal family; the magnificent new palace of Christianborg, at Copenhagen; and the curious specimen of the style of building generally used throughout the north of Germany in the middle ages, which the fine old house in the Schmieds Strasse, at Hanover, formerly occupied by the celebrated Leibnitz, presents.

Great Britain Illustrated: a Series of Original Views of the Principal Towns, Public Buildings, and remarkable Antiquities in the United Kingdom. From Drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A. Engraved by E. Finden; with Descriptions by Thomas Moule. No. I. Tilt.

The invention of engraving on steel plates seems likely to produce as important an effect on the fine arts, as the invention of the steam-engine has produced on manufactures. When two or three hundred impressions have been taken from a copper-plate, the injury which the engraving has received from the operation (especially if not very carefully conducted) begins to be pretty apparent; but eight or ten thousand impressions may be obtained from a plate of steel, without any sensible deterioration. The consequences of this are, first, that an engraver is induced to bestow more labour and pains on a work so durable; secondly, that a publisher can afford to issue that work at a very moderate charge; and, thirdly, that a great many persons, to whom the high price of fine prints has hitherto rendered them inaccessible, are enabled to gratify their taste without being guilty of extravagance. To those who believe in the benefits derived by society from the cultivation of intellectual pleasures, and who are convinced that "whatever withdraws us from the dominion of our senses, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings,"—this last is a very important and pleasing consideration. There is still, however, another advantage, perhaps not so obvious, although, in our opinion, not the less certain, which the Arts will experience from this discovery. The richer portion of the community, retaining their wish to distinguish themselves by greater expense, will find it necessary to have recourse, more extensively than at present, to the productions of the pencil and the chisel; productions which defy all polygraphic facilities, and the possession of which, therefore, will enable the owners still to indulge complacently in their fancied superiority.—We have been led into these remarks by the pleasure we have received from looking over the publication, the name of which stands at the head of this notice; and which (besides the letter-press) contains four exceedingly beautiful plates, viz. "South-East View of the City of Lincoln," "Goree Buildings, Liverpool," "Commercial Room, Manchester," and "Eaton Hall, Cheshire,"—for which a price is charged, that the fear of the Stamp-Office prevents us from mentioning, but which is less than that which, in former days, a regard to just remuneration must have compelled the publisher to affix to a single print of similar excellence.

The Literary Souvenir.—We have just seen two plates which are destined to embellish the *Souvenir*, but which had not before reached us; viz. "Portrait of Sir Walter Scott;" engraved by M. J. Danforth, after a picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A.; an admirable resemblance, and a highly creditable specimen of the powers of the American graver, as well as of the American pencil. "The Cottage Toilet," engraved by E. J. Portbury, after a picture by R. Farrier. A pretty Hibernian coquette, preparing for Donnybrook Fair. We long, however, to place her mirror in a more convenient position; for, certainly, unless the discoveries of modern science have abrogated the old law that "the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence," the dear little creature cannot see and admire the beauties which she is decorating. It is a clever and interesting print, for all that.

Rosalie. Frontispiece to the New Year's Gift. Engraved by W. Greatbatch, from a picture by J. Wood.

A charming little print, which forcibly reminds us of a part of Burke's exquisite description of Marie Antoinette in her youthful days: "Just above the horizon;—glittering like the morning star; full of life, and light, and joy!" The other appropriate engravings in this pretty volume, are three historical subjects from Northcote; a sweet vignette; the Children in the Wood, painted by Miss Dagley, engraved by J. C. Edwards; the Dead Robin, Boy and Dog, Blind Grandfather, and Boy and Butterfly, by J. Baker, from W. Gill, J. Green, W. Good, and R. Farrier; Prince George of Cumberland, from Behne's bust; and the Cottage Door, by Engleheart, from a picture by W. Hamilton. They are done in a superior style.

The Rev. W. Kirby, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Engraved by T. Lupton, from a Picture by H. Howard, Esq., R.A.

A simple, unaffected portrait of this celebrated entomologist; firmly and characteristically engraved.

CHAIRING THE MEMBERS.

A second visit to this entertaining picture has confirmed the favourable impression which it made upon us in the first instance. We certainly think it superior to Mr. Haydon's former work, able as that was. The composition is better, and the canvass is more completely filled. With the exception of the almost satanic figure of fallen grandeur and power, which occupied a corner of the foreground in the *Mock Election*, and which Mr. Haydon will not easily surpass, the expression of the different actors in the scene is more intense and varied. The imperturbable tranquillity of the noble grenadiers of the Guards, on the one side, affords as admirable a contrast

to the wild uproar of the vagabonds who surround them, as the pale and melancholy countenance of the unhappy but faithful wife does to the flushed visage of her gambling and dissipated husband on the other. The burlesque costume of most of the characters gave Mr. Haydon advantages of which he has well known how to avail himself. Every part is painted with force and truth; the strong positive colours here and there introduced impart great value to the neutral tones which are of course more generally prevalent; and the whole has an exceedingly fresh and daylight-like effect.

After gazing for a considerable time with alternate feelings of mirth and commiseration at this curious and interesting representation of human misery and thoughtlessness, we were much struck, on turning from it, to behold the various specimens of high historic art from Mr. Haydon's pencil, which decorate the other walls of the Exhibition-room. There is his well-known *Judgment of Solomon*, for instance—a picture of rare merit, finely conceived, and powerfully executed. When we consider what a union of original genius and extensive attainments it must have required to produce such a work—painted, as it was, in Mr. Haydon's youth—it is impossible, in spite of the pleasure derived from the lighter performances of his present years, not to feel deep regret that the means were not afforded him of pursuing, unmolested by those circumstances of worldly pressure, to which, after an arduous struggle, he eventually fell a victim, that dignified career to which in early life he so enthusiastically devoted himself. Nor is it possible to withhold admiration from that manliness of character which has not only enabled him to bear up against the disappointment of his just hopes, but has permitted him to apply himself with energy and success to another style of art, more consonant to the taste of the country and of the times in which he lives.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

THE lonely heart!
The lonely heart!
Is there no balm to heal its woe?
Oh, no! Oh, no!
It's life is past in secret wailing—
But sighs and tears are unavailing;
Tears are the sea on which 'tis sailing,
And sighs its breezes, never-failing.
Its cup of woe
Is full *below*.
The lonely heart!
The lonely heart!

The lonely heart!
The lonely heart!
Shall it *hereafter* suffer less?
Ah, yes! Ah, yes!
No joy which life affords, partaking,
The Grave receives it, at its breaking;
It sleeps, nor even dreams of aching;
But it shall have a brilliant waking!
And Peace and Love
Shall crown, *above*,
The lonely heart!
The lonely heart!

C. de D.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. CHARLES O'CONOR.

ALTHOUGH the materials which we have been able to collect for a biographical sketch of the late Dr. O'Conor, who has been for many years well known to the literary world as librarian to the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, are extremely slight, we are nevertheless induced to lay them before our readers, to mark our respect for the memory of an able scholar and an upright and amiable man.

Dr. O'Conor was an Irishman, and brother to O'Conor Don, a title or distinction still preserved by the head of that clan or family. Like other young men of the time intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was sent abroad to qualify himself for "the vocation," as it is termed, and passed a large portion of the early part of his life at Rome, of which place he always spoke with enthusiasm. It is a custom in Italy, on the admission of any individual into the Roman Catholic church, to forbid him the perusal of some particular work. O'Conor's obedience was tried on Macchiavelli's Principe. He returned to Ireland at the time of the French revolution, and was in Paris just after the downfal of Robespierre. His first introduction to the late Marquess of Buckingham was for the purpose of arranging and translating the valuable collection of Irish manuscripts in his lordship's possession. He afterwards became domestic chaplain to Lady Buckingham; and on her death, in 1813, remained at Stowe as librarian.

Dr. O'Conor was a man of mild and almost timid disposition, liked by every one who knew him, and of extensive information, which, however, it was always necessary to draw out. His manners were a curious compound of Italian and Irish. Although a strict Roman Catholic, he was extremely tolerant in all religious questions; and in consequence of his letters under the signature of Columbanus (from which he obtained the *sobriquet* of Columbanus O'Conor), he called down on himself the censures of the Papal See, and was suspended from his clerical functions. This circumstance preyed severely on his mind, but he at length succeeded in obtaining the removal of the censure.

In person Dr. O'Conor was short and slight, of sallow complexion and prominent features, but of a venerable appearance; and a stranger would readily have guessed him to be of the superior class of Catholic priests. He was for many years daily to be seen between Stowe and Buckingham with his book and gold-headed cane, reading as he walked. Latterly, although by no means of a very advanced age, he became extremely infirm, lost his memory and nearly his sight, was paralytic, and imagined constantly that people came by night into his room. His apartments at Stowe were the most delightful in that magnificent mansion, where he was always treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. It was necessary at last to have a person continually with him; and when Stowe was shut up, during the absence on the continent of the Duke of Buckingham, he removed to Balanagar, his brother's seat in Ireland, where he died on the 29th of July last. He was of a convivial disposition, fond of good living and his bottle of port wine, but never entered into an excess. Claret and fish he abhorred, and a fast-day to him was a day of real penance.

Dr. O'Conor's publications are — Columbanus's Letters, with an Historical Address on the Calamities occasioned by Foreign Influence in the Nomination of Bishops to Irish Sees. 2 vols. 8vo. 1810, 1813. — Narrative of the most interesting Events in modern Irish History. 8vo. 1812. — Bibliotheca MS. Stowensis. 2 vols. 4to. Buckingham, 1818, 1819; which work possesses an excellent index, and is a respectable monument of Dr. O'Conor's extensive reading. His last and most important publication is entitled — Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres, in 4 thick vols. 4to, which were privately printed in Buckingham at the expense of the duke. The first volume appeared in 1814; the second, ten years after, in 1824, is partly printed in some of the most beautiful Irish type ever cast; which was followed, in 1825 and 1826, by the third and fourth volumes. The whole of this extensive work is (except the Irish originals) in Latin. It contains an account of the MSS. written in Irish characters prior to the Danish settlements in Ireland, with fac-similes; of the antiquity of letters in Ireland, and of the Irish pagan year and rathas; of ancient Irish poems quoted by Tigernach in the 11th century; of eclipses recorded in the Irish chronicles, by which the years and successions of the Irish kings of Scotia and Albania are ascertained; Gildas Colman's Irish metrical list of Irish kings, down to the year 1072; an Irish metrical list of the Irish kings of Scotland, written about the year 1053, from the Maguire collection at Stowe, &c. The second volume is chiefly occupied with the Annals of Innisfallen; the third with the Annals of the four Marters; and the fourth with the Ulster Annals.

Although the Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres would be a sealed work to the public generally, even if it could be purchased, yet it contains much which to the historian and scholar is highly important; and we should not be surprised to see its most valuable portions appear in an English dress and a popular shape.

IN our biography of Mr. Bonington, we stated our information that his father had been in trade, which we find is not the fact, as he pursued the arts in early life, and soon after took to them as a profession, and painted portraits and landscapes, and also taught drawing at most of the respectable schools in the neighbourhood of Nottingham. We are further informed, that our lamented artist's journey to Italy did not take place before he received the gold medal. His remains were deposited in the vault at St. James's, Pentonville, on Monday week; Mr. Ruell (curate to the chapel) performing the service, and the Rev. T. J. Judkin attending in his full dress as a friend. Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Howard appeared for the Academy, and Mr. Robson and Mr. Pugin for the Society of Water-Colour Artists. His other friends, to the number of thirty, paid their last tribute of respect to his memory.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. XI.

Macnab's Burying Ground—The Laird of Macnab was a great favourite with the present E—l of B—d—e and his amiable countess. He was also much attached to these noble personages, though too frequently a certain reminiscence galled the old chief so keenly to the quick, as greatly to endanger the comfort and placidity of their intercourse. This was no less than a capital *coup de main* achieved by one of his lordship's ancestors; viz. cutting off several thousand acres of the Macnab estate, by diverting the course of the river Dochart (the boundary of the two properties) into another channel. "It was a deevilish soople trick," the laird was wont to say, "and d—n'd hait o' remeid,—the sicker hand carried the day." It was most amusing to hear the laird, when a little mellow, appeal to the justice of his noble friend for a restoration of the lands so ingeniously obtained. It was useless to

assure him that the *foul deed* was done by a remote ancestor—that the "debateable ground" had been entailed for centuries—and that, consequently, restitution was impossible. To this unanswerable statement the angry laird could only insinuate, "heartily d***ing lawyers and a' belonging to their deevilish craft," there might be some way or other of clearing scores. The only way was to soothe him, and to keep from laughing, which was never done without agonising efforts. One day the earl and his lady paid him a visit; when the former said, "By the by, Macnab, shew us that famous burying-ground of yours on the island in Loch Dochart; my lady and I should like much to see it." The laird happened to be in one of his *reminiscent* moods, and could by no means afford to be complaisant. "By the yowling ghaists of the reaving, spulzeing Cawmells!" (Campbells) he bellowed out, "ye are walcome to ane immediate, yeternal, sax-foot-deep possession o't! That sma' bit's amaist a' the grund your d—d forebears have left me!"

Scotch Advocate versus *Grimalkin.*—Mr. C—k, a very singular character at the Scottish bar, was one evening deeply engaged in a case of so great legal intricacy as to compel him to hammer his sapient brains with more than wonted energy. While he was involved in a labyrinth of doubts, his cogitations were interrupted by a succession of horrible sounds, so unearthly, indeed, that they could hardly be exceeded by those in the infernal regions. These fearful noises appeared to the learned counsel to proceed from a legion of cats assembled for an unholy purpose in the green behind his house. Up he started in a fury, and opening the window which immediately overlooked the offending parties, he addressed them as follows: "Leddies and gentlemen, I give you fair warning to betake yourselves to your respective domiciles, for fear of waur consequences." This gentle hint being treated with great contempt, and the horrid din still continuing, away he posts for an immense blunderbuss, loaded with small shot, and again opening the window, read the Riot Act to the obdurate culprits; but without bringing them to a sense of their error. He then complimented them with a salute, and with such fatal precision, that, on the morrow, no less than half-a-dozen unfortunate caterwauleres were discovered stretched lifeless on the sward: *Facilis ex amore in mortem transitus.*

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Tipper's Music Primer. Cramer and Co.

This work comprises a deal of necessary information, but is very inferior to a little manual (not much known) of Dibdin's, published by Goulding, from which a considerable portion seems to be selected. In this, however, it is not singular, as other writers on the subject have done the same, without owning it.

Select Airs from Sphor's Opera of Faust, arranged as Piano-forte Duetts. By V. Novello. In Four Books.

Arranged in a very masterly manner; and though not sufficiently abounding in melody for English ears, this want is amply compensated by great richness of harmony and originality of style. We can with strict justice recommend the publication in the most unqualified terms to the notice of musical amateurs in general.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Monday Young's *Macbeth* and a new divertisement filled the house; and on Wednesday *John Bull* and the *Review* presented Mr. Weekes, from Edinburgh, as *Dennis Brulgruddery* and *Looney Mactwolter;* in both of which characters he was very much applauded.

Riensi.—The new tragedy by Miss Mitford was produced on Thursday with very distinguished and deserved success. It is founded on a portion of Roman history (admirably told by Gibbon), and dramatically treated by our highly gifted authoress. Our criticism on a Thursday night's novelty, however, must be deferred till next week; and we can only here express our pleasure at Miss Mitford's triumph, and our applause of the performances—particularly of Mr. Young, who was great in the principal character; and of a *débutante*, Miss Phillips, as his daughter; of Cooper and of Mr. Aitken in other prominent parts.

COVENT GARDEN.

Thank you, Mr. Fawcett, for engaging Mr. Green: he is the lightest, liveliest, most pleasant personage we have seen since Jones stept into the shoes of Lewis; and he sings, moreover!—sings in tune, with much taste, and no affectation. O for a bunch of Greens to distribute amongst the *corps dramatiques* of our smoky metropolis! The improvement of the receipts would speedily enable the treasurers to pension off the Messrs. Nokes's and Styles's, who, if better dressed, would make highly respectable waiters at the Bedford—or, better mannered, might measure silks at Waterloo House; but who can no more look, speak, walk, or stand still, like gentlemen, than Mr. Green could be vulgar even if he tried. The company, for instance, that he was obliged to keep in the *Belle's Stratagem* was of the most suspicious description. There was one man in particular, in the scene where *Flutter* discovers *Kitty Willis* in *Courtall's* apartment, whom we expected every moment to see produce a writ, and walk off our new and elegant friend to a lock-up house. We absolutely shuddered as he thrust his red, ungloved hands into his pockets, and instinctively looked round for some other respectable householder to join us in the requisite security, which we should have instantly tendered, to preserve to the stage its valuable acquisition. May it be ever-Green!—We drop to Miss Forde and Mr. Bianchi Taylor. Of the lady's pretensions (upon better acquaintance) we do not think highly. Good teaching might have done much; as it is, she is scarcely a shade better than the Hammersleys, the Bartolozzis, &c. &c., except that she has more notion of acting. She has certainly, however, improved since she was at the Haymarket, and therefore may yet become a favourite. A good master, Miss Forde: none of ye should be without one—no, not even "the brightest stars in the musical hemisphere," as the paragraph-mongers have it. Mr. B. Taylor is a musician—that is one comfort, and by no means a despicable actor—another great card in his favour; but his voice is terribly "bottled up;" he seems to be troubled with a "singing *in* his head;" and he looked much more like *Hawthorn* than *Young Meadows.* We will not, however, decide hastily. He is announced for Sapio's part in *Carron Side*—"judgment deferred." Our old favourite, Wood, sang charmingly: he was rapturously encored in "My dog and my gun," and "We all love a pretty girl under the rose." Our delight, however, is, "My dolly was the fairest thing," which he sings better than either, and for which, of course, receives less applause.

Some pleasant nonsense, called *More Blunders than One*, was transplanted hither from the Adelphi on Wednesday evening, for Mr. Power's sake, who certainly justified the act by convulsing us with laughter. His scenting the whisky was indescribably droll; but we would advise the omission of the stomach-pump.

HAYMARKET.

On Tuesday Miss F. H. Kelly took her benefit in *Juliet*, the character in which she made her *début* and so powerful an impression upon the public feeling. On this occasion she played it admirably, keeping down the early scenes with good art, so as to enhance the effect of the latter and more impassioned situations. During the season, though never very critical towards a theatre of summer heat and hay-making, we have been led to animadvert very strictly on this actress's errors (in our judgment); but at the close of so brilliant a performance, we beg to say that it was only because we expect much of excellence from her talents, that we censure small faults.

ADELPHI.

On Thursday the *May Queen*, a new burletta, was produced here, and made what in theatricals is called a great hit. It is truly a laughable piece, and went off with prodigious *éclat.* Mathews is a tinker, who enlists for a soldier; Mrs. Hughes (with five children) his wife; Buckstone (the indefatigable and clever author of the piece), *Tommy Tit*, a bird-catcher; T. P. Cooke, a recruiting sergeant; Butler, a dishonest steward; and Mrs. Yates the very Queen of May! All the characters are admirably acted; and the vigorous portraiture of Mathews (who has one of his best *patter* songs about a country fair), is excellently accompanied by the more sketchy, but hardly less effective, pleasantries of Buckstone. These two like Mathews and Yates, do capitally together; and, judging from a bumper house and continued plaudits, we are inclined to think that the Tinker will much improve his fortune by this piece, and the Bird-catcher entice all the town within his nocturnal nets.

VARIETIES.

Prussian Blue.—Numerous experiments have lately been made in France to dye woollen cloths with Prussian blue, instead of with indigo; but although much has been accomplished, the result does not as yet appear to have been perfectly satisfactory.

Roses.—A curious work has lately been published at Paris, entitled "*Rosetum Gallicum;* or a Methodical Enumeration of the Species and Varieties of the Genus *Rosier;* either indigenous in France, or cultivated in Gardens." The following list of some of the most interesting of the species, (amounting, however, to seventy-nine in all,) will give an idea of the great number of varieties:—

Species.	*Varieties.*
Rosier mousseux	18
—— des chiens	20
—— des Alpes	21
—— de Francfort	30
—— thé	42
—— rubigineux	57
—— noisette	89
—— de Damas	117
—— cent feuilles	121
—— pimprenelle	123
—— blanc	125
—— de Bengal	254
—— de Provins	1215

Natural Phenomenon.—Two considerable ice-bergs were seen by the Spanish ship Con-

stancia, off the Cape of Good Hope, on the 7th April last, in lat. south, 35 deg. 56 min. 10 sec.; long. east of the meridian of Cadiz, 24 deg. 16 min. 20 sec.

Cyanic Acid.—A French chemist remarks, that the true cyanic acid is very different from that which chemists have hitherto described under that name; and that the real knowledge of that acid, and of the salts which it is capable of producing, prove that the discovery of the hydrocyanic acid is still more interesting and important than it had been supposed to be.

New Carriages.—Another new enterprise in the way of the *Omnibus* and the *Dame Blanche* is announced in Paris. These new coaches are to be called *Citadines:* they are to be twenty-four in number, each to contain twelve seats, at five sous.

Poetical License.—The following whimsical anecdote is related in the Life of Kotzebue, translated from the German:—"I wrote," says Kotzebue, "a tragedy, in five acts, Demetrius, Czar of Moscow. It was founded on the well-known story of the real or pseudo Demetrius, who, tradition says, was murdered when a child, at Uglitsch; but suddenly started up some time after, and, being supported by the Poles, dethroned the hypocrite Boris Gudenow. It ought to be remembered that the best historians are divided upon the question, whether this Demetrius was an impostor or not. It suited, however, my poetical fancy not to let him appear as such. When my tragedy was finished, I read it to a small select circle, which included the Prussian Ambassador at the Russian court, and the President of the Academy of Arts at Petersburgh, both men of acknowledged taste. It was approved, and General Baur ordered it to be performed. Splendid scenery and magnificent old Russian dresses were prepared. As the general had been intrusted by his sovereign with the sole management of the theatre, he thought it unnecessary to submit the manuscript to the censor, and this neglect had nearly proved fatal; for when the day of the first representation of my tragedy was fixed, and announced in all the public prints, the minister of the police sent one morning to the theatre and prohibited its performance. Fiala, the stage-manager, ran, alarmed, to General Baur, who hastened to the minister of police to assure him that the piece was perfectly harmless and inoffensive: but there had been an ukase issued by Peter the Great, which expressly declared this Demetrius an impostor. How then could I have the audacity of presenting my hero to the public as Czar of Moscow? Regard for General Baur, however, at length induced the minister of the police to consent to my tragedy being acted; but he despatched an officer to me with the injunction to alter the piece so far that Demetrius should be publicly unmasked and branded as an arrant impostor. In vain did I represent to the police officer that I might as well cast the whole drama into the flames; he insisted upon this single *trifling* alteration. The general again interceded in my behalf, and the police was at last satisfied with my own solemn written declaration, that, in conformity with the imperial ukase, I was perfectly convinced that Demetrius was an impostor, and the liberty which I had taken of representing him otherwise in my tragedy was a mere poetical license. The play was then performed, and received with very great applause."

March of Improvement.—The Academic Society of Metz are forming a library of the books that treat of mechanics, agriculture, and general industry, which are to be lent out to the workmen of that city. Similar institutions are being formed in many parts of France.

London University.—To precise critics it is always a marrow-bone to catch great folks on the hip. The first card issued by the University of London is, "Admit the bearer to the Introductory *Lecture of all the Professors;*" as if all the professors gave *a* lecture in the way of a Dutch medley, instead of giving, as they did, an excellent lecture a-piece.

More Nonsense.—Why is a sportsman like a man who frequently makes assignations with a woman? Because he's used to appoint her.

Why is the destruction of a man's character a good opportunity for him to ride? Because its a *sad loss.*

Why is it presumptuous in a Cockney to go down into Yorkshire for the purpose of drinking mineral waters? Because he's going to (H)arrogate.

Why is a man who ceases importuning for favours like a monarch who abdicates his throne? Because he gives up as-king.

Why am I out of sight like a tavern in tight? Because we are both inn-visible.

Why is the answer to this query like a split tree? Because its as-under.

Why is a live Irishman like a dead one? Because he's a subject and a-wake.

Why needn't you pay a hackney coachman if he won't fight with you? Because "none but the brave deserve the *fare.*"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*** Authors and publishers who send us literary announcements are *particularly* requested to authenticate the same. If anonymous notices are neglected (which they must frequently be, to guard the *Literary Gazette* from being made the organ of erroneous intelligence), it will not proceed from want of good-will on our parts, but of due consideration on the parts of our correspondents.

Mr. Varley (the water-colour artist) announces for publication a Treatise on Zodiacal Physiognomy! This is a work really of too absurd a nature to be tolerated in the present age; and we feel therefore inclined, in a friendly way, to recommend Mr. Varley (if not, like ourselves, poor devils! already too deep in the mire) not to abandon his pencil for the pen. Let him leave the study of astrology for the study of leaves—nor extend the effect of skies beyond the landscape. Then, indeed, will we commend his knowledge of "natural philosophy." But, seriously speaking, the madness of poor Blake (sublime as in some remains of him which we possess, it was) is too serious a subject to be jested with.

Lord Londonderry's Campaigns.—Some facetious persons have been at pains to circulate paragraphs to the effect that Lord Londonderry's book was, in fact, the work of Mr. Gleig, the well-known author of the Subaltern, and Campaigns in North America; but we have had an opportunity of beholding the most satisfactory evidence of the absurdity of this story, in the shape, to wit, of five quarto volumes of MS., all in Lord L.'s hand-writing,—his letters, in fact, to his late brother, Lord Castlereagh; which Mr. Gleig merely threw into the form of a continuous narrative, by leaving out "my dear Robert," "yours affectionately," and so forth, and substituting "he" for "I." The truth of the case is told exactly and fully in Lord Londonderry's preface. How many gentlemen are there, not of professed *authorly* habits, that ever did publish any thing without receiving at least as much assistance? and how well would it have been for most others of the same class if they had? To correct the press of a new book, with an accurate eye, is a business which no man can hope to master at once. In the days of *the Bouyers*, to go no farther back, the *printer* always did such work, and nothing, of course, was heard of it; but now, thanks to the "March of Intellect," another course must be pursued.

In a Cork paper, we observe as announced for speedy publication, the Memoirs of Charley Crofts (written by himself), illustrative of Characters and Manners in the South of Ireland for the last twenty years. This is, we have reason to know, a genuine publication, and one from which we anticipate no ordinary amusement. Mr. Crofts is the gentleman who is said to have put upon his table, when a late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and suite honoured him with their company at dinner, a turkey for each guest; and sticking his fork in that before him, commenced operations with the speech of "No ceremony, gentlemen, but every man to his bird."

A Sacred Poem, to be entitled the Opening of the Sixth Seal, has been announced.

An Annual printed in gold, and called the Golden Lyre, and being a poetical selection from the works of English, French, and German authors, is announced.

A new edition of Salathiel, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future, is on the eve of publication.

A second edition of Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman, will appear immediately.

Preparing for publication, the Reformer of the Catholic Church.

Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, Bishop of Orato and Pistoria under the reign of the late Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, will shortly appear.

Mr. Smith's Life of Nollekens the Sculptor is proceeding towards completion.

In the Press.—An Essay on the Minute Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Eye, by H. W. Dewhurst, Esq.: also, by the same Author, a Complete Course of Lectures on Human and Comparative Anatomy.—Life in India: a Novel.—The Fourth and concluding Volume of Mr. Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England.—The Castilian: a Spanish Historical Romance, &c., by Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio, author of Gomez Arias.—Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America, Voyages in search of a North-west Passage, &c., by Hugh Murray, Esq.—Memoirs of Paul Jones: compiled from his Original Journals, Correspondence, and other Papers, brought from Paris by his Heirs at the time of his death, in 1792.—Discourses on some important Points of Christian Doctrine and Duty, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart.—The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who died in 1723; containing the real incidents upon which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded.—Diversions of Hollycot; or, the Mother's Art of Thinking, by the Author of Clan Albin, and Elizabeth de Bruce: Rational Readings, by the same Author.—Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs; exhibiting remarkable Instances of their Instinct, Sagacity, &c., by Capt. Thomas Brown.—Greek Extracts, chiefly from the Attic Writers; with a Vocabulary.—My Grandfather's Farm; or, Pictures of Rural Life.—A Guide to the Universal Trader; being a Complete and Systematic View of the Monies, Weights, Measures, &c. of all Nations, with their Proportions to those of Great Britain and France, by James Trotter, Accountant, Edinburgh.—The Last Supper, by the Author of Farewell to Time.—Scenes of War, and other Poems, by John Malcolm.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Valpy's Second Greek Delectus, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Experience, by the Author of Correction, 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 2s. bds.—Felicia Alphery, by the Author of Herwald de Wake, 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. bds.—Montgomery's (Robert) Universal Prayer, 4to. 15s. bds.—Stephens's Entomology Mandibulata, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. hf.-bd.; Haustellata, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Allman's Analysis of the Genera of Plants, 4to. 10s. 6d. bds.—Clarke's Readings in Natural Philosophy, 12mo. 10s. 6d. sh.—The Coffee-Drinker's Manual, translated from the French, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Duties and Advantage of Early Rising: extracted from various eminent Writers, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Ralph Gemmell, a Tale for Youth, by the Rev. R. Pollok, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Persecuted Family, in the Reign of Charles II. the same, 2s. 6d.—Directions for Searching the Scriptures, by Joseph Gibbs, Minister of Banff, 18mo. 4s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

October.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Thursday	2	From 42 to 57.		29.75 to 29.84	
Friday	3	—— 37. — 58.		29.69 — 29.76	
Saturday	4	—— 39. — 62.		29.63 — 29.54	
Sunday	5	—— 40. — 62.		29.56 — 29.47	
Monday	6	—— 51. — 60.		29.35 — 29.43	
Tuesday	7	—— 45. — 60.		29.56 — 29.50	
Wednesday	8	—— 47. — 58.		29.46 — 29.63	

Prevailing wind S.E. and S.W.

Generally clear; raining almost incessantly on the 4th and 5th.

Rain fallen .825 inches.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sir,—In your review of the "Universal Prayer," &c., the following passage occurs: "The youth of the writer is indeed hardly sufficient apology for his presumption in placing among 'ruined souls' *the portraits of individuals recently dead, the originals of which cannot be mistaken.*" The kind spirit in which your review is written, will, I am sure, allow me the benefit of a few remarks in reply to this charge. In writing the "Vision of Hell," personality was furthest from my intention. If we believe in the existence of a heaven for the reception of the good, must we not, on the other hand, credit the existence of a hell for the bad? "Hell is," indeed, "too appalling to admit of *personality;*" and it would ill become me, or any other writer, "to deal damnation round the land." But have we not a guide in the Scriptures to teach us what *principles* deserve condemnation? In order to illustrate this, I ventured to embody these principles in *imaginary* characters; and in condemning these, *I have only subscribed to the doctrines of Christianity.* I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

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M. J. letter received.

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*** Part XI. will be published on the 1st of December.

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It is necessary to apprise the public, that the original Correspondence, which is here announced, consists of Letters, which passed between the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pelham, and their Friends, and which have been kindly communicated to the author by His Grace the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Chichester.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Mémoires sur l'Impératrice Josephine, ses Contemporaines, la Cour de Navarre et de la Malmaison. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

ALL that we have to do in introducing this volume to our readers, is to say that it is replete with anecdote and entertainment. We have translated some interesting passages in proof of this.

"The château of Malmaison is not large. Every thing in it was sacrificed to the *rez-de-chaussée* (the ground-floor), which, without being very magnificent, possessed every convenience for a prince. Napoleon had had a very commodious apartment in it; and there were, besides, several rooms well adapted to splendid parties. The hall, the billiard-room, the saloon, the dining-room, were charming; and the gallery, when it was full of superb pictures, and the admirable statues of Canova, was one of the finest sights possible. The empress,* retaining for the emperor an attachment approaching to adoration, would not allow even a chair to be disturbed in his apartment; and, instead of occupying it herself, preferred being very indifferently lodged above stairs. Every thing remained exactly in the same state as when the emperor quitted his cabinet:—a book of history, placed on his bureau, with the page marked at which he had left off; the pen with which he had been writing, retaining the ink that, a moment later, might have dictated laws to Europe; a map of the world, on which he had been pointing out to his confidants his projects respecting the countries the invasion of which he meditated, and which bore marks of his impatience, occasioned probably by some silly comment. Josephine alone undertook the office of dusting what she called 'his relics;' and she seldom gave any one permission to enter the sanctuary. Napoleon's Roman bed was without curtains; his arms were hung on the walls of the chamber; and various parts of male dress were scattered over the furniture. It seemed as if he were just about to re-enter a place from which he had banished himself for ever.—The *rez-de-chaussée* contained numerous mosaic pictures from Florence, dials set in lapis lazuli and agate, bronzes of costly workmanship, and Sèvres porcelain vases, the gifts of the emperor. The hangings of the saloon were the work of the empress; the ground, white silk, and the double J entwined with pompon roses. When there was little company, it was covered with large cases of Naples gray. Josephine's apartment was extremely simple, and was hung with white muslin. It is true, that the golden toilette presented by the city, distinctly indicated to whom the apartment belonged. Nothing could compare with the richness of this piece of furniture. It was a personal offering which Josephine received at the epoch of the coronation. At that of the divorce, Napoleon sent it to her, together with a gold breakfast-service, and other things of considerable value which she had neglected to take away. The menagerie at this time was not extensive; for to keep it up properly would have cost a sum which her majesty preferred saving. Much has been said of her fancies; and it has been asserted that she always followed them, without considering whether or not she could do so without running in debt. At the Tuileries, perhaps, it might be so, surrounded as she was there with vile adulators, and destitute of a single friend who dared advise her, or make even the slightest remark. It is possible that at that time she gratified her taste for every thing that was beautiful, grand, and expensive. She was the reigning empress; and that which in any other condition would have been useless and culpable prodigality, was excusable in a sovereign, by whom it was the more to be expected that the arts should be encouraged, as France had long been deprived of their graceful and beneficial influence. The artists, persecuted like the noble and the wealthy, had thought only of their safety; and, far from seeking to display their talents, hid themselves, and were content to study and labour in solitude. In order to give them, depressed as they had been by misfortune, the energy and elevation indispensable to the production of master-pieces, it became necessary, not only to pay them liberally for their works, but to surround them with all the marks of the respect due to merit. This was what Josephine did. Proud of her attentions, Gros, Girodet, Guérin, again took up their pencils; Spontini, Méhul, Paër, Boieldieu, their lyres; and Fontanes, Arnault, Andrieu, Lemercier, their pens. When, however, she descended from the throne, she entirely changed her conduct. Confiding in the tender affection of various persons who had preferred following her to her retreat to remaining in the centre of favour and patronage, she listened to their counsels; and I have frequently seen her abandon plans which she had cherished for months, solely on the representation of the great expense with which their execution would be attended. Thus she deprived herself of the palace which was to have been built for her at Navarre, the one already there being much too small. The emperor had promised to pay half the expense of it; but the estimate amounting to three millions, she would not hear it further spoken of; and was satisfied with being very inconveniently accommodated. Passionately fond of flowers, she wished to have green-houses, which at all seasons would furnish her with the rarest and finest: and that, in the indulgence of this wish, she might not diminish the sums devoted by her to charity, or to the purchase of presents for those whom she loved, the menagerie was suppressed. With the exception of the kangaroos and a few paroquets, all the animals in it were gifts."

Madame de Staël.—"It was in 1808 that Madame de Staël saw, for the first time, M. Rocca, whom she afterwards married. M. Hottinger, a rich banker at Geneva, gave a splendid ball, to celebrate the marriage of a friend. M. Rocca, who had come to Geneva, his native place, to see his family, went to the ball in a hussar's uniform, and set off next day for Spain. I was dancing with him when Madame de Staël entered, followed, as usual, by a numerous train. She was richly, but not advantageously dressed. 'Is that the woman so much talked of?' said M. Rocca to me; 'she is very ugly, and I detest her anxiety for effect.' 'She is so accustomed to homage, that it does not prevent her from remaining kind and condescending.' 'Oh! all that you can tell me about her good qualities will not persuade me that she is right to come attended by a whole brigade; and certainly *I* will never figure in the troop of slaves who follow her.' Madame de Staël was struck with M. Rocca's fine countenance, which was rather improved than disfigured by a large scar. He was very young, and already decorated with the order of the legion of honour. These two proofs of brilliant courage naturally engaged the attention of a woman so passionately fond of glory. After some moments, however, finding that M. Rocca did not approach her, she took it in dudgeon, and observed, 'that he was tolerable, but that his self-sufficient air displeased her exceedingly.' Nevertheless, this indifference on his part, to which she was not at all accustomed from any one, was, perhaps, precisely the reason why, at a future period, she took so much trouble about a man, who became dear enough to her to induce her to change a name which she had rendered so illustrious. Some years afterwards M. Rocca returned to Geneva, covered with wounds. His sufferings added to the interest which he excited; and he was happy enough to induce this extraordinary woman to accept the proofs which he gave of the passion he had conceived for her, and finally to marry him. He could not survive her loss, but died a few months after her. His father was far from possessing similar sensibility. Having lost *his* wife, he, according to the custom at Geneva, attended the funeral to the cemetery, which is out of the town. Somebody meeting him on his return from this painful ceremony, assumed a sorrowful countenance, and, in the tenderest manner possible, asked him how he did. 'Oh!' answered M. Rocca, 'I am very well at present; this little walk has set me up; there is nothing like country air!'"

* The period described is after the divorce of Josephine from Buonaparte.

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interesting tale; Le Contretemps very entertaining; and the Journey up the Mississippi one of the best extracts from a traveller's sketch-book we have read for some time. But as the winter is fast coming on, that season for fireside tales of wonders, warnings, ghosts, and dreams, the legitimate property of a Christmas hearth, we cannot do better than extract a very marvellous tale of a dreamer, only wishing we could ourselves sleep to equally good purpose!

Kester Hobson is one of those unhappy persons who are "compelled to toil through their whole lives for a miserable pittance of a few shillings a-week. One winter's night having retired to bed full of melancholy thoughts, he fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed that a sober, business-looking man, with a ledger under his arm, and a pen behind his ear, appeared at his bedside, and, after giving him a solemn and sepulchral look, such as beseemed a messenger from the tomb, delivered a portentous injunction to the following effect:—Christopher Hobson was commanded to depart immediately for London, and when arrived there, was ordered to walk backwards and forwards over London Bridge for an hour, on three successive nights, immediately after dark, during which he would hear of some very important event that materially concerned himself and family. This vision was so much more vivid, consistent, and striking, than an ordinary dream, that it left a very deep impression on Kester's mind, and he thought of little else the whole of the following day. But though sufficiently superstitious, yet the expense and trouble of a journey to London were at that time matter of such serious import, that he could not bring himself to resolve on so perilous an undertaking, on grounds which he could not help feeling to be rather equivocal. The next night, however, the same visitation was repeated, and in terms and manner still more awful and peremptory. His mind now became quite bewildered, and he began to think seriously that an admonition thus solemnly repeated could not with safety be disregarded. But on the third night the spectre again appeared, and delivered the same injunction with such an alarming and menacing aspect, that on awaking the next morning, Christopher hesitated no longer, but began instantly to make preparations for his journey. He told his family that an affair of importance, which he could not then explain, required his immediate presence in London; and begged them to defer asking any questions till his return. * * * * * The night after his arrival, he betook himself to the foot of London Bridge; and as soon as he heard St. Paul's clock strike seven, by which time it was quite dark, he commenced his walk, backwards and forwards, over the bridge. He continued this exercise till he heard the same clock strike eight; when, having observed nothing more remarkable than the coming and going masses of a busy crowd of passengers, he returned to his *hotel*. He was not much disappointed at the ill success of his first essay, as two more nights still remained. The second night passed exactly like the first, and he began to be a little disheartened. He commenced, however, the labours of the third night with renovated hope;—but when he heard the deep-mouthed bell again toll eight o'clock, his spirits sunk within him. With a heavy heart he prepared to quit the bridge, inwardly cursing his own credulity, and the devices of Satan, who, he doubted not, had lured him on to this ill-fated expedition. It may be necessary to remind some of our readers, that at the period we are speaking of, the entire length of London Bridge was flanked by two rows of houses and shops, and a great retail business was carried on in this singular situation. On one of these shops, decorated by the sign of a negro boy with a pipe in his mouth, Kester Hobson happened to cast his eye as he was about to quit the bridge—and it reminded him that his tobacco box was empty; for the necessities of established habit will duly recur, even amidst our sorrows and disappointments. He entered the shop, therefore, with a view of purchasing a small supply; and found behind the counter an elderly sedate-looking quaker, whose contented and well-fed person indicated the prosperity of his calling. Whilst weighing the tobacco, he surveyed our Yorkshireman with some earnestness, and then, in a tone which expressed a sort of good-natured curiosity, accosted him as follows:—'I have observed, friend, with some surprise, that for several nights thou hast employed thyself for a considerable time in walking to and fro across this bridge, and thy anxious looks seemed to expect something very particular; I am afraid thou hast been waiting for some person who has disappointed thee and failed in his engagement. If any advice or information of mine can be of use, as thou seemest to be a stranger in London, I should be glad to offer thee any assistance in my power.' Our hearts are never more warmed than by an offer of kindness in a strange place and amongst strange people. Kester Hobson possessed perhaps a greater portion than usual of that mixture of simplicity and cunning which has been so often ascribed to his countrymen; but though always a little on his guard, he was not quite proof against this open and disinterested kindness. He expressed his thanks very heartily, but declared he was quite ashamed to confess his business in London, and the nature of those night-walks which had excited the attention of the honest tobacconist. By degrees, however, his inquisitive friend got out of him, that he had, in fact, been deeply mortified and disappointed; that he had expected to meet with a very particular person or occurrence on London Bridge; and, in short, that he had undertaken a long, expensive, and laborious journey to London, merely at the instigation of a dream. He suppressed, however, his name and residence, from a vague apprehension, that such disclosure might by possibility expose him to ridicule, or to some other unpleasant consequence. The quaker heard this strange confession with much surprise, and then replied with great solemnity: 'It strikes me with astonishment, my good friend, that a man of thy decent and sober appearance should have come a journey of two or three hundred miles on such an errand as this! I thought such vain imaginations and weak superstitions had long since been eschewed by all men of sense, and abandoned to children and old women. It is deplorable to think that thy parents and instructors did not take care to root out all such idle fancies in early life, and then wisdom might peradventure have come with years and experience. However,' continued he, 'it does not become me to erect mine horn aloft, and look down upon the weak and ignorant, because my own lot has fallen in better places. If I have been hitherto enabled to turn aside from all such vain devices, is it not because, having been brought up, as it were, at the feet of Gamaliel, I have learnt from the lessons of a wise father the ways of truth and soberness? And yet,' added he, smiling at Christopher; 'I can assure thee, friend, that if I have constantly kept clear of such delusions, it has not been for lack of temptation. I have, all my life long, been a great dreamer; and often my midnight visions have been so express and surprising, that it has required the strong arm of truth and reason to resist their allurements. Even this very last night I was beset with this temptation. I dreamed that an elderly man, in a snuff-brown coat, with a pen stuck behind his ear, came to my bedside, and told me, that if I went into a back garden belonging to an ancient castle in Yorkshire, and dug the ground under the stone seat of an old Gothic summer-house, I should find a great treasure. Now,' continued he, with a look of conscious superiority, 'if I had been as foolish as thou, I might have neglected my business, and set off on a toilsome journey in search of this imaginary treasure.' Here Kester Hobson, who had thus far thought the good quaker's harangue rather prosing and tedious, began to prick up his ears, as the ancient poets express it; for he was well aware that there was exactly such an old summer-house as this in a retired garden in the grounds of Lounsborough Castle. His countenance betrayed a visible agitation; but fortunately he stood in a dark part of the shop, where the light did not fall upon his face. He could hardly forbear shouting with exultation; but, by a violent effort, he suppressed his emotion, and replied as indifferently as he could, that it was true he had indeed been guilty of a great weakness, but he hoped he should be wiser for the future. It is useless to say that Kester treasured up this momentous information carefully in his mind, and soon after took leave of his valuable friend. 'We shall soon see,' thought he exultingly, 'which of us two is the wiser man in his generation.' The next day he took his departure for Yorkshire, and in about a week reached his home in safety. On the very night of his arrival, he dismissed his family to bed in good time, telling them that he had some accounts to settle which required him to be alone. When the household was all sunk in repose, he took a spade and a lantern, and repaired in silence to the old summer-house. He removed the stone seat, took up the pavement, and after digging about three feet deep, he felt the spade strike against some hard substance. His nerves were all agitation,—but he went on, and soon drew out a large earthen jar, of the capacity of about half a bushel, fastened with a wooden cover. He eagerly broke it open, and found it quite filled with the gold coins of the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First. He instantly conveyed it home, and got it safely locked up in his desk without the least appearance of interruption."

In the poetry, though none of the highest order of talent, there is much that is feeling and pleasing. The following is a favourable specimen:—

"The Widow and her Son.

She sat beside her cottage-door,
A friendless, solitary thing;
Her soul with troubling thought ran o'er,
And long-pass'd griefs had power to wring
From her, that eve, unbidden tears,
Such as she had not shed for years.

Her thought was of the buoyant time
When play'd her children round her knee;
And life was as the morning prime,
With fresh dews on the leafy tree;
Till strong affections, one by one,
Were broke, and life's last joy was gone!

Of beautiful children, once her pride,
That wither'd while she had no fear;
Of sons in distant climes that died,
Alone, with none to tend or cheer;
But most of him who latest went,
Young, ardent, on adventure bent.

But, if he died by land or sea,
Or lived in peace on some bright shore,
Or pined in hopeless misery,
She knew not: traveller never bore

Tidings of him; and ne'er was sent
Message or token since he went.

She sat absorbed in torturing thought,
  Unheedful of what passed around—
Though gazing, yet perceiving nought—
  Though silent, listening to no sound,—
Unconscious that a stranger stood
Before her, marvelling at her mood.

At length she saw a weary man,
  Like one by age or grief subdued,
Or exile whose thin cheek grew wan
  In some life-blasting solitude:
Long gazed she on his wasted frame,
Ere tardy recognition came.

Then saw she, with instinctive glance,
  All mind and body had gone through,
That life had been but evil chance—
  By sunken eye and pallid hue,
By lines of agony and care,
And by his thinned and whitened hair.

Her son, the one for whom she wept,
  The long-lost child for whom she prayed,
The youngest hope whose image kept
  Within her memory not to fade—
'Twas he, alas! with alter'd mien,
In love alone as he had been.

Beside her cottage-door he leant
  Whole days in melancholy mood,
Like one whose strength to act was spent,
  Reckless of evil or of good;
And busy neighbours, passing by,
Said he had but returned to die.

Those summer eves he would relate
  His perilous life by land and sea;
The changes of his dreary fate,
  And dark years of captivity,
Of hardships, wrongs, and savage strife,
When death seemed welcomer than life.

Then told he of some fairer scene,
  Where it had been his hap to roam
Through cypress marsh, savannah green,
  Where the dark Indian finds his home;
And of kind nature, undebased
In those pure children of the waste.

Oh, joyful mother was she then!
  Listening the marvellous tales he told—
How rescued from ferocious men,
  The fell, intractable, and bold,
Fierce pirates of the southern main,
He came, with mark of brand and chain.

Yet saw she with slow unbelief,
  That joy ne'er warmed his wither'd cheek;
That sufferings, misery, and grief,
  Had left him spirit-bowed and weak;
And time might pass, but never more
Life's energy or hope restore.

She tended him by night and day,
  Noting how swiftly life declined,
Wearing herself the while away,
  With patient love that ne'er repined:
But ere the autumn leaves were red,
Mother and son were with the dead."

We shall only add, that there is a very pretty vignette wreath, and that altogether this Annual does honour to the place of its production, and to the literary contributors of Liverpool, including several of the family of Roscoe, the Rev. W. Shepherd, the late Dr. Currie, and others.

The Literary Souvenir for 1829. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. Longman and Co.

THE principal contributors to this very handsome and well-balanced volume, are, of female popular writers, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Miss Webb (author of the Mummy), Miss Bowles (author of Solitary Hours), and Miss M. A. Brown: of the rougher sex, whose names or descriptions are supplied, we have Messrs. Lytton Bulwer (Pelham), Maginn, Carrington (Dartmoor), Harvey, Sullivan, Proctor (Barry Cornwall), Griffin (Hollandtide), Moir (Delta), Capt. Sherer (Recollections of the Peninsula), Malcolm, and Mr. A. A. Watts, the Editor. Of the engravings we have already spoken in terms of that high praise which the good taste in their choice, and the excellence of their execution, merited; so that we have now only to exemplify the literary division of the *Souvenir*. At first view it is observable that there is a larger proportion of prose than of poetry in this year's publication; the latter, perhaps, occupying only about a quarter of the pages. And we are well contented with such an axal son, nt; for we are really exceedingly fatigued ingn those floods of mediocrity, and worse than mediocrity, in metrical composition, which are making a perfect insect-humming swamp of all the low and meadow lands around the base of our present English Parnassus. The few who do sing on the brow of the hill are delightful; but the multitude of buzzers in the valleys are a wearisome tribe, and their superabundance about these *Annual* periods particularly distressing. Indeed the country is somewhat in the condition of companies in which we have sometimes been, where every body *was obliged to sing*, whether they could or not; only, in so far as the country is concerned, the offence is voluntary, and we are stunned with a Dutch medley, where every body sings their own verse, as if their lungs would burst. Upon this account we are not sorry, as we have said, to find less of *poetry* (there is no other generic name for it,) than of prose in the *Souvenir;* and we shall very shortly run over the musical keys of the one, before we pay our respects to the qualities of the other.—*Places aux dames!* Of several sweet little things by Mrs. Hemans, who always writes feelingly and never ill, though of course subject or circumstance are not always equally favourable for the exercise of her talents, the subjoined is, in our opinion, the best exemplar.

"*Second Sight.*

A mournful gift is mine, O friends!
  A mournful gift is mine!
A murmur of the soul, which blends
  With the flow of song and wine.

An eye that through the triumph's hour
  Beholds the coming wo,
And dwells upon the faded flower,
  Midst the rich summer's glow.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
  Where the father's board is spread;
I see the stillness and the gloom
  Of a home whence all are fled.

I see the wither'd garlands lie
  Forsaken on the earth,
While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers fly
  Through the ringing hall of mirth.

I see the blood-red future stain
  On the warrior's gorgeous crest,
And the bier amidst the bridal train,
  When they come with roses drest.

I hear the still small moan of Time
  Through the ivy-branches made,
Where the palace, in its glory's prime,
  With the sunshine stands arrayed.

The thunder of the seas I hear,
  The shriek along the wave,
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer
  Salute the parting brave.

With every breeze a spirit sends
  To me some warning sign;—
A mournful gift is mine, O friends!
  A mournful gift is mine!

Oh, prophet heart! thy grief, thy power,
  To all deep souls belong;
The shadow in the sunny hour,
  The wail in the mirthful song.

This sight is all too sadly clear—
  For them a veil is riven;
Their piercing thoughts repose not here,
  Their home is but in heaven!"

Our next quotation is anonymous; but, from the signature of "R." and the date "Woburn Abbey," we should be happy to fix it on Lord John Russell; and when (disregarding those dissociating and unamiable feelings which render the political arena so unworthy of cultivated minds) we look at the literary and philosophical pursuits of this noble branch of a very distinguished family, we must confess that, belonging to the literary community, we feel a sincere pleasure in paying our tribute of distinction to this elegant recreation.

"*The Captive of Alhama.*

The Moslem star was on the wane,
  Eclipsed the Paynim powers,
And the haughty lord of Christian Spain
  Beleiged Granada's towers;
Gonsalvo, with a hundred knights
  Of Leon's chivalrie,
Well posted on Alhama's heights,
  Staid succour from the sea.

One morn a Moorish youth was led
  To brave Gonsalvo's tent,
His escort from the field had fled,
  And his horse had fall'n o'erspent;
He hung his head in speechless grief,
  As the tear rolled down his cheek,
And scornful looked each mailed chief,
  To behold a youth so weak.

'Is it a girl,' Gonsalvo cries,
  'That in our toils is caught?
That thus it weeps, in woman's guise,
  Where its fierce forefathers fought?'
'Nay, hear my tale,' exclaimed the youth,
  His eye one moment bright'ning,
'And Allah, if I speak not truth,
  Consume me with his lightning!

From beauteous Malaga I came,
  But by no beaten way;
Superb Granada was my aim,—
  Wo, wo the luckless day!
For had I in my journey sped
  To Darro's rushing water,
This morn Zorayda I had wed,
  Granada's fairest daughter!

If pity then, or love's sweet power,
  E'er touched thy gallant breast,
But grant me freedom for an hour—
  To the oar I give the rest;
These few bright moments yield in grace,
  My mournful fate to tell,
To see once more Zorayda's face,
  And take my long farewell!'

Gonsalvo had no marble heart,
  Albeit his look was stern;
He bade the Moorish youth depart,
  And ere set of sun return:
Each pass and strait the chieftain eyed,
  Yet sometimes turned his head,
To mark how down the mountain side
  His captive featly sped.

The Sierra's dazzling peak of snow
  Yet blushed with rosy light,
When again the grieving Moor bowed low
  Before the Christian knight;
But alone he came not, as he went,
  For a damsel pressed his arm,
Faint as a rose by tempests bent,
  And quivering with alarm.

Awhile they stood in speechless gloom—
  She looked at him and wept;
And the knights, still reckless of his doom,
  An equal silence kept.
At length the maid unveiled her head,
  She knelt at the chieftain's knee,
Few were the stifled words she said,
  But he well could guess the plea.

'Gazúl, thy captive, Christian knight,
  Is here by his solemn vow—
He was my lover yesternight,
  He is my husband now;
Without him life to me is vain,
  And its sounding pageants hollow,
With him I've promised to remain;
  Him, him alone, I follow.

'Twas for me he dared, unwisely brave,
  The ambush'd road to take;
He was your foe, he is your slave,
  But he suffers for my sake:
Ah! then, his love still let me share,
  To whom I've pledged my oath;
The fetters, if you will, prepare,
  But let them bind us both!'

Knights, little used to pity, sighed,
  They softened to his suit;
For her voice to their hearts was felt to glide
  Like music from a lute.
'Our arms,' Gonsalvo said, 'achieve
  The buttress, not the bower;
My falchion's edged the oak to cleave,
  And not to crush the flower.

Peace be to both! you both are free!
  Live happy; and whene'er
To you a Christian bends his knee,
  Believe Gonsalvo there!'
They silent kissed his robes, and sped
  To their own dear Darro's water;
And thus Gazúl Zorayda wed,
  Granada's noblest daughter!"

Mr. T. K. Harvey has several very graceful pieces, of which the annexed is the best: but for that dismally misused word "wiles," which rhyme has enforced, it would have met with still higher approbation.

"I think of thee, in the night
  When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale sad light,
  To sit on the lonely hill—
When the stars are all like dreams,
  And the breezes all like sighs,
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
  Like thy spirit's low replies!

I think of thee, by day,
Mid the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
Is far too glad and loud;
I hear thy low sad tone,
And thy sweet young smile I see,—
My heart, my heart were all alone,
But for its thoughts of thee!

Of thee who wert so dear,
And yet I do not weep;
For thine eyes were stained by many a tear
Before they went to sleep;
And if I haunt the past,
Yet may I not repine,
Since thou hast won thy rest at last,
And all the grief is mine.

I think upon thy gain,
Whate'er to me it cost,
And fancy dwells with less of pain
On all that I have lost:
Hope, like the cuckoo's endless tale—
Alas! it wears its wing!—
And love, that, like the nightingale,
Sings only in the spring!

Thou art my spirit's all,
Just as thou wert in youth;
Still from thy grave no shadows fall
Upon my lonely truth—
A taper yet above thy tomb,
Since lost its sweeter rays,
And what is memory through the gloom,
Was hope in brighter days!

I am pining for the home
Where sorrow sinks to sleep,
Where the weary and the weepers come,
And they cease to toil and weep!
Why walk about with smiles
That each should be a tear,
Like the *white plumes that fling their wiles*
Above an early bier!

Or like those fairy things,
Those insects of the East,
Which have their beauty in their wings,
And shroud it while they rest—
Which fold their colours of the sky
When earthward they alight,
And flash their splendours on the eye
Just as they take their flight.

I never knew how dear thou wert,
Till thou wert borne away—
I have it yet about my heart,
Thy beauty of that day;
As if the robe thou wert to wear
In other climes were given,
That I might learn to know it there,
And seek thee out in heaven!"

It is almost, if not altogether, a shame in us to pass over the Editor's own poetical compositions; but he has his own way in his own excellent Annual, and we have the less need to put him forward. Suffice it to observe, that he has not only several simple and natural productions of a domestic interest, but the Revenge of Don Pedro, a strain unusual to him, in which a passage of the tragedy of Inez de Castro is forcibly rendered in the heroic ballad style. Of Barry Cornwall, we are afraid to say that he is becoming poetically idle; and we would not say so, but that we know how capable he is of nobler efforts, and that we think he ought not to sport his well-earned fame on the show of loose fragments out of his scrap-book: and of Delta, we must also express a wish that he would either write less or better, were it only for variety's sake. Of the other poems which deserve mention, we have to specify the Pixies of Devon, by Carrington, as fanciful and beautiful; Queen Mary, by H. G. B. (qy. Bell?), of Edinburgh, as a very pleasing retrospect; and an Epistle from Abbotsford, as a tolerable instance of what might be done in our day by some happy flatterer, who could imitate the style of compliment when Pope or Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or, still later, the Della Cruscans, bespattered each other with nauseous egotisms, paid and repaid on the good old Scotch principle of "claw me, and I'll claw you." Such things ought not to be published *now*.

But we must come to the prose, the tales, the legends, the dramatic sketches, and all the pleasant varieties of the *Souvenir*, in which it is both entertaining and rich. Of two contributions by the intelligent and acute observer of life, the Author of Pelham, we shall select one as being best fitted for our specimen extract;—the Manuscript found in a Madhouse is, to our feelings, far too strongly drawn. In contrasting the very striking incidents of this story with the liveliness of his other production, Mr. Bulwer has exceeded the bound within which we think the horrible ought to be confined—but this is altogether a matter of taste, and certainly nothing can be more powerful than this dark and fearful picture. The Rock of the Candle, by Mr. Griffin, is an interesting Irish legend, and wisely stops short of that blood and murder, ferocity and savageness, which his contemporary in a similar style of writing, Mr. Banim, is apt to work up too coarsely and intensely in some of his able narratives. The Queen of May, by the Author of the Lettre de Cachet, is rather a level historical exercise, and too long;—and Inflexibility, a dramatic sketch, by Miss Bowles, also partakes of the latter blemish. The General and his Lady, by Miss Mitford, is, like all her writings, at least agreeable and characteristic; but she does not move so freely in town as in the country. A Vision of Purgatory, by Dr. Maginn, is a capital Irish tale, told in a capital way: it reminds us of Daniel O'Rourke, and is a worthy appendage to that genuine piece of humour. A Military Sketch by Capt. Sherer, and the Buried City by Miss Webb, are both clever, and tend in a laudable degree to diversify the contents of the *Souvenir*, which, whether we consider its well mixed variety, its beautiful embellishments, or its literary merits, has certainly not been surpassed, if it has been equalled, by any Annual since the introduction of these publications to the present hour.

We now give the promised sketch of Too Handsome for any Thing.

"Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. 'Never,' says the Greek tragedian, 'reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end.' A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too,—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. 'What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!' said she, to her husband. 'Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with *him*.' 'And why, love?' 'Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar.' 'And that's true enough, my dear!' said the schoolmaster's wife. So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form! They took our hero from school. 'What profession shall he follow?' said his mother. 'My first cousin is the lord chancellor,' said his father; 'let him go to the bar.' The lord chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer. 'Send him to the bar!' said he, 'no, no, that will never do!—send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer.' 'And that's true enough, my lord!' said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the —— regiment of dragoons. Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him. 'He is a d—d ass!' said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; 'a horrid puppy!' said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; 'if he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!' said Capt. Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; 'if he does not ride better, we will cut him!' said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; 'I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding-master), make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack.' 'Pooh, sir, *he* will never ride better.' 'And why the d—l will he not?' 'Bless you! colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!' 'True!' said Cornet Horsephiz. 'Very true!' said Lieutenant St. Squintem. 'We must cut him!' said the colonel. And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut. Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the — regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed! 'What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!' said the colonel's relations. 'Very true!' said the world. The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle. He is very clever,' said they both, 'and may do yet.' So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution. He rose to speak. 'What a handsome fellow!' whispered one member. 'Ah, a coxcomb!' said another. 'Never do for a speaker!' said a third, very audibly. And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heared!*—Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed. 'Told you so!' said one of his neighbours. 'Fairly broke down!' said another. 'Too fond of his hair to have any thing in his head,' said a third, who was considered a wit. 'Hear, hear!' cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had began worse; and many a county member had been declared a phœnix of promise upon half his merit. Not so, thought the heroes of corn laws. 'Your Adonises never make orators!' said a crack speaker with a wry nose. 'Nor men of business, either,' added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's. 'Poor devil!' said the civilest of the set. 'He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again! this will never do; we must cough him

down.' And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down. Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's. 'We have nothing to leave you,' said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. 'You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress.' 'I will,' said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses. Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. 'Easy to see his intentions,' said one: a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!'—'handsome is that handsome does,' says another;—'he was turned out of the army and murdered his colonel;'—'never marry a beauty,' said a third;—'he can admire none but himself;'—'will have so many mistresses,' said a fourth;—'make you perpetually jealous,' said a fifth;—'spend your fortune,' said a sixth;—'and break your heart,' said a seventh. Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for. Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business:—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. 'If I make you my heir,' said he, 'I expect you will continue the bank.' 'Certainly, sir!' said the nephew. 'Humph!' grunted the uncle; 'a pretty fellow for a banker!' Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. 'It is a dangerous thing,' said she, timidly, 'to marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?' 'By heaven!' cried the lover. 'Heigho!' sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed. But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—'Cheer up, my Ferdinand,' said she; 'for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!' 'Adorable condescension!' cried our hero; 'but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony.' 'All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!' was the reply. Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will. 'I leave,' said the testator (who I have before said was a bit of a satirist), 'my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to'—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brodé*)—'my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew, Ferdinand, my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker: his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds.' 'A thousand devils!' said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. 'Lies,' says the Italian proverb, 'have short legs;' but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal. 'I wish you every happiness,' said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—'but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!' And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion. 'Alas! sir!' said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of parliament he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach bound to the King's Bench,—'Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!'"

It is superfluous to add to what we have said of this Annual, except to sum up, or rather repeat, that it is decidedly one of the very best of its class that we have seen.

The Gem, a Literary Annual. Edited by Thomas Hood, Esq., Author of "Whims and Oddities." London. J. Marshall.

We wish our witty friend had thrown a more copious sprinkling of his Whims and Oddities into this volume, and thus made the *Gem* more unlike its contemporaries. As it is, the family-resemblance is unbroken; there is the poetry and there is the prose from many valuable contributors, the full proportion of talent, and the due weight of second rate. Indeed we have nothing new to observe respecting this volume: our only criticism must be to enumerate its leading papers, with a very few remarks, and exhibit, as well as we can, a fair sample of its merits. The preface (to set out with) displays some of the Editor's playful humour. "It is (says he) with some diffidence that I come forward as the editor of an Annual, and present myself in a fraternity already so numerous. Indeed, I feel something of the shrinking spirit of that urbane person, recorded by old Howell, who, standing at the threshold of Paradise, and seeing a great many strange faces, said, 'Gentlemen, if I intrude here, I am ready to walk out again.' I cannot, without some natural misgivings, pit my raw unpractised skill in the management of such a miscellany, against the mature judgment and experience of veteran conductors—with whom taste and discrimination have had time to become habits of body. Accustomed to select only from my own portfolio, I cannot guess what sort of compiler I may prove of the writings of others; but I have done my best to secure a good parade, by engaging as many as I might of the literary giants, and enrolling none who were not at least a head taller than mediocrity. On looking again over the names, with their associations, that grace my muster-roll, I confess I intrust the issue, with a very slight anxiety, to those merciful judges the Reviewers, and that vast unpacked jury—'my partial public.'" Nor has he any reason to fear the sentence of the one or the verdict of the other; for he has given us a very miscellaneous and appropriate volume. It opens with a slight little poem on the death of a hound, by Sir W. Scott; which is followed by some strange, and in our mind very objectionable, lines, by C. Lamb. A pretty song by Mr. Hartley Coleridge succeeds—so pretty that we quote it in preference to the higher names before:

"She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me:
Oh then I saw her eye was bright—
A well of love, a spring of light.
But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are!"

The Widow, in prose, by C. Lamb, possesses some pleasantry, though also injured by a want of pure taste: we quote one passage that has amused us, as characteristic of the writer in his better moods.

"Does the satiric spirit, perhaps, institute splenetic comparisons between the lofty poetical pretensions of posthumous tenderness and their fulfilment? The sentiments of love especially affect a high heroical pitch, of which the human performance can present, at best, but a burlesque parody. A widow that hath lived only for her husband, should die with him. She is flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone; and it is not seemly for a mere rib to be his survivor. The prose of her practice accords not with the poetry of her professions. She hath done with the world—and you meet her in Regent Street. Earth hath now nothing left for her—but she swears and administers. She cannot survive him—and invests in the *long* annuities. The romantic fancy resents, and the satiric spirit records, these discrepancies. By the conjugal theory itself there ought to be no widows; and, accordingly, a class, that by our milder manners is merely ridiculed, on the ruder banks of the Ganges is literally *roasted*."

The next piece which seems to us to deserve being particularised, is a Vision of Holyrood, by T. Marshall, Esq., an original and interesting poem. The Third Temptation is very like Mr. Croly's manner, but rather of too sacred a cast for a light Annual. The Funeral of General Crawford, by the Author of the "Subaltern," is not unworthy of his pen, and will be particularly esteemed by military readers. Nina St. Morin, by the Author of "May you like It," is a melancholy anecdote; and we are next struck by "the Painter's Song." We have elsewhere spoken in terms of gentle reproach of some of Barry Cornwall's contributions to this year's Annuals; and we confess we are less inclined than ever to forgive, when we peruse so beautiful a composition as this is.

"'Tis night, 'tis night! the hour of hours,
When Love lies down, with folded wings,
By Psyche in her starless bowers,
And down his fatal arrows flings;—
Those bowers whence not a sound is heard,
Save only from the bridal bird,
Who 'midst that utter darkness sings
Sweet music, like the running springs;
This her burthen, soft and clear,—
'Love is here! Love is here!'

'Tis night! the moon is on the stream,
Bright spells are on the soothed sea,
And Hope, the child, is gone to dream
Of pleasures—which may never be!
And now is haggard Care asleep;
And now doth the widow Sorrow smile;
And slaves are hushed in slumber deep,
Forgetting grief and toil awhile!
What sight can fiery morning show
To shame the stars or pale moonlight?
What bounty can the day bestow
Like that which falls with gentle night?—
Sweet lady, sing I not aright?

Oh! turn and tell me,—for the day
Is faint and fading fast away;
And now comes back the hour of hours,
When Love his lovelier mistress seeks,
Sighing like winds 'mongst evening flow'rs,
Until the maiden Silence speaks!
Fair girl, methinks—nay hither turn
Those eyes, which midst their blushes burn;—
Methinks, at such a time one's heart
Can better bear both sweet and smart;
Love's look—the first—which never dieth;
Or death—which comes when beauty flieth—
When strength is slain, when youth is past,
And all, save *truth*, is lost at last!"

The narrative conclusion of this exquisite song is not of so fine a kind; and we pass to a yet more striking production, entitled the Dream of Eugene Aram, by the Editor, Mr. Hood. We observe in this, not only the genius of the writer, but the great advantage of choosing a subject which affords scope for original features, instead of the eternal common-places of common-place scribblers. Were it not that the end is rather feeble (one verse or two verses more might perfect it), we would say that this is one of the most remarkable poems in our modern literature, and one which will be as much remembered. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting it entirely.

"*The Dream of Eugene Aram.*

[The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.]

"'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like trouttlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eye'd.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brassen hasp:
'O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!'

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

'My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?'
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
'It is "The Death of Abel."'

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

'And well,' quoth he, 'I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

Oh God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain!

My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

Heavily I rose up,—as soon
As light was in the sky,—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!'—
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist."

This quotation has so far occupied our lawful boundaries, that we must be very concise with what remains. Catching a Tartar, by the Author of Mansie Wauch, is a poor copy after Galt; the Birchen Tree, by Bowring, a pretty translation from the Slavonian; Stanzas by Horace Smith, Esq., under his mark and likelihood; Tom Hopkins, by Miss Mitford, in her usual rustic manner, and Harry Lewington and his dog, by the same, more fit for one of the Juvenile Annuals: some things by J. Barton and R. Howitt make pleasing varieties; the Station, an Irish sketch, by T. Keightly, very amusing; and the Rival Dreamers, by Mr. Banim, (the same story as that which furnishes our quotation from the Winter Wreath), a good specimen of that author. The Nabob's Curse, by W. Howitt, is one of the best prose articles in the book, and we regret that we cannot illustrate our opinion by a quotation. The last Embarkation of the Doge of Venice, by Thurma, (whose signature we think we have seen in the London Magazine), is also a very fair tale. Of shorter productions by J. Montgomery, T. Hood, J. K. Harvey, E. Herbert, J. S. Stock, E. Moxon, Isabel Hill, Mrs. Balmanno, C. F. Housman, the late J. Keats, Rev. T. Dale, Rev. C. H. Townsend, and J. Clare, though they serve to give variety and completeness to the *Gem*, it is unnecessary for us to treat, and we are only tempted by its novelty to insert a brief proverbial illustration from the pen of Mr. Planché.

"'*Poverty parts Good Company.*'

The baron is feasting in lighted hall,
And forty bold yeomen will mount at his call;
His kinsman is left in the cold porch to sigh;
O! 'Poverty parts good company!'

Time was when that baron was fain to ride,
And carry the hawk by his kinsman's side;
But fortune can faster than falcon fly,
And 'Poverty parts good company.'

The baron's broad mantle hath vair on its fold,
His hose are of velvet, his hood is of gold;
His kinsman, in russet, creeps shivering by,
For 'Poverty parts good company.'

Time was when that baron was proud to wear
The broider'd badge of his kinsman fair;
But fortune is fickle, and time hath gone by,
And 'Poverty parts good company.'

Baron and kinsman have sicken'd and died—
'Scutcheon'd and plum'd is the hearse of pride;
But a coffin of the plain elm-tree
Must keep that proud hearse company!

Into the same dark vault they thrust
The rich man's clay, and the poor man's dust;
Side by side again they lie:
In the grave we are all of a company."

In concluding this review, we ought perhaps to state, that in all the opinions we offer upon the publications of its class, we speak comparatively of the merits and demerits of their component parts, explicitly and impartially to the best of our judgment: at the same time we wish it to be understood, that we consider the least successful of them to be well deserving of popular favour. Indeed nothing but extensive encouragement could enable any bookseller to produce such agreeable miscellanies, in the arts and literature, at so small a cost; and of the *Gem* we can truly declare (were it needed after the preceding extracts), that it takes its rank very prominently among the foremost of its competitors.*

Dr. Granville's Travels in Russia.
Mr. Rae Wilson's Travels, &c.

(Fifth Notice.)

We continue to make a few more selections as we draw towards the close of these Reviews. The account of the Chantres de la Cour is quite new to us.

"St. Petersburgh has its musical clubs, and a *Société Philharmonique*. I think the finest *dilettanto* violin-player in Europe is to be found in the last-mentioned society. I have not heard a more delightful amateur performer since the time when la Marchesa Pallavicini used to lead some of the largest orchestras of *dilettanti* in Italy on that most unsightly and anti-feminine musical instrument. The effect produced on those occasions was admirable; and so it is in the case of Colonel Lvof, whose execution is of the most brilliant description, but whose appearance in his decorated uniform, holding fiddle and bow, is scarcely less singular than that of la Marchesa used to be. I heard this officer, at one of the meetings of the members of the Philharmonic Society, perform some variations of his own composition on a national air, written in a minor key, in which it was not easy to determine whether his taste, *coup d'archet*, or exquisite facility, was most conspicuous. The expression with which he drew the most melodious notes from his instrument was inconceivably fine. During my stay in St. Petersburgh, I was present at one or two private concerts only, which are by no means of rare occurrence. One of these afforded me the highest treat that a foreigner in that capital can wish for, in respect to musical enjoyment. I allude to the opportunity of hearing that celebrated corps of vocal performers, to be found I believe no where but in that city, called *les Chantres de la Cour*. The concert was given at the house of General Benkendorff, to whom I have already alluded in more than one place in this narrative. The invitations were strictly limited to a very few persons, and it was by a special favour, I understood, never before granted, or at least seldom, to a private individual, that those vocal performers of the imperial chapel were permitted to attend on that occasion. These extraordinary singers, far otherwise interesting than can be expressed in writing, are only to be heard either fortuitously, at their own school, or, lastly, at the imperial chapel, where, however, foreigners are not easily admitted. I therefore felt doubly the kindness of the general and his lady, in affording me, through the good offices of the Countess Woronzow, on this and another occasion, the only two opportunities I could have of judging of the merits of those singular choristers. It was after our dinner at Count Potocki's, that the Countess Michel Woronzow, with some other persons of the party and myself, adjourned to hear les Chantres de la Cour, at the general's house. I feel it impossible accurately to convey an idea of the various impressions and emotions which this most skilful arrangement of select voices of all ages, and consequently of all tones, singing sacred music, of rich, full, and expressive beauty, is capable of exciting in the bosom of the spectator. One feels, for a moment, transported with ecstasy at the sublime effect of such heavenly strains: the very heart-strings seem touched by them, and sensibility is awakened to a degree which operatic music cannot produce. The whole is a most masterly performance; and the result may be quoted as the triumph of the human voice over every other instrument. From the most delightful soprano, down to the gravest baritone, every key note is here sung by a chorus of thirty, and at the imperial chapel, of one hundred and twenty performers, educated from the age of five years for this sole and sacred choral service. A fugue usually sung in the Russian churches at the Resurrection, accompanied by full choruses, was performed among other pieces, and displayed such skill in the composition, as well as execution, that I felt riveted to the spot. One of the finest tenor voices I ever heard bore a conspicuous part in it: and the loud swell of the bass, contrasting with the flexible and silvery voices of the children, all singing with a degree of precision that could scarcely be equalled by a mechanical instrument, formed such a 'concord of sweet sounds,' that no persons present could help being affected. Towards the conclusion, the whole chorus burst out into a 'Gloria in excelsis,' another of Bortniansky's splendid compositions, and the effect of it was, beyond conception, fine. Certainly, until I heard this unique performance, I was not aware of all the harmony of which the human voice is capable. In this opinion I was still more confirmed by a second opportunity afforded me through the kindness of Madame Benkendorff, of hearing one hundred and ten of these same performers on the following day at their own *conservatoire*, or school; where, as on the evening before, they sang without any instrument. The most renowned chorus-singers of church music in Europe (and I believe I have heard the best of them) really sink into insignificance compared to these minstrels. A *pater noster* was sung by them on this occasion, which struck me as by far the most affecting composition I had ever heard: there was a crescendo towards the end which was quite irresistible; and the effect of it on the audience was plainly visible on all that were in the room. I certainly had not the slightest notion of the existence of such a superior class of music as that which the orthodox Greco-Russian seems to be, particularly that of the composer whom I just mentioned, and who has since paid the great debt of nature. When Madame Catalani heard the Chantres de la Cour she was affected to tears, and confessed to those near her, 'Que jusqu'alors elle n'avait aucune idée de l'effet que peut produire un chœur de voix, quoiqu'elle eut entendu les Chantres de la célèbre chapelle du pape.' In cathedral music, that celebrated songstress preferred the writings of Bortniansky to any other with which she was acquainted. On this occasion, I learned a few interesting particulars of the history of the Russian school of *Plain-chant*, which, taking its origin from a few chorus-singers sent by the Patriarch of Constantinople to the Grand-duke Vladimir, ended in adopting the studied and complicated melody and rhythm of Italian music, improved considerably after its introduction, and to the degree which I have described, by Bérézovsky, but more especially by Bortniansky himself. This eminent composer was one of the Chantres de la Cour in 1768, when the Empress Catherine, having remarked his extraordinary talents, sent him to Italy to perfect himself in the science of music and the art of singing. It was under Galuppi, a celebrated *maestro* belonging to the church of St. Mark, at Venice, where he was then living, that Bortniansky was placed to pursue his studies. His progress was really astonishing; and on his return in 1779, he was appointed director of the music of the imperial chapel, which office he continued to fill until the time of his death, which took place two years ago, at the age of seventy-four years. His works are numerous, particularly in cathedral music, and most of them worthy of being placed in the same rank with those of Marcello, Pergolesi, and Handel. The music of Bortniansky is not, like the Greek music used to be in the earliest times of that church, a mere *canto fermo*, or plain chant, but a happy combination of both it and modern music. Harmony, the *beau ideal* of music, is the principal point to which that composer seems to have directed the whole energy of his imagination; and for a composer of sacred music, the study of harmony is the most important. The style of the Russian church music does not always consist in fugues and florid compositions, so appropriately introduced, when jubilation and the heart-joy of the blessed are to be expressed in their psalms; but in simple counterpoint, also, of note against note, producing in that solemn service, and with such voices, an effect of simplicity and syllabic coincidence which is quite admirable. I have heard the concealed voices chanting the *miserere* in St. Peter's during Passion week, the harmony of which is productive of the most striking effect; the heavenly strains of the sisters in the church of the *Mendicanti*, at Venice; and the really angelic voices which were formerly heard behind the handsome *grilles* of the nuns of Santa Clara, at Naples, said to have produced, in some instances, real ecstasy among the devout auditory: but the happy combination of powerful, rich, mellow, and metallic voices of the Chantres de la Cour, places this extraordinary corps of sacred performers above all the rest. They are particularly affecting when executing some of Bortniansky's scores in minor keys:—that rich field of harmony which affords so great a variety of modulations, admirably calculated to express every shade of religious sentiment, and each successive state of our mind, when absorbed in deep and sacred meditation. But the Russians, or rather the imperial family, have another extraordinary and striking species of music which deserves to be mentioned in this place. They call it the hunting, or horn music; but it might with more propriety be styled an organ on a new construction. A

* We have seen the engravings too late for notice.

band of from twenty to forty performers, equally skilled in blowing a short straight horn, are brought to execute what the keys of an organ are made to perform under the hands of an able master; namely, the simplest as well as the most complicated pieces of music, in all keys, and by every measure of time required; each performer never sounding more than one and the same note as set down for him,—just as each key of an organ always produces the same note. As in that instrument, the most eloquent music is generally the result of such a disposition in its keys; and thus also the horn music of St. Petersburgh produces a most enchanting effect. This band occasionally performs in public, particularly during the summer, at the *parties de chasse* of the court, and at the time of the public promenades, which take place on the smaller islands at that season. This species of music, which is peculiar to Russia, was invented by a Bohemian named Maresch, a performer at the court of the Empress Elizabeth; and a treatise was published about thirty years ago by Henrichs of St. Petersburgh, with specimens of the manner in which the notes are set down for each performer."

With this extract we shall close our selections from Dr. Granville. We have to observe, that between him and Mr. Rae Wilson there are very frequent differences in the orthography of proper names and names of places; but these are of slight consequence. There are also some discoveries of the latter, which the former does not seem to corroborate. For example, Mr. Wilson saw some "huge stones of granite" on the road to Mecklenburgh, which he says "actually seem to have been rained" there; in which belief he is somewhat strengthened by a story in a Philadelphia newspaper, of a "spitting of stones, which ended in a regular shower at Nashville, in May 1825!!" On leaving Berlin, our worthy countryman disguised himself, as he tells us, giving "a military appearance to his costume, by attaching a red collar to his blue surtout," and "wearing an order presented to him by the late King of France;" so that he fancied he "might certainly, *en passant*, be *taken* for a military man." It appears, however, that the Russian custom-house officers and post-masters were not imposed upon by this "*little ruse de guerre*;" and so far from *mistaking* Mr. Wilson for a soldier, they hardly paid him the respect due to a civilian. He nevertheless got on strangely enough; travelling through woods where there were recesses in several parts of *the road*,—which "wood journeying" repeatedly brought to mind the beautiful remark of the poet, that

"There is a pleasure in *the pathless* woods."

But if we have wonderful stories in these volumes, we have also plenty of the most trifling circumstances. Near the village of Stargard, "great quantities of manure were lying by the side of the road." At Stargard they "looked into the church, and found it had just been repaired," and "festoons of green leaves had been suspended between the pillars, on occasion of some religious ceremony which had lately taken place." "On the sides of the road, (continues this minute philosopher), many of the trees were the very images of winter, their leaves having been totally devoured by the *maikafer*, an insect the size of a beetle, and, I believe, *known in England under the name of cockchafer!* As it often strikes against objects when flying, it is presumed to be blind; and this has occasioned the proverb, 'as blind as a beetle!!!'"

But we need add no more of these trite nothings, which form the bulk of this absurd publication; and we are free to confess, that a book of Travels in Russia may yet be written, far superior to any with which we have hitherto been favoured.

Rovigo's Memoirs.

(Concluded.)

If M. Savary was out of temper with the striking inconsistency of his sight-loving country-folks for their running so wildly after the allied monarchs, generals, &c. in Paris—(we remember them shouting like mad, "*Vive le brave Vellinton!*" and watching the Cossack bivouac for hours together, as these hairy monsters disported themselves on the banks of the Seine)—he is still more indignant at their fickleness as displayed towards their ruined emperor. "During the interval of nearly a fortnight which he passed at Fontainebleau," he states, "the particulars of the events which had altered the aspect of France had been communicated from one extremity to the other of that extensive country. The vilest publications emanated from the press, and excited to the work of re-action. All those virulent attacks had preceded the emperor on the road he was to take, and kindled the popular rage. It was fortunate for him that the precaution was taken of having him accompanied by commissioners from England, Austria, and Russia. The very monarch who had been the exclusive object of the attachment of the French, was compelled to seek the attendance of his enemies about his person, in order to escape the revengeful feelings of Frenchmen. This painful extreme is a fact too well established to escape being recorded in history." And so, when he came back again the ensuing year, he was, by M. Savary's account, received as a demigod!!

Of Maubreuil's celebrated exploit, the ex-minister of police's report is remarkable. On leaving Fontainebleau, he relates—"The emperor was nearly stifled with emotion; he was compelled to offer violence to his feelings in order to force himself away from the ranks of those gallant soldiers; he stepped into his carriage and drove off. In this painful circumstance I had the good fortune to render him a last mark of my devotedness to his service: the following was the occasion of it. Immediately after the occurrence of the events at Bourdeaux, I had sent some agents to that city for the purpose of ascertaining what might be done. They had found the public mind disposed to join in any attempt, and came to inform me of the measures they had adopted to drive away the enemy. The news of the abdication reached them on the road; they stopped at Orleans and fell in with other agents recently arrived in that town, but with views of an opposite nature. They entered into conversation, and ascertained the motive of the excursion of their comrades, who even proposed that they should join their party. My agents refused, reached Paris in all haste, and quickly apprised me of their having met a gang acting under the orders of a former equerry of the Queen of Westphalia, who were watching a favourable opportunity of rushing upon the emperor and putting him to death. I lost no time in despatching a courier to Fontainebleau, who, as good fortune would have it, arrived in proper time. The necessary precautions were adopted; the assassins dared not venture to attack some forty lancers who composed the escort, and they fell upon the equipages of the Queen of Westphalia, which they plundered. It has since been pretended that Maubreuil had no other mission than to obtain possession of the crown jewels, and to seize upon the treasures with which the emperor might have raised a party in his favour. I know that this pretence has been made use of, with the view to obtain from the chiefs of the enemy's armies the orders calculated to procure any assistance that might be required by the party sent to follow the track of the emperor: but this was highly ridiculous." It is afterwards asserted—"The attempt confided to Maubreuil had failed of success. Another was organised at Avignon. Emissaries had been scattered about the town, and had found no difficulty in exciting the passions of the mob. It welcomed the emperor with cries which indicated a thirst for his blood; and it was already shewing a disposition to attack his carriage, when M. de Saint-Paulen, the commandant of the national guard, and afterwards chief of a squadron in the corps of gendarmerie in the king's service, hastened with a picket to the spot, and arrested the progress of those wretches, some of whom had already laid hands upon the carriage-door. He kept the remainder in check, and the emperor drove off without any other accident. It happened otherwise, however, at Orgon, a small town of Provence. An officer, who rode at full speed before the carriages, in order to get the horses in readiness, had so far got the start of them, as to be able to discover the criminal intentions entertained by the people of that district. He saw that a crowd had collected, and that there were agitators amongst them. He retraced his steps until he came up with the emperor, to whom he reported what was going forward. The danger was most imminent; it was not quite clear that the foreign commissioners would succeed in enforcing respect for their character. A deliberation was held; and it was agreed that the emperor should instantly put on one of their dresses, and that they should all ride through the town at full speed, until they had escaped all farther danger. It was of such a nature, that having entered an inn for the purpose of drinking a glass of water, the hostess, who fancied she was speaking to strangers, said to them—'We are in waiting for him; we shall see whether he will succeed in passing through without being killed.' This frightful wretch was confiding her guilty hopes to the emperor himself! He retained his disguise until he reached the residence of his sister, Princess Pauline, who lived in the vicinity of Nice, and waited there for Generals Bertrand and Drouot, who were coming on with his carriages, and had narrowly escaped being torn to pieces. I had been," continues the author, "some days in Paris, and had occasion to call on M. de Talleyrand. He was with that valet, [one who, together with the mamaluke Roustan, had deserted Buonaparte,] and kept me a long time waiting. I was at a loss to account for the circumstance that could have brought them into contact. He explained it himself; or at least he hinted the matter. As soon as the mameluke was gone, M. de Talleyrand came up to me, and informed me, with an air of satisfaction, that the empress was not going to the island of Elba; that she had been for a long time a victim to the ill-usage of the emperor, who was very harsh towards her: in short, he held so extraordinary a language respecting domestic affairs, with which I was better acquainted than himself, and respecting which I had formed a very different opinion, that I plainly perceived he had not disdained to extend his system of seduction

to the very servants of the emperor. He had set to work all those who had any influence over, or access to, the empress, for the purpose of inducing that princess to adopt a determination calculated to forward the projects he already meditated; and could have sent for this valet with no other intention than to dictate to him a language of that description; because a confidential servant, disposed to talk, may give an appearance of truth to what he utters, especially when he relates matters of domestic privacy."

We have next a strange story of a cold reception given by Maria Louisa to the Emperor Alexander, whose kindly visit to her, M. Savary represents as a cruel insult. Indeed, nothing said or done by Alexander, Talleyrand, or Fouché, meets with a fair construction from him: they are the objects of his peculiar aversion. The last-mentioned he even accuses of plotting to assassinate him at his country-house, where he was living in retirement, after the restoration of the Bourbons.

"Being forced," he says, "to quit Paris, I retired to my estate, where I resided alone, my wife and children having remained in possession of my hotel. We had reached the month of November. A man decorated with honours presented himself at my residence, and requested to speak with me. I admitted him. He stated that he was under obligations to me; and gratitude made it a law for him to communicate a plot which was hatching against me. 'Do not remain here, Monsieur le Duc,' said he; 'do not remain here. I cannot sufficiently recommend your returning to Paris, which you have not been made to quit without a motive. You were to have been called upon the day before yesterday: the visit did not take place; but it is only delayed. In a few days your house will be entered by fourteen persons, under the guidance of D——, who must be known to you: the others are men of the same stamp (he named them all). They will come to demand your money: this will be the pretence assumed for the purpose of originating a quarrel, in which you are to be assassinated. They are assured of impunity: the report of the expected adventure has already been drawn up for insertion in the newspapers. It is worded in such a manner as to lead to the inference that you had been visited with a view to obtain money from you, and to propose a challenge, which you were to refuse; but compelled by the men of honourable character with whom you were brought into contact, you had been under the necessity of accepting it. And as the story was invented of your wounding some one in your defence, it was farther reported, that in the course of this duelling you had wounded a first, then a second person,—all those, in short, who were to pretend their having received wounds; but that you had at last fallen in your turn. I can tell you no more without endangering my own safety: but let no consideration keep you at home; for I could not call a second time to put you on your guard.' This worthy man withdrew; and, as may well be supposed, I sent to the minister of police a copy of his declaration, acquainting him at the same time with the names indicated to me. The parties could easily be found out: since this —— was a knight of Saint Louis, and door-keeper to the king's apartments. I caused a communication to be made of his project to his captain, M. de Mortemart, and heard no more of the matter. Notwithstanding this precaution, I deemed it prudent to return to Paris, and to remain there for some days, in order that the plan of assassinating me at my country-house might be relinquished."

As if this rascally story were not enough to shock belief, we are next treated with one about Sir Sydney Smith having been employed by Talleyrand to carry Buonaparte off from Elba!! We have, finally, many speculations on the causes which led to Napoleon's return; but we will only give our readers the memorable and characteristic result. "It cannot fail," says the duke, "to be remarked, that every person engaged in this enterprise was playing a double game, and speaking a double language. Will this be called cleverness? if so, I shall soon have an opportunity of drawing the most painful consequences from such versatility of conduct."

Buonaparte is asserted to have received intelligence of the designs entertained against him by the Congress at Vienna, not from his partisans in France, but from a foreign officer, who had been formerly attached to his household. He immediately determined on trying his fortune on the French soil. "His fleet consisted of a brig of war and three or four smaller vessels: with this little squadron he came to conquer the kingdom of France. His arrangements were made, and he only waited a favourable opportunity to depart, when it suddenly offered. The English had placed Col. Campbell as a watch over him. Chance would have it that this colonel should fall in love with a woman living at Leghorn. He was often absent, and for a long interval of time. The emperor took advantage of it. He embarked all his people, and set sail in the direction of the French coast. His departure took place towards the close of February." His earlier adventures on landing are detailed, and M. Savary says—"We now beheld the emperor in possession of Lyons, and at the head of a body of troops sufficiently numerous to enable him to organise the war in that quarter, if any necessity had existed for such a course. He since told me, that the rapidity of his march had for object to enable him to come up with the troops: his only fear was, that instead of their being sent against him, they might have been withdrawn to such a distance as to prevent his overtaking them: so much did he rely upon the soldiers' affection."

With this we conclude. The work is in general well translated; but there are some blunders which it would be well to correct. For example, p. 248, talking of a surtout being *carried*, *i. e.* worn, over a coat, and similar inadvertencies. But, as we have before remarked, we must consider this work to be one likely by itself, and by what it must provoke, to throw great light over a most extraordinary period, and the characters of a set of as infamous actors, while it lasted, as ever the world saw.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Scripture Lessons, selected from the Prophetical Books of the Old Testament; with brief explanatory Notes. For the Use of Schools. By F. D. Lempriere. 12mo. pp. 319. London, Cadell.

THE title of this work sufficiently explains its contents; and we need, therefore, only remark, that the compiler has altered several parts of the language as contained in the authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, by substituting, where necessary, a translation, in his judgment, more suitable for young persons. He has also elucidated obscure passages by brief notes, and by parallel or explanatory passages from the New Testament. The volume is professedly compiled on the plan of, and for the same purposes as, Mrs. Trimmer's excellent Abridgment of Scripture History; and we need only accord our approbation of the manner in which it has been executed.

Babylon the Great; or, Men and Things in the British Capital. Second edition, with additions. 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn.

ON the first appearance of this work we gave our opinion of it, as the hasty and immature production of a man of considerable observation, but who had not had time or opportunity to become sufficiently master of his subject so as to afford much valuable observation to the public. It seems, however, to have had its run with the million, less conversant with what was going on around them, or more ready to be entertained with a printed account of what they knew; and the second edition, thus called for, may fairly be said to be both enlarged and improved.

The Etonian out of Bounds; or, Poetry and Prose. By Sir James Laurence. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Hunt and Clarke.

SIR J. LAURENCE is a chevalier of the old school, and his fancies are often too racy for modern taste. These volumes are a melange of some fifty years, and, with occasional glimpses of wit, are altogether more fit for private and personal, than for public and general, regard.

Chronology of the Reigns of George III. and IV., &c. &c. &c. with a general Chronology from the earliest Records. By W. J. Belsham, Esq. 24mo. London. J. Cumberland.

THE design and plan of this little volume are laudable, and the work may be of considerable use to those whose avocations in life prevent them from devoting much time to the study of history, as well as a serviceable note-book for reference to the more studious. Introductory to the principal object is a brief chronology of the chief events from the creation to the year 1759 inclusive. Then follow successively the occurrences of each year since the accession of George III.; together with notices of the various matters named in the title: the chronology of each year being preceded by a digest, or summary of the historical and political events of that particular year. Altogether, there is in several places a ridiculous retention of the *present*, instead of the *past tense*, in recording the occurrences (which mistake arises from copying the statements from contemporary publications without alteration of style); and there are very many slight typographical errors, as well as records of exceeding trivial events. Yet, on the whole, we consider the plan and intention good, and therefore recommend Mr. Belsham's little chronological volume to the public as a useful refresher of the memory.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, October 12.

I HAVE just seen a gentleman after a rather disagreeable residence of some weeks at St. Pelagier, (the debtors' prison); and as his account of it proves the charlatanism of philanthropists who visit such abodes of wretchedness, it may be interesting to you to hear in what consist the comforts of the prisoners here. Each room contains four beds, small, dirty, and damp—so that the eyes of the unfortunate inmates become red and inflamed; not even a window can be shut to keep out a current of air; and all classes are mixed *pêle-*

mêle, unless the person confined has money enough to pay for a separate apartment. And wo betide those who behave with reserve or haughtiness toward their companions in misfortune! — for unless they possess the strength of Hercules or Sampson, *des coups de poing* teach them the laws of equality: and if a creditor visits a debtor who wishes to be revenged, the latter has only to cry *au loup*, when all parties assail the unlucky creditor, and *perhaps murder him*. Gambling is the grand resource of the ignorant, so that frequently those who have only a few pence per day to exist on, are obliged to fast entirely, having anticipated their allowance; many even pawn their coats, and walk about *en chemise*. As to food, it is sold *à poids d'or*: but the worst of all is the conversation and the grossness of conduct of the lower orders, which the man of education and refinement is under the necessity of witnessing, and even participating in, to avoid rude treatment. In fact, the *tout ensemble* of this prison is such as to initiate the young mind in vice, and make a finished ruffian: yet not long ago a very different picture was given of this place of confinement; but fine words and false colouring belong to the trade of philanthropy.

Tout le monde being at present absent from the capital, that is, the *beau monde*, such as peers, deputies, rich proprietors,—in short, all idle fashionables,—the *salons* are deserted, and the wing of scandal consequently clipped; little news, therefore, can be gleaned from social life, until winds drive *la bonne compagnie* into Paris: *les beaux esprits*, too, who depend on the foibles of their richer brethren for food for their pen, look forward to the season of slander with no less impatience than a physician to colds, fevers, and indigestions; for such is the organisation of society, that few can hope to rise except on the ruins of others. An *exposé* of the private life of some of the poets and great men of the age is to appear in the month of January,—a work which will be peculiarly relished by the amateurs of slander; but as biographers generally decorate their heroes with virtues or vices according as self-interest may whisper, their writings are seldom considered in the light of oracles.

A work has been lately published on tailoring, *L'Art du Tailleur; ou, l'Application de la Géometrie à la Coupe de l'Habillement*, containing seventy models of dress: a revolution is expected in consequence in man's apparel, and all those who work contrary to mathematical principles, may take down their signboards. This is well-judged, since the merits of most men of the present day depend on the cut of their coats; and a tailor's awkwardness may ruin the advancement in life of many a *beau garçon*.

I suppose you have already heard of l'Histoire Scientifique, Politique, et Militaire, de l'Expédition Française en Egypte, sous le Commandement de Général Buonaparte en Egypte, and which is shortly to appear. I am told it is a *chef-d'œuvre*: it is to consist of twelve volumes and nine hundred engravings. Le Chevalier Marcel directs all that concerns the arts and sciences in the work; and a M. Tissot the modern historical part of the expedition. The government favours the editor (M. Tastu) as much as possible, and has furnished him with every document in its power.

A young poet has just finished Childe Harold, in verse. Parts of it are well executed; but others are inferior! Indeed, it is a daring attempt to versify, in another language, such an author as the British bard. His Cain was the only really perfect imitation which ever appeared in the French language, by a M. Fabre d'Olivet. I do not know whether I mentioned in any of my former letters the Revue Française, which appears every two months: some of the articles contained in this periodical work are admirably written.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GASTRIC EXPERIMENTS.

In some recent numbers of the *Clinique*, a Paris paper chiefly devoted to medical and surgical reports, there is an account of several experiments performed with the gastric juice of a young man who had a fistulous opening of the stomach. The results were curious, as shewing the rate of time at which this extraordinary fluid acts upon different animal substances. Through the opening alluded to, the following substances were introduced into the stomach, each being secured by a silk thread: a piece of very highly-seasoned cooked beef, a piece of lean salted beef, a piece of raw bacon, a piece of raw lean beef, a piece of boiled beef, some bread, and a piece of white raw cabbage. The quantity of each substance was forty grains. At the expiration of an hour, during which time the young man followed his usual occupations, these substances were drawn from the stomach. It was found that the cabbage and the bread were more than half digested, whilst the meat did not appear to be at all affected by the gastric juice. These substances were then replaced in the stomach; and at the end of another hour, the cabbage, the bread, the bacon, and the boiled beef, were completely digested, and of course separated from the thread. The other pieces of meat were, however, scarcely altered: they were replaced in the stomach; and an hour afterwards, it was found that the highly-seasoned beef (*bœuf à la mode*) was partly digested, while the raw beef was merely softened a little on its surface, but retained internally its hard and cellular texture. The fluid contents of the stomach had at this time a disagreeable and rather rancid smell, and the young man complained of uneasiness and pain in the epigastric region. The undigested substances, however, were replaced. At the end of the fifth hour he complained of a sense of oppression, nausea, and headach. The meat was then withdrawn in the same state as it had been two hours previously, but the liquid of the stomach had become more rancid and bitter. Dr. Beaumont then introduced into the stomach, through the fistulous opening, some calomel pills, which produced the same effect as if they had been taken by the mouth. A few days afterwards, the young man having previously fasted for seventeen hours, there was introduced into the stomach the bulb of a Fahrenheit thermometer, the mercury of which rose, in five minutes, to more than 100, and remained at that point. By means of a tube of Indian rubber, there was then withdrawn from the stomach an ounce of pure gastric juice, which was put into a three-ounce glass, and placed in an earthen vessel filled with water, of the same temperature as that indicated by the thermometer, the point of temperature being kept up by means of a sand bath. Into the gastric juice thus arranged was put a piece of salted beef of the size of a little finger. At the end of forty minutes, the surface of the beef was being acted upon, and in ten minutes more the liquid seemed to be agitated, and the exterior of the beef was evidently softened. In three hours it was half dissolved, and in ten hours no trace remained of it. The gastric juice, which when taken from the stomach was perfectly clear, and nearly as thin as water, had become thick; and when placed in a state of repose for a few minutes, it gave a sediment of the colour of flesh. At the same time that the meat was placed in the glass, a piece corresponding in size was introduced into the stomach. The result was similar, except that the solution in the glass had been rather more prompt, owing to frequent stirrings, by which the gastric fluid was brought to act upon it more generally. A last experiment was made seven days after the first, with an ounce and a half of gastric juice, into which were placed two pieces of boiled fowl: they were longer dissolving than the beef, on account of their close texture, and the sediment which they left was more clear. The contents of both glasses were kept hermetically sealed for one month, at the end of which time they had neither unpleasant smell nor taste. Some days afterwards, the liquid in which the beef had been dissolved began to corrupt; the other, on the contrary, remained unchanged. It was the intention of the author of these experiments to follow them up with others, the result of which might have been highly useful to the medical world; but he was prevented doing so by the flight of his patient, who suffered some inconvenience from the experiments.

ELECTROSCOPE.

The following is Mr. Sturgeon's description of the electroscope, with which his atmospherical and electrical experiments, detailed in our last, are made. From its simplicity and correctness, it seems to be a very useful instrument. "A thin wire of soft steel is covered with stout sewing-silk, well waxed, round which is twisted several times a soft copper wire in the form of a spiral, leaving the ends of the latter wire two or three inches long. If sparks be taken from the kite-string by one extremity of the copper wire, the enclosed piece of soft steel becomes magnetised, and its polarity may easily be determined by applying either end to a small compass-needle, which is always to be in readiness for that purpose. That the experimenter may not be deceived, and to ensure correctness, the polarity of the soft steel may readily be reversed, by drawing sparks with the other end of the copper wire; and as four or five sparks will generally reverse the magnetism, the experiments may be varied several times in a few minutes. If the sparks from the string be not sufficiently powerful, a very small jar applied to it will at all times increase their energy. As this instrument acts upon the principles of electro-magnetism, regard must be had to the direction of the spiral enclosing the piece of soft steel; so that by observing the acquired polarity, the direction of the electric current may be determined. The whole of my atmospheric-electrical apparatus, with the exception of the kite, is very conveniently carried in the pocket, and the kite itself is quite as portable as a lady's parasol. A more particular description of this and other electric and electro-magnetic apparatus will be shortly given in a small volume."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, October 10th.—Yesterday being the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Todd, Queen's College; Rev. J. Ley, Student of Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Davies, St. Edmund Hall; J. Matthews, Christ Church.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by Joseph Swan, from Drawings by J. Flemming; with historical and descriptive Illustrations by J. M. Leighton. Part IV.

THE fourth Part of this pleasing work contains only three plates. A view which it was intended to introduce, of Hamilton Palace, has been postponed; the palace itself being still incomplete, and it having been found "impossible to take a drawing of it at present, without the risk of doing injustice to a building which will unquestionably prove one of the most chaste, yet superb, structures on the Clyde." "Bothwell Castle," and the "View of Glasgow," in addition to their individual and separate merits, present a striking contrast of subject and effect.

The Winter's Wreath.—Of the dozen plates which embellish this volume of the *Winter's Wreath*, the greater part may fairly challenge a comparison with any competitors; as, for instance, "The Scotch Peasant Girl," engraved by E. Smith, after a picture by J. Watson. Rustic purity, simplicity, beauty, and grace, delightfully portrayed. The background is highly picturesque and appropriate. "The Sailor Boy," engraved by W. H. Lizars, from a painting by W. Nicholson. A noble little fellow, evidently destined to be a protector of his country's honour, "climbing the high and giddy mast," and gazing with the most steady and undaunted countenance at the turbulent elements around him. "View near Ambleside," engraved by E. Goodall, after a picture by J. Renton. Rich and varied scenery. The children returning from school, are very happily introduced. "Meleager and Atalanta," engraved by E. Goodall, from a painting by G. Arnald, A.R.A. Mr. Goodall has here shewn his usual skill in representing, in an inconceivably small compass, all the details, as well as the general effect, of a magnificent and multitudinous composition. "View on the Thames, near Windsor," engraved by W. Miller, from a picture by W. Havell. English landscape exhibited to the greatest advantage. Several of the remaining plates are very fine; but there is one, entitled "Le Contretems," which is unquestionably *un peu fort*; and we advise the proprietors of the *Winter's Wreath* to withdraw it from their publication.

Studies of Trees. By H. W. Burgess. Dickenson.

EXECUTED in a very free and bold lithographic style. The trunks and ramifications of the various trees are faithfully and distinctively marked; but the foliage seems to us to be too much mannered.

Margaret in disguise. Engraved by G. Maile, from a Sketch by J. Tayler. B. Strange.

ALTHOUGH the name of Tayler is not an uncommon one, and we may therefore be mistaken in our conjecture, we rather think that this is an engraving from a design by the veteran artist, so universally respected, who was the contemporary and friend of Hayman, and the other painters of that day; and who, we are happy to observe, in the choice of his present subject, and in the manner in which he has treated it, shews that

> Still beneath his age's frost
> Glows a spark of youthful fire.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE TURKS AND RUSSIANS.

[We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to lay before the readers of our Journal the following graphic description of the war between the Russians and Turks, for which we are indebted to a friend, a very gallant, intelligent, and distinguished British officer. We have seldom met with a picture of military operations possessed of such characteristic spirit; and knowing so little as we do of the combatants, the Cossack and the Moslem, their modes, their feelings, and their conduct towards each other in the struggle for blood and victory, we have read these details, which place them almost before our eyes, with a deep degree of interest, which, we flatter ourselves, will be participated with us by the public at large. As a sketch of manners, if not of society, we question that ever our great rival, the Government Gazette, put forth a more generally acceptable document.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Russian Camp before Giurgevo, on the Lower Danube, 26th July, 1828.

I HAVE persevered thus far, in my attempts to visit the Russian army as an amateur, for the purpose of observing its operations against the Turks, and arrived in Wallachia, by way of Rotterdam, Frankfort, Vienna, Pesth, and Hermannstadt. The former part of my journey was productive chiefly of pleasure; but the latter part, of many of the disagreeables of travelling,—for, in my progress hither from Austria, I have been nearly jolted to death by the bad roads of Hungary, and narrowly escaped breaking my neck by the viler passes of the Carpathians of Transylvania on the frontiers of Wallachia;—I have been almost poisoned by filth, devoured by vermin, broiled by the sun, have exposed myself to the contagious fever of the country, and to that infernal disease the plague, which has for some time past been committing its ravages in Bucharest;—indeed, have almost gone through fire and water, to attain the fulfilment of my wishes, but have only as yet succeeded in reaching the banks of the Lower Danube. * *

Hearing that frequent sorties were made by the troops of Kutchuck Achmet from Giurgevo, I obtained the sanction of the governor of the principalities to come here,—have attached myself for the present to the corps of the Russian army before that fortress, and am partaking of the hospitality, and sharing the black bread and inconveniences, of the Cossack and Russian soldier in his bivouac before the enemy.

Behold me, then, under the influence of a most scorching Wallachian sun, on Turkish ground, in the very midst of war, and amongst total strangers. While even now employed in writing to you, the pen is occasionally laid down for the telescope, to observe the motions of the enemy; and such is the state of uncertainty, that ere many minutes are passed, these instruments may be replaced by one of a more offensive nature, and my occupation be less passive than it is at this moment.

I cannot tell you what I eat or drink, for it has become a rule with me of late never to inquire into the composition of a mess, or even to look at it, if it can be avoided; but I have a soldier's fare, and experience the greatest civility from the officers, particularly from the commanding general, Kvitnitsky. * * *

The Danube here runs nearly W. and E. along the foot of a range of Bulgarian hills,—is wide, deep, and rapid, and encloses several islands between its boundaries. On its right bank is Rustchuk, a fortress with a large garrison; and a very little lower down, on the opposite side, forming a sort of *tête de pont*, is the small, but tolerably strong fortress of Giurgevo. It is an irregular work, built after European principles, presents three or four bastions towards the field, has a citadel, contains a garrison of about 3000 or 4000 men, which may be increased at pleasure from Rustchuk, and mounts about 150 pieces of cannon.

To the north, distant about five miles, and nearly parallel with the above-mentioned hills, is another range (or rather the ground presents an inclination to the south), at the foot of which, and immediately opposite to Giurgevo, are three Muscovite encampments, whence the minarets of the latter place, as well as those of Rustchuk, are seen with the naked eye. The intermediate space is an open plain, with scarcely any undulation, and covered with small brushwood, Indian corn, long grass, and high thistles, &c., affording localities for skirmishing to the foragers and outposts of both parties. * *

Thus disposed, the troops may be said to be continually under arms; the infantry are always in square; they eat, drink, and sleep, in square; and at night, in the most inclement weather, never quit that form. The general and field-officers only have tents; sheds, or temporary huts, composed of branches and hay, are erected for the other officers and the troops, close to their stations, under which they are allowed to retire in the middle of the day from the burning heat of the sun, which within the last few days has been 100° and 105° of Fahrenheit in the shade: and it is then only that a portion of the horses are unsaddled; so that in the event of an alarm, it requires but little time to put the whole force in march for its position. * * *

There is no scarcity of provisions, though the quality of the bread, "of the darkest hue," is bad; and the water, which is in this country very indifferent, is supplied from the neighbouring wells. * * *

But the Russian soldier is a tough material, and ordinarily calculated to bear the fatigues and hardships of war. In the manner above alluded to, subsisting on food of very inferior quality, he is constantly exposed to all weathers, for here the burning heat of the day is generally succeeded by cold, damp, chilly nights; and the thunder-storms, which at certain seasons are so frequent, are accompanied by torrents of rain, which instantly deluge the country with water. These to ordinary constitutions would be fatal, but on him they seem to have comparatively no effect. With an implicit obedience to orders, the Russian is, as it were, a complete machine. Careless and thoughtless of danger, indeed, without exercising his reasoning faculties he moves when he is told, and halts when he is commanded; nor will he, under the severest fire, retire unless ordered to do so.

It was surprising to see the perfect indifference with which a regiment, the other day, stood under a rather severe cannonade, and the apathy with which the men looked at the balls and shells that fell around them; and it is a fact, that at the siege of Ibraila a considerable column, which was destined to storm the place, missed its way, and got into the ditch, where there was not the slightest vestige of a breach. In this situation they were nearly annihilated; nor would they, notwithstanding the mistake was evident, move until a positive order from the Grand Duke Michael was sent to recall them.

But the Cossacks excite most my curiosity and interest; equally brave and hardy as the regular Russian soldier, they possess a sagacity and cunning which is not a characteristic of the former. When the firing commenced, it was easily observed that the Cossacks around began instantly to assume an alacrity and to be alive to what was going on. They took their horses in hand—never remained quite

stationary—kept a sharp look-out in the direction of the fire of the cannon, and watched the ricochet of the ball and flight of the shell, so as to be in readiness to avoid them. They are an incongruous set, certainly! Some old fellows, with long, gray beards — some smart young lads—some almost in rags and patches of various colours—while others are in very decent attire. The Cossack who is appointed to attend me as orderly, is a young man, by no means Cossack-like, according to the notions I had formed of those people. I was struck by his civilised appearance and manners; for, on my arrival, when he first came to me, with the respectful deportment of a soldier, united to an easiness and almost elegance of manner, he said he was sent to wait upon me by order of his general, and had the honour of presenting himself to receive my commands. I do not mean to say they are all of this class, but I am told that some of them are people of great wealth in their own country, amassed chiefly by plunder in the last wars; yet so great is their passion for that species of gain, "auri sacra fames," that, notwithstanding their riches, they voluntarily leave their families and comfortable dwellings, and expose themselves, at an advanced age, to dangers, in quest of more.

That they are marauders, and that they are rather merciless at times, is true; for an attempt was made to make them give up for the general good the plunder they took in action, but without success,—it was then found that no prisoners were taken—they were invariably killed: so that, as their services are so essential to the army, it is become necessary to sanction their practices; and to prevent atrocities, the emperor has issued a very humane order, by which the Cossack or soldier receives one ducat for every prisoner on foot taken alive, and two ducats for every prisoner mounted.

The Cossacks are divided into regiments of five hundred each, having a standard and captain for every hundred, independent of junior officers—one, two, or more field-officers for the whole, according to circumstances, and a lieut.-colonel, or colonel-commandant, whose name the regiment bears. In their bivouacs, as well as in their operations and attacks, they seem to pay little regard to regularity: and their huts, those of the officers, as well as those of the men, in front of which are picketted their horses, are formed in the simplest and rudest manner imaginable:—sometimes three pikes or poles with branches and hay, or perhaps their burkas, or cloaks of skin, thrown over them, form their dwellings.

Dressed in a short, blue jacket, without buttons, but hooked down the front—loose trousers of the same colour—a cylindrical, and sometimes a fur or forage cap—seated upon a cushion fixed to a high saddle—mounted upon a small, bony, and by no means Bucephalus-like, but certainly hardy, horse—armed with a pistol stuck under each arm in a girdle, a fire-lock slung across his shoulders, and sword, or a long twelve-foot pike,—the Cossack is, on the least alarm, instantly ready for the combat. He is endowed by his nature and habits with an instinct which peculiarly fits him for the duties of outposts, and for their service (in which, by the by, I am taking some lessons), I suppose the Cossacks the best troops in the world. The confidence reposed in them is such, that the whole duty of the advanced posts is intrusted to their care, and performed by two hundred and fifty men; and so great is their patience and vigilance, that nothing escapes their observation, and not a Turk can stir outside the fortress without their immediate knowledge.

The moment an alarm is given, the first two or three that can get ready immediately sally forth from the bivouac—these are followed by six or eight—these again by more—and lastly comes the reserve, or main body, in perhaps greater order. In their regular attacks, they are sometimes in one, and sometimes in two ranks, according to their strength; they advance in the form of a semi-circle, with the centre retired; the greater numbers immediately fly off and seek the flanks and rear of the enemy, while a small portion, supported frequently by a reserve, attack to the front: but perhaps what makes them the most formidable, is the extraordinary facility with which they disperse and instantly collect again in a pulk or body upon any particular part of the enemy's line. However, for the most part, they pay little attention to regularity; so that after an attack, having no trumpets or sounds to assemble them, and as they do not always take out their standards, their captains are obliged, by dint of hollowing, or in the best manner they can, to collect their pulks. They do not in general use the pike like the lance, but couch it, and ride full gallop, like the knights of old, at their antagonists. The Turk justly fears it; as the instrument, should it not kill, inflicts a dreadful gash; and the unfortunate sufferer, when severely wounded and transpierced, has often been known to say, "Ah, Cossack! Cossack!" and by signs implore him to put an end to his miseries by an effectual thrust.

After having overcome his prisoner, the first thing the Cossack does, is to seize upon his arms, which with the Turks are highly ornamented and valuable—his turban and sash, which are sometimes cashmere shawls of great worth—and his purse; and if he is not killed or badly wounded, the victor then places the unfortunate man behind him, upon the very cantle of his saddle, seizes him by the hands, and gallops off with him to the rear. In this situation, jolted and galled almost to death, I saw a Turkish chief (a colonel), a few days ago, who had been taken prisoner by an old gray-bearded, toothless Cossack, at the commencement of an affair, and was by him brought before the general for examination.

The outposts have skirmishes almost daily; but the Cossacks and Turks seem to have a good understanding between them, for they often meet, talk to each other, and carry on war in a more civilised way than formerly.

The Turks, perhaps I should say those of the garrison of Giurgevo and Rustchuk, do not correspond with the idea I had formed of them, from all that I have heard or read of that race—indeed, I believe we have generally a very imperfect knowledge of that nation, and that most of the accounts we receive of them are very much misrepresented or exaggerated. There is a nobleness of disposition, an openness and truth, in the Turk, individually, that is not to be found in his Christian tributary, who has of late so much occupied the attention of foreign powers: the word of a Turk is sacred—if he pledge it, you are safe. How very different the latter's! with whom, it is said, you can never be sure of any engagements—whose treachery is proverbial, and whose barbarities are more numerous, and of a deeper dye, than those of his governors. But, as I said, the forces of the above garrison do not answer the expectations I had formed of the Turkish soldier. From the specimen before us, it would induce a belief that they had either degenerated as warriors; or, which is most natural to suppose, that the Sultan has the flower of the Ottoman forces at Shumla, behind the Balkan: but the invincible Janissary no longer exists, and the daring Spahis, with his proud Arab charger, does not glitter amid the ranks of Kutchuck Achmet, whose troops are mounted upon small, ordinary, and sometimes very inferior, horses.

Trousers, very loose to the calf, thence tight to the ancle—a close waistcoat, open at the neck, and covered below by a shawl tied round the waist—a jacket with very full and short sleeves, shewing the equally loose sleeves of the shirt—a turban on his head—and yellow boots or slippers on his feet, form the usual and very becoming dress of a Turk: the trousers, waistcoat, and jacket, are of various colours, and ornamented with embroidery; and the turban is white, green, or otherwise, according to the rank and privileges of the wearer. His arms are, a long knife, called a handjar or yatagan, used for cutting off heads—a brace of pistols, which he carries in a broad leathern girdle—a gun, slung across the shoulders—and a curved sabre, his dexterity in the use of which is such, that with a single blow, or rather cut, he will sever the head from the body.

The Turks have little or no method in their movements or in their mode of warfare. Sometimes they will sally forth from the fortress in bodies of 100 or 150, and endeavour to surprise an advanced post of Cossacks, near the village of Slobadze, on the west of Giurgevo; and sometimes, with a larger force, they will make a dash on the left flank of the camp, (where several have been killed in the very bivouac of the Cossacks), in the rear of which are some stores and waggons, supposed by them to be treasure.

The Pasha is very active, and has his favorite days for sorties, which are generally on Thursdays, Saturdays, or Sundays. Reinforced by troops from Rustchuk, he will at those times come out with a force of 6 or 7000 men, and endeavour at once to penetrate to the encampment of his enemy; or he will draw up under protection of the guns of the fortress, and tempt his adversary from his position, and within range of the shot of the works. Frequently, after cannonading for a time, the Turks will move forward in a tolerable line of cavalry and infantry mixed; and then, in masses or wedges, composed promiscuously of those two forces, and with shouts of "Allah! Allah! Allah!" they will advance upon their opponents. Infuriated often by opium, they are very vigorous at first; but the coolness and firmness of the Russians,—who usually receive them in squares, supporting each other, and the cavalry having at the same time guns at their angles,—and the steady and well-directed fire, particularly of their artillery, soon disperse and put the Moslem to flight; and then the Cossacks are let loose upon them. They have always been very wary of the squares of infantry; upon which, notwithstanding they are only formed three deep, the Turkish cavalry have not succeeded in making any impression.

The field-pieces of the Turks are, if any thing, of a smaller caliber than those of the Russians, and were at first drawn by bullocks instead of horses; but in the practice of their artillery, they are by no means so deficient as is generally supposed: it is possible they may have foreigners with them, for their shot, contrary to received opinion, are thrown with an accuracy that would do credit to regularly disciplined artillery-ists.

It is difficult to say how far we may believe the stories respecting their barbarous treatment of their prisoners. It was reported here, and believed at first, that an aid-de-camp, whom they had captured at Ibraila, was flayed alive as far as the waist; but this, like many similar reports, could not be traced to any respectable source. It has been a custom with the Turks to cut off the heads of the killed after an engagement, for the purpose of sending them as trophies to Constantinople. When they become too numerous for transporting, the noses and ears only were so honoured; and it has often happened, particularly at the moment of exasperation, that those extremities also of the prisoners were likewise in requisition to make up a certain quota for the sultan: but this is not invariably the case.

The Turkish prisoners meet with any thing but ill treatment from the Russians. The Cossacks will occasionally be rather merciless; but the captives, when brought in, are always well treated, and have frequently been sent back with presents. The Turkish chief of whom I have made mention, was, on the day after his capture, invited to the hut of the chief of the staff, presented with a purse of money subscribed by several of the officers, and told that if he chose to write for his baggage he was at liberty to do so, and a message should be sent to the Pasha to that effect. Indeed, he seemed quite content with his change of situation, smoked his pipe, took coffee, was quite communicative, and no doubt wondered at the circumstance of finding his head upon his shoulders. * * *

No fewer than three times during the preceding week, did Kutchuck Achmet favour us with some polite affairs; the last, or Saturday, might perhaps be called more serious than ordinary. Having received a reinforcement of light artillery equipped with horses, and having augmented his numbers by troops from the opposite side of the river, he came out towards evening in considerable force.

We had not long finished our repast at the general's table, when a few shots announced the sortie of the Pasha; and ere the lapse of many seconds, a Cossack was seen darting across the plain, and soon after entered the camp, almost breathless, with a confirmation of the event. As the troops were all ready, no delay was necessary, and the whole force was instantly in motion for its position in front of the encampment.

The horse artillery, supported by the greater part of the dragoons, was stationed in the centre, a little in advance. The infantry, in squares of battalions, with guns at the angles, was placed in echellon, and with the remainder of the dragoons formed the right wing; and the Cossacks, supported by a small body of infantry and some guns, occupied the ground on the left, in front of their bivouac: the whole was formed at very extended intervals.

During these preparations, the advanced posts were occupied in sharp skirmishing; but no sooner were the Russians stationary in their position, than the Turks commenced a fire of shot and shells from their new guns, which was as readily returned by the opposite party. The Turkish artillery was uncommonly well served: at a long range, almost the first shot passed through a squadron of cavalry,* and others fell around us, "methought in plentiful abundance;" but most of their shells, from a deficiency in the length of fuse, exploded before reaching their destination. The large guns of the fortress also contributed their endeavours, and the cannonade lasted above a couple of hours. In the meanwhile, the Turks were observed collecting their forces, and meditating some movement, as was supposed, against the right flank: soon, however, they advanced with a tolerable line, and in their usual manner, and thought to overwhelm the horse-artillery, the dragoons, and the regiment of infantry, that occupied the centre of the Russian line; but meeting with a determined resistance—having two of their guns disabled by the effectual fire of their opponents, and observing the squares on the left, which they had not seen before—they immediately fell back under cover of the works.

It was now imagined that they were about to take leave of us for the night, and the firing on both sides ceased; but on a closer examination, it was evident they were making fresh arrangements: detached masses were seen in motion, and presently a large force was observed advancing against the left flank. The firing now recommenced—the uninterrupted roar of small arms gave proofs of a nearer approach of the parties to each other. Allah! Allah! Allah! resounded from the ranks of the Musselman, and in the succeeding moment the cimeter of the Turk and pike of the Cossack were in close and terrible contact. The conflict for a time was furious; the sons of the Don at first gave way, but instantly rallying, repulsed the assailants, who very soon after retired within the walls of their fortress, and left us unmolested for the remainder of the day. The night had commenced when the troops returned to their camp, after an absence of between five and six hours, and that scene which but a short time before was so portentous and bloody, was soon changed to one of tranquillity and repose, over which the moon shed her more than usual brightness; and nought broke in on its stillness, save the sound of "Slouschaij," uttered by the watchful sentinel.

On these occasions it is difficult to obtain a correct statement of the loss on either side, as the Turks, when possible, invariably carry off their killed as well as wounded; and the Russians are naturally anxious to conceal their loss. * * *

Whoever contemplates the present condition of the Russians will be astonished at the rapid strides they have made towards civilisation of late years, and the improvements that have evidently taken place in the organisation of their forces. I did not exactly expect to find a horde of barbarians, but I was prepared to meet with a set of men not many degrees removed from that state—deficient altogether in mind—devoid of moral feeling, and destitute of all the nobler qualities of the heart—but I was mistaken; they have profited considerably by the experience of the wars that arose out of the French Revolution; which wars, while they instructed them as soldiers, afforded them also an opportunity of visiting, and at the same time receiving some of the polish of, the more civilised nations of the continent.

If they seek the permanent possession of comforts and luxuries which those events have once enabled them to enjoy, it is by no means an unnatural desire. They have an emperor, young, active, and ambitious—and an army which, with a little more science, and a few more leaders of ability, will become formidable, not only to their neighbours, but to Europe in general. C. R. O. D., late 15th Hussars.

* I was standing at the angle of one of the squares of infantry, talking to the colonel and officers at the time when the shot, after upsetting a couple of men and horses, fell within a few feet of us. One of the officers picked it up and gave it me, saying, "Permit me, sir, to present you with a Turkish ball, as an offering, on the field of battle, from the regiment of Tobolski." This ball, together with the yatagan belonging to a brave Turk who was killed on that day, and the Cossack pike with which he was slain, shall be preserved for the armory, as mementos from Ghurgevo.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE tragedy of *Rienzi* has established itself in the favour of the public; and our criticism, short as we mean to make it, has the disadvantage of coming more than a day after the fair. We must, however, at the same time that we congratulate Miss Mitford on her production of a very splendid dramatic poem, express our regret that she has not more strictly adhered to the historical character of her hero. The *Cola Rienzi* of Drury Lane is any body but the Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini of Mount Aventine and the Capitol—the patriot, the hero, the madman, and the coward—the noble, the brave, the eloquent tribune—the vindictive, mean-spirited, and dastardly senator. He is, from first to last, "a man more sinned against than sinning;" and all his inconsistency is transferred to *Angelo Colonna*, a creation of Miss Mitford's, and the most despicable character that she could possibly have imagined. Surely the fair dramatist could never hope to awaken any interest for so selfish and unmanly a personage! His whole life is a series of desertions. He is a traitor, by turns, to all who love and befriend him; and even his rejection of Rienzi's mercy, in the last scene between them, savours more of obstinacy than heroism. This, in our opinion, is the grand defect of the tragedy, which, nevertheless, by its stirring situations and nervous dialogue, has made a strong impression upon the town, and may fairly rank after *Virginius* on the modern roll of Melpomene. Young's performance of Rienzi was as nearly perfect as possible; and Cooper laboured hard to ennoble the poor-souled Angelo. *Claudia*, the dramatic daughter of Rienzi, introduced to a London audience a new candidate for its favour in the person of Miss Philips. She is a clever girl, and played the earlier scenes of the part sweetly and sensibly; but she is not equal to the expression of violent passions; and is altogether inferior to Miss E. Tree, who has more pathos and power, with much less pretension—to say nothing of those personal recommendations which would turn the scale in her favour were her rival even equally gifted in other respects. Shall we never see another Miss O'Neil? Mrs. Faucit, late of Covent Garden Theatre, made her first appearance at Drury Lane, as the wife of *Stephen Colonna*, and played a very dangerous part with great judgment and spirit. Mr. Aitken distinguished himself as *Savelli*. There is much promise about this gentleman, despite his gaunt and angular figure, which was any thing but improved by his attire. The whole play, indeed, was shabbily and incorrectly dressed and decorated. Mr. Young, in particular, instead of availing himself of the minute description of the historians, familiar to every school-boy, chose to muffle himself up in some nondescript habit, which gave him very much the appearance of a beef-eater! He is much too careless upon such points, and it is not to his credit.

On Tuesday evening a Miss Russell, a pupil of Mr. Lanza, and who had been sillily announced for some time at the bottom of the play-bills as "a young lady of great musical promise"! made her *début* as *Susanna* in the *Marriage of Figaro*. Whatever may be the greatness of her promise, we cannot say much

for her performance. Her voice is not pleasing—her style indifferent—her execution very imperfect—and her shake! you might drive a coach and six through it. We are sick of these half-taught misses; and we are sick of *Figaro* as at present performed on the English stage. There is scarcely a note of Mozart now left in it. Miss Russell favoured us with two songs of somebody's; and Miss Love, as *Cherubino*, sang Bishop's "Bid me discourse"! Think of a young gentleman in regimentals offering to personate

"A nymph with bright and flowing hair"!

How long will the pit put up with such impertinences?

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Kean has returned to this theatre much improved in health, and played *Richard* on Monday night last to a crowded pit and gallery. After the tragedy, (in which, by the way, we were glad to see that very clever actress, Miss Lacy, who is engaged *vice* Mrs. Faucit, who has "exchanged into the King's own,") the old raw-head and bloody-bones ballet of action, entitled and called *Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun!* was revived, in order, we suppose, to hint to the minors that their royal rivals would soon neither allow competition in the legitimate nor illegitimate drama. It was very properly "whizzed" at the end. Tuesday evening ushered in another musical lady, a first appearance on any stage. Miss Byfeld is a pupil of Mr. Le Jeune, of the Opera. Her voice is sweet and powerful, her upper notes particularly delicate, and her reception was warm and genuine. The part of *Blanche*, in *Corron Side*, requires much more acting than even its practised original, Miss Stephens, could pretend to; and was, therefore, rather an unfortunate selection for an entire novice. She, however, executed the vocal portions of it with great taste, and was warmly encored in the spirited air of "Boot and saddle, bonny Scot." Mr. Bianchi Taylor attempted Sapio's character of *Allan Lindsay*, and failed completely. Miss Cawse was, as usual, all smiles and ringlets; but we defy any body, beyond the first row of the pit, to repeat one word she spoke or sang during the evening. Mr. Blanchard was extremely imperfect,—a fault, we are sorry to say, of frequent occurrence lately in this very excellent actor. He used to be one of the most pains-taking men on the stage. Let us hope that he will not suffer a careless habit to destroy in a few seasons the reputation he has so well earned and so long enjoyed.

HAYMARKET.

This theatre closed on Wednesday evening with *Peter Smirk, Spring and Autumn, The Green-eyed Monster*, and *John of Paris*. The season, we fear, has been far from a productive one. A very poor company, and the want of a strong three-act piece; a miserable orchestra, and few novelties of the kind so popular here, have contributed to this result. The following is a tabular view of the season.

June 16.	A Daughter to Marry, Interlude. 1 Act. (14 nights)	*Planché.*
June 28.	The Milliners, Interlude. 1 Act. (13 nights)	*Lacy.*
July 11.	Two Friends, Drama. 2 Acts. (29 nights)	*Lacy.*
Aug. 13.	Green-eyed Monster, Comedy. 2 Acts. (29 nights)	*Planché.*
Sept. 3.	Barber-Baron, Farce. 2 Acts. (2 nights)	*Shannon.*
Sept. 15.	Valeria, Comedy. 3 Acts. (13 nights)	*Hon. Mrs. ——.*
Sept. 29.	Management, or the Prompter Puzzled. (5 nights)	*Lawn.*

ADELPHI.

This theatre is, as we anticipated, full every night, and the stage well divided between the two great attractions of humour and interest. A new operatic piece is announced for Tuesday.

VARIETIES.

Late News.—The examination of a mummy, which has been going the newspaper rounds all last week, appeared in the *Literary Gazette* several months since: in like manner, the observation that the comet's being seen was a mistake, now taking its course of the journals, was in the *Literary Gazette* three weeks ago.

The Astrolabe.—Letters from the French expedition of discovery have been received in France, dated Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, 21 Dec. 1827. Captain Durville has sent the French Academy an account of a series of experiments on the temperature of the sea at great and various depths. Messrs. Quoy and Gaymart, the naturalists attached to the expedition, have also forwarded a packet, containing zoological observations made during the year 1827. Among other matters, it contains fourteen hundred drawings of animals of all kinds, the colours, forms, and even nature of which were liable to change by artificial preservation. These drawings were made either while animals were living, or in a few moments after their death. The testaceous mollusca appears to have been especially attended to.

Recipe for Salting Beef.—Salt and water have a wonderful *penchant*, chemically yoleped affinity, for each other. Get, therefore, a tub of pure water, rain or river water is best, let it be nearly full, and put the tongs, or two pieces of thin wood across it, and set your beef on them, distant about an inch from the water; heap as much salt as it will hold on your beef, let it stand for four-and-twenty hours, you may then take it off and boil it, and you will find it as salt as if it had been in pickle for six weeks. —*Gem.*

A knight, in the time of Charlemagne, finding himself on his death-bed, desired that his hereditary enemy, over the Rhine, might be asked to compose his epitaph. The other wrote, "God be merciful to the soul of Sir —— von ——, brave, generous, noble in his life and in his death. I, Sir —— von —— his enemy, say these words; and I grave them deep in the stone, that the tears of his friends may with the less ease obliterate them."

Epitaph in Beverley Minster.
Roberti Leedes quod erat,
Et quod futurum sperat.

Epitaph in St. Mark's, at Venice.
Joanne Magio,
Puero Incomparabili (!!!)
Qui ob imperitiam obstetricis
Ex utero statim translatus
Est ad tumulum,
Die 21 Decemb.
M.D.XXXII.

Omniana.—"Character is a fine thing," said the gay Lady W——. "It is just like my maid's lantern—a very pretty thing to make a blaze with in the streets; but thrown into a corner, perhaps, when one gets home."

Louis XI. took offence with a certain abbot, and wished him to withdraw from his benefice quietly. "Nay, nay," said the holy man, my A B (*abbé*) cost me two and forty years to get. Does his majesty think I am to learn the next two letters in less time?" (C D—*cede*—i. e. *give up*).—[Not very new.—*Ed.*]

A young lady, in the days when young ladies studied Latin, happened to fall in love with her tutor. He observed that something was wrong, and inquired of the beauty, who, after a little consideration, wrote the following confession:—

"Litera Trilatera, inde Tripes, junctumque Rotundum,
Et subverte,—eclos quis dolor iste meus."

That is to say, *amo te*. We have no doubt this promising pupil soon got beyond her alphabet.

"When did you ever see a living thief without a body?" said a servant who wished to persuade his master that some roguery had been committed by a ghost. "When the miller looks over the mill-window," said the master.

"What (said the puritanical Boniface), what is to be had by a scoffer, a dicer, a profligate like this?" "His money, my dear," said the spouse.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dr. Lempriere is preparing for publication an Essay, in answer to the Oldenburgh Questions, on the Nature and Contagion of Yellow Fever; in which a particular reference has been made to the circumstances which have occasioned that disease, at different periods, in the Garrison at Gibraltar.

There is preparing for publication, in the course of the ensuing winter, the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe; containing a Review of his Writings, and his Opinions upon a variety of important Matters, Civil and Ecclesiastical: also, an Account of many Contemporary Writers. By Walter Wilson.

Garrick's Papers, Correspondence, &c. with materials for a new Life of that admirable Actor and clever man, have, it is said, been placed in the hands of an experienced literary character and dramatic amateur, to be prepared for publication.

The following are the articles for the next Quarterly Review, which we are glad to give among our literary news: 1. On the Claims of the Catholics, and the Present State of Ireland—2. On the Works and Character of Paley—3. Capt. Franklin's Second Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea—4. The Spanish, German, English, and French Translations of the Georgics of Virgil—5. Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs of their Lives, by Edmund Lodge, F.S.A.—6. On the Cultivation of Waste Lands—7. Isaac Comnenus—8. Memoirs of General Miller—9. On the Free Trade and Colonisation of India; on the Indian Stamp Act—10. Salmonia, or Days of Fly-Fishing.

A new scientific Journal, in Numbers, every two months, entitled the Annals of Chemical Philosophy, and exhibiting a concise view of the latest and most important Discoveries in Chemistry, Pharmacy, the Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, Agriculture, &c. &c., by W. Maugham, Surgeon, &c.—is announced.

Mr. Gleig has a volume of Sermons in the press. Our esteemed *Subaltern* friend resembles the bishops and abbots of the olden times, and seems as competent to pray and preach as to fight.

The Memoirs of the notorious Vidocq, lately an Agent of the French Police, but formerly a Convict, have just been published in Paris.

We understand that Mr. T. Roscoe is now engaged in writing the Life of Ariosto, with Sketches of his most distinguished Literary and Political Contemporaries.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c. fcp. 7s. 6d. bds.—Ryan's Manual of Midwifery, 12mo. 8s. bds.—The Book of Health, 8vo. 5s. cloth.—Christie on Cholera, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Whately on St. Paul, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Davenport's Amateur's Perspective, 4to. 18s. bds.—Proctor's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Past Feelings Renovated, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Mémoires sur l'Impératrice Josephine, 8vo. 8s. stitched.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our *Gazette* of this Number, instead of being a weekly, is almost an Annual; but we shall not neglect the due proportion of more solid fare so soon as the periodical flush of these gay ephemerides is over. In our present Number we have adhered to our pledge, and placed these Reviews in the order in which we received the works.

We think we must, for some reason or other, have passed by S. S.'s Ode.

The foolish person who writes to our publisher about the foolish novel, Marcella, ought to keep her silliness to herself, and neither plague people with her letters nor her publications, both being equally ridiculous and contemptible.

We were mistaken in thinking the name of Mr. Motherwell, as hinted in our last, a poetical *sobriquet* of Mr. Kennedy: it is the writer's real name, who is a friend of the latter vigorous and distinguished poet.

Dr. Shiel's letter reached us too late, but shall be attended to next week.

Errata.—By an oversight in our last, the head of the Stamped Edition appeared "London Literary Gazette," instead of "Literary Gazette."—In an Advertisement on "Cancerous Ulceration," *for* "Fan" *read* "Fang."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE THEATRE; devoted exclusively to the Business of the Stage, containing Critiques on the various Performances, Humorous Pieces, &c. &c. No. III. was published this morning.

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Edited by THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq.

Among the list of Contributors to this volume will be found the Names of Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Aikin, Miss Porter, Miss Emily Taylor, the Misses Strickland, the Rev. H. Stebbing, William and J. E. Roscoe, the late Mr. John Taylor, Thomas Jevons, Thomas Pringle, D. L. Richardson, and the Authors of "Tales of the Munster Festivals," and "Gomez Arias."

The Illustrations will consist of Eight beautiful Line Engravings on Steel, Wood Engravings being excluded, some of which are executed by, and the whole under the immediate superintendence of, Mr. Charles Heath.

Published by Hurst, Chance, and Co. 65, St. Paul's Churchyard.

On the 1st of November will be published, elegantly bound in rich crimson silk, price 12s.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR for 1829.
Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS.

Illustrated by Twelve highly finished Line Engravings from Drawings and Paintings by the first Masters.

*** The Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir beg leave to announce their intention of publishing the Volume of their Work for 1829 in an improved form, without any addition to the price. An anxiety to render the Souvenir worthy of the high character it has hitherto maintained, has led them to meet the very powerful competition which has lately arisen among the proprietors of annual publications, by augmenting, in an important degree, and at a very considerable increase of expense, the interest of their book. The Plates (which are already completed) are of a larger size than heretofore, and are all, as will be seen by the subjoined list, from the *burins* of the most eminent Engravers. The subjects (twelve in number) comprise many Paintings of well-known celebrity, by the most distinguished Artists. In this selection, as well as in the Engravings, no expense has been spared to enable the Souvenir to compete, advantageously, not merely with those works which are published at a similar price, but with others of nearly double the cost; and with such works a comparison is most earnestly invited.

1. *Portrait of Sir Walter Scott*, engraved by M. I. Danforth, after the celebrated original picture by *C. R. Leslie, R.A.* formerly in the possession of Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh. The Proprietors of the Souvenir have the sanction of Sir W. Scott's family, and several of his intimate friends, for stating that this engraving is by far the best portrait that has yet appeared of the Author of "Waverley."

2. *The Sisters*, engraved by J. H. Robinson, after an original painting by F. P. Stephanoff.

3. *Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus*, engraved by E. Goodall, after the well-known picture by F. Danby, A.R.A. exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1826.

4. *The Proposal*, engraved by Charles Rolls, after an original painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

5. *The Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein*, on the Rhine; engraved by John Pye, from a splendid original drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

6. *Love taught by the Graces*, engraved by J. C. Edwards, from the celebrated picture by W. Hilton, R.A. in the possession of Sir George Phillips, M.P.

7. *The Departure of Mary Queen of Scots from Calais*, engraved by J. Goodyear, from an original painting by E. D. Leahy.

8. *The Young Novice*, engraved by W. Greatbatch, from the original picture by James Northcote, R.A. This painting represents Elizabeth Woodville in the act of consigning her daughter, Bridget Plantagenet, to the care of the Abbess of the Nunnery of Dartford.

9. *The Agreeable Surprise*, engraved by Henry Rolls, from an original Painting by John Green. Attarie is writing the name of Zadig in the sand.

10. *Firemore relating the Story of the Peri to Lalla Rookh*, engraved by E. Bacon, from a splendid drawing by J. Stephanoff.

11. *The Cottage Toilet*, engraved by E. J. Portbury, from an original painting by R. Farrier.

12. *She never told her Love*, engraved by Charles Rolls, from a highly finished drawing by R. Westall, R.A.

The Literary Department of the Souvenir will, as usual, be supplied by a variety of well-known pens. In the selection of this portion of the work, however, the editor has been influenced more by the merit of the articles, than the eminence of their authors' names. Independently of a great number of distinguished writers who have repeatedly contributed to the Souvenir, in connexion with other Annuals, the work will this year contain papers of interest from the pens of the Authors of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," the "Lovers' Quarrel," "To-day in Ireland," "Tales of the Munster Festivals," "Recollections of the Peninsula," "Gomez Arias," the "Mummy," the "Lettre de Cachet," "Solitary Hours;" also by S. T. Coleridge, Theodore Hook, Barry Cornwall, Lord John Russell, Dr. Maginn, Alaric A. Watts, &c.

A few Copies will be printed on crown 8vo. with Proofs of the Plates on India paper, price 24s. Proofs on imperial 4to. price 30s. in a Portfolio. A very few Proofs before letters, price, 3l. 3s.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

New Annual for Children.
On the 1st of November will be published, elegantly half-bound in Turkey Morocco, with gilt leaves, price 7s. 6d.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT, and JUVENILE SOUVENIR.
Edited by Mrs. ALARIC WATTS.

With numerous Woodcuts, and Twelve highly finished Engravings (Eleven of them in the Line Manner,) on Steel, by Messrs. J. C. Edwards, Greatbatch, Engleheart, Fry, Baker, &c. from original Paintings and Drawings by Northcote, F. Howard, Gill, Wood, Hamilton, Good, Farrier, Green, and a Bust by Behnes.

The Literary Contents of the volume have been supplied by a great number of the most eminent writers of the day; among others, by Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Bowles, Mrs. Opie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Charles Gore, James Montgomery, J. H. Wiffen, T. K. Hervey, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, Miss M. J. Jewsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt, Delta (of Blackwood's Magazine), Alaric Watts, the Authors of the "Rival Crusoes," "Solitary Walks in Many Lands," and the "Old Sailor" of the Literary Gazette.

With regard to the character of this department of the work, it may be remarked, that whilst the amusement of the juvenile reader has been a principal aim, the utmost care has been taken to exclude every thing which could be liable to objection from the most scrupulous parent. With a trifling exception, the narrative portion of the volume is strictly true.

London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

In a few days will appear,

THE GOLDEN LYRE; or, Specimens of the Poets of England, France, Germany, and Italy. Beautifully printed in Gold.
To be published by J. D. Haas, Foreign Library, 11, Berners Street, Oxford Street.

In a few days will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo.

ANNOTATIONS on the APOCALYPSE; intended as a Sequel to those of Mr. Bisley on the Gospels, and of Mr. Prebendary Slade on the Epistles; and thus to complete a Series of Comments on the whole of the New Testament, for the Use of Students in Prophetical Scripture.
By JOHN CHAPPEL WOODHOUSE, D.D.
Dean of Lichfield.
Printing for J. Hatchard and Son, 187, Piccadilly.

A New Annual for 1829.
On the First of November will be published,

THE GEM.
Edited by THOMAS HOOD, Esq. Author of "Whims and Oddities."

Bound in rich crimson silk, price 12s.; the large paper Copies, 16s.; and with proof impressions of the Engravings, on India paper, One Guinea.

The present Work is not merely a Book of Embellishment—a thing to "chase our eyes and grieve our hearts,"—but the literary contents have been arranged with care, and chiefly from Writers of authorised popularity, viz. Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—C. Lamb (Elia)—H. Coleridge—J. Montgomery—the Author of "Edward Herbert's Letters"—Barry Cornwall—the Author of the "O'Hara Family"—Horace Smith—Delta, of "Blackwood's Magazine"—T. Keightley, one of the Authors of "Fairy Legends"—Jas. Browring—Miss Mitford—Thurma, of the "London Magazine"—the late John Keats—the Author of the "Subalterns"—Miss Lawrence, of "London in the Olden Time"—the Author of "May you like It"—J. R. Planché—J. Kenney—Rev. C. H. Townshend—Rev. T. Dale—H. Barton—W. and M. and M. Howitt—John Clare—T. Marshall—T. Hood, &c. &c. The selection of the Illustrations (Sixteen) has been confided to A. Cooper, Esq. R.A. and are as follow:—

Subjects.	*Painted by*	*Engraved by*
May Talbot	A. Cooper, R.A.	J. C. Edwards
The Death of Keeldar	A. Cooper, R.A.	A. W. Warren
The Painter's Study	Chalon, R.A.	Goodyear
Hero and Leander	Howard, R.A.	Engleheart
The Farewell	A. Cooper, R.A.	J. Mitchell
Nina	Howard, R.A.	S. Davenport
The Widow	R. Leslie, R.A.	S. Davenport
The Temptation on the Mount,	J. Martin	W. R. Smith
The Young Helvetian	J. R. West	W. Raeburn
The May Queen	F. P. Stephanoff	W. Raeburn
The Embarkation of the Doge of Venice	J. R. West	W. Cooke
Harry and his Dog	Witherington	A. W. Warren
The Fisherman's Daughter	J. Bone	J. Phelps
Maid of Damascus	Witherington	J. C. Edwards
An Ornamental Title-page	Corbould	Engleheart
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The Engravings of the Gem may be had separate. Proof impressions, India paper, before the Letters, Two Guineas, in a neat Portfolio; after the Letters, One Guinea; ditto, plain paper, 16s.

Published by W. Marshall, No. 1, Holborn Bars, London.

N.B. Marshall's Twenty different Ladies' and Gentlemen's Annual Pocket-Books will be published on the same day.

On the 27th of October will be published, by R. Ackermann, 96, Strand, London,

FORGET-ME-NOT, for 1829. The Conductors of this popular Work confidently challenge attention to this new Volume, which will be found not merely to maintain, but to extend the high reputation it has already acquired. It will contain above Four Hundred Pages, consisting of upwards of One Hundred Articles, in Prose and Verse, by the most eminent Writers of both Sexes; Fourteen exquisite Engravings, by celebrated Engravers, from Designs made expressly for the Work by Messrs. Martin—Leslie, R.A.—Chalon, R.A.—Cooper, R.A.—Daniell, R.A.—Thomson, R.A.—Prout—Corbould—J. and P. Stephanoff—Witherington—Owen—Clennell—and Miss L. Sharpe, and an elegantly embossed Inscription-Plate. Price 12s.

A few Sets of Proofs of the Plates, imperial 4to. on India paper, price 21s.; ditto, before the letters, price 42s.

Early in November will be published,

THE KEEPSAKE for 1829.
Edited by F. MANSEL REYNOLDS.

The extraordinary success of the "Keepsake" of last year, has induced the Proprietor, in the hope of meriting the increased patronage he anticipates, to spare no exertion nor expenditure, however immense, in the formation of his present volume; and to secure for it the assistance of so many authors of the highest eminence, that he ventures to assert, such a List of Contributors has never before been presented to the Public.

List of Contributors.

Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Thomas Moore, Lord Normanby, Lord Morpeth, Lord Nugent, Lord F. L. Gower, Luttrell, Lockhart, R. Bernal, Harrison, Crofton Croker, Thomas Haynes Bayly, Mrs. Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and the Authors of the "Life of Kemble," "Gilbert Earle," the "Rose," and the "O'Hara Tales."

The Embellishments, nineteen in number, will, if possible, be more exquisitely finished than those of last year; and many of the Plates will be considerably increased in size, and consequently in value. The subjects of them are from the pencils of—Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.—T. Stothard, R.A.—H. Howard, R.A.—A. Chalon, R.A.—R. Westall, R.A.—J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Edwin Landseer, A.R.A.—F. P. Stephanoff—Henry Corbould—H. Richter—J. M. Wright—and J. Holmes.

Ten of the Plates will be engraved by Charles Heath, the remainder by W. Finden, P. Engleheart, C. Rolls, R. Wallis, H. E. Smith, E. Portbury, J. Goodyear, and ——Westwood.

The Work will be printed by T. Davison, in small 8vo. and delivered, bound in crimson silk, price 1l. 1s. A few Copies will be printed in royal 8vo. with India proofs of the Plates, price 2l. 12s. 6d.

London: Published for the Proprietor, by Hurst, Chance, and Co. St. Paul's Churchyard; and R. Jennings, 5, Poultry.

By permission, dedicated to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.
In November will be published, by R. Ackermann, 96, Strand,

LE PETIT BIJOU for 1829, entirely written in French
By Mons. D'EMDEN,
Professor of the French Language, Author of "Commentaire Littéraire," and various other Works.
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THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 614. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Nollekens and his Times: comprehending a Life of that celebrated Sculptor, &c. &c. By John Thomas Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

As the present notice of this very amusing work will be the first of it in the possession of the public, we will not occupy room with prefatory remarks, which may be much more agreeably devoted to the illustration of our author. Simply premising, therefore, that we have not been more entertained since the days of Boswell's Johnson than we have been with Mr. Smith's desultory, rambling, topographical, and anecdotical miscellany of every thing which could interest a literary gossip during half a century, with a few years to boot, we shall proceed at once to communicate a part of our pleasure to our readers.

Mr. Smith was for three years a pupil of Nollekens, an acquaintance of nearly sixty years' duration, and one of his executors; so that he was well fitted for the task he has here discharged. Nollekens himself was the son of an indifferent painter (originally from Antwerp), born in England in 1737, a Roman Catholic in the little religion he professed, and for ten years a student under Scheemakers. In early life he obtained several premiums for models from the Society of Arts; and in 1760 went to Rome. Here he wrought, and among other productions acquired fame and emolument from busts which he made of Garrick and Sterne; and about this period we find the following records:—

"Whilst Mr. Nollekens was at Rome, he was recognised by Mr. Garrick with the familiar exclamation of, 'What! let me look at you! are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?' 'Yes, sir,' being the answer, Mr. Garrick invited him to breakfast the next morning, and kindly sat to him for his bust, for which he paid him 12*l.* 12*s.*; and I have not only often heard Mr. Nollekens affirm that the payment was made in 'gold,' but that this was the first busto he ever modelled. Sterne also sat to him when at Rome; and that bust brought him into great notice. With this performance Nollekens continued to be pleased even to his second childhood, and often mentioned a picture which Dance had made of him leaning upon Sterne's head. During his residence in Italy he gained the Pope's gold medal for a basso-relievo, which will be noticed in the second volume. Barry, the historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him; Barry's was edged with lace, and Nollekens's was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. 'Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,' answered Barry, 'I fully expected assassination last night: and I was to have been known by my laced hat.' This villanous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate; and he generally added, 'It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem.' * * *

"The patrons of Nollekens, being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments; some of which he bought on his own account; and, after he had dexterously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favour, for enormous sums. My old friend, Mr. George Arnald, A.R.A., favoured me with the following anecdote, which he received immediately from Mr. Nollekens, concerning some of these fragments. Jenkins, a notorious dealer in antiques and old pictures, who resided at Rome for that purpose, had been commissioned by Mr. Locke of Norbury Park, to send him any piece of sculpture which he thought might suit him, at a price not exceeding one hundred guineas; but Mr. Locke, immediately upon the receipt of a head of Minerva, which he did not like, sent it back again, paying the carriage and all other expenses. Nollekens, who was then also a resident in Rome, having purchased a trunk of a Minerva for fifty pounds, found, upon the return of this head, that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself; and two hundred and twenty guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had made it up into a figure, or, what is called by the venders of botched antiques, 'restored it,' which he did at the expense of about twenty guineas more for stone and labour, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of *one thousand guineas!* and it is now at Newby in Yorkshire. The late celebrated Charles Townley and the late Henry Blundell, Esqrs. were two of his principal customers for antiques. Mr. Nollekens was likewise an indefatigable inquirer after terracottas, executed by the most celebrated sculptors, Michel Angelo, John di Bologna, Fiamingo, &c. The best of these he reserved for himself until the day of his death. The late Earl of Besborough and the late Lord Selsey were much attached to Mr. Nollekens at this time,—but his greatest friend was the late Lord Yarborough. For that nobleman he executed many very considerable works in marble, for which he received most liberal and immediate payment. Nollekens, who wished upon all occasions to save every shilling he possibly could, was successful in another manœuvre. He actually succeeded as a smuggler of silk stockings, gloves, and lace; his contrivance was truly ingenious, and perhaps it was the first time that the custom-house officers had ever been so taken in. His method was this: all his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts. His mode of living when at Rome was most filthy: he had an old woman, who, as he stated, 'did for him,' and she was so good a cook, that she would often give him a dish for dinner, which cost him no more than threepence. 'Nearly opposite to my lodgings,' he said, 'there lived a pork-butcher, who put out at his door at the end of the week a plateful of what he called cuttings, bits of skin, bits of gristle, and bits of fat, which he sold for twopence, and my old lady dished them up with a little pepper and a little salt; and with a slice of bread, and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner.' Whenever good dinners were mentioned, he was sure to say, 'Ay, I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings.' By this time, the name of Nollekens was pretty well known on the Stock Exchange of London, as a holder to a considerable amount."

In 1771, enriched by such rascally pursuits, he was elected an associate, and in the following year a royal academician; and his practice in London increased to the utmost extent. He then married a Miss Welch (daughter of Justice Welch, and the Pekuah in Rasselas); an admirable match, if penuriousness and selfish wretchedness could make a match admirable. He was not surpassed by Elwes himself; and of her likeness, praised be the sex! we never read of a sufficiently miserly prototype.

"During the time (says his biographer) I was with him, he now and then gave a dinner, particularly when his steadfast friend Lord Yarborough, then the Hon. Mr. Pelham, sent his annual present of venison; and it is most surprising to consider how many persons of good sense and high talent visited Mrs. Nollekens, though it probably was principally owing to the good character her father and sister held in society. Dr. Johnson and Miss Williams were often there, and they generally arrived in a hackney-coach, on account of Miss Williams's blindness. When the doctor sat to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, he was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair, which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him look more like an ancient poet. The sittings were not very favourable, which rather vexed the artist, who, upon opening the street-door, a vulgarity he was addicted to, peevishly whined—'Now, doctor, you *did* say you would give my busto half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time.' To which the doctor's reply was, 'Bow-wow-wow!' The bust is a wonderfully fine one, and very like, but certainly the sort of hair *is* objectionable; having been modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavior, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, stating that he could have made more by begging! Doctor Johnson also considered this bust like him; but, whilst he acknowledged the sculptor's ability in his art, he could not avoid observing to his friend Boswell, when they were looking at it in Nolle-

kens's studio, 'It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence:' though, from want of knowing the sculptor, a visitor, when viewing his studio, was heard to say, 'What a mind the man must have from whom all these emanated!'"

"His singular and parsimonious habits were most observable in his domestic life. Coals were articles of great consideration with Mr. Nollekens; and these he so rigidly economised, that they were always sent early, before his men came to work, in order that he might have leisure time for counting the sacks, and disposing of the large coals in what was originally designed by the builder of his house for a wine-cellar, so that he might lock them up for parlour use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; and whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway and their candle wasted. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens used a flat candlestick when there was any thing to be done; and I have been assured that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted them a whole year!"

In the following we observe no order of classification; trusting to the piquancy of the stories themselves to reward the trouble of their perusal.

"Mr. Fountain, who succeeded Mr. De la Place in Mary-le-bone Gardens school, was once walking with Handel round Mary-le-bone Gardens, and, upon hearing music which he could not understand, observed to Handel, 'This is d—d stuff!' 'It may be d—d stuff, but it is mine,' rejoined Handel."

Of Steevens, the commentator on Shakspeare: "Mrs. Swan, an aged woman, who lets ready-furnished lodgings in Hampstead, and who married Steevens's gardener, assured me that no creature on earth could be more afraid of death than Steevens; that on the day of his decease he came into the kitchen, where she and her husband were sitting at dinner, snatched at their pudding, which he ate most voraciously, at the same time defying the grinning monster in the most terrific language. * * *

"I once heard Mr. Nollekens relate an anecdote in the presence of Mr. Richard Dalton, then librarian to King George III., which will shew how well his majesty must have been acquainted with even the religious persuasions, as well as the faces and family connexions, of his subjects. 'When I was modelling the king's busto,' observed Mr. Nollekens, 'I was commanded to go to receive the king at Buckingham House, at seven o'clock in the morning, for that was the time his majesty shaved. After he had shaved himself, and before he had put on his stock, I modelled my busto. I *set* him down, to be even with myself, and the king seeing me go about him, and about him, said to me, 'What do you want?' I said, 'I want to measure your nose. The queen tells me I have made my nose too broad.' 'Measure it then,' said the king. 'Ay, my good friend,' observed Dalton, who had been intimate with Nollekens during their stay at Rome, 'I have heard it often mentioned in the library; and it has also been affirmed that you pricked the king's nose with your said callipers. I will tell you what the king said of you when you did not attend according to command, one morning,—'Nollekens is not come: I forgot, it is a saint's day, and he is a Catholic.'' The following anecdote is current, but on what authority it rests, I know not; allowing the story to be true, it could come only from an attendant on the king—certainly not from his majesty, nor from Nollekens; however, I could name half-a-dozen persons who continue to relate it. The story runs thus. When Mr. Nollekens attended the king the following day, to receive his majesty's commands as to the time for the next sitting, as he approached the royal presence, instead of making an apology on the saint's account, he merely wished to know when he might be allowed to go on with his busto? The king, however, with his usual indulgence to persons as ignorant as Nollekens was of the common marks of respect, observed, 'So, Nollekens, where were you yesterday?' *Nollekens.* 'Why, as it was a saint's day, I thought you would not have me; so I went to see the beasts fed in the Tower.' *The king.* 'Why did you not go to Duke Street?' *Nollekens.* 'Well, I went to the Tower; and do you know, they have got two such lions there! and the biggest did roar so; my heart, how he did roar!' And then he mimicked the roaring of the lion, so *loud* and so close to the king's ear, that his majesty moved to a considerable distance to escape the imitation, without saying, like Bottom in the comedy,

'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

A modeller keeps his clay moist by spirting water over it; and this he does by standing at a little distance with his mouth filled with water, which he spirts upon it, so that the water is sent into all the recesses of his model before he covers it up: this, it is said, Nollekens did in the king's presence, without declaring what he was about to do. However, it was not the case with Mr. Bacon, the sculptor, who had provided a long silver syringe for that purpose, before he attended the king, with which he could easily throw the water into the recesses of the model, without making so disagreeable a noise in his majesty's presence. With the drapery of this bust of the king, Nollekens had more anxiety and trouble than with any of his other productions: he assured Mr. Joseph, the associate of the Royal Academy, that after throwing the cloth once or twice every day for nearly a fortnight, it came excellently well, by mere chance, from the following circumstance. Just as he was about to make another trial with his drapery, his servant came to him for money for butter; he threw the cloth carelessly over the shoulders of his lay-man, in order to give her the money, when he was forcibly struck with the beautiful manner in which the folds had fallen; and he hastily exclaimed, pushing her away, 'Go, go, get the butter.' And he has frequently been heard to say, that that drapery was by far the best he ever cast for a busto. * * *

"Perhaps (adds Mr. S. who is talking of whole-lengths) it now may be better, by way of variety, to give a few of Mr. Nollekens's recollections; but before they are related, a description of his person may not be considered as out of place. His figure was short, his head big, and it appeared much increased by a large-crowned hat, of which kind he was very fond; but his dress-hat, which he always sported when he went to court, or to the Academy dinners, was nearly flat, and he brought it from Rome. His neck was short, his shoulders narrow, his body too large, particularly in the front lower part, which resembled that of Tenducci, and many other falsetto-singers; he was bow-legged and hook-nosed,—indeed, his leg was somewhat like his nose, which resembled the rudder of an Antwerp packet-boat; his hips were rather thin, but between his brows there was great evidence of study. He was very fond of his ruffles, and continued to wear them long after they had become unfashionable; indeed, until they were worn out. A drab was his favourite colour, and his suit was generally made from the same piece; though now and then he would treat himself with a striped Manchester waistcoat, of one of which he was so fond, that he sat to Abbot for his portrait in it; an engraving from which may be seen in Messrs. Cadell's Collection of interesting contemporary Portraits, where he is represented leaning on his bust of Fox, which brought him into more notice than any other of his productions. His dress-stockings were also rather remarkable, being ornamented with blue and white stripes, similar to those constantly and so lately worn by Sir Thomas Stepney, an old member of White's, in St. James's-street; of which house of notoriety the annexed anecdote, extracted from the Rev. W. Cole's MSS. in the British Museum, shall conclude this chapter, and may probably be found entertaining to the reader. 'The following humorous address was supposed to have been written by Colonel Lyttelton, brother to Sir George Lyttelton, in 1752, on his Majesty's return from Hanover, when numberless addresses were presented. White's Chocolate House, near St. James's Palace, was the famous gaming-house, where most of the nobility had meetings, and a society. It was given to me December 8th, 1752.

'*The Gamesters' Address to the King.*

'Most righteous Sovereign,—May it please your majesty, we, the lords, knights, &c. of the Society of White's, beg leave to throw ourselves at your majesty's feet (our honours and consciences lying under the *table*, and our fortunes being ever at stake), and congratulate your majesty's happy return to these kingdoms, which assembles us together, to the great advantage of some, the ruin of others, and the unspeakable satisfaction of all, both us, our wives and children. We beg leave to acknowledge your majesty's great goodness and lenity, in allowing us to break those laws which we ourselves have made, and you have sanctified and confirmed; while your majesty alone religiously observes and regards them. And we beg leave to assure your majesty of our most unfeigned loyalty and attachment to your sacred person; and that next to the kings of diamonds, clubs, spades, and hearts, we love, honour, and adore you.'—'To which his majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer.

'My lords and gentlemen,—I return you my thanks for your loyal address; but whilst I have such rivals in your affection, as you tell me of, I can neither think it worth preserving nor regarding. I look upon you yourselves as a *pack of cards*, and shall *deal* with you accordingly.'—See Cole's MSS. vol. xxxi. p. 171, in the British Museum. * * *

"To prove the wonderfully sagacious and retentive memory of Mrs. Garrick's little dog Biddy, and how much she must have noticed her master when rehearsing his parts at home, I shall give (says Mr. S.) the following most extraordinary anecdote, as nearly as I can, in the manner in which Mrs. Garrick related it to me a short time before her death. 'One evening, after Mr. Garrick and I were seated in our box at Drury-lane Theatre, he said, 'Surely there is something wrong on the stage,' and added, he would go and see what it was. Shortly after this, when the curtain was drawn up, I saw a person come forward to speak a new prologue, in the dress of a country bumpkin, whose features seemed new to me; and whilst I was wondering who it could possibly be, I felt my

little dog's tail wag, for he was seated in my lap, his usual place at the theatre, looking towards the stage. 'Aha!' said I, 'what, do you know him? is it your master? then you have seen him practise his part?' * * *

"When Doctor Burney lived in St. Martin's Street, he frequently indulged his friends in small *recherché* musical parties; at one of which, whilst Piozzi and Signora Cori (le Minitrici) were singing a duettino enchantingly, accompanied by her husband Dominica on the violin (the father of Madame Dussek), Nollekens happened to drop in by accident; and after the bravos, bravissimos, and all the expressive ogles of admiration had diminished, Nollekens called out, 'Doctor Burney, I don't like that kind of music, I heard a great deal of it in Italy, but I like the Scotch and English music better.'—Doctor Burney, with some degree of irritation, stepping forward, replied, 'Suppose a person to say, 'Well, I have been to Rome, saw the Apollo, and many fine works, but for all that, give me a good barber's block.''—'Ay, that would be talking like a fool,' rejoined the sculptor. * * *

"During my long intimacy with Mr. Nollekens, I never once heard him mention the name of the sweetest bard that ever sang, from whose luxuriant garden most artists have gathered their choicest flowers. To the beauties of the immortal Shakspeare he was absolutely insensible, nor did he ever visit the theatre when his plays were performed; though he was actively alive to a pantomime, and frequently spake of the capital and curious tricks in Harlequin Sorcerer. He also recollected with pleasure Mr. Rich's wonderful and singular power of scratching his ear with his foot like a dog; and the street-exhibition of Punch and his wife delighted him beyond expression. * *

"Miss Welch brought down upon herself his eternal hatred, by kindly venturing to improve him in his spelling. She was a friendly and benevolent woman; and I am indebted to her and the amiable Mrs. Barker for many acts of kindness during the time I was labouring under a tremendous loss by fire. One evening, when I was drinking tea with her at her lodgings, No. 69, in Newman Street, she shewed me a little book in which she had put down Mr. Nollekens's way of spelling words in 1780, with the manner in which they should be written. I copied a few of them with her permission, which, I must say, she gave me with some reluctance, notwithstanding she disliked Nollekens most cordially, though they were both Catholics. The following instances may serve as specimens: 'yousual, scenceble, obligin, modle, wery, gentilman, promist, sarvices, desier, Inglish, perscription, hardently, jenerly, moust, devower, Jellis, Retier, sarved, themselfs, could *for* cold, clargeman, facis, cupple, foure, sun *for* son, boath sexis, daly, horsis, ladie, chelf, talkin, tould, shee, sarch, paing, ould mades, racis, yoummer in his face, palas, oke, lemman, arebolloon, sammon, chimisters, *for* chemists, yoke *for* yolk, grownd, &c. &c.' Let me, however, entreat my readers to believe that I detest the character of a critic of words, and that my only motive for touching upon Mr. Nollekens' ignorance in the year 1780, is to induce them to believe, that when he made so many codicils above forty years afterwards, he did not know the true meaning of many words that we now and then find in testamentary writings. A curious specimen or two will be given in a future page of this work, of his ignorance of the true meaning of words pronounced by him, even at a moment when most persons believed him to be perfectly sane. * * *

"Before he became the reader of the daily papers, he frequently amused himself by recording on the covers of letters what he considered curious daily events; and by looking over these scraps, he was not only pleased, but would endeavour to amuse his friends by now and then reading them aloud. As for works on art, he cared for neither 'Shee's Rhymes,' 'Flaxman's Homer,' nor Blake's 'Songs of Innocence.' The following memoranda were copied from the back of one of his charcoal sketches, and will at once convince the reader of the estimation in which he sometimes held his leisure moments:—'1803, May 23d. Lady Newborough brought forth a second sun. Sweep the parlour and kitchen chimneys. Clean the cestern in the kitchen. Lent Northcot the cable rope and the piece of hoke tre.—1805, Dec. 30th. Mrs. Whiteford brought to bed of a sun.—1806, Feb. 8th. Died Mrs. Peck, in Marlbrough Street.—April 14th. The Duke of Gloster came to my house.—June 28th. The Duke and Duches of York came to my house.—July 7th. His R. H. the Duke of Cumberland made me a visit.—July 19th. Lord Wellesley began to set.—August 4th. Sent to Lord Yarborough the head of Sir Isack Nuton.—1808, December 16th. Sent Mr. Bignell, by order of Lady Jersey, Lord Jersey's head in a case.—1809, Jan. 12th. Cast-off Mr. Pitt for Mr. Wilberforce, by order of Lord Muncaster.—April 11th. The Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge, made me a visit.' Mr. Nollekens, when modelling the statue of Pitt, for the Senate House, Cambridge, threw his drapery over his man Dodimy, who after standing in an immovable position for the unconscionable space of two hours, had permission to come down and rest himself; but the poor fellow found himself so stiff, that he could not move. 'What!' exclaimed Nollekens, 'can't you move yourself? then you had better stop a bit.' I am sorry to say there are other artists who go on painting with as little compassion for their models. Mr. Arminger has declared that, in eating, nothing could exceed the meanness of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens; for whenever they had a present of a leveret, which they always called a hare, they contrived, by splitting it, to make it last for two dinners for four persons. The one half was roasted, and the other jugged."

We must close here till Saturday next, when another fund of anecdote shall be presented to our friends who are fond (as nearly all the world are) of this species of light reading.

Rienzi: a Tragedy. By Miss Mitford. 12mo. pp. 66. London, 1828. J. Cumberland.

Our opinion of this tragedy has been already expressed, and the perusal only induces a repetition; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with a few extracts.

"*Angelo.* Thy father loves thee, sweetest,
With a proud dotage, almost worshipping
The idol it hath framed. Thou fear'st not him?
Claudia. Alas! I have learned to fear him; he is changed,
Grievously changed: still good and kind, and full
Of fond relentings—crossed by sudden gusts
Of wild and stormy passion. I have learned
A daughter's trembling love. Then, he's so silent—
He, once so eloquent. Of old, each show,
Bridal, or joust, or pious pilgrimage,
Lived in his vivid speech. Oh! 'twas my joy,
In that bright glow of rapid words, to see
Clear pictures, as the slow procession coiled
Its glittering length, or stately tournament
Grew stateler, in his voice. Now he sits mute—
His serious eyes bent on the ground—each sense
Turned inward.
* * * *
"A sad wise man, of daring eye, and free,
Yet mystic speech. When ye have laughed, I still
Have shuddered, for his darkling words oft fell
Like oracles, answering with dim response
To my unspoken thoughts, so that my spirit,
Albeit unused to womanish fear, hath quailed
To hear his voice's deep vibration. Watch him!
Be sure he is ambitious. Watch him, lords:
He hath o'erleapt the barrier, poverty;
Hath conquered his mean parentage; hath climb
To decent station, to high lettered fame;—
The pontiff's notary, the honoured friend
Of Petrarch. Watch him well."

The following is very characteristic.

"*Colonna.* Joined! by what tie?
Rienzi. By hatred—
By danger—the two hands that tightest grasp
Each other—the two cords that soonest knit
A fast and stubborn tie: your true-love knot
Is nothing to it. Faugh! the supple touch
Of pliant interest, or the dust of time,
Or the pin-point of temper, loose, or rot,
Or snap love's silken band. Fear and old hate,
They are sure weavers—they work for the storm,
The whirlwind, and the rocking surge: their knot
Endures till death."

The ensuing scene, too, contrasts prettily with the strife and hurry of the others.

"*Cla.* Mine own dear home!
Father, I love not this new state; these halls,
Where comfort dies in vastness; these trim maids,
Whose service wearies me. Oh! mine old home!
My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle
Woven round the casement; and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in fields;
My pretty snow-white doves; my kindest nurse;
And old Camillo. Oh! mine own dear home!
Rie. Why, simple child, thou hast thine old fond nurse,
And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves,
Thy myrtles, flowers, and cedars; a whole province
'Laid in a garden, an' thou wilt. My Claudia,
Hast thou not learnt thy power? Ask orient gems,
Diamonds, and sapphires, in rich caskets, wrought
By cunning goldsmiths; sigh for rarest birds,
Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers, to fill
Around thy stately bower; and, at thy wish,
The precious toys shall wait thee.' Old Camillo!
Thou shalt have nobler servants,—emperors, kings,
Electors, princes! not a bachelor
In Christendom but would right proudly kneel
To my fair daughter.
Cla. Oh! mine own dear home!
Rie. Wilt have a list to choose from? Listen, sweet!
If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle,
And the white doves, were tell-tales, I would ask them
Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall?
And if, at eventide, they heard not oft
A tuneful mandoline, and then a voice,
Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song
O'erwhelmed the quivering instrument; and then
A world of whispers, mixed with low response,
Sweet, short, and broken, as divided strains
Of nightingales."

We now leave it to that dramatic career in which we wish it all possible success. It is, indeed, no small credit that a female has, in the present age, been the author of three successful tragedies.

The Amulet; or, Christian and Literary Remembrancer for 1829. Pp. 394. Edited by C. S. Hall. London, E. Westley and Davis; and Wightman and Cramp.

Here is another of our pleasing annual visitors, in its handsome dress of green and gold; and internally adorned with many elegances both of art and literature. About eighty contributions in prose and verse form its interesting and various contents, to which it may suffice to say, that the names of Southey, Hemans, Mitford, L. E. L., Croly, Montgomery, Atherstone, Kennedy, Motherwell, Hervey, Walsh, Coleridge, Porter, Pringle, and many other well known and popular writers, are attached. It may readily be supposed that the whole offers a treat worthy of the public favour which has hitherto attended this volume; differing, as it does, a little from its contemporaries, by taking a graver and more moral and religious tone. Among the sweetest and most original of the poetical compositions, we would point out the Rose of Castle Howard, by Croly; Woman and Fame, by Mrs. Hemans; the Wooing Song of Jarl Egill, by Motherwell; Stanzas, by T. K. Hervey; the Temple of Victory, by C. Swain; Change, by L. E. L.; Wisdom, by I. F. H.; and the Spanish Flower-Girl, by Kennedy;—but it is almost, if not

altogether, an injustice to other graceful or striking productions, to particularise these.

From some interesting Notices of the Canadian Indians, by Edward Walsh, M.D., physician to his Majesty's forces, we select the following example of the prose.

"Of all regions, the Canadas seem most congenial to the British habits. The soil and climate are, in the highest degree, fertile and salubrious. There are some countries which, from an unknown constitution of the atmosphere, seem to be exempt from certain fatal diseases that infest their neighbours; thus the plague never visits Persia, nor the yellow fever the Canadas. I have only to regret one consequence that results, or will inevitably result, from the rapid increase of the population of British America, and that is, the utter extinction or absorption of the aborginal natives. The red and the white people cannot co-exist in the same place. Many well-informed writers have described the country and its inhabitants, and treated at large of American population. I am willing to contribute my gleanings, collected during a residence of more than five years among them, and to testify, 'before they go hence, and be no more seen,' that an unlettered, but interesting race of *red people* had existed. The opportunities I had of mixing with these people, and knowing them well, were such as do not usually happen to those who merely visit the country. Shortly after my arrival, one of these occurred, which I was glad to avail myself of. Among the misfortunes which the migration of Europeans to America has brought on the natives, is the introduction of the small-pox, from the scourge of which they had before been exempt. Diseases are always most fatal when they seize, for the first time, fresh victims; and this spread its ravages among the red people, with the resistless fury of a conflagration. I shall mention one instance of its devastating effects. A distant tribe in alliance with the Chipawas had been in a flourishing state, when it was first attacked by this awful pest. In vain their priests, prophets, and physicians, attempted to arrest its progress; they themselves became its victims. The survivors shifted their encampments from place to place; the inexorable pestilence pursued them, till the whole nation perished, with the exception of one family—a man, his wife, and child. This 'last man' fled towards the British settlements, and was seen to pitch his wigwam on the edge of the forest; but here, too, his enemy found him. The woman and child sickened and died—the last survivor dug their grave, and laid them in it; he then sat down on the edge of the grave, and in this attitude he was found by a passing trader. Him he requested to cover him up with his wife and child; and then, giving himself a mortal wound, he flung himself upon their bodies. The Indians seldom, if ever, commit suicide; but this was an extreme case, which put to the test the fortitude even of

'The Stoic of the woods—the man without a tear.'"

Dr. Walsh went on the humane mission of introducing vaccination.

"Having performed this first and important duty, I applied myself to study the Indian character and manners; and no situation could be better calculated for the purpose. Most of these tribes had, as yet, little intercourse with European visiters; and they brought with them, and practised, all their primitive habits, their languages, oratory, gala dresses, dances, amusements, and religious ceremonies. They hunted for us every day, and we occasionally joined their parties. Our table was abundantly and sumptuously supplied with venison, fish, wild turkey, pheasant, and partridges; and we were daily tempted with bear, porcupine, racoon, squirrel, dog-flesh, and rattlesnake soup,—these being the choicest delicacies of an Indian mess; and some extraordinary ceremony or usage was continually occurring, at which I was present. The first to which my attention was directed, was a matter of great curiosity and interest, which I had often heard of, but never before had an opportunity of witnessing. This was the initiation of a young warrior into the society, or college of magicians. The ceremony is conducted with a deal of mystery, and none but distinguished chiefs admitted to be spectators. By special favour I was allowed to stand in the circle. The aspirant had been severely disciplined, in a state of probation, for some time before. There was a small arched hut constructed, very close, and barely high enough for him to sit up. A dog having been previously sacrificed, the bones were scraped, and wrapped up in its skin. The aspirant was placed, sitting, at the little door; he was entirely naked, his body oiled, and painted in stripes of black, white, and red, and his head decorated with porcupine quills, and powdered with swans-down. All being now ready, the most extraordinary figure that was ever seen among the demons of the theatre, strode out of his wigwam. He was a Miamee chief, gaunt and big-boned, and upwards of six feet high. His face was terrific. Projecting brows overhung a pair of keen, small, black eyes; the nose large, prominent, and angular; visage lengthy; chin square and long, with a bushy beard; and a mouth which appeared to extend from ear to ear. A white line divided his features; one side was painted black, the other red. His head-dress was made of the shaggy skin of a buffalo's forehead, with the ears and horns on. A buffalo robe hung on his broad shoulders, the inside of which was wrought in figures of sun, moon, and stars, and other hieroglyphics. The okama-paw-waw, or chief worker of miracles, now addressed the young aspirant, in a short speech, uttered with a deep intonation, as from the bottom of his breast. He then flung a small pebble at him, with some force. The Indian, the instant he was hit, fell back, and appeared to be in a swoon. Two assistants, with hooded skins over their heads, thrust him head foremost, in this state of insensibility, into the hut, which had previously been heated with hot stones, upon which water was thrown, to raise a vapour. While this was performing, the grand paw-waw threw himself on the ground, muttering words, as if he was talking to somebody; rolling himself from side to side, and working like one in strong convulsions. In this state he was dragged into his wigwam, and left there to dream. In about half an hour he sallied forth, and made a sign; upon which the assistants drew out by the heels the miserable candidate from his oven. He was bathed in a clammy sweat, and had the appearance of having actually expired, evincing no perceptible respiration or pulse. The great paw-waw, no ways disconcerted, stooped over him, and uttered aloud his incantations. The two assistants sat on either side, each with a skin pouch, in which was some ignited substance, the smoke of which they puffed into his ears. In a few minutes, he fetched a deep sigh, and opened his eyes. The high priest then put a calabash, in which was some liquor, to his mouth: after which he soon recovered. The spectators then testified the strongest signs of approbation, crying altogether, hu! hu! hu! hogh! hogh! It was now intimated to me that I might be initiated into these mysteries; but I confess I had no wish to be further acquainted with this Miamee masonry, although I was informed I should be enabled to dream dreams, to foretell events, to raise the dead, to eat fire, swallow trees, and digest bayonets. No doubt these juggling prophets, by a knowledge of medicinal plants, and by great sagacity and experience, exercise a strong, but not despotic, influence over the multitude. To these naturalists of the forest we are indebted for some of our most valuable articles of the materia medica; as sarsaparilla, jalap, snake-root, gingsing, and ipecacuanha. They are also adroit at reducing a dislocation or setting a fracture: but they do not understand blood-letting, although they practise cupping with a gourd. To introduce among them so important a practice, I gave the paw-waw a case of lancets, and instructed him in their use; and, in return, he conferred on me his buffalo conjuring cap, which, like the mantle of the prophet, was also to confer his miraculous spirit: but not finding it efficacious, I gave it, with many other Indian articles, to a public museum, where it now is. * * *

"The marriage ceremonies, in many particulars, were like those of the Hebrews. They purchase their wives, by making presents, as Abraham's servant purchased Rebecca for Isaac, and Jacob purchased Leah and Rachel. A young warrior addresses the father of his beloved in a short speech, to this purport:—'Father, I love your daughter; will you give her to me? and let the small roots of her heart twine round mine.' On permission having been obtained, he brings his presents, and lays them at the door of the lodge or wigwam; if they are accepted, he visits his mistress, and remains all night with her; and so he continues to do for two or three months before the wedding is celebrated. After feasting and dancing, the high priest, or prophet finishes the ceremony, when the bride presents a cake to her husband, and he divides an ear of Indian corn between them. The bride is then carried by her bride's-maids, in a buffalo skin, to her husband's cabin. Polygamy and divorce were common to Jews and Indians; but among the latter it is not general. The Indian females are naturally gentle, modest, and silent;—they are passionately fond of their children, and are submissive slaves, and at the same time affectionately attached to their husbands. This they evince by self-immolation, after the manner of eastern wives. Among the few poisonous plants of Canada, is a shrub, which yields a wholesome fruit, but contains in its roots a deadly juice, which the widow, who wishes not to survive her husband, drinks. An eye-witness describes its effects: the woman having resolved to die, chanted her death-song and funeral service; she then drank off the poisonous juice, was seized with shivering and convulsions, and expired in a few minutes on the body of her husband. In their persons they are small and well-made; many of them, if dressed in the English fashion, would be counted pretty brunettes; their complexions are not so dark as to veil their blushes. It is curious to see them toddling after their tall husbands, loaded with gear, and perhaps an infant fastened on the top of the bundle. However, they are indemnified, when they grow old; for, as among the ancient Germans, their authority and advice are then paramount. * * *

"The last ceremony they practise is called the feast of souls. Every three or four years, by a general agreement, they disinter all the

bodies of such as have died within that time: finding the soft parts mouldered away, they carefully clean the bones, and each family wrap up the remains of their departed friends in new furs. They are then all laid together in one common cemetery, which forms a mound, or barrow, sometimes of considerable magnitude. Many such may be seen in Upper Canada, exactly similar to those of Dorset and Wiltshire. Such remains of antiquity are, indeed, spread over the whole surface of the globe. This last grand ceremony is concluded with a feast, with dances, songs, speeches, games, and mock combats. * * *

"The Indians have several apologues referring to the deluge, in which the ark, the raven, and dove, are alluded to. Indeed, the present aspect of the country is itself a commentary on the deluge. The soil of British America is evidently alluvial; the waters of the great lakes are subsiding, and the basins of many small ones are quite dry. The channel of the great river St. Laurence has obviously very much contracted within its former limits. In fine, from the vigour and freshness of the vegetable kingdom, it may be fairly inferred that the ground was uncovered by the waters at a much later period than in the old world. The Indians have also a tradition that the world will be destroyed by fire. To a people ignorant of astronomy, their theory is plausible. They think that the sun is approaching nearer the earth, and that the effect is perceptible every fifty years:—of course, in time, the orb of fire must come near enough to consume it. Perhaps they adopted this notion from observing the evident amelioration of the climate. They have also various traditions of the creation and the fall of man. One has some disfigured resemblance to Scripture:—'In the beginning, a few men rose out of the ground, but there was no woman among them. One of them found out a road to heaven, where he met a woman; they offended the Great Spirit, upon which they were both thrust out. They fell on the back of the tortoise; the woman was delivered of male twins: in process of time, one of these twins slew the other.'"

With all its good qualities, we need hardly add, that the *Amulet* may fairly reckon on an increased patronage.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not: a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birthday Present for 1829. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 239. London, 1828. Hailes.

A CHARMING little volume, doing much credit to its fair lady editor, who is herself a very interesting contributor. There is a pretty tale by Mrs. Hofland; another, which we think will be a great favourite, by the Author of Solitary Hours—the Leaside Cottage; a neat Dedication to the Princess Vittoria, by W. Kennedy; and many other *historiettes* and poems, which, we doubt not, will be very popular among our young friends. We like the following, by Allan Cunningham, very much.

"*The Town Child and the Country Child.*

Child of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June;
I sing of thee;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.
Child of the town! for thee I sigh:
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road,
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp,
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair.
Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet:
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild bluebells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.
Child of the town! for thee, alas!
Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
A maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare;
Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound
Hawk'd clamorous all the city round;
No roses, twinborn on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.
Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree
For climbing sake. 'Tis sweet to thee,
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.
Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone;
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And Commerce pours each poring son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos' run.
While, flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower:
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God."

We can only hope the rising generation will be duly sensible of their advantages over their grandmothers and grandfathers.

Life in India; or, the English at Calcutta. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THERE is a degree of verisimilitude and truth in these volumes, which must render them acceptable to all who wish to see a genuine picture of life in India. From the minutiæ of many of the descriptions of female feelings and conduct, the authorship is evidently fixed upon a lady, and it is equally clear that she must have resided for a considerable time in the East, and mixed with the best society there. To enhance the interest of the story, there are a series of adventures more resembling facts than fictions, and several scenes from what is called "up the country," into which somewhat more of the romantic is thrown, though, perhaps, founded on the same realities with the rest of the narrative. The pictures of the voyage out, &c. are faithful, and possess the peculiar merit of exhibiting the impressions and the proceedings of the ladies on an outward-bound voyage,—full, as their bosoms are, of hopes, of fears, of flirtations, of ambitious projects, and of novel wonders, according to their respective ages, temperaments, and experience. As there have been and are many exports of this kind, we have no doubt but that curiosity will supply, from so numerous a class and its numerous relations, a multitude of readers for the perusal of these pages. There is, besides, to recommend them still farther to fair readers, lots of parties, balls, spectacles, loves, and marriages. These, however, being more of the commonplaces of works of this nature than the Indian varieties, we shall make our sample extract a leaf from an account of O Meer Sing, who attacked a British escort, and plundered the convoy.

"He was known to command a numerous and desperate banditti, who for years had been the terror of the country; but as they had never before ventured to despoil the Company, the search after them had not been carried on with such vigour as to prevent their escape. When a village had been plundered, and its inhabitants murdered, parties had been sent in pursuit; which the robbers commonly evaded, by dashing into the dominions of neutral princes, whose concurrence was at all times easily secured by participation in the plunder. Here the case was different; the Company were the sufferers, and to a large amount; and government caused a statement of the offence to be sent to all their native allies, requiring their permission to let search, if necessary, be made in their territories, and assistance given to discover the robbers. Scouts were sent out in every direction, and the intelligence they received of O Meer Sing was, that he had effected his escape into Oude, and was in hiding amongst his majesty's, the King of Oude's, refractory zeemindars. There Melville followed him from one native stockade to another, and was sometimes obliged to level these fortifications with the ground before he could dislodge him. He resolutely defended every place in which he took shelter to the last moment, in order to wear out his pursuers; and when further defence was impossible, mounted his horse, which was always in waiting, and fled to the next strong-hold. These stockades are protections thrown up by the landholders, to defend themselves against the exactions of the tax-gatherers; and as the one party is just as unwilling to pay what is justly due, as the other is ready to practise most grievous extortion, the affair is seldom brought to an adjustment without blows given and blood shed. The taxes are sold by the king to the highest bidders, and the takeels who purchase them have authority to make the circuit of the provinces, when the crops are upon the ground, and settle their arbitrary assessments at their own good pleasure. This is commonly to the very uttermost rupee that the state of the harvest will permit; leaving to the wretched cultivators a bare subsistence, and the satisfaction of knowing that, however luxuriant the harvest may be, the pleasure of labour is all the reward they must expect. Their honourable masters are permitted to come with a strong body of troops, and with fire and sword sweep the produce of the harvest into the royal treasury, taking care always to reserve an equal share for themselves in private, as a reward for their trouble and risk. O Meer Sing had before assisted the zeemindars; now it was their turn to render him the same service. The pursuing party were by this means denied sleep or rest; even

food could be taken but by snatches; and, worn out with fatigue, and hopeless of success, Melville resolved to present himself at the court of Lucknow, and demand the interference of the Company's resident. He was now out of the Company's provinces, and in a land where every man keeps his own by the strength of his arm, and ploughs his field with his target on his back and his tulwar at his side, and is sometimes called upon to use both, in the defence of the bullocks in his plough. It is a well-known fact that, under native governments, where thieves can commonly afford to buy protection at a higher rate than better men, the eyes of power wink at the dirty sources from which the bright gold flows; and that whole villages exist, whose inhabitants are of the caste of thieves, whose fathers and grandfathers were thieves before them, and whose children will be thieves after them; and, provided they do not practise their trade too near home, and never fail in their assessments, no notice is taken: so that in such circumstances Melville experienced more obstruction than assistance from the people he was amongst, who seemed to have a natural abhorrence of all power supported by legal authority, and a kind of fellow-feeling with one who had carried off a government treasure."

Major Melville goes to see an elephant-fight:

"The plain without the lists seemed one dense mass of human creatures, all anxiously watching the movements of two huge male elephants, who drew near in opposite directions; and the combatants were led into the arena. In an instant the whole plain was in motion, as if the spectators, by moving an inch, could see better; and turbans undulated, and shawls streamed, while the rays of the sun flashed back from the gold and silver caparisons of elephants and horses, or glittered upon the jewels and sumptuous tulwars of their riders. The elephants were introduced at opposite sides of the enclosure, and the openings by which they entered securely closed after them. A clamour of exultation rose over the plain, intermixed with the shrill neighing of the horses. The combatants for a few minutes stood face to face, eyeing each other with every symptom of rising anger, which all their reputed wisdom was ineffectual to repress; then, rearing their trunks with a curve high over their heads, ran furiously at each other, uttering roars of rage, which caused all the horses in the field to rear and curvet to the imminent danger of their riders. The furious elephants came together full shock, with a noise which shook the ground like thunder, and renewed their hideous roaring; they charged again and again; their blows might be heard in alternate succession, like the strokes of a sledge-hammer, until, after what his majesty pronounced to be a very good battle, the heaviest elephant seemed evidently giving way, exhausted by his own exertions; his adversary saw his advantage, and struck him such a blow with his trunk, that, mad with pain, he turned and fled. Melville, though deeply interested in the fate of the noble animals before him, could not help being from time to time attracted by the manners and appearance of a native who stood by him, and who also seemed to survey him with more interest than the native apathy usually permits. His dress at once shewed that he was a Hindoo of high caste. It was altogether white, and of very fine materials. Melville remarked that, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, his jacket was quilted; a large cummerbund bound his waist, set in fine and nicely-arranged folds, and firmly drawn as if for walking or riding; below it appeared a gold-linked waistband, from which his tulwar hung suspended. His turban, white as the drifted snow, was also, by its ample folds, beautifully crossed and re-crossed over each other,—a good defence against the rays of the sun or the blows of a sabre, as occasion might require. In his ears he wore gold ear-rings, and round his neck a massy broad gold collar, studded with large polished projecting knobs; on his wrists he wore bangles of the same metal, and his fingers were covered with rings; his shoes, with their long pointed curling toes, were plainer than beseemed the rest of his dress, being merely yellow morocco, with a little silver embroidery on the front of the foot, and indicated that he had not come on the ground in a palanquin. His chudder was thrown over his left shoulder, much in the way of a Highland plaid, and, contrary to common custom, light enough to leave both his arms at liberty. His age Major Melville thought might be about two- or three-and-thirty; and, accustomed as he was to see graceful and dignified carriage amongst natives, he thought he had never remarked it in a greater degree than in this man. He stood with his arms folded over his bosom, and his head a little drawn back, looking intently upon the combat before him; his black eye from time to time flashed fire as he observed the successful blows, but no muscle of his finely-formed countenance moved; and while it was evident that the spirit within felt strongly, the outward man remained as immovable as if he had been carved in marble. His features, high and regular, were well calculated to express all strong passions; his coal-black hair, mustachios, and short beard, had a slight turn in the points, which might be natural or the effect of careful keeping, as there was not a single hair out of place in either, while the ruddy glow which mantled through his dark cheek shewed he was accustomed to air and exercise. When the defeated elephant turned, he cast a glance upon Melville, but without moving his head, and when he fled his nostrils dilated with scorn. Flushed with conquest, the triumphant victor followed, and his trunk repeated the blows, until the vanquished, sorely pressed and perfectly furious, effected a breach in the barrier, and rushed through the assembled multitude, crushing under foot and trampling to death every one in his way. Melville's horse became perfectly unmanageable, reared, and, spinning round on his hind legs, tried all in his power to dislodge his rider; but Melville kept his seat; and the native, who had watched his movements, seized the bridle with a practised hand, and with a jerk brought the horse to the ground, advising Melville, in Hindostanee, to lose not a moment in effecting his escape from danger; an advice with which he was well disposed to comply, but his refractory animal, in his efforts to turn him, frantic with fear, bolted forward and fell, throwing his rider just in the path which the infuriated elephant was taking. The native who had before assisted him made a spring in the same direction, and, drawing a pistol from his cumberbund, which had been concealed by his chudder, took a steady aim at the eye of the exasperated elephant, and lodged the contents in his brain. He fell with a groan, and expired; while his destroyer replaced his pistol in his belt, and disappeared. * * *

"A hundred voices exclaimed together, 'Seize the man who dared to kill the king's favourite elephant!' 'What are the lives of low caste men, to the king's pleasure?' 'Slaves who would be much honoured by dying under the feet of an animal who had borne the ruler of the destinies of men!' Even those whom his presence of mind had rescued from instant death, with true native servility shouted, 'Seize him! seize him! cut off his ears and his nose! off with his head for his presumption!' But this man, who seemed as active as he was resolute, ran through the opening the elephant had caused in the crowd, and crossed the road which bounded the plain, where a black horse stood picketed under a tree. A native, who watched the approach of his master, undid the heel ropes while he leaped into his saddle. His foremost pursuer just got up with him, as he mounted his well-trained steed. 'Seize O Meer Sing!' shouted the muscular chokeydar, as he ran with his target on his left arm, and brandished his tulwar with the other. 'Seize him whose name makes men's hearts to tremble, and get the price which is set upon his head, and a great name to fill the world!' But the redoubtable O Meer Sing, for it was indeed he, lost no time in useless parley; he turned round, raised himself in his stirrups, discharged his second pistol with as sure aim as he had done the first, and laid his adversary flat on the grass. The horse seemed to share the spirit and feeling of the rider; he snorted at the well-known sound of the pistol, and, skimming the earth like a swallow, was out of sight in an instant, even before his unmounted pursuers could make a second effort. * * *

"Many of his own people had mixed with the crowd, and ran anxiously forward as if to assist in his capture, which in fact they obstructed by intercepting the pursuers and increasing the commotion. O Meer Sing took the way to the river, where a twelve-oared boat lay in readiness, her hands resting on their oars. His horse, as if perfectly acquainted with what was expected of him, leaped in, his rider still in his saddle; the boatmen pulled their oars, they flashed in the air, and notwithstanding the deep and rapid stream, the vessel, under their skilful guidance, shot quickly to the opposite side, where two or three armed horsemen waited its approach; and it had no sooner gained the shore, than the horse, with one bound as before, leaped on the bank, and continued his rapid route."

The offender is proscribed, and a price set on his head:—his future perils and escapes, and the catastrophe, fill the third volume, and form an exceedingly interesting and characteristic tale, which we recommend to all the lovers of the extraordinary; though, we believe, in this instance, it is hardly an over-charged picture of a fierce Pindaree chief and his brave and lawless band of followers.

The Anniversary; or, Poetry and Prose for 1829. Edited by Allan Cunningham. pp. 320. London, J. Sharpe.

Of the largest size of the Annuals, in this respect resembling the *Keepsake*, our copy of the *Anniversary* has reached us too late in the week to admit of analysis. We must, however, observe, that it is indeed a beautiful volume, combining a degree of neatness and elegance in all its details, with the more striking efforts of the graphic art.

Owing to the same cause, the period at which we received it, we have confined our extracts from the *Amulet* to prose; and for the sake of variety, we shall select only specimens of poetry from the *Anniversary*; though, Going

to the Races, by Miss Mitford; the Honeycomb and Bitter Gourd, a Scottish tale; the Three Questions (the legend of a dreamer, who comes to London and obtains a fortune, which has contemporaneously figured in two other of the Annuals); Paddy Kelleher and his Pig, an excellent Irish story; the Cameronian Preacher's Tale, by J. Hogg; and another of the same Covenanting class—a Tale of the Times of the Martyrs, extremely well told by the celebrated and Rev. Edward Irving, would at any earlier hour tempt us into quotation.

Edderline's Dream, by Professor Wilson, is a fine poem; and we regret that we can only give the most exquisite description of her sleep:—

"Castle-Oban is lost in the darkness of night,
For the moon is swept from the starless heaven,
And the latest line of lowering light
That lingered on the stormy even,
A dim-seen line, half cloud, half wave,
Hath sunk into the weltering grave.
Castle-Oban is dark without and within,
And downwards to the fearful din,
Where Ocean with his thunder shocks
Stuns the green foundation rocks,
Through the grim abyss that mocks his eye,
Oft hath the eerie watchman sent
A shuddering look, a shivering sigh,
From the edge of the howling battlement!

Therein is a lonesome room,
Undisturbed as some old tomb
That, built within a forest glen,
Far from feet of living men,
And sheltered by its black pine-trees
From sound of rivers, lochs, and seas,
Flings back its arched gateway tall,
At times to some great funeral!
Noiseless as a central cell
In the bosom of a mountain
Where the fairy people dwell,
By the cold and sunless fountain!
Breathless as a holy shrine,
When the voice of psalms is shed!
And there upon her stately bed,
While her raven locks recline
O'er an arm more pure than snow,
Motionless beneath her head,—
And through her large fair eyelids shine
Shadowy dreams that come and go,
By too deep bliss disquieted,—
There sleeps in love and beauty's glow,
The high-born Lady Edderline.

Lo! the lamp's wan fitful light,
Glide,—gliding round the golden rim!
Restored to life, now glancing bright,
Now just expiring, faint and dim!
Like a spirit loath to die,
Contending with its destiny.
All dark! a momentary veil
Is o'er the sleeper! now a pale
Uncertain beauty glimmers faint,
And now the calm face of the saint
With every feature reappears,
Celestial in unconscious tears!
Another gleam! how sweet the while,
Those pictured faces on the wall,
Through the midnight silence smile!
Shades of fair ones, in the aisle
Vaulted the castle cliffs below,
To nothing mouldered, one and all,
Ages long ago!

From her pillow, as if driven
By an unseen demon's hand
Disturbing the repose of heaven,
Hath fallen her head! The long black hair,
From the fillet's silken band
In dishevelled masses riven,
Is streaming downwards to the floor.
Is the last convulsion o'er?
And will that length of glorious tresses,
So laden with the soul's distresses,
By those fair hands in morning light,
Above those eyelids opening bright,
Be braided nevermore!
No, the lady is not dead,
Though flung thus wildly o'er her bed;
Like a wretched corse upon the shore,
That lies until the morning brings
Searchings, and shrieks, and sorrowings;
Or, haply, to all eyes unknown,
Is borne away without a groan,
On a chance plank, 'mid joyful cries
Of birds that pierce the sunny skies
With seaward dash, or in calm bands
Parading o'er the silvery sands,
Or mid the lovely flush of shells,
Pausing to burnish crest or wing.
No fading footmark see that tells
Of that poor unremembered thing!

O dreadful is the world of dreams,
When all that world a chaos seems
Of thoughts so fixed before!
When heaven's own face is tinged with blood!
And friends cross o'er our solitude,
Now friends of our's no more!
Or, dearer to our hearts than ever,
Keep stretching forth, with vain endeavour,
Their pale and palsied hands,
To clasp us phantoms, as we go
Along the void like drifting snow,
To far-off nameless lands!
Yet all the while we know not why,
Nor where those dismal regions lie,
Half hoping that a curse so deep
And wild can only be in sleep,
And that some overpowering scream
Will break the fetters of the dream,
And let us back to waking life,
Filled though it be with care and strife;
Since there at least the wretch can know
The meanings on the face of woe,
Assured that no mock shower is shed
Of tears upon the real dead,
Or that his bliss, indeed, is bliss,
When bending o'er the death-like cheek
Of one who scarcely seems alive,
At every cold but breathing kiss,
He hears a saving angel speak—
'Thy love will yet revive!'"

A Farewell to the Year, by Mr. Lockhart, from the Spanish of Luis Baylon, is highly poetical and touching.

"Hark, friends, it strikes: the year's last hour:
A solemn sound to hear:
Come, fill the cup, and let us pour
Our blessing on the parting year.
The years that were, the dim, the gray,
Receive this night, with choral hymn,
A sister shade as lost as they,
And soon to be as gray and dim.
Fill high: she brought us both of weal and wo,
And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round
Old Time pursues his way:
Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
Expects in peace her yellow prey:
The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,
Together fall, together lie;
And undistinguished in the tomb,
Howe'er they lived, are all that die.
Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,
To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear
Since round this board we met
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star hath now for ever set!
Alas, as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, that now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.

Thank Heaven, no seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripened ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not: being is not breath;
'Tis fate that friends must part,
But God will bless in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
We need not shrink from Nature's rule;
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go."

To the Virgin, by the same, is also a sweet composition; but, if our memory does not fail us, he has rendered that theme still higher justice before, in his admirable Spanish Ballads. We like the pathos and simplicity of the Wedding Wake, by G. Darley, so well, that, in spite of its melancholy, we must yield it a place.

"Dead Beauty's eye is beamless all,
Its glance is dull as hail;
The snow that on her cheek might fall
Were nothing half so pale.

Her lip—O God! her sullen lip,
So brightly raised erewhile;
No sweet thought curls its hollowed tip,
Not even a marble smile!

See, maidens! see, to hide its charms,
Cross'd on her neck of pearl;
See how she lays her lily arms,
The chaste, the careful girl!

Why stand ye tearless by my side?
Where is sweet Pity gone?—
Pity o'erwept herself, and died
The day her life was done.

Like a dark stream, her raven hair
Wanders adown her brow;
Look how the weetless, reckless air
Moves its dead tresses now!

Where is her unworn bridal trim?—
Hark! who is he that sighs?
Stand forth, slight boy!—let none but him
Close up her pallid eyes.

I smile to see him plight his truth
In her unlistening ear;
Stain not, O deeply-bending youth!
Her sweet cheek with a tear.

Pillow her in her bridal tire,
Her sandals at her feet;
No other dress doth she require,
Than a cold winding-sheet.

Coffin her up, and on the pall
Lay one white virgin plume;
As lone, as still, as spotless all,
She shall lie in the tomb.

We'll carry her o'er the churchyard green,
Down by the willow trees;
We'll bury her by herself, between
Two sister cypresses.

Flowers of the sweetest, saddest hue
Shall deck her lowly bed;
Rosemary at her feet we'll strew,
And violets at her head.

The pale rose, the dim azure bell,
And that lamenting flower,
With Ai! Ai! its eternal knell,
Shall ever-bloom her bower—

Her cypress bower; whose shade beneath,
Passionless, she shall lie:
To rest so calm, so sweet in death,
'Twere no great ill to die!

Ye four fair maids, the fairest ye,
Be ye the flower strewers!
Ye four bright youths, the bearers be,
Ye were her fondest wooers!

To church! to church! ungallant youth,
Carry your willing bride!
So pale he looks, 'twere well, in sooth,
He should lie by her side!

The bed is laid, the toll is done,
The ready priest doth stand;
Come, let the flowers be strown! be strown!
Strike up, ye bridal band!

Forbear, forbear that cruel jest;
Be this the funeral song;
Farewell, the loveliest and the best
That ever died so young!"

And now to conclude, we take a stirring theme from the pen of the worthy and universally esteemed Editor, whose preface promises to rally more friends about him next year, and whose character makes every distinguished literary person his friend.

The Sea King's Death-Song.

"I'll launch my gallant bark no more,
Nor smile to see how gay
Its pennon dances, as we bound
Along the watery way;
The wave I walk on's mine—the god
I worship is the breeze;
My rudder is my magic rod
Of rule, on lakes and seas;
Blow, blow, ye winds, for lordly France,
Or shores of swarthy Spain;
Blow where ye list, of earth I'm lord,
When monarch of the main.

When last upon the surge I rode,
A strong wind on me shot,
And tossed me as I toss my plume,
In battle fierce and hot;
Three days and nights no sun I saw,
Nor gentle star nor moon;
Three foot of foam flashed o'er my decks,
I sang to see it—soon
The wind fell mute, forth shone the sun,
Broad dimpling smiled the brine;
I leap'd on Ireland's shore, and made
Half of her riches mine.

The wild hawk wets her yellow foot
In blood of serf and king;
Deep bites the brand, sharp smites the axe,
And helm and cuirass ring;
The foam flies from the charger's flanks,
Like wreaths of winter's snow;
Spears shiver, and the bright shafts start
In thousands from the bow—
Strike up, strike up, my minstrels all,
Use tongue and tuneful chord—
Be mute!—My music is the clang
Of cleaving axe and sword.

Cursed be the Norseman who puts trust
In mortar and in stone;

Who rears a wall, or builds a tower,
Or makes on earth his throne;
My monarch throne's the willing wave,
That bears me to the beach;
My sepulchre's the deep sea surge,
Where lead shall never reach;
My death-song is the howling wind,
That bends my quivering mast,—
Bid England's maidens join the song,
I there made orphans last.

Mourn, all ye hawks of heaven, for me,
Oft, oft, by frith and flood,
I called ye forth to feast on kings;
Who now shall give ye food?
Mourn, too, thou deep-devouring sea,
For of earth's proudest lords
We served thee oft a sumptuous feast
With our sharp shining swords;
Mourn, midnight, mourn, no more thou'lt hear
Armed thousands shout my name,
Nor see me rushing, red wet shod,
Through cities doomed to flame.

My race is run, my flight is flown;
And, like the eagle free,
That soars into the cloud and dies,
I leave my life on sea.
To man I yield not; spear nor sword
Ne'er harmed me in their ire,
Vain on me Europe shower'd her shafts,
And Asia poured her fire.
Nor wound nor scar my body bears,
My lip made never moan,
And Odin bold, who gave me life,
Now comes and takes his own.

Light! light there! let me get one look,—
Yon is the golden sky,
With all its glorious lights, and there
My subject sea flows by:
Around me all my comrades stand,
Who oft have trod with me
On prince's necks, a joy that's flown,
And never more may be.
Now put my helmet on my head,
My bright sword in my hand,
That I may die as I have lived,
In arms and high command."

Did we say we would quote no prose? We must, in the most direct and short manner possible, break our word!

"*Lord Byron.*—We cannot resist the temptation of illustrating our plate and our poetry with the following characteristic letter from Lord Byron, dated Genoa 1823, and addressed to one of his best and wisest friends. It is an answer to a letter advising economy and retrenchment. Its peculiar humour cannot be mistaken; the poet's resolution to become parsimonious was but a pleasant theory, for in practice he spent a fair fortune. '*** This is merely a line of advice to your honour, to get me out of the tremulous funds of these oscillatory times. There will be a war somewhere, no doubt; and wherever it may be, the funds will be affected more or less; so pray get us out of them with all proper expedition. It has been the burthen of my song to you these three years and better, and about as useful as wiser counsels. With regard to Chancery, appeals, arbitrations, surveyings, bills, fees, receipts, disbursements, copyrights, manorial ditto, funds, land, &c. &c. &c., I shall always be disposed to follow your more practised and practicable experience. I *will* economise, and *do*, as I have partly proved to you by my surplus revenue of 1822, which almost equals the ditto of the United States of America, in proportion, (vide President's report to Congress); and *do* you second my parsimony by judicious disbursements of what is requisite, and a moderate liquidation. Also make an investment of any spare monies as may render some usance to the owner; because, however little, 'every little makes a meikle,' as we of the north say, with more reason than rhyme. I hope that you have all receipts, &c. &c. &c., and acknowledgments of monies paid in liquidation of debts, to prevent extortion and hinder the fellows from coming twice, of which they would be capable, particularly as my absence would lend them a pretext. You will, perhaps, wonder at this recent and furious fit of accumulation and retrenchment; but it is not so unnatural, I am not naturally ostentatious, although once careless, and expensive because careless; and my most extravagant passions have pretty well subsided, as it is time that they should on the very verge of thirty-five. I always looked to about thirty as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine; and I flatter myself, that, perhaps, I have pretty well done so, and now the *dross* is coming, and *I loves lucre*; for we must love something; at least, if I have not quite worked out the others, it is not for want of labouring hard to do so. But, perhaps I deceive myself. At any rate, then, I have a passion the more; and, thus, a feeling. However, it is not for myself; but I should like, God willing, to leave something to my relatives more than a mere name; and besides that, to be able to do good to others to a greater extent. If nothing else will do, I must try bread and water, which, by the way, are very nourishing and sufficient, if good of their kind.

"NOEL BYRON.'"

Mémoires sur Josephine, &c. Colburn.

WE subjoin some further passages from this exceedingly lively and amusing volume. There is not much arrangement in the original; there is not any in our extracts.

"The Empress Josephine was present at St. Cloud, with the emperor, at the performance of the *Zingari in fiera* by Paësiello, who was in the box with their majesties. A superb air by Cimarosa had been introduced into it. Napoleon, passionately fond of Italian music, which he was very desirous of bringing into fashion, was in ecstasies at every piece, and paid Paësiello compliments, which were the more flattering, as the mouth from which they proceeded was seldom prodigal of such speeches. At length, when the air by Cimarosa was played, the emperor turned round, and taking Paësiello by the hand, exclaimed: 'By my faith, my friend, the man who has composed that air, may proclaim himself the greatest composer in Europe.' 'It is Cimarosa's,' feebly articulated Paësiello. 'I am sorry for it; but I cannot recall what I have said.' To atone in some degree for the chagrin of which he had been the cause, the emperor, who esteemed Paësielloe's talents, and was personally attached to him, sent him next day a handsome present."

"When above fifty years of age, Madame Visconti preserved the remains of extreme beauty, and inspired the Prince of Wagram with so violent a passion, that he was anxious to divorce her from her husband, and to marry her himself. The emperor opposed this project, and in order to deprive him for ever of the hope of seeing his wishes realised, negotiated for his favourite a marriage with the Princess of Bavaria. A few weeks after the celebration of these nuptials, M. Visconti died. 'What a pity it was so late!' exclaimed, in despair, his disconsolate widow."

"M. de G. so well known by his want of wit, his pretensions, his success with certain females, and his large fortune, was also remarkable for a determined squint. At a time when every body was in suspense in consequence of the vacillating conduct of the French government, M. de G. approached M. de Talleyrand, and said to him, 'Well, prince, how do affairs go on?' 'As you see.'"

"The reputation for avarice of M. de Cobentzel, the second ambassador of that name at Paris, was so decidedly established, that the Empress Josephine, then Madame Buonaparte, determined to laugh at him a little. One evening when she received company, she selected him as her partner at whist. He was unlucky, and they were beaten several rubbers in succession; his partner saying every time, 'I am grieved, count, to see you lose so much; but another day you will be more fortunate;' with many other phrases which pierced him to the heart, as he was persuaded that the wife of the first consul must play enormously high. Madame Buonaparte committed error after error, which tripled the misfortune of the unhappy man; and the perspiration rolled down his face in large drops. At length this eternal party ended; and the trembling ambassador, in a low tone of voice, asked how much he had to pay. 'Nothing, count,' answered Madame Buonaparte; 'and that explains to you the philosophy with which I have supported our reverses.' At these words the count's visage brightened; and he seemed quite happy at being quit of his fear. Yet this man had an income of two hundred thousand livres!"

"The attachment of M. de Talleyrand to Madame Grandt, who, though as handsome as an angel, was utterly incapable of entertaining the least notion of the superiority of the man whom she had, however, contrived to charm, astonished every body. Some one asked M. de Talleyrand how he could talk to so empty a person. 'It rests me,' was the answer."

"There are many people in the world who have a reputation which they do not deserve. Among these is the Duc de Laval, who has the character of being a perfect fool. It is reported of him that on one occasion he talked of having received an anonymous letter, signed by all the officers of his régiment; that on another, he ordered ottomans to be placed in the four corners of his octagon saloon, &c. &c. Madame de Montesson, however, who was very capable of judging of the talents of her acquaintance, denied that M. de Laval was so weak; and related several good things which he had said. He was in the habit of visiting her every day; but on one occasion he told her that he should not be there the next morning. She was very much surprised, therefore, the next morning, to see him enter as usual. 'You told me that you would not come to day.' 'Mon Dieu! I was in fact overwhelmed with business, and I did not expect to see you; but what could I do? My horses bring me here as instinctively as those of a devotee take her to church.' When he arrived in England, on his emigration from France, he called on several of the nobility, by whom he had been well received before the revolution. Almost all of them returned this politeness; but among those who failed to do so was the Duke of D———, who did not even take the trouble of writing to a man whom he supposed poor. Some time afterwards, they met at Lord Cholmondeley's. The master of the house asked M. de Laval to join a party at whist, with the Duke of D———. 'Probably,' observed his grace, 'M. de Laval will not be inclined to do so when he is told that we play very high.' 'I beg your pardon,' replied M. de Laval, 'I play from one guinea to one hundred a point; and it is on that account that I am surprised you have not returned my visit.'"

"When Napoleon was a lieutenant of artillery, he was under great obligations to a Madame de Chat—. Having nothing to live on but his pay, he was subject to great privations, and was frequently destitute of the commonest necessaries. Madame de Chat—, who was tenderly attached to him, invented a thousand

ways of supplying him with what he needed. She offered him an apartment in her house, and persuaded him, that by accepting it, he would render her a service, as the furniture was spoiling for want of being aired. She told him that she could not bear to eat alone; and that if her society did not annoy him too much, she would be delighted to benefit by his neighbourhood, in having some one to partake her meals. In a word, she rendered him many important services. Some time after Buonaparte's elevation she was totally ruined. She wrote to him several times, requesting some means of repairing her circumstances, but received no answer. Learning that there was to be a ball to celebrate the marriage of the emperor's adopted daughter, and imagining that he might on such a day be in a better humour than usual, she strained every nerve to obtain admission, hoping to have an opportunity of presenting a petition and speaking to the emperor; for it occurred to her that some secret enemy had prevented her letters from reaching him, as she could not conceive it possible that so many benefits were forgotten. Having placed herself in the gallery of Diana, as his majesty was passing, with a trembling hand she presented to him the paper on which her future fate depended. The emperor looked steadfastly at her, his countenance darkened, and with a stern voice he exclaimed, 'By what chance are you in my house?' The unhappy woman heard no more; she fainted, and was carried out. It is said, that the next day she received the brevet of a pension of 1200 francs. But even if so, ought she to have been made to purchase so dearly that which was in reality only the payment of a debt of gratitude?"

"On the restoration of the Bourbons, with the exception of the dresses, nothing was changed at the Tuileries. There were the same persons in the same places. This gave rise to a *bon-mot* on the part of the Prince de Léon, who had not held any office under the emperor. Meeting in the king's saloon Prince Berthier, the latter began talking to him about their mutual devotion to the royal family. 'There is, however, a great difference between us,' observed M. de Léon; 'you are attached, as cats are, to the house, and I, as dogs are, to the person of the master.'"

"On the formation of her household, the Empress Josephine requested of Napoleon that Madame de Nansouty (the wife of General de Nansouty) might be appointed one of the ladies of the bed-chamber. 'Her husband is too poor,' was the emperor's answer. 'Sire, you have pronounced his eulogy. There was nothing to prevent his enriching himself in Hanover; but he did not do so.' 'So much the worse for him; I sent him thither for that purpose. I will have about me only such persons as may render my court splendid by their style and expense.'"

"Louis the Eighteenth used to say, that punctuality is the politeness of kings. A *pendant* to this remark was the just and well-expressed observation of Madame de Souza, that cleanliness is the elegance of the poor."

"M. Portalès, who was born at Neufchâtel, in Switzerland, of parents who were in very indifferent circumstances, became, by his industry and good conduct, one of the greatest merchants on the continent. Before the revolution, it was his usage to attend regularly the large commercial sales at Amsterdam. When any event accidentally retarded his arrival, it was customary to wait a day or two for him. On one occasion, however, it happened that the entire produce of the herring-fishery (a thing of great importance in Holland, as the herrings are sent from that country to all parts of the world) was disposed of in his absence. He came just as the bargain had been concluded; and received the apologies of the purchasers for his having been left out of the transaction. 'Oh! it is of no consequence, gentlemen; another time you will not do so, I am sure.' Without losing a moment, he and some of his clerks went to all the coopers, and bought every barrel that could be obtained. The herrings beginning to arrive, the persons who had purchased the fishery began to look for barrels to pack them in, but were every where told that M. Portalès had secured and paid for them all. Boat after boat entering the harbour, and not knowing what to do with the immense quantity of herrings that were discharged upon the quays, they were at length compelled to apply to the monopoliser of barrels. M. Portalès made cent per cent of his bargain, the particulars of which he used afterwards to relate with great glee, and he was never again forgotten in any similar affair."

The following account of the manner in which the Empress Josephine received the news of her rival's having given Napoleon a son, shews that she was possessed of great magnanimity; or, if the good-natured world will not allow her credit for that, at least of great self-command.

"All the household (of Josephine at Navarre) were invited to dine with the Mayor of Evreux, and went accordingly; leaving, as usual, Madame d'Asberg with her majesty, whom she never quitted. In the midst of a magnificent feast, we saw an agent of the prefecture enter, with a letter for the mayor. This man's visage sparkled, and he exclaimed at the door, 'the King of Rome is born! It was on the 20th of March, 1811.' I cannot describe the effect of these words on the guests, who, rising precipitately, crowded round the bearer of this great news, and questioned him all at once respecting the event, and the sensation which it had produced in Paris. While the mayor ran to give the orders which he had received, M. Portales directed the carriages to be immediately prepared, that we might return instantly to Navarre, whither the prefect had sent a courier. * * * * Little knowing Josephine's greatness of soul, her entire abrogation of self, her absolute devotion to the happiness of the emperor, I fancied that a little of the woman must still remain in her, and that she would bitterly regret not being the mother of this infant, so warmly welcomed by a whole nation. I judged like a frivolous and superficial person, accustomed only to the important concerns of a ball-room. On arriving at the palace, I learnt the true character of her who had so long been the cherished companion of her sovereign, frequently his adviser, and always his friend. In stepping from the carriage, my notions underwent a complete change. I saw such satisfaction on every countenance, that it was easy for me to guess what were the empress's sentiments. Would any one have dared to smile if she were sad? Scarcely had we entered the saloon, before her majesty inquired if any details of the event had arrived. 'I regret,' she exclaimed every moment, 'being so far from Paris. At Malmaison I should have had news so quickly. I am rejoiced to see that the painful sacrifice which I made for France has been beneficial, and that her futurity is secure. How happy must the emperor be! The only thing that grieves me is, that I have not learnt his happiness from himself: but then he has so many orders to give—so many congratulations to receive! Ladies, here, as elsewhere, there must be a fête, to celebrate the accomplishment of so many wishes. I will give you a ball. As the apartments are not large, I will have the guard-room floored; for the whole town of Evreux will be anxious to come and rejoice with us; and, under such circumstances, I cannot assemble too many persons. Make your preparations, M. Pierlot; send for one of my full dresses; for on this occasion I will not receive my company in dishabille. As for you, gentlemen, I require you to wear your state costume.' I have added nothing to what Josephine said. The only difference is, that these phrases were not pronounced consecutively. The agreeable countenance of her majesty was frank and open while she spoke. It was impossible to doubt that the joy which she expressed was real. Never, in my opinion, did she more distinctly shew how deserving she was of the high condition to which she had attained. The next day the viceroy (Eugène Beauharnois) arrived; and gave us all the particulars we could desire. * * * The viceroy assured Josephine that the emperor said to him, when he took leave, 'you are going to see your mother, Eugène; tell her that I am sure she will rejoice more than any one, at my happiness. I would have written to her ere this, had I not been absorbed by the pleasure of looking at my son. I tear myself from him only for the performance of indispensable duties. This evening I will discharge the most pleasing of all; I will write to Josephine.' In fact, at eleven o'clock, just as we were about to take tea, we heard a great bustle in the ante-chambers; and presently the folding-doors of the gallery in which was her majesty, were suddenly thrown open by the usher, who exclaimed, 'from the emperor!' A young page, of a pleasing countenance, but who seemed harassed with fatigue, appeared. I believe it was M. de Saint Hilaire. The empress recognised him, although it was two years since she had seen him. To give him time to recover himself, she put several questions to him with that gracious air which pervaded every thing she did. This young man, the bearer of a letter in the hand-writing of the emperor, was so afraid of losing it, that he had thrust it into the bottom of his side-pocket; and it was with some difficulty that he found it. The empress, perceiving his embarrassment, continued to converse with him on matters personal to himself; and to testify to him the interest which she had taken in the fate of his uncle, who was killed in Spain. At last the letter was presented: her majesty retired with the viceroy to read it, and to reply to it; having given orders to prepare supper for M. de Saint Hilaire, whom she wished to retain until the next day, that he might rest himself; but he replied that he must set off as soon as he had received her majesty's answer. * * * In half an hour the empress returned to the saloon: her eyes were red, and the viceroy seemed to have been much agitated. We did not dare inquire the contents of the letter. Josephine guessing our curiosity, was so good as to satisfy it; and told us that she was going to read us that which had affected her so deeply. She first shewed us the page on which about eight or ten lines were written. In one place there were a great many blots. I do not exactly recollect the commencement; but the last sentence of the letter was, word for word, as follows: 'This infant, jointly with our Eugène,

will constitute my happiness, and that of France.' 'Is it possible,' remarked the empress, 'to be more amiable, than thus to endeavour to soften what at this moment would have been painful to me, if I did not so sincerely love the emperor? This bringing together (*rapprochement*) of my son and his, is worthy of the man who, when he wishes to be so, is more insinuating than any other.' * * * * When M. de Saint Hilaire came to receive her majesty's orders: 'That is for the emperor, and that for you,' said she to him, giving him her answer and a little red-morocco case, containing a diamond pin worth five thousand francs."

We understand that these interesting Memoirs, a translation of which will appear in a few days, were written by Madame Ducrest, the niece of Madame de Genlis.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Jew Exile; a Pedestrian Tour and Residence in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, under Persecution. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Wilson.

THE *Jew Exile*, and under persecution, leads us to expect a tale of religious opinions, opposed and supported by that enthusiastic faith, in which human prejudices form too large a part. No such thing; it is a question of debts, not creeds,—the persecutors are bailiffs; and the *Jew Exile* is only an extravagant bankrupt, running away from his creditors. Story there is none; and the letters are rhapsodies, containing subjects mingled in strange confusion; most inflated descriptions of scenery; mouthings of misanthropy; occasional incidents, sketched with the coarsest of all possible pens;—in short, the whole is one of those productions whose aim and origin it puzzles even a critic to discover: the motto of the title-page is its own and true character—

"All my faults perchance thou knowest—
All my madness none can know."

Tales of the Affections. By Mrs. Caddick. London. 1 vol. 12mo. Longman and Co.

A PRETTY little volume, written with considerable taste and feeling. The Soldier's Sister is a tale which will interest many a youthful reader, and is certainly the best in the book. As for the Broken Vow, the hint is too evidently taken from the Surgeon's Daughter in the Chronicles of the Canongate; and we think there is a want of originality in some of the rest.

Past Feelings renovated; or, Ideas occasioned by the perusal of Dr. Hibbert's "Philosophy of Apparitions," written with the view of counteracting any Sentiments approaching to Materialism, which that Work, however unintentional on the part of the Author, may have a tendency to produce. 12mo. pp. 323. London, 1828. G. B. Whittaker.

IT is curious to observe the strong hold of prejudice when in league with the imagination; the love of the marvellous is such an inherent passion, that in proportion as science makes dark places clear, and philosophy brings hidden truths to light, the mind clings the more obstinately to the few remaining penetralia of superstitious wonder left in the present age of discovery. Alchymists, witches, rosicrucians, have gradually faded from the mystic circle of belief; and we fear, in spite of the efforts made by the author of the present volume, ghosts must share the same fate. We are no longer what Allan Cunningham so well calls "a fine believing world;" we analyse, examine, and philosophise on every thing: we doubt whether, in a little time, even a lover's vow will be taken on trust. A graver fault we have to find with this writer, is the religious turn he has given the subject; for Christianity has a better foundation than popular superstitions. Yet our author is a well-meaning, but injudicious advocate—supernatural revealings are not in the spirit of a religion as much based on reason as on faith, and whose empire, having stood the test of ages, needs now no miracles to enforce it on the mind.

The Sailor, or the Coquet Cottage; and other Poems. By W. Gibson. 12mo. pp. 104. Cowie and Strange.

AN unpretending provincial effort, which, though it can hope for little notice in the metropolis, may find friends amid its local scenery, Northumberland.

Sacred Songs. By W. Petter. 18mo. pp. 132. Longman and Co.

PARAPHRASES and imitations of Psalms and portions of Scripture, of a pleasing order, and deserving of a kindly reception from the religious public.

Richard Cœur de Lion. Pp. 35. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

"POWER" and "gore" are not rhymes; and altogether this poem has nothing to have recommended it for publication.

A Manual of Mineralogy, in which is shewn how much Cornwall contributes to the Illustration of the Science. Post 8vo. pp. 245. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

A VERY copious, though a very concise, Manual, and one calculated not only to illustrate the mineral productions of Cornwall, but generally to interest and inform all the students of this important branch of science.

Permanent and Field Fortification; with Attack and Defence: for the Use of Schools and Self-Instruction. By C. Irving, LL.D. 4to. pp. 30. Longman and Co.

WE asked our friend the Captain, and he said this was a very good work: for our parts, we know nothing about fortifications, never having been behind the curtain.

A few Observations on the Present State of the Poor and Poor-Laws; and a Remedy for the Evils respecting them. By John Pole, Esq. Commander in the Royal Navy.

CAPTAIN POLE remonstrates with great justice against the scandalous practice which has for several years prevailed in some of the counties of England, of reducing the wages of agricultural labourers to a mere pittance, insufficient for their support, and then making up the deficiency to them out of the poor-rates; thus insolently affecting to bestow, in the degrading shape of charity, that to which our honest and hard-working countrymen are fully entitled as a matter of right! The remedy which the gallant captain recommends, is (not a new one) to let to every labouring man, at a moderate rent, half an acre or an acre of ground, for cultivation at his leisure hours; and thus to enable him to gain a subsistence for himself and his family, without undergoing the humiliation attendant on receiving assistance from the parish.

Devotions for Schoolboys; together with some Rules of Conduct given by a Father to his Son on going to School. Rivingtons.

A VERY, very small, but a very good book to be put into the hands of every schoolboy. It is at once pious and rational.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 16

THE moment approaches which is to decide the fate of theatrical literature. Shakespeare's tragedies are *à l'étude;* and the public look anxiously for the promised regeneration in the dramatic art. Much must depend on the prudence of innovators on old systems to make good their cause, otherwise the ancient *us* (which M. de la Vigne *affections* as though his happiness both here and hereafter depended on that monosyllable) will resume its power, and composition will be clad in all its former classic armour.

M. Mallarme, who was detected of fraud in the Post-office, excites a very general interest in his favour. It is supposed by some that matters will be hushed up, as a public examination would bring to light what it is the interest of government to keep secret. Every effort is making to have him released.

Colonel Fabbier's arrival here has happily given a turn to conversation. Anecdotes with regard to him multiply into volumes; and facts are related, which I am quite persuaded he never heard of: he will make the fortune of some anonymous biographer.

I am happy to announce that the beggar trade is reformed: those who have no means of existence are forced to accept the asylum which government offers, and resign their liberty. This law will prevent new hoards of country beggars from visiting the capital; and the assassin from concealing his murderous intentions under the garb of rags.

A new invention for heating rooms has met with much encouragement. A piece of quicklime dipped into water, and shut hermetically into a box constructed for the purpose, is said to give almost a purgatory heat, and prevent the necessity of fire during the winter.

I hear that a steam coach is soon to make its appearance in this capital, and convey passengers to St. Cloud for half the price of the steam packet, which has the bad effect of destroying all the fish, and forcing fasters to break ordinances.

Many fatal events have lately occurred in the gambling world, owing to the easy accession which all ranks have to the *maisons de jeu:* drowning or shooting generally finishes the career of the gamester; and desolate fathers and widowed wives are left to weep the loss of their sons and husbands, as well as the ruin of their fortunes. Lotteries, too, are another source of misery; and it is curious to see those *bureaux de fortune*, at dawn of day, crowded by men and women, all of whom have dreamt dreams portending the numbers which are to turn up; and these poor wretches often put their last *wearable* in pledge to purchase the chance of a prize. We have also patented professors in mystic sciences, who hold forth to the public *en plein air*, and, for the sum of two *sous*, reveal the future to the wondering crowd, who would sell their birthright to buy a ticket in the lottery of the numbers he indicates.

M. Carle Vernet, member of the Institute, is deputed by the French government to execute several works destined to ornament the public edifices in this city. In a few years we shall be completely *à la Romaine*, at least as far as regards the *beaux arts*, and *à l'Anglais* as to *la civilisation industrieuse*.

If French romances are admired in London, *Le Soir*, by M. Etienne, is the reigning favourite with fair Parisians.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF DAVID HUME.

[We are favoured with the MS. of this letter, which has not appeared in any publication, to our knowledge; though, being written to another celebrated individual, and on the first flush of David's flattering reception at the court of France, it seems to us to be one of the most *naïve* and interesting of his epistolary correspondence.]

Fontainebleau, 9 Nov. 1763.

DEAR FERGUSON,—I have now passed four days at Paris, and about a fortnight in the court at Fontainebleau, amidst a people who, from the royal family downwards, seem to have it much at heart to persuade me, by every expression of esteem, that they consider me as one of the greatest geniuses in the world. I am convinced that Louis XIV. never, in any three weeks of his life, suffered so much flattery,—I say, suffered; for it really confounds and embarrasses me, and makes me look sheepish. Lord Hertford has told them that they will chase me out of France, *à coup des compléments et des louanges*. Our friend General Clerk came to this place after I had passed a week in it; and the first thing he said to me was, that he was sure I had never passed so many days with so little satisfaction. I asked him how he had happened to guess so well; he said, because he knew me, and knew the French. I really wish often for the plain roughness of the *poker*, and particularly the sharpness of Dr. Jardine, to correct and qualify so much luscious ness. However, I meet sometimes with incidents that please me, because they contain no mixture of French complaisance or exaggeration. Yesterday I dined at the Duc de Pralin's, the secretary of state. After we had risen from dinner, I went into a corner to converse with somebody; when I saw enter the room a tall gentleman, a little elderly, with a ribaud and star, who immediately called out to the Duchesse de Pralin, *Ha! Madame la Duchesse, que je suis content! j'ai vu Monsieur Hume à la cour aujourd'hui.* Upon inquiry, I was told he was a man of quality, esteemed one of the cleverest and most sensible about the court.

In two or three days we return to Paris, where I hope to live more at my ease, and shall pass my time with really great men—for there are such at present among the literati of France. Certainly there is something perverse either in the structure of our mind or in the incidents of life. My present situation ought naturally to appear an object of envy. For besides those circumstances of an universal good reception from all ranks of people, nothing can be more amiable than the character of the family with whom I live, and nothing can be more friendly than their behaviour to me. My fortune has already received a considerable increase by a pension procured me by Lord Hertford, and settled, as they tell me, for life. Mr. Bunbury has been told that he must not go to Paris, which my lord considers as a sure prelude to my being soon secretary to the embassy—an office which will expose me to little expense, and bring me a thousand a year increase of revenue, and puts me in the road to all the great foreign employments. Yet I am sensible that I set out too late, and that I am misplaced; and I wish twice or thrice a-day for my easy chair, and my retreat in James's Court. Never think, dear Ferguson, that as long as you are master of your own fire-side and your own time, you can be unhappy, or that any other circumstance can make an addition to your enjoyment.

When I think of my own house, you may believe I often reflect on Josey, who, I am afraid, will be more a loser by my absence than ever I shall be a gainer by it; I mean in point of his education. I beg of you to have some inspection over him; and as often as my sister shall send to you to ask your advice, that you will be sure to give it. I am afraid that there occurs a difficulty at present about entering him to the Greek. He is too far advanced by his learning for the class in the High School, to which he is put; and yet he is too young to go to the college. For this reason I thought that he might learn something of the Greek before he finished his Latin course, as is the practice in England; and accordingly Murray, in Musselburgh, gave him some lessons in that language. I propose that he should continue on the same footing in Edinburgh; but I am at a loss how it may be done. A master to himself alone would not give him any emulation; and were he put to any other school for this purpose, the hours would interfere with those of the High School. Be so good as to speak to Mathison, and then give your opinion to my sister.

Please remember me to Mr. and Mrs. Adams. I saw Willy a moment at Fontainebleau; he had arrived a quarter of an hour after Jemmy left it, whom I did not see. These two brothers have been hunting one another in vain through all France; but I hope they have met at last in Paris.

When you favour me with a letter, put it under cover to the Earl of Hertford, and direct it to him at Northumberland House in the Strand: letters so directed come to us with the greatest safety. Make my compliments to Baron Moore and Mrs. Moore, and to all that family. I shall write to the baron soon. Tell Dr. Blair that I have conversed here twice or thrice with the Duchesse D'Aiguillon, who has been amusing herself with translating passages of Ossian; and I have assured her that the authenticity of those poems is to be proved soon beyond all contradiction. Andrew Stewart is here at present: I met with nobody here that doubts of the justice of his cause. I hope your fine judges will at last be ashamed of their scandalous partiality. I should be glad to hear of all friends. I am, dear Ferguson, with great sincerity, and without flattery, your affectionate friend and servant,

DAVID HUME.

P.S. I beg you to keep the follies of the above letter to yourself. I had a letter from Lord Marischal to-day, who tells me, that he is to pass the winter at Edinburgh. Wait often on him,—you will like him extremely: carry all our friends to him, and endeavour to make him pass his time as agreeably as possible.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

EGYPT.

First Letters from M. de Champollion, Jun.

Alexandria, Aug. 18th and 29th.

HAVING described the voyage and arrival at Alexandria, Mr. C. says:

"After a ride of half an hour, with many turnings and windings, we reached the residence of M. Drovetti, consul-general of France, whose kind reception completed our satisfaction. He enhanced his kindness by offering me a lodging in the palace of France. I have found in it a small and very agreeable apartment, formerly occupied by Kleber; and it was not without lively emotion that I lay down in the alcove in which the victor of Heliopolis slept."

A good deal of rather Gallic slip-slop follows, for a scientific letter, and the writer continues:

"I have visited all the monuments in the environs. Pompey's Pillar has nothing remarkable in it. It rests on a solid base, composed of ancient fragments; and I have discovered among them the cartouche of Psammetticus II. I have not neglected the Greek inscription which belongs to the pillar, and respecting which there are still some doubts. A good impression on paper will put an end to them. I have visited more frequently the obelisks of Cleopatra, always mounted on our asses, which the young Arabs call a *bon cabal* (a Provençal denomination). Of these two obelisks, that which is standing has been given to the king by the Pasha of Egypt, and I hope that proper means will be adopted to convey this obelisk to Paris; that which lies on the ground belongs to the English. I have already copied and had drawings made, under my own eye, of their hieroglyphic inscriptions. For the first time, therefore, I can say there will be an accurate design of them. These two obelisks, with three columns of characters on each face, were first erected by King Mœris, before the great Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. The lateral inscriptions are of Sesostris; and I have discovered two other very short ones on the east face, which are of the successor of Sesostris. Thus three epochs are marked on these monuments. The antique dado of rose granite on which each of them was placed, still exists; but setting my Arabs to dig, under the direction of our architect, M. Bibens, I have discovered that this dado rests on a base with three steps, which is of Greek or Roman workmanship."

The audience of the viceroy, on the 24th of August, at eight o'clock in the morning, is described; but has nothing new to interest readers, except that he gave the firmans necessary for the prosecution of the expedition, and ordered two Tchaous of the viceroy to attend the party every where.

M. C.'s letter concludes thus:

"I intend to remain at Alexandria till the 12th of September, to make our preparations. The heat of Cairo, and a rather mild disorder, which prevails there, will have abated by that time. We are here in a country which is Europe in miniature;—well received and regaled by all the consuls of the West, who express the most lively interest in our enterprise. We have been all together assembled successively at the residences of Messrs. Acerbi, Rosetti, Anastasy, and Pedemonte, the consuls of Austria, Tuscany, Sweden, and Sardinia; I also met M. Mechin, the French consul at Larnaka, in Cyprus, who is one of those that accompanied the French expedition to Egypt.

"I am full of confidence in the result of our expedition; may it answer the wishes of the government and those of our friends! I will not spare myself in any respect to make it succeed. I shall write from all the Egyptian cities, though the post-offices of the Pharaohs no longer exist in them. I shall reserve the details of the wonders of Thebes for our venerable friend M. Dacier. Adieu!

"CHAMPOLLION, Jun."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Gem.—In his advertisements, the editor of the *Gem* has dwelt so slightly upon the embellishments of his volume, that we are very agreeably surprised to find many of them quite admirable. "The Widow," engraved by

S. Davenport, from a picture by R. Leslie, R.A. is one of the sweetest and most affecting little prints that we have yet seen; and we are at a loss which to praise the more—the composition and expression of the painter, or the flow of line and exquisite harmony of the engraver. "May Talbot," engraved by J. C. Edwards, from a picture by A. Cooper, R.A., is equally beautiful, although of an entirely opposite character. In the print which we have just before mentioned, all is repose and union; here, all is activity and opposition: it is a little Wouvermans, and the execution of the plate is worthy of the design. "The Temptation on the Mount," engraved by W. R. Smith, from a picture by J. Martin. We lately read a list of the travellers who had ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc, and certainly Mr. Martin's name was not in it—a circumstance which renders it still more difficult to account for the facility with which he spreads before the eye immense masses, telescopic details, and unlimited space. "Harry and his Dog," engraved by A. W. Warren, from a picture by W. F. Witherington—a charming representation of the happiness of rustic childhood. "The Fisherman's Daughter," engraved by J. Phelps, from a picture by R. T. Bone; highly interesting. Subjects of this nature are too frequently debased by excessive vulgarity: Mr. Bone is perhaps chargeable with the opposite, but much more venial, error. "The Young Helvetian," engraved by W. Ensom, from a picture by J. R. West. Although in parts a little hard and cutting, there is an originality in the treatment of this subject which makes it very attractive. "The Death of Keeldar." It is not necessary to be a sportsman to be perfectly sensible of the pathos of this interesting composition. There are eight other plates in the volume, most of them exceedingly pleasing, engraved by Engleheart, Goodyear, Mitchell, W. Cooke, Edwards, Davenport, Smith, and Ensom, from pictures by A. Cooper, R.A., A. E. Chalon, R.A., H. Howard, R.A., F. P. Stephanoff, J. R. West, W. F. Witherington, and H. Corbould.

The Keepsake for 1829.—What a theme for reflection does human talent afford! How various,—and, still more, how illimitable!—There have been several of the plates in the different forthcoming Annuals which have already passed under our review, that appeared to us, at the time we were looking at them, to be incapable of being excelled; and yet—perhaps some allowance is due to the superior strength of the immediate impression made upon the eye to that which is only left on the memory, but—we do really think that two or three of the jewels now lying before us transcend any thing of the kind that we have before met with. In the very first rank of these is "The Tapestried Chamber," engraved by J. Goodyear, from a drawing by F. P. Stephanoff. We are quite at a loss to find words for our admiration of this superlative production. Whether considered with reference to the composition, the expression, or the effect, it is, in every one and in all of those points of view, a most extraordinary work. It renders us exceedingly eager to read the tale that has called forth such powers, and, more especially, that has suggested the haggard, ghastly, and appalling midnight visitant, who, once seen, will not easily be forgotten. The merits of Mr. Goodyear in the manner in which he has transferred Mr. Stephanoff's conceptions to the plate, are beyond all praise. Striking as the work is on the first glance, it must be long and attentively contemplated and examined before its numerous beauties can be justly appreciated. "Love," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. Who could believe that the same mind which was capable of producing the dreadful apparition to which we have just adverted, was also capable of producing the bewitching model of feminine delicacy, grace, and beauty, which we are now noticing?! Well indeed may such an angelic being excite the sudden, ardent, and overpowering passion of which the print is an illustration. In this, as in the last-mentioned plate, Mr. Stephanoff has been nobly seconded by his engraver. Skilful as Mr. Heath has long been, we do not believe that he ever before finished any work so deliciously. "Mrs. Peel," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. They who recollect Sir Thomas's splendid picture in the Exhibition before the last, will be delighted with this miniature copy of it. The beauty of the countenance, the breadth of the general effect, and the sparkling brilliancy of many of the details, have been imitated with surprising fidelity, sweetness, and spirit. "Lake Albano," engraved by R. Wallis, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. A fascinating little landscape. Notwithstanding the experience to which we adverted in the commencement of this notice, we doubt the possibility of surpassing the exquisite transparency and flatness of the distant water, contrasted as its tender tones are by the firmness and vigour of the figures and accessories in the foreground. "The Gleaner," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by J. Holmes. Crabbed, cold-blooded, and insensible as critics are, or are supposed to be, we think we could hardly pass the stile against which this delightful little creature is reclining, (with an evident intention to extend to *eyes* and *hearts* the designs which she has been so successfully practising on *ears*,) without, at least, a smile of approbation. But we must protest against Mr. Holmes's perspective; for it is so managed, that the distance from the feet of the charmer to the *point d'appui* of her elbow seems to be about three yards. The print is sweetly engraved. "Lago Maggiore," engraved by W. R. Smith, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Rich and magnificent scenery. The distant mountains are full of grandeur. We have frequently lamented that Mr. Turner has such a *penchant* for making his clouds rocky. Mr. Smith has no doubt softened this effect ("to soften rocks!"); but, of course, he could not entirely obviate it. "The Garden of Boccacio," engraved by F. Engleheart, from a drawing by T. Stothard, R.A. The grace and taste of Mr. Stothard's pencil, in subjects of this description, are too well known to require our eulogium. We are not aware, however, to what it is attributable,—probably to the too great strength of the middle distance,—but the figures have somewhat of a Lilliputian appearance. "Clorinda, or the Necklace of Pearl," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture of F. P. Stephanoff. A fine and forcible print. We know that a slight diminution of the just proportion of the head to the figure imparts elegance; but is not that principle carried a little too far in the present instance? "Adelinda," engraved by C. Heath, from a drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A. If any thing could reconcile us, either on the boards, on canvass, on paper, or any where else, to the assumption of male attire by lovely woman, it would be the exquisite effeminacy, purity, and tenderness, with which Mr. Chalon has here invested his subject. "Georgiana, Duchess of Bedford," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by E. Landseer, R.A. An elegant and dignified portrait. The head is sweetly beautiful. It strikes us, however, that there is a slight inaccuracy in the drawing of the back of the neck, and in the manner in which the arm springs from the shoulder. "Jealousy," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. Very fine, although (quite properly) not exactly so fascinating as "Love." "Lucy in search of her Children," engraved by C. Heath, from a picture by R. Westall. Decidedly in Mr. Westall's usual manner; but full of power and interest. But we are much surpassing our accustomed limits; and must therefore close our detailed remarks, and content ourselves with saying, generally, that the remaining plates, viz. "The Magic Mirror," engraved by E. Portbury, from a drawing by J. M. Wright;—"Anne Page and Slender," engraved by C. Rolls, from a drawing by H. Richter;—"Scene at Abbotsford," engraved by C. Westwood, from a picture by E. Landseer, A.R.A.;—"Fancy descending among the Muses," engraved by E. Portbury, from a design by H. Howard, R.A.;—"Lucy and her Bird," engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by J. M. Wright;—and "The Laird's Jock," engraved by C. Heath, from a drawing by H. Corbould,—although some of them are possessed of a greater, others of a less degree of merit,—are all justly entitled to commendation. The work, taken as a whole, does the highest honour to English art.

Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage. Engraved by James Mitchell, from a picture by D. Wilkie, R.A. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

It is pleasing to see the Muse of history occasionally relax from the general severity of her deportment, exchange the buskin for the sock, cease to be heroic and classical, and condescend to be familiar and entertaining. She must have been in one of these her gayer moods when she inspired our great painter of domestic life with the determination to take a *monarch* for his *subject*, and to represent him, in the picture from which this fine print has been engraved, under circumstances, the contemplation of which mingles mirth at his embarrassment, with respect for his dignity, and reverence for his virtue. The moment chosen is that at which Alfred, having been intrusted by the wife of the neatherd, in whose cottage he had sought shelter in disguise, with the care of some cakes which are baking at the fire, happens, in a fit of abstraction, to let them burn; and is sharply rated by the good woman for his negligence. The scolding expression of the housewife is admirably contrasted by the somewhat disconcerted, somewhat comical, but still royal countenance of the prince, who listens to the unaccustomed tone of rebuke in a manner which strongly reminds us of Kemble in Charles the Second, when the blunt sailor suddenly asks him where he got his watch. Behind is the neatherd himself. He has just returned from his out-of-door occupations, is steadily gazing at Alfred, and evidently entertains a suspicion that "he is not what he seems." A child kneeling at the hearth, probably apprehensive of losing a meal, is, with puffed cheeks, eagerly endeavouring to repair the consequences of the king's heedlessness. In the back-ground is a girl kneading; with whom is conversing a figure, which, besides its other pictorial qualities, is rendered highly interesting by its being a striking resemblance, *en profile*, of the painter himself. The furniture of the cottage, and the

various accessories, are introduced and composed with Mr. Wilkie's usual skill. The execution of the plate, which is a line engraving, does Mr. Mitchell the highest credit.

The Spanish Flower-Girl. Engraved by R. Graves, from a painting by Murillo.

This is to be the frontispiece to the *Amulet* for 1829. Every body knows the exquisite beauty and character of the original picture, which is one of the most valuable ornaments of the Dulwich Gallery, rich as that gallery is in the works of Murillo. The name of Mr. Graves is new to us as an engraver for any of the Annuals, and we rather think that this is his first contribution to them. Under these circumstances, and without entering into any invidious comparisons, we can justly say, that his plate is highly creditable to him; and that we have no doubt he will give us future opportunities of more unreserved eulogium.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Farren made his appearance at this theatre last Thursday week, and played *Sir Peter Teazle* in his usual style of excellence. Mr. Liston was the *Crabtree*, and Mr. Harley the *Sir B. Backbite*—both, we believe, for the first time. They could not be otherwise than amusing; but they were certainly out of their element. Mr. Jones, who was evidently labouring under indisposition, played *Charles Surface*, and Mr. Cooper *Joseph*; but, next to Farren's *Sir Peter*, the *Mrs. Candour* of Mrs. Davison deserves the most honourable mention. A translation of *La Reine de Seize Ans*, was announced for representation yesterday; and we perceive by the bills that the popularity of *The Green-eyed Monster* has induced Mr. Price to put it into rehearsal at this theatre.

COVENT GARDEN.

A translation of the comédie-vaudeville called *La Belle Mère*, by Scribe and Bayard, was produced on Wednesday evening, under the title of the *Step-Mother*. *Mr. Bramwell*, a merchant, who has suffered some severe pecuniary losses, is restored to opulence by the love and gratitude of a young lady, whose fortune he was originally the means of preserving to her, and who now bestows it with her hand upon her excellent, but somewhat aged, benefactor. The children of a former marriage (two boys and a girl) are exceedingly indignant at the prospect of being subjected to the tyranny of a step-mother; and, with the old housekeeper, who, of course, trembles for her situation and influence, heap every opprobrious epithet upon the head of the unknown and hated intruder. The lady arrives, and being mistaken for an expected companion for *Miss Clara Bramwell*, is let into a plot against herself, and eagerly pressed to become a party to it. She humours the deceit, and by her kindness of heart, liveliness of disposition, and beauty of person, gradually wins the affections of the unconscious conspirators.—Mr. Lacy is the transplanter of this trifle; but it requires more tact and taste than he appears to possess to catch and preserve one of these French butterflies in all their delicacy and brilliancy. He knocked it down with his hat, and, satisfied with having secured the insect for himself, pins it to his paper, without observing that his fingers have robbed it of that impalpable plumage, in which all the beauty of its "exquisite wing" consisted. He was much more fortunate in his drama of *The Two Friends*, which being a subject of "sterner stuff" bore the handling better; and, indeed, was improved by being vigorously clutched. Its features were broader, its characters more English. The manners and sentiments of the ladies and gentlemen in the *Step-Mother* are decidedly French, and their English dress and language neither fit nor become them. There is one exceedingly objectionable point in the piece. No woman, so sensible, so virtuous, and so highly minded, as Mr. Lacy would have us suppose Mrs. Bramwell to be, would bestow the daughter of her husband, off hand, upon a scamp of a colonel who, not five minutes before, has insulted *her*, the wife of his best friend, with an open avowal of his passion, and who, from his whole conduct, she must consider, at least, an egregious ass, if he be not an unprincipled coxcomb. Miss Jarman and Mr. Bartley, as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Bramwell*, and Mr. Wrench, as the Colonel, did as much as was possible with the materials allotted to them: but the gem of the piece was Miss Goward's personation of the second son, *Julius*, a sentimental schoolboy—his heart divided between plum-cake and the tender passion! This young lady is very nearly the best actress now on the stage. Several busy-bodies, by the by, have been indefatigable lately in their efforts to marry this good and clever little girl to as good and clever a little comedian. Perhaps they will permit us to suggest a match, in our turn. We wish Mr. Raymond would marry Miss Cawse: we are sure it would be a happy union. Both have excellent teeth and capital heads—of hair. They would do nothing but smile and look pretty the live-long day; and each thinking so exceedingly well of themselves as they evidently do, congeniality of mind and disposition would render them, it is to be trusted, equally satisfied with each other.

The *Step-Mother* was but coolly received; and we do not think it likely to have a long existence. It was followed by Dibdin's opera of the *Quaker*, revived for the purpose of introducing Mr. Wood as *Steady*, Mr. B. Taylor as *Lubin*, and Misses Hughes and Forde as *Gillian* and *Floretta*. Mr. Taylor, we repeat, is a good musician; but he has no voice: his manners and person are unsuited to the characters generally appropriated to a first male singer; and we are convinced he never will be a favourite in a large theatre. Mr. Wood, on the contrary, is nightly advancing in popularity. He gave the well-known air, "While the Lads of the Village," in the true style of old English singing; and long as the song is, it commanded a most hearty and unanimous *encore*. Let him only take care of himself—he has every thing to hope from the public. Miss Hughes sang her first song modestly and sweetly; but her cadences in the second act were not only vulgar, but terribly out of tune. She should abstain from flourishes, which are merely supportable when brilliantly executed, and positively offensive under any other circumstances. Miss Forde is a better actress than a singer, though she does not seem to think so.

ADELPHI.

On Tuesday, the *Mason of Buda*, a lively and interesting, a dramatic and amusing burletta, in two acts, was added to the stock of nightly entertainments at this full-blown small theatre. It is from the fertile pen of Mr. Planché, of whom we see it often and easily said (in disparagement, possibly not always meant, of extraordinary success upon the stage) that he is a clever adapter from the French, an ingenious writer, a person of great tact in theatrical affairs, &c. &c.; upon which, as fair by-standers, looking on at the play, and seeing a good deal of the game, all that we shall now remark is, that we wish we could see superior genius addressed to dramatic literature. In our judgment, Mr. Planché uses dramatic literature as he finds it; and the man who has furnished half a hundred popular productions, is not, as we think, to be accused of wanting higher powers than he has displayed; the fact is, these higher powers are not wanted, or he would soon display them. Our historical aspirants come in a few years to portrait painting; and it is no imputation on any writer for the theatres, to see him falling into the lighter taste of the day and fancy subjects. To such belongs the *Mason of Buda*, a clever little piece, with the music by Mr. Rodwell, very sweetly composed, and the acting as good as need be to pass such portion as it occupies of a pleasant evening. Two lovers, *Count Emerich* (Sinclair), and *Imra*, a Turkish girl (Miss Graddon), get into a dreadful scrape with *Abdallah*, a despotic Turk (J. Smith), who dooms them to be chained to a rock, and *walled in*. *Peter Stein*, the mason (T. P. Cook), and *Aspen*, a locksmith (Wilkinson), are employed to execute this agreeable job, and through their means the captives are ultimately liberated, and the affair ends comfortably. *Peter Stein* and *Aspen* have also wives, who take part in the piece, and add to its whim and incident. Since the first night it has been eminently and deservedly growing in favour, and is always received with great applause.

Sinclair's delicious notes, every one, tell on the ear in this commodious house; and he is invariably encored in his beautiful song, "My Imra, come!" Indeed, all the rest of the music does Mr. Rodwell much credit; and the appropriate recurrence of the fine leading air, on which much of the *dénouement* turns, has the happiest effect. Cooke and Wilkinson are excellent in the mason and blacksmith; and Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Daly, and Mrs. Gallot, in their respective wives and a watchful neighbour. Miss Graddon is the heroine.

VARIETIES.

French Improvement.—Another order has been sent by the French minister of war to the commanders of different corps of the army, to furnish him with a complete list of the soldiers who are uneducated, and an account of the number of military schools of mutual instruction, which have been established. This order has been forwarded with a view to provide instruction for the troops wherever it may be deemed expedient.

Potato Farina.—The farina obtained from potatoes is now an article of commerce in Scotland, where very fine samples of it are brought to market. It is stated to be quite equal to genuine arrow-root, and is sold at about half the price of that preparation. Mixed with wheaten flour in the proportion of one-third, it is a great improvement to household bread, and is light of digestion. Sir John Sinclair's mode of preparing the farina is perhaps generally known; but the following short account of the process for domestic use may not be uninteresting. Into a pail of clean water place a fine colander or coarse sieve, so that it may be two inches in the water; grate the potatoes when pared into the colander, taking care from time to time to agitate the pulp in the colander, so that the farina may fall to the bottom of the pail. When the fibrous part which remains in the colander or sieve, has accumulated so as to impede the washing of

the farina into the pail, remove it. About one gallon of potatoes is sufficient for a pail of water. After the water has remained in an undisturbed state for twelve hours, pour it off, the farina will be in a cake at the bottom. It is to be dried slowly before the fire, being rubbed occasionally between the hands to prevent its becoming lumpy; and it is then fit for use. The French prepare an extract from the apple in the same way; but this is expensive, as the farinaceous part of the apple is very small.

End of the World.—A popular panic, the origin of which it is difficult to discover, spread itself over Europe towards the conclusion of the tenth century. It was believed that the world would be destroyed at the termination of the year 1000. That epoch was awaited with an anxiety that may easily be conceived; but it passed without any extraordinary event. A profound feeling of piety then took possession of all hearts. Every one thought that he owed to Heaven a token of acknowledgment for having rescued him from so terrible a danger. The kings and the nobility, who had partaken of the general alarm, were the first to prove their gratitude, by building churches, which were consecrated to God, or rich monasteries destined for his servants. It was a contest of magnificence and generosity. In a short time Europe was covered with a great portion of those Gothic abbeys and churches which are still the ornaments of the most remarkable and picturesque scenes. A contemporary writer, Glaber Radulph, characterised this epoch by a singular and energetic image: "Erat enim," says he, "ut si mundus ipse excutiendo semet, rejectâ vetustate, passim candidam ecclesiarum vestem indueret."

Servants.—A fund has lately been established at Stockholm, from which it is intended to reward faithful and good servants. The king has contributed to it a thousand crowns; the prince royal five hundred; the princess royal three hundred. This is an example worthy of imitation in England. We hear constant complaints of bad servants; but no means are adopted of encouraging them to be better. Servants are very like their masters and mistresses; that is, they are very apt to be influenced by motives of interest.

The Mole.—Does the mole see? Aristotle, and all the Greek philosophers, maintain that it does not; Galen, on the contrary, maintains that it does. The question has been re-agitated in modern days. Naturalists discovered the eye; but as it was unprovided with an optic nerve, its capacity of vision was still doubted. It has, however, since been ascertained that the mole actually sees, and that it is enabled to do so by the aid of a particular nerve, of which it is exclusively possessed.

The Ear.—It appears by recent experiments made on the semi-circular ducts of the ear, that the division of them by the scissors produces no sensible effect on the hearing, but occasions a complete derangement of the bodily movements.

Provision for the Poor.—It is reported, and we hope with truth, that the experiment we so earnestly recommended in our last *Gazette*, of settling the poor in *home colonies*, where they may be rendered productive to the community and useful to themselves, is about to be tried on a considerable scale, near London. Success, in our opinion, cannot be doubted; and if the scheme should come to be sufficiently extended, it must effect one of the most important reforms in our internal national economy.

French Scientific Expeditions.—In the second expedition to the Morea, should it really set out, there will be another commission of learned and scientific men, who will be furnished with abundant pecuniary and other means for the prosecution of their researches. To the commission in Egypt there will be additions; and an expedition is spoken of for the interior of Africa. The King of France is said to feel a warm interest in these undertakings.

Turkey.—The Ottoman empire is as extensive at the present day in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, as it was during the period of its splendour; but among the vast countries which it still considers under its dominion, some, as the Barbarian States of Egypt, are independent of its authority, or recognise it only in an illusory manner; others, as the Asiatic provinces, cannot, in their condition of ruin and devastation, afford it the assistance promised by their size, their fertility, and the riches, as well as the population, which they formerly possessed. The Ottoman empire, if considered as comprehending all these countries, is one of the largest on the face of the globe. It consists of

Turkey in Europe, with Greece ··	23,692 square leagues.
Turkey in Asia, with its Islands ··	58,750
African Territories ··············	36,297
Total ········	118,739

This is a surface inferior in extent only to that of the empire of Russia, which comprehends 210,000 square leagues. But the Barbarian States have long been emancipated; Egypt obeys solely its own interests; a part of Greece is free, and the remainder threatens to be so; the example of the Cyclades will soon be followed by the Asiatic Isles; and Moldavia and Wallachia, already under the protection of Russia, are at this moment invaded by her armies. Thus reduced, the Ottoman empire will stand as follows:—

Turkey in Europe, without Greece,	16,128 square leagues.
Turkey in Asia, without the Isles,	57,279
	73,407
Without Moldavia and Wallachia it will be ·······················	67,156

This surface is equal to once and a half that of the Austrian monarchy, double that of the Germanic Confederation, four times that of Prussia, and thrice and a half that of France. This immense territory will, however, lose much of its importance when we consider that Turkey in Asia is a distant colony, badly peopled, feebly united to its metropolis, and in the neighbourhood of powerful enemies. Separated from Turkey in Asia, and reduced to its European provinces, the Ottoman empire would have an extent of only about 16,128 square leagues. It would then be larger than Prussia, than Italy, or than the Britannic Isles; and would, in size, hold the seventh rank among the European states. If Moldavia and Wallachia were also detached from it, its surface would be reduced to 11,626 square leagues, which is about that of Great Britain.

Anecdotes, &c. — The old Duke of Saxe-gotha was present at a *conversazione*, where the Sorrows of Werter, then newly published, formed a great topic of discourse. His highness heard a person, for whose opinion he had especial respect, say, "this is a book that must be read twice;" and next morning desired the court-bookseller to have two copies of it bound up together, and stamped with the ducal arms!

In the Vienna Gazette for 1801 we read the following article. "Boulogne.—The French are so on the *alert* here, that they *sleep* on the cannons."

The announcement of a new piece at the theatre of Berlin had excited much curiosity. A student who had waited all day at the principal door, rushed in the moment it was opened. "Now, shame! shame!" cried he, on gaining a glimpse of the interior, "the house is half full already, and yet, by heavens, not a single person has come in!"

The ridiculous style in which the Germans advertise domestic occurrences is well known. Take the following specimen from a Leipzig paper of 1817. "Dr. and Mrs. Baumgouten make known to their sympathising friends, that yesterday evening, at seven o'clock, it pleased God to remove from them, *by her teeth*, their darling little Eliza, aged three years and twenty days."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Sir Richard Phillips has been for some months on a tour of Inquiry and Observation through the United Kingdom, and is about to publish his first Part, containing Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, &c.

Dr. Richard Bright, of Guy's Hospital, has been for some time engaged in preparing for the press a second volume of his Medical Reports.

Mr. Horace Smith's new work of Zillah is said to be a Hebrew Tale relating to the early part of the reign of Herod, when the destinies of Jerusalem assumed a deep interest.

Mr. James Shaw announces a new and practical work, entitled the Parochial Lawyer, or Churchwarden and Overseer's Guide on the laws relative to parish matters, calculated for general information, and to furnish all persons liable to serve the offices of Churchwarden, Overseer, &c. with full instructions for their legal and efficient discharge.

In the Press.—The Protestant, a Tale, by the Authoress of De Foix, the White Hoods, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir, 1829, early impressions, 16*s.* 6*d.*; India proofs, imperial 4to., 1*l.* 10*s.*; India proofs, before the letters, colombier 4to., 3*l.* 3*s.*—Buchan's Ancient Ballads, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—The Spy Unmasked, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s.* bds.—Bland on St. Matthew, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—The Last Supper, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dictionary of Words liable to Erroneous Pronunciation, 12mo. 3*s.* cloth.—Hinds's Rise and Progress of Christianity, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Memoir of the Rev. Pliny Flist, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Darley's Geometrical Companion, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Yehring's Pronunciation of the Continental Languages, 18mo. 2*s.* sewed.—Morgan's Elements of Algebra, 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Godwin's Commonwealth, Vol. IV. 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Life in India, or the English at Calcutta, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Amesbury on Fractures, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—Abercrombie on the Stomach, 8vo. 12*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

October.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday ··	9	From	45.	to	58.	29.86	to	[illegible]
Friday ····	10	——	40.	—	60.	30.10	—	30.08
Saturday ··	11	——	44.	—	61.	30.19	—	[illegible]
Sunday ····	12	——	44.	—	64.	30.32	—	30.21
Monday ····	13	——	40.	—	62.	30.30	—	Stat.
Tuesday ··	14	——	47.	—	58.	30.30	—	Stat.
Wednesday	15	——	41.	—	57.	30.30	—	[illegible]

Prevailing winds N.W. and S.W.
Generally clear.

October.		*Thermometer.*				*Barometer.*		
Thursday ··	16	From	45	to	57.	30.26	to	30.25
Friday ····	17	——	46.	—	59.	30.11	—	30.16
Saturday ··	18	——	35.	—	58.	30.21	—	30.18
Sunday ····	19	——	31.	—	51.	30.16	—	30.13
Monday ··	20	——	29.	—	59.	30.06	—	30.05
Tuesday ··	21	——	34.	—	57.	30.06	—	Stat.
Wednesday	22	——	42.	—	65.	29.89	—	[illegible]

Wind variable, prevailing N.E.
Generally clear.
Rain fallen, ·15 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude ······ 51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude ···· 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The volume alluded to by E. M. (Bath) was noticed when published.

We have no reason to answer in the words of the poet,

τι Πλειαδεσσι κάμνει;

Dr. Shiel's letter has been unfortunately mislaid.

We have had so much poetry in our Reviews of late, that we have not allowed our original articles in that line to overbalance our weekly sheet. In coming prose times we shall make amends to our friendly contributors.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

PHILONOMIC SOCIETY. This Society will commence its Sixth Annual Session for the alternate Discussion of Legal and General Questions, on Tuesday, the 28th instant.

MICHAEL SARSON, Hon. Sec.

Furnival's Inn Hall, 16th October, 1828.

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS. The Medical Gazette of this day, besides the usual Matters, contains a Letter from Mr. Watson, (Secretary to the Court of Examiners), explaining the Manner in which the recent Regulations of the Apothecaries' Company apply to Pupils, according to the Periods at which they commenced their Medical Studies. Also, a report of the curious trial in the Court of King's Bench on Tuesday last, in which the Medical Evidence, especially the Examination of Mr. Green, is given in full.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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REMARKS, Explanatory and Illustrative, of the TERENTIAN METRES, with a Sketch of the History, &c. of Ancient Comedy.

By JOHN M'CAUL, A.B. Schol. Trin. Coll. Dublin.

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*** No better proof can be given of the justice of the opinions now quoted, than the simple statement of the fact, that above 20,000 copies of the Cook's Oracle have been sold.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Zillah; a Tale of the Holy City. By the Author of "Brambletye House." 12mo. 4 vols. London, 1828. Colburn.

MANY a morning of patient investigation—many an evening lengthened into midnight—many an old record of former times—many a ponderous volume dwelt upon "till the spirit was subdued to what it worked in"—many an hour's hard reading, as only antiquaries can read, must these volumes have cost their indefatigable writer. The dresses and dishes—the Temple and the market-place—the thousand little observances of social life, its fashions and follies, paintings and perfumes, are described with the minuteness of an eye-witness—a curious, hearing, listening, seeing eye-witness. We can scarcely speak of *Zillah* as a novel—though its love-affairs, its hairbreadth scapes, &c. are enough to attract its young lady-readers—but as an animated picture-gallery, whose colouring is from one of the most gorgeous periods of antiquity; and we must say Mr. Smith has collected a mass of *matériel* which an historian might be proud to set forth. But let our readers judge for themselves.

A Jewish Court-Dress.—"She accordingly wore the particoloured robe, which she had herself embroidered with flowers and gold thread, and of which the sleeves were of the richest gauze, decorated with ribands and facings curiously sewed together. These were blue, which, being a celestial colour, was in high favour, and much used for cuffs and trimmings; though it was not deemed decorous to have the whole apparel of this hue, since none more was used about the curtains and veils of the Tabernacle. Her under-garment of fine linen, reaching to the ankles, and bordered also with blue, had been decorated by her own skilful needle with clouded colours, which bore the name of feather-work. Across her bosom was a pectoral of byssus, a sort of silk of a golden yellow, formed from the tuft that grows on a large shellfish of the muscle species, found on the coasts of the Mediterranean,—for the great ones of the earth had not then begun to rob the silkworm of its covering. Her sandals were of badger-skin leather, secured with golden clasps. Her head-dress was of simple, and, according to modern notions, of not very becoming form; for her black and luxuriant locks, being drawn behind the head, were divided into several tresses, their beauty consisting in their length and thickness, and the extremity of each being adorned with pearls and jewels, or ornaments of silver and gold, of which latter metal she also wore narrow plain circlets around her wrists and ankles."

One in Roman Costume.—"Her face was painted, her eyebrows pencilled and extended so as to join one another,—one among the many Roman fashions which were then in vogue. Her hair, gathered up in tresses under her veil, and received into a gold caul behind, was confined by a jewelled and embroidered bandelette, which in front assumed the form of a tiara. Immense rings of wrought gold depended from her ears; a large and valuable nose-jewel hung from the middle of her forehead; every finger sparkled with rings; her chains, bracelets, and ornaments, were worthy of the magnificence of her Roman dress; small bells of silver decorated her scarlet sandals; and in her hand she carried a costly tablet, filled with perfumes."

Antony and Cytheris, as Hercules and Omphale.—"An open car, drawn by two enormous lions, and preceded by laurelled lictors, was seen slowly advancing from one of the woody avenues towards the high-road. A man was seated within it, whose graceful length of beard, large forehead, aquiline nose, and noble dignity of countenance, imparted to him a commanding aspect, that might almost justify the presumption of his vestments, which were in obvious imitation of the garb of Hercules. Beside him sat a beautiful, but wanton and voluptuous-looking female, sparkling with jewels, and flaunting in splendid habiliments, her superb golden ringlets enwreathed with flowers, and her naked, round, alabaster arm, hanging over the side of the car, though she forgot not to shade it with a little canopy of peacocks' feathers, that answered the purpose of a parasol. Both parties were laughing loudly and heartily. Another vehicle followed, drawn by mules; and several horsemen accompanied them, whose animals, having probably been trained to endure the society of the lions, betrayed not the smallest terror at their presence."

Before we leave the fashionables of the capitol, we shall quote two customs, and one mode, the very echo of last winter.

"Look at the female wigs in that hairdresser's shop—positively they get higher and higher every day. * * * She started back on beholding a live snake writhing itself about in the bosom of one of the party, until informed by Maia that it was a harmless little tame serpent, which many ladies thus carried, on account of the refreshing coolness it imparted to the skin. The female in question took out the twisting reptile, called it her pet, her grig, her dear little anguilla, kissed it tenderly, and returned it to its nest. * * * Octavia standing beside a lofty candelabrum, on which her arm was leaning, and occasionally passing from one hand to the other a ball of amber, which it was the fashion of the day to carry, because its refrigerating qualities kept the palm always cool. Her long stole, bordered with gold and purple tissue, and supported by female slaves, was left open in front to display the stomacher, resplendent with jewels; while a mantle of light fabric falling in graceful folds from the clasp of her shoulder, was gathered up at its other extremity, and thrown across her wrist."

The Theatre.—"The large statue of the victorious Venus, as well as the sacred columns, obelisks, and altars, which usually stood ranged along the centre of the arena, had been all removed, not only to afford a better view to the spectators, but in the apprehension that animals of so stupendous a size as those now about to be exhibited, might overturn or damage them; so that the vast area, which was covered with yellow sand, allowed an uninterrupted view in every direction. Around the base were the vaulted entrances to the numerous dens wherein the wild beasts were confined, having between them a range of grated crypts, into which the rabble were allowed to crowd, and obtain a peep at the arena, just level with their heads. The lower ranges of seats, in which the foreign ambassadors, the dignitaries, and most distinguished personages, were placed, were defended by a broad trench, filled with water, and surmounted by an iron railing, as well as by nets, spikes, and gilt palisades, affixed to rotatory staves, to prevent the grappling and climbing of the wild beasts. In these first rows, which were considered the most honourable, sat, in a separate tribunal, the whole sisterhood of the vestals, in their white robes of state; and in a parallel line with them, sweeping round the vast circle, were seen the chief priests, the flamens and augurs, the consuls, prætors, and ædiles, the senators, and all the magistrates of rank, their seats being of Parian or African marble, covered with rich cushions; though some, to whom the honour of the bisellium, or the curule-chair, had been decreed by the people, had decorated them with ivory and silver. Above these were the circles for the knights; and then came the great mass of the spectators, divided, for their more commodious arrangement, into masses of a wedge-like shape, and lining the walls with innumerable heads up to the dizzy top of the building. Perfumes were diffused through the theatre by means of pipes, which scattered odoriferous showers in various directions; in addition to which, most of the better class, and many of the plebeians, had provided themselves with flowers and nosegays."

Zillah's escape from Antony is too striking a scene for omission.

"Zillah, gazing beneath her, beheld a vast and lofty hall, near the ceiling of which she found herself standing. It was spacious as the interior of a temple, decorated with ponderous columns, a large statue of the veiled Isis, and other grim, gigantic, and hideous deities of the Egyptian mythology, which being only indistinctly revealed in the dim twilight, imparted an additionally stupendous and terrific character to the gloomy vastness of the enclosure wherein they stood. A wrought stone cornice, projecting about two feet from the wall, extended from the spot where they stood to the opposite extremity of the building. 'Have you the courage to risk your life by walking along this dizzy ledge?' inquired Cleopatra, pointing to it. 'It is your only means of escape, and I have myself just traversed it for the purpose of visiting you?'"

Night comes, and Zillah puts on her disguise:—"It was a garment which Cleopatra herself had worn when it pleased her to personate the goddess Isis, the robe being decorated with the

symbols of that deity, and the head-dress being a lofty garland of leaves, corn, and artificial peaches, interwoven together." Thus attired she enters the hall. "Massive golden chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, and numerous lofty candelabra and lamps of alabaster arranged along the side of the hall, irradiated the whole spacious enclosure with the blaze of day; the tables, encumbered with gorgeous plate, lofty Grecian vases sculptured with exquisite figures, and ponderous oriental censers, the sparkling of whose gold was quenched in the radiance of the jewelry with which they were embossed, displayed that wasteful and insane profusion which constituted Mark Antony's sole notion of magnificence; the nobility and the priesthood in their robes of ceremony, and the ladies of the court in their gala-dresses, resplendent with diamond blazonry, were ranged along the various tables: at the head of which sat the Triumvir, magnificently attired as the god Bacchus, having on his right hand Cleopatra, the enchantress of all eyes and hearts, not less voluptuous and lovely than the Queen of Love, whose garb and attributes she had assumed for the night. Cupids and beautiful damsels representing the Nymphs and Graces, were in attendance upon the royal and divine pair; as if to complete their living apotheosis, and to offer by their light, lovely, and radiant forms, a strange contrast to the opposite extremity of the hall, where sat enthroned the great veiled figure of Isis, within an enclosure, guarded at each angle by the gigantic black granite statue of an Egyptian deity, stern, solemn, terrific, and rendered still more hideous by the red glare thrown from the flaming altar in front of the shrine. * * * At length, silence being proclaimed by a crier, the priest of Isis, standing beside the altar, pronounced in a loud voice, 'The health of the god Antony! and may the sacrifices and libations which he now offers to his sister Isis be propitiously accepted!' At the same time he poured perfumed oil upon the flame, and the band, as it had been previously concerted, struck up Antony's march. This was the signal for Zillah. Commending herself to Heaven in a short prayer, she stepped upon the narrow cornice with a throbbing heart, and keeping her eyes fixed upon the wall, while she waved her hand rejectingly towards the assemblage below, she proceeded with a slow and steady pace along her perilous path. Cleopatra was the first to startle the echoing hall with a fearful shriek, as she pointed at the apparition, screaming out, 'The goddess! the goddess! she rejects the offerings!—and see, see! the fire of the altar has gone out!' and she fell back in her chair, apparently overcome with dread. Owing to the great height of the cornice, none of the guests below could perceive its projection, and they might therefore be well excused for imagining that the offended goddess was actually treading the air, and about to visit them, perhaps, with some terrible infliction. * * * Antony and Cleopatra themselves, in spite of their assumed divinity, and the royal diadem they wore, offered to their guests the humiliating spectacle of a disorderly retreat; and in a few minutes the silent, lonely hall, with its lamps still blazing, the gorgeous vases and goblets flickering in their own golden light, their gems twinkling like stars, the censers breathing up their rich perfumes, and the costly feast outspread upon the tables, were all abandoned to the veiled goddess, and to the granite giants, who seemed to be left as the grim guardians of the deserted banquet."

The whole work is a series of, as it were, richly coloured sketches, translated by words of the most minute accuracy; and no one can close these volumes without greatly adding to his knowledge of costume, manners, customs, &c. of those high places of history—Jerusalem the Holy, and Rome the Eternal, City—and marvel, as he reads, how so much power and glory can have departed, leaving the magnificent desolate, and the mighty fallen.

We have not entered on the story, because we will not deprive our readers of the attractive thread of all fictitious writings; nor have we quoted as much as we otherwise should have done, except for the belief that *Zillah* will soon be a very common book, not only for immediate perusal, but for future reference and gratification.

The Keepsake for 1829. Edited by F. M. Reynolds. Pp. 360. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; and R. Jennings.

Of the splendid engravings for this work we gave our opinion last week, and we have now to speak of the literary contents, which receive illustration from those beautiful specimens of art, and at the same time reflect a lustre back upon them. This is the second year of the first of the largest class of Annuals, and the preface states that the prodigious sum of eleven thousand guineas has been expended upon it: thus, if liberality deserve success, there can be no doubt of the success of the *Keepsake*. But taste and judgment are as requisite, or more so, than even lavish expenditure; and it affords us pleasure to state that both have been eminently bestowed upon this striking production. It is, we believe, the editor's primal essay, and it does him much honour in every particular—in what he has obtained, in what he has selected, and in what he has contributed. But his best eulogy will be in our analysis of his book, however cursorily done, and in our extracts, however unequal to the effect of displaying the merits of so various a miscellany.

The volume opens with My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, a tale by the Author of Waverley, and though slight (as any thing for a collection of this kind must be), bearing evident marks of the Author of the Bride of Lammermuir and of the Chronicles of the Canongate. It is indeed an interesting and mysterious tale; but, alas for us! and well for the readers of the *Keepsake*, it is forty-four honest pages (*i. e.* eighty-eight common type and margin), and we cannot quote any intelligible portion of it. Some Stanzas by Lord F. L. Gower follow, and then a prose *notice* on Love, by the late Mr. Shelley, which, if it explain what love is to any lady-reader of the *Keepsake*, she will, we venture to affirm, never care for the common love-token of that name. And next we come to something more natural, and quote the poetry of a picture written by Wordsworth to the engraving of the Gleaner.

"The Country Girl.

That happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from Summer's golden skies,
That o'er thy brow are shed;
That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,
Of bliss that grows without a care;
Of happiness that never flies—
How can it where love never dies?
Of promise whispering, where no blight
Can reach the innocent delight;
Where Pity to the mind convey'd
In pleasure is the darkest shade,
That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face,
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
And mingle colours that could breed
Such rapture, nor want power to feed?
For, had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair damsel, o'er my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
The sweet illusion might have hung for hours!
—Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born,
Life's daily tasks with them to share,
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Do weigh the blessing they entreat
From Heaven, and feel what they repeat,
While they give utterance to the prayer
That asks for daily bread."

Premising that all the prose pieces in the *Keepsake* deserve commendation more or less, from superlative to comparative, we pass over, in our review, the Half-Brothers, by the Authors of the O'Hara Tales, the length of which seals it from us. Lord Morpeth next contributes some elegant Scraps of Italy; and he is followed by a magnificent poem, the Triad, by Wordsworth. The Sisters of Albano by Mrs. Shelley, and other papers, which, though not undistinguished, we cannot distinguish, including Apropos of Bread, a very clever sketch by Lord Nugent, some lines signed T. Moore (we believe the poet's, but given by a friend to the work), and other lines by L. E. L. on the portrait of the Duchess of Bedford, lead us to the Tapestried Chamber, that exquisite engraving, with a narrative neither worthy of it nor of the writer—no less a personage than the Author of Waverley. In fact, it is a portfolio sweeping, and apologised for by its vigorous contributor, as having been heard by him some twenty years ago from Miss Seward! There is much smartness, perhaps rather too much of fashion, in an Attempt at a Tour, by the Author of the Roué; and Lucy and her Bird, by Southey, is as pretty as the subject allowed. The Lady and her Lovers, by the Author of Gilbert Earle, has only to be mentioned as a fair portion of this mosaic, but not the most brilliant of his performances.

We are as yet only half way through the volume, and are met by a couplet by Lord Holland, and some lines by Mr. Luttrell. The Death of the Laird's Jock, by Sir Walter Scott, is simply an anecdote, upon the telling of which no pains have been expended. Mr. Ralph Bernal gives a few stanzas of solemn song, and Ferdinando Eboli appears—an interesting story, by the Author of Frankenstein. We have some vague recollection of meeting before with an account of the extraordinary coincidence on which it is built; but it is altogether an affecting narrative. An Incident, the only paper of any length furnished by the Editor, displays much *naïveté* and talent; and we should observe, in addition to this, that wherever a nook or half page wanted filling up, he has most sedulously and appropriately done his duty by supplying the *waste* with neat epigrams or slight poetical flowers. The Boy and the Butterfly, by Crofton Croker, is a fanciful and pretty little piece; and Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L. grace the latter pages of the book with some sweet poetry. We however select as a specimen Lines to a Pearl, by Lord Porchester.

"I have not seen thee shine in crowded hall
On gala night, 'mid gorgeous festival,
But thou wert to the southern stranger given
By the lone stream beneath a stormy heaven.
And, lady, when I took it from thy hand,
I deem'd there breathed no fairer in the land;
And thought when last I heard thee speak, no mint
More pure was e'er in mortal mould enshrined,
At times athwart thy calm and passive brow,
A rich expression came, a sunny glow,
That well might seem engender'd by the sky
That canopies the maids of Italy.
It told that young Romance, a lingering guest,
Was still the inmate of thy chasten'd breast;
That fond illusive mood, which makes us still
Forget, in promised pleasure, present ill;

That makes me now, though years have roll'd away,
Cherish the mem'ry of that distant day,
And prize this relic of our friendship, far
Beyond the fabled gems of Istakhar."

Burnham Beeches, by Mr. Luttrell, is curious in itself, and also from the declaration of the writer that he has "exhausted every rhyme to his subject that the language affords;" which, as critics, we beg to deny.* *Ex. gr.*

Bard of the Trees, thy whim is vain,
They cuse at Dr. Veitch's†
Retreats, such patients deemed insane,
As out-rhyme Burnham Beeches.

Beneath whose shade would I could eat
Bread butter-ed and sweet cheese;
So would my oily mouth repeat
The praise of Burnham Beeches.

In summer, though this plan might fit,
Without one's coat or breeches,
'Twould be no joke just now to sit
Under the Burnham Beeches.

Mr. Luttrell's is nevertheless a very pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, and contrasts well with the Garden of Boccacio, by Coleridge; and a capital old English story in verse, the King and the Minstrel of Ely, by Lockhart. A legend of Killarney, by Mr. Haynes Bayly, is a pleasant variety; but we have yet to mention three of the most striking productions in the *Keepsake*, viz. the Sketch of a Fragment of the History of the 19th Century (sixteen pages), by J. M. (Sir James Mackintosh); the Old Gentleman, a tale (twenty-three pages), by Theodore Hook; and Clorinda, or the Necklace of Pearl, a tale (thirty-eight pages), by Lord Normanby. When, at some future day, selections may be made from all the Annuals, to form entertaining volumes, without the common admixture of stuff, these, and my Aunt Margaret's Mirror, are likely to be among the chosen. We are sorry that we have not room to do justice to them. The Historical Fragment is most admirable; and does equal honour to the head and heart of the writer—one who has had the best opportunities of seeing and feeling the base selfishness and servile ingratitude with which the recent memory of as bright a genius, and as patriotic a soul, as ever adorned the British annals, has been insulted by those who only a few months before crouched beneath his energies, or truckled to his master-mind. Sir James Mackintosh has drawn a noble and an accurate character of Mr. Canning: sorry are we that we can only quote a few insulated parts of it.

"When Mr. Canning, in 1822, assumed the conduct of foreign affairs and of the House of Commons, he adopted measures and disclosed views which had no parallel among contemporary ministers. The wish, indeed, that England should retire into a more neutral station, and assume a more mediatorial attitude than perhaps her share in the alliance against France could before have easily allowed, had then become so prevalent, that even his predecessor, though entangled in another policy, shewed no doubtful marks of a desire to change his course. Perhaps little could have been done to give it effect until all reasonable royalists were taught by experience that the passion for reformation was too deeply rooted to be torn up by force, and till the eagerness of inexperienced nations for sudden and violent changes had been chastised by defeat. In the five years which followed, the plan for re-establishing the tranquillity of Europe, by balancing the force and reconciling the pretensions of the parties then openly or secretly agitating every country, which probably arose by slow degrees in Mr. Canning's mind, as circumstances became auspicious, and as his own power was more consolidated, began to be carried into execution by three measures, of which the spirit, object, and example, were yet more important than the immediate effects; namely, the recognition of the Spanish republic in America, the aid to Portugal, with the countenance thereby afforded to limited monarchy in that country, and the treaty concluded with Russia and France for the rescue and preservation of Greece. The last of these transactions will now be considered as the most memorable, and as that which best illustrates the comprehensive policy towards which he at length approached. It was a measure eminently pacific, which aimed at the lasting establishment of amity between states, and peace between parties, and which, if executed with spirit, was likely to avoid the inconvenience even of a slight and short rupture with the Ottoman Porte itself. It engaged royalists and liberals in an enterprise on which the majority of both concurred; it tended to knit more closely the ties of friendship between the most powerful governments, and to fasten more firmly the bands between rulers and nations, by uniting the former for an object generally acceptable to the latter. It combined the lustre of a generous enterprise with the greatest probability of preventing the unsafe aggrandisement of any state. In the midst of these high designs, and before that pacific alliance, of which the liberation of Greece was to be the cement, had acquired consistence, Mr. Canning was cut off. He left his system, and much of his fame, at the mercy of his successors. Without invidious comparison, it may be safely said that from the circumstances in which he died, his death was more generally interesting among civilised nations, than that of any other English statesman had ever been. It was an event in the internal history of every country. From Lima to Athens, every nation struggling for independence or existence, was filled by it with sorrow and dismay. The Miguelites of Portugal, the Apostolicals of Spain, the Jesuitical faction in France, and the Divan of Constantinople, raised a shout of joy at the fall of their dreaded enemy. He was regretted by all who, heated by no personal or party resentment, felt for genius struck down in the act of attempting to heal the revolutionary distemper, and to render future improvements pacific:—on the principle since successfully adopted by more fortunate, though not more deserving, ministers; that of a deep and thorough compromise between the interests and the opinions, the prejudices and the demands of the supporters of establishment, and the followers of reformation. * * *

"From his boyhood he was the foremost among very distinguished contemporaries, and continued to be regarded as the best specimen, and the most brilliant representative, of that eminently national education. His youthful eye sparkled with quickness and arch pleasantry, and his countenance early betrayed that jealousy of his own dignity, and sensibility to suspected disregard, which were afterwards softened, but never quite subdued. Neither the habits of a great school, nor those of a popular assembly, were calculated to weaken his love of praise and passion for distinction. But, as he advanced in years, his fine countenance was ennobled by the expression of thought and feeling; he more pursued that lasting praise which is not to be earned without praiseworthiness; and, if he continued to be a lover of fame, he also passionately loved the glory of his country. Even He who almost alone was entitled to look down on fame as 'that last infirmity of noble mind,' had not forgotten that it was

'The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.'

The natural bent of character is, perhaps, better ascertained from the undisturbed and unconscious play of the mind in the common intercourse of society, than from its movements under the power of strong interest or warm passions in public life. In social intercourse Mr. Canning was delightful. Happily for the true charm of his conversation, he was too busy otherwise not to treat society as more fitted for relaxation than display. It is but little to say, that he was neither disputatious, declamatory, nor sententious; neither a dictator nor a jester. His manner was simple and unobtrusive, his language always quite familiar. If a higher thought stole from his mind, it came in its conversational undress. From this plain ground his pleasantry sprung with the happiest effect, and it was nearly exempt from that alloy of taunt and banter, which he sometimes mixed with more precious materials in public contest. He may be added to the list of those eminent persons who pleased most in their friendly circle. He had the agreeable quality of being more easily pleased in society than might have been expected from the keenness of his discernment and the sensibility of his temper. He was liable to be discomposed, or even silenced, by the presence of any one whom he did not like. His manner in society betrayed the political vexations or anxieties which preyed on his mind, nor could he conceal that sensitiveness to public attacks which their frequent recurrence wears out in most English politicians. These last foibles may be thought interesting as the remains of natural character, not destroyed by refined society and political affairs. He was assailed by some adversaries so ignoble as to wound him through his filial affection, which preserved its respectful character through the whole course of his advancement. The ardent zeal for his memory, which appeared immediately after his death, attests the warmth of those domestic affections which seldom prevail where they are not mutual. To his touching epitaph on his son parental love has given a charm which is wanting in his other verses. It was said of him at one time, that no man had so little popularity and such affectionate friends; and the truth was certainly more sacrificed to point in the former than in the latter member of the contrast. Some of his friendships continued in spite of political differences, which, by rendering intercourse less unconstrained, often undermine friendship; and others were remarkable for a warmth, constancy, and disinterestedness, which, though chiefly honourable to those who were capable of so pure a kindness, yet redound to the credit of him who was the object of it. No man is so beloved who is not himself formed for friendship. Notwithstanding his disregard for money, he was not tempted in youth, by the example or the kindness of affluent friends, much to overstep his little patrimony. He never afterwards sacrificed to parade or personal indulgence; though his occupations scarcely allowed him to think enough of his private affairs. Even from his moderate fortune, his bounty was often liberal to suitors to whom official relief could not be granted. By a sort of generosity still harder for him to practise, he endeavoured, in cases where

* Mr. L.'s rhymes are—beseeches, bleaches, breaches, Creech's, each is, impeaches, leeches, peaches, preaches, reaches (twice), speeches, screeches, teaches,—in all thirteen.

† We do not insist on a proper name, but Veitch is as good as Creech.

the suffering was great, though the suit could not be granted, to satisfy the feelings of the suitor, by full explanation in writing of the causes which rendered compliance impracticable. Wherever he took an interest, he shewed it as much by delicacy to the feelings of those whom he served or relieved, as by substantial consideration for their claims; a rare and most praiseworthy merit among men in power. * * *

"Mr. Canning possessed in a high degree the outward advantages of an orator. His expressive countenance varied with the changes of his eloquence; his voice, flexible and articulate, had as much compass as his mode of speaking required. In the calm part of his speeches, his attitude and gesture might have been selected by a painter to represent grace rising towards dignity. No English speaker used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning. He gained more triumphs and incurred more enmity by it than any other. Those whose importance depends much on birth and fortune, are impatient of seeing their own artificial dignity, or that of their order, broken down by derision; and perhaps few men heartily forgive a successful jest against themselves, but those who are conscious of being unhurt by it. Mr. Canning often used this talent imprudently. * * As his oratorical faults were those of youthful genius, the progress of age seemed to purify his eloquence, and every year appeared to remove some speck which hid, or at least dimmed, a beauty. He daily rose to larger views, and made, perhaps, as near approaches to philosophical principles as the great difference between the objects of the philosopher and those of the orator will commonly allow. When the Memorials of his own time, the composition of which he is said never to have interrupted in his busiest moments, are made known to the public, his abilities as a writer may be better estimated. * * * Mr. Canning's power of writing verse may rather be classed with his accomplishments, than numbered among his high and noble faculties. It would have been a distinction for an inferior man. * * * In some of the amusements or tasks of his boyhood there are passages which, without much help from fancy, might appear to contain allusions to his greatest measures of policy, as well as to the tenor of his life, and to the melancholy splendour which surrounded his death. In the concluding line of the first English verses written by him at Eton, he expressed a wish, which has been singularly realised, that he might

'Live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire.'

It is at least a striking coincidence, that the statesman, whose dying measure was to mature an alliance for the deliverance of Greece, should, when a boy, have written English verses on the slavery of that country; and that in his prize poem at Oxford, on the Pilgrimage to Mecca, a composition as much applauded as a modern Latin poem can aspire to be, he should have as bitterly deplored the lot of other renowned countries, now groaning under the same barbarous yoke.

Nunc Satrapæ imperio et sævo subdita Turcæ.

To conclude:—he was a man of fine and brilliant genius, of warm affections, of high and generous spirit; a statesman, who, at home, converted most of his opponents into warm supporters; who, abroad, was the sole hope and trust of all who sought an orderly and legal liberty; and who was cut off in the midst of vigorous and splendid measures, which, if executed by himself, or with his own spirit, promised to place his name in the first class of rulers, among the founders of lasting peace, and the guardians of human improvement."

The novelty of a paper of this kind in an Annual would excuse our selection of it for extract, even were it not recommended by the great interest of the subject, and the great talents of the author.

The Old Gentleman, by T. Hook, is a very original idea, and is very cleverly treated. The relater has been empowered by a strange personage, dressed in green, with white hair, whose portrait will be immediately recognised at the west end of the town, "to know the thoughts and foresee events," under conditions, that, however well he knows what is to happen to others, he is to remain ignorant about himself, except when connected with them; and that he is never to reveal his supernatural faculty, under pain of losing it.

"'To-morrow morning,' (the story continues) said my friend, 'when you awake, the power will be your own; and so, sir, I wish you a very good night.' 'But, sir,' said I, anxious to be better assured of the speedy fulfilment of the wish of my heart, (for such indeed it was,) 'may I have the honour of knowing your name and address?' 'Ha, ha, ha!' said the old gentleman; '*my* name and address—ha, ha, ha!—my name is pretty familiar to you, young gentleman; and as for my address, I dare say you will find your way to me some day or another, and so, once more, good night.' Saying which, he descended the stairs and quitted the house, leaving me to surmise who my extraordinary visiter could be. I never *knew;* but I recollect, that after he was gone, I heard one of the old ladies scolding a servant-girl for wasting so many matches in lighting the candles, and making such a terrible smell of brimstone in the house. I was now all anxiety to get to bed, not because I was sleepy, but because it seemed to me as if going to bed would bring me nearer to the time of getting up, when I should be master of the miraculous power which had been promised me. I rang the bell; my servant was still out; it was unusual for him to be absent at so late an hour. I waited until the clock struck eleven, but he came not; and resolving to reprimand him in the morning, I retired to rest. Contrary to my expectation, and, as it seemed to me, to the ordinary course of nature, considering the excitement under which I was labouring, I had scarcely laid my head on my pillow before I dropped into a profound slumber, from which I was only aroused by my servant's entrance to my room. The instant I awoke I sat up in bed, and began to reflect on what had passed, and for a moment to doubt whether it had not been all a dream. However, it was daylight; the period had arrived when the proof of my newly acquired power might be made. 'Barton,' said I to my man, 'why were you not at home last night?' 'I had to wait, sir, nearly three hours,' he replied, 'for an answer to the letter which you sent to Major Sheringham.' 'That is not true,' said I; and, to my infinite surprise, I appeared to *recollect* a series of occurrences, of which I never had previously heard, and could have known nothing: 'you went to see your sweetheart, Betsy Collyer, at Camberwell, and took her to a tea-garden, and gave her cakes and cider, and saw her home again: you mean to do exactly the same thing on Sunday, and to-morrow you mean to ask me for your quarter's wages, although not due till Monday, in order to buy her a new shawl.' The man stood aghast: it was all true. I was quite as much surprised as the man. 'Sir,' said Barton, who had served me for seven years without having once been found fault with, 'I see you think me unworthy your confidence: you could not have known this, if you had not watched, and followed, and overheard me and my sweetheart: my character will get me through the world without being looked after. I can stay with you no longer: you will please, sir, to provide yourself with another servant.' 'But Barton,' said I, 'I did not follow or watch you; I—' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he replied: 'it is not for *me* to contradict; but, you'll forgive me, sir, I would rather go—I *must* go.' At this moment I was on the very point of easing his mind, and retaining my faithful servant by a disclosure of my power; but it was yet too new to be parted with; so I affected an anger I did not feel, and told him he might go where he pleased. I had, however, ascertained that the old gentleman had not deceived me in his promises; and, elated with the possession of my extraordinary faculty, I hurried the operation of dressing, and before I had concluded it, my ardent friend Sheringham was announced: he was waiting in the breakfast-room. At the same moment, a note from the lovely Fanny Hayward was delivered to me—from the divine girl who, in the midst all my scientific abstraction, could 'chain my worldly feelings for a moment.' 'Sheringham, my dear fellow,' said I, as I advanced to welcome him, 'what makes you so early a visiter this morning?' 'An anxiety,' replied Sheringham, 'to tell you that my uncle, whose interest I endeavoured to procure for you, in regard to the appointment for which you expressed a desire, has been compelled to recommend a relation of the marquess; this gives me real pain, but I thought it would be best to put you out of suspense as soon as possible.' 'Major Sheringham,' said I, drawing myself up coldly, 'if this matter concern you so deeply as you seem to imply that it does, might I ask why you so readily agreed to your uncle's proposition, or chimed in with his suggestion, to bestow the appointment on this relation of the marquess, in order that *you* might, in return for it, obtain the promotion for which you are so anxious?' 'My dear fellow,' said Sheringham, evidently confused, 'I—I—never chimed in; my uncle certainly pointed out the possibility to which you allude, but *that* was merely contingent upon what he could not refuse to do.' 'Sheringham,' said I, 'your uncle has already secured for you the promotion, and you will be gazetted for the lieutenant-colonelcy of your regiment on Tuesday. I am not to be told that you called at the Horse-guards, in your way to your uncle's yesterday, to ascertain the correctness of the report of the vacancy which you had received from your friend Macgregor; or that *you*, elated by the prospect before you, were the person, in fact, to suggest the arrangement which has been made, and promise your uncle to 'smooth me over' for the present.' 'Sir,' said Sheringham, 'where you picked up this intelligence I know not; but I must say, that such mistrust, after years of undivided intimacy, is not becoming, or consistent with the character which I hitherto supposed you to possess. When by sinister means the man we look upon as a friend descends to be a spy upon our actions, confidence is at an end, and the sooner our intercourse ceases, the better. Without some such conduct, how could you become possessed of the details upon which you have grounded your opinion of my conduct?' 'I—' and here again was a temptation to confess and

fall; but I had not the courage to do it. 'Suffice it, Major Sheringham, to say, I knew it; and, moreover, I know, that when you leave me, your present irritation will prompt you to go to your uncle and check the disposition he feels at this moment to serve me.' 'This is too much, sir,' said Sheringham; 'this must be our last interview, unless indeed your unguarded conduct towards me, and your intemperate language concerning me, may render one more meeting necessary; and so, sir, here ends our acquaintance.' Saying which, Sheringham, whose friendship even to my enlightened eye was nearly as sincere as any other man's, quitted my room, fully convinced of my meanness and unworthiness: my heart sank within me when I heard the door close upon him for the last time. I now possessed the power I had so long desired, and in less than an hour had lost a valued friend and a faithful servant. Nevertheless, Barton *had* told me a falsehood, and Sheringham *was* gazetted on the Tuesday night."

A lady's case next occurs, but from this we must abstain, and only copy a little of the less particular results.

"I went into the Water-colour Exhibition at Charing-cross; there I heard two artists complimenting each other, while their hearts were bursting with mutual envy. There, too, I found a mild, modest-looking lady, listening to the bewitching nothings of her husband's particular friend; and I knew, as I saw her frown and abruptly turn away from him with every appearance of real indignation, that she had at that very moment mentally resolved to elope with him the following night. In Harding's shop I found authors congregated to 'laugh the sultry hours away,' each watching to catch his neighbour's weak point, and make it subject matter of mirth in his evening's conversation. I saw a viscount help his father out of his carriage with every mark of duty and veneration, and knew that he was actually languishing for the earldom and estates of the venerable parent of whose health he was apparently taking so much care. At Howell and James's I saw more than I could tell, if I had ten times the space afforded me that I have; and I concluded my tour by dropping in at the National Gallery, where the ladies and gentlemen seemed to prefer nature to art, and were actively employed in looking at the pictures, and thinking of themselves. Oh! it was a strange time then, when every man's heart was open to me, and I could sit, and see, and hear, all that was going on, and know the workings of the inmost feelings of my associates: however, I must not detain the reader with reflections."

He refuses a challenge, because he foresees he will kill his antagonist, and is disgraced as a coward; he kicks his tailor for imposing on him, and is punished at the police office; in short, his misadventures prove that

> Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise;

and the tale ends as it should do; but as we shall not anticipate for those readers who seek it entire in its own location. Of Lord Normanby's delightful story we have not left ourselves room to say any thing, and therefore hasten to conclude our notice of this extremely rich Annual with two or three of its minutest leaflets—epigrams.

> "Hoarse Mævius reads his hobbling verse
> To all, and at all times:
> And finds them both divinely smooth,
> His voice as well as rhymes.
> But folks say Mævius is no ass;
> But Mævius makes it clear
> That he's a monster of an ass—
> An ass without an ear" COLERIDGE.

> "*Love's Calendar.*
> That courtship gay is *Lady Day*,
> My pretty maid, you teach your lover;
> But marry not, or you'll discover,
> That Lady Day, most strange to say,
> Will then become *no Quarter* day."
> The EDITOR.

> "*To a Critic who quoted an isolated passage, and then declared it unintelligible.*
> Most candid critic! what if I,
> By way of joke, pluck out your eye,
> And holding up the fragment cry,
> 'Ha, ha! that men such fools should be!
> Behold this shapeless mass!—and he
> Who own'd it dreamt that it could see!'
> The joke were mighty analytic—
> But should you like it, candid critic?"
> COLERIDGE.

> "Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
> Did certain persons die before they sing."

If Coleridge had, like us, been obliged to read all the poetry in all the Annuals, this couplet must have been turned still more pungently.

Transrhenane Memoirs. By J. R. Best, Esq. 8vo. pp. 218. Longman and Co.

WE had occasion in two several *Literary Gazettes* for December 1826, to speak in terms of commendation of a former work of the present writer,* an English Catholic, long resident abroad, and a relation of the gentleman whose works on France and Italy we reviewed not long since. We can hardly say that our author has now sustained the reputation which his preceding Memoirs acquired for him. The work is in a half-gossiping, half-sentimental style, with a tendency to be lachrymose about Buonaparte, and waspish about Protestantism. We pointed out in our notice of his relation's performance, who became a convert from the Reformed to the Roman Catholic worship, the continual snarling in which he indulged himself when an opportunity offered (or, indeed, when it did not offer), at the established religion of his native country; and we have something of the same kind to observe of Mr. J. R. Best. *Ex. gr.*

"The façade of the Protestant cathedral is of a fine Gothic architecture. I wished to see the interior of the church, and walked round to all its doors: I found them all shut. The rain was falling in torrents, and I hope I may be excused if the exclamation, 'D—n these Protestants!' did chance to escape from my disappointed lips. But I do assure the Protestant reader that it was uttered without any feeling of ill-will; that it broke forth in a moment of unthinking peevishness; for reflection would have told me that *my* curses were superfluous."

To which is added, in a subsequent page—

"And let me tell the Protestant church-shutter, whom I so kindly damned a few pages back, that the power of entering a church at all times is a great consolation to the really religious person. On seeing an open door, even the thoughtless worldling may sometimes be tempted to enter, and a saddening, solacing balm may be unexpectedly cast over his petty, his piteously petty pursuits. This, I well know, is not according to the language of the age. That age, whether Protestant or Catholic, is too enlightened for every-day prayers! Why should we call upon the Divinity to witness our smooth, egotistically-complacent career? Is religion made for the children of prosperity? In adversity we will wildly cry and rave, and fancy that we are praying; but so long as fortune smiles upon us, we surely do sufficient, when we pay our unmeaning weekly devoirs to the Divinity, in order to keep up a sort of connexion, that we may not lose our right of appeal *en cas de besoin.*"

We will not amplify these examples, nor give a whining address to a lock (or supposed lock) of Buonaparte's hair, about which the author is wonderfully enthusiastic; but we will extract his idea of the young Duke of Reichstadt.

"I have met with extracts from a work in which the character of this young man is depicted in those strong colours which universal continental report ascribes to him. That character does, in fact, already excite the hopes of his well-wishers—but these are few—and the fears of his enemies—who are many. '*Il n'a que trop d'esprit*—he is but 'too clever,' is an opinion which I have heard announced by French royalists; while others profess to anticipate as certain his future exaltation to the throne of France."

Risum teneatis about this *trop d'esprit?*

Our traveller admits, and regrets, that he has not seen the pride of Munich—its literary institutions, to which he might well have added its palaces for the fine arts; but he says that "being seized with a fit of insurmountable uncomfortableness, I thus answered a professor in one of the colleges, who had the goodness to press me to defer my departure. 'But,' said he, 'you have not seen the royal picture gallery?' 'The floor is now encumbered by workmen, and admittance has been denied me: besides, the paintings of Munich, however fine they may be, are less anxiously thought of by one who is acquainted with every gallery of Italy.' 'You have not seen Canova's fine modern statues?' 'I have studied all Canova's most beautiful models in his own Roman workshop.' 'You have not seen the extensive collection of ancient marbles?' 'I have often stumbled over the precious marbles that formerly adorned the imperial halls, and that now impede the cultivation of the vegetables that spring up amongst the tottering ruins of the once-more *herbosa Palatia.*' The professor smiled, and I left Munich."

We will not, however, part with our friend on ill terms: he writes with great ease, in a pleasant style; tells his stories in a light, flippant way; and amuses, if he instructs not. We do not find depth of research or acute observation; but he skims the surface of his tour on a light and buoyant wing, and the mere flapping of his pinions has something joyous about it. We give another extract or two at random.

"Reader,—excuse the familiarity of my address, in favour of the good intentions which prompt it,—have you ever known the inconveniences of having bed-clothing too narrow to be *tucked under*, or, at least, to fall down and cover the edges of the mattresses? Unless you can resign yourselves to such beds, beware of visiting Germany. Oh, ye good housewives of England! what would ye say, were ye to behold these bedsteads, three feet and a half broad, on the mattresses of which lies one sheet of the usual breadth, while the only *covering* prepared for the astonished traveller consists in what the French call a *piqué*,—a quilt lined with wool, enclosed in a movable bag, like a pillow-case, and which, being scarcely ever as long as the bed, leaves an opening at the bottom for the feet to protrude beyond,—this the Germans think conducive to health: moreover, its breadth being exactly the same as that of the upper mattress, it is unavoidably shaken off by him who has not practised in his bed the stillness that awaits him in the grave! Such is the covering used in Germany during sum-

* Transalpine Memoirs.

mer. In winter it is exchanged for a sheet and the 'feather-bed,' which, from the smallness of its dimensions, is equally ill calculated to afford warmth to him who tosses himself beneath it—wishing that he had the same power with which Italian polichinels are endowed,—that of drawing in his legs, and, in some measure, jumping down his own throat."

"A friend of mine travelling through France during summer, ordered his servant to wake him at six o'clock in the morning. When at that hour the man entered the bedroom, his master inquired, 'What sort of weather is it?' The sleepy servant drew open what, in the dark, appeared to him a window-shutter, and replied, '*Monsieur, il ne fait point de tems; et il sent le fromage*—Sir, there is no weather at all; and it smells of cheese.' He had opened a waiter's store cupboard."

History of the Commonwealth of England, from its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second. By William Godwin. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THIS work has just been completed: Vol. I., published in 1824, contained the Civil War;—Vol. II., in 1826, brought events to the death of Charles I.;—Vol. III., in 1827, came to the Protectorate;—and the last vol., which appeared a few days since, concludes the design.

That "*the opponents of Charles I. fought for liberty, and had no alternative,*" is the dogma which the author sets out to prove; and while we have no doubt that he directed his inquiries conscientiously, and arrived at his convictions in what appeared to him to be the most honest and unprejudiced manner, we have as little hesitation in thinking that there is much more of the partisan than of the impartial historian in this work. Indeed, there are few of the important questions embraced by the discussion, which do not seem to be strongly tinged with the political feelings of Mr. Godwin. Charles I. is all treachery and perfidy; the regicides have every thing to excuse, if not to justify them. An attempt of the king to escape from imprisonment is a crime; the most flagitious act of Cromwel is an error of judgment. In short, there is an obvious leaning to the republican and revolutionary party throughout; and all the writers on that side are relied upon as decisive authorities, while the statements of their opponents are sifted and rejected.

The protector is the hero of the scene; and to what a pitch of admiration Mr. Godwin carries his view of that extraordinary character, may be gathered from the following remarks on his personal appearance:—"Perhaps the only portrait of Cromwel that presents to us an image of his mind, is the miniature by Cooper, of which there is a good print in the early copies of Kimber's Life of the Protector, published in 1724. The eye is steady, vigilant, resolute, pregnant with observation. The lips are compressed and firm, yet visibly adapted to convey emotion and feeling. The brow is large, and indicative of a capacious spirit. Authority is in every feature, without assumption, without affectation; and there is a grave and composed air over the whole, that speaks the early religious habits of his mind. There is somewhat in the aspect that impresses awe on the beholder, at the same time that we are unable to assign to ourselves a reason why we should be afraid. We observe power, but nothing that bespeaks a tendency to the improper use of it. We observe superiority, not imperious, but unalterable and calm. There is no improbability in the supposition, that Milton, in describing the person of our first parent, had that of Cromwel in his recollection:—

In his looks divine
The image of his glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Whence true authority in men ——
This fair large front and eyes sublime, declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forehead manly hung,
Clustering, yet not beneath his shoulders broad."

Now this, so far from being the language of history, is the language of enthusiasm. No wonder that a beholder should be unable to assign any reason for being afraid at the features in a miniature! the thing is absurd, except when fancy usurps the place of judgment; and, besides, this eulogy upon the countenance of Cromwel is at issue with every contemporary description, whether of friends or foes.

It will hardly be expected in a Review like ours, however, that we should enter upon the numerous points which the author offers for examination or controversy: all that we can do is simply to express our opinion of the general nature of the performance, and leave its details to those who have space for more elaborate criticism. We give Mr. Godwin credit for the integrity of his purpose and for the industry of his research; to the latter of which we owe some new lights on this interesting period of our national annals. But we feel at every turn the bias of the writer's mind, in spite of himself; and we cannot accord him the meed of being an unprejudiced historian. At the same time we ought to do justice to his enlarged and liberal ideas upon many topics of the highest public and political importance; and to say that his work is a solid proof of great endowments and abilities. The last chapter, in particular, a *coup-d'œil* over the government of Cromwel, does honour to the author's talents.

The Bijou; an Annual of Literature and the Arts. pp. 288. London, 1829. Pickering.

WE cannot say that the Annual now before us takes a superior literary rank: there is too much in it of mediocrity, and not enough that rises above it. The Family of Sir Thomas More is, however, a very interesting sketch; and the Stranger Patron, by W. J. Thoms, an uncommon and affecting story. Mr. John Bird also deserves mention, both for prose and verse of an appropriate order; and Messrs. Shee, Proctor, Bowles, J. Montgomery, Hogg, W. Frazer, &c. for contributions in extent of a minor character, but well suited to make up the agreeable miscellany of one of these publications. Mrs. Hemans has done little here; but, by way of amends, there are several charming little poems by L. E. L. As this delightful child of song has written but few things this year in the Annuals, of which she has hitherto been so liberal a supporter, and as what was said of Goldsmith may truly be said of her, "she touches nothing which she does not adorn," by the freshness, purity, and beauty of her thoughts, we shall gratify the lovers of poesy by exemplifying the *Bijou* from her compositions. The fine imagination which could immediately suggest such a theme as we now copy to illustrate a print of Tivoli, needs no praise from us, but that we desire to take the opportunity of paying that tribute which we have so much pleasure in continuing to one whose first productions were made known through our page, and whose growing fame gratifies us so much by confirming our early opinions and high expectations.

"*Tivoli.*

Rushing, like uncurbed passion, through the rocks
Which it has riven with a giant's strength,
Down came the gushing waters, hesped with foam,
Like melted pearl, and filling the dark woods
With thunder tuned to music.

When last I gazed, fair Tivoli,
Upon those falls of thine,
Another step was by my side,
Another hand in mine:
And, mirrored in those gentle eyes,
To me thou wert a paradise.

I've smiled to see her sweet lips move,
Yet not one accent hear,
Lost in thy mighty waterfall,
Although we were so near,
My breath was fragrant with the air
The rose-wreath gave she wont to wear.

How often have we past the noon
Beneath thy pine-trees' shade,
When arching bough, and dark green leaf,
A natural temple made;
Haunt of some young divinity,
And more than such she seemed to me.

So very fair, oh! how I blest
The gentle southern clime,
That to the beauty of her cheek
Had brought back summer time.
Alas! 'twas but a little while,—
The promise of an April smile.

Again her clear brow turned too clear;
Her bright cheek turned too bright;
And her eyes, but for tenderness,
Had been too full of light.
It was as if her beauty grew
More heavenly as it heavenward drew.

Long years have past, and toil and care
Have sometimes been to me,
What in my earliest despair
I dream't not they could be;
But here the past comes back again,
Oh! why so utterly in vain?

I stood here in my happy days,
And every thing was fair;
I stand now in my altered mood,
And marvel what they were.
Fair Tivoli, to me the scene
No longer is what it has been.

There is a change come o'er thy hills,
A shadow o'er thy sky;
The shadow is from my own heart,
The change in my own eye:
It is our feelings give their tone
To whatsoever we gaze upon.

Back to the stirring world again,
Its tumult and its toil;
Better to tread the roughest path,
Than such a haunted soil:
Oh! wherefore should I break the sleep
Of thoughts whose waking is to weep.

Yes, thou art lovely, but, alas!
Not lovely as of yore,
And of thy beauty I but ask
To look on it no more.
Earth does not hold a spot for me
So sad as thou, fair Tivoli."

The next, from the same hand, is of a tone unusual to her lute. It is entitled the Feast of Life.

"I bid thee to my mystic feast,
Each one thou lovest is gathered there;
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear;
The board with faded flowers is spread;
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from which bloom has fled;

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirge-like sound;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears;
'Tis from their native element
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What! turnest thou with averted brow?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine,
And askest for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain, the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would I have seemed to thee:
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality!"

Mont Blanc, by the same, is even more poetical; and were we only to consult the adornment of our *Gazette*, we would add it to these sweet examples of female genius. To be admirers of such powers is an offence in no critic; and we have, perhaps, some pride in our partiality, because it flatters our discern-

ment: but as we are only observers, not dictators, we merely desire the public to read, feel, compare, and use its sound discretion. Mr. Shee's verses, though on a trite topic, a Wedding Day Anniversary, breathe a playful philosophy not unworthy of the Author of Rhymes on Art: we will cite a few stanzas—

"And though by many a jolt apprised,
Life's ways are not Macadamised,
Or smooth as wealth could make them;
O'er ups and downs, unjaded still,
We never felt the wish or will
To shorten or forsake them.

Nor can we, Mary, justly say,
Though neither quite so young or gay,
As when, cold Prudence spurning,
We scamper'd forth for Pleasure's sake,
And Fortune thought to overtake,
Or meet at every turning.

Nor can we say we're much the worse
For such a long and anxious course,
With Care still at our heels;
And such a household troop around,
As Hymen has too often found
A drag upon his wheels.

'Tis true we rarely dance or sing,
Or bound with that elastic spring,
The steps of youth discover;
But, had quadrilles not cut us out,
Our dancing days, I make no doubt,
We'd prove were not yet over.

In times which memory still enhances,
Of good Scotch reels and country dances,
On limb alert and supple,
We tripp'd it gally through the night,
Nor thought it any great exploit,
To dance down thirty couple.

But now, amidst a stately throng,
The grave quadriller glides along,
With far more airs than graces,
Or unabash'd, while matrons stare,
In giddy waltz, the breathless fair
Her whirling beau embraces.

* * * *

Some wrinkles, too, we must allow,
Have mark'd the tablet of the brow;
And though they are but slight there,
They shew his hieroglyphic hand,
And make us fully understand,
Old Time begins to write there.

Already he has clear'd the page,
And stamp'd some characters of age
So plain that you may trace them,
He has thinn'd my locks, and turned to gray
The few remaining;—so I say
A wig must soon replace them.

At dinner we grow nice, and think
Much more of what we eat and drink
Than we were wont, when able
To feast on every kind of food
Which that great artist, Eustache Ude,
Could put upon the table."

Of Eustache Ude we cannot hear mention made in this manner, without animadverting on the *sole*-cism (no pun) committed by the writer. It is a complete blunder throughout. We will tell Mr. Shee, "*great artist*" as *he* really is, that he has not done justice to his greater contemporary artist on this occasion. We suspect he made the verse after some plain English dinner, when consequently (as in the ensuing verse is confessed) "rather dozy." Why! the more nice the happy connubial pair grew with regard to meals, we will venture to say the more would they be able to feast on every kind of food, if put on the table by this Prince of Cooks. In short, we are quite angry with Mr. Shee: he has made a bull, and put the cart before the horse. It is not when folks can eat any thing except a jackass stuffed with horse-nails, that they care so much for Ude's superbly commingled flavours—it is when they think, "Now, what could I take?"—when appetite is languid, or rather when there is *no* appetite; when it seems as if the merrythought of a lark would oppress the stomach with waggon-loads of insupportable cannibalism;—it is then that Ude approaches in the effulgence of his glory, and you dwell on dindons aux truffes, and fricassée au suprême, and salmi des perdreaux, and the unrivalled Sauté au Lucullus,* as if you were the heirs of exercise and the competitors of the court of aldermen. But this is an interl-Ude, as the players call it, and it is time to "Ex. Ude."

My Native Village, by Mr. Carrington, is so true to nature, that we are tempted to close with a few lines from its beginning and ending.

"Touch'd by the sun-light of the evening hour,
The elm still rises near thy aged tower,
Dear, pensive Harewood; and in that rich ray
E'en thy old lichen'd battlements seem gay;
Through the bow'd windows streams the golden glow,
The beam is sleeping on the tombs below;
While with its million flowers yon hedge-row fair
Girts with green zone thy lowly house of prayer.
No breeze plays with the amber leafage now,
Still is the cypress, still the ivy bough;
And but for that fleet bird that darts around
Thy spire, or glancing o'er the hallow'd ground,
Twitters for very joy: how strange and deep
The silence where the lost, the loved ones sleep!
Beside—there is nor lay, nor voice, nor breath,
A happy living thing where all around is death!"

"Yes, ye are fair as ever—field and wood,
And cots that gem the calm, green solitude;
And harvests, ripening in the golden gleam,
And flowers, rich fringing all yon wayward stream.
The village green uplifts its age-worn trees,
And flings young voices on the evening breeze;
The rill which flow'd of old yet freshly flows,
The lake still spreads in beautiful repose;
There waves the very grove whose walks among
I oft have strayed to hear the blackbird's song.
Long may the wild bird that sweet refuge know—
Cursed be the axe that lays its leafage low—
Long, bless'd as now with minstrelsy and flowers,
Rise, Harewood, rise amid thy blushing bowers;
And as yon stream, its moorland journey past,
Glides smoothly through the unechoing vales at last,
So, spent with toil in life's tumultuous day,
A pilgrim fainting from his rugged way—
Sweet on thy peaceful bosom let me rest,
Like a tired bird in its own quiet nest;
And find, how exquisite to find it there,
Life's stormy noon crown'd with a sunset fair."

* Vide Ude's Cookery. Ninth Edition, *passim*.

Nollekens and his Times.

[Second notice.]

If Nollekens was a capital bust-maker, his biographer is no less expert at a whole-length figure in the literary way; and his groups often possess strong characteristic features. The disappointment of being a Residuary Legatee has, no doubt, added piquancy to these exhibitions,—for Mr. Nollekens played to the last that cunning game which selfishness often dictates to low minds; and the consequent chagrin of his *dear friends* was proportionate to the great amount of his wealth, the largeness of his promises, and the exuberance of their expectations. We confess that it always affords us pleasure to see the meanness of legacy-hunters (and we make the remark generally, without allusion to the present instance) thus punished. The dirty creature who leaves the world, and the dirty creatures whom he leaves, as far as his last will is concerned, pennyless behind, are entitled to equal respect and sympathy. To the independent looker-on, the closing scene of such a drama is a rich comi-tragic treat.† Here you have the old fox carrying on the system of delusion to the very gates of death, chuckling, we dare say, within his inmost and sinking breast at the blank visages of his crowd of sycophants, when they shall find how matters are settled after he is no more; and here you see those paltry expectant wretches, ay, the noble and the rich, as well as the low and needy, licking the dust, for years, beneath the miserly caitiff's feet. The presents are ever flowing in—the game, the venison, the bon-bons, the rarities, which, were they to cost him a guinea from his immense hoards, he would never have the heart to enjoy; while compliments and adulation come from others who have nothing more substantial to offer; and each flatters himself that he will be remembered in the testament. At length the longed-for period arrives when the sad mourners return from their esteemed crony's funeral, and lo! he has quitted this life, and, by an act worthy of himself and of them, cheated them all. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be applauded; and we could *now* point at Nollekenses still fretting their hour, and multitudes of hungry slaves toad-eating the slippered pantaloons, in hopes of futurity, upon whom, we trust, this lesson may not be utterly thrown away. In order to obtain their pandering good offices, this curmudgeon had literally circulated a list of a hundred persons, to whom he declared his intention of bequeathing a thousand pounds a-piece: in the result, he gave his fortune to two or three individuals, and most dishonestly deceived some who had just claims upon him.

These reflections, however, are rather by way of episode; and we resume the extremely entertaining and pungent anecdotes in the volumes before us. Of the congenial meannesses of Nolly and his wife, the following are curious examples:—

"My old school-fellow, Smith, the grocer, of Margaret-street, has been frequently heard to declare, that whenever Mrs. Nollekens purchased tea and sugar at his father's shop, she always requested, just at the moment she was quitting the counter, to have either a clove or a bit of cinnamon, to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth; but she never was seen to apply it to the part so affected: so that, with Nollekens's nutmegs, which he pocketed from the table at the Academy dinners, they contrived to accumulate a little stock of spices, without any expense whatever."

"He for many years made one at the table of what was at this time called the Royal Academy Club; and so strongly was he bent upon saving all he could privately conceal, that he did not mind paying two guineas a-year for his admission ticket, in order to indulge himself with a few nutmegs, which he contrived to pocket privately; for as red-wine negus was the principal beverage, nutmegs were used. Now it generally happened, if another bowl was wanted, that the nutmegs were missing. Nollekens, who had frequently been seen to pocket them, was one day requested by Rossi, the sculptor, to see if they had not fallen under the table; upon which Nollekens actually went crawling beneath upon his hands and knees, pretending to look for them, though at that very time they were in his waistcoat pocket. He was so old a stager at this monopoly of nutmegs, that he would sometimes engage the maker of the negus in conversation, looking at him full in the face, whilst he slyly, and unobserved as he thought, conveyed away the spice: like the fellow who is stealing the bank note from the blind man in that admirable print of the Royal Cock-pit, by Hogarth.—I believe it is generally considered, that those who are miserly in their own houses, almost to a state of starvation, when they visit their friends or dine in public, but particularly when they are travelling, and know that they will be called upon with a pretty long bill,—lay in what they call a good stock of every thing, or of all the good things the landlord thinks proper to

† "About this time he was courted by several legacy-hunters who were beating about the bush, and amusing trifles from various quarters were continually planted before him in his room. One brought him a tall and extended chimney-campanula; and, to make it look taller, had it placed upon a table within a foot of his nose, so that he was obliged to throw his head back to survey it: and another brought the French giant in a coach, when he was delighted to ecstasy to see him touch the ceiling. During this visit, Bonomi made a mould of his immense right hand."—*See Smith's Memoir*, p. 406, Vol. I.

spread before them. This was certainly the case with Nollekens when he visited Harrowgate, in order to take the water for his diseased mouth. He informed his wife that he took three half-pints of water at a time, and as he knew the bills would be pretty large at the inn, he was determined to indulge in the good things of this world; so that one day he managed to get through 'a nice roast chicken, with two nice tarts and some nice jellies.' Another day he took nearly two pounds of venison, the fat of which was at least 'two inches thick;' at breakfast he always managed two muffins, and got through a plate of toast; and he took good care to put a French roll in his pocket, for fear he should find himself hungry when he was walking on the common by himself.—Our sculptor would sometimes amuse himself on a summer's evening, by standing with his arms behind him at the yard-gate, which opened into Titchfield Street. During one of these indulgences, as a lady was passing, most elegantly dressed, attended by a strapping footman in silver-laced livery, with a tall gilt-headed cane, she nodded to him, and smilingly asked him if he did not know her. On his reply that he did not recollect her, 'What, sir!' exclaimed she, 'do you forget Miss Coleman, who brought a letter to you from Charles Towley to shew legs with your Venus? why I have been with you twenty times in that little room, to stand for your Venus!' 'Oh, *lauk-a-daisy!* so you have,' answered Nollekens; 'why what a fine woman you're grown! come, walk in, and I'll shew you your figure; I have done it in marble.' After desiring the man to stop at the gate, she went in with him; and upon seeing Mrs. Nollekens at the parlour-window, who was pretending to talk to and feed her sister's bullfinch, but who had been informed by the vigilant and suspicious Bronze of what had been going on at the gate—she went up to her, and said, 'Madam, I have to thank—' Mrs. Nollekens then elevated herself on her toes, and with a lisping palpitation began to address the lady. 'Oh, dear!' observed Miss Coleman, 'and you don't know me:—you have given me many a basin of broth in the depth of winter, when I used to stand for Venus.' Mrs. Nollekens, not knowing what to think of Joseph, shook her head at him as she slammed the window, at the same time exclaiming, 'Oh, fie! Mr. Nollekens, fie! fie!' Bronze assured me that when her master went into the front parlour he had a pretty warm reception. 'What!' said her mistress, 'to know such wretches after you have done with them in your studio!' The truth is, that Mrs. Nollekens certainly *did* contrive to get a little broth ready for the models, such as it was, and she likewise condescended to take it into the room herself; and this I am sorry to say, whatever her motives or other charitable intentions might have been, is the only thing I can relate of her that bears the semblance of kindness. * * *

"Upon the death of Mrs. Nollekens, her husband, who had received the condolence of Mrs. Zoffany, Mrs. Lloyd, and other steady old friends, conducted himself with all possible dolefulness and customary propriety, pacing his room up and down with his hands in his pockets, and for a time, I really believe, felt the want of her company, deplorable as it had been for the last three years. However, many ladies stoutly maintain an opinion, that very few gentlemen die of grief for their departed wives; and that short and not very distant removals to a lively prospect where new faces may be seen, generally bring about a change in the worldly affairs of men. And, as if he had been for too long a time what is usually denominated 'henpecked,' Mr. Nollekens soon sported two mould candles instead of one; took wine oftener; sat up later; lay in bed longer; and would, though he made no change whatever in his coarse manner of feeding, frequently ask his morning visiter to dine with him. * * He continued now and then to amuse himself with his modelling-clay, and frequently gave tea and other entertainments to some one of his old models, who generally left his house a bank-note or two richer than they arrived. Indeed, so stupidly childish was he at times, that one of his Venuses, who had grown old in her practices, coaxed him out of ten pounds to enable her to make him a plum-pudding; and he grew so luxuriantly brilliant in his ideas of morning pleasures, that he would frequently, on a Sunday particularly, order a hackney-coach to be sent for, and take Taylor, Bonomi, Goblet, and sometimes his neighbour the publican's wife from the Sun and Horse-shoe, a ride out of town of about ten or twelve miles before dinner. Now and then, however, in consequence of his neglecting his former cautious custom of bargaining for the fare before he started, he had a dispute with the coachman on his return, as to the exact distance, to the no small amusement of Bronze and his brawny old Scotch nurse, a woman whose blotchy skin and dirty habits even Nollekens declared to be most obnoxious to his feelings, and wretchedly nasty in her mode of dressing his victuals."

Mr. Smith insinuates that still, beyond these ebullitions, the maid Mary became "pretty Mary," and had a very good understanding with her dotard of a master; but as this is a domestic affair, we shall turn to topics of a more public character and general interest. We are told, "Frank Hayman was a droll dog. I recollect when he buried his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much money on her funeral? 'Ah, sir!' replied he, 'she would have done as much, or more, for me with pleasure.'"

We cannot say much for the delicacy of the next; and, indeed, in one or two instances we find the author so free, that we would not reprint his anecdotes.

"Hogarth, who was a great frequenter of houses supported by libertines, went to Moll King's, in Covent Garden, accompanied by his friend Hayman, who was at all times highly delighted to see that '*moral* teacher of mankind' sketch from nature. They had not been in the brothel ten minutes, before Hogarth took out his book to draw two ladies, whose dispute bespake a warm contest; and, at last, one of them, who had taken a mouthful of wine or gin, squirted it in the other's face, which so delighted the artist, that he exclaimed, 'Frank, mind the b——'s mouth!' This incident Hogarth has introduced in the third plate of his Rake's Progress."

The Earl of Besborough is represented as a very kind-hearted and benevolent nobleman; but the whole of the following memoranda, as they relate to distinguished persons, are worthy of being quoted.

"Mrs. Thrale one morning entered Nollekens's studio, accompanied by Doctor Johnson, to see the bust of Lord Mansfield; when the sculptor vociferated, 'I like your picture by Sir Joshua very much. He tells me it's for Thrale, a brewer over the water: his wife's a sharp woman, one of the blue-stocking people.' 'Nolly, Nolly,' observed the doctor, 'I wish your maid would stop your foolish mouth with a blue-bag.' At which Mrs. Thrale smiled, and whispered to the doctor, 'My dear sir, you'll get nothing by blunting your arrows upon a block.' The late Earl of Besborough was so well known to Nollekens's dog, that whenever the animal saw his lordship's leg within the gate, he ceased barking, and immediately welcomed the visiter, who always brought a French roll in his blue great-coat-pocket purposely for him, with which his lordship took great pleasure in feeding him. But whenever he had been thus fed, Nollekens would say, when cutting his meat, 'There, that's enough for you, you have had a roll to-day; the other half will do for to-morrow.' Whilst I am speaking of this truly benevolent nobleman, I will take the opportunity of observing, that I have heard my father relate the following anecdotes of him:—His lordship was once standing to see the workmen pull down the wooden railing and brick-work which surrounded the centre of Cavendish-square, when a sailor walked up to him and asked him for a quid of tobacco: his lordship answered, 'My friend, I don't take tobacco.' 'Don't you?' rejoined the sailor; 'I wish you did, master, for I have not had a bit to-day.' As he was turning away, his lordship called to him and said, 'Here, my friend, here is something that will enable you to buy tobacco,' and gave him half-a-crown. At another time, a poor woman, with two children, who appeared much distressed, but was remarkably clean, curtseyed to his lordship as he was passing; he drew out his purse, but in attempting to give her two shillings, they dropped, and rolled into the kennel, upon which, his lordship, after picking them up, wiped them with his pocket-handkerchief before he gave them to the distressed widow."

We hope our readers will like an *encore*.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Chemical Re-agents or Tests, and their Application in Analysing Waters, Earths, Soils, Metalliferous Ores, Metallic Alloys, &c. Originally by F. Accum. Improved and brought down to the present State of Chemical Science by William Maugham, Lecturer on Chemistry. 12mo. London, Tilt.

Mr. Maugham has carefully revised the last edition of this work, and has added much new matter; he has likewise endeavoured throughout to impress upon the mind of the chemical student, the beauty, as well as utility, of letting the *art* of chemistry always rest upon the *science*. Mr. Accum was a chemist of the old school, and might now derive much instruction from the perusal of a book originally compiled by himself; and he would perceive, that although his name is still remaining in the title, the volume is almost entirely re-written, and, in truth, very greatly improved. We recommend it as a work of eminent and daily usefulness, not so much in scientific concerns as in the most important domestic circumstances.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 26.

The season for seeing fashionable loungers and swaggerandos has commenced: this description of irresistibles generally honour the garden of the Tuileries at four o'clock, and parade up and down the beau walk with swing-swang gait, to attract the regards of rich mammas with *jolies demoiselles*, who, they flatter themselves, must fall victims to their slender waists, hat on three hairs, cravat *à l'Anglaise*, bright buttons, and new gloves. The *salons* also begin to fill with light-witted

coxcombs, who, nevertheless, possess the talent of bowing, smiling, and grimacing old dowagers and young widows out of their liberty and fortune; whilst men of merit are forced to tell their love-tales to the moon and stars, or blow out their brains. The conversation of drawing-rooms is at present *tout-à-fait* sentimental; fair ladies expatiate on the charms of the country, the purity of the air, the delight of rural walks, the bliss of retirement; so that, did we not live in an age where words are used to conceal, not to disclose, the sentiments of the heart, one might imagine dissipation a penance; and the cooing of doves, bleating of sheep, cackling of geese, and braying of donkeys, more pleasing to the ear of gentle females than highly seasoned compliments, well-turned flattery, deep sighs, and soft speeches.

Great reforms are daily taking place in this city of cities: waggons and carts are obliged to be driven at snail's pace, so as not to endanger the necks of the *piétons*. Happily, the overturning of a *commissaire de police* has occasioned this change; and it is to be hoped that other accidents may shortly happen to some of these precious parts of the creation, to induce them to establish similar laws with regard to gentlemen's carriages, tilburies, &c.

Great preparations are making for Saint Charles's day; and instead of the scramble which usually takes place for sausages, wine, &c. the *bureaux de charité* are to distribute a German sausage, two pounds of bread, and a bottle of wine, to each poor family in their district.

According to the *on dits* of the day, the famous Vidocq is about to establish a manufactory at Paris, in which no man is to be allowed the honour of serving who has not been either at the galleys, or confined in the prison of the force. Such an establishment, I should think, might be of great use to morality, as it would cause a concurrence in fair dealing, and put honest men on the alert to prove themselves superior to those entitled rogues; for, take society at large, the same principle, I believe, governs all classes — that of cheating one's neighbour.

We have got a new omnibus, denominated Trycicles, which allows space for stretching the legs, gives elbow-room, and has so easy a motion that one may read and write without difficulty, and thus economise time: a looking-glass also is not forgotten, which has many advantages, but one in particular—that you may stare at your neighbour without appearing to look at him.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

1st day—the sun is at the verge of the southern scale, about 4½ deg. west of Zuben el Genubi. 20th day—enters the head of the Scorpion 2½ deg. west of Antares.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Libra . . .	7	3	4
☽ First Quarter in Capricornus	14	1	48
○ Full Moon in Taurus . . .	21	2	40
☾ Last Quarter in Leo . . .	29	1	44

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Virgo	3	8	45
Jupiter in Libra	7	13	30
Mercury in Scorpio	8	8	20
Mars in Capricornus	13	20	30
2 ♑ Tauri	21	12	38
Saturn in Cancer	26	6	40

13th day, 9 hrs.—Mercury in his inferior conjunction, and distant only 10 min. 7 sec. from the sun, which will be the closest approximation this planet will make to a transit till the year 1832, when, on May 4th, about noon, Mercury will appear as a beautifully defined circular spot, 11 sec. in diameter, traversing the sun's disc: this phenomenon is considered to be one of the most interesting spectacles in the heavens, and occurs more frequently with Mercury than Venus.

Venus, the herald of the early traveller, and harbinger of day, still continues to illumine the eastern hemisphere, and precedes the rising sun nearly four hours. 14th day, 17 hrs.—in conjunction with γ Virginis, a beautiful double star, and one of the binary systems. 5th day, 10 hrs. 15 min.—Mars in quadrature, and appearing of an oval or gibbous form, being defective from a full orb about ⅛th of his diameter. 14th day, 17 hrs.—in conjunction with γ Capricorni. 17th day, 8 hrs.—with δ Capricorni.

12th day—Jupiter in conjunction with Mercury. 16th day, 20 hrs. 45 min.—with the sun. 30th day, 7 hrs.—with λ Libræ.

Saturn is situated among the small stars called Præsepe, in Cancer, and is increasingly favourable for observation: it rises at the following times respectively:—

D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
1	10	7	7	9	43	13	9	19
19	8	54	25	8	29			

Uranus is advancing towards the head of Capricornus.

Situation of the principal Constellations this evening (1st day) at 8 hrs.

Ursa Major N. Gemini and Cassiopeia N.E. Auriga N.E. ½ E. Perseus E.N.E. Pleiades E. by N. ½ E. Musca, Triangula, and Andromeda, E. Eridanus, Cetus, Aries, and Pisces, E.S.E. Pegasus S.S.E. Aquarius S.

Capricornus S.S.W. Sagittarius and Delphinus S.W. Antinous S.W. ½ W. Scutum S.W. by W. Aquila S.W. ½ W. Cygnus W. by S. Lyra W. Hercules W. by N. Corona N.W. by W. Draco and Boötes N.W. Ursa Minor N.N.W.

Telescopic objects in the above that are favourable for observation.

A nebula near the ear of Ursa Major, of an oval form, bright in the centre, and exhibiting a mottled nebulosity. ξ Ursæ Majoris, a double star, the smaller one of which moves about the larger one six degrees in a year. Castor in Gemini, a double star. The asteroid Ceres forms the southern vertex of a triangle with Castor and Pollux. A nebula near ε Aurigæ, consisting of a square mass of small stars. Algol, a variable star in Perseus, varies between the second and fourth magnitudes in 2d day, 20 hrs. 48 min. 58·7 sec. In Andromeda there are several nebulæ, the largest of which is in the girdle, and is 40 min. in length by 15 min. in breadth.

Uranus and Mars in Capricornus. A variable star in Antinous, south of Altair, nearly in the equinoctial; it varies between the third and fifth magnitudes in 7th day, 4 hrs. 15 min. ε Lyræ, a remarkable double double star, in which a slight motion is perceptible; in the first set the largest star is white, and the smallest inclining to red; in the second set they are both white. In the girdle of Hercules, between two stars of the eighth magnitude, there is a round and bright nebula 6 min. in diameter. The star in the head of Hercules is double, and is a beautiful object: one of the stars is of a bluish colour, inclining to green; the other is red.

The pole star (α Ursæ Minoris) is double; the two stars that compose it are of very unequal magnitudes; the largest of the two white, the other red, and separated from each other 17 sec. This star is an excellent test of the illuminating and defining power of a telescope: the smaller the magnifying power which will shew the small star as a distinct point of light, the more excellent is the telescope.

Deptford. J. T. B.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER: LEVELS.

A very curious and a very important production has just been placed before us; but, unluckily, one which we find considerable difficulty in describing so as to convey a clear idea of it to our readers. It consists of a sheet, 40 inches by 27, on which is presented, at a single view, the relative altitude of the principal public and other edifices, parks, squares, reservoirs, &c. in the metropolis and the environs. On the right hand is a lithographed geometrical landscape (something on the plan of those instructive sheets which shew the relative heights of all the mountains, or the relative lengths of all the rivers, in the world), on which is figured the objects referred to in the accompanying tables. For this purpose, the Trinity high-water mark of the river is taken as the foundation or base-line; and above this, within the space of about half an inch equal to a rise of ten feet, are represented and numbered all the buildings, &c. situated within ten feet of the level of the river, such as, for instance, Westminster Hall, Whitehall, the Council Office, Greenwich Hospital, &c. The next line occupies from ten to twenty feet above the level assumed, and is similarly filled with a range of objects, "in little," such as the Admiralty, Buckingham Palace, Northumberland House, the Custom House, Chelsea Hospital, &c. &c. Thus every ten feet forms a line upon the pyramidal landscape, to the height of four hundred and forty feet, (consequently there are forty-four lines and spaces of rather more than half an inch each), where, at the top, we find Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead; and in the divisions immediately below, at four hundred and ten feet, Highgate Church and Shooter's Hill (on the same line), and below these the cross of St. Paul's. It is remarkable, that from two hundred and eighty feet to this height there are no objects of public interest. To complete this laborious and most useful work, there is a reference to every place and thing contained in the picture; an index, with not only an alphabetical table, but also with a numerical table, which at once enables the spectator to go to the spot he is in quest of, or from that elevation to the table, which informs him of other particulars.

This altogether extraordinary performance is from actual and patient surveys by Mr. Frederick Wood, of Brompton, and Mr. William Moffat, of Knightsbridge, land-surveyors; and it is a monument of their skill and industry. To architects, engineers, water companies, commissioners of sewers, and other civil authorities, it must be a perfect and indispensable *vade mecum*; but there is hardly an individual possessed of property in the capital who is not materially concerned in the mass of information it conveys. Medical men and invalids, too, will probably be well disposed to consult a document which is so true a guide towards the choice of situations eligible for their constitutions. Upon the whole, we recommend this work to general attention. It is not likely that any patronage can compensate the authors for the time and toil they have employed upon it; but we are sure, that such meritorious individuals need only to be known by a public labour

so eminently valuable, to be rewarded for their diligence, and encouraged for their abilities.

CHANGES IN ANIMALS.

At one of the recent sittings of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, an interesting paper was read by M. Roulin, on the Changes which the domestic Animals of Europe undergo when transported to the Equatorial Regions of the New World. The author's observations are stated to have been made in New Granada and a part of Venezuela, from the 3d to the 10th degree of N. lat., and from the 70th to the 80th degree of W. long. He states, at the commencement of his paper, that the mammiferous animals brought from the old to the new continent, are pigs, sheep, goats, asses, horses, cows, and dogs, all of which are become more numerous than the indigenous animals of the new countries. It appears that the hog in the warm valleys of South America, wandering in the woods, and subsisting upon wild fruits, becomes very ferocious, and assumes almost the character of the wild boar. The first introduction of pigs into these climates was in St. Domingo, in 1493, one year after the discovery of America. They were successively introduced into all the places inhabited by Spaniards; and in the space of half a century they were to be found multiplying rapidly, from the 25th degree of N. lat. to the 45th degree of S. lat. The larger animals were also first introduced into St. Domingo, where for some years they did not appear to thrive; but by the persevering management of the colonists, they began to multiply prodigiously, and great numbers were sent to Mexico. Such, at length, was the fertility of production in St. Domingo, that, notwithstanding numerous exportations, herds of 4000 head of cattle were very common in that island twenty-seven years after its discovery. Some herds are even stated to have numbered 8000; and in 1587 the exportation of hides from St. Domingo was 35,444: and in the same year 64,850 hides were exported from New Granada. The principal treatment to ensure fecundity in these animals, was to pasture them in situations where the food possessed saline properties; in places where the quantity of salt either in the water or plants was small, they were found to deteriorate in quality, and to diminish in number. In these climates the cow undergoes a material change. It no longer furnishes the constant supply of milk which we obtain from it by artificial means in Europe; and in order to obtain that fluid at all, it is necessary that the calf should be continually with its mother. The milk obtained for domestic use is only that which accumulates during the night, when the calf is in a quiescent state. When the calf ceases to suck, the milk immediately dries up. The bulls and cows introduced from Europe into South America soon became wild; and at the present time it is only by repeated *battues* that they are kept in subjection. The ass undergoes in the provinces which M. Roulin has visited, less change than any other animal. He never becomes wild but in situations where the labour is excessive. The propagation of the species is attended with several instances of deformity. It is very different with the horse. By the independent life which it leads, it almost resumes the character of the wild horse, and is remarkable for the great similarity of colour. A bright chestnut is the prevailing, and nearly the only colour of the horses in South America. The favourite pace of these horses is the amble, which they are taught at a very early age. They do not remain fit for service many years, as they become liable to swellings, which are generally incurable. When in this state, they are turned out and used for breeding. The result is very extraordinary: the colts born from parents which have been taught the ambling pace, have themselves the amble, as naturally as the colts in Europe have the trot. To these colts is given the name of *aguilillas*. The first importation of dogs into South America was at the second voyage of Columbus. In his first battle with the Indians in South America, he had twenty blood-hounds, which were afterwards employed in Mexico and New Grenada, where their race remains almost without change. They are now used chiefly for stag-hunting, and are as formidable in their attack upon that animal, as they were formerly to the natives. Many of the South American dogs of pure race inherit the necessary instinct for the chase of the wild hog, in which they are employed. The address of this dog consists in moderating its ardour, so as not to attack any particular animal, but to keep in check the number by which it may be surrounded; whereas, a dog of bastard race, whatever may be its strength, is, for want of this precaution, instantly devoured. The sheep introduced into America were not the *merinos*, but the two species called *tana basta* and *burda*. In temperate climates they have multiplied abundantly, without shewing any tendency to submit to the domination of man. In the burning climate of the plains they do not propagate freely; and a curious phenomenon is there witnessed. The wool of the lambs grows at first as in more temperate climates, but rather slowly. When in a fit state for shearing there is nothing remarkable about its quality; and when removed it grows again as in temperate climates: but if the proper time for shearing is allowed to go by, the wool becomes thick, falls off in patches, and leaves underneath not a new growth of wool or a barren place, as if from disease, but a short, shining, and close hair, exactly like the hair of the goat in the same climate; and where this hair once appears, there is never any return of wool. The goat, notwithstanding its form, which appears adapted to mountainous situations, thrives much better in the low valleys of South America than on the high points of the Cordilleras. It undergoes a mammiferous change similar to that of the cow. Among birds the changes have not been great. The fowls brought by the Spaniards multiplied abundantly in most situations; but on some elevated points, such as Cusco, and all the valley, it was for a long time impossible to get them to propagate. By dint of perseverance a few chickens were obtained. In these there was little fecundity; but their descendants were more fruitful, and they now produce with the same facility as in our climates. The same remark may be made of the goose, which has only been recently introduced into Bobota. The peacock, the Pintado fowl, and the pigeon, have undergone no change.—The conclusions drawn from this Report are, 1st, That every animal, like man, requires time to accustom itself to climate; and, 2dly, That domestic animals, when left to themselves, have a great tendency towards the organisation of those of the same species in a wild state; and that a very short time only is necessary to produce that transformation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Oct. 18.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. Wintle, Worcester College; Rev. W. Thorpe, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. F. Turner, Exhibitioner, T. L. Allen, Worcester College; J. J. Farquharson, Christ Church; O. D. Toosey, Lincoln College; R. Hutton, Exeter College.

Oct. 25.—Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Civil Law.—The Hon. P. H. Abbot, M.A. Student of Christ Church, and Vinerian Fellow; Rev. C. Awdry, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. A. Bewes, Rev. M. R. Scott, Exeter College; C. H. Maclean, Balliol College; W. L. Woods, St. John's College; T. Vores, Scholar of Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. G. Cole, Fellow of Exeter College; C. A. Houblon, J. R. Kenyon, Christ Church.

The Rev. W. Palmer, B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was incorporated of Magdalen Hall.

Cambridge, Oct. 17.—On Friday, the 10th inst. (the first day of term), the under-mentioned degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—R. Maitland, Trinity College; T. S. Carlyon, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Silver, F. E. Leach, Trinity College; W. Leeke, Queen's College; R. W. Packer, E. L. Williams, Catharine Hall; R. Bird, Magdalene College; C. Goring, Sidney Sussex College.

Oct. 24.—At the congregation on Wednesday last, the Rev. H. S. Neucatre, of St. John's College, and R. Day, of Caius College, were admitted Masters of Arts.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Having the honour of an invitation to the annual oration last Tuesday evening, at "half-past eight o'clock precisely," we attended, both as a private pleasure and a public duty. But diligence is not always rewarded; and we found, on arriving before the hour specified, that so numerous a company had been invited, that not only were the Society's apartments full, but the stairs were crowded to the bottom, like a patroness of Almacks' principal rout of the season. As there were, however, neither ladies to faint out of our way, nor refreshments to support us in the squeeze, we were fain to turn our heads in another direction, and utter a wish that the Medico-Botanical Society would not issue more than twice as many cards as they have room to accommodate. As far as we are concerned, the world has lost an oration by this means.

EGYPT.

Letter from M. Le Normand.

Alexandria, 29th Aug. 1828.

Two or three days after our arrival, a fleet of nearly 40 sail had quitted the port of Alexandria, to bring back from the Morea Ibrahim and his army. Admiral Codrington, with a small squadron, had come to press the conclusion of the treaty with the viceroy, who had acceded to his wishes with the best possible grace, and the Greek slaves who had been liberated had already set out upon their return to their homes. It was thus rendered impossible that the war between Greece and Turkey should affect us. Another course of events, however, might have proved very prejudicial; and, to tell the truth, M. Drovetti had written a letter to M. Champollion, which had luckily crossed us, in which he advised him, even in the name of the viceroy, to put off the expedition to another year. Our debarkation, therefore, caused a momentary embarrassment to M. Drovetti; but as to the pasha, he said at once—"they are welcome."

To describe to you the impression, the droll appearance, the singular agitation, of this city, would be impossible. For a place like Alexandria, it would be necessary to create new terms, for those of which we make use can only present a vague idea, out of all keeping with the reality. A city, in our acceptation of the word, implies streets, pavements, houses;

even a mayor and gendarmes;—here there is nothing of all that—the men seem to congregate upon this tongue of sand as nature wished and permitted;—and what men, what a mixture of people, and how new to the eye of a European! Here the Turk, with his long robe and demure step; there the Jew, handsome as Joseph, all full of grimaces as Caïpha: on one side the mild Armenian, on the other the wild-looking Bedouin, with his long white drapery, and mounted upon his dromedary; the blue shirt of the Arabian contrasting with the frock-coat of the European; the red uniform of the troops of Ibrahim by the side of the blue jackets of our sailors: here an officer of rank covered with gold, preceded by slaves carrying torches; there a troop of veiled women and naked children, denoting misery in its extremest stage. Imagine this strange mixture moving about among half-built houses and in tortuous paths, with an agitation and a language to which even Naples cannot be compared,—and you have Alexandria in all its confusion, and in its sublime and burlesque singularity of aspect.

On the 19th we took possession of the lodgings which had been prepared for us. M. Champollion remained at M. Drovetti's, and I was placed with M. Pechemonte, the consul of Sardinia, and son-in-law of M. Drovetti. From my window I can perceive, in the open air, one of the prettiest museums imaginable—a house in ruins, with antique fragments of Egyptian, Roman, and Byzantine sculpture; and opposite, an Arabian portico of the most delicate and original description.

In the evening, our first promenade was to the Obelisks called the Needles of Cleopatra. These Obelisks presented to M. Champollion many singularities which have not been noticed. This point of view, which forms part of the site of the old city, and from which there is the most picturesque prospect of the sea, of several Greek and Copt convents, and of the mosque which is the place of sepulture for the family of the pasha, has become, on account of the little excavations which have been commenced there, the rendezvous of the persons employed to sketch (*dessinateurs*), so that it may be said that the expedition has commenced its labours. As for me, I am preparing myself for the more important things which Upper Egypt will present us with, by reading Herodotus, and by the study of the hieroglyphics. M. Champollion continues to be in every respect a model of complaisance.

In general, as I have already told you, persons at a distance have monstrous ideas of the character of the people of this country, and yet in some respects they are better than the people of our great cities. All the Franks who have lived here a long time speak in the highest terms of the mild manners of the Arabs, in the whole extent of Egypt, without exception. Murders are here of rare occurrence, and when they do take place they are almost always committed by foreigners. Some singular traces of the French expedition are discernible in the population. As we left the city yesterday to proceed to the Obelisks, we were accosted by a blind man, who addressed us in French, to the following effect:—"Give me something, citizen, for I have not breakfasted this morning."

It is probable that M. Parisset will find himself disappointed on his arrival in Egypt, for there has been no plague there these three years; the pasha has established lazarettos; and the prevailing opinion is, that this year, like the three preceding, will pass over without plague. A volunteer of our vessel, a young man of nineteen, has deserted, and taken refuge with the governor of Alexandria, where he has made profession of the Musselman faith. From this moment he belongs to the Turkish government, and the consul has no further power than to interrogate him three times in the presence of the governor, to know if his resolution is final; if he persists, the affair is ended, and there is a renegade the more.

The extent to which the pasha has carried his influence over the minds of the people of this country is extraordinary; he appears to exercise a kind of seduction over all who approach him. [The audience of the pasha is then mentioned.] The conversation (which ensued) was about the voyage, and we were promised protection and support. We were then asked if we intended to go to the summit of Pharaoh; for so the Turks call the pyramids. After this, politics were introduced; and in the midst of this official conversation, coffee was brought to us in small cups, on a tray covered with a napkin embroidered with gold. At the end of a quarter of an hour we were dismissed, with the same cordiality, and returned to our carriage.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE lectures on foreign literature commenced on Wednesday last, by Mr. A. Panizzi giving his introductory discourse to a good attendance of visiters. The professor was frequently encouraged in the course of his task, and the conclusion was followed by long and continued plaudits. The lecture itself was eloquently written, and delivered with great propriety of action and enunciation. We were so much pleased with the whole performance, that we feel some reluctance in finding fault; but we could have wished that he had recited a few passages from some of the Italian poets. We earnestly recommend these lectures to our readers, as, both from the specimen which we have already received, and from the celebrity of the gentleman in question, we have no hesitation in saying that he will be an honour and credit to the establishment. Italian literature is too little known in this country. Fashion, however, has had its votaries, whilst intellect and mind have been sadly neglected. Let not our countrymen, therefore, suffer this excellent opportunity to escape, and we shall be satisfied. There are to be 105 lessons for the language, and 70 lectures for the exposition of the literature. For want of space, we have only room for the following extract.

"The comparison of the literature of different countries tends eminently to form a sound taste, and to do away with those prejudices which a narrow view, caused either by national pride or antipathy, may have produced. It strengthens and enlightens the intellect, by multiplying the objects of its attention. The political history, the manners, the customs, the character, of a nation, are never well comprehended without a critical knowledge of its literature, which, influenced as it is by all these causes, has a great re-action upon them. These palpable truths did not escape the notice of the Council of the University; and the facilities which this splendid monument of their exertions affords for the acquisition of modern languages, give the members of that body a just title to the gratitude of the public. It is obvious, that the more extensive this study becomes, nations are brought into closer contact, their jealousies grow fainter and fainter, and the value of useful works, from any country, increases in the ratio in which they are put within reach of a greater number of individuals."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Amulet for 1829.—The attractive Frontispiece was mentioned in the *Literary Gazette* last week. The other illustrations are most of them of a very pleasing character. Among them are the following: "The Fisherman leaving Home," an interesting picture by W. Collins, R. A., sweetly engraved by C. Rolls. "The Kitten discovered," engraved by W. Greatbatch, from a picture by H. Thomson, R.A., broad and simple. "The Rose of Castle Howard" (portrait of Lady Mary Howard), engraved by E. Portbury, from a painting by J. Jackson, R. A.; a charming representation of infantile simplicity. "The Temple of Victory," engraved by R. Wallis, from a painting by J. P. Gandy, R. A.; a noble architectural composition: to what cause is it to be attributed that a man of so much original talent and acquired knowledge as Mr. Gandy, seems to be overlooked in the choice of architects for the construction of our public buildings? "The Mountain Daisy;" a metamorphosis of Sir T. Lawrence's exquisite picture of one of the Ladies Fane; it is engraved by C. Armstrong. "Wandering Minstrels of Italy," engraved by W. Humphreys, from a drawing by Penry Williams, which highly finished drawing must be well recollected by all the visiters to the last Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours. "The Italian Mother," engraved by E. Finden, from a painting by C. Eastlake, A.R.A. Perhaps much may be owing to our not being constantly accustomed to it, but there certainly appears to be something very picturesque in the costume of the Italian women. "The Wearied Soldier," engraved by C. Rolls, from a painting by the late W. Bigg, R. A. The story is clearly told, and the perspective view of the sheep exceedingly well managed. "Innocence," engraved by F. Bacon, from a painting by R. Smirke, R.A. We wish Mr. Smirke would allow us more frequent opportunities of mentioning his name as an artist. Who does not recollect with delight the masterpieces of humour—"familiar but not vulgar"—with which he frequently favoured the public some years ago?

The Juvenile Forget-me-not for 1829.—To the illustrations of this handsome little volume, is appropriately prefixed a Portrait of "Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria," engraved by Thomson, from a bust by Behnes, in the possession of his Majesty. There are fifteen other plates, very prettily engraved, and exceedingly well adapted to youth. Nor must we forget the vignettes on wood: several of them, especially those in which the Savoyards, with their grotesque companions, are introduced, are executed with great skill.

BIOGRAPHY.

LUKE HANSARD, ESQ.

ON Wednesday, the 29th ult., at the house of one of his sons, in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, died LUKE HANSARD, Esq., in his 79th year. Beyond the circle of the literary characters directly or mediately connected with his press (comprising almost all the leading statesmen, civilians, and divines, his contemporaries in the late and present reign), of members of the House of Commons, and the gentlemen officially employed there, Mr. Hansard was not, we believe, very publicly known; though for a really praiseworthy, active, and useful life,

few men have higher pretensions to a distinguishing record.

Mr. Hansard succeeded Mr. Hughs as printer to the House of Commons about thirty years ago: but for nearly fifty years the printing of that department has had the benefit of Mr. Hansard's direction, aided by a professional skill and judgment that will rank his name among the chief in the annals of typography. Without derogating from the praise of others, it may, with truth, be said, that to Mr. Hansard belongs the merit of the luminous and admirably-digested plan under which the voluminous papers relating to the various branches of the public service have, for some years past, been laid before parliament and the nation; an arrangement and classification tending to diffuse information of vital import, at the same time that it gives facility to every description of research connected with the polity of the country.

As a man of business, Mr. Hansard possessed the main qualifications pertaining to excellence —a fixed habit of industry, a scrupulous regard to punctuality and despatch, and an inflexible integrity. As a citizen, his duties were performed with a vigour and alacrity the most commendable. As a master, such excellent rules guided his conduct, as to render servitude under him both beneficial and pleasant. As a parent, his example was of the kind to be influential beyond the range of his own immediate household.

In justice to Mr. Hansard it should be stated, that he came to the metropolis a journeyman; and, like the late Mr. Strahan, the late Mr. Cadell, and others whom we could name, had slender prospect of success beyond that to which his own personal application, perseverance, and merit, might entitle him. Also, like the persons with whom we rank him, Mr. Hansard accumulated a liberal competency, which, as it was honourably and sedulously earned, was the more richly deserved.

The natal [illegible] subject of this imperfect sketch has escaped the recollection of the writer, but is believed to have been Norwich, or some village in the neighbourhood of that city. He received the rudiments of education at a school in Lincolnshire; and was afterwards apprenticed to the then only printer in Norwich, Mr. White, in Cockey Lane. The hard fare of his early probation, at school and during his apprenticeship, recurred frequently to his recollection in after-life, and served as a theme for useful monition to the young people about him. In his person, Mr. Hansard was of middling stature, and spare; but to a remarkably strong constitution there was united a spirit adapted for enterprise, for exertion, for subduing every thing arduous, and, by its extraordinary and never-failing energy, overcoming obstacles, hindrances, and difficulties, that, to ordinary powers, appear wholly insurmountable. No one about him could ever keep pace with his undeviating course of labour, the time allotted by him for rest never exceeding, at any season of the year, more than a sixth part of the twenty-four hours of each working day. This practice he pursued to within a very short period preceding his decease. The divine denunciation consequent on the Fall, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," &c. was conspicuously illustrated in the experience of Mr. Hansard. But with him every returning day brought a cheerful disposition for labour, and, from the sheer love of it, a perseverance that never relaxed, because it knew not to tire. To the remark of our great moralist, that "it seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure," Mr. H. was a striking exception: no one ever took greater delight in any pursuit than he did in his particular avocation; to that he devoted all his powers, bodily and mental, the force of which he multiplied at will, by the rare tact of infusing into others a portion of his own extraordinary zeal. Thus to accomplish the circle of so many evolving years may, indeed, be accounted a long career, and claiming not the merely negative merit of protracted animal existence, but the real *bonâ fide* praise due to a life, which, while it was deservedly profitable to the individual, proved extensively beneficial to others.

In religion, Mr. Hansard was perfectly orthodox, and a regular attendant at his parish church. With politics he never intermeddled, farther than by strenuously acting from principle with those and for those whose purposes and views were loyal, and of a kind to uphold and cherish the Establishment in Church and State. To the Society for Educating the Lower Classes, to that for Building Churches, to the recently projected institution of a Metropolitan College, and to other public foundations, he was a liberal contributor; while his munificent gifts vested in the Stationers' Company for poor Printers, will convey a grateful memory of him to the latest posterity.

Previous to his death, Mr. Hansard had become a great grandfather; and he leaves to possess his large property, and the reflected credit of his justly acquired fame, a widow, a sister, three sons, two daughters, and nearly forty grandchildren. An excellent likeness of him, by Lane, made a part of the late Exhibition at Somerset House.*

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

A TRANSLATION of that very elegant comedy *La Reine de Seize Ans* was produced here yesterday week; and it is no trifling compliment to Miss [illegible] Tree, who sus[illegible] part of the *Youthful Queen*, to say [illegible] highly relished her performance of it, (meagrely as it is rendered in the English) after having witnessed its representation by the inimitable Jenny Vertpré, for whom it was originally written by M. Bayard, and who, independently of her extraordinary talent, is so admirably assisted by her *petite* and fairy-like figure, in the personation. The daily papers have spared us the trouble of detailing the plot; and indeed *La Reine de Seize Ans* having been frequently represented at the Lyceum, during the French performances last season, it is familiar to most of our town readers. Mr. Farren played the old minister of Gustavus with his usual discrimination of character. Mr. Cooper was the favoured young officer, and Mr. Jones his courtier-cousin. We need scarcely say they left us nothing to desire in the acting.

Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, was revived, with great strength, on Thursday; Farren, Jones, and Cooper, taking the leading parts, and executing them to perfection.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE only novelty at this house since our last, is the introduction to the London boards of a Mr. Gray, who made his first appearance as *Sir Anthony Absolute*, in the *Rivals*. He is certainly not a man of genius; and, so far from being able to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Farren's defection, can be of no earthly use in a company possessing Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Blanchard, and Mr. Bartley. Reeve's *Acres* was a very funny character; but it, we swear, was not *Acres*, "by the rood."

* Though a memoir in detail could only do justice to the subject, we consider this brief notice as the best of all eulogies, coming as it does from a gentleman who for nearly twenty years has participated in Mr. H.'s labours, and whom we believe to be capable of appreciating them. Of such a memorial the family may be justly proud.—*Editor.*

VARIETIES.

Legal Education.—Letters from Alexandria state that the Pasha of Egypt is about to send to this country two of the sons of one of his principal officers to receive instruction in the mode of English legislation. If the Pasha wishes them to learn all that is to be collected in this way, he will be dead long before they have finished their education!

Animal Charcoal.—Some years ago the newspapers gave an account of an establishment at Copenhagen, in which the charcoal made from bones was used with great success in the purification of common oils, whilst the gas that was generated served to light a great part of the neighbourhood. An establishment of this kind is being formed at Stockholm. It is said that the most rancid fish oils are made equal to the finest sperm oil by the use of this charcoal; and that in consequence of the profit resulting from its employment in that way, the gas which the bones give out in great abundance can be supplied at a much cheaper rate than the gas obtained from coals. It is rather singular that the experiment has not been tried in this country.

Scientific Squabble.—A difference has arisen between the Paris Academy of Medicine and the French Government, owing to the appointment by the latter of a distinguished chemist, to make an analysis, on the spot, of the different mineral springs in France. The Academy approve of the choice, but contend that the appointment should rest with them, and not with [illegible] where the mineral waters are said to [illegible] extraordinary powers. According to the [illegible] report, not only the waters of Dax, but even the mud near the town, is of such efficacy, that the soldiers who are quartered there, when afflicted with rheumatism, find a speedy cure by covering the part affected with mud, which they removed when thoroughly dry.

Malaria.—At a late sitting of the Academy of Medicine in Paris, M. Villernie read a paper on the Influence of Marshes upon Human Life, from which he drew the following conclusions:—In the salubrious portions of our climates, the winter and spring months are those which give the greatest number of deaths, and the winter is more fatal in the north than in the south. In marshy countries the greatest number of deaths is in the months of July, August, September, and October; and the evaporation of the marshes is most fatal to persons from one to six years of age. The complaint which generally attacks children, owing to the malaria of marshes, is stated to be an acute gastro-intestinal affection.

Greek Isles.—A commission which had been appointed by the president of the government, M. Capo d'Istrias, to inquire into the state of education in the Greek isles, having examined seventeen of them, has reported that, on the 1st of May last, those seventeen isles possessed 92 schools, comprehending 2,333 scholars, from 5 to 30 years of age. 23 of these schools, containing 969 scholars, followed the Lancastrian method. Of the 92 schools, 13 had been established under the dominion of the Turks; 57 between the month of March 1821,

and the arrival of the president (January 1828); and the 22 others between that period and the 1st of May. The 13 schools founded under the Turks, and receiving 296 scholars, all followed the old method. Of the 57 schools of the second period, only 14, containing 557 scholars, followed the new method; the remaining 43 schools of that period contained 829, being altogether 1,386 scholars. In the third period, 9 schools of mutual instruction, containing 412 scholars, had been founded; the 13 other schools founded within that period, and which follow the old method, had only 239 scholars, making altogether 651 scholars. The principal matters taught in all the schools are reading, writing, ancient and modern Greek, arithmetic, geography, and the ancient history of Greece. In some of the schools, French, Italian, and English, are taught; in others, Latin and geometry. In a very great number, theology, metaphysics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, are likewise taught.

Irritation.—Excitability is essential to the continuance of life. The effect of excitation on the nerves, as every where else, is to produce a movement of contraction. If this movement, which in a healthy state is repeated a certain number of times in a certain period, becomes quicker, excitation changes its name, and becomes irritation, and a malady. Simple irritation differs from inflammation in that the latter particularly affects the cellular systems and the blood-vessels, and leads to a train of disorders which irritation alone never produces.

Liberal Donation.—Messrs. Edward B. Delavan and John T. Norton have presented the Albany Institute with the collection of the late Governor Clinton in natural history and science generally, amounting to upwards of 1100 specimens.—*Baltimore Journal.*

French Wines.—It appears by some recent investigations, that the vine is cultivated in France in seventy-eight departments, occupying an extent of 1,736,056 hectares, of which the average annual produce is 35,075,689 hectolitres, being of the value of 540,389,298 francs. The average price of the hectolitre is therefore fifteen francs forty centimes, or thirteen centimes the common bottle. This is the original price; but it is nearly doubled, by the expense of carriage, the indirect imports, the *droits d'octroi*, and the profits of trade. Still, the exceeding smallness of this average price shews that the quantity of good wine is very small, as compared with the quantity of bad. However, its selling price has less to do with its quality than with the facility of its conveyance in the vicinity of a great consumption.

Adulation.—Perhaps one of the finest specimens of base and impious servility on record, is the speech which, it is stated in Bertrand's History of Boulogne-sur-Mer, was made by the prefect of the Pas-de-Calais to Napoleon, at the period when the latter was projecting the invasion of England, and had collected all kinds of materials for the attempt: viz. "God created Buonaparte, and then rested himself!"

Modesty.—At a late sitting of the Académie des Beaux Arts, M. Quatremère de Quincy, the perpetual secretary, read an historical notice of the life and works of Baron Lemot, the sculptor. According to M. Quatremère, this artist manifested a rare modesty in seeking and obtaining the rank of baron; for it was an avowal, that his statues were not, in his opinion, worthy of ennobling his name; and that his glory would otherwise have perished! Was this panegyric or censure?

Envy.—In a Polish fable entitled "the Miser and the Envious Man," the latter is represented as obtaining from the gods the favour of being allowed to lose one eye, in order that he may, at the same time, deprive the former of the only eye he had left!

Diderot.—This celebrated philosopher was frequently the dupe of his ardent benevolence. On one occasion he, by painful exertions, obtained some favour for a young man of the name of Rivière, whose countenance and eloquence had interested him. Rivière called to thank him. When he was going away, and they were on the staircase together, he stopped Diderot, and said to him,—"Monsieur Diderot, are you acquainted with natural history?" "But little; I know a cabbage from a lettuce, and a pigeon from a sparrow." "Are you acquainted with the history of the *formica-leo*?" "No." "He is a small and very industrious insect. He digs a hole in the ground, of the shape of a funnel, and covers the surface with fine light sand. When a foolish insect allows itself to fall into this hole, he seizes it, sucks it, and then says to it,—'Monsieur Diderot, I have the honour to wish you good morning.'"

Characteristic Anecdote.—When Dr. Ehrenberg (the Prussian traveller) was in Egypt, he said to a peasant, "I suppose you are quite happy now; the country looks like a garden, and every village has its minaret." "God is great!" replied the peasant; "our master gives with one hand, and takes with two."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A work has recently been published in Paris on the Animal Organic Remains discovered in some of the Caves of Lunel-Vieil. In one of them there were the bones of thirty-three species of carnivorous, ruminating, and other animals. In another a great quantity of bones of the hyena were discovered. These appear to have belonged to three distinct species; of the first, which is classed as the *hyænea spelæa*, abundant specimens had already been found in different caves in France, Germany, and England. Another is the *hyæna fulva*, or striped hyena; and the third belongs to the class called *hyæna intermedia*, from its partaking of the character of the two others. The conclusion of the authors of this work, as to the cause of the bones of the hyena being found with those of other animals, differs essentially from the received opinions on the subject. They attribute the collection to a deposit of *diluvium*; but they at the same time admit, that many of the bones of other animals found with those of the hyena, bear marks of the teeth of that ferocious animal. A Report on this subject was made to the Academy of Sciences on the 13th inst. by M. Cuvier; and as it possesses much interest, we may probably give a fuller account of it in another No.

A new journal, a sort of Old Bailey record, is now published daily in Germany. It is a report of all the criminal trials in Germany, and of criminal proceedings of interest in other countries. From the ease with which this sheet is filled, and the apologies made by the editors for omitting some articles, we fear that Germany has not to boast of much more morality than other countries.

The Gazette des Tribunaux contains a long, but rather interesting, account of the dissensions which have taken place in the University of Heidelberg, in Germany. It appears, that after several fruitless conferences with the authorities, the discontented students, to the number of 800, formed themselves into a kind of camp at Frankenthal, where they pronounced an anathema against all who should remain in or enter themselves at Heidelberg. In consequence of this proceeding, nearly all the law students who were at that place have quitted it, and spread themselves in different universities.

The new edition of Sir Henry Stewart's Planter's Guide is announced to be ready for publication early in November.

In the Press.—A New Year's Eve, and other Poems, by Bernard Barton.—A new edition, with engravings by Edward Finden, of the Annals of the Poor, by the late Rev. Legh Richmond.—The Interpositions of Divine Providence, selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures, by Joseph Fincher, Esq.—Typical Instruction considered and illustrated, by John Peers, A.M.—Essays on the Universal Analogy between the Natural and the Spiritual Worlds, by the Author of "Memoirs of a Deist."—A new edition of Sermons, chiefly Practical, preached in the Parish Church of Clapham, Surrey, by the Rev. William Dealtry.—A new edition of a Tribute of Sympathy, addressed to Mourners, by W. Newnham, Esq.—The Trials of Life, a Novel, by the Author of "De Lisle, or the Sensitive Man."—The Second Series of the Romance of History, to comprise tales founded on facts, and illustrative of the romantic annals of France, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. inclusive.—The Life and Times of Francis the First of France.—The Manual for Invalids, or Practical Rules for the Attainment and Preservation of Health, &c. by a Physician.—Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy.—A Poetical Epistle to Harriet, Duchess of St. Alban's, or a Reply to the Calumnies cast upon the Character of her Grace by the Underlings of the Press.—Tales and Confessions, by Leitch Ritchie.—A Treatise on the Diseases of the Bones, by Benjamin Bell, F.R.C.S. Edinburgh and London.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hooper's Anatomy of the Brain, second edition, imperial 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Crutwell's Housekeeper, 1829, 4to. 2*s.* sewed.—Milne's Essay on Comets, 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Nollekens and his Times, by J. T. Smith, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* bds.—Maugham's Laws of Literary Property, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City, 4 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Life of James Wodrow, by his Son, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

October.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
Thursday	23	From 36.	to 49.	29.67	to 29.80
Friday	24	—— 30.	— 50.	30.00	— 30.10
Saturday	25	—— 33.	— 52.	30.10	— 30.21
Sunday	26	—— 31.	— 53.	30.22	— 30.16
Monday	27	—— 46.	— 54.	30.11	— 30.09
Tuesday	28	—— 46.	— 53.	30.32	— 30.36
Wednesday	29	—— 33.	— 53.	30.36	— 30.30

Wind variable, prevailing N.E. and S.W.

Generally clear, except the 23d and 26th, when it was raining.

Rain fallen, ·2 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude.....51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor, &c.

DR. O'CONOR.

SIR,—Having seen in the *Literary Gazette* of last week a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Dr. O'Conor, I beg leave to set you right on some important facts in which you appear to have been led astray in your opinions and information respecting Doctor O'Conor.

You have stated that some of his writings, viz. "the Letters of Columbanus ad Hibernos, incurred the censure of the Pope," and that, in consequence, Dr. O'Conor had been suspended from his clerical functions, which circumstance preyed on his mind. Now the fact is, that from the year 1810, when the Letters of Columbanus were published, up to the period of Dr. O'Conor's death, in July last, no censure was ever passed by the court of Rome on Dr. O'Conor, who had at all times appealed to the decision of the holy see against the calumnies and the persecution instituted against him by some of the Catholic bishops in England and Ireland.

The court of Rome and the cardinals never decided against Dr. O'Conor; and their authority could alone have induced him to change those liberal principles which he maintained with so much talent, and which were so obnoxious to the spirit of bigotry.

In 1812, if the advice of Dr. O'Conor had been attended to, such terms might have been made with the pope as would have secured the nomination of bishops by dean and chapter in Ireland, subjected to the approval of the king. In other words, the veto would have been conceded; and the writings of Dr. O'Conor prove, that such a security against the foreign influence of continental powers is not incompatible with the tenets of Catholics.

A devoted love of his country, and a desire to see her miseries alleviated, were the motives which induced Dr. O'Conor to write the Letters of Columbanus. These Letters contain sound principles of Christian charity and conciliation. They are honourable to Dr. O'Conor's fame, and will always vindicate him against the charge of having acquiesced in submission to ignorant and clownish servility or superstition, rather than to that pure religion which St. Augustine preached, and which Fenelon adorned. In the tribute you pay to the genius and talents of Dr. O'Conor as a writer, and author of the Rerum Hibernicarum, you do but justice to his merits. If that work shall ever be translated into English, it will become deservedly popular. The labour attending its completion was the origin of that illness which ultimately caused Dr. O'Conor's death, and deprived society of one of the most amiable men whom piety and charity combined to render worthy of the esteem of all sects and persuasions.

A knowledge of his pursuits, and veneration of his genius, arising from an intimacy with him for twenty years (my father being his brother-in-law), have made me feel an interest in all that concerns his name, and particularly in his claims to having always been the advocate of every measure which, without sacrifice of principle, could tend to benefit Ireland. I have the honour to be your humble servant, J. B. SHEIL, M.D.

34, *St. James's Street, October* 16, 1828.

We cannot answer J. W. without seeing the paper. To the critique from Aberdeen, our reply is, that we never insert anonymous Reviews, nor any upon works not in our possession, to satisfy ourselves of the justice of what goes to the public under our authority. *Can* we like, but *we* must wait, if *he* pleases.

ERRATUM.—Page 681, column 2, lines 53 and 54, *for* "abrogation" *read* "abnegation."

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*** The original Picture, containing a Portrait of Mr. Wilkie, from which the above Engraving has been executed, is in the possession of the Publishers, who will be happy to shew it to any of the nobility or gentry desirous of its inspection.

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BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXLV. for November.

Contents.—I. The Duellists. A Tale of the "Thirty Years' War"—II. Ireland as it is, in 1828; Chaps. 3 and 4.—III. The Good Manne of Allowa. Made be Mr. Hoogge.—V. Shakspeare, a Tory, and a Gentleman—VI. On the Character of Hamlet—VII. Recollects of a Four Proscribed Annual. Written by Himself—VIII. Tasso's Coronation. By F. H.—IX. The Shaving Shop—X. Notes on the United States of America—XI. The Voice of the Wind. By F. H.—XII. Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. XXXIX.

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THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. IV. Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock Street; Bossange, Barthès, and Lowell, Great Marlborough Street.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXXVI. was published on Tuesday.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE for Nov. price Half-a-Crown, contains the following Articles,—I. Col. Roche Fermoy on the Moral and Physical Force of Ireland—II. Dr. Burrowes on Insanity—III. A Tale of the Pyrenees—IV. Welsh Jurisprudence—V. Horæ Hispanicæ, No. 1; the Maid of Cavadenga—VI. The Police of London—VII. Midnight; a Sonnet—VIII. Affairs in general—Reviews of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom—The Annuals for 1829, &c. &c. &c.—Literary and Scientific Varieties—Works published and in preparation—Patents—Obituary of eminent Persons—Theatres—Monthly Reports—Provincial Intelligence, &c. &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Essay on Comets, which gained the first of Dr. Fellowes's Prises, proposed to those who had attended the University of Edinburgh within the last twelve years. By David Milne, A.M. F.R.S.E. 4to. pp. 189. Edinburgh, 1828, Black; London, Longman and Co.

At the present time, when considerable excitation has been wrought in the public mind by the fancied appearance of one comet, and the expectation of another,—when a feverish anxiety and terror has pervaded many classes,*—this *Essay on Comets* will be read with interest and curiosity. The generality of publications connected with this branch of the science of astronomy, are either too popular, or the facts are wrapt about with a mantle of obscurity, and veiled in mysticism; so that none but the initiated, and those who revel in intricacies, can derive any pleasure or instruction from the perusal. A profound knowledge of the science will not be requisite to enter into Mr. Milne's interesting details and discussions; while those who possess a comprehensive acquaintance with the subject will have no reason to complain that the subject is treated superficially: the accuracy of its descriptions, the clearness of its reasonings, and elegance of its formulæ, will ensure it a favourable reception, alike from the general reader and the man of science.

Such a work was eminently wanted. Since the treatises of Halley, Pingré, and Englefield, prodigious advances have been made in ascertaining the nature of comets, owing, in a great degree, to the number of labourers in the field, the excellency of modern instruments, and the improvements in the methods of observing. The records of the particulars resulting from these advantages were scattered in different papers presented to learned societies, in periodicals, foreign ephemerides, and occasional tracts. In availing himself of these resources, Mr. Milne has been judicious in selecting what is worth preserving, and bringing it to bear upon the subject on which he is treating. A work of this kind was not required for merely a scientific purpose—to gratify the philosopher; it was desirable with a view to dispel those remaining mists of superstition and vulgar prejudice which yet overspread a very large portion of society. Of this we have many *recent instances*, and those not altogether in the lower walks of life. That which is uncommon, and apparently against the course of nature, more powerfully strikes the senses and affects the passions, than the uniform yet sublime phenomena of the universe. The superficial observer, as his eye unconsciously wanders over the spacious vault of heaven, gemmed with splendid suns and worlds, sees nothing but sparkling points: if his mind should be so long fixed as to observe that this mighty assemblage is moving round the glowing pole,

> Rolling along, like living cars
> Of light, for gods to journey by!

he can rarely be brought to think of that admirable mechanism by which they pursue their circling way. But should the solar orb be obscured at mid-day by the interposition of the moon, and the fair face of nature be shrouded in awful darkness—should a splendid stream of mysterious light spread its arch across the sky—should a fiery meteor rush through the heavens—or a comet, like the spirit of a desolate world, shake far and wide its tremulous tresses,—terror and curiosity are at once excited to the full, and we hear of the fall of princes, the ruin of empires, and the dissolution of the globe itself.

"The comet of 1454," says Mr. Milne, "seen at Constantinople, seemed there to be moving in the firmament from west to east, and to present the aspect of a flaming sword, from its great magnitude. It is said even to have eclipsed the moon, and created among the Turks the utmost consternation, as it was thought to prognosticate nothing less than a crusade from all the kingdoms of Christendom, and forebode the certain overthrow of the Crescent. Only two years afterwards, when, notwithstanding these direful omens, the Turkish arms had proved eminently victorious, and were spreading dismay over all Europe, Halley's comet, in 1456, with a long tail turned towards the East, created reciprocal and still greater alarms on the part of the Christians. Pope Calixtus believed it to be at once the sign and instrument of divine wrath; he ordered public prayers to be offered up, and decreed that in every town the bells should be tolled at mid-day, to warn the people to supplicate the mercy and forgiveness of Heaven; 'ut omnes de precibus contra Turcarum tyrannidem fundendis admonerentur.'"

When one of these glorious strangers unexpectedly bursts upon the view, and appears amidst the wilderness of stars, with what different feelings is it contemplated! The gloomy ascetic will say it is the abode of the damned; others, that it indicates the death of the illustrious and noble: the comet of 1811 was considered as the baleful star of Napoleon—to forewarn the destruction of his armies; the burning of Moscow also followed this celestial omen. The farmer scowls at the comet, which parches his fields, or, as it may happen, that drowns his crops; while the votary of Bacchus, as he quaffs his wine, blesses the comet, which improves the vintage, producing wines concentrated as its nucleus, and brilliant as its tail.

But not only direful effects were said to attend the appearance of these bodies, they were supposed to generate atmospherical changes, affecting the productions of the earth and the animal kingdom; and this was the opinion as recently as during the appearance of the comet of 1811; it was noticed that "the summer and autumn of 1811 were, over the whole of Europe, remarkable for long-continued heat, and the cause was generally ascribed to the great comet which appeared during the course of that year. Hence connoisseurs in wines are still in the habit of distinguishing the claret made from the vintage of that year by the appellation of the 'comet wine,' on account of the effect which this luminary was supposed to have had in maturing the vintage. But the most remarkable account of the agency of this comet occurs in a periodical publication of considerable notoriety, from which the following statement is extracted: After premising the opinion of Bacon, that 'comets have some power and effect over the gross and mass of things,' the author goes on to observe, that 'the comet which appeared in 1811 seems a proof of the justness of this remark;' and he then proceeds to state 'some singular changes and circumstances' which its influence occasioned. 'The winter,' says he, 'was very mild; the spring was wet, the summer cool, and very little appearance of the sun to ripen the produce of the earth; yet the harvest was not deficient, and some fruits were not only abundant but deliciously ripe, such as figs, melons, and wall-fruit. Very few wasps appeared, and the flies became blind, and disappeared early in the season. No violent storms of thunder and lightning, and little or no frost and snow the ensuing winter. Venison, which has been supposed to be indebted for its flavour to a dry and parched summer, was by no means deficient in fat or in flavour. But what is very remarkable,' continues this *sage* observer, 'in the metropolis, and about it, was the number of females who produced twins; some had more; and a shoemaker's wife, in Whitechapel, produced four at one birth, all of whom,' &c. &c. But enough of so deplorable an example of astrological faith, more worthy of the darker ages, than of a country and times so enlightened as ours."

There cannot be any doubt but men of science have tended very much to perpetuate this feeling; of this Mr. Milne gives a faithful account, nor does he exempt poets from some share of the censure.

"Du Bartas labours to describe minutely a comet's physical appearance; and it will not be denied, that the author has succeeded marvellously in upholding the reputation of those bodies as the dreaded messengers of evil.

> 'Here in the night appears a flaming spire,
> There a fierce dragon folded all in fire;
> Here, with long bloody hairs, a blazing star
> Threatens the world with famine, plague, and war;
> To princes death, to kingdoms many crosses,
> To all estates inevitable losses;
> To herdsmen rot, to ploughmen hapless seasons,
> To sailors storms, to cities civil treasons.'

We need not, then, be surprised to find the

* Scarcely a day has passed but references have been made in the public prints to a comet said to be seen in the E.N.E.; and in some journals, not only its appearance described, but also its course,—that it was traversing from the bright star in the head of the Ram to that in the head of Andromeda, which star it would eclipse in its progress. This fancied comet, we stated some weeks since to be the nebula in the girdle of Andromeda, which has been known to have occupied the same place in the heavens from the earlier ages of astronomy, at least as far back as 905, A.D.; it is very visible to the naked eye. Venus, also, from its unusual brightness as a morning star, has been mistaken for a comet: and respecting the luminous arch visible 29th September last, a correspondent in a useful miscellany (Mechanics' Magazine, Oct. 11th) inquires, "If the comet of Encke were passing in a direction towards the sun, might not its tail present the above appearance?"

descriptions given by the historians and professed astronomers so deeply tinged with the superstition by which the age was characterised, and often so highly coloured or caricatured, as to render it even difficult to recognise the thing described to be a comet. When, for instance, we read of comets which resembled flaming swords and glittering spears, or one which (as Lubienitz relates) came out from an opening in the heavens, like to a dragon with blue feet, and a head covered with snakes; we only pity the degradation of the human mind which either could invent or could tolerate such monstrous absurdities. The following remarkable description is taken from the Exempla Cometarum of Rossenburgh:—'In the year 1527, about four in the morning, not only in the palatine of the Rhine, but nearly over all Europe, appeared for an hour and a quarter a most horrible comet, in this sort. In its length it was of a bloody colour, inclining to saffron. From the top of its train appeared a bended arm, in the hand whereof was a huge sword, in the instant posture of striking. At the point of the sword was a star. From the star proceeded dusky rays, like a hairy tail; on the side of them, other rays, like javelins or lesser swords, as if imbrued in blood, between which appeared human faces, of the colour of blackish clouds, with rough hair and beards. All these moved with such terrible sparkling and brightness, that many spectators swooned with fear!'"

We hasten from these monstrous absurdities to the scientific part of the Essay, in which considerable judgment is shewn in the rejection of many whimsical theories, and the adoption of those which seem most conformable to truth: in several instances, also, there is vigorous reasoning in attempting to account for some peculiarities which astronomers have left recorded, but not ventured to account for: of this we have an example in his explanation, why the *following* side of the tail of a comet is generally hazy and irregular, while the *preceding* side appears distinct and well defined.

That division of the Essay which treats of the motion of comets through the system, will, we suspect, be read with considerable pleasure by those who desire to see the most intricate investigations of astronomy in their most simple forms;—we mean the calculations of a comet's orbit on the parabolic hypothesis, which is illustrated by determining the elements of the comet of 1826. In perusing this, we are furnished with a striking proof of the advances made in determining the periods of comets, by contrasting the ideas entertained by Halley, who termed that which bears his name, whose period is about seventy-five years, "the Mercury of comets," on account of its supposed short revolution, when compared with many others,—what would he have said of the comet of Encke,* whose period is only 1203 days, and the comet of Gambart, whose orbit is completed in not more than six years and three quarters, or 2,461 days!

Some copious particulars are given relative to the "lost comet of 1770," as it has been erroneously termed; and it is fully proved, that, owing to the attraction of Jupiter, its orbit is so altered, that instead of its period being only five years and a half, this comet "requires about twenty years to accomplish a revolution; but now it is situated at so great a distance from the earth, that it will always remain invisible to us, unless in the lapse of time it shall again undergo other perturbations, similar to those which have so often forced it to deviate from its regular course."

"The result of the most profound and unimpeachable investigations has proved beyond a doubt that its elements have only undergone such an alteration, through the disturbing influence of Jupiter, as to render the comet now no longer discernible from the earth; and this explanation has been deemed so adequate by philosophers, that it is recorded in the annals of human knowledge as one of the noblest efforts which astronomy has achieved in unravelling the mysteries of nature."

The interesting question is discussed, relative to the existence of an ether diffused through space; which supposition is confirmed by the comet of Encke, in which a variation is observed, not to be accounted for or corrected by the strictest regard to planetary perturbations: this variation is indicated by the diminution of its period, and the shortening of the greater axis of its orbit.

But we dare assert, that the part of this Essay which will be most interesting to the general reader, will be that which treats of the collision of this earth with a comet.

"It was apprehended by many astronomers, that if a comet were to approach the earth, within a short distance of its surface, the attraction of the comet might be sufficient to elevate the ocean to a prodigious height, and thus occasion all the horrors of a deluge. La Lande computed, that were a comet of the size of the earth to come within 13,000 leagues, or about five or six times nearer than the moon, the waters of the earth would be raised '2000 toises above their ordinary level, and thus inundate all the continents of the world.' Such would undoubtedly be the effect of the mere proximity of the comet; but, as Du Sejour very justly remarks, this result is materially modified by several circumstances. La Lande's calculation is founded on the supposition, that the comet remains vertical over the same part of the earth, till the full effect of its attraction is produced. Now, Du Sejour shews in the most satisfactory manner, that, supposing the ocean to have a uniform depth of a league, nearly eleven hours must elapse before the inertia of the waters could be overcome; if the depth be supposed two leagues, eight hours and a quarter would be necessary. But, 1st, The comet cannot remain beyond a very short period over the same spot, on account both of its own progressive motion and the rotation of the earth. 2d, The comet would soon have removed to so great a distance, as to lose all its power of attraction. 3d, The waters of the ocean are not spread uniformly over the surface of the globe; and this is a circumstance which, as in the Mediterranean and other inland seas, diminishes very considerably the elevation of the tides. But, along with these considerations, it is essential also to remember the small mass which characterises the generality of comets. La Place, as was already stated, shewed that the mass of the comet of 1770, one of the largest ever observed, could not have amounted to $\frac{1}{5000}$th part of the mass of the earth: but assuming that its mass was even equal to this, what is the actual effect which its attraction could have produced on the ocean, in comparison with the moon's influence! The power of attraction, it is well known, is proportional to the mass; so that if we assume the comet of 1770 to have had a power of attraction equal to $\frac{1}{50}$th part of the moon's, and modify this according to the law established by Newton, that the effect increases in the inverse triplicate ratio of the distance, we find, that in order to produce only the same elevation of the tides as the moon does, the comet must be $(66.6)^{\frac{1}{3}}$, or about four times nearer to the earth than the moon. But at so short a distance, and possessing, therefore, so great an angular velocity, the comet would have passed by long before any such effects could have taken place. * * *

"By *proximity* alone, comets are almost wholly incapable of affecting either the movement of the planets, or the system of things upon their surface. But the case is very different, on the supposition of actual *contact:* for one of those circumstances which would be the chief means of counteracting a comet's influence in approaching a planet, viz. the rapidity of its motion, would serve, by the momentum, to give great effect to a collision. Still it must be observed, that, though this occurrence will necessarily be attended with far more alarming consequences, it is one of which the risk is infinitely less than a mere approach. For, in order that the collision should happen, it is requisite, first, that the radius vector of the comet be exactly equal to the planet's distance from the sun; secondly, that the comet be in the plane of the planet's orbit; and thirdly, that the longitude of its ascending or descending node be the heliocentric longitude of the planet. When, therefore, we consider the improbability that all these conditions should be simultaneously fulfilled, and add to this circumstance, the immensity of the celestial spaces through which the orbits of comets extend, it will at once appear how unlikely it is that such an occurrence should take place in the succession of many ages. But though the probability of such a collision is extremely small, we see that it is perfectly possible in itself; whilst the amount of that probability may be greatly increased by lapse of time. Let us now, therefore, shortly attend to the consequences which might ensue from such an event. It is evident that much will depend on the direction of the comet's course at the time of its encountering a planet. If both be moving towards the same quarter of the heavens, each will glide off from the surface of the other, and no very material changes will be produced, either on their movements or on their physical constitution. But should the directions of their respective courses be exactly opposite when the concurrence takes place, (a case, however, which it is easy to see can happen only with retrograde comets), the consequences would necessarily be far more serious and permanent. It is true, that in general comets are of very inconsiderable magnitude; but the deficiency of mass is amply compensated by the prodigious momentum, by means of which a planet might be impeded, or even altogether arrested, in its orbit. If, for instance, a retrograde comet, moving at the rate of 1,734,000 feet per second, should in this manner meet the earth, assuming the earth's velocity at the time to be 102,000 feet per second, the shock would have the effect of at once destroying the progressive motion of both bodies, and causing them to fall to the sun, were the comet's mass only about one-seventeenth of the earth's, or four times that of the moon. It is true, we have no very authentic records of many comets of such a size having been observed; though, even if there were none at all, the fact would afford an illustration of our limited knowledge, rather than a proof of the non-existence of such bodies

* This is the comet so frequently referred to by continental philosophers, which at its next approach (in 1832) will pass the earth's orbit at the distance of about 14,000 leagues, but at a period when the earth will be in a different part of its orbit, and therefore no mutual attraction can by any possibility take place.

in the system. But even in our own times a comet has appeared, whose nucleus, if Herschel's estimate be correct, exceeded the moon in diameter, and which, if it had chanced to strike this body in a particular direction, would most infallibly have caused it to descend to the earth's surface. Seeing, then, that the collision of a comet and planet is an event lying within the verge of possibility, have we any reason to suppose that it is one which has ever happened? This question we can answer, only by examining the movements and constitution of the planets as they at present exist, and tracing back the circumstances now characterising both to those causes by which they seem to have been produced."

[To be concluded in our next.]

Epistles to a Friend in Town, Golconda's Fête, and other Poems. By Chandos Leigh, Esq. Second edition, containing a *Fourth Epistle.* Post 8vo. pp. 288. London, 1828. Colburn.

We noticed this volume on its first appearance, and commended it for the general ability manifested in the greater number of the poems of which it consists. Mr. Leigh's style differs from that which obtains in the poetical compositions of the day; if it be less ambitious and imaginative, or less prodigal in its display of diction, there is no denying, we think, that it is terser and more carefully wrought, and that the thoughts are worthy of every attention, inasmuch as they are connected with subjects interesting to humanity in all its conditions. The school of Pope seems to be that in which the writer has acquired his poetical creed; and we are glad to see that this school still continues popular, and that a second edition is required of a work written in conformity to its rules. We have now, besides a few other introductions, a Fourth Epistle to a Friend in Town. This Epistle is, we think, the best of the four. The topics discussed belong strictly to the town and to the day; and the author, in one or two places, has not spared certain individuals at present moving in the circles to which he himself belongs. We insert the following neat and spirited sketches:—

"Metella, Fashion's most prevailing star,
Brilliant as Venus rising in her car;
Metellâ (scorn sits lovely on her lips)
Frowns, can another's radiance her's eclipse?
A purse-proud rival, not in loveliness,
Dares to surpass her, but in wealth's excess.
Shall then the day-god's flower, that flaunting shows
Its yellow hue, raise envy in the rose?
Oh, no! Metella's splendour far outshines
Her rival's grandeur, were she queen of mines.
That unbought grace of life, Taste, waves her wand
Through her saloon—Gold cannot taste command.
Though timid Cockneys scorn, a nerveless race,
That life of life, the madness of the chase:
The draw, the find, the soul-exciting burst,
The burning emulation to be first;
These *are* delights; but sports must lose their zest,
When days are blank, and spirits are deprest.
Lucillus, burden'd with superfluous coin,
Pants the kind sharers in his wealth to join,
Where Crockford's palace glares upon his eyes,
As a proud harlot sense of shame defies.
How true the proverb, 'Cobwebs that enfold
The less, on greater reptiles lose their hold.'
Wondering that men can thus their money lose;—
Sons of *virtù*, a better part you choose.
Some book, it matters not in prose or rhyme,
You buy,—we'll call it 'Pleasures rare Passetyme;'
Or drag some dusty picture to the day,—
Cheap, if you have five hundred pounds to pay:
The picture you remove, the sacred dust,
Had better in its former station rust;—
The book, how vast your agony of grief!
More precious than the Sibyl's, wants a leaf!
Tullius, whose well-stored library's a hive
Of sweets the varied flowers of genius give,
Is but a drone: from book to book he flies;
Tastes all, contributes nothing,—useless dies.
Where to support the poor, bazars are graced
With high-born dames behind the counter placed:
Fair Seraphina studiously displays
Her pretty wares for charity, or praise.
Works finished by her lovely hands attract
Attention; here a novel, there a tract:
These works her varied inclinations paint;
The fair, as fashion wills, is blue or saint!"

Tales of the Great St. Bernard. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

Variety is charming, says the old song, and of this truth our author seems persuaded. The lakes and valleys, the sunshine and snow of Switzerland, the poetry of Italy, the romance of Spain, the gorgeous array of the Ottoman, contrast with the pretensions and mortifications, the little affectations, distresses, and dilemmas, of actual and English life,—a succession of richly coloured pictures in the magic lantern of invention. A snow-storm confines visitors from all parts of the earth at the convent of St. Bernard, and slight conversations produce the ensuing tales. Hebe, a romantic story of love, war, hardships, and escapes, admirable in its oriental sketches, but somewhat diffuse; while, in striving to exhibit quite melodramatic scenes, probability is rather tasked: perhaps in a tale of Hungarian chiefs, sultans, slaves, princes, viziers, and seraskiers, it is too much to expect *la vérité*, but we might look for *la vraisemblance.* All the supernatural jugglery in this tale staggers us; and whatever it accomplishes, the most simple human means would have effected equally well. The whole is a cento of lucky meetings, and rescuings from untoward incidents; but we could excuse almost any event that introduces such excellent portraitures as the Neapolitan ambassadress, the English nobleman, "whose life is of the post-chaise, and whose end is of the pistol;" and though last, not least, the boatman of the Danube. To this story succeed several others: the Red-nosed Lieutenant, the Patron Saint, and the Married Actress, have already had their meed of approbation in divers periodicals; and to the Locked-up Beauty we shall apply the author, Mr. Croly's, own words—a "flattering tale of hope, love, orange-groves, and chevaliers, plumed, capped, and guitared, into irresistible fascination." But the Woes of Wealth is the first narrative and the best; and this is no small praise, for nearly the same track is pursued as in Hook's most admirable story of Burton Danvers: both illustrate the proverb, "too much of one thing is good for nothing." The hero of these woes is one who has resigned all hopes of the chancellorship and the gout, for rural and domestic felicity.

"I may be forgiven for talking of this period of my life, for it was my pleasantest. My sylph had laid aside her wings without giving up her playfulness. She was pretty and fond; she thought me by much the wisest and most learned personage the sun shone on; and, grieved as she was by the superior finery of a sugar-baker's establishment, whose labours sweetened half the coffee of Europe, and whose wealth unluckily overflowed in a new mansion and preposterous demesne within a stone's-throw of our cottage, she preserved, at least, the average temper of the matrimonial state. While she was busy with domestic cares, I was plying my pen; and statesmen yet unborn may thank me for the gratuitous wisdom of the hints that I threw out in the shape of pamphlet and paragraph. But the world is an ungrateful one after all; and I was not summoned to the privy-council. In this primitive way I glided on for twenty years; famous for the earliest roses, the largest cucumbers, and the two prettiest daughters in the county. I played the castanets, spoke French, and interpreted a turnpike-act, all better than any man for fifty miles round. I was applied to for cheap law by the ploughmen, wisdom by the puzzled magistrates; and was even occasionally consulted in his Greek by the excellent curate, whose Oxford recollections were considerably rubbed out by the wear and tear of half a century: even the sugar-baker, in his less exalted moments, admitted that I was rather an intelligent kind of person for a man of five hundred a year. Yet if this mighty refiner's praise were flattering to my vanity, his opulence was fatal to my peace. The liveries, equipage, and banquets of Mr. Molasses disturbed my wife's pillow; and every new dinner of three courses turned our bread into bitterness."

He goes to London to settle business, induced by the will of a relation leaving him ten thousand a year; and the following scenes, on his return home, are the reverse of the picture.

"The remittances that I had made from London were already conspiring against my quiet. I could scarcely get a kiss from either of my girls, they were in such merciless haste to make their dinner 'toilet.' My kind and comely wife was actually not to be seen; and her apology, delivered by a coxcomb in silver lace to the full as deep as any in the sugar-baker's service, was, that 'his lady would have the honour of waiting on me as soon as she was dressed.' This was of course the puppy's own version of the message; but its meaning was clear, and it was ominous. Dinner came at last: the table was loaded with awkward profusion; but it was as close an imitation as we could yet contrive of our opulent neighbour's display. No less than four footmen, discharged as splendid superfluities from the household of a duke, waited behind our four chairs, to make their remarks on our style of eating in contrast with the polished performances at their late master's. But Mrs. Molasses had exactly four. The argument was unanswerable. Silence and sullenness reigned through the banquet; but on the retreat of the four gentlemen who did us the honour of attending, the whole tale of evil burst forth. What is the popularity of man? The whole family had already dropped from the highest favouritism into the most angry disrepute. A kind of little rebellion raged against us in the village: we were hated, scorned, and libelled, on all sides. My unlucky remittances had done the deed. The village milliner, a cankered old carle, who had made caps and bonnets for the vicinage during the last forty years, led the battle. The wife and daughters of a man of East Indian wealth were not to be clothed like meaner souls; and the sight of three London bonnets in my pew had set the old sempstress in a blaze. The flame was easily propagated. The builder of my chaise-cart was irritated at the handsome barouche in which my family now moved above the heads of mankind. The rumour that champagne had appeared at the cottage roused the indignation of the honest vintner who had so long supplied me with port; and professional insinuations of the modified nature of this London luxury were employed to set the sneerers of the village against me and mine. Our four footmen had been instantly discovered by the eye of our opulent neighbour; and the competition was at once laughed at as a folly, and resented as an insult. Every hour saw some of my old friends falling away from me. An unlucky cold, which seized one of my daughters a week before my return, had cut away my twenty years' acquaintance, the village-doctor, from my cause; for the illness of an 'heiress' was not to be cured by less than the first medical authority of the province. The supreme Æsculapius was accordingly called in; and his

humbler brother swore, in the bitterness of his soul, that he would never forget the affront on this side of death's door. The inevitable increase of dignity which communicated itself to the manners of my whole household did the rest; and if my wife held her head high, never was pride more peevishly retorted. Like the performers in a pillory, we seemed to have been elevated only for the benefit of a general pelting. Those were the women's share of the mischief; but I was not long without administering in person to our unpopularity. The report of my fortune had, as usual, been enormously exaggerated; and every man who had a debt to pay, or a purchase to make, conceived himself 'bound to apply first to his old and excellent friend, to whom the accommodation for a month or two must be such a trifle.' If I had listened to a tenth of those compliments, 'their old and excellent friend' would have only preceded them to a jail. In some instances I complied, and so far only shewed my folly; for who loves his creditor? My refusal of course increased the host of my enemies; and I was pronounced purse-proud, beggarly, and unworthy of the notice of the 'true gentlemen, who knew how to spend their money.'' And accession to a baronetage, and twenty thousand a-year more, only makes matters worse.

"My wife's visit to Bath had touched her with a new sense of the necessity of foreign elegance to English perfection; and the most accomplished *emigrée* that Paris ever polished, luckily dropped in her way at the moment when she was in absolute despair of seeing her daughters ever possess the true flow of a language so essential to their existence as French. The introduction had been managed with diplomatic dexterity by a lady of the first fashion, who, I had good subsequent reason to believe, received fifty pounds from each party for her share in a negotiation of such exquisite difficulty. We brought our invaluable treasure home with us, and rejoiced in a tutoress, or rather in 'an interesting friend,' who would soon smooth us into such shining specimens of society, that our rustic neighbours would not dare to lift their dazzled eyes where we trod. The *emigrée* was pretty, and she had a pretty story, which she disclosed to the heads of the house under the 'most solemn seal of secrecy,' and with some as prettily produced tears as I ever saw glitter on a long silken eyelash. 'She was'—and the sigh that sent forth the tale was accompanied with an attesting upthrown glance of the dewy black eye, that none but a Goth or a Hun could dare to disbelieve. 'She was the daughter, the only and beloved daughter,' of a marquess of immense revenues, who, alas! fell a victim to his loyalty in the early stage of the revolution. He died in the army of Condé, after performing prodigies of valour, and bequeathing his infant Cassandre-Stephanie-Armide-St.-Ange to the care of his illustrious leader. Attached from her birth to the royal cause, the most magnificent offers from Napoleon himself could not tempt her to remain under his atrocious dynasty. '*Plutôt périr, plutôt périr*,' exclaimed the pretty ultra, with an attitude worthy of Duchesnois. She had vowed to devote her life to the sublime revenge of imbuing English genius with the accomplishments of France, and thus depriving her ungrateful country of the only laurel whose loss would be irreparable. To resist the conviction of such tears from such eyes was impossible. My two tall girls were instantly sent to drill. Their old acquirements were flung aside like old clothes. A new course of canzonets and concertantes, readings from Rousseau, and recitations from Voltaire, were the order of the day. Ariosto reposed upon the toilet, and the pastor Fido lay the tender companion of the pillow; and when, after a fortnight's absence at my Yorkshire manor, I returned, I could scarcely know my own flesh and blood in the two operatic divinities that shrank from the horrors of an '*accueil*' so threatening as mine, to their machinery of French flowers, fronts *à la Valière*, and flounces *à la* the deuce knows who. But I had no time to display my wrath on the subject; my attention was drawn to another visiter. It was six months since I had sent my son to Oxford, a handsome, healthy, and intelligent youth as any in the land. He had, of course, shared in the family prosperity, and where my remittances cautiously paused, his mother's secret generosity made ample recompense. Between us, we might as well have sent him as many doses of arsenic. In my misbelieving presence stood a sickly-visaged rake, an exhausted emblem of supreme elegance, ringleted and moustached like a German mountebank, with a cigar puffing from his lips into my face, and a cheek sallow with late hours and dissipation. Holding out to me, as I gazed in speechless astonishment, a finger loaded with rings, he, in some jargon, half French, half English, condescended to acknowledge me. I broke from him, and from all, and rushed to my chamber to give vent to feelings which I dared not shew to my alienated household. I spent the rest of that day alone, and in a bitterness of heart that might have made the beggar at my gate rejoice in his nakedness. My son undone; my daughters perverted into puppets and dolls; my wife's honest head turning in the general whirl of fashion and foolery;—if a wish from the bottom of my soul could have sent my estates flying through the air, and set me down on my quiet competence again, I should that night have been the possessor of five hundred pounds a year, and not a shilling more. But freedom is not the privilege of men 'of my station.' I found on my table a notice that I had been 'most graciously appointed by his majesty to the important and honourable office of high sheriff for the county;' and the next morning had scarcely dawned when I was instructed that the assizes were about to begin, and that I must attend the triumphal entry of their worships the judges. I loathed this scene of rustic bustle; but where was my resource? 'Public business must be done by public men.' I submitted, like one going to the block. A miserable week was spent in a perpetual tumult of preparation; and while my showy carriages, horses, javelin-men, and dinners, only laid up a store of bile in the bosoms of every predecessor whose finances might less afford the necessary display, I could have wished the whole ceremony at the bottom of the ocean."

A contested election, and a winter in London, finally exhaust the unfortunate baronet's patience, and he flies to Switzerland, "to be nobody, to be good for nothing, and to be happy." And we must conclude by recommending a visit to St. Bernard's to our readers; they will find they can spend a very pleasant morning or evening in these most amusing volumes, of which the first two, and part of the third, are entirely original.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. By W. Hazlitt. 8vo. Vols. I. II. Hunt and Clarke.

THERE are some works which we have to excuse ourselves for *postponing*, in consequence of multiplicity of publications, hurry, and a hundred other good Reviewer's excuses; but to none of these can we refer in the present case. The simple truth is, that some books disgust us so much, and so early in our perusal of them, that we never can muster resolution to go farther. In vain do we adjure ourselves by the sense of public duty; in vain do we remind ourselves (*vivâ voce*, while sitting alone) of the very many tiresome hours we have devoted in the same way: neither stimulus nor encouragement can prevail over the nausea of some books; and Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon* has been one of these ipecacuanha doses. We were not aware of what has since been suggested to us *by a mutual friend*,—that the whole thing is a hoax; and that Hazlitt's rivalry of Scott was a genuine piece of fun, at the serious taking of which by a few Reviews, there was no small laughter among the parties concerned in the waggery. Yet, in truth, we cannot but consider the work to be not only too long, but too grave for a jest: the price also is considerable, and a consideration.

Whether in joke or in earnest, however, the author is a strenuous admirer of Buonaparte: and though his statements respecting that extraordinary man involve him in the oddest and grossest contradictions, it is altogether a whimsical caricature, and amazingly heightened by mock metaphysical dissertations, than which nothing could be more out of place in real history, but which (excepting their heaviness) add wonderfully to the pleasantry of the mock-heroic.* Mr. H. begins with his burlesque at the very beginning—the birth of Napoleon, whose mother, he humorously tells us, "then pregnant," followed some army, &c. "and resided a long time (not quite nine months) on the summit of *Monte Rotondo*;"—"but as the term of her pregnancy drew near a close, she obtained a safe-conduct from Marshal Devaux to return to her house at Ajaccio. Napoleon was born here on the day of the Feast of the Assumption. His mother had gone to church; but finding herself taken ill, had hastened back to her room, which she reached just in time, and where the *new-born infant came sprawling into the world on an old carpet with huge tawdry figures*. It is not unreasonable to suppose, that the harassed life and high-wrought feelings of the mother, previously to his birth, might have had an influence on the temper and future fortunes of the son."

Rabelais himself has nothing finer than this—the trampling on the old carpet, emblematical of the old courts and governments of Europe, as soon as he "sprawled" into the world, is a glorious hit; and the "huge tawdry figures" of the pattern! so accurately remembered by the faithful historian,—were not they the modern Gargantuas, the symbols of legitimate kings, queens, and such small deer, upon whom the infant might commit the utmost offence possible to be committed by a *lestel* baby within an hour after being born! "It is not (as Mr. Hazlitt so well observes) it is not *unreasonable* to suppose" that this first business of the rug at Ajaccio, and his mother's high-wrought feelings, must have had a very great influence on the future

* Hazlitt displays amazing skill in this way—exaggerating so as to give immense force to his burlesque. Thus, page 83, Vol. I., insisting, with all the semblance of earnest eulogy, on the importance of *the free press*, he winds up a laboured panegyric of the most pompous grandiloquence, with the burlesque, that "it will shatter the strong holds of pride and prejudice to atoms, as the *pent-up air* shatters whatever resists its expansive force." This is the height of satire—the *open press* being like *pent-up air*, and *shattering* whatever *resisted it*: it is superb!

fortunes of Buonaparte. We have no doubt but that the pristine idea of the carpet led to his annexing Brussels to the French empire, and had much influence in his wars upon Turkey.

But our author's style is hardly equal on some occasions to the exuberance of his humour. For example:

"Who, in reading history, where the characters are laid open and the circumstances fairly stated, and where he himself has no false bias to mislead him, does not take part with the oppressed against the oppressor? Who is there that admires Nero at the distance of two thousand years? Did not the Tartuffe in a manner hoot religious hypocrisy out of France; and was it not on this account constantly denounced by the clergy? What do those who read the annals of the Inquisition think of that dread tribunal? And what has softened its horrors but those annals being read? What figure does the massacre of St. Bartholomew make in the eyes of posterity? But books anticipate, and conform the decision of the public, of individuals, and even of the actors in such scenes, to that lofty and irrevocable standard, mould and fashion the heart and inmost thoughts upon it, so that something manly, liberal, and generous grows out of the fever of passion and the palsy of base fear; and this is what is meant by the progress of modern civilisation and modern philosophy."

Finding by this extract that the Tartuffe is a *history*, we beg to recommend that particular edition of it to our readers—if they can get it? but perhaps they will understand all this quotation better than we do. Indeed, we confess with sorrow, that our author's grammar does not always enable us to see clearly through his meaning, and that his style is, like his sentiments, seldom what can be called English. Of the French revolution, he says—"There was not one of those abuses and grievances which the rough grasp of the Revolution shook to air, that had not been the butt of ridicule, the theme of indignant invective, the subject of serious reprobation, for near a century. They had been held up without ceasing and without answer to the derision of the gay."—"Every public and private complaint had been subjected to the touchstone of inquiry and argument; the page of history, of fiction, of the drama, of philosophy, had been laid open, and their contents poured into the public ear, which turned away disgusted from the arts of sophistry or the menace of authority."—"Why (he continues, in his own facetious manner) why should a nobleman be permitted to spit in your face, to rob you of an estate, or to debauch your wife or daughter with impunity, when it was no longer deemed an honour for him to do so?" Why, indeed? Mr. H. is very fond of the interrogative, and we think, calculating by what we have read of it, that four-fifths of his history must be in the form of questions; but, unlike the books of instruction now so much in use, there happen to be no answers to his quæres. His *how d'ye dos* have no *very well I thank yes*. His assertions, however, make up for this: they possess great positive force. *Ex. gr.* "The old French government became effete in all its branches, and fell to the ground as a useless incumbrance, almost without a struggle, and without one feeling of regret in one worthy and well-informed mind."—"Almost without a struggle"!!! What, then, becomes of all "the re-action" we hear of? where, then, was the cause of all the torrents of blood that was shed in this horrid period, at the bare recollection of which human nature revolts, to which the Eve of St. Bartholomew was a sport, and which has no parallel of stain in the annals of mankind?

But it is not worth while to pursue such wild-goose foolery as this is any farther. In ten pages we have found as much sheer nonsense as might suffice for a whole fashionable novel; and wherever we have taken the trouble to dip, the same jejune abstractions, the same want of reasoning powers, the same ludicrous attempts at paradox and effect, the same turgidness of language, blotted with every kind of misconstruction, and (to generalise the matter) the same rubbish, has offended grammar, taste, sense, feeling, and judgment. It is in principle a worthless, without being in execution a clever, book.

The Juvenile Keepsake for 1829. Edited by T. Roscoe. Pp. 224. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THE last and youngest of the Annuals, but no less deserving than its competitors of public favour. Though addressed to juvenile readers, its pages are meant for those beyond the age of childhood; and though rather of a serious turn, more especially the poetry, there is no want of amusement. The Deaf Filea, by the Author of Holland Tide; the Flower Show; and the Diamond Washers, are pretty tales, but too long for our limits at this late period. The following anecdotes of the elephant's sagacity are related by Mr. Pringle, whose residence in their native country well qualifies him to speak of their habits.

"A few days before my arrival at Enon, a troop of elephants came down one dark and rainy night, close to the outskirts of the village. The missionaries heard them bellowing and making an extraordinary noise for a long time at the upper end of their orchard; but knowing well how dangerous it is to encounter these powerful animals in the night, they kept close within their houses till day-light. Next morning, on examining the spot where they had heard the elephants, they discovered the cause of all this nocturnal uproar. There was at this spot a ditch or trench, about four or five feet in width, and nearly fourteen feet in depth, which the industrious missionaries had recently cut through the bank of the river, on purpose to lead out the water to irrigate some part of their garden ground, and to drive a corn mill. Into this trench, which was still unfinished and without water, one of the elephants had evidently fallen, for the marks of his feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, as well as the impress of his huge body on its sides. How he had got into it was easy to conjecture, but how, being once in, he had ever contrived to get out again, was the marvel. By his own unaided efforts it was obviously impossible for such an animal to have extricated himself. Could his comrades, then, have assisted him? There can be no question but they had—though by what means, unless by hauling him out with their trunks, it would not be easy to conjecture. And in corroboration of this supposition, on examining the spot myself, I found the edges of this trench deeply indented with numerous vestiges, as if the other elephants had stationed themselves on either side, some of them kneeling, and others on their feet, and had thus by united efforts, and probably after many failures, hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit. Similar instances of intelligence and affectionate attachment have been frequently related to me by persons of veracity, familiar with the habits of the elephant in his wild state. The following is a specimen. On one occasion, a band of hunters had surprised two elephants, a male and female, in an open spot near the skirts of a thick and thorny jungle. The animals fled towards the thickets; and the male, in spite of many balls which struck him ineffectually, was soon safe from the reach of the pursuers; but the female was so sorely wounded, that she was unable to retreat with the same alacrity, and the hunters having got between her and the wood, were preparing speedily to finish her career—when, all at once, the male rushed forth with the utmost fury from his hiding-place, and with a shrill and frightful scream, like the loud sound of a trumpet, charged down upon the huntsmen. So terrific was the animal's aspect, that all instinctively sprung to their horses, and fled for life. The elephant, disregarding the others, singled out an unfortunate man (Cobus Klopper I think was his name), who was the last person that had fired upon its wounded comrade, and who was standing, with his horse's bridle over his arm, reloading his huge gun at the moment the infuriated animal burst from the wood. Cobus also leaped hastily on horseback, but before he could seat himself in his saddle the elephant was upon him. One blow from his proboscis struck poor Cobus to the earth; and, without troubling himself about the horse, which galloped off in terror, he thrust his gigantic tusks through the man's body, and then, after stamping it flat with his ponderous feet, again seized it with his trunk, and flung it high into the air. Having thus wreaked vengeance upon his foes, he walked gently up to his consort, and affectionately caressing her, supported her wounded side with his shoulder, and regardless of the volleys of balls with which the hunters, who had again rallied to the conflict, assailed them, he succeeded in conveying her from their reach into the impenetrable recesses of the forest.—One of my own friends, Lieut. John Moodie, of the Scotch Fusileers, now a settler in South Africa, had an almost miraculous escape on an occasion somewhat similar. He had gone out to an elephant hunt with a party of friends; and they had already succeeded in killing one or two of a small herd, and the rest were retreating before them towards their woody fastnesses, when one of the females having been separated from her young one among the bushes, forgot all regard to her own safety in maternal anxiety, and turned back in wrath upon her pursuers to search for it. Mr. Moodie, who happened to be on foot at the time, was the individual that the animal first caught sight of, and she instantly rushed upon him. To escape from an angry elephant in open ground is often difficult enough for a well-mounted horseman. My friend gave himself up for lost: nor would the activity of despair have availed him—the animal was close at his heels. But just at the moment when she was about to seize or strike him to the earth with her upraised proboscis, he fortunately stumbled and fell. The elephant, unable at once to arrest her impetuous career, made an attempt to thrust him through with her tusks, as he lay on the ground before her, and actually tore up the earth within an inch or two of his body, and slightly bruised him with one of her huge feet as she passed over him. Before, however, she could turn back to destroy him, Mr. Moodie contrived to scramble into the wood, and her young one at the same instant raising its cry for her in another direction, the dangerous animal went off without searching further for him."

It is but justice to observe, that the very

best poetical contributions are from the pens of the Messrs. Roscoe themselves.

Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman. Second edition. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. Colburn.

REVISED and improved, the second edition of *Pelham* comes in evidence how much our early praise has been confirmed by public approbation. We believe few novels have been more read, more talked of,—ay, or more criticised, (rather as if the hero were an actual and living person, than the principal character in a book), and his lively impertinences made matters of personal offence by the readers; thereby acknowledging, somewhat unawares, the truth of the delineation. *Pelham* is the representative of a certain class: the question is neither of its mental nor its moral excellence; but does that class exist, and is the likeness taken of it an accurate one? And that, both in his talents and follies, his higher qualities and affectations, *Pelham* is a picture, as true as it is animated, of a large portion of young men of the present day, no one can deny. We have heard it objected, that it is not a representation of human nature: what human nature actually is at this period, would be a matter of some difficulty to ascertain, modified as it is by education, controlled by circumstance, and compounded of customs and costumes. The novelist must take, not make, his materials; and in all states of society, whether one of furs, feathers, and paint, *au naturel*,—or of those furs turned into muffs, those feathers waving over helmets and *barrettes*, and that paint softened into rouge and pearl-powder,—the view taken by an acute observer will be valuable as philosophy; and it is as an accurate, lively delineation of existing society, that we hold ourselves justified in predicting that *Pelham* will be a standard, as well as popular, work. There is a very clever preface, new to this edition, and some very amusing maxims: we will extract two or three for our readers' benefit.

"Do not require your dress so much to fit, as to adorn you. Nature is not to be copied, but to be exalted by art. Apelles blamed Protogenes for being *too* natural.

"Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things, genius; in small things, folly.

"Remember, that none but those whose courage is unquestionable, can venture to be effeminate. It was only in the field that the Lacedemonians were accustomed to use perfumes and curl their hair.

"Never let the finery of chains and rings seem *your own* choice; that which naturally belongs to women, should appear only worn for their sake. We dignify foppery, when we invest it with a sentiment.

"To *win* the affection of your mistress, appear negligent in your costume—to *preserve* it, assiduous: the first is a sign of the *passion* of love; the second, of its *respect*.

"The most graceful principle of dress is neatness; the most vulgar is preciseness.

"Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and public. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

"Dress so that it may never be said of you 'What a well-dressed man!'—but, 'What a gentleman-like man!'

"Nothing is superficial to a deep observer! It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. 'In what part of that letter,' said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, 'did you discover irresolution?' 'In its *ns* and *gs!*' was the answer.

"There is an indifference to please in a stocking down at heel—but there may be a malevolence in a diamond ring.

"He who esteems trifles for themselves, is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher."

Certainly our second perusal of *Pelham* makes us look forward with added pleasure to the appearance of the *Disowned*.

Nollekens and his Times.

(Third Notice.)

IN our preceding papers we have observed that Mr. Smith is not very sparing in his remarks; and indeed he tells many stories, both of the dead and living, which must be very unpalatable to the friends of the former and to the latter themselves. With the respected family of Hawkins he takes considerable liberties; and the subjoined extracts will shew how he speaks of others.

"Tresham, the royal academician, who had been employed to decorate the front of the stage at the Pantheon, filled the tympanum with a profusion of figures, displaying the sciences, of which performance he was not a little proud. Having taken his seat in the front, to see the effect of his pencil, on looking behind him, he found his nearest companion was Fuseli, to whom he addressed himself with, 'Well, Mr. Fuseli, how do you like my pedimental colouring?' to which he received no answer; but at last, after putting several other questions with as little success, he roused him by the intertogative of, 'How do you like the drawing of my figures?' To which Fuseli, who heard the bell ring, observed, 'The drawing bespeaks something clever; I mean the drawing of the curtain,' which the mechanists were just at that moment engaged in raising. Fuseli, however, soon alleviated the embarrassment of his brother R.A., by remarking, that the conceited scene-painter, Mr. Capon, to whom Sheridan had given the nick-name of 'Pompous Billy,' had 'piled up his lump of rocks as regularly on the side-scenes, as a baker would his quartern-loaves upon the shelves behind his counter to *cool*.'—I believe every age produces at least one eccentric in every city, town, and village. Be this as it may, go where you will, you will find some half-witted fellow under the nick-name either of Dolly, Silly Billy, or Foolish Sam, who is generally the butt and sport of his neighbours, and from whom, simple as he may sometimes be, a sensible answer is expected to an unthinking question: like the common children, who will, to our annoyance, inquire of our neighbour's parrot what it is o'clock. In some such light Nollekens was often held even by his brother artists; and I once heard Fuseli cry out, when on the opposite side of the street, 'Nollekens, Nollekens! why do you walk in the sun? If you have no love for your few brains, you should not melt your coat-buttons.' * * *

"The late Mr. Garrard, the associate of the Royal Academy, said to Nollekens, 'Well, they tell me I shall be elected an R.A.—*Nollekens.* 'Indeed! why you've told me that these seven years.' When Garrard had taken his leave, a friend present observed, 'He's a sculptor as well as a painter.'—*Nollekens.* 'Yes, he paints better than he sculps; he's jack-of-all-trades; the rest we'll leave out.' A lady, with her three daughters, once visited Mr. Nollekens, to shew him the drawings of her youngest, who was a natural genius. Upon his looking at them, he advised her to have a regular drawing-master; 'And I can recommend you one,' added he; 'he only lives over the way, and his name is John Varley.' The lady asked him if he were a man of mind. 'Oh, yes,' said Nollekens, 'he's a clever fellow, one of our best: I'll ring the bell, and send my maid for him; he'll soon tell you his mind;' so ignorant was our sculptor of the lady's meaning. * * *

"Desenfans, the famous dealer in old pictures, whose remains rest in a splendid mausoleum at Dulwich, erected after a design by Soane, was originally a dealer in Brussels lace, and a teacher of the French language. A lady, however, one of his pupils, possessed of five thousand pounds, fell so desperately in love with him, that she soon after married him. During their honeymoon, they, like most people in a similar situation, drove into the country for a little recreation, and there, at an auction, he purchased a few old pictures, which, on his return to London, he sold to such advantage, that he considered it his interest to follow up the trade. By great industry, and a little taste, he at length amassed so considerable a sum, that he finally was enabled to form a much better collection, which he left to his *protégé*, Sir Francis Bourgeois, who, at the suggestion of the late John Kemble, left it to Dulwich College, merely because that institution had been founded by an actor. I mention these particulars, because Nollekens told my worthy friend Arnald, that he and a friend went halves in purchasing a picture by Pordenone, for which he gave eleven pounds five shillings, and which they speedily sold to Desenfans for thirty pounds. In these brokering bargains Nollekens often shewed considerable cunning, for he would, to my knowledge, seldom speculate without a partner."

We have now a little more of the be-devilled hero of Mr. Smith's cruel biography.

"Nollekens, who was born to shine as one of our brightest stars as a bust-modeller, whilst he was forming the beautiful bosom of Lady Charlemont, suddenly left her ladyship, to desire the helper in the yard not to give the dog more than half the pannch that day, observing, that the rest would serve him to-morrow, as Mr. John Townley had given him the greatest part of a French roll that very morning. —When Abraham Pether, the painter of the celebrated picture of the Harvest Moon, employed himself a whole day to make his wife a dust-shovel, he was so indiscreet, though he at that time stood in need of purchasers, as to refuse the admittance of two gentlemen, who walked from London to Chelsea with the full determination to bespeak pictures of him. The painter, however, after he had whistled through a dozen new tunes, and smoked as many pipes, at length finished his task, and remarked to a friend, 'There! my boy, if you were to give half-a-crown for a dust-shovel, I will be bound to say you could not get a better.'—It is reported of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that one day, when the knight was looking about the house for old canvasses, he found a mop-stick put up in the corner of the back-kitchen, and that he strictly charged Ralph to see to its preservation, in order that its value might be deducted when the next new mop was purchased. Who could imagine such a charge to proceed from the author of his noble lectures, and the artist who painted the glorious pictures of Ugolino?"

"When Tuppin, a carpenter, received or-

ders for a packing-case, he was always obliged to state precisely what it would amount to, and then Mr. Nollekens would strengthen the bargain, by insisting upon it being sent home well stuffed with shavings; but these he never suffered the servants to have at their mercy; they were locked up in a place called a wine-cellar, and given out by himself the night before they were wanted for morning use. In some instances, however, Mr. Nollekens was, according to the old adage, 'Penny wise and pound foolish;' and this was particularly the case as to sweeping his chimneys, since he thought that many persons had them swept too often. However, after having been several times annoyed by the fire-engines and their regular attendants, the mob, he was determined to have them more frequently cleaned, though some of them, for the want of fires, yielded no soot. * * *

"One evening, Bronze happening to place the tea-kettle over the fire, Nollekens immediately cried out, 'You careless devil! you don't care for the work you'll have in the morning to get it clean!'—and when she left the room, he angrily muttered, 'Extravagant creature! burning out the kettle!'—Mr. Nollekens, when he dined out of late years, always over-ate himself, particularly with the pastry and dessert. However, he contrived to purloin a small quantity of sweetmeats from the table, which he carried to Bronze, saying, 'There, Betty, you see what I have brought you home; I don't forget you.' * * *

"When Mr. Jackson was once making a drawing of a monument at the sculptor's house, Nollekens came into the room and said, 'I'm afraid you're cold here.' 'I am, indeed,' said Jackson. 'Ay,' answered the sculptor, 'I don't wonder at it; why, do you know, there has not been a fire in this room for these forty years!' * * *

"For many years, every summer's morn, Mr. Nollekens was up with the rising sun. He began his work by watering his clay, when he modelled till eight o'clock, at which hour he generally breakfasted; and then, as he entered his studio, would observe to his workmen, that every man should earn his breakfast before he ate it. * * *

"Nollekens's old coal-box was of a square shape; it had been a lawyer's wig-box, that had been sent with a barrister's wig to be modelled from. This box had been mended with bits of tin, which he had picked up of a morning near the dust-heaps in the fields; but his house contained neither coal-hods nor scoops, nor any thing like the splendour of a certain created lord, who had his coronet painted upon his coal-scuttles.—Bronze, who, as the reader will recollect, was called 'Black Bet' by the Oxford-market butchers, would, in her master's dotage, put her arm round his neck, and ask him how he did. 'What!' observed Nollekens, 'now you want some money—I've got none.' 'Why, sir, how am I to buy things for your table, without it? You have enough of it, fresh and blooming, and all alive, at Chambers's.'—*Nollekens.* 'Can you dance?' 'Dance, sir! to be sure I can. Give me the cat;' and then she jigged about with it, at which he would laugh heartily.—Nollekens often baited his rat-trap with an unusual quantity of cheese, thinking to catch all the vermin at once; never dreaming that when one was caught, the trap would shut the rest out, and that the solitary visiter would eat up the whole. Why the rats infested *his* house, Bronze declared she never could make out. Food they certainly had not; and an old rat might have said to Nollekens, when he was busy in setting his trap,

> 'Fear not, old fellow! for you hoard:
> I come to lodge, and not to board.'"

"One rainy morning, Nollekens, after confession, invited his holy father to stay till the weather cleared up. The wet, however, continued till dinner was ready, and Nollekens felt obliged to ask the priest to partake of a bird, one of the last of a present from his grace the Duke of Newcastle. Down they sat; the reverend man helped his host to a wing, and then carved for himself, assuring Nollekens that he never indulged in much food; though he soon picked the rest of the bones. 'I have no pudding,' said Nollekens; 'but won't you have a glass of wine? Oh! you have got some ale.' However, Bronze brought in a bottle of wine; and on the remove, Nollekens, after taking a glass, went, as usual, to sleep. The priest, after enjoying himself, was desired by Nollekens, while removing the handkerchief from his head, to take another glass. 'Tank you, sare, I have a finish de bottel.' 'The devil you have!' muttered Nollekens. 'Now, sare,' continued his reverence, 'ass de rain be ovare, I vil take my leaf.' 'Well, do so,' said Nollekens, who was not only determined to let him go without his coffee, but gave strict orders to Bronze not to let the old rascal in again. 'Why, do you know,' continued he, 'that he ate up all that large bird, for he only gave me one wing; and he swallowed all the ale; and out of a whole bottle of wine, I had only one glass!' After this, being without a confessor, Mrs. Holt, his kind attendant, read his prayers to him; but when she had gone through them, his feelings were so little affected by his religious duties, that he always made her conclude her labours by reading either 'Gay's Fables,' or the 'Beggar's Opera!' at the latter of which, when she came to certain songs, he would laugh most heartily, saying, 'I used to sing them songs once; and it was when I was courting my *Polly*.'"

This Mrs. Holt (during the last two years of the poor creature's life) "rested (says the author) upon a hard sofa by the side of his bed, and when he called would answer, 'I'm here, sir; can I give you any thing?' *Nollekens.* 'Sit up: I can't sleep; I can't rest. Is there any body that I know that wants a little money to do 'em good?' *Mrs. Holt.* 'Yes, sir, there is Mrs. ——.' *Nollekens.* 'Well, in the morning I'll send her ten pounds.' 'That's a good old boy,' said she, patting him on the back, 'you will eat a better dinner for it to-morrow, and enjoy it.' And Mrs. Holt has added, that she never knew him to forget his promise. * * *

"Nollekens (he continues), after reading the death of any great person in the newspaper, generally ordered some plaster to be got ready, so that he might attend at a minute's notice. One day, when a lady who had sent for him desired him not to make so free with her dear husband's corpse, he observed, 'Oh, bless ye, you had better let me close his eyelids; for then, when I cast him in my mould, he'll look for all the world as if he was asleep. Why do you take on so? you do wrong to *prey* upon such a dismal prospect; do leave the room to me and my man; I am used to it, it makes no impression on me; I have got a good many noted down in my journal.'—Mr. Sebastian Gahagan, the sculptor, Mr. Nollekens's assistant, attended him to cast the face of Lord Lake, after his decease; his lordship's brother was then inconsolably pacing the room, but Mr. Nollekens shook him by the elbow, and applied to him for a little sweet-oil, a large basin, some water, and pen, ink, and paper. The gentleman, astonished at his want of decency, referred him to the servant; and Nollekens, after he had taken the mask, muttered the following soliloquy: 'Now, let me see, I must begin to measure him; where's my callipers? I must take him from his chin to the upper pinnacle of his head; I'll put him down in ink; ay, that will do; now, I must have him from his nose to the back part of his skull; well, now let's take his shoulders; now for his neck; well, now I've got him all.'—On Mr. Nollekens's return from Putney Common, after taking Mr. Pitt's mask, he observed to Mr. Gahagan, pointing to it on the opposite seat of the coach, 'There, I would not take fifty guineas for that mask, I can tell ye.' He would have done wrong if he had; for from this mask and Hoppner's picture, which was lent him by Lord Mulgrave, he was enabled to produce the statue erected in the Senate-house of Cambridge, for which he received three thousand guineas."

The lives of Nollekens's contemporaries contain much interesting matter, from which a selection cannot fail to be very acceptable to our readers, and especially to those in distant countries who cannot have access to the work itself. Of Ozias Humphrey, the miniature painter, we are told—

"Having a wish to try his fortune at Bath, he went thither, in 1762, and took lodgings with Lindley, the musician, whose lovely daughter, Eliza-Anne (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, the Saint Cecilia of Sir Joshua), was then in her ninth year. She knew all the songs in 'Thomas and Sally,' 'the Beggar's Opera,' 'the Chaplet,' and 'Love in a Village;' and these she would sing so sweetly, that many a day, at the young painter's solicitation, she chanted them, seated at the foot of his easel, looking up to him, unconscious of her heavenly features: with such features and such looks, as prevailed upon the motley visiters of Bath, when she so gracefully held up her little basket, with her father's benefit-tickets, at the door as they passed in and out of the pump-room."

Opie was recommended to Humphrey by Dr. Wolcott, as an uncouth, raw-boned, country lad, about fifteen years of age, who "had 'run mad with paint.' This youth offered his services to Mr. Humphrey, to clean his brushes and palette, and make himself useful in the common concerns of his house; and all for the pleasure of being with a painter of his knowledge and eminence. He said, that 'he wanted no wages, for that if he would give him his food and a little money to keep the devil out of his pocket, he would be perfectly contented.'" And Mr. Smith oddly enough adds, (what he means, we cannot guess), "But I think I hear the reader ask, 'Who was this aspiring youth?' Reader, believe thine ears, he was no less a person than John Oppy, alias Opie, afterwards an esquire and R.A., and Lecturer on Painting to the Royal Academy. This eminent artist's *society was sincerely enjoyed by his second wife*, the authoress now residing at Norwich, and who is in possession of some of his best works."

The following is related of Mr. West:—"When the late venerable president was sitting to Mr. Nollekens for a bust, which the members of the British Institution had requested to have, his Royal Highness the Duke of York arrived, accompanied by his royal brother, the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke of York, at that time, was also sitting for his bust, when Mr. West heard Nollekens inquire

of him, 'How's your father?' on which the duke, with his usual condescension, smilingly informed him that the king was better. The Duke of Cumberland then asked Mr. Nollekens, why a man of his years wore so high a toupee to his wig? Mr. Nollekens, instead of answering, wished to know why his royal highness wore those *mustaquies*? The Duke of York smiled and said, 'You have it now, Cumberland.'"

[To be continued.]

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

An Etymological Dictionary of the Latin Language. By the Rev. F. E. J. Valpy, A.M. 8vo. pp. 550. London, 1828. Baldwin and Co.; Longman and Co.

THE name of Valpy has long been of notoriety and value in the literary world; more especially as connected with works of a scholastic nature. The present volume, although not by *Dr.* Valpy, is the production of one of the same family, and is well calculated to sustain the well-earned fame of the author's patronymic. It is a compilation of a very arduous and extensive character, and the manner of its execution stamps it with sterling worth. Mr. Valpy does not profess to give the etymology of *all* the words of the Latin language, inasmuch as many are supplied in the writings of Festus, Ennius, Titinius, and others, and in the ancient glosses and inscriptions; and such barbarisms as have been invented by Vegetius and others, he has, in our opinion judiciously, passed over, as strangers to real Latinity. The derivation of mere technical words from the Greek, and of proper names of men and places, have also been almost totally neglected; and in compiling his Etymological Dictionary, the author has simply presented us with the derivation of all other Latin words for which an origin could be found; and has added a collection of such derivations as appear to be particularly dubious. His fundamental principle in executing this useful work, is, (and it is certainly the most reasonable,) that the Latin language is intimately connected with the Greek, and that this connexion is as that of parent and progeny; in short, that the Roman is principally derived from the Greek: and upon this principle Mr. Valpy considers that the Latin etymologist is justified in tracing a Latin to an ancient Greek word, and there leaving it to the Greek etymologist to trace further back in his own, or to some other language. An excellent preface expounds this theory; wherein the author cleverly handles the subject, and eruditely discusses the manifest analogy between the languages; while he also ingeniously proves the derivation of some Latin words from ancient Greek words which have since become obsolete.

We conceive that more is scarcely necessary to be said, on our part, concerning this volume. We will, therefore, only observe, that it appears to us to be a very skilful production, evincing extensive and unwearied research, together with profound classical learning; and we confidently recommend it to the notice of the public.

Le Petit Bijou. Edit par Mons. Embden. Ackermann.

A VERY pretty little volume, and one both of utility and amusement to the young French scholar. Partly original and partly selected, the editor has shewn much judgment in his choice; and we cordially recommend *Le Petit Bijou* to a place among the gifts of the season.

The Vale of Bolton; a Poetical Sketch, and other Poems. By Frederic Charles Spencer. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THERE is much cultivated taste and feeling for the loveliness of nature displayed in these pages; but the usual want of that originality which alone can command popularity amid such a host of predecessors and compeers as the poet has to contend with in the present day.

The Register of Arts, and Journal of Patent Inventions. Vol. II. New series. 8vo. J. Steill.

ONE of those meritorious and useful works which contribute so much to disseminate information at the present day through all classes, by being published weekly at a small price. Collected into the form of a volume, this Register is not less worthy of public favour.

Life of Professor Woodrow, A.M. Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow from 1692 to 1707. Written by his Son, Robert Woodrow, A.M. 12mo. pp. 245. Edinburgh, 1828. Blackwood.

PROFESSOR WOODROW was one of the worthy lights of the old Scottish kirk; and this biography of him not only details some of the grave forms of the covenanting times, but also displays the religious feelings and principles of that period. The volume will be acceptable to a large class of readers, and contains nothing of cant to sully its pure and holy views of a Christian's duties.

Experience; a Tale for all Ages. By the Author of "Correction," "Realities," "Dissipation," &c. &c. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. A. K. Newman.

A TALE for "all ages" is, indeed, more than a novel ought to be: enough for such things if they please a generation and a half,—witness Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and a long line of distinguished names. But this, we believe, was not our author's meaning; and, taking the title-page titles of preceding works, we would say, under "Correction," that "Experience" repeats several "Realities" which may amuse time, without any excessive "Dissipation." It is, however, a mere novel.

Twilight Hours: Fragments written in the Year 1827. By S. N., a Decennovarian. 18mo. pp. 46. London, 1826. J. Bulcock.

DECENNOVARIAN poets are rather ovarian for publication; and in all such cases we advise the good rule of Horace,—wait nine years. There is, no doubt, cleverness here; but it had better been confined to the private circle.

Epistle to Harriet, Duchess of St. Albans; or, the First Lash of Nemesis. 8vo. pp. 16. London, 1828. Ilberry.

A WELL-MEANT, but ill-digested and uncalled-for, defence of the Duchess of St. Albans. "Save me from my friends," is a cry founded on truth. True dignity or sterling worth can always look down upon and despise malignant attacks and falsehood: at all events, though every person of sense in the country who gives the matter a thought at all, must condemn the silly or mischievous clamour kept up about the Duchess of St. Albans, it is clear that to answer the assailants is to play their game, and descend to an arena the very appearance in which bespeaks weakness of character or injudiciousness of conduct. Parasites are more injurious than enemies.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Nov. 2.

YESTERDAY being the festival of All Saints, and the epoch when friendship renews its offerings at the shrine of sorrow, the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise was crowded at an early hour. Each mourner arrived there bearing baskets of flowers, crowns of immortal amaranth, and wreaths of ever-greens, to decorate the graves of relatives; so that this sanctuary of decay resembled a beautiful garden, breathing with life and verdure. The freshness, however, of this scene, in forming a strong contrast to faded hopes and blighted affections, aggravates rather than softens the impressions of melancholy. As the heart can gather no sympathy from surrounding objects, it here but doubly feels its desolation. There were innumerable priests, marching in processional order, praying souls out of limbo,—fortunately for those who found it too great an exertion to be virtuous during their sojourn on earth. In the evening the theatres were closed, in honour of their saintships, who, it appears, are neither amateurs of the comic nor the tragic muse; but, *en revanche*, they have no objection to amusing *passetemps*; for M. Le Comte gave a *soirée extraordinaire*, and *fantasmagoria* scenes were represented, physical experiments, and *magie blanc*.

On Friday night curiosity tempted me to go to Franconi to see the famous *Siege of Corinth*. The house was crowded to excess, but the company was rather of the tag, rag, and bob-tail description, at least *en apparence*. Notwithstanding the beauty of the decorations, I cannot say that I was remunerated for shivering during three long hours, and being half suffocated from the smoke of gunpowder. The actors, indeed, are so very miserable, that they would render the deepest tragedy ridiculous: the equestrian exercises were, however, worth seeing. A French author pretends, that on the development of the nerves and sinews depends the expansion of the mind. If this be the case, equestrians must possess very superior advantages over other mortals!

A new *salon* is opened in the Rue Mont Blanc, under the auspices of two noble dukes. None but select and honourable men are to be admitted to lose or win money there; nor is the title of gambling-house to be applied to this receptacle for gamblers: they are right; for the name is every thing—reality, nothing.

The celebrated *savant*, Pierre Manzie, of Civita Vecchia, has been nominated Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, by the King of France.

A translation of Anacreon into verse, by M. Descombes, is spoken of in the literary world as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and as the only one which renders the genius of the Greek language into the French idiom.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

IN the sitting of the Académie des Sciences of the 13th of last month, M. Jomard addressed to the Academy a letter on the journey of M. Caillé to Timbuctoo. At the request of several members, M. Jomard, in the first place, read two letters from M. Caillé, dated Toulon, October 10; of which the following are extracts:—

"Being in Senegal in 1824, I conceived the project of exploring Central Africa, of visiting the towns of Jenne and Timbuctoo (that object of European research which has cost the lives

of so many illustrious travellers), and, finally, of surpassing, if possible, the English, who had forestalled us. I determined, in consequence, to set off for the interior, aided only by my own resources; persuaded that, on my return, government would know how to appreciate my services.

"On the 19th of April, 1827, I quitted Cacandy, on the Rio-Mines, and followed a caravan of Mandingo merchants going to the Niger. Thanks to the Arab dress, and to the religion of the country, which I assumed, the numerous difficulties attached to this painful journey were removed. I passed, without any obstacle, the high mountains of Senegambia and the Fouta-Dhialou, the countries of Kankan, Wassoulo, &c., and arrived at Time, a village inhabited by Mahometan Mandingos, in the southern part of Bambarra, where I remained for six months, being laid up with a very serious illness.

"On the 9th of January, 1828, I recommenced my journey. I visited the island and the town of Jenne; and embarking on the Niger, in a boat of about sixty tons burden, bound to Timbuctoo, I arrived there, after a month of laborious navigation. This town is situated five miles to the north of Kabra, in a plain of quicksands, in which nothing grows but some stunted shrubs. There I remained fourteen days. I studied the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and the commerce and the resources of the country, obtaining all the information that I was able to procure; and I then directed my steps towards the north, in order to cross the Great Desert, and arrived at El-Arrawan. This town is situated six days' journey northward of Timbuctoo, and is the *entrepôt* of the salt which is transported to Sansarding and Yamina. It is upon an arid soil, destitute of shrubs; and the burning east-wind constantly prevails there.

"I continued my route to the north, and arrived at the wells of Teligue, eight days' journey from El-Arrawan; whence I plunged into the Desert, towards the N.N.W. The soil is entirely composed of quicksand, and of rocks of grey quartz, veined with white. After two months' march, and the most painful privations, in this horrible desert, I at length arrived at Tafile. Thence I went on to Fez, Mequinez, Rabat, and Tanger; where I was received by M. Delsporte, the French vice-consul, who procured for me all the assistance which my situation required. Soon after, I embarked in a schooner, which brought me to Toulon, where I now am, in a convalescent state."

M. Jomard's letter contained details of the results of the journey so happily accomplished by M. Caillé. The first part of his journey coincides exactly with that of Captain Campbell. Afterwards he crossed the various ranges of the lofty chain of mountains of the Fouta-Dhialou; in the middle of which he cut the route to the south followed by M. Mollien, and perhaps the Senegal, near its source. As M. Caillé did not travel above twelve geographical miles a-day, he had time to observe places with attention. He traversed the countries of Bella, Kankan, and Wassoulo, scarcely known to us; and, before he arrived at Djenny, was enabled to see Sansarding, Sego, Yamina, and Bammakou. Such is a sketch of the journey of about fifteen hundred leagues which M. Caillé has just completed, a thousand of which were through countries almost unknown. It may already be concluded from it, that Timbuctoo is more to the south, and nearer to the sea, than it is set down in all the maps. M. Caillé's labours confirm the conjecture which was entertained beforehand, that this great town is not far from the fourth degree of longitude, east of Paris, and the sixteenth degree of north latitude.—*Le Globe.*

THE COMET.

M. Bouvard recently announced to the Académie des Sciences, that the comet with a short orbit had been discovered at Florence, on the 5th of October, by M. Pons. This comet is extremely faint, and without any visible nucleus. M. Pons has been unable to determine its position; all that he is certain of, is, that he found it exactly in the part of the heavens in which the ephemeris, calculated by M. Encke, and printed in the "Connoissance des Temps, 1830," places it. M. Bouvard added, that it was impossible to perceive the comet from the Observatory at Paris. He presumes, nevertheless, that a small whitish nebulosity, which has been observed to move in the region of the heavens in which the comet ought to be actually found, may possibly be the comet itself. M. Arago was of opinion that the moonlight would not allow of its being seen. The comet in question possesses several particularities, which fix the attention of astronomers upon it. It is, of all the heavenly bodies of that description, the one which belongs the most exclusively to our planetary system. As it appears to be composed of matter of little density, and is probably constituted of only a vast mass of vapours, it is very important to ascertain the modifications which the laws of Newtonian attraction undergo with reference to such a body; and especially to observe, if, owing to its extreme tenuity, the ether is not capable of opposing a sensible obstacle to its motion. An opinion has been expressed with regard to this same comet, which is not destitute of all probability. Some astronomers have believed that they saw its volume progressively diminish. Is this diminution real? May it proceed until a star, of which we have been able to notice several revolutions, shall be entirely dispersed in space?—*Le Globe.**

ANIMALS WITHOUT VERTEBRÆ.

At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Messrs. Victor, Andouin, and Milne Edwards, read an account of their investigations with respect to animals without vertebræ, made in the islands of Chausey. These islands, situated opposite Granville, in the department of La Manche, are fifty-three in number, and form a small archipelago, where very few researches relative to marine animals had been made. Messrs. Andouin and Edwards, who have been exploring the coasts of France for several years, made during the last twelve months the most minute and careful inquiries in these islands. The objects which they collected have been deposited in the museum of natural history, and they are about to publish a numerous series of papers relative to their discoveries. At this sitting they merely gave a few particulars of the principal results of their labours.

They established themselves in these almost uninhabited islands with great facility, and, by means of a sort of fish-pond, they were enabled always to have a current of sea-water. In this manner they could observe the habits and peculiar propensities of animals which had before been only studied in collections, where they had remained some time in spirits of wine. By this means they discovered that animals which commonly collect and fix themselves upon rocks (*ascidies composées*), were at all times free at issuing from the egg, and could move with considerable vivacity. It is not until one or two days after that they choose a spot for their definitive habitation.

By the aid of an excellent microscope, Messrs. Andouin and Edwards were enabled to observe numberless curious particularities relative to the animals classed as polypi. They give a great many details relative to the animal which produces those incrustations which they name *flustre et cellepore;* and describe a number of polypi completely invisible to the naked eye. They also made observations on the animals which inhabit the cavities in many kinds of shell-fish; and, lastly, they describe with great care the interior structure of several zoophites, sponges, and the insects which inhabit them, and marine plants.

Messrs. Edwards and Andouin presented an atlas to the Academy, with seventy coloured plates of objects either entirely new, or which have been hitherto imperfectly described.—Messrs. Cuvier and Dumeril were named to form part of a commission to investigate the subject.

THE PAUPER COLONIES OF HOLLAND.

In a letter which has been received by an eminent barrister in this country, who has devoted much of his attention to the provision of the poor, a very satisfactory account is given of the pauper colonies which have been established in Holland. In the colony for the repression of mendicity, and where the colonists appear to have been chiefly employed in agricultural labour, the harvest, notwithstanding the state of the season, has turned out so profitably, that in two or three districts the founders of the colony not only expect to be reimbursed all that they have expended for the support of the colonists, but even to receive a considerable surplus, with which they will form a fund to enable them to put into cultivation a larger quantity of land, and thus provide for additional numbers. The mental instruction of the colonists appears to have been assiduously attended to; for of the 703 paupers in the depôt of Merxplas-Ryckeversel, some have made such progress as to be able to take subordinate situations in mercantile establishments. The classes of society, however, in which the paupers who quit the colony are usually provided for, are shepherds, husbandry-labourers, and waggoners; and, generally speaking, the persons who have left the establishment have given great satisfaction to their employers.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Wednesday the Royal Society of Literature commenced its session for 1828-9. After the usual routine of business was gone through, new members proposed, others balloted for, presentations of books, &c. &c. acknowledged, the secretary read a portion of a very curious paper by Dr. Nolan, on ancient Greek music; respecting which the chairman, Archdeacon Nares, made several interesting remarks.

It was mentioned in the meeting that the Lords of the Treasury, for what reason it would be difficult to conjecture, had refused to grant the Society the ground to build upon at Charing-

* Respecting the Encke comet, we have felt convinced, that through a powerful glass it has been visible for two or three weeks, and have little doubt but that we have seen it, though not sufficiently positive to assert it. [Mr. South, of Kensington, has, since we wrote this, published a letter to the same effect: he has noticed a nebulous spot of light where the comet should be seen.] If any man can identify it, it must be M. Pons—*it is his own child;* it was he that discovered it in 1805, and again in 1818;—it could scarcely be distinguished from a star of the fourth magnitude, and at the latter time (1818) *had no tail.*—*Ed. L. G.*

cross, which his Majesty himself, the munificent founder of it, and its annual supporter by a royal gift of eleven hundred guineas, had graciously expressed his wish to give as a site for his own Institution. Without a knowledge of the fact, we would hardly credit that so glorious and memorable a purpose in the king, as a patron of literature, could be frustrated in any quarter.

OXFORD, Nov. 1.—In a convocation, holden on Thursday last, the honorary degree of M.A. was conferred on George Cotes, scholar of Trinity College, the successful candidate for a writership in India, given by the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, as a prize for competition among the junior members of the University.

Mr. Wynn having offered another writership, as a similar prize for competition among the junior members, it was unanimously resolved, in the same convocation—"That the thanks of the University be returned to Mr. Wynn, for this additional mark of his liberal attention, and that his offer of the writership be accepted."

On the same day the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. D. F. Warner, Magdalen Hall.

Masters of Arts.—E. R. Breton, Queen's College, Grand Compounder; T. Partington, Student, Rev. J. Justice, Christ Church; Rev. J. P. Matthews, Rev. W. S. Dear, Wadham College; Rev. S. Fox, Rev. R. Appleton, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. C. Parr, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; T. O. Foley, Queen's College; S. R. Spicer, Worcester College; C. Buckner, G. Cooper, Wadham College.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, with Biographical and Historical Memoirs. By Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, F.S.A. &c. Part XXXIV.

THIS Part contains the very characteristic portraits of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington; Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon; Thomas, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh; Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby; and William Powlett, Marquess of Winchester. There is great animation in the countenance of the Earl of Caernarvon, of whom the following striking anecdote is related. Having been mortally wounded in the battle of Newbury (of which wound he died in an hour), in the short interval in which he had the power to speak he eagerly inquired whether the king was in safety. A nobleman, his friend, who was attending on him, asked whether he could convey any final request from him to his majesty; to which the loyal but pious earl answered, "I will not die with a suit in my mouth to any king save to the King of heaven."

Portrait of Lady de Clifford. Engraved by Wright, from a painting by Derby.

THIS is the forty-seventh plate of the series of female nobility now publishing in La Belle Assemblée, and decorates the Number of that work for the present month. It is a very lady-like portrait; and, we have no doubt, is a strong resemblance.

Monkeyana; or Men in Miniature. Designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Part VI.

THE present Part completes this clever and amusing publication. It consists of "The Legal Consultation, or a Flaw in the Indictment;" "Billingsgate;" "The Unfavourable Impression;" and "The Widow." The first is capital. Every one who is acquainted with our courts of law and equity will recognise striking likenesses in the trio. "Billingsgate" also is admirable. We think we hear one of the fair ones exclaiming, "I know I'm a thief, and a liar, and worse; and now, d—you, I defy you to say black's the white of my eye!" The joke of "The Unfavourable Impression" does not strike us; although that there is a joke we are sure. "The Widow" is deliciously pathetic. Nothing can exceed the sentiment in the countenance of Lady Pug, as she sighs out, in the words of Constance,—

"—— now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek."

We are happy to learn that Mr. Landseer has lately returned from Paris with a portfolio of masterly studies, made by him in the Jardin des Plantes. He had one day, we understand, rather a narrow escape. While he was very attentively drawing some animal, an elephant, who had contrived to unfasten and leave his cell, came softly behind the abstracted artist, curled his trunk round his neck and face, and held him firmly down for several minutes; but at length, very fortunately, relaxed his hold sufficiently to allow Mr. Landseer to retreat; which he immediately did, with great celerity and satisfaction.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare. Drawn and engraved by F. Howard. No. X.

THIS is certainly one of Mr. Howard's best Numbers. It illustrates "Twelfth Night, or what you will." The distinctions of character are remarkably well preserved. "The Saving of Viola from the Wreck;" "Viola disguising herself as her brother;" "Orsino sending Viola to Olivia;" "The Revel;" "Antonio and Sebastian;" and "Olivia and Viola," are all very fine compositions, and do Mr. Howard's powers of execution, as well as his powers of invention, great credit.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A VISION OF A DINNER, A LA BARMECIDE.*

By Louis Eustache Ude, Author of the "French Cook."

Addressed to Lord Sefton.

"Having been long of opinion that our English verse might be constructed in imitation of the ancient hexameter, which would be perfectly consistent with the character of our language, and capable of great richness, variety, and strength, I have now made the experiment."—*Dr. Southey.*

HARK† 'tis the silver sound of the spoon immersed in the tureen;
Near you is à la Bauveau, and that is the Brunoise adjoining;
Here is the soupe à la Reine—rich, regal, relishing, racy—
The beautiful broth, which is the fine quintessence of poulet,
Blended gently with cream, and other ineffable compounds;
A glass of the Chablis boy—that is ever my wine after potage.

Behold! as relief to the soup, the napkin'd and delicate turbot,
(The curdily, cream-flaked fish, whose fin is alone worth an empire),
Garnished with silver smelt, nor wanting his roseate honours.‡
Here are slices of salmon, crimp'd ('tis from Thames‖), and with sauce Génèvoise served.
Hock is the orthodox wine. Ever after your fish, I entreat you,
Drink from the Rhenish flask Rudesheim, Markobrunner, or Hockheim;
Leibfraumilch, if you will, a pleasanter tipple there none is,
Neirstein, or Geissenheim; but avoid like a pestilence Winckel:*
The Möselle wines I approve, and the best of them all is Pisporter,†
Spite of its name, which to ears polite hath a sound cacophonic.

Pardon this prosing on wine, and let us return to the banquet:
See, the Removes are at hand; to which of the two shall I help you?
Turkey à la perigeux, do you choose, with a' puré of chestnut,
Or fowls à la Condé, enriched with a ravishing ragoût à l'Allemande,
Dishes divine of their kinds?—and now for a glass of Madeira.
Remove the removes, if you please, and give us a moment's cessation.

Now for the triumph! behold, the savour of savours approacheth—
This is the gourmand's goût, *this, this* is the sauté Lucullus,
Which but to name is to waken a sense of gustatory rapture,
Higher, intenser, than fires the zealot for Mahomet's Eden;
In this transcendent dish the ham insensibly mingles
Its exquisite flavour with game, which again combines with the truffle,
The truffle with spices unknown, but of richer odour than cassia,
Or myrrh, or perfumes of the East, or whatever the poets may rave of:
Let us dwell for a while on this, surnamed the "test of piquancy."‡

See, from the misty cup foams high the loveliest of liquors,
Champagne, chill, cold as ice:—another glass and another.

Now the attack renew, here are cutlets of pork à la mirepoix,
Timbales, with salpiçon croquettes of fowl au velouté
(Not the Velluti we know, but a *chose bien plus sensible*):
Perdreaux' à Barbarie (by no means barbarous), fillets
Of fowl à la Pompadour, and two small chickens poélé,—
Champagne——'tis a maxim true, that good eating requires good drinking.

Now, shall I send you a wing of the hare or a slice of the capon,
Salsifis, snipe, noyeau jelly, bouchées petites, macaroni?
(Par parenthèse, of liqueur a glass,—curaçoa,—maraschino,
Medical men recommend, and for once I concede to the doctor)
Choux à chantilli, choose you? ramequin, or some soufflée à l'orange:
And now one small tasse d'eau de vie, and with cheere we'll conclude our refreshment.

Hereafter I'll speak of the wines; but meantime treasure the axiom,—
As you value yourself as a man of taste and good breeding,

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* We presume we are indebted for this curious gastronomical epistle to the notice of Ude's superb cookery in our last, when commenting on the mistake of an R.A.—*Ed.*

† We have carved off the introduction, and plunged Eustache at once *in medias res*, like a true epic poet. Besides, his proëm was a profane parody on Mr. Southey's sublime opening of the Vision of Judgment.—*Ed.*

‡ Lobster-sauce, we suppose.—*Ed.*

‖ Salmon from the Thames is the most esteemed, and sells accordingly—crimped salmon fetches the highest price, and is the only one introduced at the table of the true connoisseur.—*My Cookery Book*, p. 316, 9th edition.—*L. E. Ude.*

* I was half killed with the cholera after drinking this detestable stuff at Wisbaden. All the others are good. The best for steady drinking is Markobrunner; for strength and flavour, Rudesheim.—*L. E. Ude.*

† Some wag wrote Barclay, Perkins, and Co. on the "wein preis" at an auberge at Coblentz.

‡ I have expressively designated it in my French Cook, the "*ne plus ultra* of the art."—*L. E. Ude.*

Shun like the Styx the fire of port, and insufferable sherry
Eschew as you would a dram, and stick to the luculent CLARET.*
CLARET, I, UDE, PRONOUNCE ALONE THE WINE AFTER DINNER.

Crockford's, St. James's Street.

BIOGRAPHY.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF MR. BONINGTON.

IN *Le Globe* of Wednesday, the 8th of October, is a short biographical notice of Mr. Bonington, from which we have extracted the following liberal and interesting passages.

"Bonington was very young when he came to Paris. His vocation for the arts was decided from his infancy; but his taste for them did not manifest itself in any childish fondness for shapeless scrawls. The little scenes which he designed, without any principles, indicated great intelligence; he imitated with ease and spirit; and learnt to see without any master's having directed his talent. * * *

"When, having exercised his hand according to the principles which are first taught, he acquired the power of embodying his conceptions, it became evident what he would one day be. His brilliant and striking compositions were the admiration of the school. The contemporaries of Bonington foresaw that he would not servilely follow, in the train of a professor, any system, whatever it might be; and that he was not born to copy any one, but to create, by imitating nature. At sixteen years of age, he had already deserved that the chief of the school, to whose lessons he did not very attentively listen, should reproach him for his want of submission to the precepts of picturesque rhetoric. * * *

"Bonington had quitted the beaten track; he walked, at his own risk and peril, in paths which he traced for himself in advancing. He could no more feel and express himself like Girodet, Guérin, Gérard, or Gros, than Victor Hugo could feel and express himself like the Abbé Delille, Fontanes, or M. Parseval Grandmaison. His spirit was independent, and revolted at routines. He escaped from them by removing from the school where genius is taught as the art of putting a figure together, and where the rudiments of old compositions are sacred. When he had studied the living model at the Academy sufficiently to draw the figure correctly, he left it. * * *

"It was not to the representation of the great events of history that Bonington applied his talents; he confined himself to paint familiar scenes, and to represent the effects of light on an extensive country, or on the ocean. Of a pensive character, he was affected by the sight of an agitated sea; and whatever there is of poetry in the varied appearances of that imposing spectacle, powerfully animated and tinged his works. The studies and pictures which he produced at twenty years of age, when, liberating himself from the yoke, he went to the western coast to give himself up to his own imagination, are highly entitled to the esteem of amateurs. The colourist is recognised in them, not by the exaggeration of tones, or affected opposition of light and shade, deemed necessary by certain artists who have parodied the English system, but by a harmony and a simplicity full of truth and taste. * * *

"Broad in his handling, he perhaps pushed that quality to excess. His figures, so beautiful in their design and action, are sometimes too vague in their details. Their colour is charming, but the imparting of the touch does not correspond with the proportions of the heads and the members. This defect, to which, however, too much importance ought not to be attached, is especially apparent in that picture of Bonington's which represents a 'View on the Grand Canal at Venice.'* This work is in other respects a very fine thing; I even believe that it is the piece the most completely characteristic of the talent of the author. It has been said to resemble a Canaletti. Certain it is that Bonington studied that as well as all other masters, much, in Italy; and that most of his pictures are a little tinctured by his predilection for them; but the resemblance which exists between his 'View on the Grand Canal at Venice' and Canaletti's pictures, is only in the subject. Canaletti has a precision which Bonington did not try to attain; he is a colourist, but not like the young Englishman, whose tone is not only brilliant but poetical. Thus, like almost all the young Anglo-Venetians of our school of romantic painting, Bonington imparted to many of his works that tint of age which renders the productions of the old masters very respectable; but which, departing from nature, is surprising in a painter who has always sought truth.

"Bonington tried all styles, except that which is called historical. What he had intended to do, was to borrow from the middle ages subjects for a series of easel pictures, in which he was desirous of combining and shewing the value of the finish of the Dutch, the vigour of the Venetians, and the magic of the English. How deeply it is to be regretted that death struck him ere he could put such a plan into execution! He succeeded equally in marine subjects, in architecture, in landscape, and in interiors. Whether he disported with the crayon (so despised since Latour, but the credit of which he re-established), painted in oil or water-colours, or handled the lithographic chalk or pen, he did remarkable things. Water-colours have not been much esteemed in France for twenty years; Bonington revived them, united them to *aquarelle*, and produced that admirable picture, 'The Tomb of Saint Omer,' which may, in point of finishing, solidity of tone, and force of effect, compete with Granet's firmest works. The beautiful 'Picturesque Journey,' by Messrs. Taylor, Nodier, and Cailleaux, and a separate collection published by our young artist, attest his superiority as the draughtsman of romantic ruins. That which ought not to have happened, happened. The 'Fragments,' into which Bonington had thrown all the originality of his genius, met with but moderate success. The amateurs did not understand those delightful drawings; but the reception which they experienced from the artists, consoled Bonington for the bad taste of the public, and for the pecuniary loss which he sustained in consequence.

"M. Gross, who, on what was, probably, a very frivolous pretext, had shut his *attelier* against Bonington, eventually did him justice. He recalled him; and, in the presence of all his pupils, who were enchanted with the success their comrade had achieved, praised his fine talents, which no one had directed, and begged that he would have the goodness to become one of the ornaments of his school.

"Bonington was tall, and appeared to be strongly built; and there was nothing in him which could excite suspicions of consumption. A brain fever was the prelude of the malady of which he died, in the arms of several friends whom he had made in London by his kindness and good-will. His countenance was truly English; no other expression than that of melancholy gave it character. The new school of painting has lost in him one of its most illustrious supporters."

* I appeal to the author of Pelham (a writer of great promise, as appears by his admiration of my French Cook,) whether this axiom be not correct. I am sorry I did not see the second edition of his work before it went to press, as I might have corrected some errors into which he has fallen—touching me.

* We are diametrically opposed in opinion to the French critic on this point. We well remember the picture in question, which was exhibited in the early part of the present year at the British Gallery; and we also well remember being singularly struck by the broad, spirited, and intelligent handling of the figures. They reminded us strongly of the exquisite boar-hunting, or baiting, by Velasquez, which hung on the same wall, and nearly in the same place, five or six years before. The following is a part of the notice of Mr. Bonington's picture which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of the 9th of February, of the present year. "The execution is masterly; not only in the buildings, water, &c., but also in the figures, which are numerous, and to which, by a few bold and well-placed touches, Mr. Bonington has given a character and an expression rarely to be seen in the productions of this branch of the arts."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BUONAPARTE.

A WORK has just appeared at Paris, after having been for some time expected with great curiosity, entitled, "Memoirs, Correspondence, and unpublished Political and Literary Tracts of Paul Louis Courrier." The following confidential satire (in one of the letters) of a great political comedy, namely, the proclamation of Napoleon as emperor by the army of Rome, is amusing enough, and shews considerable acumen on the part of the writer:—

TO M. N——.

Plaisance, May 1804.

We have just made an emperor; and I have been of some service in the affair. The following is the history of it:—This morning d'Anthouard assembled us, and told us what was in agitation, but plainly, and without any preamble or peroration. "An emperor or the republic, which is to your taste?"—just as people say, "Roast or boiled; pottage or soup; which will you have?" His harangue finished, we all sat still, looking at one another. "Gentlemen, what is your opinion?" Not a word; nobody opened his mouth. This lasted a quarter of an hour or more, and was becoming embarrassing, both to d'Anthouard and to every one, when Maire, a young man, a lieutenant, whom you may have seen, rose and said, "If he wishes to be an emperor, let him be so; but, to speak my sentiments, I do not think it at all advisable." "Be explicit," answered the colonel; "do you wish it, or not?" "I do not wish it." "Very well." Renewed silence. We recommenced looking at one another like people who had met for the first time; and we should have done so until the present moment, if I had not spoken. "Gentlemen," said I, "it seems to me, under correction, that we have nothing to do with this. The nation wishes for an emperor: is it for us to deliberate about it?" This reasoning appeared so powerful, so luminous, so *ad rem*, that I carried the meeting with me. Never had an orator more complete success. We rose, signed, and went to play at billiards. "Faith, commandant," said Maire to me, "you speak like a Cicero; but, pray, why are you so desirous that he should be an emperor?" "To put an end to the business, that we may go and play our game at billiards. Were we to stay there all day? Why do you not wish it?" "I do not know," he replied; "but I thought him made for something better." Such was the remark of the lieutenant, which is far from appearing to me to be a silly one. In fact,

tell me to what purpose is this? A man like him—Buonaparte—a soldier—the head of the army—the first captain in the world—to wish to be called "your majesty!" To be Buonaparte—and to become "sire!" He aspires to descend. But, no; he thinks he is rising, in placing himself on an equality with kings: he prefers a title to a name. Poor man! his ideas are below his fortune. I suspected it, when I saw him give his young sister to Borghèse, and believe that Borghèse did her too much honour.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. XII.

A Barefaced Joke.—The facetious J——h G——n, one of the legal agents of the late Duke of B—cl—gh, having on a certain occasion a request to make to his grace, posted out one morning to D——th House in such a hurry, that he neglected to undergo the tonsorial operation. The duke, surprised at the unseemly and slovenly appearance of the man of law, said to him—"Good Heavens, J-s-ph, what a pickle you are in! I don't think the razor and you have been acquainted for a week." "My lord duke," replied the witty and wily lawyer, "I have a favour to ask of your grace; and I never in my life could ask a favour in a *barefaced* manner."

Muckle and Little Sandy Gordon.—Before the Reformation in Scotland, a good old gentlewoman, who had seen better days, was reduced to the necessity of taking a small moor-and farm under the Earl of Huntley, ancestor of the Dukes of Gordon. On this barren spot the poor widow and her two sons, by their unwearied industry, contrived to glean a scanty subsistence. But miserable as this dependence was, they were likely soon to be deprived of it by the practices of a greedy, ruthless, land-steward, or factor, as he is denominated in Scotland. This unfeeling scoundrel strained every nerve to dispossess the widow and her orphan children; and adopted an infallible method to obtain his diabolical object,—viz. raising a rent already almost beyond their means of paying. In this emergency she applied to several persons who were said to possess the favour of the earl; but all in vain. Seeing ruin inevitable, she summoned up resolution to wait on his lordship himself. The earl, who was a man of a bluff, open, and generous disposition, received her with great kindness, and, after some conversation, found her to be a person of superior sense and worth, and expressed much surprise that the poorest of his *cot-farms* should be occupied by one who had once obviously moved in a higher sphere. "But," quoth the worthy nobleman, "you must dine with me and my family to-day; I must let them see of what *sicker* stuff at least one of my tenants is made." The astounded widow was very reluctant to accept the invitation; but the earl would not be denied. She had the good fortune to make herself equally acceptable to the countess and all the family. After dinner she was shewn over the castle, and finally was conducted into the chapel, where there was no lack of images. But fearfully scandalised were the feelings of the good woman, when, coming in front one of the Virgin Mary, she saw her noble hostess and her children sink down before it, as if a signal had been given for their immediate prostration. When they had ended their devotions, they were equally astonished at the unbending posture and horrified looks of their heretical guest. The earl, who had been absent, now made his appearance; and seeing how matters stood, asked her how she could be so neglectful of her duty to the Holy Virgin. "Where could she find such an all-sufficient intercessor for sinful creatures as the blessed mother of our Lord?" "Please your honours," quoth she, "alloo me to answer ye in a hamely way; but by your favours no sae far I reckon frae the soobject in han'. Ye weel ken, ma lord, that I hae a sma' farm under yere lordship, and for some years hard hae we striven, my twa callants and mysel, to mak the twa ends meet. Few as our comforts hae been, they hae been seasoned wi' content, whilk is a pleasant, though uncommon, drap in the cup of poverty: but, alake, noo we're aboot to be turned oot of house and haddin by a factor, who shuts his ears to the widow's moan and the orphan's cry. I too hae made supplication to intercessors of weel-kent power and favour wi' your honourable lordship. I hae applied to *little* Sandy Gordon, and got neither solace nor satisfaction frae him. Syne I applied to *muckle* Sandy Gordon, but got still less frae him. In short, a's proved vanity and vexation o' speerit. Before I and my bairns gae forth, the sport of the winds of heaven, I noo do what I suld hae dune at the outset,—I apply for remeid to the *great Gordon himsel!*" This most judicious and touching appeal produced an electrical effect on the noble persons to whom it was made. The widow and her sons obtained a long lease of an excellent farm, on a rent merely nominal; and it is believed that her descendants enjoy it to this very day.*

Hugo Arnot.—The late learned historian of Edinburgh was much in the habit of lounging in the *bibliothèque* of that prince of bibliopoles, Provost Creech. One day an old woman came into the shop, and asked for a sight of some Bibles. Whilst, with spectacles on nose, she was sapiently peering over the sacred volumes, Hugo, who was abundantly loose in his religious notions, said to her: "Ye'ald fule! what gude d'ye expect from that rubbish? 'twad be mair wiselike to lay oot your siller in gude sappy herrings and mealy potatoes." The horrified carline, surveying the long and gaunt figure of the blasphemer with looks expressive of her expectation that the earth would forthwith open and swallow him up, like another Korah—at last cried out: "The Lord be wi' us! did ony body ever hear sic a graceless monster; and the meeserable creature's just an *atomy!*" Truly, save in the matter of his being a pedestrian, the historical scoffer was a perfect counterpart to Death on the Pale Horse. Arnot took little notice of her zealous rebukes, but, turning to Creech, said: "By Jupiter! Creech, I am going very fast: this pain in my breast will carry me off like a sky-rocket, one of these odd days." "Like a sky-racket?" cried out the old wife, who was going out at the door with her Bible; "gude faith, ma man, gif ye dinna mend yere mainners, ye'll likely tak a vera different direction!" The above singular character was once coming up Leith Walk, munching, with much apparent relish, a *speldrin*, or dried split haddock. He was met by that soul of wit and whim, Harry Erskine, who thus accosted him: "How d'ye do, friend Hugo? But I need not ask you that question, for I am sure you look like *your meat!*"

* The common people in Aberdeenshire believe the conversion of the Gordon family from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant religion, to be in no small degree owing to the above pithy and seasonable address.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The First Book of Shakespeare's revived Comedy of the Taming of the Shrew; containing four Vocal Compositions by Mr. Braham. Willis and Co.

THE first, entitled Music and Poetry, is a pleasing melody with piano-forte accompaniment, well arranged for the moderate abilities of amateurs. The second, Love's Paradise, is a very pretty air, with a lively accompaniment, easy and natural in its style; and though it has no pretensions to originality, yet we think it likely to become a general favourite. The third is very incorrect in the harmony, and the melody commonplace and uninteresting, except when sung by the parties announced in the title. The fourth is a very effective composition, possessing spirit and originality. The enharmonic transition at p. 5 has a pleasing effect; but we do not admire the B flat in the sixth bar of the first line of p. 6: perhaps A flat or F would have a better effect. Though but a small speck in a brilliant composition, it might be advisable to obliterate it.

The Second Book of this production has ten vocal compositions, of which No. 1 (by Cooke) consisting of two movements, possesses a natural flow of elegant and interesting melody, with a well-arranged accompaniment, attainable by musical amateurs in general, and sufficiently scientific to satisfy the most fastidious. No. 2 (Cooke) is showy, and perhaps well calculated for such an accomplished singer as Miss F. Ayton; but we cannot help regretting that our great bard should have the drapery of foreign music thrown over his poetry: Shakespeare ought to have none but legitimate English music to his words, and a person of Mr. Cooke's eminent abilities should have felt himself superior to foreign aid. No. 3 (Cooke). A bold, spirited production, in which the composer has evidently had Mr. Braham's style of singing the spirit-stirring songs of the Death of Abercrombie, the Battle of Trafalgar, &c. strongly in his mind. We think the conclusion too much resembles them; but it is, on the whole, an excellent song in its style. No. 5 (Cooke) has, no doubt, a good theatrical effect, but must be uninteresting out of its place. No. 6 (by Mr. Hughes) is a pleasing melody, and well adapted to the words: the accompaniment is very appropriate. No. 7 (Cooke). We do not admire the first movement; but we think the song will meet with approbation for the sake of the second air. The Hunting Song is excellent, and may with great propriety be sung as a detached piece. No. 8 (Cooke) is in a light lively style, but will not satisfy those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Shield's matchless trio to the same words, with the very effective orchestral accompaniments added by Mr. Greatorex. We think Mr. Shield's composition would have been the fittest for selection; as, by comparison, the one before us is a complete failure. No. 9 (by Sir J. Stevenson and Mr. Cooke) is a quartett with a sweet soothing melody, smoothly flowing in a very natural and unaffected harmony, and a well-arranged accompaniment. No. 10 (Cooke). An air with a soft and pleasing melody, but very common-place. The chorus reminds us of Purcell's well-known, "Come unto these yellow sands."

We cannot too strongly recommend to Messrs. Willis and Co. the necessity of publishing their works in a more correct manner than they have done these two books, as even the orthography is neglected, besides errors in the music.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE new tragedy of *Rienzi*, the *Youthful Queen*, and the *Green-Eyed Monster*, have been, during the week, drawing capital houses here. Miss Phillips made her appearance as *Mrs. Haller*, on Wednesday, and received great applause. We shall take an early opportunity of further noticing the claims of this interesting young lady.

On Thursday Miss Lacy played *Emilia*, in *Othello*, in so effective a style as to deserve a distinct meed of our approbation.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW piece, called a comedy, because it is in three acts (for had the *School for Scandal* been written in two, honest John Bull would have pronounced it a farce), was performed for the first time here on Wednesday evening. We cannot say much for the plot, notwithstanding it was the fifth of November; but an explosion we certainly did expect, as the gas was exceedingly capricious, and preferred *escaping* to *burning*, which, setting aside its being "used to it," was, as Keeley says in the piece, "natural enough, poor devil."* The *Soldiers' Stratagems* were not remarkable for their ingenuity, but they certainly suffered nothing by being intrusted to such excellent officers as Charles Kemble and Green, who pretended to be imposed upon, "naturally enough, poor devils." We beg our readers' pardon, but it is all Keeley's fault, who is also accountable to the author for two or three times saving the piece by his admirable acting. We wish this little fellow would do something badly, if it were only for variety's sake. Fawcett made the most of a soldier-bitten baron; and O. Smith enacted one short drunken scene with considerable humour. The baron's daughter and her waiting-maid were sufficiently well represented by Miss Forde and Mrs. J. Hughes, the former of whom sang one song too many; we mean the first. The dialogue of this piece is exceedingly unequal, but there are portions of it lively enough; and if it be unsparingly cut down, put into two acts, called a farce, and clapped at the bottom of the bill, it may be played occasionally through the season: as a three-act comedy, we doubt its seeing its nine nights. Mr. Lacy is its reputed parent. The *Soldiers' Stratagems* was followed by *Rosina*, in which we had the pleasure of hearing Miss Byfield, and confirming ourselves in the favourable opinion we from the first entertained and have expressed concerning her. The voice of this young lady is in quality unexceptionable, her execution is tasteful, and she never attempts any thing beyond her power. Good teaching is evident in every note she sings; and seeing, as we do daily, the promising *débutantes* who, with fine natural powers, are ruined entirely by ignorant and vulgar masters, we congratulate Miss Byfield on having such an instructor as Mr. Lejeune.

ADELPHI.

THIS pleasant theatre has been crammed to the ceiling every night since our last notice; and to its standard attractions, the *May Queen* and the *Mason of Buda*, a new piece was added on Monday, from the pen of Mr. Lunn. What it was like, we cannot pretend to say, not being able to get further than the stair-head for the crowd; but we understand it has since been withdrawn.

* An apology was made for this accident, and wax candles are now employed.

THE popular novel of Sir John Chiverton has, we perceive, been dramatised at Manchester.* We wonder it never occurred to any of our town managers or playwrights. Half an hour would convert it (so dramatic are its situations, so written, as it were, for the stage) into one of the most effective modern melo-dramas. The characters of Sir John, the Moor, the Physician, and the felon Niel Jagger, are excellent: nor does it lack female interest of a very novel kind. We hope this hint will not be thrown away.

VARIETIES.

Meteoric Iron.—A mass of iron of extraordinary dimensions, which has for the last hundred and fifty years been lying in the village of Caille, in the department of the Var, having lately been examined by several scientific persons, proves to be, without doubt, meteoric. Its weight is said to be from five to six hundred kilogrammes—a thousand or twelve hundred French pounds. Application has been made by the French Academy to the minister of the interior, to cause this remarkable specimen of meteoric phenomena, supposed to be the largest aerolite at present known, be transported to the Museum at Paris.

Natural History and Gastronomy!—There is to be a dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 29th (the birth-day of the celebrated Ray, and two centuries from that date), at which the friends of the natural sciences, zoology, botany, &c. &c., are to meet. The president of the Royal Society, Mr. Davies Gilbert, takes the chair; and it is anticipated that a number of the most distinguished naturalists and philosophical inquirers of the age will be present at this entertainment.

The lovers of the art of painting have sustained a great, if not an irreparable, loss in the death of the celebrated Gilbert Stuart. By the decision of Mr. West, by the common consent of the best judges on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. Stuart has been pointed out as the first historical portrait-painter in the world. In painting the portraits of private individuals he is admitted to have had no equal.—*Canfield's Lottery Argus, Baltimore*, July 21.

Laleham.—Perhaps it is not generally known, that in the little church of the little village of Laleham, near Staines, where the young Queen of Portugal at present resides, there is an altar-piece by Harlowe. It was painted in the year 1811, at the house of a friend of the artist's, in the village; and was liberally presented by Harlowe to the church. The subject is the fear which suddenly seized Peter, while he was walking on the sea towards Jesus: St. Matthew, chap. xiv. verses 30 and 31.

"But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

"And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Although the style of the picture is not exactly of the firm and sober character which ought to belong to a scriptural composition, it nevertheless possesses considerable merit. The panic of the sinking Apostle, and the dignified rebuke of the Saviour, are finely expressed. We regret to add, that, owing to damp, the painting is in a bad state. It ought to be carefully cleaned, and then protected by a powerful coat of varnish; for it would be exceedingly disgraceful to allow so generous and valuable a gift to go to decay.

* Under the title of *Hulme Hall, or Manchester in the Olden Time.*

Paper Linen.—A new invention, called *papier linge*, has within the last few days attracted much notice in Paris. It consists of a paper made to resemble damask and other linen so closely, that it is impossible without examination to detect the difference; and even to the touch, the articles made from the *papier linge* are very much like linen. They are used for every purpose to which linen is applicable, with the exception, of course, of those in which strength and durability are required. A French paper, indeed, says that they are almost as solid as those manufactured from linen; but this cannot be possible. The price is very low: a napkin costs only five or six centimes (about a halfpenny); and when they are dirty, they are taken back at half price. A good-sized table-cloth sells for only a franc; and for the same price one may have a rouleau of paper, with one or two colours, for papering rooms, or for bed-curtains.

The French Scientific Expedition.—Several of the scientific persons who have been sent to Egypt by the French government, arrived at Cairo on the 21st and 22d of September. As they were the bearers of letters from the viceroy himself to the Governor of Cairo, they were received with great distinction, and every assistance which they could require for the prosecution of their researches was given to them. They were not to remain many days at Cairo, as it was their intention to proceed to Upper Egypt and Nubia, so as to arrive there when the heat is least intense. The French sanitary commission from Navarin were expected at Alexandria on the 6th ult., but they had not then arrived. One or two of them will proceed to join the expedition in Nubia.

The Fever at Gibraltar.—After repeated delays, the French government have appointed a physician to proceed to Gibraltar, for the purpose of obtaining information as to the nature of the fever now raging there, and also of co-operating with the resident physicians and surgeons in endeavouring to arrest its progress. He has been joined by another physician, appointed by the Paris Academy of Medicine; but it is thought that they will be too late, either to be of service to the inhabitants, or to obtain information as to the character of the disease. The presumption is, that before they arrive, the change of temperature will have materially lessened, if not entirely subdued, the malady: but there is no certainty on this subject; for there are extraordinary anomalies of temperature in that part of Europe. The yellow fever of 1804, which broke out at Los Barrios, a town containing 3000 inhabitants, at four leagues from Gibraltar, did not make its appearance until the middle of October, and remained in full force up to the beginning of the ensuing January. On that occasion the use of bark was resorted to with great success; but it seems that even the sulphate of quinine has been used in the present instance without effect.—The introduction of this fever is attributed to communications between the shore and a Swedish vessel, called the Digden, from Havannah, which anchored in the bay.

Literary Curiosity.—The first of the following paragraphs is on a morsel of paper, printed and left with a pamphlet at houses throughout the country: the second speaks for itself,—is original and unique.

"Permit your goodness to excuse the liberty an unfortunate Author has taken, in causing this Book to be left for your perusal.—He is sorry that he is under the painful necessity of thus intruding, but being reduced, through a variety of events (over which he had no control), from a

respectable situation in life, to distress, is therefore destitute of any other means of support.—The price is One Shilling, which, or the Book unsoiled, will be called for next day and thankfully received."

"My Lord I bag pardon Inddressing your Lordship being a poor Man and traveling with a Laght House Book to geet a Lively hood for my selfe and fomly sences I Lost all my propperty by fire in Chancerey Lane in July 1824 and as the Book having been presented to his Magety and the duses of Kent and other nable men of Hy Rank I Brought one directed to your Lordship on friday Last and Comeing again on Munday for an unsure your footman only give me one sheling meerly the prise of the book after walking seven Mills which convinces me that your Lordship Never had the book as well as the Woman at the Lodg gate as the Arle of Plemouth geve Me five sheling for the same Book as well as Other Noble Men and gentlemen and if your Lordship pleses to take My Case into Consideratation as having no Other Mens of geeting an Lively hood I will Bring the Book again to your Lordship as your Lordship Cannot have the Book of Einy Other Man but My selfe I Only haveing a patent for it

"I hope your Lordships goodness will be plesed to pardon your moust Humble and Obedent

B. TUMBBLING."

"At James Bughorhs, Castle Street, Tunbridge Wells. Octr. 1th, 1824."

Charles II. and Rochester: an old Story versified.

Says Rochester, "Behold our king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

"'Tis true," says Charles, "ye graceless curs,
Your tongues, I see, *just* grown are—
My actions are my ministers',
My witty words my own are!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Russian Army.—A work on Russia, by M. Niellon Gilbert, has just made its appearance in Paris: we extract from it the following account of the Russian army. The troops of the line are said to amount in number to 384,000 men, who are thus classed by the author:—

Infantry of the line	220,000
Grenadiers	22,000
Chasseurs à pied	80,000
Cuirassiers	15,000
Houlans	12,000
Dragoons	12,000
Hussars	10,000
Foot artillery	8,000
Horse artillery	5,000
	384,000

To these are to be added, first, 12,000 men of every class from the military colonies, where they have been formed for service with the most rigorous cruelty,—a soldier of the line being placed in each house, with full authority to dispose of its male inmates as he pleases, so as to prepare them for the field of battle; and next are the troops called garrison regiments, who are armed, equipped, and exercised in the same way as the troops of the line, with the exception of wearing a gray uniform, instead of the green which is common to the troops of the line, in which also it is of rather a superior quality. These garrison regiments are employed principally as militia are in other countries, and also for the protection of fortresses and the escort of prisoners; but they are liable to be called into service in the same way as the regular troops: their number is estimated at 60,000. The irregular cavalry, in which are included all the Cossacks already trained to the warfare for which they are found to be so useful and enduring, are calculated at 50,000, that being the number which can be called out with ease; although it is supposed that a third more than that number might be brought forward without much difficulty. The total force of the Russian army, either in actual service or liable to be called out at a short notice, is thus stated:—

Troops of the line	384,000
Imperial guard	90,000
Colonised troops	120,000
Garrison regiments	60,000
Irregular cavalry	50,000
Polish army	60,000
	764,000

Of this force upwards of 300,000 were ready at the commencement of the present campaign to pass the Pruth, and proceed at once to the Balkan; but it was considered necessary to leave a portion behind to keep a check upon any movement which might be contemplated by the Emperor of Austria, and, to supply the deficiency, the imperial guards were ordered to march; and a perfect understanding having been effected between the Russian and Prussian courts, an army of more than 100,000 men, which was on the Prussian frontiers, has been placed at the disposal of the emperor.

A new edition of Thucydides, printed at the Clarendon Press, illustrated with Maps drawn from actual Surveys, and accompanied with Notes, chiefly Historical and Geographical, by the Rev. T. Arnold, Head Master of Rugby School, is preparing for publication.

Nearly ready, What is Luxury? To which is added, a Manipulus of Etymological and other Nugæ, by a Lay Observer.

Messrs. Ebers and Co. announce a new series of Imaginary Conversations, by Walter Savage Landor;—The Legends of the Lakes; or, Sayings and Doings at Killarney, by Crofton Croker;—and a little volume of Poems, said to be by a Lady of Fashion, entitled The Sorrows of Rosalie, &c.

Mr. Strong, the Bookseller, of Bristol, announces a Topographical and Genealogical History of the Hundred of Carhampton, Somersetshire, by James Savage, embellished with a Frontispiece and a Map of the Hundred, coloured geologically.

The Imperial Remembrancer; a collection of Tables, including the Stamp and Excise Duties, the Measures, Hackney-Coach Fares, New Rates for Watermen, &c. &c., compressed into a single sheet, is to appear with the Almanacks.

Mr. Sheppard, author of Thoughts on Devotion, has in the press a View of some of those Evidences for the Divine Origin of Christianity which are not founded on the authenticity of Scripture.

A new edition, with Original Receipts, of the Housekeeper's Oracle, or Art of Domestic Management, by the late Dr. Kitchiner, is announced.

Mr. John Burnet is employed in engraving a splendid national print from Wilkie's celebrated picture of the Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo, in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Grattan, the Author of Highways and Byways, is engaged on a new series of Tales and Sketches.

Letters from the West, containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs, also Anecdotes connected with the first settlement of the Western Sections of the United States, by Judge Hall, will speedily appear.

German Literature.—There appears to have been great activity among the booksellers in Germany during the last twelve months. The Leipzig catalogue contains a list of more than 3,300 works which appeared at the Leipzig Easter fair at the end of March, and at the Michaelmas fair at the end of October. Nearly all these works have been printed in Germany. Among the English works printed at Leipzig, are the whole of Sir Walter Scott's works, in 120 volumes, and an edition of Roscoe's historical works, in 8 volumes.

In the Press.—The Wanderer's Legacy, a collection of Poems on various Subjects, by Catharine Grace Godwin, (late C. G. Garnett).—Christianity, Protestantism, and Popery, compared and contrasted. — A second edition (post 8vo.) of Montgomery's Universal Prayer, Death, &c. —Churchyard Gleanings and Epigrammatic Scraps, by W. Pulleyn.—The Economy of Human Life, translated into French, by Mrs. Davidson.—A comic romance, to be called Rank and Talent.—Sailors and Saints of the Naval Sketch-Book.—A second series of the Tales of a Voyager. —Tales of Military Life, by the Author of the Military Sketch-Book.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Souvenir, 1829, 12*s.*; proofs, 24*s.* silk.—New Year's Gift, by Mrs. A. Watts, 18mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Forget-Me-Not, 1829, 12*s.* bds.—Bythewood's Precedents, Vol. I. 8vo. 1*l.* 2*s.* bds.—The Amulet, 1829, 12*s.* bds.—The Jew Exile, 2 vols. 12mo. 10*s.* bds.—The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, 1829, 18mo. 7*s.* bds.—Potter on Sense of Words, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Musical Souvenir, 1829, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* silk.—Soames's Reformation, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Prophetic Messenger, 1829, 2*s.* 3*d.* sewed.—Ashwell on Parturition, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—The Gift of an Uncle, royal 18mo. 3*s.* bds.—Panizzi's Italian Grammar, 12mo. 3*s.* sheep.—Christian Records, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sheep.—The Gem, 1829, 12*s.*; large paper, 1*l.* 1*s.*; India proofs, 2*l.* 2*s.* silk; illustrations before letters, 2*l.* 2*s.*; after letters, 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—A Movable Planisphere, with Figures of the Constellations, 12*s.* on a card.—Peers's Typical Instruction, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Friendship's Offering, 1829, 12*s.* bds.—Winter's Wreath, 1829, 12*s.*; India proofs, 18*s.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

October.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday	30	From 47. to 34.	30.24 to 30.23
Friday	31	— 27. — 49.	30.22 — Stat.
November.			
Saturday	1	— 38. — 54.	30.16 — 30.20
Sunday	2	— 43. — 55.	30.16 — 30.17
Monday	3	— 34. — 50.	30.22 — 30.26
Tuesday	4	— 32. — 50.	30.18 — 30.12
Wednesday	5	— 30. — 46.	30.11 — Stat.

Wind variable, prevailing E. and N.E.
Generally clear, with foggy mornings.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is an old English ode, beginning—"O Death, rock me on sleep!" which Ritson, I think, attributes to Lord Rochford, brother to Anne Boleyn: I have searched for it in vain in the few collections of old poetry that have fallen in my way. If, through the medium of your *Literary Gazette*, you would inform me where it is to be found, or, if not too long, insert the ode in one of your Nos., you would greatly oblige one of your constant readers.

J. W. will find a letter at our office.

We are sorry that we cannot return B. E. G.'s manuscript, because we—burnt it; and there is no use in making a dust about the ashes.

Poro has mistaken the position of the letters in his signature: the last *o* should be before, not after the *r*. Literum sat, as the good scholars say.

A. C. C.'s impertinence shews how unworthy any proposition from him can be of attention, and his papers shall be thrown behind the fire.

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Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Just published by Smith and Son, 172, Strand, mounted on cardboard, price 12*s.*

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Part II. will be ready on the 1st of Dec.

THE ENGLISHMAN. This highly respectable and independent Weekly Newspaper is published at No. 170, in the Strand, every Sunday morning at Four o'Clock, at the price of Seven-pence only. The Englishman has now been published Twenty-six Years, and during that long period has invariably pursued the same course in all its departments—that of the strictest impartiality. It may truly be said of the Englishman, that it is "open to all parties, influenced by none." As a family newspaper, the Englishman stands unrivalled; not a line or an advertisement of an immoral tendency is allowed under any circumstances to stain its pages. The Englishman is a 20 folio column journal, the same size and price as the "Observer." The paper upon which it is printed is of an excellent sort, and the type almost new; indeed, for variety, quantity, and quality, it is the most perfect. In speaking of Sunday Newspapers, it is proverbial to say, the Englishman is almost a library in itself; and to such readers who do not desire a party paper, a trial of the Englishman is strongly recommended as a neutral journal, in which such a combination of literary talent is engaged as cannot be excelled by any weekly newspaper whatever. The Englishman is sent from London by the mails on Sunday, and may be had in the country on the blank post days.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for November contains, among other original and interesting Articles,—I. The Fenenden Heath Meeting—II. Irish Proceedings; the Clare Election, Catholic Leaders and Associations—III. Professional Sketches, No. I; Mr. Abernethy—IV. The Annuals—V. Dr. Granville's St. Petersburgh—VI. Walks in Rome and its Environs; the Roman Theatre—VII. The Death-Boat of Heligoland—VIII. The Philosophy of Clubs; the Hole in the Wall—IX. Gipsies—X. D'Israeli's Commentaries on Charles I.—XI. Stanzas on Life—XII. Travelling Oddities, No. 2—XIII. My Public—XIV. Folly—XV. Broken Ties—XVI. Sketches of Parisian Society, Politics, and Literature—XVII. The Dying Kleptht to his Companions—XVIII. The New Tragedy of Rienzi, by Miss Mitford—XIX. Mr. Haydon's New Picture; and the usual Varieties in Politics, Critical Notices of New Publications, Fine Arts, Domestic and Foreign Varieties, Biographical Particulars of Persons lately deceased, Provincial Occurrences, &c. &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

HUME and SMOLLETT, with EMBELLISHMENTS.

The Publishers of Hume and Smollett's History of England, with Portraits, and numerous other Historical Engravings, by the best Artists, in 10 vols. 8vo. have recently been enabled to complete a few Copies of that elegant edition, which it is their intention to sell at 7*l.* 4*s.* in boards.

These Copies would have been long ago sold, had they not been sequestrated, under very peculiar circumstances; and they have the advantage of very early impressions of the Plates. There are also a very few Copies on royal paper, the Plates to which are early Proofs, and which will be sold for 12*l.* 16*s.* in boards.

*** There being a few extra Sets of Smollett, persons who may happen to have the Hume alone, have now an opportunity of completing their Sets. There are also some odd volumes, if wanted.

London: Published by Robert Scholey, Paternoster-Row; and the other Proprietors.

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(Edited by JOHN HENRY BARROW, Esq. of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn.) This Work being now complete for the Session of Parliament just closed, the attention of the public is respectfully solicited to the peculiar claims which it prefers upon their patronage. It is devoted entirely,—1. To very full and authentic reports of all the discussions in both Houses of Parliament, the Debates in Committees "of the whole House" on Private Bills, and other matters of local concernment being stated with equal care and fidelity. 2. To accurate statements of all the votes, proceedings, and divisions of Parliament, with abstracts of the Parliamentary Papers and Returns.

These reports are supplied by the ablest and most practised reporters; they are unaccompanied by any political commentary whatever, and distinguished by the utmost accuracy, and the strictest impartiality. Every speech is reported with the most anxious fidelity, and in the same proportion of extent, without regard to the party or opinions, or the greater or less reputation of the speaker. During the session, the publication is continued in weekly parts, each part containing all the debates, &c. of the preceding week, printed on folio paper of the same size as the parliamentary documents, but in double columns, and in a beautiful type, expressly cast for this work. Every separate part is preceded by a distinct table of contents, and a digested abstract of the proceedings of the week to which it refers; and at the close of the session, an elaborate and very copious index of persons and matters is furnished to subscribers, which supplies at one glance the most simple and exact reference to any given speech, business, or proceeding of the session: this index, both in extent and arrangement, much exceeding any thing which has yet been attempted on the same subject.

In referring to the three volumes of the Mirror of Parliament which have just been completed, (Session, January—July, 1828), containing in all 2700 pages, for the manner and the spirit in which the above conditions have been fulfilled, the proprietors feel themselves at liberty to state, that from the most distinguished members of the political parties in both Houses of Parliament, including His Majesty's principal Ministers, the Editor has received the most flattering and gratifying testimonials of approbation and encouragement. These may be inspected at the Office by any Subscriber; and the circumstance that the most important speeches which were delivered during the last session, are given in the Mirror with unquestioned authenticity, of course communicates a higher degree of interest and value to this unbroken collection of parliamentary reports, than has been attained by any other such compilation.

The immense political importance of the several matters to be discussed in the ensuing session of parliament, will render, it is presumed, the possession of a record of the deliberations of that assembly, thus copious, impartial, digested, and contemporary with the weekly debates which it comprises, an object of infinite importance to every subject, and every institution of the United Kingdom, whose interest, in times like these, is powerfully excited for the political welfare of the British empire.

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All communications and all orders for the Mirror, for the past and ensuing sessions, are requested to be transmitted as speedily as possible, addressed, to the Editor, at the Office, 52, Parliament Street, or to the Publishers, Messrs. Winchester and Varnham, 61, Strand, London.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Wanderer's Legacy; a Collection of Poems, on various Subjects. By Catharine Grace Godwin, late Catharine Grace Garnett. Post 8vo. pp. 277. London, 1828. Maunder.

THE readers of the *Literary Gazette* must well recollect the elegant little productions of Mrs. Godwin's pen, which have occasionally graced our "Poet's Corner." This lady is, we understand, the younger daughter of the late Dr. Garnett, the author of "Zoonomia," "Observations on a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland," &c. At the period of the foundation of the Royal Institution, Dr. Garnett, who had been educated first under the celebrated Dawson of Sedbergh, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh, was professor of physics and philosophy at Anderson's Institution, in Glasgow. Such were his scientific attainments, and such was his reputation, that, without the slightest solicitation on his part, the governors of the Royal Institution selected him to be the sole lecturer on those various and complicated subjects, the task of elucidating which has since been divided among several able and accomplished persons. For two or three years Dr. Garnett acquitted himself in this arduous situation highly to the satisfaction of his numerous and fashionably-attended classes; but, being a man of very independent spirit, the unjust and presuming conduct of one of the leading governors of the institution (now no more), at length induced him to resign a post, which, advantageous as it was in a worldly point of view, he could not retain without a compromise of self-esteem. He then commenced practice in London as a physician; and his knowledge and skill, united with the amiableness of his character, and the singular frankness and simplicity of his manners, were rapidly introducing him into an extensive and lucrative connexion; when, in the prime of life, he fell a victim to his benevolence, in attending a poor family attacked by typhus fever. Dr. Garnett left two orphan children, for Mrs. Garnett had died a few years before. They were intrusted to the care of a kind and attached female friend, who retired with them to their father's native place, Barbon, a secluded little village, near Kirby-Lonsdale, in Westmoreland. In this village they both continued to reside until they had attained to womanhood, and it is still the home of Mrs. Godwin. It is not surprising that in so beautiful and romantic a country, and surrounded by every circumstance calculated to operate powerfully upon the youthful fancy, the germ of poetical genius, which disclosed itself early in the life of the fair author of the poems now under our notice, should have gradually expanded, until it arrived at a rich and luxuriant maturity. Of her first publication, "The Night before the Bridal, Sappho, and other Poems," we spoke, soon after its appearance, with the praise which it deserved. Her present work raises Mrs. Godwin still more in our estimation. In addition to splendour of imagination, copiousness of diction, beauty and variety of imagery, and rare facility and harmony of versification, the volume is imbued with a depth of thought, and a strength of feeling, which indicate a mind of a very superior order,—a mind capable of producing "what the world will not willingly let die."

The volume opens with an "Invocation." It is a noble and enthusiastic little composition; and as it affords a fair specimen of Mrs. Godwin's powers, we will give nearly the whole of it.

"Beautiful Spirit! that didst guard of eld
The song-inspiring fount of Castalie—
Thou, unto whom supremacy is given
And sway o'er realms of boundless intellect;
Light of the lonely, solace of the sage,
Beneath whose influence e'en the dungeon smiles,
And earth's worst desert fair as Eden blooms;—
To whom are offered pure the unchained thoughts,
Warm aspirations, and the rare first-fruits
Born of young Genius, when her spring-tide teems
With rich imaginings—To whom belongs
The glorious harvest of maturer years;
Enchantress! at whose magic touch the mines
Where Mem'ry keeps her deathless stores, fling wide
Their golden gates, and all their wealth disclose—
Call, from the depths of ocean and of earth,
And from the blue ethereal element,
Enchantress Queen! call up thy mighty spells!
If on some silver-crested wave thou float'st,
List'ning the genii secrets murmured low
Beneath the surges;—or if yet thou hold'st
Thy moonlight vigils midst the laurel groves
Girding the Delphian mount;—or if on wing,
All redolent of heaven's immortal breeze,
And radiant as the Iris' hues, thou glidest
Among the stars, winning new splendour thence,—
Or heavenward, earthward bent, my vows receive.
Spirit! that deign'st to hover o'er my path,
When in the twilight gleam of some deep dell,
Or Naiad-haunted spring, I wander forth
To hold communion with the peering stars;
Or on the voiceful shore I pause, to view
The round moon fling her bright reflection far
Upon the crystal waves; or clambering thence
Along the rock-goat's steep and dangerous way,
Where toppling crags hang o'er the billowy main
Their fortress rude, I mark the sun descend
From his cloud-canopied Olympian throne,
His regal brow all filleted with fire;
Spirit presiding then—pervading all—
Seen in the sunset—breathed in all the airs
That wanton through the summer-tinted groves;
Felt in the balmy influence of those tears
Wept by the heavens o'er Day's deserted fanes;
Spirit of Poesie!—on thee I call."

If this is not very exquisite poetry, we acknowledge that we do not know what is. "The Wanderer's Legacy" thus sweetly commences:—

"The sun was setting o'er the mountain range
That guards thy glens, romantic Borrodale;
O'er day's deep azure came a wondrous change
Wherein all hues of splendour did prevail,
From the rich ruby to the topaz pale;
And one cloud floating on the eastern air,
With golden prow and amethystine sail,
Shew'd like a ship of heaven bound onward, where
Flamed the broad west beneath the sunset glare.

Twilight fell o'er the deep autumnal woods,
Veiling their tints in eve's mysterious gray,
Twilight was on wild crags and mountain floods,
Save where some torrent flung its silver spray
Bright in the beam of the retiring day.
The pastoral hamlet slept in calm repose,
With cottage, byre, and farm-yards' neat array,
And neighbouring kirk, whose vesper chime arose
Soft on the breath of evening's quiet close.

And other sounds were heard commingling sweet;
Wild brook that tinkled down the mossy dell,
Call of returning kine, or fitful bleat
Of flocks that browsed on highland heath, and fell,
Or bark of guardian dog who watch'd them well;
Or, nearer home, the red-breast's mellow note,
Piping to eve his eloquent farewell;
Or voice of infant mirth, while young hands float
Down the clear stream their fairy acorn-boat."

To this romantic scene, the home of his youthful days, "a gray-haired wanderer,"

"a toil-worn, venerable man,
In humble guise, although of travelled mien,
With meditative brow, and visage wan,
In whose deep eye immortal thoughts were seen,"

returns. His reflections, as he gazes at the well-known objects around him, are full of beauty, and of patriotic feeling.

"Land of my sires! oh, with what chasten'd love
My soul, unwarp'd, dispassionate, and free,
Guided by some kind angel from above,
Returns with filial gratitude to thee!
Here would I wait my Maker's great decree—
Walk these wild hills whereon my fathers trod,
And, as the leaf beside the parent tree
Lays its pale form, so nigh yon house of God
Would I repose beneath the hallow'd sod.

And well may life moor here her shatter'd bark,
From hence she sail'd when youth was at the prow;
The dove sought shelter in the sacred Ark,
Scared by the perils she had view'd below.
Within these glens the citron's golden glow
Crests not the grove by southern breezes [illegible],
Yet would I challenge earth's wide realm [illegible] show
A spot that bears the stamp of Beauty's hand
More deep than thine, my own, my native land!

And thou art free—the gilded orient wave,
Albeit perfumed by India's spicy gales,
Floats round the country of the crouching slave,
Where rapine prowls, and tyranny prevails:
But here, in Albion's green and peaceful vales,
Man with his fellow mortal proudly copes;
No despot's will the peasant's home assails,
Nor stalks th' oppressor o'er its pastoral slopes,
Nor reaps the stranger's hand the harvest of his hopes."

Finding that the lapse of years has deprived him of all his kindred and friends, he [illegible]res to a peaceful hermitage, where he passes

"the quiet autumn of his age
In such pursuits as whiled the hours away:
From Wanderer grown to Anchorite and Sage;—
A moonlight eve closed manhood's chequer'd day."

In his cell, after his death, are discovered his tablets, on which are inscribed "The Wanderer's early Recollections;" forming the third and longest poem of the volume. The earlier portion of these Recollections, is the admirably detailed history of an ardent but uninformed mind, conscious of the existence of unattained knowledge, and panting for its acquisition. We can quote only a few short and detached passages.

"My youth hath been in quiet musings spent,
My very childhood garb'd itself in thoughts
That were of riper years. My whole life since
Hath been a maze of marvel, and delight
In all the gifts wherewith the hand divine
Hath deck'd this mortal dwelling-place of man.
I well remember me, ere language flow'd
In unison with the mind's eloquence,
How my heart, labouring with its feelings deep,
Seeking in words some utterance of its joy,
Rejected alway with a vexed disdain
The guise uncouth in which the precious ore
Was issued from the mine; for harmony,
Though unattained, was in my heart instinct:
I felt her presence in the haunts I loved—
She floated round me in the summer's gales;
I saw her impress on the mountain peaks;
The groves, the glades, with her voice resonant,
Whispered her accents to the murmuring brooks.
The poetry of Nature then was felt,
Albeit not yet distinctly understood.
I only knew that my aspirings soar'd
Far, far above this earth's corporeal things:
That my conceptions were beyond the scope
Of my untaught and wild philosophy.
All, all was mystery,—mine own sense of being—
The restless, the resistless tide of thought

That roll'd for ever through my inmost soul,
Was an enigma I could not resolve.

* * * *

From me the book
Of lore was long withheld. At length 'twas oped;
The tide roll'd freely o'er my thirsty soul,
The ban of ignorance was ta'en away,
A veil was lifted from my darken'd eyes.

* * * *

Athwart my path a ray of sunlight fell.
Imagination,—that in guise untrick'd
By cunning arts of the world's fashioning,
Had been the mistress of my constant love,
E'en from those boyish days when first I woo'd
With rustic boldness her capricious smiles
Upon the summer hills,—came to me now,
Decked in the gorgeous thoughts and stately rhymes
Of England's gifted bards; to whose sweet songs
My mind, affrighted at severer lore,
Had haply then almost unwitting turn'd.
A spell came o'er me when those tomes I oped;
Mine own wild visions, all depicted clear,
I recognised through every line dispread,
Clad in the measure of harmonious verse,
And flowing on in cadence musical,
Adapted skilfully in frequent change,
Yet with strict unity symphonious still
To each new-born emotion of the soul.
These, for the first time, opening on my sense,
Seem'd the soft language of a lovelier world.

* * * *

When spake from out the brown autumnal woods
The solemn voice of the expiring year,
Calling on man his spirit to attune
To the calm cadence of her parting hymn;
When the sere-leaf by equinoctial gales
Was wafted with a sound scarce audible
To the lone harbour of some sheltering nook;
When summer brooks, swollen by the latter rains,
Did gush forth with a fuller melody;
When all day long upon the mountain peaks
The fleecy clouds in denser wreaths reposed,
And all around, tinctur'd with graver hues,
The sober livery of the season shew'd;—
Then would my heart its deepest sense confess
Of thy immortal verse, O bard inspired!
Whose holy harpings waked the wondrous song
Of Eden's fair, but sin-polluted, bowers.
The majesty of Nature, veiled in gloom,
The melancholy light of her last smiles—
All emblematic of departed joy,
My mind with kindred pensiveness imbued.
In the first blush of renovated bloom
Worn by awakening spring, when bees of flowers
Grow amorous, and insect-myriads sport
All the long day on the elastic air;
When birds pour forth their choral songs, and scarce
Relax from their sweet toil through the brief hours
Of night's diminish'd sway; when from the depths
Of heaven's clear azure, the young moon of May
Through the green glades a glancing love-light sends,
Undimm'd, save that some gauzy cloud may float
Like sail of fairy bark athwart her track;
When o'er the earth a great enchanter rules,
Joying in nature's metamorphosis,
The visible working of his viewless wand,
That well in times of eld might be ascribed
To power of fay benign or genius good—
In that sweet time, the blythest of the year,
The heart of man, attemper'd to glad thoughts,
Feels all its pulses beat in unison
With life's reviving call: then would my mind,
Abandon'd to the passionate romance
Of the soft season, yield its senses up
To the illusions of the poet's dream;
Wander with fair Titania o'er the meads,
And through the moon-lit forests resonant
With laugh of mischief-loving elves; no mase,
Howe'er fantastic, by thy spells conjur'd,
Magician great of Avon's gentle shores!
Fail'd to ensnare the homage of my heart—
The humblest mite of all the grateful praise
Admiring ages shall to thee accord
For a rich banquet stored with rarest cates
Which thy unrivall'd genius hath dispread.
Nor let me here withhold thy due award,
O courtly minstrel! whose kind Fairy Queen
Led my entranced steps through many a bower
And sylvan haunt so wondrously bedight,
None but a poet's eye might image it;
Nor could the splendid hues wherein all things
Were steep'd thy fertile fancy did create,
Have flow'd from aught but an inspired source.
I love the graceful chivalry that hath garb'd
Woman's fair form in attributes so bright,
She may be placed in man's adoring mind,
Upon a pedestal, his baser thoughts
Dare not profane. Mine ear receives
The stately measure of those antique rhymes
With a most deep delight. Whenever I
Do syllable in memory's trance thy verse,
It seems to me as if a thousand lutes
Of fairy sweetness, touch'd by hands unseen,
With melody filled all the air around;
Or that I heard some river lapse away
In liquid music o'er Arcadian plains."

The latter part of the Recollections exhibits equal poetical power; but we own that we do not think the subject,—the caprice of a heartless coquette, and its effects on her lover,—deserves the talent bestowed upon it. *Materiem superabat opus.*

The next poem, "The Seal Hunters," creates a striking and delightful diversity. Mrs. Godwin paints the rigours of the polar regions with a masterly pencil. One would think she had accompanied Captain Parry in his northern expeditions. Hark! the very verse rattles away like a shower of hail.

"Loud howl'd the wind on Finland's shore;
High rose the hoarse and sullen roar
Of forests, whose continuous line
Of gnarled oak and giant pine,
Clothed mountain, valley, plain.
Dark cliffs that bestled o'er the deep,
Guarding the ocean's spell-bound sleep,
Rear'd up their dusk, mysterious forms,
And look'd the genii of the storms,
Ruling the drear domain.
And, bursting from its icy thrall,
Down dash'd the cataract's thundering fall,
Mirkt cavern'd rocks, whose depths are known
But to the eddying waves alone,
In their remotest bound.
No gleam illumed the sunless air;
Huge clouds, that sail'd stupendous there,
Successively gaunt shadows threw
On ocean's cold and rigid blue;
Deep twilight reign'd around.
Further than human eye could reach,
Came floating tow'rds that stormy beach
Ice-shoals, and islets rude,
Whose frost-built valleys image forth
The gloomy horrors of the North
In all their amplitude.
Tall towering peaks, that wore the dyes
Of those severe but glorious skies,
Like infant Alps or Andes rose
Serene though stern in their repose;
Till from the ice of ages rent,
By ocean's unchain'd element,
Chaotic on their course they're hurl'd,
Like monsters of an earlier world."

This fine commencement is as finely followed up. The adventures of two young and gallant Finlanders, their voyage through the stormy Arctic Sea, their disembarkation (we had nearly said landing) on an iceberg, the drifting and destruction of their frail boat, their suffering and despair, and their ultimate deliverance, are told with a truth, a pathos, and an energy, which will greatly surprise as well as gratify the reader.

We must postpone any further description of this highly interesting volume; but if we can (having borrowed from it a space for the recollection of Dr. Garnett), we will, perhaps, allow it a sequel notice.

Letters from the West: containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the first Settlements of the Western Sections of the United States. By the Hon. Judge Hall. 8vo. pp. 385. London, 1828. Colburn.

ANOTHER American overflow of conceit. We have no doubt the Americans are what they proclaim—a new-world people, of a superior order, and all that; but we quarrel with their taste for so loudly and so eternally proclaiming their own merits. It is young! Little boys and girls do the same; not grown-up, and stout bodily and mental people. Perhaps, however, it is scarcely fair to form an opinion of a people from a work like that before us,—flippant, full of quotations from songs as an Irish speech, and also evidently written but for one side of the Atlantic. Our only extract will be a short narrative—the wonderful escape of a trapper.

"As these adventurers usually draw their food as well as their raiment from nature's spacious warehouse, it is customary for one or two hunters to precede the party in search of game, that the whole may not be forced at night to lie down supperless. The rifle of Hugh Glass being esteemed as among the most unerring, he was on one occasion detached for supplies. He was a short distance in advance of the party, and forcing his way through a thicket, when a white bear, that had imbedded herself in the sand, arose within three yards of him; and before he could 'set his triggers,' or turn to retreat, he was seized by the throat and raised from the ground: casting him again upon the earth, his grim adversary tore out a mouthful of the cannibal food which had excited her appetite, and retired to submit the sample to her yearling cubs, which were near at hand. The sufferer now made an effort to escape, but the bear immediately returned with a re-inforcement, and seized him by the shoulder: she also lacerated his arm very much, and inflicted a severe wound on the back of his head. In this second attack the cubs were prevented from participating, by one of the party who had rushed forward to the relief of his comrade. One of the cubs, however, forced the new-comer to retreat into the river, where, standing to the middle in the water, he gave his foe a mortal shot, or, to use his own language, 'I burst the varment.' Meantime the main body of trappers having arrived, advanced to the relief of Glass, and delivered seven or eight shots, so well directed as to terminate hostilities, by despatching the bear as she stood over her bleeding victim. Glass was thus providentially snatched from the grasp of the ferocious animal; yet his condition was far from being enviable: he had received several dangerous wounds, his whole body was bruised and mangled, and he lay weltering in his blood, in exquisite torment. To procure surgical aid, now so desirable, was impossible; and to remove the sufferer was equally so: the safety of the whole party, being now in the country of hostile Indians, depended on the celerity of their movements. To remove the lacerated and scarcely breathing Glass seemed certain death to him—to the rest of the party such a measure would have been fraught with danger. Under these circumstances, Major Henry, by offering an extravagant reward, induced two of his party to remain with the wounded man until he should expire, or recover sufficient strength to bear removal to some of the trading establishments in that country. They remained with their patient five days, when, supposing his recovery to be no longer possible, they cruelly abandoned him, taking with them his rifle, shot-pouch, and all appliances, leaving him no means of making fire or procuring food. These unprincipled wretches proceeded on the trail of their employer; and when they overtook him, reported that Glass had died of his wounds, and that they had interred him in the best manner possible. They produced his effects in confirmation of their assertions, and readily obtained credence. But poor Glass was not 'a slovenly, unhandsome corpse;' nor was he willing to yield without a struggle to the grim king of terrors. Retaining a slight hold upon life, when he found himself abandoned, he crawled with great difficulty to a spring, which was within a few yards. Here he laid ten days subsisting upon cherries that hung over the spring, and *grains des bœufs*, or buffaloe-berries, which were within his reach. Acquiring by slow degrees a little strength, he now set off for Fort Kiawa, a trading post, on the Missouri river, about three hundred and fifty miles distant. It required no ordinary degree of fortitude to crawl to the end of such a journey, through a hostile country, without fire-arms, with scarcely strength to drag one

limb after another, and with almost no other subsistence than wild berries. He had, however, the good fortune one day to be 'in at the death of a buffaloe calf,' which was overtaken and slain by a pack of wolves. He permitted the assailants to carry on the war, until no signs of life remained in their victim, and then interfered and took possession of the '*fatted calf*;' but as he had no means of striking fire, we may infer that he did not make a very *prodigal* use of the veal thus obtained. With indefatigable industry, he continued to crawl until he reached Fort Kiawa."

Were we inclined to censure, censure would be of little moment to our author: we will conclude with his estimate of fame:—"You will remind me, I dare say, of posterity; but, in the language of a merry neighbour of mine, I reply, 'Hang posterity! what did posterity ever do for me!' So I shall write when I please, and court the girls when I can." Vulgarity can hardly go further.

An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Royal Palace of Eltham. By John Chessell Buckler. 8vo. pp. 108. London, 1828. Nichols and Son.

We are much pleased with the manner in which Mr. Buckler has completed a task of no trifling difficulty. Not only has he performed all he professed to do, but something more: for his little volume contains an essay on English architecture, of considerable interest. The character of the work will be best exemplified by quoting the author's own words. Of Eltham Mr. Buckler says:—

"In the design of this palace was observed the rule of limiting the elevation to two stories; and there are not many examples of a third range of apartments below the roof. The lower floor sometimes comprised the hall, which, in this case, admitted of no particular distinction; for example: the halls of the ancient mansions at Congresbury in Somersetshire, and Aishbury in Berkshire. At Methley, the seat of the Earl of Mexborough, in addition to the lofty hall, appears a story with handsome bow-windows; but it is to be observed, that this singular arrangement has occasioned an unusual height of building, and that no part of the hall, excepting the porch and arches within, are prior to the age of Elizabeth. In buildings of great or small extent, this judicious rule was strictly followed, and Lord Burlington has proved, in another style of architecture, that grandeur of design is not incompatible with an elevation comprising only two ranges of apartments. The distance between the hall and the wall washed by the moat on the west side, is sixty feet; and it will be observed, that though throughout the western boundary the very ancient stone basement remains, yet, from the level of the enclosed ground, the superstructures of both extremes have been rebuilt of brick; but not so the middle space, consisting of about one third the whole extent: hence there is reason to suppose that, with the great hall, the building joined to its western extremity, of stone, of the same age and the same architecture, retained without abatement, till the period of its destruction, its beauty and fair proportions. Two bold but imperfect buttresses distinguish the part of the wall here described; and the care with which these supports were constructed is evident in the excellence of the workmanship and the soundness of the material. The ground rooms of this building were occupied for the pantry, the spicery, and my lord chancellor's buttery. King Henry the Seventh, who resided much at Eltham, and, as appears by a record in the Office of Arms, most commonly dined in the great hall, rebuilt the front of the palace next the moat, that is, the west, or principal front, which extended full three hundred and eighty feet; and havoc rested from its unworthy toils before it had exterminated all traces of the Tudor building therein referred to. Eltham Palace exhibited the same partial, though not inconsiderable, re-edification which very few mansions of remote antiquity escaped. The spirit of improvement often, and not unfrequently the love of variety, influenced these changes; and the taste with which they were sometimes made, may, without presumption, be questioned, especially where we observe the mutilation of an elegant feature for the accommodation of one destitute of merit as a specimen of architecture, and of propriety on the score of convenience. How far Eltham Palace warranted these observations, must remain doubtful; but, referring to the alterations which in former times were made in ancient buildings, I may remark, that the hall more commonly retained its original character than any other part of the mansion. This might have been on account of its dimensions, which were always ample; and where no improvement in convenience could be made, none was desired, if attainable, in the architecture. Certainly no improvement in this respect would have followed an alteration of the hall at Eltham. Henry the Seventh could not have produced in its stead a building with excellencies of so high an order as were commanded by Edward the Fourth. If talent had not greatly diminished, the style of architecture on which it was exercised claimed merit rather for the profusion and delicacy of its ornaments, than for the boldness and beauty of its proportions."

Again: "King Henry the Seventh's building, which the record calls 'handsome,' doubtless partook of the character which distinguished the best designs of that and the succeeding reign, so celebrated for their generous encouragement of architecture. The same spirit which guided Edward the Fourth in the building of his palace, seems to have descended without diminution to his royal successor. Angular or circular bay-windows, variously clustered, are the predominant features. The specimen adjoining Queen Elizabeth's gallery in Windsor Castle, is of unrivalled magnificence, and the forms there observable have been adopted on the sides of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Wolsey has preserved the same rich and elegant character in the great west gateway of his college in Oxford; and the Duke of Buckingham also combined the forms alluded to in two superb bay-windows, each comprehending two stories, in the splendid south front of his castle at Thornbury. That windows of the kind here described, and of which I have enumerated several of the grandest specimens now remaining, once distinguished the western façade of Eltham Palace, is more than probable. The basement of a bay-window, consisting of an oblong square, 12½ feet wide, and 4½ in bulk, with a wall of a triangular shape in front, is a very interesting relic among these scanty ruins. But this is not a solitary feature; it stands between four other solid masses, the basements of towers, bay-windows, or chimney shafts, and assumes the appearance of uniformity, though wanting in exactness of dimensions. This range, measuring ninety feet, joins the south angle; on which aspect, the extreme tower appears in the same proportions as towards the west; and at the distance of twenty feet there is another tower, of nearly equal size, between which and the bridge, the wall is levelled to the foundation. I have before observed, that the old plan denotes no buildings on the south side, but at the extreme angle next the west it defines a cluster prominent enough to stretch nearly across the moat. These are described as the lodgings of the lord chancellor. There are no fragments of walls to determine the extent of the south front from the west angle, but the vaults which still remain under-ground, if not capacious drains, were used for cellars, and have had buildings over them. But these subterranean rooms are not now so easy of access as they were formerly; one has been partly, and several entirely, closed up. Two on the west side still remain open, and one towards the south, originally sixty feet long, is now a convenient receptacle for garden implements. All these vaults, excepting the last, are about three feet wide, and six feet high to the crown of the arch. The principal one, facing the west, extends fifty feet under ground; but the one adjoining, and that towards the south, merit description. The former extends twenty-five feet from the entrance, and consists of three members, altogether resembling the Roman I. The middle space measures ten feet four inches by four feet. The outer division contains the staircase, which formerly communicated with the apartments above; and the inner, a deeply recessed arch, between which and the vault is an aperture in the roof twenty-four inches by twenty, framed with stone, and doubtless once concealed by a trap-door. The door of the latter, or south vault, appears between the towers before noticed, and its course is singularly irregular, varying in width from four to six feet, four feet three inches, and four feet nine inches. In the left or west wall is an arched recess, five feet wide, and four deep; and further on, a small recess or niche. But a square aperture in the roof near the outer doorway is the object of primary interest. It is neatly formed, and large enough to admit the passage of an individual, and seems to justify the vulgar tales of adventures by means of secret passages, which attach to this and many other celebrated old houses. * * *

"The beauty of Henry the Seventh's building towards the west might occasion no regret at the change which that sovereign made in the architecture of his palace at Eltham; but with wood and plaster it was not possible to excel the general character here given, that of the commonest domestic style, though it appeared with the enrichments of older architecture. This fragment of the building, dividing the area from east to west, stands between the hall and the eastern boundary, twelve yards apart from the former, and nearly the same distance from the latter, which space is now covered with sheds and outhouses, on the foundations of rooms connected with the kitchens, which occupied a large space on the eastern boundary; the remainder of the side having had lodging-rooms, which, it appears, went to decay in the next reign. * * *

"The hall was the master feature of the palace. With a suite of rooms at either extremity, it rose in the centre of the surrounding buildings, as superior in the grandeur of its architecture as in the magnificence of its proportions and the amplitude of its dimensions. This fair edifice has survived the shocks which, at different periods, laid the palace low. Desolation has reached its very walls, and the hand

of wanton mischief has dared to injure where it could not destroy; but still the hall of Eltham palace has not, with the exception of the louver, been entirely deprived of its smallest constituent feature. Its north and south sides were both open to quadrangles. Their architecture corresponded precisely, excepting that the south parapet was plain, while that on the other side, facing the principal gate of entrance, was embattled, and the cornice enriched with sculptured corbels. * * *

"Now that the building needs repair—after serving its degraded purpose for more than a century, and standing by its original strength, for no substantial repairs have in modern times been bestowed upon it, or any care taken to protect its walls from violence,—it is condemned as old and useless, and must no longer cumber the ground. This fate hangs over the last grand relic of Eltham palace; a fate which might be averted by the application of one of the many thousands which are annually voted for the monstrous inventions of modern architects, called palaces. Millions are exhausted to rear monuments in proof of the bad taste of the age, and the abundance it has yet to learn before it attains a knowledge of the grand and sublime in architecture, at the same time that a few hundreds, judiciously applied, would secure for the admiration of after-times a building that has been admired and neglected in our own, and which posterity may have more taste or greater ability to consult as a model than ourselves. * * *

"This building furnishes a strong proof of the scientific powers of former architects; it shews how accurately they calculated between the support and the weight supported; and though we look with some surprise at the thinness of the walls which have for so many centuries upheld the vast roof of timber, yet we must be satisfied that it was an undertaking of no temerity, since the walls would still have stood as erect as when first built, if the external covering of the roof had not been wholly neglected, or only imperfectly repaired; and so far from exhibiting a fissure through decay, it is difficult in some parts to trace the joints in the masonry; nor is the carved work less perfect. * * *

"King Edward the Fourth is the first sovereign on record who is mentioned as having built any part of Eltham palace. He, we are informed, 'to his great cost, repaired his house at Eltham.'* And though no part of the building is here particularly named, yet the architecture of the hall bears the stamp of his age, namely, the last half of the fifteenth century; and further, one of the well-known badges of this monarch is a conspicuous ornament in the spandrils of the north entrance. I have before described it as a *rose en soleil*; it is carved with the utmost delicacy, is shewn in the title-page, and is precisely similar to one drawn on a contemporary manuscript in the records of the British Museum."

In a postscript, Mr. Buckler informs us that parliament has not been appealed to in vain. The hall is now undergoing partial restitution; but that it is still to be used as a barn! We are, however, grateful, and so will the public be, to ministers for rescuing this splendid monument of art from total destruction; and it is not too much to say that the *Literary Gazette* has been in no slight degree instrument to its preservation.

* "Since this was written, the badge of Edward the Fourth has been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 600, p. 469."

Time's Telescope, for 1829; or, a Complete Guide to the Almanack, &c. &c. Published annually. Sherwood and Co.

Of this judicious and useful annual volume we have ever been called upon to speak in terms of well-merited commendation; nor does its present appearance deteriorate from the high character of the preceding years. It is indeed a very pleasant miscellany, combining in an eminent degree the *utile et dulce*. The regular almanack intelligence is agreeably relieved by illustrations of antiquities and obsolete customs, brief contemporary biographies are interspersed, and astronomy and natural history form conspicuous features; so that nothing can be more various and amusing than the objects reflected in Time's Telescope.

The frontispiece, from Teniers, is a perfect gem in its style of engraving; and there are numerous wood-cuts of birds, fishes, and rural and fancy subjects, from drawings of eminent artists (including Clennell), some of which are of the foremost order in this agreeable class of art. Altogether, while the more showy Annuals are levying contributions over the land upon all persons of taste or intellect, this more unpretending work is truly entitled to a full share of encouragement, not only from the same patrons, but from those who desire to unite instruction with literary recreation. We select two or three extracts as containing the greatest novelty to us; but the component parts are too much diversified to admit of our exhibiting specimens of all the kinds—original poetry, memoirs, recollections, anecdotes, quotations, &c. &c. &c. The annexed are all we can readily detach.

The following curious letter, extracted from the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, was written by Edwin Sandys, Bishop of Worcester, to Sir W. Cecill (afterwards Lord Burghley), on the occasion of presenting him with a *curious clock*, which formerly belonged to King Edward VI.:—

"What way I may declare any part of my bounden Deutie towardes you, for the manifold benefitte received, certainlie I wote not. For as ye haue bene the meane to bringe me into the place of honestie, from malice, whiche mynded to Impeache yt, which benefitt of all others I esteame the most, and can no otherwise recompense, but onlie by bearing of good will, which when seasonable tymes will make bud forth and yelde fruyt, ye may of right clame the same as youre owne. Suche ys the barrennes of this contrie that yt bringith nothing forth fitt to remember you withall, and therfor I am bold to present you with an olde clock, in the stead of a New Yeares Gift. Which I trust ye will the rather accept because yt was yor olde Masters of happy memorie, K. Edwards, and afterwards yor lovinge and learned brothers Mr. Cheekes, and synes hys who thinkith him self in many respectes most bounden unto you; whois prayer ye shall euer have, whois seruice ye may euer vse: as knowith the Almightie; who grant you many happie yeares with much increase in the knowledge of Christ vnto whois mercifull governance I commend you, from my house at Hartillbury, this 28 December, 1563.

Yor in Christ most bounde,

Ed. Wigorn."

In Aubrey's Gentilism, another MS. in the Lansdowne Collection, is the following printed advertisement, apparently cut out of an old almanack:—

"Marriage comes in on the 13th day of *January*, and at *Septuagesima Sunday* it is out again until *Low Sunday*, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out until *Rogation Sunday*; thence it is forbidden until *Trinity Sunday*, from whence it is unforbidden till *Advent Sunday*; but then it goes out, and comes not in again till the 13th day of *January* next following."

As a variety to these antiquarian researches, we add—

The Influence of a Flower.—"There are many brief incidents and apparently trivial events in our lives, that, at the moment of occurrence, are almost unnoticed; but which, from some association, make an impression on the memory at many periods of after-life, or may be remembered through existence with undiminished freshness; when others, of the most seeming interest at the time, fade from our recollections, or become abraded from the mind by a constant collision with the passing transactions of our days. It is in early life chiefly, perhaps entirely, that deep and indelible sensations of regard and affection are made; and impressions in those days are often recorded upon an unsullied tablet, that admits in after-hours of no erasement or superscription. How deep are our school-boy reminiscences! and the kindnesses received, and the friendships formed, at such periods, commonly constitute more enduring characters on our minds than all the after-occurrences, half-heartless transactions, perhaps, of later hours; when darker passions arise—ambition, avarice, self-interest, and cold reality, banish for ever the elysian ideas of youthful romance. There is a flower, the common *cowslip* of the fields, which, by reason of associations, for thirty years of my life I never saw without emotion; and though I might sanctify this feeling, I confess my belief that it has not contributed to the general happiness of my life: from reverence at first, it gradually became a disease, induced a morbid indifference, and undermined and destroyed the healthful sources of enjoyment.

"Towards the close of a most lovely spring day—and such a lovely one, to my fancy, has never beamed from the heavens since—I carelessly plucked a cowslip from a copse side, and gave it to Constance. 'Twas on that beautiful evening when she told me all her heart! as, seated on a mossy bank, she dissected, with downcast eyes, every part of the flower; chives, pointal, petal, all were displayed; though I am sure she never even thought of the class. My destiny through life I considered as fixed from that hour. Shortly afterwards I was called, by the death of a relative, to a distant part of England: upon my return, Constance was no more. The army was not my original destination; but my mind began to be enfeebled by hourly musing upon one subject alone, without cessation or available termination; yet reason enough remained to convince me, that, without change and excitement, it would degenerate into fatuity.

"The preparation and voyage to India, new companions, and ever-changing scenes, hushed my feelings, and produced a calm that might be called a state of blessedness—a condition in which the ignoble and inferior ingredients of our nature were subdued by the divinity of mind. Years rolled on in almost constant service; nor do I remember many of the events of that time, even with interest or regret. In one advance of the army to which I was attached, we had some skirmishing with the irregulars of our foe; the pursuit was rapid, and I fell behind my detachment, wounded and weary, in ascending a ghaut: resting in the jungle, with languid eyes fixed on the ground,

without any particular feeling but that of fatigue and the smarting of my shoulder, a *cowslip* caught my sight! my blood rushed to my heart—and, shuddering, I started on my feet, felt no fatigue, knew of no wound, and joined my party. I had not seen this flower for ten years! but it probably saved my life,—a European officer, wounded and alone, might have tempted the avarice of some of the numerous and savage followers of an Indian army. In the cooler and calmer hours of reflection since, I have often thought that this appearance was a mere phantom, an illusion—the offspring of weakness: I saw it but for a moment, and too imperfectly to be assured of reality; and whatever I believed at the time seems now to have been a painting on the mind rather than an object of vision: but how that image started up, I conjecture not—the effect was immediate and preservative. This flower was again seen in Spain: I had the command of an advance party, and in one of the recesses of the Pyrenees, of the romantic, beautiful Pyrenees, upon a secluded bank, surrounded by a shrubbery so lovely as to be noticed by many—was a *cowslip*. It was now nearly twenty years since I had seen it in Mysore: I did not start; but a cold and melancholy chill came over me; yet I might possibly have gazed long on this humble little flower, and recalled many dormant thoughts, had not a sense of duty (for we momentarily expected an attack) summoned my attentions to the realities of life: so, drawing the back of my hand across my eyes, I cheered my party with, 'Forward, lads!' and pursued my route, and saw it no more, until England and all her flowery meadows met my view: but many days and service had wasted life, and worn the fine edge of sensibility away:—they were now before me in endless profusion, almost unheeded, and without excitement: I viewed not the cowslip when fifty, as I had done with the eyes of nineteen."

We offer no examples of the poetry, though there are many sweet pieces, to illustrate the seasons, both selected and original.

The Golden Lyre. London, Haas.

Among the other elegant little volumes which at this period of the year court attention as appropriate Christmas or New Year's gifts, is one, newly started, of a unique and peculiarly interesting character. This novelty is entitled *The Golden Lyre;* and, in the shape and size (though not the thickness) of the smaller Annuals, contains specimens of the most popular poetry of the four great European countries—England, France, Germany, and Italy—printed in the original languages, and *altogether in gold.* The effect of this singular species of typography is very splendid; its peculiarity renders it additionally attractive; and the care bestowed on the selections is in character with that evidently required on the part of the printer—we had almost said *engraver*, for every page looks like a separate blazon.

The body of the work is introduced by the following brief address, explanatory of its nature and general objects:—

"'Worthy to be printed in letters of gold,' is a phrase usually employed to express our highest esteem and admiration of some remarkable essay of human virtue or genius. The present compilation—although containing extracts of various degrees of merit—will not, it is hoped, be thought undeserving such a splendid distinction; and, while it aspires to be useful to the young student of foreign languages, in the formation and direction of his taste, may agreeably recall to the more advanced scholar some of the most delightful passages in the whole circle of poetical literature."

And this pledge has been redeemed:—the lover of English literature will find extracts from Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, James Montgomery, Rogers, Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth. Amongst the specimens of French poetry, we observe quotations—each of which forms a complete little piece in itself—from those eminent Gallic poets, Boileau and Voltaire; in addition to whom, are laid under contribution, Delille, Lamartine, Millevoye, and other beautiful writers of the present day, with whose productions it is high time those of our fellow-countrymen who are studying the French tongue should become acquainted. As there is no accomplishment more universally in vogue than the knowledge of this elegant language—which such even as cannot fluently speak, readily read—we are sure that no one will lay down the volume before us without having experienced a new delight, and acquired a fresh source of intellectual gratification, by the perusal of these charming fragments.

But the "march of intellect"—a term justly derided for its affectation, but a *thing* not the less real and progressive—has introduced, of late years, a more extensive desire—a thirst after information touching foreign lands, not limited within the boundary of the customs, peculiarities, and language, of our immediate continental neighbours, but taking a far wider sweep; and hence has arisen, among other indications, a stronger wish to cultivate both the German and Italian tongues.

To this fast-growing taste, the *Golden Lyre* likewise administers; and the book is rendered complete, as one harmonious specimen of European song, by the insertion of extracts from Göthe, Schiller, Tieck, Salis, &c.—names which are every day acquiring additional radiance amongst us, and which *must* continue to do so by the prescriptive and unalienable right of genius. The selections from Italian authors (Ariosto, Dante, Filicaja, Metastasio, Tasso, &c.) close the work, which has thus all the combined charm of novelty, variety, sweetness, and brevity.

Milne's Essay on Comets.

[Concluded from our last.]

The question of the earth ever having been struck by a comet is discussed, and its probability maintained, from the physical revolutions which it must have undergone at some time. By an attentive investigation of the general features of the globe, Mr. Milne supposes that the collision of a comet, by which these physical changes were effected, must have taken place somewhere in the southern hemisphere. Having dismissed this point, that next brought under notice, is the probable period when a similar catastrophe will occur; and of all comets likely to produce this event, none is more so than the comet of Encke, which is now nightly expected to be visible, if not so already.

"Never removing from the sun to a greater distance than Pallas, and crossing the track of the earth, as well as that of every other planet below Pallas, more than sixty times in a century, it is from this comet chiefly that we have to apprehend the risk of a collision. It is found to be particularly liable to suffer perturbation from the attraction of Mercury, which it sometimes approaches so near as 360,000 miles. This circumstance has led some to apprehend that, at a future period, a collision may take place between this comet and Mercury; at all events, their frequent proximity will afford to astronomers the means of determining that planet's mass, which is not yet very accurately known. Concerning its approach to our own planet, Olbers has computed, that in the course of 88,000 years this comet will come as near to us as the moon; that in four millions of years it will pass at the distance of about 7700 geographical miles, when, if its attraction should equal that of the earth, the waters of the ocean will be elevated 13,000 feet, that is, above all the European mountains except Mont Blanc. The inhabitants of the Andes and the Himalaya mountains, therefore, would alone be able to escape such a deluge, which would probably leave upon our globe records of its occurrence, similar to those discoverable at the present day. After a lapse of 219 millions of years, according to the calculations of the same astronomer, an actual collision will take place between this comet and the earth, severe enough to shatter its external crust, alter the elements of its orbit, and annihilate the various species of animated beings dwelling on its surface. * * * Hence we may conclude that, in the course of 219 millions of years, our globe will certainly be smashed by a comet. I have remarked that Encke's comet approaches nearer the earth's orbit than any other yet discovered; and hence the probability is, that the fate which is thus demonstrated to be reserved for our globe, will be fulfilled by means of this particular comet. But such speculations, however striking the results, conduce to no practical advantage, and contribute little to the advancement of science. They afford astonishing proofs of the energy of man's intellectual power, by which he extends his vision to the horizon of the most distant futurity, and looks forward, it may be, with a feeling of complacent assurance, to those momentous events, which, from his knowledge of nature, he is enabled to foresee. But let him not rest too confidently on the verity of such anticipations. Astronomers have prophesied, it is true, the collision of a comet with the earth,—an event that will at once destroy the greater part of the human species; but any slight attraction, which, in calculating the movements of this comet, they have chanced to overlook, must invalidate all their conclusions, and render the prediction at once vain and futile: while, perhaps, some other comet, among the many thousands traversing the system, and following an orbit to us unknown, may, in the mean while, come in contact with our globe, and thus, without any warning of its approach, produce the same terrible effects, long before the expected period have arrived."

Mr. Milne has some curious ideas on comets considered as habitable bodies, and very ingeniously shews that there is no absurdity in the supposition, but that it is perfectly agreeable with the economy of the universe.

"If we estimate the intelligence of beings by the knowledge which their place in the universe is fitted to impart, we are compelled to regard the cometary inhabitants as of an order even superior to the creatures of the earth. When, for example, they find themselves passing through the midst of the satellites, those small bodies which we can scarcely discern with telescopes—or when they are brought so close to the planet Saturn that they can examine the wonderful phenomenon of his rings even with the naked eye—or when, at the perihelion passage, they are able to observe every thing on

the surface of the sun, that great luminary, the mysterious source of life, and light, and energy, to the system,—what spectacles of delightful contemplation must they enjoy, and what means of attaining an acquaintance with the works of nature, infinitely greater than any which we shall ever command! Traversing, as they do, the whole extent of that system of which the earth forms so insignificant a member, and directing their course far beyond its known limits into those regions of space, whose dark and unfathomable nature it will for ever baffle human penetration to explore, the beings who have their abode on comets must be familiar with many important truths of which we can obtain only a few casual glimpses, and witness such glorious and sublime displays of the manifold wonders of creation, as must afford to them the noblest conceptions of that Almighty Being by whose wisdom they were constructed, and by whose power they are still sustained."

Towards the conclusion very interesting matter is introduced relative to the origin of the planetary system, the idea of which was probably suggested by those nebulæ which are not resolvable into stars, in the centre of each of which there is a nucleus of brightness, that may be termed the incipient sun, surrounded with attenuated matter, gradually coalescing into planetary globes.

"But the comets, on account of the striking peculiarities of their movements, could not possibly be reconciled to this hypothesis. The circumstance of their moving in every direction indiscriminately, sometimes nearly at right angles to the ecliptic, sometimes in a manner quite opposite to the course of the planets, proved that they could not possibly have had their origin, in common with them, in a solar atmosphere. The eccentricity of their orbits indicated that they come from, and probably originate in, a quarter of the heavens far beyond the limits of the solar atmosphere, or planetary spheres; while their highly attenuated nature, as shewn by various circumstances, render it probable that they must be formed by the local condensation of some medium diffused through celestial space." So that comets may be considered, according to this hypothesis, as strangers or visiters of the solar system, not of the same family nor generated by a similar process, but each forming a world by itself, and fulfilling its own separate functions in the great economy of nature. Mr. Milne introduces the opinions of Herschel and La Place, relative to the generation of comets—"that these are originally minute nebulæ, which, by the continual approximation of their particles, have at length acquired such a degree of density, as to be capable of being attracted by the sun, and of describing an orbit of their own. As the nebulous mass approaches the sun, one result is the expansion of its parts, and their prolongation into what has been termed the tail: but another result, according to Herschel, and one no less important, is a gradual consolidation of the nebulous matter by the agency of the solar heat. 'It is admitted on all hands,' says he, 'that the act of shining denotes a decomposition, in which at least light is given out; but that many other elastic volatile substances escape at the same time, especially in so high a degree of rarefaction, is far from improbable. Since light then, certainly, and very likely other subtile fluids also, escape in great abundance during a considerable time before and after a comet's nearest approach to the sun, I look,' says Herschel, 'upon a perihelion passage in some degree as an act of consolidation.'"

Some objections may be made to this theory; for, however rare this nebulous matter, and of a tenuity scarcely conceivable, it must move, in some small degree, in the direction towards which it is afterwards supposed to be attracted; consequently, among the 2,500 nebulæ recorded, there would be, in some, a slow progressive motion detected—which has never been done: the theory is plausible, but it is at variance with many known peculiarities of comets, which are, it is highly probable, of the same origin as planets: the very great eccentricity of their orbits will account for many of the phenomena of cometary bodies. And might not another hypothesis be equally well raised, that this nebulous matter was the wreck and *débris* of former systems?

The rotation of comets on their axes is rather slightly referred to; though this point, if established, would tend to throw great light on their physical constitution. That some have this motion, there can scarcely be a doubt;—certain striking phenomena observed, cannot easily be referred to changes in either the envelope or nucleus of several comets that have appeared; the circumstance of the rotation of the tail of a comet, referred to in one of the notes, is exceedingly curious; the comets of 1811* and 1825 had this peculiarity, to which we may add, that the latter was remarkable for its tail being distinctly bifid, the two great branches of which made an angle of 45° with each other:—this appearance was observed at Paramatta, in New South Wales, and near London, at the same time.

Mr. Milne, in his advertisement, indirectly apologises for not having studied elegance of composition, or glossed over his Essay with the gay colouring of fancy; but the following specimen will sufficiently prove that he can not only write with accuracy as to related facts, and with perspicuity as to mathematical reasoning, but also with considerable beauty and eloquence.

"When we contemplate the astonishing discoveries which this same pitiful creature, man, has effected, concerning the movements and origin of the heavenly bodies, as well as the extent and constitution of the planetary system, we are lost in wonder and admiration. Darting his feeble vision from the surface of his own globe, by means of the telescope he directs his inquiring eye to the farthest limits of creation; he examines other worlds moving in their various courses, at almost immeasurable distances from his own: he is able to discover the peculiarities of their orbits, and even to obtain intelligence respecting their physical structure. Those other bodies, the comets, which withdraw themselves far beyond the reach of perception, are not for that reason altogether lost to him. With the penetrating eye of science he can follow them through their many and eccentric courses, and exactly anticipate the period when, after ages have elapsed, they will again be witnessed by posterity returning to the centre of the system. These bodies may thus be regarded as the couriers of man, bringing information of various facts from the unexplored and unknown regions of space, which his own scanty and imperfect faculties could never directly obtain. By aid of the vast stores of knowledge which man by such means has acquired, he is able to predict the great phenomena of the heavens long before their actual occurrence; he delineates the tracks which the countless orbs, rolling through space, will pursue for thousands of years; and can predict those terrible catastrophes arising from the crush of worlds, which will not only cause the annihilation of his species, but disorganise or alter the whole fabric of the system. Thus winging his adventurous way upon the resources of science, and rising to an acquaintance with the designs of Providence itself concerning the destinies of the world, man nobly vindicates the superiority of his lofty character! We behold the vigorous efforts of his soul, that vital principle in which his strength resides, struggling to free itself from this mortal coil,—elevating him far above his material nature; and even prolonging his existence to the remotest limits of time, by opening to his view a prospect of the future, as available and certain as his experience of the past."

There seems to be something exceptionable in the sentiment expressed towards the conclusion of the Essay (page 162), which represents man as a being "carried away by the stream of time, and *launched at length into the gulf of oblivion*." The expression is certainly unguarded, and, indeed, inconsistent with the sentiments conveyed in the passage just quoted, where the soul, that vital principle in which his strength resides, is represented as struggling to free itself from its mortal coil.

* Very frequent mention is made of this comet in this Essay; the periodical times of the revolution of which, as determined by the following individuals, are

Calandrelli	3036 years.
Bessel	3383
Lemaur	4237
Ferrer	2757

This disagreement in the periodical time is more apparent than real; in fact, it consists of a very minute difference in the eccentricity, a slight error in which produces a great one in the periodical revolution.

Nollekens and his Times.

[Fourth notice.]

Though so extremely censurable for the spirit in which they are written, there are so many curious anecdotes and recollections in these volumes, that we offer no excuse for prolonging our review beyond our usual limits. Continuing to blacken the character of Nollekens (the bad Will-maker!) and his wife, Mr. Smith says:—"It is probable that Mrs. Nollekens never experienced that inexpressible delight which diffuses itself through the benevolent heart, when alleviating the wants of others; indeed, she would often remain at the window looking over the blind, and tantalising the piteous supplicants who every moment expected relief from her hand; and she would indulge in this practice, that passers-by might suppose the inhabitants of the mansion to be charitably inclined. One winter morning, when the weather was so severe that the blackbirds fell from the branches, two miserable men, almost dying for want of nourishment, implored her charitable aid; but little did the unhappy mendicants suppose that the only heart which sympathised in their afflictions was that of Betty in the kitchen, who silently crept up stairs and cheerfully gave them her mite. At this delicate rebuke, Mrs. Nollekens hastily opened the parlour-door, and vociferated, 'Betty! Betty! there is a bone below, with little or no meat on it: give it the poor creatures!' upon which, the one who had hitherto spoken, steadfastly looking in the face of his pale partner in distress, repeated, 'Bill, we are to have a bone with little or no meat on it.' When they were gone, the liberal-hearted Betty was seriously rated by her mistress, who was quite certain she would come to want. 'What good will your wages do you, child, if you give alms so often to such people? Doctor Johnson has done all our servants more injury by that constant practice of his, of giving charity, as it is

called, than he is aware of—and I shall take an opportunity of telling him so when I next see him at Sir John Hawkins's; and I know Sir John and all his family will be on my side, for they are far from being extravagant people.' —My worthy friend, the late Dr. Hill, assured me that a gentleman of the faculty, who lectured upon medical electricity, and gave advice gratis to the poor twice a week at his house in Bond Street, was visited by a woman dressed shabbily-genteel, who received the shock, until one of the patients informed the doctor that she was no less a person than Mrs. Nollekens, the wife of the famous sculptor. He was therefore determined to expose her the next day, by getting all the poor into the room before she was admitted; and what her *shock* was may easily be conceived, if we allow her to have possessed common feeling. When she was seated in the electrical chair, in the centre of the room, the doctor stood before her, and making her a profound bow, addressed her as Mrs. Nollekens. 'I wonder, madam,' said he, 'that a lady of your fortune, and the wife of a Royal Academician, could think of passing yourself off as a pauper; you, who ought to enable me to relieve these poor people: you are welcome, madam, to the assistance which I have given you; but I hope and trust that you will now distribute the amount of my fees from persons in your station, to your distressed fellow-creatures around you in this room.' Mrs. Nollekens, after this electrifying shock, distributed the contents of her purse, which, unfortunately on this occasion, amounted only to a few shillings; though she left the room with a promise to send more. After this reproof, however, she was noticed to dress a little better, and to walk with her high-caned parasol, as usual. * * *

"Mr. Browne, one of Nollekens's old friends, after having received repeated invitations to 'step in and take pot-luck with him,' one day took him at his word. The sculptor apologised for his entertainment, by saying that, as it was Friday, Mrs. Nollekens had proposed to take fish with him, so that they had bought a few sprats, of which he was wiping some in a dish, whilst she was turning others on the gridiron."

Sure such a pair were never seen,
So justly formed to meet by nature!

"One day, when Mr. Nollekens was walking in Cavendish Square, attended by his man Dodimy, he desired him to take up some sop which a boy had just thrown out of a beer-pot, observing that it would make a nice dinner for his dog Cerberus. 'Lord, sir! I take it up!' exclaimed Dodimy, 'what! in the sight of your friends, Lord Besborough and Lord Brownlow? See, sir, there's Mr. Shee looking down at you. No, sir, I would not do it, if you were even to *scratch me!*'"*

The annexed seems hardly deserving of remembrance, except perhaps as relating to a distinguished ornament of our female literature, and inculcating the good lesson of humanity to animals.

"Mrs. Radcliffe's attention was one day arrested by a boy who stood silently weeping under the gateway of the little stable-yard, St. James's; he held a cord, to the end of which a most miserable spectacle of a dog was tied, shivering between him and the wall. She requested to know the cause of his grief, and the poor little fellow, after sobbing for some time, with a modest reluctance stammered, 'My mo-mo-mo-mother insists upon my hanging Fan; she won't keep her because her skin is bare. Don't touch her, ma'am, she has got the mange.' 'Well, my little fellow, if you will walk back with me, I will not only give you half-a-crown, but will keep your dog, and you shall come and see it.' When the poor animal was safely lodged at No. 5, Stafford-row, Pimlico, her new mistress placed her under proper care; and when she was again coated, she became excessively admired for her great beauty, and, being under the tuition of so amiable a protectress, she so improved in manners as to be often noticed by the late queen and the princesses, when walking with her mistress in Windsor Park, at the time Mrs. Radcliffe had a small cottage in the town. Miss Berry, my informant, who was greatly esteemed by Mrs. Radcliffe, related the following proof of Fan's good breeding and respect for a dog under superior protection. One of the princesses' dogs, a spaniel exactly of Fanny's size, caught one end of a long bone, at the moment Fan had found it, who, instead of snarling as a dog generally does when an interloper attempts to carry off a prize, very good-temperedly complied with the playfulness of the princess's dog, by continuing to walk by her side, just like two horses in a curricle, each holding the extreme end of the bone, to the no small amusement of the royal equestrians, who frequently recognised and noticed Mrs. Radcliffe as the authoress and Fanny's mistress."

Panton Betew, a picture-dealer, appears to have been an odd character:—"His dress differed from the general mode; he wore a loose dark-brown great-coat, with, generally, a red cloth waistcoat, black shalloon smallclothes, dark gray worsted stockings, easy square-toed shoes, with small silver buckles, and a large slouched hat with a close round crown, without the least nap, being often brushed, for cleanliness' sake, with the shoe, shining, or table-brush. He was well-known to all the fish-venders in Lombard-court, Seven Dials, as a purchaser of fish for two; which provender he was not ashamed to carry home in a dark snuff-coloured silk handkerchief, always taking care to hold it in his right hand, that he might display a brilliant ring, which he said he wore in memory of his mother. The watchman shut and opened his shop." In the house at Chelsea, where he died, continues the author, "my father and I have often visited him. Independently of his knowledge of the origin of the artists of the last century, he was a well-informed person upon the general topics of conversation; and he has been heard to say, that he liked to converse with a man whom he could *swop* an idea with. He was intimate with Hogarth, and frequently purchased pieces of plate with armorial bearings engraved upon them by that artist, which he cleared out for the next possessor; but, unfortunately for the Stanleyan collection, without rubbing off a single impression. This was not the case with Morison, a silversmith, who at that time lived in Cheapside; he took off twenty-five impressions of a large silver dish, engraved by Hogarth, which impressions he not only numbered as they were taken off, but attested each with his own signature. Should this page meet the eyes of any branches of the good old-fashioned families, which have carefully preserved the plate of Oliver their uncle, or Deborah their aunt, I sincerely implore them, should the armorial bearings be the production of the early part of the last century, to cause a few impressions to be taken from them; for I am inclined to believe it very possible, that some curious specimens of Hogarth's dawning genius may yet in that way be rescued from future furnaces.—The following use was made of Hogarth's plates of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices, by the late John Adams, of Edmonton, schoolmaster. The prints were framed and hung up in the school-room; and Adams, once a month, after reading a lecture upon their vicious and virtuous examples, rewarded those boys who had conducted themselves well, and caned those who had behaved ill.—As Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens were now and then seen at Dr. Burney's *conversazioni*, which were extremely well attended by persons of title, I shall seize this opportunity of giving a few rather curious particulars and anecdotes, concerning both them and the doctor himself. At these meetings he was seldom present; for, being a very laborious man, he remained shut up in his study, unless they were truly brilliant, and he heard that Lord Brudenell, or some other great star was present, when he would immediately dress himself in his sword and bag, and, upon entering the room, observe that he had just left the Duke of Cumberland's. He, however, gave bad tea and worse suppers, for his polished table was disgraced by so poor an entertainment, that a dish of hard-baked pears had been nightly rejected to the extent of full six weeks. His terms for teaching music were half a guinea a lesson, and five guineas entrance. The late Lady Banks was one of his pupils; but he was considered by most men of true science as a very indifferent musician: Sir Joseph, who played the flute remarkably well, whenever he heard the doctor at the piano, always shook his head; this mark of disapprobation being also accompanied with a shrug of the shoulders. The Greek with which his labours abound, was corrected, and indeed mostly provided, by the Rev. Mr. Twining; who held frequent intercourse with him as to his literary matters. Burke, who was uncommonly kind to him, procured him the situation of organist at Chelsea Hospital, with an increase of salary. The doctor was rendered uncomfortable beyond measure by the publication of a small work, in which he was ridiculed under the appellation of 'Joel Collyer.' Upon this squib, he, according to calculations, expended full two hundred pounds in buying up copies wherever they were offered for sale. George Steevens was charged with its authorship, which, by a smiling silence peculiar to himself, he knew very well how to appear to acknowledge:* however, after the death of Mr. Bicknell, it was discovered, among that gentleman's papers, that he wrote it. The doctor lived for many years in Poland Street, but at the time he held his meetings, he resided in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Fields, next door to Orange Street Chapel, where I have frequently heard Mr. Toplady preach; and in the very house now standing, No. 36, in which Sir Isaac Newton lived, whose observatory still remains above the attics."

The following extracts relating to Fuseli, of whom we wish to hear much more, shall terminate our present notice. "It is well known that Fuseli could put forth his sting when he indulged his wit, as will appear in the following anecdote. Fuseli, hearing that Northcote, the painter, kept a dog, immediately exclaimed,

* "Whenever Dodimy displeased his master, he commonly threatened to *scratch him*, meaning out of his will, which he finally did, and gave his intended annuity of 30*l.* to his principal assistant, Mr. Goblet, *as the long-promised provision for himself and family!*"

* "Severe as Steevens was when speaking of those persons he avowedly detested, perhaps the following anecdote will exhibit the bitterest dose of his spleen of any recorded. When he was looking at a portrait of Sir John Hill, the herbalist, at my father's house, he exclaimed, 'He was the handsomest man in England, and the biggest scoundrel in the world.'"

'What? Northcote keep a dog! what must he feed upon? why he must eat his own fleas.' Severe as Fuseli was, I should be sorry to merit the lash of Northcote, for his thong would make any man's back tingle who dared to kick him viciously; indeed Fuseli has been known to smart at even the twitch of Northcote's retort-courteous. * * *

"One day, as Fuseli, Northcote, and Legat the engraver, were walking from Hampstead to London, the two latter gentlemen were extolling the talent of Brown, the draughtsman who was so much noticed by Mr. Townley. Fuseli, after having listened to the artist's praise, exclaimed—'Well, Brown, Brown, we have had enough of Brown; let us now talk of Cipriani, who is in hell!' Cipriani had been one of Fuseli's best friends when he first came to England.—Fuseli, whose wit was at all times spirited and unexpected, upon entering the Antique Academy one evening, bruised his shin against one of the student's boxes which stood in his way; but instead of chiding the student who had left it there, he very good-humouredly cried out, drawing his leg up to his body,—'Bless my heart! bless my heart! well, I see one thing—I must now wear spectacles upon my shins as well as upon my nose.'—The students, whilst waiting to go into the schools one evening, were making so great a noise, that Fuseli came out of his office into the hall, and called out in a voice of thunder,—'By G-d! you are a pack of d—d wild beasts, and I am your bl-st-d keeper!' upon which some of the students laughing at the singularity of the expression, the old gentleman was put into so good a humour, that he went back without saying any thing more. Upon his entering the Model Academy, he observed the pieces of a figure on the ground:—'Who the devil has been doing this?' A tell-tale of a student, wishing to ingratiate himself with the keeper, told him it was Mr. Medland, who had broken it by jumping over the rail. However, the mischief-maker was disappointed by the good-tempered manner in which the communication was received by Fuseli, who observed—'Well, if Mr. Medland is so fond of jumping, I would advise him to go to Sadler's Wells; that is the best academy I know of for the improvement of agility.'—Rembrandt, who painted and etched his own portrait oftener than any other artist, in one of his pictures represented himself with so large a nose, that Fuseli exclaimed, upon seeing it,—'What a nose! why, his nose is as big as his face! Well, he was a fine fellow; I like to see a great man with a great nose. Richard Wilson had a great nose.'—A person wishing to see Mr. Fuseli upon business wholly concerning himself, was so close upon Sam Stowger's heels, that he announced himself, hoping that he did not intrude. 'You do intrude,' observed Fuseli. 'Then, sir, I will come to-morrow, if you please.' 'No, sir,' replied Fuseli, 'I don't wish you to come to-morrow, for then you will intrude a second time; let me know your business now.'—Mr. Northcote is in possession of a letter which he received from Fuseli when at Rome, in 1778, concluding with, 'Love me,—Fuseli.' Northcote, in his dry manner, when noticing this epistle, was heard to remark,—'A pretty creature to love, indeed! but I admire his talents.'—Upon one of the private days for viewing the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, Fuseli coming in contact with Nollekens, who at that time had a scorbutic eruption on half his mouth and chin, fell back, and said, 'Why, Nollekens, what the devil's the matter with you? you look like Valentine and Orson united; one half shaved and the other not at all.'—The two following anecdotes were communicated to me by my worthy friend Mr. Cooper, the academician. Mr. Nollekens greatly annoyed the members of the Academy by coughing incessantly when they were engaged in re-touching their pictures, before the opening of an exhibition. As he was passing Fuseli, after coughing several times, he muttered, 'Oh! dear, I am sure I shall die!' to which Fuseli humorously replied, 'While you have a cough, Nollekens, you can never die!'—A student of the Academy, when shewing his drawing to Mr. Fuseli, assured him that he had finished it without using a crumb of bread. 'Take my advice,' said Fuseli; 'go and buy a twopenny loaf, and I think with that you will be able to rub it all out.'—Mrs. Fuseli being in a great rage, was advised by her husband to swear. 'Harriet, my dear, why don't you swear? it will ease your mind.'—Fuseli thus reprimanded one of the porters in the hall, for calling the students fellows: 'Fellows! I would have you to know, that those fellows, as you call them, may one day or another be academicians.'—One morning, two members of the Royal Academy, who had been disappointed in their wishes for the election of Fuseli as a member on the preceding evening, agreed to repeat their assurances of their future exertions in his favour. Accordingly, they made him a visit; and as soon as the door was opened, Fuseli, who stood in the passage, knowing how the election had gone, with his accustomed humour, fiercely exclaimed, 'Come in, come in!' but finding they continued to scrape their shoes, he again cried out, 'Why the devil don't you come in? if you don't come in, you will do me a great injury.' 'How?' asked one of them. 'Why, if you stand there, my neighbour over the way will say, 'I saw two blackguards stand at Fuseli's door; I dare say he is going to prison!'' Fuseli's severe criticisms upon the works of his brother artists were often so pointedly witty, that in some instances he rendered his best friends both uneasy and ridiculous. * *

* I shall now close the few anecdotes respecting this great man, with a sincere wish that Mr. Knowles may soon favour the public with his intended Life of him, for the composition of which his close intimacy with Mr. Fuseli afforded him such excellent opportunities; indeed, I am convinced that no one is better qualified for the work, nor in possession of a richer mine of materials."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Gothic Furniture; consisting of Twenty-seven coloured Engravings, from Designs by A. Pugin: with descriptive Letter-press. 4to. London. Ackermann.

We expected "better things" from Mr. Pugin, whose excellent works on Gothic Architecture, Antiquities of Normandy, &c. &c. led us to hope for a volume on the *ancient* manner of furniture, worthy of his well-earned reputation. It is not, however, from lack of genius, or want of knowledge of his subject, that Mr. Pugin has failed; for, as the proverb says, "*a Mercury is not to be carved out of every wood*;" and with all our admiration of the pointed style of architecture, we think its forms, of all others, the least available for articles of furniture. To say nothing of the absurdity of placing battlements, turrets, and pinnacles, on the backs of chairs, the numerous points and projections necessary to produce any thing like an architectural character, are not only inconvenient, but destructive, particularly to female habiliments. Yet, if the mis-directed taste of the times calls for such anomalies, they must be supplied; and, in justice to Mr. Pugin, we should say, that his attempt is more successful than any other which has fallen under our observation.

It may not be out of place here to notice the mistaken perceptions of "upholders" on the subject of ancient domestic furniture. The only pieces which were formerly decorated with architectural devices, were the carved oaken coffers: the chairs, stools, tables, and bedsteads, were of Flemish or Florentine fabrication, and bore no resemblance to forms of buildings: the walls were furnished with splendid hangings of tapestry, cloths of gold, &c. and were movable from one residence to another, under the care of an artisan, who was also a domestic in the family, and called the "upholder." In the royal household, from the time of Henry VII. that duty was performed by six yeomen of the guard, who were, and are still, designated "yeomen hangers," though now their "occupation is gone."

We trust Mr. Pugin will turn his attention to these matters—no one would do them better—and give us a companion to his valuable specimens of Gothic Architecture. He will find sufficient authorities in illuminated missals, and in mansions of the Tudor period.

The Protestant. By Mrs. Bray, author of "De Foix," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, Colburn.

We do not think this at all equal to Mrs. Bray's previous productions; the narrative wants both interest and invention—it is a wire-drawn story, made up from incidents in the old chronicles. Neither can we very much approve the spirit in which the *Protestant* is written: that historical statement is untrue which lays the whole odium of persecution on one side; both parties exercised power when they had it, with all that tyranny of brief authority "which makes the angels weep." It is not from Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, &c. that our holy and mild religion will draw support; too much of human nature's worst passions are mixed up in the motives that actuate either side. Cruelty, obstinacy, vanity, are the most visible. We dislike the presumption which supports the stake, and abhor the bigotry which would hold up martyrdom as an acceptable sacrifice to the God of Mercy, or bring it forth as a proof of revelation—the weakest of all proofs—for the Christian does no more for his true faith, than the Hindoo does for his false one, or the Indian for no faith at all. But we are touching on matters which would require longer and deeper discussion than our pages can give; so to return to more literary criticism,—Mrs. Bray reads too much—it were better did she think more: in the mass of material collected from history, invention is neglected, and individual interest is lost in general research. On the whole, we can best compare the characters in such pages to the figures in armour at the Tower, the harness is *point devise*, as if just going to the tournament, but within there is no living being.

Trials of Life. By the Author of "De Lisle." 3 vols. 12mo. Edward Bull.

We must consider the author of this work to be possessed of considerable talents; there are often points of character well caught, sentiments well expressed, and language both feeling and graceful; but as a whole we think these volumes very faulty. In the first story, Lord Amesfort's Family, the writer does not seem well

to have made up his mind what his *dramatis personæ* are to perform, or appears as if he had got bewildered in his multitude of characters; the beginning is one of greater promise than is fulfilled by the end. Alicia, the second tale, is by far the best. But, altogether, we much doubt the benefit to be derived from narratives of such mingled sentiment and crime: a son in love with his father's wife, a girl the victim of her sister's husband, are pictures taken from the darkest sides of human life; and the purest morality, to our apprehension, would be to pass them over in silence, rather than familiarise the mind to either their parade of remorse, or the sorrow of their suffering;—the veiled statue of Isis is a useful hint to many a pseudo moralist over crime.

The Spy Unmasked; or, Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, alias Harvey Birch, the Hero of the "Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground," by Mr. Cooper. By H. L. Barnum. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828, A. K. Newman and Co.; New York, J. Harper.

Or the spirit in which these Memoirs are compiled let these different extracts shew for themselves. Speaking of the unfortunate and lamented Major André, the writer says:—"Let political expediency disguise it as it may, still the character of a soldier cannot be blended with that of a spy, without soiling the pure ermine of the former. And however his sovereign may applaud and reward the officer who tempts his enemy to treachery, there is something so foul in the constitution of the crime, that we cannot look upon him who seduces another to the commission of it, but as the instigator or propagator of crime. The breath of treachery gives a taint to the reputation of the man who but holds converse with it." Yet the tone suddenly changes when speaking of Captain Hale, an American, who "passed in disguise to Long Island, examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations. In his attempt to return, he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views. * * * A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion which he had adopted, that every kind of service necessary to the public good became honourable by being necessary, were the great motives which induced him to engage in an enterprise by which his connexions lost a most amiable friend, and his country one of its most promising supporters. The fate of this unfortunate young man excites the most interesting reflections. To see such a character, in the flower of youth, cheerfully treading in the most hazardous paths, influenced by the purest intentions, and only emulous to do good to his country, without the imputation of a crime, fall a victim to policy, must have been wounding to the feelings even of his enemies."

We have only to add, that we do not think either the interest or amusement contained in these pages warrant their being republished in England.

The Gift of an Uncle; or, a short Description of some of the Peculiarities of the Animal and Vegetable World: with an Account of their first Introduction into this Country. London, 1828. Joy.

A very interesting and well-written little volume, full of amusing yet most useful information, and one that we can recommend to the perusal of juvenile readers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Nov. 10th.

Vive les saints! cried a cheating merchant, who was indebted to those holy personages for selling a pair of spectre turkeys for three times their value. I am also tempted to re-echo the prayer, as, were it not for the names which grace the saintly calendar, the dull monotony of pleasure (as it is misnamed) would be but little varied, and *ennui* would undergo no change.

As usual, at the fête de St. Charles, the Champs Elysées were crowded; and one may say, in the literal sense of the words, "*Il y avoit un monde fou:*" had any uncivilised being arrived there at the hour of three o'clock, he must have supposed we had all escaped from Bedlam. The first object which attracted my attention was a white flag, on which was painted the sufferings of our Saviour Christ; and beneath them written in large letters *La Passion de notre Seigneur.* Close to this ensign of religion were a set of ambulating actors and dancers, looking scarcely human—however, they excited loud laughter, cheers, and encores. Further on was an orchestre, composed of seven or eight miserable-looking wretches, with swarthy countenances, who executed, or rather assassinated, beautiful Italian airs on cracked fiddles and two-stringed violoncellos, and brought forth sounds which grated on every nerve. The grand alley, as it is termed, was lined with booths, containing hard wares, soft wares, and merchandise of all kinds, for which there were lotteries established; and for the sum of two farthings, one had the chance of gaining two sous worth of gingerbread:—*à propos*, the great Napoleon was manufactured into *pain d'épice*, and anxiously sought for and devoured by the rising generation. He thus a second time, it was said by a witty admirer, experienced the fate of being annihilated by a race of little men. "*Des gâteaux à Lord Byron,*" were cried about by an old Jew with a long beard, who seemed not to have speculated badly in giving the bard's name to his abominable compound. Unfortunately, though the day was fine, it was most unfavourable to beauty; a north-east wind stole the rose from the cheek, and placed it on the end of the central feature, generally termed *nose*—so that the whole of the company appeared to be disciples of Bacchus! Groups stopped every now and then to ask of other groups the never-ending question, *N'est ce pas qui fait froid?*—but still, they continued to walk to and fro, and chattered their teeth, until the warning hour of five o'clock—as though they had made a vow to shiver, shake, and look miserable.

The Minister of the Interior has offered a prize for the best poem on the subject of the King's visit to the provinces.

Mde. de Genlis is herself again, and is preparing a new work for the public, in the shape of Memoirs, I believe. I understand it attacks *messieurs les philosophes.* She is never tired of breaking a lance with these gentlemen.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PURE GLASS.

We have just been assured, from apparently sufficient authority, that Mr. Herschell and Mr. Faraday have at last succeeded in their long-practised series of experiments for producing *pure* glass for optical purposes. It is stated to us, that these gentlemen have completely attained this most important scientific object, which must produce extraordinary results in the highest of all sciences—astronomy. We heartily congratulate the public on the discovery, and beg to pay the warmest tribute of our applause to the skill, assiduity, and ability, by which it has been accomplished.

On the Possibility of a Journey by Land from Copper River to the Frozen Ocean and Hudson's Bay.

From the Russian journal *Severni Arkhif* (Archives of the North).

The Russian possessions on the N.W. coast of America offer great facilities for the execution of such an enterprise. The Copper River, of which nothing is at present known but the mouth, might be the starting-place for an expedition by land, the object of which, independently of important geographical discoveries, would be the acquisition of new countries, abounding in copper and in valuable furs.

According to the accounts of the inhabitants, and of those who trade on the banks of Copper River, which is in lat. 60° N. and long. 144° W. of Greenwich, in the possessions of the Russian American Company, it rises on the side of some very high mountains; and the banks are inhabited by a mild and peaceable people called the Oogalakmoutes. At its mouth, near the bay of Tchougat, are the two islands of Soukli and Noutchik: in the latter there is a colony founded by the American Company, and its vessels go there every year to receive the furs which the inhabitants have collected during the season. A merchant of the name of Bajenof, who was sent by the director of the Company (M. Baranoff) to explore the source of Copper River, proceeded for about 300 wersts (200 miles), and was returning loaded with a prodigious quantity of specimens of native copper, which he had found on the banks of the stream, when he was stripped of the whole by an Indian chief, who feared that the Russians, if they were informed of the existence of these valuable mines, would make themselves masters of so lucrative a trade. Bajenof added, that he had visited another river which joins the Copper River, and is large enough to be navigable. At a small distance from that part, there is a lake, on the banks of which he saw so considerable a number of rein-deer, that, according to the account of the Indians, 12,000 might be killed. There are also great numbers of black bears, lynxes, beavers, and martens. Bajenof saw among the Indians a considerable quantity of native copper: he also learned, that to the north there is a pretty large river that falls into the ocean. You may go by water in a fortnight from the Copper River to the bay of Kenaisk.

M. Klimofsky, another Russian merchant, who was sent by Lieutenant Yanofsky, and ascended the river for 200 wersts, furnished the Company with the following particulars.

The banks of the Copper River are covered with thick forests: it is not very fit for navigation, but might easily serve as a means of communication. The country about its mouth is inhabited by the Oogalakmoutes, beyond whom, at the foot of the mountains, are the Atnakmioutes (copper race), likewise a peaceable tribe. During the winter, many other Indian tribes, who live beyond the mountains, assemble to celebrate games, which continue for several months, and during which they exchange their commodities with the Atnakmioutes, from whom they receive trifling articles of hardware, which are procured from the Oogalakmoutes, who themselves obtain them from the Russians. Among the articles brought back by Klimofsky are specimens of the finest copper, and some false guineas, which must have reached these people from Hudson's Bay;

a fact which evidently implies the possibility of a communication between that bay and the Copper River. From these statements it appears that an expedition might be sent from Copper River to ascertain whether Asia and America are wholly separated; and to discover a means of communication between the American Company and the Hudson's Bay Company. The expedition might be composed of a superior officer, his secretary, a draughtsman and naturalist, and two sailors expert in the trades of a smith and a carpenter. It might proceed either by sea, by the ships which go every year to Kamtschatka, and thence to the isle of Sitka; or by land to Ochotzk, where it might embark in the spring for Copper River on board the vessels which annually perform the voyage to Neutchik. The first year would be spent in surveying that coast, and exploring Mount St. Elias; the expedition would then reach the mountains inhabited by the Atnakmioutes, from whom the director of the Company should demand hostages: by this means the travellers might safely remain among those people for the winter, during which they would make themselves acquainted with the tribes of the remoter tracts, who assemble to celebrate the above-mentioned games; and by the help of such information as they would furnish, it would be easy to set out in the spring to make discoveries. The first attempt would be to reach the Frozen Ocean, and thence proceed to Mackenzie's River, which would lead to Hudson's Bay. The next step, if the government consented that the expedition, when it had reached Hudson's Bay, should return by the west coast, would be to discover a communication between that bay and Copper River. This latter part of the enterprise would probably prove the most easy of execution, and would ensure great commercial advantages to the Russian American Company, which has good reason to suspect the existence of rich silver mines in those countries.

ENCKE COMET.

The atmosphere has, during the past week, been unfavourable for tracing this comet. On the evening of the 9th day the sky was alternately obscured and indifferently favourable for observation: on directing the telescope to that part of the heavens in which, by calculation, it is expected to appear, a faint nebulosity just illuminated the field of view; but this was of so indistinct and feeble a nature, as almost to leave the impression that the appearance was an optical illusion: though it is approaching the earth, and consequently ought to appear under a greater angle, there is scarcely a hope of its being seen till after the full moon. It is worthy of remark, that when it visited this part of the system in 1819, *it could be observed in the evening twilight, when only five degrees above the horizon.*

A sketch of the history of the Encke comet, from its discovery in 1786, will probably appear in the next *L. G.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Nov. 8.—On Monday the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. H. V. Hodge, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Pugh, Jesus College; C. W. Arnott, Exeter College.

Cambridge, Nov. 8.—On Tuesday last the Rev. Gilbert Ainslie, Master of Pembroke College, was elected Vice-Chancellor of this University for the ensuing year.

The Seatonian prize for the present year is adjudged to the Rev. E. Smedley, of Sidney College, for his poem on *Saul at Endor.*

The subject for the Norrisian prize essay for the ensuing year is—*The Doctrine of Types, and its influence on the Interpretation of the New Testament.*

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

All who are conversant with the Fine Arts know how available the facility annually afforded in the British Gallery to the study of the most celebrated pictures by the old masters has been to the improvement of our younger artists. The rich display which appeared in the last exhibition in that Gallery is also well known. Of that splendid collection, the finest portion was liberally retained by the governors, for the purpose above adverted to. On Wednesday last, the day of the private view, we saw, as well as the gloominess of the weather would allow us to see any thing, the result of the labours of the students during the recent season. There are between three and four hundred copies and studies,—some large, some small; some of the whole picture, some of parts; some in oil-colours, some in water-colours; some excellent, some execrable. The favourite masters seem to have been,—as well they might be,—Velasquez and Murillo. In the present times, when the ascendancy of the Roman Catholic religion is so much apprehended, there is one rather alarming circumstance; namely, that there are not fewer than a dozen "Popes" in the Gallery: but then it may be justly alleged by the advocates of emancipation, that they are all "Innocent." We should likewise be in much pain for the morality of the Institution, when we behold such an assemblage of "Spanish Courtesans,"* were it not that there are at least as many "Spanish Gentlemen," and that we are quite sure that the attentions of the amiable ladies will be bestowed on their swarthy and well-whiskered countrymen, rather than on the fairer-complexioned and less excitable natives of our northern clime.

But, "to fall into somewhat a slower method," we were really exceedingly gratified by some of the studies. Mr. Morton has made an admirable copy of the "Spanish Gentleman," by Velasquez; as have likewise Mrs. Pearson, Mr. Inskipp, and Mr. Fiske. Of the "Spanish Courtesan," by Murillo, there is also a very fine copy by Mr. Morton. That able artist has a third time distinguished himself by his imitation of "Innocent the Tenth," by Velasquez; and Mrs. Pearson and Mr. Fiske have produced two very successful pictures from the same original. Of the "Duchesse de St. Croix," by Vandyke, Mrs. Pearson has made a small, interesting study in oil, and Mr. C. R. Bone another in water. The "Water-Seller," by Velasquez, has been copied with great talent by Mr. Buss; and Miss Alabaster has made a clever little study from it. The last-mentioned lady, Miss Wroughton, and Miss Corbaux, have been very successful in their imitations of Julio Romano's "Holy Family." Two small but sweetly executed pictures in water-colours have been produced from Guido's "Cleopatra," by Mr. T. George and Miss Kendrick. One of the finest works in the rooms is Mr. F. Lee's copy of the celebrated "Landscape, with Cattle," by Hobbima and A. Vandevelde. It possesses the extraordinary freshness and nature of the original; and is, in fact, what all we have heretofore seen from Mr. Lee's pencil would have induced us to expect. The "View on a Canal, with Passage-Boats," by Cuyp, has been closely imitated by Mr. Hastings; as has also the "Cattle in a Landscape," by the same delightful master, by Mr. Earle and Mr. Fussell. Of "A Limekiln, with Figures," by Teniers, there is a clever copy in oil, by Mr. Novice; and another clever copy in water, by Mr. C. R. Bone. Mr. Fiske has paid his addresses to "Titian's Daughter," and has proved a happy suitor. Of the "Outside of a House, with Figures," by De Hooge, Mr. Du Jardin has produced an excellent imitation. Mr. Hurlstone has imparted a kindred fire and spirit to his study from Rubens's "Battle between Constantine and Maxentius." Mr. Passmore, who, we understand, is only fourteen years of age, has copied "The Fox and the Crane," by Snyders, with surprising felicity. The tone of colour, and the execution, are admirable. The same young artist commenced a study of Canaletti's "View in Venice," which, if we may judge from its present state, would have done him the highest credit, had he finished it. There is a pretty study, by Mr. Cartwright, of "The Embarkation of St. Paul," by Claude. But we must pause; not, however, without being sensible, that among the performances which we have not noticed there may be many richly deserving of praise.

We now come to the ungracious part of our duty, that of censure. We have applauded in detail; but we have too much regard for the feelings of individuals to be as circumstantial in our condemnation. Suffice it to say, that there are in the Gallery a number of deplorable and disgraceful productions. Some are evidently the offspring of imbecility; others of presumption. The latter are, of course, the more offensive. We were especially disgusted with several miserable affairs, of which we understand that it is boasted they were struck off in a few hours! As if art could be carried by storm! As if there were any other means of arriving at excellence than that of patient labour, acting under the guidance of sound judgment! We have often thought that the story of the horse-painter of ancient days, who, having in vain attempted to obtain a certain effect with his pencil, at length succeeded by desperately throwing his sponge at the canvass, has done infinite injury to young artists, who are too apt to prefer any course to that of steady industry and persevering application. The real moral of the tale escapes them. They forget, that all that such wild and fortuitous execution could produce was—foam!

* This name, however, need hardly have been given in the catalogue. "A Spanish Girl" would have done as well, and saved the lady-students a blush in copying.—*Ibid.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Anniversary for 1829.—From our knowledge of the taste of the Editor of the *Anniversary*, and of his extensive acquaintance among artists, we anticipated that the illustrations of his volume would be of a very superior character; and our expectations have been completely realised. Most of them are jewels of the first water; and there is not one of them which is not far above mediocrity. "Psyche," engraved by J. H. Robinson, from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a fascinating specimen, engraved in the most masterly manner, of the elegance of the President's pencil, when employed in the imitation of a lovely and noble original. "The Author of Waverley," engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by W. Allan, A.R.A. The picture was painted from sketches made for the purpose in Sir Walter Scott's study at Abbotsford. It is a charming little print. "The Lute," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by R. P. Bonington. Highly interesting, not only in itself, but as (we understand) being the last composition of the highly-gifted young artist, of whom a premature death has deprived the world, at the very moment when, having conquered most of the difficulties

of the art, his genius was evidently about to unfold itself in unclouded splendour. "Morning," engraved by E. Goodall, from a picture by W. Linton. One of Mr. Linton's finest classical compositions, and one of Mr. Goodall's richest and sweetest works. "Evening Twilight," engraved by E. Goodall, from a drawing by G. Barrett. Mr. Barrett's favourite subject, handled in his best manner. The effect of the dimness and neutrality of the terrestrial objects, as compared with the luminous tone of the sky, has been admirably preserved by Mr. Goodall. It is absolute painting. "Newstead Abbey," engraved by R. Wallis, from a picture by F. Danby, A.R.A. A scene of profound and delicious repose, exquisitely engraved. "Fonthill," engraved by T. Crostick, from a picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Nothing can be more picturesque and beautiful than the composition, both of forms and of effect. Mr. Crostick has engraved it with congenial taste and feeling. "The Ear-rings," engraved by C. Rolls, from a picture by M. A. Shee, R.A. A figure of great simplicity and beauty, clearly and powerfully rendered upon the steel. "The Travelled Monkey," engraved by B. P. Gibbon, from a picture by E. Landseer, A.R.A. The amusing production from which this print has been so ably engraved, must be fresh in the recollection of the visitors to the Exhibition at Somerset House. "The Young Cottagers," engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by T. Gainsborough, R.A. Mr. Robinson has adhered with great fidelity to the characteristic qualities of his fine model. "Pickapack," engraved by C. Rolls, from a drawing by R. Westall, R.A. If there be one subject of purer and more gratifying contemplation than another, it is the manifestation of maternal love and infantile delight. There is less of manner in this interesting design of Mr. Westall's than is usual with him. "The Snuff-box," engraved by H. Robinson, from a picture by F. P. Stephanoff. A graceful and elegant composition; liable, however, to the remark which we have before made on some of Mr. Stephanoff's works, namely, that he carries the principle of diminishing the proportion of the head to the figure to excess. "The Little Gleaner," engraved by E. Finden, from a picture by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.; "The Blackberry Boy," engraved by W. Finden, from a picture by W. Hamilton, R.A.; "Chillon," engraved by R. Wallis, from a picture by C. Stanfield; "Beatrice," engraved by S. Sangster, from a picture by H. Howard, R.A.; and "Love me, love my Dog," engraved by W. Greatbatch, from a picture by J. Hoppner, R.A., are all very pleasing. Nor must we forget the vignette title, engraved by W. R. Smith, from a design by C. Stanfield; and the two presentation vignettes, engraved by J. Thompson, from designs by W. Harvey. The last mentioned are among the most extraordinary and exquisite engravings on wood that we ever met with.

A Series of Views in the City of Bath. Drawn on stone by W. Gauci, from originals by A. Woodroffe. Part I. C. Duffield, Bath: Engelmann and Co. London.

THIS publication is to be completed in three Parts, each Part containing six prints. We are much pleased with the views in the first Part. They are faithful; the light and shade are skilfully managed; and the execution is at once neat and spirited.

The Interior of Saint Mary's Church, Bury. Drawn by F. Mackenzie, engraved by H. Le Keux. Bury, Newby: London, Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE names of the artists are a sufficient assurance of the excellence of this fine print, which has been engraved expressly to commemorate the musical festival for the benefit of the Suffolk General Hospital.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COMPLAINT OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

A Vision.

OUR sapient common-council men
Have passed a stern decree,
That London's ancient Gothic bridge
Shall shortly cease to be.

One eve, reflecting on this act,
I sought old Thames's marge;
The waning moon shone fitfully
On wherry, punt, and barge.

The antique bridge, but dimly seen
By Luna's pallid beam,
Seem'd like a baseless fabric wild
Of some fantastic dream.

I stood long musing on the scene,
Like one transfixed by spell;
I thought, had but that bridge a tongue,
What wonders might it tell!

Scarce had the thought occurr'd to me,
When lo! I seem'd to hear,
A hollow voice borne on the wind
Which murmur'd in my ear:

"Frail child of earth, attend to me,"
It said, or seem'd to say;
"I am the genius of yon bridge,
Which soon must pass away.

To thee I will unfold my mind,
For thou art not of those
Who wish my downfal, and have brought
My being near its close.

They're city cormorants, that feed,
Like chickens in a coop,
On ven'son, turkey, sav'ry chine,
And green fat turtle soup.

How different from the hardy race
That stretch'd me o'er the flood!
A truss of straw composed their beds,
Their pillows logs of wood.

Few foreign dainties graced their board—
Roast beef was ever there;
Plum-pudding too, and wassail strong,
In which to drown old Care.

Their weak descendants o'er me pass
Like spectres pale and wan;
How alter'd from the bold and free—
The ruddy English man!

I've stood five hundred years alone,
A holy monk's renown,
Adorn'd with towers and battlements,
Old Thames's mural crown.

But rivals have sprung up of late,
Which flout me to my face,
And I, though rear'd of eld, to them
Pardie must now give place.

Seest thou yon unsubstantial thing
Through which the moon doth gleam;
'Tis like a mighty skeleton
Stretch'd o'er the river's stream.

This morn I heard a dreadful sound
Loud thundering in my ears,
Of sinking piles whereon to found
My future rival's piers.

What revolutions have I seen
Since first my head was rear'd!
What generations of mankind
From earth have disappear'd!

Your Edwards and your Henrys too
I've seen with kingly pride,
Begirt with mail-clad barons fierce,
In triumph o'er me ride.

Eliza of the 'lion port'
My fancy still recalls;
Full oft she crost me with her court
To seek fair Greenwich halls.

And I have tuneful Chaucer seen,
And all his pilgrim throng,
Who rode with him to Becket's shrine—
They still live in his song.

When Rival Roses shook this isle,
My battlements oft bore
The sever'd head and mangled limb,
On spikes besmeared with gore.

And I have seen beneath me glide,
At midnight's awful hour,
With muffled oars, the traitor barge
Bound for yon bloody Tower.

I've witness'd monarchy once quell'd
By the republic's sword;
This in its turn I saw expell'd,
And monarchy restored.

When the red scourge o'er London raged
Of all-consuming fire,
I heard the crash of house, and tower,
And battlement, and spire.

I've seen grim death triumphant reign,
I've heard the shrieks of woe,
When Pestilence stalk'd through the streets,
And laid her thousands low.

But soft! I scent the morning air:
Let what I've said be penn'd;
More might I add, but time would fail,
So here shall be an end."

As ceased these sounds, from Paul's high fane
The mighty deep-toned bell
'Pealed on the drowsy ear of night'
The past day's parting knell. J. P.

Hendon, Middlesex.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. THOMAS BEWICK, the celebrated wood-engraver, died on Saturday last, at the age of 74: though at so advanced an age, he seemed, from his being strongly built, to have many years' wear and tear in him. He was, however, subject to gout; and it was probably a spasmodic attack which carried him off, as he was at work a day or two before upon a publication of Fishes, similar to his Birds.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. XIII.

Tit for Tat.—The passengers on board an Aberdeen smack were most grievously annoyed by the nocturnal visitations of myriads of hungry bugs. These little blood-suckers were so incessant in their attacks, that to close an eye was utterly out of the question; nay, so severely did some suffer, that in the morning, when all hands were mustered in the cabin, their physiognomies were to be recognised with considerable difficulty! One night their agonies became so intolerable, that they bellowed out to the master of the vessel, "O, maister! maister! they're biting us!" "Wha the deil's biting ye?" cries the master. "O, sir! the d—d *boge*." The response of the master, if not consolatory, was admirably laconic: "Weel, gare fell ye, canna ye *bite them again?*"

Queer Theatricals.—Some time ago, an advertisement appeared in one of the Glasgow papers, intimating that Messrs. Kean and Young were to act on that evening only. The doors of the theatre were very early besieged by a numerous host, anxious to witness the performance of these far-famed tragedians. After waiting a comfortable length of time, they were favoured with the agreeable information, that the theatre would not be open for a fortnight, and that, as far as could be ascertained, the much-wished-for brace of histrionic worthies were at that moment electrifying the natives of the Emerald Isle. A discovery was soon made of the hoax; and the consequence was, that its author was under the necessity of taking a very unceremonious and abrupt leave of the good people of the western capital. The scene was laid on a scaffold in front of the *town jail.* The *dramatis personæ* who trod the boards were, sooth to say, two personages ycleped Messrs. Kean and Young; the one enacting, with a truly laudable gravity, the honourable character of Jack Ketch; and the other delineating most powerfully and expressively, the feelings of mingled rage and anguish, under the inspiring influence of a cat-o'-nine tails—"a gentle visitation" for laying his unhallowed paws on sundry cocks and hens, the property of an auld wife living at the *toon's end.*

ANECDOTES OF UDE.

Ude was, we are informed, originally intended for the church. His destiny was afterwards strangely altered. An abbé, who was his instructor in his early years, became an object of popular hatred, which, as usual, extended itself to all connected with him. Passing along the street, Ude was recognised, pursued by a host of assailants, and took refuge in a baker's shop. The man, touched with compassion, concealed him in a cold oven, and assured the pursuers that he had escaped from the back. Ude remained for safety with the baker, was initiated in the system of his craft, and transferred to a son-in-law, a cook, in the Rue St. Antoine. Hence he was removed to the royal kitchen, and became chief cook to Louis the Sixteenth.

Ude and M. Perifleur.—The two Dromios were not more alike than Ude and a certain M. Perifleur, a hanger-on about court, in the days of Louis Seizième, when Ude was Cuisinier Royal. Perifleur, who had produced a heavy book of Poems, which nobody would read, was accosted by a man of quality as Ude, who had just published his Cook. "Ah, well! you are a clever fellow; I have read your book." "Indeed! and pray Monsieur—" "Oh, excellent! admirable! full of *goût!*—a palateable book!—*it ought to be in every kitchen in the kingdom.*" The equivocally sounding compliment had nearly led to an affray; but some one interposed, and an *éclaircissement* took place.

The Pâté d'Amour.—The pastry-cook of Bagdad ruined himself by omitting an unheard-of ingredient in a cream-tart. Our old friend Ude is said to have had as sad work when in Paris, by the insertion in a *pâté* of an article at least as strange. Ude had fallen in love—a frailty incident to gods and cooks—and matters were nearly brought to matrimony. Previous, however, to his taking this last measure, Ude prudently made a calculation (he is an excellent steward) of the expenses incidental to the state of bliss, and in the estimate put down Madame's expenditure at so many Louis. Now it was customary with M. Ude to convey his billets in the envelope of a pasty-work; and having made up his mind to commit marriage, he wrote to his intended, with an offer of his hand and heart, and this note was intended to be shrouded in a *Pâté d'Amande;* unfortunately, in the confusion of love and cookery, the estimate of housekeeping was sent instead of the proposal. The next day M. Ude was apprised of his mistake by the receipt of an epistle from his mistress, stating the high estimation in which she held M. Ude; but that as——Louis were too small an allowance for a woman of fashion, she must decline the honour of becoming Madame Ude. The story got wind, and, by a sort of *lucus-à-non-lucendo* analogy, the equivocists of Paris changed the name of *Pâté d'Amande* into *Pâté d'Amour.*

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Immense exertions are being made by the active Laporte (who is now, we believe, in Italy) to open the Italian Theatre in January with the utmost *éclat.* The newspapers mention the engagement of M. Lablache, the first bass singer at Vienna, of whose powers they give a flaming account. We have also been informed, that, besides Sontag (who, report says, has added a little Sunday to the week since she left this country), the celebrated Pesaroni and Mallebranche have been secured. The latter is our quondam and charming favourite Signora Garcia, greatly improved in every respect; and the former enjoys, as all the world knows, the highest reputation upon the stage, in spite of a countenance to which "ordinary" might be applied as a compliment. In other departments similar exertions are in operation.

DRURY LANE.

We have seen Miss Phillips in *Mrs. Haller,* and are much pleased with her: the first dozen lines we heard her speak in *Riensi,* convinced us that she had "a soul and sense;" and though we do not yet see any thing to throw us into such ecstasies as have characterised the accounts of most of our critical brethren, our opinion of her is certainly heightened by this second effort. We have so great a dislike to the play, with its *fade* sentiment, its equivocal morality, and its eternal pocket-handkerchief, that we consider our sitting out the five acts to be a tolerable proof of the gratification we derived from Miss Phillips's performance, the great charm of which is its freedom from any thing like affectation. If she be really as young as it is reported, there is certainly much to hope from the gradual development of her person and powers; and, at all events, we hail with sincere pleasure the appearance of an actress who always understands what she says, even though she may sometimes fail in saying it forcibly. We are anxious to see her in some character more suited to her age, her appearance, and her modesty.

On Tuesday Miss Russell attempted the character of *Lucy Bertram;* and the unequivocal symptoms of disapprobation which were manifested but too frequently during the evening, must have tolerably convinced her injudicious friends of the folly of thrusting this poor young girl upon the stage, without a single requisite for her profession; and of almost ensuring her failure, by advertising her as "a young lady of great musical promise." Braham made his *entré* on the same evening, and was in capital voice; but introductions were the order of the night; and, with the exception of "Rest thee, Babe," and the concerted pieces, scarcely a note of the original music was permitted to remain. Mr. Braham sang a ballad, "I prithee give me back my heart," "the death of Abercrombie," "the King, God bless him!" and "Scots wha hae." Miss Love sang "I've been roaming," "My own blue bell," and a most indescribable effusion entitled "The hunter's signal horn is sounding," which was enough to drive us *horn* mad. We will never cease uplifting our voice against this absurd and destructive practice, even though it enable Braham to delight our ears at the expense of our judgment; and he never was in finer voice than on this occasion. Songs are now positively lugged in between the scenes, as they used formerly to be between the acts at Astley's, without their having the slightest relation to the subject; like the changeable figures at the Théâtre du petit Lazary, where, after every five minutes of dialogue, an English sailor dances a hornpipe, or a grenadier is changed into a grampus.

Guy Mannering was followed by a new farce from the pen of Mr. Lunn, entitled *Rhyme and Reason.* Of plot it has little to boast; but there is much fun in the dialogue; and Liston, who is one of the "handy" family, may "back himself against any man in England," for making one laugh, which is the great end of all such entertainments. It is not, we think, equal to some of Mr. Lunn's former efforts; but it was favourably received, and will continue, we trust, for a long while to keep audiences in good humour.

ADELPHI.

The *Pilot* has been revived at the Adelphi, in such force as to cram the house, in spite of fogs and bad weather, every night during the week. Mathews, in the *Yankee Riglar,* is superb; and with the musical part elevated by the delightful talent of Sinclair, the whole seems to be rather a new and far superior piece than a revival. We need not remind our readers of T. P. Cooke's unequalled *Long Tom Coffin;* only that it appears to be increased in spirit and effect by the vigour which is displayed around him. Mathews introduces several capital comic songs; and the whole is a rich treat.

Mr. Macready is on a provincial tour, embracing Sheffield, Edinburgh, &c. which will occupy this admirable performer till Lent. We have always to express our regret when we see such eminent talent annoyed by newspaper paragraphs, which seem to be as false as they are illiberal; of which kind we have lately observed several instances, first obscurely started, and then running the round of the press. We feel it, on the contrary, to be a public duty to cherish the Macreadys, the Youngs, the Kembles, and similar ornaments of a profession which administers so much to the public delight; and we consider it a public injury to attack or depreciate them unjustly.

VARIETIES.

Vinegar.—It is found that the gastric tympany, or the inflation which sometimes takes place in the stomachs of horses, cows, or sheep, in consequence of an excess of green food, and of the gas thereby produced, and which cannot escape, may be frequently relieved by vinegar, which puts an end to the production of the gas.

Antiquities.—The Yorkshire Gazette states that some interesting antiquities of Saxon and Norman architecture continue to be uncovered in excavating the ruins on the Manor shore.

The stamp duty upon almanacks for 1828 amounts to 30,106*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*; which, at fifteen pence each, gives a circulation of 451,593.—*Daily Papers.*

La Pérouse.—A report is in circulation that Captain Dillon, of the St. Patrick, has brought to this country some relics of La Pérouse, with his sword guard, &c. The account from a New South Wales paper is written in so inflated a manner that we cannot make out what is meant.

London University.—The lectures, on various subjects, delivered at the University, are not only well attended, but continue to excite great interest. It may now be said that the machinery is fairly at work, with every prospect of successful movement.

Edinburgh is about to try a literary weekly journal, under the editorial care of Mr. Bell. From the prospectus, it appears to be pretty much on the plan of the *Literary Gazette*, except that it undertakes religious and political discussions—very dangerous topics to mix with general literature. We shall, however, be very glad to see our northern ally; as every new work of this class must conduce to the diffusion of intelligence, and a taste for the better enjoyments of our nature. While mentioning a projected journal in this city, we ought perhaps to notice one that has been some time in existence—the *Edinburgh Saturday's Post*, a very able paper, of which a distinct and well-written portion is allotted to literature and science, under the title of the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette.* We have received much information from this publication.

Conundrums wholesale and retail.—Having set a number of our brethren of the periodical press crazy with the rage of conundrums, it is now time for us to take our leave of these very entertaining and instructive compositions: we therefore throw in a few of the last very bad, and exit with a flourish.

Why is a whirlpool like a jack-ass? Because it's an-eddy.

Why is the main-spring of a watch the same when you break it as it was before? Because it's a-last-tick (elastic).

Why would a man's second son make better wine than his third? Because he's an elder.

Why is a man who beats his wife like a quack medicine? Because E-lix-ir.

Why is going to a pawnbroker's like the coping of a garret? Because it is top-ledge.

Why is an Irish horse like the last article in the lading of a ship? Because it makes a car-go.

Why is a female fairy like me? Because she's Miss-Elf.

Why is a flat denial of an assertion useful with short breeches? Because it's a knee-gaiter.

Why is a woman who destroyed her sister by a blow, like a small-beer vessel near a larger spirit-cask? Because she's kill'd-her-kin by a rum puncheon.

Why are flatterers like undutiful nephews? Because they are sycophants—sick of aunts.

Why are kings like ladies' horses? Because they can't err.

What vegetable may the present period be called? The Cab-age.

Why is marriage like truth? Because it's a certain-tie.

Why is a man who continually feeds the poor like one who never does so? Because he has chary-table ideas.

Why is Mr. Henry Hunt like a person who has left off tea, coffee, cocoa, and roasted corn? Because he has taken to-chalk-o'-late.

Why is a stick-shop-man sure to deceive you? Because he's a bamboo-seller.

Why would the present Lord Chancellor if he were swallowed by a whale, be like Sir Francis Burdett? Because he'd become a baron-eat.

Why are clumsy servants like the sea among rocks? Because they're breakers.

Why is a cow's tail caught in a barn-door, like the theory of blowing a penny trumpet? Because it's part of *acowstick.*

Why are quiet fishermen like men engaged in abusing each other? Because they're angling!

And, last of all, Why is a piano-forte like a pair of tongs? Because it is not a fire-shovel.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Newspaper Press in France.—In one of the French periodicals there is an account of the newspaper press in France, which, although very imperfect in some of its details, contains many particulars of interest. It is stated, that the circulation of one of the Paris papers (the *Constitutionnel*) exceeds 22,000 daily, and that the profits are nearly 750,000 francs per annum. Supposing the statement as to the circulation to be correct, the amount of profit is not overrated, as will appear from the following calculation:—The charge for the *Constitutionnel* to the subscribers is 80 francs per annum, per copy; and the expense of paper, with the stamp duty, which is 5 centimes to government, and a farther arbitrary duty by the police, amounting probably, on the average, to 1½ centimes, is about 36 francs; leaving a profit upon the sale of each paper of 44 francs, or, for the sake of round numbers, 40 francs, which will allow for the expense of the delivery in Paris. This upon 20,000 copies would be 800,000 francs for the year, from which we are to deduct the following expenditure, which will be found pretty near the reality:—

To a *rédacteur en chef* (principal editor), who, in addition to a regular salary, has a certain sum per article, and an interest in the paper	£ 20,000
To sub-editors, or, as they are called in France, *rédacteurs*, under which denomination come the translators of foreign papers, and literary contributors	20,000
To reporters, of whom there are seldom more than three on each Paris paper	20,000
The expense of the office and clerks, &c. of whom seven or eight are sometimes kept, as the accounts of a French paper are extensive, the copies being furnished to subscribers direct from the office; and not, as in this country, through the agency of newsvenders, who take all the trouble and risk of the collection of the accounts from their customers, whilst they themselves pay for their papers in ready money	20,000
The expense of foreign correspondence, which to a paper like the *Constitutionnel* is very heavy, say, on an average	20,000
To which we will add, for information of various kinds, and for disbursements of every description	20,000
The expense of printing and press-work	30,000
The allowance to agents in the country for collection, and bad debts, say 5 per cent	40,000
Interest upon capital in types, presses, &c.	10,000
Making a total of	200,000

francs, which will leave a net profit of 600,000 francs per annum, or about 25,000*l.*, to which is to be added the profit upon the advertisements, which, as they pay no duty to government, and are charged at the enormous rate of a franc per line, cannot yield less than 3000*l.* per annum; making a total profit upon the undertaking of 28,000*l.* per annum. It should be noticed, that in the estimate of the expenses here given, many circumstances peculiar to such a paper as the *Constitutionnel* are taken into consideration. The usual expenses of a Paris paper are by no means equal to those of a respectable London evening paper, which, exclusive of the stamp and cost of paper, run from 100*l.* to 120*l.* per week; and the probability is, that even those of the *Constitutionnel* (leaving out of view the expense of collection) do not exceed 6000*l.* per annum.

A curious comparison may be drawn between the *Constitutionnel*, the leading Paris paper, and the *Times*, which is the principal paper in London as to size, contents, and expenditure.

The *Constitutionnel* is not much more than a third of the size of the *Times*, and it contains less than 12,000 words, whilst the *Times* averages more than 65,000. The *Constitutionnel* has only three or four reporters; and the *Times* has from 14 to 18, at regular salaries of five or six guineas per week each, besides a host of penny-a-line men, to whom are paid probably upon an average three or four pounds per day for the matter supplied at three-halfpence per line. The printer's bill of the *Constitutionnel* cannot exceed 25*l.* per week; that of the *Times* must be nearly 120*l.* A circulation of only 5000 copies of the *Constitutionnel*, taking the average expenditure of a Paris paper, would yield a small profit to the proprietors; whilst it requires for the *Times* a circulation of more than 8000 per day to cover the ordinary expenditure; for although the French paper is sold at little more than a third of the price of the *Times*, the net profit upon one, after deducting the amount of stamp duty and paper, is almost as large as that upon the other, whilst the expenses, striking a fair average, are at least four times heavier. It is not, perhaps, at all generally known, that of the sevenpence charged for a large London newspaper, little more than three halfpence go to the proprietors. For the paper and stamp duty nearly fourpence halfpenny are paid; and as the papers are delivered to the newsmen at thirteen shillings per quire of twenty-seven papers, the return price to the proprietors is less than sixpence per paper. It would be impossible for any London newspaper with the expenditure necessary for carrying on a concern so as to meet competition, to obtain a profit from a circulation of less than 7 to 8000 per day. It is only from the advertisements that they can derive a profit; whereas in Paris, as we have before stated, a paper even without advertisements may keep its course with a circulation of 5000. The *Constitutionnel*, and one or two other papers in which great liberality is displayed by the proprietors, must be excepted. These papers, like the *Times*, having obtained by various means a large circulation, endeavour to maintain it by liberal expenditure. The profits to a London newspaper like the *Times* from the advertisements are very large, since we find, on referring to a file, that the *Times* yielded in duty to the government for only two days in November, the sum of nearly ninety pounds; and the profit to the paper, taking an average upon long and short advertisements, must certainly have been considerably more than 120*l.* for two days, at a season of the year which is considered the very worst for advertisements. There are no profits like these in Paris as to advertisements; but then it should be remembered, that it is only within the last two years that advertisements have been admitted into the French newspapers. The *Journal du Commerce* has frequently a page of advertisements; which at the Paris charge of one franc per line would yield 12*l.* to 15*l.* profit; and the profits upon the advertisements in the English newspaper printed in Paris have been calculated at 60,000 francs annually. Looking at the smallness of the expenditure of Paris papers generally, and of their returns when established, and then comparing them with those of the London newspapers, it will be acknowledged, that the employment of talent and capital in this way in France turns to better advantage than in this country.

In the Press.—A Second Book for the Instruction of the Students of King's College: consisting of Lectures and Examinations.—[We should remark that the preceding publication was a satirical pamphlet.—*Ed.*]

Mr. J. Jones, the author of "Longinus, a Tragedy," &c. has in the press a tragedy entitled the Stepmother.

Tales of Woman, designed to exhibit the female character in its brightest points of view, are announced for early publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Stark's Elements of Natural History, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.* bds.—Murray's Manual of Chemical Science, second edition, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Beauties of De Sales, 18mo. 6*s.* bds.—Griffith on Seamanship, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Trials of Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Josephine's Memoirs, English, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Protestant, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jolly (Bp.) on the Services prescribed by the Liturgy, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Surenne's French Translator, crown 8vo. 6*s.* sheep.—Statutes at Large, Part II. 4to. 1*l.* 4*s.* bds.—Archbold's Common Pleas, 2 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Tuson's Compendium of Anatomy, 18mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* tuck.—Thomson's Suggestions to Young Attorneys, 12mo. 12*s.* bds.—Cloquet's Anatomy, translated by Dr. Knox, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—Richmond's Annals of the Poor, new edition, fcp. 7*s.* bds.—Judge Hall's Letters from the West, 2 vols. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Tales of the Great St. Bernard, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Man of Two Lives, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Phillips's (Sir R.) Personal Tour, Part I. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

November.		*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday ..	6	From 30. to 49.	30.06 to 30.04
Friday	7	—— 37. — 50.	29.96 — 29.90
Saturday ..	8	—— 33. — 40.	29.89 — 29.83
Sunday	9	—— 28. — 47.	29.70 — 29.60
Monday	10	—— 27. — 39.	29.49 — 29.48
Tuesday* ..	11	—— 23. — 34.	29.48 — 29.56
Wednesday	12	—— 12. — 37.	29.56 — Stat.

Prevailing wind N. and W.

Except the 9th, generally cloudy and foggy.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude .....51° 37′ 39″ N.

Longitude .... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—In last No. page 706, col. 1, the reference to the note at the foot of the column should have been after the comet of Gambart.—Also, page 517, col. 2, line 5, *for* "imparting" *read* "impasting."

* The fog from six this evening till midnight was so dense as to render travelling very dangerous, and was the cause of several accidents. The intense cold of the succeeding morning is also worthy of particular remark, the mercury having fallen 20 min. below the freezing point.

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"If the English nation were delighted to receive King James as their sovereign, the Scottish people were no less enchanted by the prospect of their monarch's ascent to this wealthy and pre-eminent situation. They considered the promotion of their countryman and prince as an omen of good fortune to their nation; each individual Scotsman expected to secure some part of the good things with which England was supposed to abound, and multitudes hurried to court, to put themselves in the way of sharing them. James was shocked at the greediness and importunity of his hungry countrymen, and scandalised besides at the poor and miserable appearance which many of them made among the rich Englishmen, and which brought discredit upon the country to which he himself as well as they belonged. He sent instructions to the Scottish privy council to prevent such intruders from leaving their country, complaining of their manners and appearance, as calculated to bring disgrace upon all the natives of Scotland. A proclamation was accordingly issued at Edinburgh, setting forth that great numbers of men and women of base sort and condition, and without any certain trade, calling, or dependence, repaired from Scotland to court, which was almost filled with them, to the great annoyance of his majesty, and to the heavy disgrace of the Scottish nation; for these suitors being, in the judgment of all who saw them, but idle rascals, and poor miserable bodies, their importunity and numbers raised an opinion that there were no persons of good rank, comeliness, or credit in the country, which sent forth such a flight of locusts. Further, it was complained that these unseemly supplicants usually alleged that the cause of their repairing to court, was to desire payment of old debts due by the king, 'which of all kinds of importunity,' says the proclamation, with great simplicity, 'is the most unpleasing to his majesty.' Therefore, general proclamation was directed to be made at all the market crosses in Scotland, that no Scottish person should be permitted to travel to England without leave of the privy council; and that vessels transporting individuals who had not obtained due license, should be liable to confiscation."

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"There had been long and deadly feud, on the West Borders, betwixt the two great families of Maxwell and Johnstone. The former house was the most wealthy and powerful family in Dumfries-shire and its vicinity, and had great influence among the families inhabiting the more level part of that country. Their chieftain had the title of Lord Maxwell, and claimed that of Earl of Morton. The Johnstones, on the other hand, were neither equal to the Maxwells in numbers nor in power; but they were a race of uncommon hardihood, much attached to each other and their chieftain, and residing in the strong and mountainous district of Annandale, used to sally from thence as from a fortress, and return to its fastnesses after having accomplished their inroads. They were, therefore, able to maintain their ground against the Maxwells, though more numerous than themselves. So well was this known to be the case, that when, in 1585, the Lord Maxwell was declared to be a rebel, a commission was given to the Laird of Johnstone to pursue and apprehend him. In this, however, Johnstone was unsuccessful. Two bands of hired soldiers whom the government had sent to his assistance, were destroyed by the Maxwells; and Lochwood, the chief house of the laird, was taken and wantonly burnt, in order, as the Maxwells expressed it, that Lady Johnstone might have light to put on her hood. Johnstone himself was subsequently defeated and made prisoner. Being a man of a proud and haughty temper, he is said to have died of grief at the disgrace which he incurred; and thus there commenced a long series of mutual injuries between the hostile clans. Shortly after this catastrophe, Maxwell, being restored to the king's favour, was once more placed in the situation of warden of the West Borders, and an alliance was made betwixt him and Sir James Johnstone, in which they and their two clans agreed to stand by each other against all the world. This agreement being entered into, the clan of Johnstone concluded they had little to apprehend from the justice of the new lord warden, so long as they did not plunder any of the name of Maxwell. They accordingly descended into the valley of the Nith, and committed great spoil on the lands belonging to Douglas of Drumlanrig, Creichton Lord Sanquhar, Grierson of Lagg, and Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, all of them independent barons of high birth and great power. The injured parties pursued the depredators with forces hastily assembled, but were defeated with slaughter in their attempt to recover the prey. The barons next carried their complaints to Maxwell the warden, who alleged his late alliance with Johnstone as a reason why he could not yield them the redress which his office entitled them to expect at his hands. But when, to make up for such risk as he might incur by renewing his enmity with the Johnstones, the barons of Nithsdale offered to bind themselves by a bond of manrent, as it was called, to become the favourers and followers of Lord Maxwell in all his quarrels, excepting against the king; the temptation became too strong to be overcome, and he resolved to sacrifice his newly-formed friendship with Johnstone, to the desire of extending his authority over so powerful a confederacy. The secret of this association did not long remain concealed from Johnstone, who saw that his own destruction and the ruin of his clan were the objects aimed at, and hastened to apply to his neighbours in the east and south for assistance. Buccleuch, the relative of Johnstone, and by far his most powerful ally, was then in foreign parts. But the Laird of Elibank, mentioned in the last story, bore the banner of Buccleuch in person, and assembled a great number of the clan of Scott, whom our historians term the greatest robbers and fiercest fighters among the Border clans. The Elliots of Liddesdale also assisted Johnstone; and his neighbours on the southern parts, the Grahams of the Debateable Land, from hopes of plunder and ancient enmity to the Maxwells, sent also a considerable number of spears. Thus prepared for war, Johnstone took the field with activity; while Maxwell, assembling hastily his own forces, and those of his new followers, the Nithsdale barons, invaded Annandale with the royal banner displayed, and a force of upwards of two thousand men. Johnstone, unequal in numbers, stood on the defensive, and kept possession of the woods and strong ground, waiting an opportunity of fighting to advantage; while Maxwell, in contempt of him, formed the siege of the castle or tower of Lockerby, the fortress of a Johnstone, who was then in arms with his chief. His wife, a woman of a masculine disposition, the sister or daughter of the laird who had died in Maxwell's prison, defended his place of residence. While Maxwell endeavoured to storm the castle, and while it was bravely defended by its female captain, the chief received information that the Laird of Johnstone was advancing to its relief. He drew off from the siege, and caused it to be published through his little army that he would give a 'ten pound land,' that is, land rated in the cess-books at that yearly amount, 'to any one who would bring him the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone.' When this was reported to Johnstone, he said he had no ten-pound lands to offer, but that he would bestow a five-merk land upon the man who should bring him the head or hand of Lord Maxwell. The conflict took place close by the river Dryffe, near Lochmaben, and is called the Battle of Dryffe Sands. It was managed by Johnstone with considerable military skill. He shewed at first only a handful of horsemen, who made a hasty attack upon Maxwell's army, and then retired in a manner which induced the enemy to consider them as defeated, and led them to pursue in disorder with loud acclamations of victory. The Maxwells and their confederates were thus exposed to a sudden and desperate charge from the main body of the Johnstones and their allies, who fell upon them while their ranks were broken, and compelled them to take to flight. The Maxwells suffered grievously in the retreat—many were overtaken in the streets of Lockerby, and cut down or slashed in the face by the pursuers; a kind of blow, which to this day is called in that country a 'Lockerby lick.' Maxwell himself, an elderly man and heavily armed, was borne down from his horse in the beginning of the conflict, and as he named his name and offered to surrender, his right hand, which he stretched out for mercy, was cut from his body. Thus far history; but family tradition adds the following circumstance: the Lady of Lockerby, who was besieged in her tower, as already mentioned, had witnessed from the battlements the approach of the Laird of Johnstone, and as soon as the enemy withdrew from the blockade of the fortress, had sent to the assistance of her chief the few servants who had assisted in the defence. After this she heard the tumult of battle; but as she could not from the tower see the place where it was fought, she remained in an agony of suspense, until, as the noise seemed to pass away in a westerly direction, she could endure the uncertainty no longer, but sallied out from the tower, with only one female attendant, to see how the day had gone. As a measure of precaution, she locked the strong oaken door and the iron-grate with which a border fortress was commonly secured, and, knitting the large keys on a thong, took them with her hanging on her arm. When the Lady of Lockerby entered on the field of battle, she found the relics of a bloody fight; the little valley was covered with slain men and horses, and broken armour, besides many wounded, who were incapable of further effort for saving themselves. Amongst others, she saw lying beneath a thorn tree a tall, gray-haired, noble-looking man, arrayed in bright armour, but bare-headed, and bleeding to death from the loss of his right hand. He asked her for mercy and help with a faltering voice; but the idea of deadly feud, in that time and country, closed all access to compassion even in the female bosom. She saw before her only the enemy of her clan, and the cause of her father's captivity and death; and raising the ponderous keys which she bore along with her, the Lady of Lockerby is commonly reported to have dashed out the brains of the vanquished Lord Maxwell. The battle of Dryffe Sands was remarkable as the last great clan battle fought on the Borders, and it led to the renewal of the strife betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, with every circumstance of ferocity which could add horror to civil war. The last distinguished act of the tragedy took place thus:—The son of the slain Lord Maxwell invited Sir James Johnstone to a friendly conference, to which each chieftain engaged to bring one friend only. They met at a place called Auchmanhill, on the 6th August, 1608, when the attendant of Lord Maxwell, after falling into bitter and reproachful language with Johnstone of Gunmanhie, who was in attendance on his chief, at length fired his pistol. Sir James Johnstone turning round to see what had happened, Lord Maxwell treacherously shot him through the back with a pistol charged with a brace of bullets. While the gallant old knight lay dying on the ground, Maxwell rode round him with the view of completing his crime, but Johnstone defended himself with his sword till strength and life failed him. This final catastrophe of such a succession of bloody acts of revenge took place several years after the union of the crowns; and the consequences, so different from those which ensued upon former occasions, shew how effectually the king's authority, and the power of enforcing the course of equal justice, had increased in consequence of that desirable event. You may observe, from the incidents mentioned, that in 1585, when Lord Maxwell assaulted and made prisoner the Laird of Johnstone, then the king's warden, and acting in his name, and committed him to the captivity in which he died, James was totally unequal to the task of vindicating his royal authority, and saw himself compelled to receive Maxwell into favour and trust, as if he had done nothing contrary to the laws. Nor was the royal authority more effectual in 1608, when Maxwell, acting as royal warden, and having the king's banner displayed, was in his c[illegible]-

feated and slain, in so melancholy and cruel a manner at Dryffe Sands. On the contrary, Sir James Johnstone was not only pardoned, but restored to favour and trust by the king. But there was a conspicuous difference in the consequences of the murder which took place at Auchmanhill, in 1608. Lord Maxwell, finding no refuge in the Border country, was obliged to escape to France, where he resided for two or three years; but afterwards venturing to return to Scotland, he was apprehended in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. James, desirous on this occasion to strike terror, by a salutary warning, into the factious nobility and disorderly Borderers, caused the criminal to be publicly beheaded on 21st May, 1613. Many instances might be added to shew that the course of justice on the Border began, after the accession of James to the English throne, to flow with a less interrupted stream, even where men of rank and power were concerned. The inferior class of freebooters were treated with much less ceremony. Proclamations were made, that none of the inhabitants of either side of the Border (except noblemen and gentlemen of unsuspected character) should retain in their possession armour or weapons, offensive or defensive, or keep any horse above the value of fifty shillings. Particular clans, described as broken men, were especially discharged the use of weapons. The celebrated clan of Armstrong had, on the very night in which Queen Elizabeth's death became public, concluding that a time of misrule, by which they had hitherto made their harvest, was again approaching, and desirous of losing no time, made a fierce incursion into England, and done much mischief. But such a consequence had been foreseen and provided against. A strong body of soldiers, both English and Scots, swept along the Border, and severely punished the marauders, blowing up their fortresses with gunpowder, destroying their lands, and driving away their cattle and flocks. The Armstrongs appear never to have recovered their consequence after this severe chastisement; nor are there many of this celebrated clan now to be found among the landholders of Liddesdale, where they once possessed the whole district. The Grahams, long the inhabitants of the Debateable Land which was claimed both by England and Scotland, were still more severely dealt with. They were very brave and active Borderers, attached to England; for which country, and particularly in Edward VI.'s time, they had often done good service. But they were also very lawless, and their incursions were as much dreaded by the inhabitants of Cumberland as by those of the Scottish frontier. This, indeed, was the subject of complaint on both sides of the Border; and the poor Grahams, seeing no alternative, were compelled to sign a petition to the king, stating themselves to be unfit persons to dwell in the country which they now inhabited, and praying that he would provide the means of transporting them elsewhere, where his paternal goodness should assign them the means of life. The whole clan, a very few individuals excepted, were thus deprived of their lands and residences, and transported to the county of Ulster, in Ireland, where they were settled on lands which had been acquired from the conquered Irish. There is a list which shews the rate at which the county of Cumberland was taxed for the exportation of these poor fellows, as if they had been so many bullocks. Another efficient mode of getting rid of a warlike and disorderly population, who, though an admirable defence of a country in time of war, must have been great scourges in time of the profound peace to which the Border districts were consigned after the close of the English wars, was the levying a large body of soldiers to serve in foreign countries. The love of military adventure had already carried one legion to serve the Dutch in their defence against the Spaniards, and they had done great service in the Low Countries, and particularly at the battle of Mechline, in 1578: where, impatient of the heat of the weather, to the astonishment of both friends and enemies, the Scottish auxiliaries flung off their upper garment, and fought like furies in their shirts. The circumstance is pointed out in the plan of the battle which is to be found in Strada, with the explanation—'Here the Scots fought naked.' Buccleuch levied a large additional force from the Border, whose occupation in their native country was gone for ever. These also distinguished themselves in the wars of the Low Countries. It may be supposed that very many of them perished in the field, and the descendants of others still survive in the Netherlands and in Germany."

So much for the Borders; now for the Western Isles—the adventures of Allan-a-Sop!

"The MacLeans," we are told, "a bold and hardy race, who, originally followers of the Lords of the Isles, had assumed independence, seized upon great part both of the isle of Mull and the still more valuable island of Ilay, and made war on the MacDonalds with various success. There is a story belonging to this clan, which I may tell you, as giving another striking picture of the manners of the Hebrideans. The chief of the clan, MacLean, of Duart, in the isle of Mull, had an intrigue with a beautiful young woman of his own clan, who bore a son to him. In consequence of the child's being, by some accident, born in a barn, he received the name of Allan-a-Sop, or Allan of the Straw, by which he was distinguished from others of his clan. As his father and mother were not married, Allan was of course a bastard, or natural son, and had no inheritance to look for, save that which he might win for himself. But the beauty of the boy's mother having captivated a man of rank in the clan, called MacLean, of Torloisk, he married her, and took her to reside with him at his castle of Torloisk, situated on the shores of the sound, or small strait of the sea, which divides the smaller island of Ulva from that of Mull. Allan-a-Sop paid his mother frequent visits at her new residence, and she was naturally glad to see the poor boy, both from affection and on account of his personal strength and beauty, which distinguished him above other youths of his age. But she was obliged to confer marks of her attachment on him as privately as she could, for Allan's visits were by no means so acceptable to her husband as to herself. Indeed, Torloisk liked so little to see the lad, that he determined to put some affront on him, which should prevent his returning to the castle for some time. An opportunity for executing his purpose soon occurred. The lady one morning, looking from the window, saw her son coming wandering down the hill, and hastened to put a girdle-cake upon the fire, that he might have hot bread to his breakfast. Something called her out of the apartment after making this preparation, and her husband entering at the same time, saw at once what she had been about, and determined to give the boy such a reception as should disgust him for the future. He snatched the cake from the girdle, thrust it into his step-son's hands, which he forcibly closed on the scalding bread, saying, 'Here, Allan—here is a cake which your mother has got ready for your breakfast.' Allan's hands were severely burnt; and, being a sharp-witted and proud boy, he resented this mark of his stepfather's ill-will, and came not again to Torloisk. At this time the western seas were covered with the vessels of pirates, who, not unlike the sea-kings of Denmark at an early period, sometimes settled and made conquests on the islands. Allan-a-Sop was young, strong, and brave to desperation. He entered as a mariner on board of one of these ships, and in process of time obtained the command, first of one galley, then of a small flotilla, with which he sailed round the seas and collected considerable plunder, until his name became both feared and famous. At length he proposed to himself to pay a visit to his mother, whom he had not seen for many years: and setting sail for this purpose, he anchored one morning in the sound of Ulva, and in front of the house of Torloisk. His mother was dead, but his step-father, to whom he was now an object of fear as he had been formerly of aversion, hastened to the shore to receive his formidable son-in-law, with great affectation of kindness and interest in his prosperity; while Allan-a-Sop, who, though very rough and hasty, does not appear to have been sullen or vindictive, seemed to take his kind reception in good part. The crafty old man succeeded so well, as he thought, in securing Allan's friendship, and obliterating all recollections of the former affront put on him, that he began to think it possible to employ him in executing his private revenge upon MacKinnon of Ulva, with whom, as was usual between such neighbours, he had some feud. With this purpose, he offered what he called the following good advice to his son-in-law: 'My dear Allan, you have now wandered over the seas long enough; it is time you should have some footing upon land, a castle to protect yourself in winter, a village and cattle for your men, and a harbour to lay up your galleys. Now, here is the island of Ulva, near at hand, which lies ready for your occupation, and it will cost you no trouble, save that of putting to death the present proprietor, the Laird of MacKinnon, a useless old carle, who has cumbered the world long enough.' Allan-a-Sop thanked his stepfather for so happy a suggestion, which he declared he would put in execution forthwith. Accordingly, setting sail the next morning, he appeared before MacKinnon's house an hour before noon. The old chief of Ulva was much alarmed at the menacing apparition of so many galleys, and his anxiety was not lessened by the news, that they were commanded by the redoubted Allan-a-Sop. Having no effectual means of resistance, MacKinnon, who was a man of shrewd sense, saw no alternative, save that of receiving the invaders, whatever might be their purpose, with all outward demonstrations of joy and satisfaction. He caused immediate preparations to be made for a banquet as splendid as circumstances admitted, hastened down to the shore to meet the rover, and welcomed him to Ulva with such an appearance of sincerity, that the pirate found it impossible to pick any quarrel which might afford a pretence for executing the violent purpose which he had been led to meditate. They feasted together the whole day; and in the evening, as Allan-a-Sop was about to retire to his ships, he thanked the Laird of MacKinnon for his entertainment,

but remarked, with a sigh, that it had cost him very dear. 'How can that be,' said MacKinnon, 'when I bestowed this entertainment upon you in free good will?' 'It is true, my friend,' replied the pirate; 'but then it has quite disconcerted the purpose for which I came hither,—which was to put you to death, my good friend, and seize upon your house and island, and so settle myself in the world. It would have been very convenient this island, but your friendly reception has rendered it impossible for me to execute my purpose; so that I must be a wanderer on the seas for some time longer.' Whatever MacKinnon felt at hearing he had been so near to destruction, he took care to shew no emotion save surprise, and replied to his visitor,—'My dear Allan, who was it that put into your mind so unkind a purpose towards your old friend, for I am sure it never arose from your own generous nature? It must have been your father-in-law, old Torloisk, who made such an indifferent husband to your mother, and such an unfriendly step-father to you when you were a helpless boy; but now, when he sees you a bold and powerful leader, he desires to make a quarrel betwixt you and those who were the friends of your youth. If you consider this matter rightly, Allan, you will see that the estate and harbour of Torloisk lie as conveniently for you as those of Ulva, and that if you are to make a settlement by force, it is much better it should be at the expense of the old churl who never shewed you kindness or countenance, than at that of a friend like me, who always loved and honoured you.' Allan-a-Sop was struck with the justice of this reasoning; and the old offence of his scalded fingers was suddenly recalled to his mind. 'It is very true what you say, MacKinnon,' he replied; 'and besides, I have not forgotten what a hot breakfast my father-in-law treated me to one morning. Farewell for the present; you shall soon hear news of me from the other side of the sound.' Having said thus much, the pirate got on board, and commanding his men to unmoor the galleys, sailed back to Torloisk, and prepared to land in arms. His father-in-law hastened to meet him, in expectation to hear of the death of his enemy, MacKinnon. But Allan greeted him in a very different manner from what he expected. 'You hoary old traitor,' he said, 'you instigated my simple good-nature to murder a better man than yourself. But have you forgotten how you scorched my fingers twenty years ago with a burning cake? The day is come that that breakfast must be paid for.' So saying, he dashed out his father-in-law's brains with a battle-axe, took possession of his castle and property, and established there a distinguished branch of the clan of MacLean. —It is told of another of these western chiefs, who is said, upon the whole, to have been a kind and good-natured man, that he was subjected to repeated risk and injury by the treachery of an ungrateful nephew, who attempted to surprise his castle, in order to put his uncle to death, and obtain for himself the command of the tribe. Being detected on the first occasion, and brought before his uncle as a prisoner, the chief dismissed him unharmed; with a warning, however, not to repeat the offence, since, if he did so, he would cause him to be put to a death so fearful that all Scotland should ring with it. The wicked young man persevered, and renewed his attempts against his uncle's castle and life. Falling a second time into the hands of the offended chieftain, the prisoner had reason to term him as good as his word. He was confined in the pit, or dungeon of the castle, a deep dark vault, to which there was no access, save through a hole in the roof. He was left without food, till his appetite grew voracious; the more so, as he had reason to apprehend that it was intended to starve him to death. But the vengeance of his uncle was of a more refined character. The stone which covered the aperture in the roof was opened, and a quantity of salted beef let down to the prisoner, who devoured it eagerly. When he had glutted himself with his food, and expected to be supplied with liquor, to quench the raging thirst which the diet had excited, a cup was slowly lowered down, which, when he eagerly grasped it, he found to be empty! They then rolled the stone on the opening in the vault, and left the captive to perish by thirst, the most dreadful of all deaths. Many similar stories could be told you of the wild wars of the islanders; but these may suffice at present to give you some idea of the fierceness of their manners, the low value at which they held human life, and the manner in which wrongs were revenged, and property acquired. They seem to have been accounted by King James a race whom it was impossible to subdue, conciliate, or improve by civilisation; and the only remedy which occurred to him, was to settle Lowlanders in the islands, and drive away or extirpate the people by whom they were inhabited."

From the many strange narratives of Highland feuds, we must content ourselves with the subjoined:

"The Farquharsons of Dee side, a bold and warlike people, inhabiting the dales of Braemar, had taken offence at, and slain, a gentleman of consequence, named Gordon of Brackley. The Marquess of Huntly summoned his forces, to take a bloody vengeance for the death of a Gordon; and that none of the guilty tribe might escape, communicated with the Laird of Grant, a very powerful chief, who was an ally of Huntly, and a relation, I believe, to the slain Baron of Brackley. They agreed, that, on a day appointed, Grant, with his clan in arms, should occupy the upper end of the vale of Dee, while the Gordons should ascend the river from beneath, each party killing, burning, and destroying, without mercy, whatever and whomsoever they found before them. A terrible massacre was made among the Farquharsons, taken at unawares, and placed betwixt two enemies. Almost all the men and women of the race were slain, and when the day was done, Huntly found himself encumbered with about two hundred orphan children, whose parents had been killed. What became of them, you shall presently hear. About a year after this foray, the Laird of Grant chanced to dine at the marquess's castle. He was, of course, received with kindness, and entertained with magnificence. After dinner was over, Huntly said to his guest, that he would shew him some rare sport. Accordingly, he conducted Grant to a balcony, which, as was frequent in old mansions, overlooked the kitchen, perhaps to permit the lady to give an occasional eye to the operations there. The numerous servants of the marquess and his visitors had already dined, and Grant beheld all the remains of the victuals flung at random into a large trough, like that out of which swine feed. While Grant was wondering what this could mean, the master cook gave a signal with his silver whistle; on which a hatch, like that of a dog-kennel, was raised, and there rushed into the kitchen, some shrieking, some shouting, some yelling—not a pack of hounds, which, in number, noise, and tumult, they greatly resembled—but a huge mob of children, half naked, and totally wild in their manners, who threw themselves on the contents of the trough, and fought, struggled, and clamoured, each to get the largest share. Grant was a man of humanity, and did not see in that degrading scene all the amusement which his noble host had intended to afford him. 'In the name of Heaven,' he said, 'who are these unfortunate creatures that are fed like so many pigs?' 'They are the children of those Farquharsons whom we slew last year on the Dee side,' answered Huntly. The laird felt more shocked than it would have been prudent or polite to express. 'My lord,' he said, 'my sword helped to make these poor children orphans, and it is not fair that your lordship should be burdened with all the expense of maintaining them. You have supported them for a year and a day—allow me now to take them to Castle Grant, and keep them for the same time at my cost.' Huntly was tired of the joke of the pig-trough, and willingly consented to have the undisciplined rabble of children taken off his hands. He troubled himself no more about them; and the Laird of Grant, carrying them to his castle, had them dispersed among his clan, and brought up decently, giving them his own name of Grant; but it is said their descendants are still called the Race of the Trough, to distinguish them from the families of the tribe into which they were adopted."

The death of James is thus forcibly related:—

"In the year 1625 James died. He was the least dignified and accomplished of all his family; but, at the same time, the most fortunate. Robert II., the first of the Stewart family, died, it is true, in peace; but Robert III. had sunk under the family losses which he had sustained: James I. was murdered; James II. killed by the bursting of a cannon; James III. (whom James VI. chiefly resembled,) was privately slain after the battle of Sauchie-Burn; James IV. fell at Flodden; James V. died of a broken heart; Henry Darnley, the father of James VI. was treacherously murdered; and his mother, Queen Mary, was tyrannically beheaded. He himself alone, without courage, without sound sagacity, without that feeling of dignity which should restrain a prince from foolish indulgences, became king of the great nation which had for ages threatened to subdue that of which he was born monarch; and the good fortune of the Stewart family, which seems to have existed in his person alone, declined and totally decayed in those of his successors."

To this portion of the work succeeds the reign of Charles I.: the account of his civil wars, and especially of those battles in which the gallant Montrose distinguished himself, are given with great animation. After the execution of Charles, the struggle between his successor and Cromwell, and between the Presbyterians and Independents, is also detailed with surprising conciseness and force; but, as better suited to our purpose, we shall turn for extracts to an episode on the state of the country referring to trials for witchcraft. Of this miserable superstition the instances are numerous, and, in our days, almost incredible.

"But in the seventeenth century, the belief in this imaginary crime was general, and the prosecutions, especially in Scotland, were very frequent. James VI., who often turned the learning he had acquired to a very idle use, was at the trouble to write a treatise against

witchcraft, as he composed another against smoking tobacco; and the Presbyterian clergy, however little apt to coincide with that monarch's sentiments, gave full acceptation to his opinion on the first point of doctrine, and very many persons were put to death as guilty of this imaginary crime."—The following case "rests on tradition, but is very likely to be true. An eminent English judge was travelling the circuit, when an old woman was brought before him for using a spell to cure dimness of sight by hanging a clew of yarn round the neck of the patient. Marvellous things were told by the witnesses of the cures which this spell had performed on patients far beyond the reach of ordinary medicine. The poor woman made no other defence than by protesting, that if there was any witchcraft in the ball of yarn, she knew nothing of it. It had been given her, she said, thirty years before, by a young Oxford student, for the cure of one of her own family, who, having used it with advantage, she had seen no harm in lending it for the relief of others who laboured under similar infirmity, or in accepting a small gratuity for doing so. Her defence was little attended to by the jury; but the judge was much agitated. He asked the woman where she resided when she obtained possession of this valuable relic. She gave the name of a village, in which she had in former times kept a petty alehouse. He then looked at the clew very earnestly; and at length addressed the jury. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we are on the point of committing a great injustice to this poor old woman, and, to prevent it, I must publicly confess a piece of early folly, which does me no honour. At the time this poor creature speaks of, I was at college, leading an idle and careless life, which, had I not been given grace to correct it, must have made it highly improbable that ever I should have attained my present situation. I chanced to remain for a day and night in this woman's alehouse, without having money to discharge my reckoning. Not knowing what to do, and seeing her much occupied with a child who had weak eyes, I had the meanness to pretend that I could write out a spell that would mend her daughter's sight, if she would accept it instead of her bill. The ignorant woman readily agreed; and I scrawled some figures on a piece of parchment, and added two lines of nonsensical doggrel, in ridicule of her credulity, and caused her to make it up in that clew which has so nearly cost her her life. To prove the truth of it, let the yarn be unwound, and you may judge of the efficacy of the spell.' The clew was unwound accordingly; and this pithy couplet was found on the enclosed bit of parchment—

'The devil scratch out both thine eyes,
And spit into the holes likewise.'

It was evident that those who were cured by such a spell, must have been indebted to nature, with some assistance, perhaps, from imagination. But the users of such charms were not always so lucky as to light upon the person who drew them up; and many unfortunate creatures were executed, as the poor alewife would have been, had she not lighted upon her former customer in the character of her judge. Another old woman is said to have cured many cattle of the murrain, by a repetition of a certain verse. The fee which she required, was a loaf of bread and a silver penny; and when she was commanded to reveal the magical verses which wrought such wonders, they were found to be the following jest on the credulity of her customers:—

'My loaf in my lap, and my penny in my purse,
Thou art never the better, and I never the worse.'"

The death of Cromwell* restored the monarchy; and the religious differences in Scotland, the wars and persecutions of the covenant, &c. occupy the remainder of the second volume, with which we shall now conclude.

Receiving the publication at a very late hour, we have only to repeat that it seems to us to be fully equal to its precursor, and even more fitted to fix the attention and stamp the memory of the young with the leading facts of Scottish history. To all ages, indeed, it will furnish interesting reading. Three portraits, Montrose, Dundee, and Fletcher of Saltoun, grace the frontispieces, and three very clever vignettes by Lizars farther embellish these charming tomes.

The Sorrows of Rosalie. 12mo. pp. 184. London, 1828. Ebers and Co.

THIS is a very modest, very unassuming, and very beautiful little volume. The fair author has an hereditary claim to talent, for she is, we understand, the daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan; and she has a personal claim to admiration and notice, as a woman of no ordinary beauty, and moving in no secondary sphere. It is rarely that youth, beauty, and fashion, form the mould of a poetess; the influence of the latter two, indeed, is generally adverse. But here, though the writer has had to contend with the inexperience of youth, with the injudicious and mind-blighting adulation that is entailed on beauty, and with the distraction of fashionable life,—the seeds of poetry have found in her heart a congenial soil, and have sprung up and flourished, with some of the irregularity perhaps, but with all the freshness and fragrance, of the spontaneous wild flowers of the field and the valley.

There is nothing very intricate in the story of the *Sorrows of Rosalie*, which comprise the bulk of the volume;—it is the simple narration of a tale which has been told again and again, and which is too often and too truly a tale of real life. Rosalie, won by the artful blandishments of her lover, Arthur, is by him persuaded to leave her aged father, and is awhile deluded by promises of marriage, which ultimately terminate in her desertion by the worthless being who has insnared her affections. She seeks her betrayer in London, with her child; is repulsed with coldness and cruelty; encounters all the misery of want, and at length of famine, added to the pangs of remorse. She returns to her father's house;—it is his no longer,—nothing of him remains but his memory and his tomb. Maddened by the wants of a starving child, she is driven to a dishonest act; is taken, imprisoned, tried, and acquitted. Her child dies in prison; and after a temporary insanity, the result of her distresses, she finds refuge in a remote part of the country,—there to weep and lament over her errors, and seek, in prayer and thoughts of a better future, a solace for the miseries of the present.

These slender materials have been worked into a tale of intense and Crabbe-like pathos; and we hasten to select such portions as our limits admit of this poem and the miscellaneous ones which fill up the volume.

In the following stanzas Rosalie describes her attention to her father in her innocent days.

"Each morn, before the dew was brushed away,
When the wide world was hushed in deep repose,—
When only flowerets hailed the early day,
I gathered many a diamond-spangled rose,
And many a simple bud that wildly blows;
Then, quick returning to my father's bed,
Before his heavy eyelids could unclose,
I shook away the tears that Nature shed,
And placed them with a kiss beside his slumbering head

My father!—still I see thy silvery hairs
Uplifted gently by the evening breeze,
That placid brow, furrow'd with many cares,
The Bible resting on thy aged knees,
Thine eyes that watch'd the sunset through the trees,
The while I read aloud that holy book,
Or brought wild flowers with childish zeal to please,
Culled by the mossy bank or running brook,
And guess'd thine every wish and feeling from a look.

And oh! my childhood's home was lovelier far
Than all the stranger homes where I have been;
It seem'd as if each pale and twinkling star
Loved to shine out upon so fair a scene;
Never were flowers so sweet, or fields so green,
As those that wont that lonely cot to grace.
If, as tradition tells, this earth has seen
Creatures of heavenly form and angel race,
They might have chosen that spot to be their dwelling-place."

How characteristic of woman are the feelings of affectionate regret expressed towards even a deceiver and a betrayer once loved!

"Oh! still the charm clings round my broken heart
With which his early love its cords had bound;
In vain I bid his imaged form depart,
For when I pray, with sad and fault'ring sound,
His name is on my lips,—and, hov'ring round,
He, the young Arthur of my happy days,
Stands on some green and flow'ry spot of ground,
With sunny smile and bright enraptur'd gaze,
Greeting me kindly still with visionary praise."

And again—

"Oh thou! though faithless, still too dearly loved,
When I remember that short year of bliss—
That sunny dream of love, as yet unmoved—
The transient tear chased by thy tender kiss,
I marvel how I *can* be sunk to *this*.
I see thee still in dreams, and deem, in sooth,
I hear thy voice, and watch no word to miss;
I see those eyes all tenderness and truth—
Alas! I wake in vain to mourn my blighted youth.

It was not like the happiness I knew
When in my first sweet home of peaceful rest—
'Twas joy, or agony—each feeling grew
Wild, stormy, and tumultuous in my breast,
Though every wish was granted soon as guess'd;
Though I had all for which the happiest sigh,
There was one thought—deep, silent, unexpress'd,
Which called the unbidden tear-drop to mine eye,—
A thought of *him I left*—a thought of days gone by!"

Probably there are few mental pains equal to that felt by a spirit loving purity, which has been once betrayed to evil, under the contempt of those of its own class yet innocent. A passage which we extract touchingly expresses this feeling.

"It was a summer evening, soft and warm;
I gazed upon the heaven, blue and clear,
From out my little lattice window; near
Was Arthur standing—and the woodbine, climbing,
Shed a wild fragrance round—when on my ear
Fell a sweet sound of distant church-bells chiming,
And onward came young forms, their steps to music timing.

Alas! that day—I oped the casement wide,
And watched that gay group with a smiling face—
It was a village wedding; and the bride,
Rosy and rich in all youth's blooming grace,
Came lightly on, past this my fairy place;
Nearer and nearer still I saw them glide—
She turned, half startled, as she heard me rise;
When some grave matron, walking by her side,
Whispered her—slowly she withdrew her eyes,
With a sad farewell glance of pity and surprise!

Silent she pass'd, last of the white-robed train—
Oh! there was something in her pitying look,
Mingled with dread, that thrill'd my heart with pain.
My proud and sinful spirit could not brook
To see those gay ones, as their way they took,
With half-suppressed contempt in every eye;
Tear after tear in vain away I shook,
As all, with downcast glance, went slowly by,
As if they *felt*, not *saw*, some evil thing was nigh.

Burst the convulsive sob from out my breast!
On Arthur's arm I leant my throbbing brow:

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* The following is a remarkable anecdote of his son:—"Some lawsuit of importance required that Richard Cromwell should appear in the King's Bench Court. After his appearance in court, Richard Cromwell's curiosity carried him to the House of Peers, where he stood below the bar, looking around him, and making observations on the alterations which he saw. A person who heard a decent-looking old man speaking in this way, said to him civilly, 'It is probably a long while, sir, since you have been in this house?' 'Not since I sat in that chair,' answered the old gentleman, pointing to the throne, on which he had been, indeed, seated as sovereign, when, more than fifty years before, he received the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, on his succeeding to his father in the supreme power."

'And did I then forsake my home of rest
To be so scorn'd, so shunn'd, so hated now?
Oh! take me back where my own flowers still blow,
Where the beloved ones I left are dwelling;
Let me but see them *once* before I go
To that far land where none my sins are telling,
For strong against my breast this breaking heart is swelling.'"

The love of her child is, truly to nature, her predominant feeling.

"Oh, beauteous were my baby's dark blue eyes,
Evermore turning to his mother's face,
So dove-like soft, yet bright as summer skies;
And pure his cheek as roses, ere the trace
Of earthly blight or stain their tints disgrace.
O'er my loved child enraptured still I hung;
No joy in life could those sweet hours replace,
When by his cradle low I watched and sung;
While still in memory's ear his father's promise rung."

"Long, long I wept with weak and piteous cry
O'er my sweet infant, in its rosy bloom,
As memory brought my hours of agony
Again before my mind;—I mourned his doom;
I mourned my own: the sunny little room
In which, oppressed by sickness, now I lay,
Weeping for sorrows past, and woes to come,
Had been my own in childhood's early day.
Oh! could those years indeed so soon have passed away!

Past, as the waters of the running brook;
Fled, as the summer winds that fan the flowers!
All that remained, a word—a tone—a look,
Impressed, by chance, in those bright joyous hours;
Blossoms which, culled from youth's light fairy bowers,
Still float with lingering scent, as loath to fade,
In spite of sin's remorseless 'whelming powers,
Above the wreck which time and grief have made,
Nursed with the dew of tears, though low in ruin laid."

We have partly selected these passages: if not the best in the book, they will shew the truth and feeling that pervade the whole. We have hardly room for a specimen of the many fugitive pieces which conclude the volume.

"Slow rippling in the zephyr's breath,
The murmuring waters flow beneath;
Warm glows the sun—sweet breathes the air:
Why are these scenes, though bright and fair,
To me a dreary wilderness?
Linda Alhaya! canst thou guess?

Why do I gaze on flowerets blue
Which rival heaven's own matchless hue,
And wander by their native stream,
Though it to other eyes may seem
Unworthy of my constancy?
Linda Alhaya! tell me why?

Why do I gaze on them, and smile,
Then sit me down and weep awhile?
Sadly, but fond, as they recalled
Something which held my heart enthralled:
Then slowly wend my weary way?
Linda Alhaya! canst thou say?

Linda Alhaya hears me not—
Linda Alhaya has forgot
That e'er her starry path I crossed,
Where every end but joy was lost.
And hast thou lost all thought of me,
Linda Alhaya! can it be?

Not so have I of *thee*, sweet maid—
Deep in my heart my love is laid;
Scentless and withered each flower to me—
Leafless and scathed each towering tree:
Oh, Linda Alhaya, canst thou not guess?
Thou wert my rose of the wilderness!

Linda Alhaya! those flowerets blue
Match not thine eye's soft liquid hue;
But they the self-same language hold,
Waving above those waters cold;
And as we parted on this spot,
They said, 'Farewell, forget me not!'

Those flowers may bud, and bloom, and die,
Above the brook that wanders by;
And while they live, their blossoms seem
Reflected in its silver stream;
But when rude Time the buds shall sever,
Their images are fled for ever.

Oh! thus shall it ne'er be with *me*
While I have breath and memory;
The stream of life may swell its tide—
Thy image still secure will bide!
My faithful heart in death shall tell,
Linda Alhaya, I loved thee well."

"When the sun is shining brightly on a blithesome summer's day,
While others dance and sing, I think on him who's far away;
Amid the gay I wander on, as sad as sad can be—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

When the evening shadows fall, love, and silence reigns around,
And the weeping flowers shake the sparkling dew-drops on the ground;
When the pale moon shines so mournfully upon the land and lea—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

And when the night is come, love, and the weary sun is set,
While others sleep, my constant eyes with tears the pillow wet,
I rest in vain my aching head, where none my grief may see—
Oh! while I think of *you*, love, do you think of *me?*

And when other suitors come, love, to tempt with smiles and gold,
And tell me that thy heart for me is passionless and cold,
I turn in scorn and grief away, and say it cannot be—
When I *always* think of *you*, love, sure you sometimes think of *me!*"

"Oh! could I come when fays have power,
And Sleep o'er mortals holds her sway,
There, in that silent moonlight hour,
I'd steal thy fickle heart away;
I'd bear it far, where none might see,
True constancy from mine to learn;
And still, while it remained with me,
'Twould be a pledge for thy return.

But oh! where shall I seek that heart
Which thousands claim, but none may keep?
The gift which daylight sees depart,
Is it resumed before thy sleep?
Shall I seek out each beauteous maid
Who o'er thee held a transient sway?
In vain—where'er thy heart was laid,
Her tears have washed the trace away.

Then must I sit within my bower,
Unwitting where the prize to find,
And smile as each successive hour
Sees changing still thy wavering mind;
And still repeat the wish in vain,
That thou wouldst live for me alone—
Or that to ease each maiden's pain
Thy cruel power to please were gone."

We wish we could give some beautiful lines "To a Child;" but they are too long to extract entire, and to mutilate them would be an injury to their beauty. For the same reason we omit "Music's Power:" but we must insert the following verses—they are as simple as they are alive to feeling. Perhaps they will be admired only by a few, for they are not in the popular style.

"I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me—
And often in my solitude I sigh—
That those I *do* love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue—
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I *know* I do not love thee! yet, alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art."

Poetry in abundance has come under our cognizance of late, but none which holds out a fairer promise of excellence than that of the beautiful and unsophisticated authoress whose work we have just noticed.

Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia: including a Journey from Bagdad by Mount Zagros, to Hamadan, the Ancient Ecbatana; Researches in Ispahan and the Ruins of Persepolis, and Journey from thence by Shiraz and Shapoor, to the Sea-Shore; Description of Bussorah, Bushire, Bahrein, Ormuz, and Muscat; Narrative of an Expedition against the Pirates of the Persian Gulf, Illustrations of the Voyage of Nearchus, and Passage by the Arabian Sea to Bombay. 4to. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

A NEW volume of Mr. Buckingham's Travels has just issued from the press, containing the account of his journey from Bagdad to Bombay, by the Persian route of Kermanshah, Hamadan, Ispahan, Shiraz, and Bushire, and thence by sea to his destination. He left Bagdad at sunset, on the 3d of September, in company with a medley party of some fifty or sixty pilgrims, returning from visits to various shrines and holy places, and proceeded across the Diala, the Turkish province where flow the Euphrates and Tigris, to the Pass of Zagros, by which he entered Persia and arrived at Kerrund, and Kermanshah on the 15th of September. Of this twelve days' itinerary, it would not be easy for us, were we so disposed, to give any distinct idea, as it is more a detail of the directions by compass in which the caravan went, than of known places seen, or ancient sites supposed and ascertained. Mr. Buckingham assumed the garb and manners of an Egyptian Arab, and ostensibly conformed to the Mahometan rites suited to the character. In this disguise he was much aided by a singular and apparently very flagitious companion, an Afghan Dervish, who formed a romantic sort of attachment to our countryman, and initiated him into the mysteries of Oriental profligacy with the most unblushing effrontery. This, indeed, is a great blot upon the volume before us; and we could have hoped that our traveller had remained long enough in his native land, since he performed this excursion, to have taught him that even allusions to, and, still more, minute definitions of the vile practices of the East, must be revolting to the mind of every English reader. The pruriency of his stories and anecdotes is offensive enough, but there are subjects still worse; and we regret to say that they are treated in a manner extremely disgusting. For obvious reasons, we refrain from farther comment; and open our illustrations of the book with the description of another attendant whom Mr. Buckingham picked up at Kermanshah, which will throw a little light on the characters of his associates.

"A faqueer of Ispahan, who had come with us from Kerrund to Kermanshah, had supped from our bread and fruit, and smoked his evening nargeel with the dervish after I was asleep, was recommended as the most proper person I could add to our party, as he was ready and willing to undertake any duty that might be required of him. 'But,' said I, 'does he understand the duties of a groom? or do you know any thing of his character?' 'Oh,' replied Ismael, 'a faqueer understands every thing; and as for his character, I am sure that his heart is pure, and his tongue is clean.' 'How then?' I asked: 'was there any previous acquaintance, or the testimony of any friend who had known the man?' 'Not at all,' was the reply; and after much hesitation—not of fear, but seemingly of unwillingness to clear up any doubt for which he thought there was no just foundation—this explanation at length came: 'He is not a philosopher, emphatically *one of us*,' said Ismael, (meaning the 'Mutuffuk b'el Philosopheea' at Bagdad,) 'it is true; but the man has loved the wife of another, for whom he has wept by day, and chased away his sorrows by smoking bhang (an intoxicating drug) at night!' It was in vain that I objected to these two excellent qualities, as certain pledges of his neglecting the duties I wished him to perform on the way. 'The man's heart must be upright,' said my companion, 'because it is tender; and free from all guile, because he intoxicates himself with opium!' The fact seemed to be, that my dervish wished to secure, on any terms, some one who would do such things as we needed, provided he was not too rigid a Moslem to betray our laxity, or abandon us from being shocked at it. I pen-

soned, persisted, refused, and pretended an anger which I really did not feel. All was in vain, the die was cast, and Zein-el-Abedeen, the bhang-smoking faqueer, was regularly invested with the care of the diseased horse, and admitted as one of our party, beyond the possibility of revocation."

We must, however, revert to the previous journey. At the mountain pass, between Turkey and Persia, we are told a remarkable story of a lion and two lovers.

"In this mountain-pass was shewn to us a small natural cavern, which a lion had made his den, and to which he had dragged many an unwary passenger as his prey, inspiring such terror as to put a stop to all journeying by this route. It happened that two young Koords were at this period disputing the possession of a virgin of the plain, whom they both loved; but as *they* lived on the one side of the pass, and the object of their affections on the other, there was an end put to their evening interviews by the intrusion of this destroying lion. It was thought too bold an enterprise, even for a lover, to force this passage alone; but as the object to be attained by such a step was equally dear to both, they for a moment threw aside the jealousy of rivals, and exchanged reciprocal pledges to stand or fall together in the attempt. Then arming themselves, and mounting two of the best horses of the country, they vowed, in the presence of their friends, entire and cheerful submission to the will of fate, stated their intention of forcing together this interrupted pass, and dragging out the lion from his den,—being content, if both should escape destruction, that the voice of their beloved should decide on their respective claims; and if one only fell a victim, that the other would have his dying consent to marry her. They sallied forth, and amid applauses of their comrades, and the wish of all that the bravest should have his reward; when one of them was torn in pieces by the beast, and the other came off triumphant, by slaying the animal as he feasted on his companion's corpse."

In this part of the world there is an odious sect of voluptuaries, which seems to inherit all the atrocious tenets and horrid crimes of the ancient Gnostics. The gross account of it, however, like the accounts of the Dervish's abominations, is unfit for publication; and we pass to Kerrund, where, after mentioning a rather improper stroll and consequent disappointment, Mr. B. says—

"We returned to the khan with heavy steps, and met at the door of it a small caravan, conveying a consignment of dead bodies from Kermanshah. This caravan was composed wholly of mules, each laden with two corpses, one on each side, and a takhteravan, or litter, borne also by mules, though it contained only one body, which was that of a person of some distinction. These were all packed in long narrow cases or coffins, and secured with matting and cordage, like bales of cotton. They were the bodies of devout dead, from different parts of Persia—two from Ispahan, and one from Shiraz, which were being conveyed for interment to the grounds of Imaum Hussein, at Kerbela. Besides the charge of carriage, which is double that of any other commodity of equal weight, large sums, from two to five thousand piastres, are paid to the mosque there, for a sufficient space of ground to receive the body, and other presents must be made to the tomb of the Imaum himself; so that this is a distinction which the comparatively rich only can enjoy. When the animals entered the khan, the bodies laden on the mules were cast off, without ceremony, and placed at random in different parts of the court-yard, the one in the litter alone being paid any attention to; so that, as they were neither marked nor numbered, they were probably the bodies of individuals who had been just able to pay the lowest price of admission into this sacred ground, and would be laid there without inscriptive stones, or other funeral monument; for it could scarcely happen, from the way in which they were lying about, that they should not be mixed and confounded one with another. The presence of these dead bodies in the khan made no impression on the living who were there, as the mule-drivers stretched themselves along by the side of them at night, with an indifference that argued their being long familiarised with such cargoes. This was a scene which I could imagine to have been frequent enough in ancient Egypt, where all the population who could afford it were embalmed in state, and others at the charge of the nation, their mummies being transported from place to place, according to their peculiar temple of worship, or their favourite place of burial."

At Kermanshah, the baths are well described—

"As few pleasures are entirely perfect, so here, with all its general apparent superiority to the baths of Turkey, this was inferior to them in the most essential points. The attendants seemed quite ignorant of the art of twisting the limbs, moulding the muscles, cracking the joints, opening the chest, and all that delicious train of operations in which the Turks are so skilful. The visitors were merely well, though roughly, scrubbed, and their impurities then rinsed off in the large cistern above, from which there was neither a running stream to carry off the foul water, nor cocks of hot and cold to renew and temper it at pleasure, as in Turkey. In place of the luxurious moulding of the muscles, the use of the hair-bag, or glove, for removing the dirt, and the profusion of perfumed soap, with which the Turks end a course of treatment full of delight, the Persians are occupied in staining the beard and hair black, the nails of the toes and fingers of a deep red, and the whole of the feet and hands of a yellow colour, by different preparations of henna. This operation is the most unpleasant that can be imagined. The Persians do not shave the whole of the head, as is usual with most of the Turks and Arabs, but, taking off all the hair from the forehead, over the crown, and down the neck, for about a hand's breadth, they leave on each side two large bushy masses depending over their shoulders. These are almost as full in some individuals as the apparent wigs of the Sassanian medals; and in others they are sufficiently long and large to meet and cover the neck behind, which would deceive a stranger into a belief that they wore the whole of their hair, without either cutting or shaving it. This, then, with a very long and full beard, in which all the people here take pride, is plastered with a thick paste, of the consistence of hog's-lard, and not less than two pounds weight of which is sometimes used on one person. It possesses a strongly astringent and penetrating quality, and requires great skill in the use of it to avoid doing considerable mischief. As the eye-brows are plastered with it, as well as the rest of the hair, and as it softens by the heat of the room and of the body, it frequently steals into the eyes, and produces great pain. The mustachios sometimes give a portion of this paste also to the nostrils, as well as to the mouth, and never fail to yield a most unpleasant odour to all within its reach. The patient (as he may well be called) reclines on his back, naked, and on the stone floor, with his eyes and mouth completely shut, and not daring to breathe with too great freedom. He remains in this manner for an hour or two at a time, while the operator visits him at intervals, rubs his hair and beard, patches up the paste where it has dissolved or is fallen off, and lays on fresh coats of the dye, on the nails, the hands, and the feet. Some of these beard-plastered elders, fresh from the hands of their attendants, look oddly enough, with different shades of red, black, and gray, in their beards; for it takes a day or two, according to the quality of the hair, to produce a uniform blackness; and this requires to be renewed every week at least, to look well, as the roots of the hair which grow out after each time of staining are either brown or gray, according to the age of the wearer, and contrast but badly with the jet black of the other parts. When all is finished, and the visitor leaves the inner bath, he is furnished with two cloths only, one for the waist, and the other to throw loosely over the head and shoulders: he then goes into the outer room into a colder air, thus thinly clad, and without slippers or pattens; no bed is prepared for him, nor is he again attended to by any one, unless he demands a nargeel to smoke; but, most generally, he dresses himself in haste, and departs. The Turkish bath is far more capable of affording high sensual pleasure, and is consequently visited as much for the mere delight to the feelings which it produces, and to lounge away an agreeable hour, as for the performance of a religious duty; while the Persian bath seems altogether resorted to for the purpose of the toilette, as one would submit to a hair-dresser to have the hair cut, curled, powdered, and set in order, for a party."

We shall add but one other extract, the last words of which display, very unnecessarily, the cloven foot.

"This river (the Kara Soo) is unquestionably the Choaspes of antiquity, celebrated as furnishing always the drink of the Persian kings. They so rigidly confined themselves to the use of this water, that it was carried by them even in their distant expeditions; and Herodotus relates that Cyrus, when he marched against Babylon, had the water of the Choaspes first boiled, and afterwards borne in a vase of silver, on four-wheeled chariots drawn by mules. Milton has an allusion to this subject, though he uses the license of a poet in making this the drink of kings alone, instead of confining them to the use of this water solely; and it is a fact worthy of remark, that at this moment, while all the inhabitants of Kermanshah drink of the stream of Aub Dedoong, at which we watered our horses on the day of entry, and of the spring called Aubi-i-Hassan-Khan, the king's son alone has the water for himself and his harem brought from the stream of the Kara Soo. We drank of it ourselves as we passed; and from its superiority to all the waters of which we had tasted since leaving the banks of the Tigris, added to the thirst of our noon ride, and animating conversation by the way, the draught was delicious enough to be sweet even to the palsied taste of royalty itself."

Should we find any thing to tempt us in the remaining moiety of this volume, we shall again bring it under the consideration of the public.

The Man of Two Lives. A Narrative written by Himself. 2 vols. 12mo. H. Colburn.

THIS is a very uncommon and a very curious publication. With much of metaphysical acumen and a spice of German mysticism, it contains some ingenious and powerful reasoning on topics of great interest, some admirable criticisms upon painting, music, and literature, and some original sketches of life and character. The story, too, though it possesses neither the rapidity nor incident which is calculated to rivet the attention of the mere novel-reader, is not destitute of considerable attractions; so that, without imagining that the work will be the favourite of the circulating library, we are persuaded that it will be highly esteemed by every intelligent person who bestows upon it the attention of a quiet and meditative perusal. It strikes us as being the production of a foreign writer, or at least that the materials are foreign; for it adopts the strange doctrines of Mesmer and Animal Magnetism, which, however prevalent on the Continent, where they are making more progress even in our enlightened day than phrenology, have credit with only a very limited sect of philosophers in this country.

The hero of the piece, *the man of two lives*, is Edward Sydenham, the son of English parents, of good birth and fortune; but who is represented as having the consciousness of an immediately prior existence as Frederic Werner, of Frankfort. The errors committed in this former state weigh upon him in his new incarnation; and the whole narrative hinges upon his recollections of Werner, and the process by which, as Sydenham, he wipes out the stains of that individual (if we may so call him). Under the strange impressions, or ideas, or impulses, which are the consequence of a double life, he returns to Germany, and in the person of a young, amiable, and highly gifted Englishman, renews a connexion with those who were the friends, relatives, and mistresses of Werner more than twenty years before. An inscrutable sympathy, and a predestined concurrence of events, work wonderfully together in every thing that happens; and, in the end, the load is removed from his soul, the offences of Werner are absolved, and Sydenham becomes the happiest of human beings.

We have noticed, that we attribute this publication to a continental source; in which supposition we are confirmed, not only by the sentiment and circumstances, but by the strong matter-of-fact manner in which every part of the tale is related. In all, except the visionary views of Mesmerism, there is a reality which induces a feeling that every thing related really happened as is set down; and throughout these volumes there are a multitude of pictures and remarks which are so obviously true, that we acknowledge at once their being founded on actual observation, and attached to the fiction merely as a vehicle for their introduction. As it is impossible to give (within reasonable bounds) any full insight into the mysterious portions of the book, we shall therefore content ourselves with extracting some of these separate illustrations. The following is a brief but excellent critique upon the late Benjamin West:

"West in his invention was rather cold, and his compositions had great sameness; but if he did not enchant the fervid spirit, he soothed and satisfied the tender and the timid. His figures had a relation to his sect, there was quaker in the bosoms of them all; and when he used, as he did copiously, the materials of the great masters, they always lost in his transcript the fulness and grandeur of their form and expression. Yet he was at the head of the correct and interesting painters of history; and notwithstanding his facility, and even tameness of composition, told a story thoroughly to the eye, and even to the heart."

Some remarks on Fuseli are too much of the imaginative and mystic for our apprehension; but we deem the annexed speculations on astronomy to be replete with ingenuity and fancy.

"We had been going over the comparative revolutions of the planets; and the extreme likelihood that they were all of them inhabited made him deduce a set of very whimsical and not unamusing inferences. For instance, the affinity of these planets to one another, and to one common centre (said he), would lead one to suppose that their inhabitants partook of this generic similarity. Mercury, on such a plan, must have its man, as well as the earth. But the revolution of that near visitant of our sun round its own axis is made in six hours. The day, therefore, of Mercury consists of but three hours, for meals, and their provision and preparation, exercise, business, and pleasure. One of our common trials there would starve the whole court. The Mercurial senate would have sunk under the combined wit and wisdom of our Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan. The action there is probably quicker, through its whole animal existence, than ours. Ideas must flow quicker. Our winged words would creep to them. The tongue must move faster, and even language itself be still further abbreviated, to suit the demands of such rapid communication. But if we should be of opinion, that as Mercury completes his year in eighty-eight days, and is six times as strongly enlightened by the sun as we are, he may not be cool enough for animal production: this will not be supposed of our more intimate acquaintance Jupiter, who, though his revolution round the common sun takes him nearly twelve of our years to accomplish, has a day of scarcely five hours, and six hundred and eighteen of our weeks to be distributed in business, pleasure, and repose. As to Saturn, with a day and night of only seven hours, and not having so much as a hundredth part of the light enjoyed by Jupiter, with thirty of our years to wander in twilight dejection round the sun, the men there, perhaps, slumber between thought and thought, and all conversation is a suit in Chancery. But though it may be true, that in planets enjoying a middle position, like our earth, the safest and best walking may be found for beings like ourselves, it would be too much to assume, that upon nearer or more distant worlds there is no walking at all. Vast power is, no doubt, capable of amazing varieties in creation. The very senses may be fewer, more numerous, or possess other properties than ours. The human creatures of Saturn may, for instance, have that sort of phosphoric ignition in the dark, which lights certain animals here to their prey, and probably fascinates as well as shews it. Day and night, moreover, with the Saturnine may not be the unavoidable alternations of labour and repose, but the strength, as well as the will to labour, may carry them through a period of activity equal to our own. To be sure, the opposite conclusion is more likely to be true, because where the grossness is greater, there is more torpor, and night may not arrive too soon after an active day of five, four, or even three of our own hours."

A portrait of a Count de Blatz, a noble of the old *régime*, will furnish another favourable specimen. "Leonora (a Catalani or Pasta of her day, says the narrator,) has frequently mentioned him to me as one of her steadiest friends, and I still can bring him before me at a very advanced age, with his silver hair in bag, well dressed, his richly-figured velvet coat and spangled waistcoat, the gold clocks that adorned his stockings rather than his legs, and the pink heels that added to the diamond buckles of his shoes their full testimony that their owner seldom allowed the dirt or dust of a public way to annoy him. The chair, the coach, the hall, and the saloon, were all that he trod on. He carried the old court about in all his pursuits; and the small silk hat, and the pocket muff, which was decorated with ribands from the fairest toilets in Europe, were as steady parts of him as the ruder appurtenances which he derived from nature. One pocket of his coat held an opera-glass, which, by his constant use of it, one might suppose bestowed aid to his ear as well as eye—the other pocket contained a superb snuff-box of Dresden china mounted in gold, on the lid of which a fine enamel by Petitot of the voluptuous Montespan, which the count inherited, left the taste of the great monarch entirely justified, at least during the empire of the passions. The common estimate of De Blatz was correct; he was a kind, well-bred, polished nobleman, devoted rather too strongly to one pursuit. He lived at the *feet* of the great female singers in his prime; and by their *sides* to the last; for a long term their lover, but always their admirer and their guest. His place was fixed on system at their tables. He sat on the lady's left hand, which resigned the complimentary seat on her right hand to the stranger, or person of higher rank. At the toilet, when the nymph now glanced in the mirror at the increasing charms of her figure, and now poured out a passage of eloquent music, in the manner by which she meditated additional triumphs on the stage, our count, an equal connoisseur in beauty and in song, applauded the decorations bestowed on both; and his judgment was always deemed final, being carefully and deliberately grounded upon the choice to which the enchantress herself most inclined. 'I have often thought,' said the abbé, 'that such men are even public benefactors, though it is not in their aim to be so; and we little suspect how the failing nerve or doubting mind of the greatest singers may be fortified by this reliance upon friendly praise.'"

This Leonora's account of herself also contains some striking traits in the situation of *prime donne*. "If such persons were to write their confessions (she says), as Rousseau has done, and they were to be honest, as they ought to be, what a struggling and discordant scene would even the proudest beauty have to exhibit, though in possession of the most splendid, the most unrivalled talent! She is surrounded by devoted admirers of her powers, some because it is the fashion to praise, others because they really have some knowledge of their value. If they pay this homage to the actress and the singer, the commerce is sufficiently clear and unambiguous; but the woman is usually mixed up with the artist, and she is beset by a thousand importunities, difficult to resist, and declarations of a love which dishonours its object. The feelings of her nature are excited with more than common pains. She listens with complacency to the endless theme of her beauty and her rigour; and finding both prudence and religion equally repugnant to admit her to chaste and pure engagements of the heart, she either lives as if she

were without one, or bestows it upon some pleasing, but unprincipled creature, who becomes nominally her protector, actually her tyrant. I will not pursue this, by even a hint of something still worse, by which he consummates her dishonour and his own. Frequently, indeed, the moments of disgust in such lives become poignant beyond expression: they are banished for the indispensable exercise of the talent, and their voice of complaint is stunned in the applause of the theatre; but they return. Lassitude succeeds to exertion—they invade the couch; sickness attends irregular habits and late hours—they occupy the pillow. A death occurs in the immediate circle of such folly—they redouble the salutary warnings, and sometimes gain the victory. I have told you, sir, that I glory in my art. I do so, and yet know that I have a soul beyond it!"

But we must now conclude, which we do with a profession of his principles, a Key to the Book, put into the mouth of the famous Dr. Mesmer, who, among other faculties, enjoys the power of discriminating persons conscious of a previous existence. After explaining this gift, he says, "Objects of infinite importance to mankind claim *me* wholly. In addition to simplifying the healing art, I design to work a mighty revolution in philosophy. I am destined to unfold unknown principles to the world, leading all to profound and benevolent results. But prejudice assailed the grand discoveries of Newton, and purblind physicians dispute, or deny, the magnetic power which I have detected. * * * He (adds the author, and draws an admirable moral from his premises) was the real inventor of animal magnetism; but I have always considered that his most unfailing specific was the imagination of the patient. It is not, however, for me to judge him, either as physician or philosopher. Theories like his rise and fall in one age, to rise again in another, and flourish, perhaps, for centuries. The philosophy of experiment alone permanently adds to science. * * * Here I shall close this narrative. I have reached that point of my existence, when the connexion of the two lives was dropt entirely. I describe the scenes only in which it influenced my present being. The world at large will not perhaps regret, that this amazing privilege has been peculiar to myself. I do not think that they ought. Yet, in fact, most men are permitted two lives even here; one of action, with its usual attendant, error; the other of reflection, and, as it ought to prove, of atonement. To carry on the parallel, neither are they without a mysterious friend and guide, to whom the magnetic Mesmer was but as a shade, who comes upon them unannounced, and knows them through all disguises. He is plain, too, and generally alarming in his addresses, and urges them to take the only course that conducts to their real interest, their peace, their honour, and their final happiness. The reader feels that I can only here mean the power of *conscience*."

There is an episode of a Jacobite lady, Miss M'Evoy, very characteristic, but having no connexion whatever with the story. We have but to add, that the idea of this work might have been far more forcibly wrought out. The sins of Werner are not of a dye sufficiently deep to render the consciousness of them in Sydenham of adequate interest—the cause is not equal to the effect,—and besides, all that happens to Sydenham is so fortuitous and commonplace, that the same might have occurred to any indifferent person. The author seems to have forgotten the precept, *neo Deus intersit*; but still his book possesses no ordinary merits.

Some Account of the System of Fagging at Winchester School; with Remarks, and a Correspondence with Dr. Williams, Head Master of that Public School, on the late Expulsions thence for Resistance of the Authority of the Prefects. By Sir Alexander Malet, Bart. London, 1828. Ridgway.

A PAMPHLET of some twenty short pages, but of pressing and lasting importance; since it brings the detestable system of *fagging* as practised at our leading schools distinctly before the public. Among modern improvements, none takes a higher place than the beneficial plan of *mutual instruction*, by which children kindly teaching others acquire themselves the most effective description of education and knowledge: but, as if for a contrast to this admirable method, it seems, by the statement of Sir Alexander Malet, to be resolutely determined at Winchester School to uphold a plan so opposite, that we can only characterise it by the epithet of *mutual destruction*. It is truly said that the whole system is so objectionable, that any attack upon it would have many supporters. Rational in its origin, it has been so perverted as to have become a nuisance and a curse. It is the prolific parent of the worst of feelings and of principles; and under its operation, one class of petty tyrants is surely succeeded by another, and another, the more odious because the tyrants have been originally fags and slaves, and when raised to authority cannot be expected to resist the malevolent passion for making others suffer in turn as they have suffered. That numbers of delicate youths and boys of tender dispositions have their lives sacrificed, from the hardships imposed upon them, we are confidentially assured: but even were they to survive the sleepless nights, the exposures to cold and privations, the extreme fatigues, and other injuries to which they are subjected,—what can restore their minds to the right tone of feeling, to purity, to high notions of self-respect, and to every gentlemanlike sense of dignity?

That such a state of things, or that such means of educating the gentry, the future clergy, lawyers, legislators, and peers of England, should have one voice uplifted in their favour, is to us extraordinary; but that such a case as is related by Sir A. Malet should be defended by the head master, is still more wonderful. It would hardly be believed were it not that Dr. Williams not only acknowledges but justifies it by his own letter. The strange tale runs thus:—

"The prefects, or eight senior boys of the school, are in the habit of fagging the juniors; and that they may have a greater command of their services during meal times, they appoint one of the junior boys with the title of course keeper, whose business it is to take care that whilst the prefects are at breakfast or supper, the juniors sit upon a certain cross bench at the top of the hall, that they may be forthcoming whenever a prefect requires any thing to be done. During that part of the short half year in which there are no fires kept, a sufficient number of boys for this service was generally furnished from the fourth class, and it was considered that the junior part of the fifth class, which is next in the ascending scale, was exempt from so disagreeable a servitude. It appears, however, that within these few years, there has been a much greater press of boys to enter the school than formerly; the consequence has been, that they have come to it older and more advanced in their studies than formerly, and the upper departments of the school have received a greater accession of numbers in proportion than the lower classes. The fourth class, therefore, gradually furnishing a smaller number of fags, the prefects issued a mandate, that the junior part of the fifth class should share with the fourth in the duty of going on hall: this was for some time submitted to; but at length one of the boys of this class intentionally abstained from seating himself on the cross bench at supper-time, and being seen by the senior prefect, and desired by him to go on hall, refused to do so, and argued the point as a matter of right, alleging, as the ancient usage of the school, the exemption of the junior part of the fifth class from this duty till the commencement of fires; he referred to the course keeper as being the depositary of the rules, and expressed himself prepared to abide by his decision. The course keeper, who does not appear to have been very well versed in the usages of the school, decided that the boy ought to go on hall; and the prefect therefore resolved, not only to enforce this new rule, but to punish the contumely of this unlucky boy by giving him a public chastisement: to this, however, the junior did not feel inclined to submit, and a second prefect laid hold of him, that he might not evade the beating destined for him: a simultaneous movement then took place amongst the juniors, who pinioned the two prefects, released the boy who was being beaten, and gave them to understand that the intended chastisement should not be inflicted. The prefects instantly laid a complaint before the head master, who expelled the boy who had refused to go on hall, and five others, who had appeared most active in preventing the prefect from punishing him."

Such are the features of this precious quarrel. It is not to ensure the better instruction of the juniors; it is not to see that they study and do their duty; it is not even to enforce in them moral and proper habits in school or out of school;—it is that they may be the passive, though discontented—the obedient, though growling, menials of a set of premature despots! Wo be to the lad of independent and honest spirit, who may dislike to toast his prefect's cheese, or warm his bed,* or clean his shoes, or obey his dirtiest command! He must submit, muttering curses not loud but deep, to be trained in the way which he should *not* go, in servility and meanness, and often in roguery and vice, or he shall be treated with many stripes; and if he rebel, as in the case before us, he shall be expelled with disgrace from the seminary of learning where discipline is every thing, and common sense nothing. "Whether," says Sir A. Malet, whose brother was the *offender* on this occasion,—"whether the public will side with Dr. Williams in thinking that the authority of the prefects is to be supported equally in fagging their juniors as in maintaining the discipline of the school (the ostensible object of their creation), or whether it will think with me, that the rule of non-resistance, as laid down in this case, be not carrying the system too far, I cannot tell; but this I must avow, that with all my predilection for the place where I and three of my brothers, besides the one who has now been expelled, received our education, and with all my respect for Dr. Williams's personal cha-

* In cold winter nights it is one of the prefectorial laws, that a fag or two should lie in their superiors' beds till they are properly warmed, and then my feudal lords prefect turn out the shivering urchins at midnight, and lay themselves down to rest!

racter as its master, which is very great, I will never suffer any one over whom I can exercise such an influence, to send a boy to that school whilst such a doctrine is maintained as the rule of the establishment."

That we may not be thought to press the same conclusion unfairly, we must in justice look to the correspondence, and to the master's arguments in favour of fagging to the utmost stretch of human patience. In his letter of October 13th, Dr. Williams says—"The authority of the prefects is, as you well know, essential to the maintenance of discipline in the school; and it is impossible that they can exercise that authority with effect, if they are not protected from the danger of personal outrage. If they, or any of them, exceed the line of their duty, or commit any wrong act, they are liable to censure and punishment from the master; and if any boy think himself aggrieved, he may prefer his complaint in the proper quarter, with a certainty that it will meet with due attention: but he cannot on any account be permitted to use force against those whom he is bound to obey. I cannot admit that the distinction which I understand you to make between authority exercised on behalf of the master, or in enforcing privileges permitted to the prefects, is of sufficient importance to make that conduct venial in the one case, which is highly culpable in the other. Obedience to the prefects is required by the usage and laws of the school; and if boys either deliberately refuse obedience, or support the disobedience of others by tumultuous and forcible resistance to their officers, such conduct is, in my judgment, subversive of subordination and discipline, and requires to be repressed by such an example as I have lately been compelled to make. Severe notice I conceive to be equally necessary, whether the immediate occasion of the disorder arise from the exercise of authority in a matter of discipline, or of personal privilege; since if it were once admitted that violent hands could with comparative impunity be laid upon the prefects, boys who were discontented with their superior for a strict and honest discharge of official duty, would never be at a loss to find opportunities of venting their dissatisfaction on some question of a different nature."

We know not what weight this reasoning (if it can be so called) may have on others, but we confess that upon us it produces nothing like conviction. On the contrary, we consider it to be most lame and impotent;—an evasion of facts, and an obstinate defence of error—and not a generous retracing of an unwise course. What has the "*discipline* in the school" to do with the forced servitude in the hall? and what has resistance to a beating to do with refusal of obedience, even allowing (which we do not) obedience to be due to the "personal privilege," *i. e.* the waiting on the meals and performing the drudgery of a prefect—being compelled to do cringing and low offices for a boy-master, which the head-master of the establishment could not think of requiring? Well and moderately does Sir A. M. observe, in his reply of the 15th (which met with no notice), —"I acknowledge the necessity of the prefects' authority for the maintenance of discipline in the school, and consequently the indispensability of countenance and protection being given them by the master in enforcing that authority; but I venture to question the fitness of the rule laid down, which has been acted upon in the present case,—that no act of a prefect, whatever be its nature, shall justify junior boy in making personal resistance: since by this rule the junior has no alternative but to submit to whatever punishment may be inflicted by the caprice or tyranny of a prefect, and subsequently to prefer a complaint, in the hope, or even with the certainty, of obtaining redress. The case may not be exactly parallel, because the law stipulates the equality of persons, but what would be thought of an enactment which forbade resistance to any attack, and directed the aggrieved person to content himself with the certainty of reparation, on identifying the offender and substantiating his complaint? I drew the distinction between the *tolerated power* of the prefects (by which expression I referred to the system of fagging) and their *authorised jurisdiction* (in matters of discipline), because I imagined such a distinction to exist; and I was certainly unprepared for the declaration of equal support to both privileges, which you declare it to be your resolution to give. My dissatisfaction at the expulsion of my brother rests, therefore, upon what I consider the impropriety of the general rule of non-resistance to the prefects by the juniors under any circumstances, and upon my opinion of the doubtful nature of the exertion of the prefects' authority in the particular instance which aroused resistance and led to this expulsion."

Upon this main question there cannot, we think, be a doubt in any sound mind; but as if even its adjuncts were to be equally unanswerable on the one hand, and fallacious on the other, we have to remark on a slight point connected with it. Sir A. M. has proposed, instead of the dreadfully severe measure of expulsion, "that a temporary removal from the school, in the nature of rustication, as practised at the universities, would satisfy the punctilios of delegated authority, be more proportioned to the nature of the offence, and produce all the effect required by example." And he adds—"It would, I presume, be a task of no great difficulty to induce the prefects to apply to you collectively for a modification of the sentence of expulsion, which was pronounced for an offence against their *tolerated power*, though (strictly speaking) not against their *authorised jurisdiction;* and since so decided a measure has been resorted to, with a view to strengthen their hands, I think I am not attributing too much influence to them as a body, in hoping that their application to you, sir (supposing it to be made), in behalf of those of their school-fellows who have been expelled for attempting to curb the exercise of their prefectorial powers, would be listened to with favour."

To this the master answers, that he does not consider the expedient to be well suited to the proposed end; for, says he, "the consequence of reversing the sentence upon petition from the prefects, would be, that, if similar circumstances should hereafter occur, no prefect could, without being placed in a most invidious light, decline to intercede for the offender; and the expectation that the master would favourably receive such intercession, must operate to diminish that salutary fear of serious consequences, which the punishment now inflicted is intended to impress." After this, never let a prayer for mercy be heard, for it may be a very bad precedent, according to the canons of Winchester tuition; never ask forgiveness, for it may lead others to expect forgiveness; never excite the idea that power may look favourably on intercession, lest ye should diminish "*the salutary fear*" which ought for ever to clothe men dressed in a little brief authority!

Upon this subject we have expressed ourselves strongly and unreservedly, presuming that the circumstances are fairly stated in the pamphlet before us, and trusting that this case, of itself of little importance to the community, may force on a revision of the whole of the abominable practice of which it exposes a part and a specimen. For Dr. Williams we are ready to allow that he is, in all probability, acting upon principles inherited from a similar course of education; and that having been well fagged himself, his prejudices are in favour of that system out of which he has come an eminently learned and estimable man. But still our dislike and disapprobation of the system itself must not be concealed; and we heartily rejoice that Sir Alexander Malet has been provoked to bring it before the tribunal of the public.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Astronomical Study.—A very simple and efficient movable planisphere, executed in pasteboard, has just been published by Mr. John Smith, globe maker to the king, at Mr. C. Smith's, Strand. By means of two concentric circles, the one containing "our starry firmament," regulated by turning to the date of the period, and the other being an index, hollowed so as to divulge or cover the constellations as it is moved to the hour of the night,—it is quite easy to ascertain, on a space little larger than this page, all the principal stars visible at the time within the horizon. It is a neat, ingenious, and useful device.

Historical Chart.—Under this title Mr. Vincent, of Oxford,† has just published, in two large sheets, an Analysis of the Second Decade of Livy, chronologically arranged; which is in truth a history at one glance, or rather, at two glances. There is a running head along the top, divided into columns, for Rome, Africa, Spain, Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Greece, &c.; and under each the events of every year are recorded in opposite lines across the sheet. We have hardly seen any thing so complete as this plan: it is, in fact, Livy in half an hour's reading; and we have nothing to regret, but that his lost books are not to be found, to be exhibited in the same lucid and ample way.

A Tabular and Proportional View of the Superior, Supermedial, and Medial Rocks, &c. T. Cadell; Treuttel, Würtz, and Co. A SECOND edition, with much additional information of M. de la Beche's excellent view of our earth's geological formation. Resembling the graduated tables of mountains, rivers, &c.,

* As an anecdote of fagging, we may relate, that Lord Byron, when he became senior boy at Harrow (for Harrow, Westminster, Eton, &c. &c. are all alike, and all like Winchester in this respect), was not only a sturdy boxer, beating his equals at fisty-cuffs, and very fond of thrashing them, whether belonging to the school or the town, but also a terrible dragon upon the smaller fry of fags. It was a common custom with him and a worthy compeer of the same high standing, to take possession of a stair which the younger boys had to descend, and, with some nonsensical accusation and admonition, to knock them down in succession, so that they frequently tumbled from the top to the bottom.—In the Charter-house, where fagging was formerly carried to an unwarrantable length, (the smaller boys were nightly slung out of the windows and over the walls, at the risk of their necks, to execute the paltry or mischievous errands of the chief boys,) the system is now nearly or altogether abolished. At Westminster, we have heard of cruelties that would disgrace the most barbarous savages that ever destroyed one another by tortures. At Eton, the general profligacy is almost incredible: and all these things are because a scholar dare as soon die as open his lips with a complaint, however shamefully he may be abused. Secrecy and dread are the parents of crime: and society is thus inundated with evil characters, made so by this foul system of education.

† The other publishers are Rivingtons, London; Deighton, Cambridge; and Fletcher, Southampton.

this sheet displays the order and consistency of the substances of which the shell of our globe (as far as our inquiries have descended) is composed, from the latest alluvium to the earliest Grauwacke. Below this M. de la Beche has not ventured—for fear, we dare say, of getting, at least, into purgatory. The farther columns are very useful, as they lay down the general character of the various strata, and afford a good account of the organic remains and fossils found in them.

PURE GLASS.

M. Guinant, a Swiss, a man of little scientific knowledge, but of great penetration and perseverance, some years ago established, in the suburbs of Neufchatel, a manufactory for the fabrication of flint glass; and succeeded in producing it in a state which, although not perfect, was much superior to that of any which had been previously obtained. He died without communicating his process. Messrs. Thibaudeau and Bontempe, superintendents of the glass-works at Choisy-le-Roy, lately presented to the French Academy a paper, detailing a number of experiments by which they had approximated to the production of pure glass. If, however, the statement in our last Number be true, which we have every reason to believe, this problem, so important to optics, has been completely solved by Messrs. Herschel and Faraday.

EXTRAORDINARY FOSSIL: JAW-BONE.

The jaw-bone of an enormous unknown animal has been discovered at Epperheim, in the canton of Arrey, on the left bank of the Rhine, by M. Schleier-Macher, governor of the Comté de Darnestadt. Several teeth had previously been found, resembling those which this jaw-bone contains; but as they were similar to those of the tapir, credit was given to the antediluvian existence of a gigantic species of that animal. M. Schleier-Macher's discovery will undeceive naturalists on that point. The animal, of which he has found so valuable a relic, belongs to a new genus; and its dimensions are really extraordinary. Even supposing that its body was as small in proportion to the head as in the hippopotamus (the quadruped of which the body bears the least proportion to the head), its entire length must have been nineteen (French) feet! The largest quadruped hitherto known was a gigantic sloth, the *megalonix*, which, however, was only twelve feet long.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, November 15th.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation.—A. B. Evans, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. J. C. Staunton, Magdalen College; W. Smythe, Student, Christ Church; Rev. F. A. Faber, Scholar, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. A. Davis, St. Edmund Hall; T. Clutton, Fellow, New College; C. B. Bowles, Exeter College; T. Parry, Wadham College; J. B. Harris, Trinity College; W. H. Browell, Scholar, Pembroke College.

Cambridge, November 15th.—At a congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. T. G. Ackland, St. John's College.

Doctor in Physic.—J. B. Steward, Pembroke College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Graham, Fellow, Christ College.

Licentiate in Physic.—H. J. H. Bond, Corpus Christi College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. S. Palmer, St. Peter's College; Rev. G. Hodgson, Rev. B. Lambert, St. John's College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—T. P. L. Hallett, Fellow, H. Jenner, Rev. C. Burne, Trinity Hall; Rev. T. Dealtry, Catharine Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.—W. M. Brookes, St. Peter's College.

T. C. Pearson, B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was incorporated of this university.

EGYPT.

Departure of the French Expedition from Alexandria.

Alexandria, Sept. 13.

"We leave Alexandria to-morrow. Our little flotilla will be composed of a large *mutch*, or *match*, capable of easily containing a dozen persons, and of a smaller vessel, in which five or six persons may be stowed. It will require five days to go from this to Cairo, by the canal, and the Nile; and we shall not be actually in Egypt until we reach that river; for this is in fact Lybia. What is strange, is, that I am delighted in the midst of these sands, which all travellers describe as the most dismal place in the world. The purity of the air, the brightness of the light, the mildness of the temperature, the aspect of the sand-hills, across which are seen white buildings, and tall minarets, intermingled with gardens of palm-trees; here an obelisk, there some ancient columns:—all this, joined to the vast ocean speckled with the foam of the waves, makes Alexandria surprise me, not only by its novelty, but by its grandeur and beauty; even after seeing the finest landscapes of Italy and Sicily. We have dispersed a little since we came hither; and do not form a compact body, as heretofore. The Italians live with their consul; M. Champollion with M. Drovetti; I with the Sardinian consul.

"Our labours are over here. M. Champollion has made some beautiful drawings from the obelisks. I have collected almost all that it was possible to obtain in the ancient city, the soil of which seems to me to have been more deranged than that of any other that I have visited. The air is also charged with saline particles, which exercise so powerful an action on the most solid bodies, that in a few years masses of granite disappear, which, under such a sky as that of France, would be unalterable. It is not surprising, therefore, that the second city of the Roman empire is nothing more than a pile of rubbish, without form or name.

"We have this evening taken leave of the Pasha. Champollion told him that he had read the hieroglyphical inscriptions on two obelisks which he found at Alexandria; which appeared to interest the Pasha greatly; and he impatiently asked for the translation of them."

The Pasha, whose first conversation with the members of the expedition did not evince much strength of judgment, on this occasion made many shrewd observations. On the subject of science generally, he said that he had nothing at heart so much as the improvement of the condition of his people, by giving them a taste for the arts and sciences, particularly for those in which the results were so apparent as to carry conviction to their minds. He stated that he had frequently had persons from France and England for the purpose of mechanical improvements in the different processes of the manufactures which were under his own control, but that they had not answered his expectations. To one of M. Champollion's companions, who had known the late Mr. Belzoni intimately, he said that he had a great respect for that individual when living, and that, only a month before he had heard of his death, he had written to invite him to visit Alexandria, for the purpose of conferring upon him an appointment as inspector of the hydraulic and other machinery in his possession.

KING'S COLLEGE.

The subscription for this undertaking now amounts to the large sum of 120,000*l.*; and the necessary preparations for carrying it into execution are proceeding with all practicable despatch. We have reason to repeat our original statement, that the College will be erected in the Regent's Park; and, indeed, that the building will be commenced in the course of next season. We are also given to understand that a very material alteration in the plan has been resolved upon. According to this arrangement, the King's College is to consist of two distinct establishments, but connected together by being under one roof, and under the direction and superintendence of the same authorities—on the one side a great National School, and on the other side the College. The School is to be appropriated to the education of boys from the age of *eight* years to *sixteen*; and from this source it is calculated that a great number of pupils will move forward into the College, in order to complete their studies. In a word, the School will be a sort of nursery, to supply the College. The removal from the former to the latter, we are informed, is to be entirely optional; nor will it, of course, be necessary, for entrance to the College, that the student should have pursued his earlier instructions at the School thus allied to it. What, if any, privileges are likely to be attached to the entire system, we have not heard; but it can hardly be doubted that this new and important feature in the design must immediately and essentially contribute to the foundation of King's College upon a great scale. Every one has felt that great public schools, rather than great universities, were, at least in the first instance, what was needed in London; and it is a happy thought, in our opinion, to have thus struck upon the true and judicious measure. Next week we shall, probably, give farther particulars respecting this change of system, and the botanical garden which is, we hear, to be appended to the College: in the meantime, we have only to express thus early our hope, that the practice of *Fagging*, so deteriorating to the formation of character, will never be suffered to creep into the School of the King's College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

The session of this flourishing Institution for 1828-9, commences on Saturday the 6th of December; on which day the general meeting is also made *special*, for the purpose of taking into consideration the terms of a proposed union between the Society and the Literary Society of Bombay, from which, as we have noticed in the *Gazette*, some very interesting publications of Transactions have proceeded. The remaining meetings are January 3 and 17; February 7, 21; March 7; April 4; May 2, 16; June 20; and July 4 and 18. The Oriental Translation Association is going on with great vigour and success.

LITERARY FUND.

The Literary Fund commenced its benevolent and useful labours, after the customary recess, on Wednesday the 12th—its constant and zealous friend, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, in the chair; when nearly 200*l.* were administered to the wants of unfortunate authors and their widows and orphans. We speak from observation and experience of this Society, when we state, that it is hardly possible to imagine the vast extent of relief which its careful, prompt, and discriminating application of the Fund*

* The Fund consists of about 14,000*l.* 3 per cent Consols; about 8,000*l.* of 3 per cent Annuities and Reduced, bequeathed by the last representative of Sir Isaac Newton; a small estate from the same, yielding 50*l.* yearly; two hundred guineas given annually by our beneficent and illustrious King; casual donations and subscriptions; and the proceeds of the Anniversary Dinner—the whole

enables it to effect; the excessive wretchedness which it alleviates, and the consolation which it brings to many most deserving literary persons, struggling with difficulties or pining in misery, sinking with sickness or old age, and even stretched on the bed of death. We feel that we cannot too strongly or too often recommend it to the attention of the humane, and especially to the patronage of every friend of letters.

FINE ARTS.

WILKIE'S PICTURES, &c.

THERE are some instances of patronage of the arts which, when we have to mention them, we are at a loss to decide whether our pleasure is most derived from the character of the patron or the merits of the patronised. This delightful dilemma will be appreciated when we state that his Majesty has purchased all Mr. Wilkie's Spanish pictures, seven in number; besides two of the Italian subjects, painted by that admirable artist during his foreign travel in search of health, but, with such an eye and such a mind, of necessity also in search of what was suited to exercise his fine talents and genius. We have not had an opportunity of seeing the productions thus honoured by the selection of royal taste; but we will venture to express our conviction, that even the munificence of royalty will be nobly repaid by the possession of such works. The matter must be altogether gratifying to the lovers of our native school; and we record it with sincere satisfaction, as being at once a proud distinction of the arts, and a great (though almost private) example of the excellent judgment and good feeling of our gracious King.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, we hear, has just finished an admirable full-length of Southey, (who, from his verses in the Anniversary, does not seem to have been much pleased with any of his preceding portraits): it is for Mr. Peel's great gallery; and we rejoice to find a minister befriending the arts as our Home Secretary so zealously befriends them. His ample fortune enables Mr. Peel to cultivate this delightful feeling in a princely style; yet it is not his expenditure in the purchase and on the encouragement of works of merit that we would hold up to applause, since any amateur of large revenues might do as much: it is the example of the minister that we hail; for, strange to say, with very few exceptions, for the last century and a half there has hardly been a leading statesman in England who has thought it worth while to add the brightest wreath to his political glory, by shewing himself the friend and patron of literature and the fine arts!!

The President's splendid series of *Contemporary Portraits* are also now in progress to their proper destinations in the Long Gallery of Windsor Castle, so superbly and judiciously prepared for them by the skill of Mr. Wyattville. We heard, the other morning, of a caravan passing our way, which contained (none of Polito's wonders! but) the portraits of Pitt, Lord Eldon, and Sir Walter Scott, which were on their route from Russell-square to their regal place of imperishable abode.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of the King. Painted and engraved by J. Holmes. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East.

THIS is one of those enterprises in art, the time and labour necessary for which are seldom previously calculated by the individual who undertakes it; although, when successfully accomplished, it carries with it a gratification which is in itself an ample compensation. We may congratulate Mr. Holmes, not only on the ability displayed in the executive part of his print, but on having produced one of the most agreeable and assured likenesses of our most gracious sovereign that ever met the eye of the public. In the expression we think that he has been remarkably fortunate: it is at once affable and dignified. But we may also observe, that, with the exception of Sir Thomas Lawrence, no artist in the country has had more frequent or favourable opportunities than Mr. Holmes, of studying the royal countenance.

Great Britain Illustrated. From drawings by W. Westall, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden: with Descriptions by T. Moule. No. II. Tilt.

BEAUTIFUL little views of "Winchester;" "Entrance to Carlisle, from the south;" "Oxford;" and "Durham;" constitute the decorations of the second No. of this cheap and interesting publication.

The Passes of the Alps. By W. Brockedon. No. VIII.

MR. BROCKEDON's present No. contains the Passes of the Grimsel and the Gries. Of the former, he observes, "The Pass of the Grimsel is much frequented in the height of summer: the fine scenery of the Oberhasli, and the upper valley of the Aar, and the direct communication of these by the Grimsel with the Haut-Valais, and the glaciers of the Rhone, offer inducements to the traveller to make this passage of the Alps, and will repay the fatigue of the excursion." Of the Pass of the Gries, although it has not been the site of any remarkable battle, or other historical event, Mr. Brockedon says, that "the artist, and the lover of the wild and beautiful in nature, cannot fail to remember with pleasure the scenes presented to them in their excursion by this passage of the Alps." The plates are full of romantic beauty; and to us unhappy Cockneys, who are compelled to confine ourselves to "the pass of Temple-bar," are exceedingly tantalising.

DRAMA.

THERE is nothing new in the drama this week. The Covent Garden company has been seen to great advantage on the smaller stage of the English Opera House.

MASTER BURKE.

THIS young Mime took his benefit, and delivered a farewell address, at the Surrey Theatre last week, since which the newspapers have been stuffed with the most absurd paragraphs about him. That he is a boy of precocious and extraordinary talent, no one who has seen him can doubt; and his excellent performances in tragedy, comedy, and farce, are, we are sorry to say, a remarkable deterioration of the profession to which he belongs,—since, if it be possible to teach a child to imitate, so well, feelings and passions to which childhood must be a stranger, the conclusion is inevitable, that there is more of trick and mechanism in all but the very highest class of acting, than we would wish to acknowledge. The comparison is really injurious to the stage. What care we for the stamp and scowl of Kean's *Richard*, when we see a tyro of some ten or twelve years old stamp with as fierce a fury, and scowl with as malignant an expression? How sympathise we with the tenderness and pathos of Kemble's *Romeo*, when we see a manikin about three feet in altitude, pour out his loves with equal fervour, and deplore his disappointments with equal bitterness? How can we laugh at Liston, or Farren, or Jones, or Keely, or Power, or Wrench, or Harley, when we see and hear this "juvenile" convulse his audiences by playing the droll, the pantaloon, the dandy, the simpleton, the paddy, the scapin, and the jester, as the occasion requires? It is a sore libel upon dramatic *art*; and therefore, perhaps, we ought not to wonder so much at the newspaper stories of the boy's being smothered with kisses by *the ladies* at the Surrey (having the whole allowance which his contemporaries in so many lines might expect), or at his having a shower of genuine Irish blessings rained down upon him, as if he were the principal in a wake or a keening.

VARIETIES.

Potato Flour.—(From a Correspondent.)—In your Number of the 25th of October, you gave a receipt for preparing potato farina, to be mixed with flour in making bread: I have tried it, and found it to answer; but the preparation is a very painful and laborious operation; you could perhaps suggest to your numerous readers some readier method than that of grating the potatoes with the hand. There is probably some kind of mill adapted to the purpose.

Encke Comet.—This comet was very satisfactorily seen last evening (Friday) from Deptford, at 6 hrs.: its nucleus appeared as bright as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude; its coma about 3′ in diameter, and rather of an oval than of a circular form, but no appearance of a tail.

Mr. Matthews.—It is with much regret that we announce the death of this gentleman, author of the Diary of an Invalid. He died on the 20th of last May, while performing his official circuit in Ceylon. For a considerable time Mr. Matthews's health had been declining; but the immediate cause of his death was water in the chest, accompanied by some disease of the heart.

Pure Water.—The discussion of the qualities of the water supplied to the population of the metropolis has had so good an effect, that it is stated, four of the Water Companies, viz. the New River, East Middlesex, West Middlesex, and Grand Junction, are about to apply to Parliament for powers, the object of which is, to furnish a purer liquid, by obtaining it from higher and less corrupted sources than heretofore.

Accident.—By an unfortunate accident, on Wednesday, at Covent Garden Theatre, an ignition of the foul air and essential oils left in the gasometers took place, and two individuals unhappily lost their lives, and several others were dreadfully scorched. We are not of those who join the hue and cry of danger on such occasions; but after the untoward events at the Coburg, the Argyll Rooms, and Covent Garden, we trust that no place of public resort will continue to manufacture gas upon the premises.

Fever at Gibraltar.—In consequence of the continued fever at Gibraltar, it has been proposed to the faculty of medicine at Toulouse to strengthen the medical commission which had been sent out by the Academy at Paris. The reports which have reached Toulouse from Gibraltar fully confirm the statements already given as to the nature of the fever, which is said to be very much like that which mani-

probably about 1500*l.* per annum; but performing charities above all estimation.—*Ed.*

fested itself a few years ago upon the Spanish coast, at a few leagues from Gibraltar. It is stated in a letter received by the faculty of medicine at Toulouse, that one of the Spanish physicians at Gibraltar, who had by him a phial of hydrocyanic (Prussic) acid, had prescribed it in large doses with the most beneficial effect; and it is recommended by the writer to those who may be sent out, to provide themselves with this powerful but, under right management, useful medicine. M. Moreau de Jonnes, in a recent sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, attributed the fever to the arrival there of a Swedish ship from the Havannah, the crew of which were so affected; but it does not appear, from the latest accounts which have reached France and this country, that it has been clearly traced to such an origin.

Philosophical Literature.—In the course of the last year, the Academy of Bordeaux proposed as a prize question, "What has been the influence of the doctrines of Bacon and Descartes upon the progress of human intellect?" The prize has been awarded to two young men, natives of Bordeaux, for a memoir, in which they establish, that the enlightened views of these writers, as applied to discoveries in chemistry and natural history, by directing attention to them, have been of important service in improving the condition and knowledge of mankind.

French Academy.—M. le Comte Daru, a peer of France, has been elected to supply the place in the French Academy, vacant by the death of M. le Comte Andreossy; and M. Puissant has been elected a member of the Section of Geometry, in the room of the great Laplace.

New Art.—A M. Nobili lately presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences a great number of steel plates, upon which, by a new discovery, he had been able to paint as upon board or paper.

Anecdote.—The smell of the gas-lights at Covent Garden Theatre has been loudly complained of, and led to the temporary closing of the theatre. We cannot say that we are ourselves partial to scents of this kind, but the censurers ought to be aware that even on such points there may exist varieties of taste. A lady of very high rank, so far from finding the smell of lamps disagreeable, was wont, when in the country, to lean over the stair balusters, and, blowing out the lights, inhale, with immense satisfaction, the effluvia of the wicks, exclaiming, "Ah! this is delicious; it puts me so much in mind of the Opera House!"

Melancholy Death!—The Duke of Devonshire's elephant died the other day, at his residence, Chiswick. The black swan is seen in mourning upon the adjoining lake; and the cockatoo in the garden has never spoken since this great and heavy loss occurred. The principal sausage-makers in town express infinite regret that the event did not occur nearer Christmas-time; when, like court mourning, it might have been made convenient to trade, wholesale and retail.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Rev. Charles Forster, B.D. Chancellor of Ardfert, announces a work entitled Mahometanism Unveiled: being an Attempt to explain, on new but strictly Scriptural Principles, the growth and permanence of this Arch-heresy: founded on an examination of History, both Sacred and Saracenic, and of Prophecy, as delivered in the Old and New Testament.

Mr. Jennings is preparing a work entitled the Tower Menagerie; comprising the Natural History of the Animals contained in that Establishment, with Anecdotes of their Character and History, illustrated by a Portrait of each, drawn from the life by Mr. Harvey, and engraved on wood by Branston and Wright, with appropriate Vignettes, and printed by Mr. Whittingham. The Prospectus affords us a very favourable opinion of the embellishments, printing, and general style of the work.

Among the principal Memoirs which will appear in the Annual Biography and Obituary for 1829, are the following: Archbishop Sutton—Dugald Stewart, Esq.—Sir J. E. Smith—the Hon. Mrs. Damer—Bishop Tomline—the Margravine of Anspach—Sir Richard J. Strahan—Dean Hook—Captain Clapperton—Richard P. Bonington, Esq.—Archdeacon Coxe—Lady Caroline Lamb—the Rev. Edward Forster—Sir Henry Torrens—Henry Neele, Esq.—Dr. Mason Good—William Lowndes, Esq.—Harry Stoe Van Dyk, Esq.—Vice-Admiral Nowell, &c. &c.

We understand that the fourth edition of Friendly and Seasonable Advice to the Roman Catholics of England, with an Appendix and Notes by the Rev. Walter Farquhar, M.A. is on the eve of publication by Messrs. Rivington.

The facetious, alliterative, and anecdotical Mr. Wadd has a new work in the press, with the piquant title of Comments on Corpulency—Lineaments of Leanness—Mems. and Maxims on Diet and Dietetics.

Mr. James Sheridan Knowles' new comedy of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green is in a state of forwardness for publication.—[We believe it was printed at Glasgow a couple of years ago.—*Ed.*]

The French Press.—It is stated in a letter from Paris, that one of the first efforts of the liberal party in the French Chamber of Deputies, will be a motion for the abolition of the despotic power now possessed by the French government, of suppressing any production of the press which is offensive to them. As experience has shewn that this mode of suppression does not operate to the extent that is desired by its advocates, it will probably meet with less opposition from the government than it would receive under different circumstances. It has been shewn, that in less than a fortnight after the suppression of Berenger's last volume of songs, 5000 copies were sent from Brussels (where they had been printed), and disposed of in the frontier towns of France; and that in Paris itself three editions of these songs were privately printed and sold, to the injury of the possessor of the copyright, but without answering the purpose which was intended by the government. The same thing is said to have occurred with a work called Journées Mémorables de la Révolution Francaise, published in small volumes, at five sous each, and from which Sir Walter Scott has borrowed largely in his Life of Napoleon. This work, when prohibited in Paris by the government, was reprinted at Brussels and in Leipzig, and an immense number found their way back to Paris.

The Rev. F. Valpy, author of the Second Greek Delectus, is preparing for publication a Second Latin Delectus, with copious English Notes at the end. It is intended as a Sequel to Dr. Valpy's Latin Delectus.

The Rev. J. Seager, who lately edited Viger on the Idioms of the Greek Language, has in the press Hoogeveen on the Greek Particles, translated into English, and abridged, for the Use of Schools. It is his intention to publish Bos and Hermann on the same plan.

The second volume of Mr. Sharon Turner's Modern History of England is in the press. It will, we are informed, contain the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth; with Chapters on the Corruption of the Ancient Catholic Church, which occasioned the Reformation—On the Rise and Progress of Luther—On the History and Proceedings of the Council of Trent—and on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

There is announced, the Narrative of a Tour from the Bank to Barnes, by way of Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, &c. and the Countries west of London; with some Account of the Inhabitants and Customs of the Regions east of Kensington. By an Inside Passenger.

Preparing for publication, Friendly Advice to my Poor Neighbours, in a Series of Cottage Tales and Dialogues, by a Layman.

The Village Nightingale, and other Tales, is announced by Miss Dagley, the author of the Birthday, and our favourite little work of Fairy Favours.

A History of the University of Leyden, by Professor Siegerbeck, is announced.

Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist, in three volumes, by the Author of Waverley, is announced among the northern forthcoming publications prefixed to the Tales of a Grandfather.

There is evidently at this period two grand distinctions in the literary as well as in the religious and political world—indeed, the former is the necessary consequence of the latter. The London University, strictly connected with the dissenting interests, and not setting forward religious instruction as a vital principle, has given rise to the King's College, which the Church of England warmly supports, and where religious observances are to be conjoined with the system of education. In the same spirit, we observe, by an advertisement in our columns to-day, that the publications of the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge have prompted another set of men to publish a Library of Religious Knowledge. It will be a strange thing if, amidst all this competition, the public does not, as usual, reap the benefit, and become a well-taught public.

It is stated, that a Series of Letters of Charles XII. of Sweden, written from Bender, after the battle of Pultawa, has been discovered at Lubeck, and is likely to be published.

Preparing for publication, Ecclesiastical Annals, from the commencement of Scripture History to the Sixteenth Century; translated and abridged from the Latin of Professor Spanheim of Leyden, by the Rev. G. Wright.

In the Press.—An Account of the Fellowships, Scholarships, and Exhibitions attached to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Public and Endowed Grammar Schools, Chartered Companies, and Corporate Bodies; giving the Names of the Founders, and a Statement of the Qualifications requisite for the respective Candidates.—A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. P. Arnold,—An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb; shewing the advantages of Medical Treatment in early Infancy, by J. H. Curtis.—The Principles of Natural Philosophy developed and applied in Explaining the Phenomena of Chemistry, Electricity, Galvanism, &c., by Thomas Exley, A.M.—The Yule Log; being a Christmas Eve's Entertainment: and also a new work on Dancing, by T. Wilson, Teacher of Dancing.—Popular Lectures on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, by W. Carpenter.

*** We beg to repeat, that Advertisements can, on no account, be admitted in the *Literary Gazette* under this head, which is strictly confined to literary news, and in every respect gratuitously collected for the sake of general intelligence.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Butler's Geography, 8th edition, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Wellbeloved on Highways, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Memoir of Dr. Wright, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Ballantyne's Examination of the Human Mind, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Time's Telescope, 1829, 8s. bds.—East India Register, 1829, 10s. sewed.—Medical Calendar, or Guide to the Schools, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Godwin's (Mrs.) Wanderer's Legacy, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Churchyard Gleanings, &c., 12mo. 5s. bds.—The Golden Lyre, 18mo. 10s. 6d. silk.—Matheson's Advice to Religious Inquirers, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon, by Leo, Vol. II. 4to. 1l. 10s. bds.—Harding's Stenography, new edition, 12mo. 3s. sewed, or 3s. 6d. bd.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

November.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday .. 13	From 26. to 47.	29.69 to Stat.
Friday 14	—— 33. — 50.	29.69 — 29.33
Saturday .. 15	—— 40. — 51.	29.33 — Stat.
Sunday 16	—— 41. — 53.	29.22 — 29.30
Monday 17	—— 44. — 50.	29.50 — 29.71
Tuesday .. 18	—— 37. — 47.	29.83 — 29.86
Wednesday 19	—— 34. — 48.	29.82 — 29.96

Prevailing wind W. and S.W.

Except the 19th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.

Rain fallen, 1·55 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude.....51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude .... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

In the note to our last, on the low state of the thermometer, for *minutes*, read *degrees*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We plead haste, and even carelessness, in allowing the bad French of our last week's Paris Letter to pass uncorrected. The fact is, that in order to receive the latest news from that capital, our correspondence is *timed* to the last moment at which it can be received and printed before our sheet goes to press:—thus, errors, in the hurry of final correction and arrangement, sometimes escape *us*; but we will say, in justice to our printer and his assistants, that it would try the best that ever existed to publish a periodical work of its kind more *minutely* accurate in all its various parts than the *Literary Gazette*. We are, however, the more sorry for our fault in this instance, because we have intended, for some time, to expose the folly of using so much French phraseology in English writing, and too often using it *wrongly*.

We understand that it was Mr. W. A. Hastings by whom the copy of Cuyp, to which we last week alluded in our notice of the British Gallery, was executed.

We have to acknowledge many beautiful poetical contributions, of which we shall make selections as copiously and as quickly as we can. Of late, our Reviews have obliged us to quote so much verse, that we have been unwilling to overcharge our weekly sheet by inserting original compositions, however much we have felt their charms and silently thanked their authors. We are unable to render more particular answers, even respecting the York Rose.

Post-Office.—It may be useful to others as well as to us to know that letters put into the Paris post-office (and we presume other foreign post-offices) addressed to individuals in England, are not forwarded unless the postage is paid. We lately received an official notice from Paris that some correspondence in this predicament was lying for us, with an intimation, that, upon paying the charge and shewing the notice, the letters would be delivered. We accordingly wrote to a friend and inclosed the *avis*; but the attempt was fruitless—our friend was only bandied about through half-a-dozen different departments, and at last found that our letters (which cost us so much expense and trouble) had been burnt a fortnight before!!!

*** The late arrival of the Tales of a Grandfather, and the space we have devoted to a novelty, respecting which so much public curiosity existed, have obliged us to defer many articles which were prepared for this Number of the *Gazette*. Among these are a History of the Encke Comet—an Account of the Improvements at Munich—and a Statement of the Situation, Resources, &c. of Prussia, all from sources of high intelligence. Our own Reviews and miscellanies have also yielded on this occasion; the conclusion of Nollekens—Mrs. Godwin's Poems—Lunn's Tragedy—Musical Annual, &c. &c.

ERRATUM.—For Madame Mallebranche read Malibran, in our last week's notice of the King's Theatre.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

Published this day, price 6s. in a neat box.

OMNIBUS; or, New Game of Auctioneer and Camelopard. An entirely new and Mirthful Amusement for Winter Evening Parties, large or small, old or young, part of which is beautifully printed in Gold.

Published by D. Carvalho, No. 74, Chiswell Street, Finsbury Square; and may be had of all Booksellers and Toy Dealers; also at the Bazars.

Amusement for Evening Parties.

Just published by R. Ackermann, 96, Strand, a new and improved edition, in a neat Case, embellished with a design by R. Cruikshanks, price 4s. 6d. plain, or 5s. gilt,

THE SIBYL'S LEAVES; or, a Peep into Futurity: consisting of a Pack of Fifty-two Cards, on which are described, in prophetic Verse, the various Accidents and Changes incidental to the several Conditions, whether of Wife, Widow, Spinster, Bachelor, Benedict, or other subdivisions in the Scale of Life; the whole being rendered peculiarly available for the purpose of Information as to the future, combined with much present Entertainment. Various useful admonitory Hints are likewise interspersed.

Also,

The Sphynx; or, One Hundred and Twelve Original and Entertaining Riddles, Charades, &c. &c. in English and French. 2d edition.

THE ETON COMPARATIVE ATLAS of ANCIENT and MODERN GEOGRAPHY, containing 53 coloured Maps, on a new Plan, by Mr. ARROWSMITH, Hydrographer to the King, is just published. It is compiled from original Authorities, for the Use of the Students at Eton College, and is dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. Dr. Keate. Price 2l. 2s. boards; or 2l. 15s. full coloured, and half-bound.

The Work is accompanied by a Set of Skeleton Outlines.

To be had at the Author's, Soho Square; at the Eton Warehouse, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street; and at Williams's Library, Eton.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

In 12mo. 8s. 6d. 3d edition of the

CAMPAIGNS of the BRITISH ARMY at WASHINGTON and NEW ORLEANS.

By the Author of, and now printed uniformly with, the "Subaltern."

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Then we have the young artist, possessing all the faults and the unhappiness, with all the redeeming beauty of genius;—the stern republican feeding his fierce enthusiasm, till crime seems but a harsh necessity,—brought into admirable contrast with Crauford, whose pitiful guilt is but the result of selfish and sensual indulgence. We have also the volunteer gipsy, a lover of liberty too, but satisfied with taking it himself, without either extending it to or abridging it in others:—and last, though not least, Mr. Talbot, votary and victim of vanity, whose story forms one of the most masterly episodes in the work,—the strength and weakness of *vanity* being exhibited in very striking colours. There is not, however, more variety of character than of style; the serious reflection of the tasked mind succeeds some even poetical bursts of the imagination; and if there be much of grave and serious converse, it is companioned by the most lively wit. In making our extracts we will open the page and take our chance. The following passage is a beautiful specimen of the author's more serious style:—

"How little, when we read the work, do we care for the author! How little do we reck of the sorrow from which a jest has been forced, or the weariness that an incident has beguiled! But the power to fly from feeling, the recompense of literature for its heart-burnings and cares, the disappointment and the anxiety, the cavil and the 'censure sharp,'—even this passes away, and custom drags on the dull chain which enthusiasm once so passionately wore! Alas, for the age when, in the creation of fiction, we could lose the bitterness and barrenness of truth! The sorrows of youth, if not wholly ideal, borrow at least from the imagination their colour and their shape. What marvel, then, that from the imagination come also their consolation and their hope? But now, in manhood, our fancy constitutes but little of our afflictions, and presents to us no avenues for escape. In the toil, the fret, the hot, the unquiet, the exhausting engrossments of maturer years, how soon the midnight lamp loses its enchantment, and the noon-day visions their spell! We are bound by a thousand galling and grinding ties to this hard and unholy earth. We become helots of the soil of dust and clay; denizens of the polluted smoke, the cabined walls, and the stony footing of the inhospitable world. What *now* have our griefs with the 'moonlit melancholy,' the gentle tenderness of our young years? Can we tell them any more to the woods and waterfalls? Can we make for them a witness of the answering sea, or the sympathising stars? Alas! they have now neither commune nor consolation in the voices of nature or the mysteries of romance; they have become the petty stings and the falling drops, the irritating and vexing littlenesses of life; they have neither dignity on the one hand, nor delusion on the other. One by one they cling around us, like bonds of iron; they multiply their links; they grow over our hearts; and the feelings, once too wild for the very earth, fold their broken wings within the soul. Dull and heavy thoughts, like dead walls, close around the laughing flowers and fields that so enchanted us of yore; the sins, the habits, the reasonings of the world, like rank and gloomy fogs, shut out the exulting heavens from our view; the limit of our wandering becomes the length of our chain; the height of our soarings, the summit of our cell. Fools—fools that we are, then, to imagine that the works of our later years shall savour of the freedom and aspirations of our youth; or that amidst all which hourly and momentarily recalls and binds our hearts and spirits to the eternal '*self*,' we can give life, and zest, and vigour, to the imaginary actions and sentiments of another!"

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"We have often thought that principle to the mind is what a free constitution is to a people: without that principle, or that free constitution, the one may be for the moment as good—the other as happy; but we cannot tell how long the goodness and the happiness will continue. * * * There is no dilemma in which vanity cannot find an expedient to develop its form; no stream of circumstances in which its buoyant and light nature will not rise to float on the surface. And its ingenuity is as fertile as that of the player who (his wardrobe allowing him no other method of playing the fop) could still exhibit the prevalent passion for distinction, by wearing stockings of different colours."

How finely, but how truly, are the ensuing varieties of ambition drawn!

"The ambition of Clarence was that of circumstances rather than character; the certainty of having to carve out his own fortunes

without sympathy or aid, joined to those whispers of indignant pride which naturally urged him, if disowned by those who should have protected him, to allow no breath of shame to justify the reproach: these gave an irresistible desire of distinction to a mind naturally too gay for the devotedness, too susceptible for the pangs, and too benevolent for the selfishness, of ordinary ambition. But the very essence and spirit of Warner's nature was the burning and feverish desire of fame; it poured through his veins like lava; it preyed even as a worm upon his cheek; it corroded his natural sleep; it blackened the colour of his thoughts; it shut out, as with an impenetrable wall, the wholesome energies, and enjoyments, and objects, of living men; and taking from him all the vividness of the present, all the tenderness of the past, constrained his heart to dwell for ever and for ever upon the dim and shadowy chimeras of a future he was fated never to enjoy. * * *

"But as we have seen that that passion for glory made the great characteristic difference between Clarence and Warner, so also did that passion terminate any resemblance which Warner bore to Algernon Mordaunt. With the former, a rank and unwholesome plant, it grew up to the exclusion of all else: with the latter, subdued and regulated, it *sheltered*, not *withered*, the virtues by which it was surrounded. With Warner, ambition was a passionate desire to separate himself by fame from the herd of other men; with Mordaunt, to bind himself by charity yet closer to his kind: with the one it produced a disgust to his species; with the other, a pity and a love: with the one, power was the badge of distinction; with the other, the means to bless! * * *

"'Satire is a dwarf, which stands upon the shoulders of the giant Ill-Nature; and the kingdom of verse, like that of Epirus, is often left not to him who has the noblest genius, but 'the sharpest sword.'' 'Ah!' cried Mr. Perrivale, 'the wit of a satirist is like invisible writing: look at it with an indifferent eye, and, lo! there is none; hold it up to the light, and you can't perceive it; but rub it over with *your own spirit of acid*, and see how plain and striking it becomes.' * * *

"His manners were very cold, haughty, collected, and self-possessed, and his conversation that of a man who has cultivated his intellect rather in the world than the closet. We mean, that, perfectly ignorant of things, he was driven to converse solely upon persons, and having imbibed no other philosophy than that which worldly deceits and disappointments bestow, his remarks, though shrewd, were bitterly sarcastic, and partook of all the ill-nature for which a very scanty *connaissance du monde* gives a sour and malevolent mind so ready an excuse. 'How very disagreeable Lord Borodalle is!' said Lady Flora, when the object of the remark turned away, and rejoined some idlers of his corps. 'Disagreeable!' said Lady Westborough; 'I think him charming; he is so sensible. How true his remarks on the world are!' Thus is it always: the young judge harshly of those who undeceive or revolt their enthusiasm; and the more advanced in years, who have not learned, by a diviner wisdom, to look upon the human follies and errors by which they have suffered, with a pitying and lenient eye, consider every maxim of severity on these frailties as the mark of a superior knowledge, and praise that as a profundity of thought, which in reality is but an infirmity of temper. * *

"Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings: we are pleased, and we laugh; hurt, and we weep: we vent our little passions the moment they are excited; and so much of novelty have we to *perceive*, that we have little leisure to *reflect*. By and by, fear teaches us to restrain our feelings: when displeased, we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished; we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger, alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit: the promise made is not fulfilled, the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope wilfully disappointed; we are surrounded by systematised delusion, and we imbibe the contagion. From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so early do we learn the two main tasks of life, to suppress and to feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate. * * *

"As the petty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings—even so may *a single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the bark of Knowledge in the vast seas of Time.* * * *

"Never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area: the world can only judge by generals; it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiæ, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend."

Though we have extracted so many passages, we really must quote, almost entire, the humorous chapter on the advantages of a good heart.

"The next day, Sir Christopher Findlater called on Clarence. 'Let us lounge into the park,' said he. 'With pleasure,' replied Clarence; and into the park they lounged. By the way they met a crowd, who were hurrying a man to prison. The good-hearted Sir Christopher stopped—'Who is that poor fellow?' said he. 'It is the celebrated'—(in England all criminals are celebrated. Thurtell was a hero, Thistlewood a patriot, and Fauntleroy was discovered to be exactly like Buonaparte)—'it is the celebrated robber, John Jefferies, who broke into Mrs. Wilson's house, and cut the throats of herself and her husband, wounded the maid-servant, and split the child's skull with the poker.' * * * 'John Jefferies!' exclaimed the baronet, 'let us come away.' 'Linden,' continued Sir Christopher, 'that fellow was my servant once. He robbed me to some considerable extent. I caught him. He appealed to my heart, and you know, my dear fellow, that was irresistible, so I let him off. Who could have thought he would have turned out so?' And the baronet proceeded to eulogise his own good nature, by which it is just necessary to remark, that one miscreant had been saved for a few years from transportation in order to rob and murder *ad libitum*, and having fulfilled the office of a common pest, to suffer on the gallows at last. What a fine thing it is to have a good heart! Both our gentlemen now sunk into a reverie, from which they were awakened, at the entrance of the park, by a young man in rags, who, with a piteous tone, supplicated charity. Clarence, who to his honour be it spoken, spent an allotted and considerable part of his income in judicious and laborious benevolence, had read a little of political morals, then beginning to be understood, and walked on. The good-hearted baronet put his hand in his pocket, and gave the beggar half a guinea, by which a young, strong man, who had only just commenced the trade, was confirmed in his imposition for the rest of his life; and instead of the useful support, became the pernicious incumbrance, of society. Sir Christopher had now recovered his spirits. 'What's like a good action?' said he to Clarence, with a swelling breast. The park was crowded to excess; our loungers were joined by Lord St. George. His lordship was a stanch Tory. He could not endure Wilkes, liberty, or general education. He launched out against the enlightenment of domestics. 'What has made you so bitter?' said Sir Christopher. 'My valet!' cried Lord St. George; 'he has invented a new toasting-fork, is going to take out a patent, make his fortune, *and leave me*: that's what I call ingratitude, Sir Christopher; for I ordered his wages to be raised five pounds but last year.' 'It *was* very ungrateful,' said the ironical Clarence. 'Very!' reiterated the good-hearted Sir Christopher. 'You cannot recommend me a valet, Findlater,' renewed his lordship; 'a good, honest, sensible fellow, who can neither read nor write?' 'N—o—o—that is to say, yes! I can; my old servant, Collard, is out of place, and is as ignorant as—as—' 'I— or you are,' said Lord St. George, with a laugh. 'Precisely,' replied the baronet. 'Well, then, I take your recommendation: send him to me to-morrow at twelve.' 'I will,' said Sir Christopher. 'My dear Findlater,' cried Clarence, when Lord St. George was gone, 'did you not tell me some time ago, that Collard was a great rascal, and closely *lié* with Jefferies? and now you recommend him to Lord St. George!' 'Hush, hush, hush!' said the baronet; 'he was a great rogue, to be sure; but, poor fellow, he came to me yesterday with tears in his eyes, and said he should starve if I would not give him a character; so what could I do?' 'At least, tell Lord St. George the truth,' observed Clarence. 'But then Lord St. George would not take him!' rejoined the good-hearted Sir Christopher, with forcible *naïveté*. 'No, no, Linden, we must not be so hard-hearted; we must forgive and forget;' and so saying, the baronet threw out his chest, with the conscious exultation of a man who has uttered a noble sentiment. The moral of this little history is, that Lord St. George, having been pillaged 'through thick and thin,' as the proverb has it, for two years, at last missed a gold watch, and Monsieur Collard finished his career, as his exemplary tutor, Mr. John Jefferies, had done before him. Ah! what a fine thing it is to have a good heart. But, to return, just as our wanderers had arrived at the farther end of the park, Lady Westborough and her daughter passed them. Clarence, excusing himself to his friend, hastened towards them, and was soon occupied in saying the prettiest things in the world to the prettiest person, at least in his eyes; while Sir Christopher, having done as much mischief as a good heart well can do in a walk of an hour, returned home to write a long letter to his mother, against 'learning and all such nonsense, which only served to blunt the affections and harden the heart.' 'Admirable young man!' cried the mother, with tears in her eyes; 'a good heart is better than all the heads in the world.' Amen!"

Both for its intrinsic excellence, and because it illustrates the admirable character of Mordaunt, we select, in conclusion, the ensuing passage.

"'I believe,' answered Mordaunt, 'that it is from our ignorance that our contentions flow; we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred; but of the thing debated *upon*, we remain in the profoundest darkness. Like the labourers of Babel, while we endeavour in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which, for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth, remains for ever unadvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge is the universal language which shall re-unite us. As, in their sublime allegory, the Romans signified, that only through virtue we arrived at honour, so let us believe, that only through knowledge can we arrive at virtue!' 'And yet,' said Clarence, 'that seems a melancholy truth for the mass of the people, who have no time for the researches of wisdom.' 'Not so much so as at first we might imagine,' answered Mordaunt: 'the few smooth all paths for the many. The precepts of knowledge it is difficult to extricate from error; but, once discovered, they gradually pass into maxims: and thus what the sage's life was consumed in acquiring, become the acquisition of a moment to posterity. Knowledge is like the atmosphere,—in order to dispel the vapour and dislodge the frost, our ancestors felled the forest, drained the marsh, and cultivated the waste; and we now breathe, without an effort, in the purified air and the chastened climate,—the result of the labour of generations and the progress of ages! As, to-day, the common mechanic may equal in science, however inferior in genius, the friar whom his contemporaries feared as a magician,—so the opinions which now startle as well as astonish, may be received hereafter as acknowledged axioms, and pass into ordinary practice. We cannot even tell how far the sanguine theories of certain philosophers deceive them, when they anticipate, for future ages, a knowledge which shall bring perfection to the mind, baffle the diseases of the body, and even protract, to a date now utterly unknown, the final destination of life: for Wisdom is a palace of which only the vestibule has been entered; nor can we guess what treasures are hid in those chambers, of which the experience of the past can afford us neither analogy or clue.'"

We could have wished to introduce that most exquisite picture of childhood, the daughter of Isabel St. Leger; some of Lord Aspeden's diplomatic quotations and compliments; and some of Mr. Brown's presents: but our limits have already rather been devoted to the *Disowned* in a proportion due to its superior excellence, than according to our usual scale of novel reviewing. We must therefore content ourselves with pointing attention to the admirable colloquies between Talbot and Clarence, and, above all, to those in which Algernon Mordaunt takes a part. The last scene in which the latter appears is almost a perfect specimen of imagination working up reality to the most intense pitch of interest. Such being the prominent characteristics of this publication, it must command a far higher and wider scope of readers than the ordinary class of novel devourers, though even for these it possesses every possible attraction. Few, very few, productions of its genus leave on the mind so strong a conviction of vivid powers in the author, or a more perfect persuasion that, though much has been done by him, a splendid "*more* remains behind." In a word, we have no hesitation in acknowledging him to be one of the foremost writers of our day; and his works to maintain not merely a very elevated, but a very original station, as far removed from the class of fashionable novels as they differ from those founded on historical data. Of the Introduction we have only space to add, that it is as witty as it is lively: altogether, if *Pelham* justly raised for its author a very high character, the *Disowned* will raise it far higher.

A New Year's Eve, and other Poems. By Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. 244. London, 1828. Hatchard and Son.

We remember once sitting to rest in one of those country churchyards only to be found in England. It was a small, gray church, whose square tower was overgrown with stonecrop, and the gilding on the old clock tarnished with many years; the tombstones looked almost as mouldering as the bones they protected; but the low wall which surrounded it was washed by a little river, or almost brook, keeping up a constant but sweet murmur, and bearing away the leaves as they fell, till, having escaped the shadow of the yews and the wall, it wandered off into the distant fields, one silvery line of dancing sunshine. We are tempted to compare this to the author whose work is open before us; for there are pages filled with pure and holy thoughts, often sad, but chastened with religious cheerfulness, and having for inspiration that hope which is in Heaven. The ensuing poems will well illustrate the spirit of their companions.

"*The Nightingale Flower.*

Fair flower of silent night!
Unto thy bard an emblem thou shouldst be:
His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,
Silence and solitude its depths unseal:
Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
Their life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
To give imagination holier scope,
And deem that thus the future may fulfil
A loftier hope?

That, as thy lovely bloom
Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,
With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray;—

So in life's dark decline,
When the grave's shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hopes may, like thy blossoms shine
Bright at the last;

And as the grateful scent
Of thy meek flower, the memory of my name!
Oh! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame?

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hope's fair blossom, like thy flowret, brave
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
Of an eternal, though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay!"

"*A Winter Thought.*

Dear friend! long tried and faithful proved
In hours of grief and gloom;
In such more justly prized and loved
Than in joy's brightest bloom;—

Well may that cheerless winter sky,
That one bright star above,
Recall thy worth and constancy
To gratitude and love.

The steersman, in a summer night,
When cloudless are the skies,
May gaze upon their orbs of light,
Till slumber seal his eyes;

But when the winds are loud and stern,
And Heaven is drear and dark,
To one alone his glance will turn,
By that he guides his bark!

So clouds have veiled each star and sun,
Once wont my sky to cheer;
And thou art now the polar one,
By which my course I steer.

The blossoms of life's spring-tide gay,
My path have long since fled,
My summer foliage passed away,
My autumn fruit been shed.

But thou in winter's storms art yet
Unchanged in faith to me;
And dear though hopeless seems the debt
I long have owed to thee."

With these brief examples we take our leave of this volume, recommending it as a fitting missal to awaken "those serious but withal sweet musings" which dwell on "the old year's solemn close." We should also mention that there are many poems which must please the most careless reader; and a frontispiece of calm moonlight shining upon the miracle of Peter's walking on the sea, drawn and engraved by no less eminent an artist than Martin. Mr. Barton's poems hardly need any adventitious recommendation; and this new production will be very acceptable to all the admirers of his earlier works.

A New System of Signals, by which Colours may be wholly dispensed with. Illustrated by Figures, and a Series of Evolutions, describing in a familiar manner the general Movements of a Fleet. By Rear-Admiral Raper. 4to. pp. 144. London, 1829. Saunders and Otley.

Though at this time the glorious right arm of Britain is resting quietly, but imposingly, by her side, yet there is no time at which the interests and the improvement of the navy do not deserve the most earnest attention of England and of Englishmen. We are much afraid that far too many important discoveries and ingenious inventions, connected with every description of public service, are looked upon coldly by boards and persons in authority, who, pestered with hundreds of idle and foolish schemes, get into a temper of disliking all new projects, and of setting their faces against all alterant experiments. Those who have grown old in any system which has worked well, are apt to entertain a general impression hostile to innovations; and when to this is superadded the annoyance of having to decide on many wild and senseless projects, it is not surprising that they should frequently condemn, without giving them a fair trial, the most original and able plans which science or talent can suggest.

These reflections do not apply very specifically to the case brought before us by Admiral Raper, whose complaint seems rather to be, that his *Code of Signals* has been in great measure adopted, while he has been denied the honour and reputation justly his due for devising it, and no less a creditable object of honest ambition to a British seaman. We, in our literary capacity, are neither sufficiently acquainted with the Admiralty course of proceedings and motives of action, nor with naval tactics, to venture on any opinion beyond what the gallant admiral's statements warrant; and we shall therefore best discharge our duty by laying these statements, in their simplicity, before our readers, and especially submitting them to our sea-borne friends who so effectually help Britannia to rule the waves. The preface contains some curious historical particulars respecting the discipline and direction of the navy:

"Little (observes the author) is known of the conduct of fleets, or of the signals which directed them, till the reign of Charles II., when James, Duke of York, on becoming Admiral of England, bestowed his attention on the improvement of the service; and observing in the battles which he fought with the Dutch, the confusion and disorder which arose from the want of preconcerted plans of attack and defence, and of mutual assistance and support in action, he conceived the idea of assimilating

the movements of a fleet to those of an army: and on that plan was established the line of battle, composed of squadrons and subdivisions, which were thus brought to act collectively or separately, according to circumstances. To him also we owe the general sailing and fighting instructions, which continued, till after the commencement of the war in 1792, to be the only signals established by authority for general use. They had, however, before that period, become too limited for the increased demands of the service; and each admiral, therefore, issued his own plan of signals to the ships under his immediate command. This gave occasion to the exercise of different schemes; and by engaging experienced officers to turn their thoughts to the subject, was the means of introducing many improvements. In this manner first appeared the numeral method, unquestionably the most simple and comprehensive that has yet been brought into use, and by which signals, which till then depended on the particular part of the ship where they were displayed, were now exhibited wherever they could be best discerned. But, in fact, the numeral method has never been strictly adhered to; as no code, on a uniform principle, has from that period to the present been adopted. Signals have, therefore, been merely arranged alphabetically, and numbered progressively, without any regard to the importance of their respective significations; and as exigencies have occurred, they have been met by temporary expedients only—generally by additional flags and pendants, described by names and letters; all of which being distinguished one from another by *colours alone*, have occasioned frequent and irremediable mistakes. Having served as signal-lieutenant to Earl Howe, from the time he hoisted his flag in 1793 till my promotion after the action of the 1st of June, 1794, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the defects of *colours*, and was accordingly led to seek for a more positive distinction. This I at length discovered in the various combinations of which flags and pendants are susceptible; for, by merely classing the signals according to their significations, and by assigning to each class a particular *combination*, all ambiguity is effectually removed as long as a flag can be distinguished from a pendant; a principle so self-evident, that it seems extraordinary that it should in the present day appear as a novelty."

Having thus broadly explained his theory, Admiral Raper goes on to relate, that in 1815 he made it known at the Admiralty, where it was favourably received;—that in 1822 it was again brought under their lordships' notice, when Sir George Cockburn informed the admiral that the board had no intention of changing the signals then in use;—that in 1825, having carefully examined these signals, the worthy and persevering author again transmitted his system to the Admiralty, pointed out its superiority, and represented, that as it "required less than half the number of flags and pendants, an important economy would result from the adoption of it." He proceeds:—"On that occasion their lordships honoured me with a letter of thanks; and my code, together with two others, composed also by admirals, was submitted to a committee of flag officers, one of whom, after having had our signals under his examination for about a month, resigned his seat and gave in a code of his own." We confess that at first sight this appears to be very disingenuous; since any man of common understanding may produce the best of plans, and have all the merit of them, if he be allowed, *à priori*, to distil the brains of other clever and sagacious persons. We believe that the fame and profit of dramatic authorship has not seldom been obtained in this sort of way; but we can scarcely imagine that the tricks of a theatre could be a precedent for gentlemen, and far less for high official dignitaries. We think there must have been other circumstances in this case, therefore, of which Admiral Raper has not been aware. In conclusion, it is stated from the board, that it had adopted no one code, but that the committee were directed to select from the several propositions such as might form the best general system of signals—and afterwards, that no part of Admiral Raper's had been so selected. Some points of discussion ensue upon this: Admiral Raper claims the invention of the use of the ball to direct distant signals to be employed—the board reply that it may have suggested itself to their lordships; but at any rate they will not keep up the ball by any farther investigation. Admiral R. then takes out a patent for the sake of asserting and preserving his priority; and he concludes by declaring that he has been driven to this step in consequence of being "debarred from every hope of obtaining the object which has encouraged his endeavours for the last thirty years, and which the general commendation bestowed on those endeavours justified him in looking forward to with confidence—viz. the official notice due to successful exertions for the public service—the animating incentive to professional devotion."

Thus stands the question between the gallant admiral and the board of Admiralty; which having recorded in an unvarnished and impartial manner, we now turn to the more important matter of the work itself. As far as we can judge, it does appear to us, that the admirable code here explained, the production of an officer who has long devoted his time and talents to the subject of Signals, is of extreme interest to the service, and manifestly gives a new aspect to the science of signals at sea.

It may be necessary to premise, that hitherto *colours* have been the only means of communicating: in the code before us, they are not only of secondary import; but whenever, from circumstances, they become indistinct or invisible, they may be wholly dispensed with. It is further to be observed, that hitherto all "significations" have been thrown indiscriminately together in the signal-book, with a total and perplexing disregard to the nature or importance of their purport. Admiral Raper, on the contrary, collects all the signals pertaining to each subject respectively under a distinct head or class, and exhibits each class under a specific combination of flags or pendants. For instance, the important movements of the fleet are directed by a combination of two flags—signals addressed *to* ships in chase, by a *pendant* over a flag; signals *from* ships in chase (which are supposed to be under a press of sail), by a *flag* over a pendant. "In like manner (as the admiral says), signals of *opposite senses* are contrasted with each other as much as possible, by which means they are understood as soon as they are seen." For example, "Danger, steer to starboard," is flag No. 6; "Danger, steer to port," is pendant No. 6. These necessary distinctions seem hitherto to have escaped notice.

The professional reader will also perceive that signals by "private ships" are made under a form quite different from those made by the admiral. This distinction is the basis of a new mode of interrogation, which is effected without the introduction of any auxiliary or supernumerary symbol, with equal facility whether *colours* be *visible* or not.

Speaking of symbols, we cannot omit to notice the judicious arrangement of the author, who employs only twenty-four symbols, instead, as has been hitherto the practice, of *double* the number. For it is manifest, that in efforts to distinguish colours alone (though, by the admiral's system, they may be dispensed with at pleasure), there are about two dozen "guesses," to use a Yankee phrase, less to make.

It appears somewhat extraordinary to us, who are "rated landsmen," that the powers of a language should be increased by the diminution of the letters of the alphabet; but this is nevertheless the fact; for, in addition to all the communications which can be possibly required in a sea-code of signals, the admiral can express, as he proves in page 129, "*Forty thousand* numbers, which are ten thousand more than the words of the language."* This we think sufficient to satisfy the most loquacious appetites; and we heartily wish that many of our orators, in parliament and out, were obliged to deliver themselves by signals, instead of verbose declamation.

The utility of contrasting signals of opposite purposes is obvious, and doubtless suggested by the experience of the admiral, who must have witnessed many serious mistakes, in consequence of the absurd practice pursued in arranging purports, by which signals of an affirmative nature have been uniformly placed next in the signal book to those of a negative import. For example, if 1—2—3 expressed, "I can bring the enemy to action;" 1—2—4 signified, "I *cannot* bring the enemy to action." Therefore, if the nethermost flag of the three composing the signal (and which necessarily must be always the most difficult to distinguish), was indistinct or invisible, no possible means existed of deciding which of the two opposite communications was to be acted upon.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into a lengthened analysis of a work so replete with professional information, nor would it be easy to do so; but, before we dismiss it entirely, we must not omit to notice a striking feature in former codes, which, as a shore-going gentleman observed, would lead one to suppose that the navy had been manned for the last thirty years by Irishmen,—we allude to the palpable blunder of one ship employing a coloured signal to intimate to another, already far beyond the visual range of all colour but "twilight gray," that colours, forsooth, were not visible,—as, if one ship could not make out colours, how the deuce could the other? This error, which, as it appears from his preface, the admiral has been endeavouring to remove for the last fifteen years, has hitherto been a dead block to all distant communication.

In conclusion, we feel not a little proud that so many improvements in the science of signals are the invention of a British Admiral; and we have only to add the motto of Nelson,—"Palmam qui meruit ferat."

The Beauties of Saint Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. Selected and translated from the Writings of John Peter Camus, Bishop of Bellay. 12mo. pp. 251. Longman and Co.

ONE of the greatest ornaments of the Romish church was this disciple of the Jesuits, who

* Here we think the admiral rather a-head of his reckoning; for, even in these coining days, there are

was driven from his diocese by the prevalence of Protestantism in Geneva, and who seems to have been one of the most virtuous and excellent of men. Of noble birth and true piety, we (regardless of creeds, where genuine good is evidently the rule of life and conduct) must say that, to our minds, these *beauties* of Saint Francis de Sales present a man liberal in his opinions, tolerant in every thing, moderate, wise, just, candid, and merciful. His church may be accused of bigotry, but he was no bigot; his church has canonised him, but he would have been more dreadfully distressed than any other human being at the profanation of being made a saint, to be worshipped by his fellow-creatures. The abuse is odious; yet we ought to pay the tribute due to an illustrious character, of patriarchal simplicity and the highest moral attainments.

De Sales was born in 1567, and died in 1622. He was sainted by Alexander VII. in 1661. These remains of him are from the voluminous writings of Camus, Bishop of Bellay, his almost disciple, and altogether friend; and, with no arrangement of heads, but a considerable infusion of matters less worthy of record, they are eminently entitled to consideration on several grounds. At a period when Catholic Emancipation is the watchword of a fierce party, it is delightful to contemplate a pure Roman Catholic bishop and Christian, of such reputation among those of his own religious opinions as to be afterwards canonised, speaking of worldly as well as of spiritual matters in a tone that would do honour to human nature, whether it prided itself in reform or philosophy. Would that we could recommend the doctrines of St. Francis de Sales to the imitation of his own church, and to the liberal construction of ours. From the volume we shall give a few extracts, not of a religious or polemical cast, but of universal application.

"*Do your duty, and let the world talk.*—As I was going to preach at Paris, during Lent, St. Francis taught me to be indifferent to what the world says, by the following recital:—'The principal of a college placed the great clock under the care of an idle man, to whom he thought the occupation would be an amusement; but having tried, he declared that he had never found any act of obedience so tiresome or difficult. 'Why,' said the principal, 'you have only to wind it up regularly.' 'Oh no, not that, but I am tormented on every side.' 'How so?' demanded the principal. 'Why,' said the poor man, 'when the clock loses a little, those who are labouring in the college complain; and when, to satisfy them, I advance it a little, those who are in the town come and abuse me because the clock gains. If, to please them, I retard it again, complaints are renewed on the other side: I am bewildered with their murmurs, for my head is like the bell against which the clock strikes,—I am attacked on all sides.' The principal consoled him with this advice:—'Keep to true time, give gentle and obliging words, and all parties will be satisfied.' 'Now,' continued St. Francis, 'you will be the butt for criticism; and if you stop to listen to all that is said about you, you will find no end of the objections and cavils of men. The question is, how are you to steer your way by gentle and obliging words. But, after all, follow your own path,—be guided by your own taste and judgment, and do not seek to conform to the caprice of all your auditors. Look only to God, and yield yourself to his guidance;—we do not desire to please men; why then should their opinion concern us? God, who reads the secrets of our hearts, is our judge; from him nothing is hid.'"

"*Coldness in prayer.*—When any one complained to the bishop of not experiencing any inward consolation or warmth of devotion in the exercise of prayer, instead of expressing compassion, he used to say, 'I always prefer dry sweetmeats to the more luscious syrups.'"

"*Singularity.*—St. Francis worked hard at banishing every appearance of singularity from religious families, saying, it was a fault which rendered piety odious and ridiculous. He wished external conformity in matters of indifference to our compeers in rank and situation, without any aim at notoriety, and cited the example of our Saviour, who, during his life on earth, was made like unto his brethren in all things, but without sin."

"*Patience in suffering.*—St. Francis was called on to pray by a person extremely ill, and who shewed, and really possessed, great fortitude, though her sufferings were severe. 'She has found,' said St. Francis, 'honey in the jaws of a lion.'"

"*Fidelity in trifles.*—A gentleman playing at a game, deceived his antagonist. St. Francis, who was present, and could not endure to see such meanness, shewed him his fault. 'Ho!' said the gentleman, 'you know we are only playing for farthings.' 'If you had been playing for gold, what would you have done? He who is faithful in a little, will be faithful in much; but the man who will deceive for a pin, will do so for a crown.' To this I add another saying of my friend:—'Great fidelity to God is shewn by abstaining from little faults: great crimes naturally excite horror, and are therefore less difficult to be avoided.'"

"*Innkeepers.*—St. Francis highly esteemed those persons who kept inns, and entertained travellers, provided they were civil and obliging, saying that no condition in life, he thought, had greater means of serving God and men; for it is a continual exercise of benevolence and mercy, though, like a physician, the fee is paid. One day after dinner, my friend was amusing us with his entertaining conversation, and the subject of innkeepers being accidentally started, the different persons present very freely gave their opinions on the subject, and one among them declared the whole set to be rogues. This did not please St. Francis; but as it was neither a fit time nor place for reproof, nor was the sarcastic gentleman in a mood to receive it, he turned the discourse by telling the following anecdote:—'A Spanish pilgrim, little burdened with money, arrived at an inn, where, after having served him very ill, they charged him so much for his bad fare, that he loudly exclaimed at their injustice. However, being the weak one, he was forced to give way, and be satisfied. He left the inn in anger, and observing that it was facing another inn, and that in the intermediate space a cross had been erected, he soothed his rage by exclaiming, 'Truly this place is a second Calvary, where the holy cross is stationed between two thieves' (meaning the two innkeepers). The host of the opposite hotel, without appearing to notice his displeasure, coolly asked what injury he had received from him, which he thus repaid by abuse? 'Hush, hush,' said the pilgrim; 'my worthy friend, be not offended, you are the good thief; but what say you of your neighbour, who has flayed me alive?' This civility,' pursued St. Francis, 'soothed the pilgrim's wrath; but we should be careful not to stigmatise whole nations or trades by terming them rogues, impertinent, &c.; for even if we have no individual in view, each individual of the nation or trade is a sufferer by the sarcasm, and cannot like to be so stigmatised.'"

"*Prudence and Simplicity.*—'I do not know,' said St. Francis, 'how that poor virtue, prudence, has offended me, but I cannot cordially like it—I care for it by necessity, as being the salt and lamp of life. The beauty of simplicity charms me—I would give a hundred serpents for one dove. Both together, they are useful, and Scripture enjoins us to unite them; but, as in medical compounds, many drugs must be put together to form a salutary draught, so I would not place any reliance on an equal dose, for the serpent might devour the inoffensive dove. People say that in a corrupt age like the present prudence is absolutely requisite to prevent being deceived. I do not blame this maxim, but I believe it is more Christian to let ourselves be devoured, and our goods spoiled, knowing that a better and more lasting inheritance awaits us. A good Christian would rather be robbed than rob others—rather be murdered than murderer—martyred than tyrant:—in one word, it is far better to be good and simple, than shrewd and mischievous."

In conclusion, we will simply observe, that if all Roman Catholics resembled this good man, or even if the agitators of the day were guided by a spirit like his, there would be no Catholic question.

Tales of a Grandfather, &c.

(Second Notice.)

Our review of this publication in the last *Literary Gazette* was, though hurried, so full, that we do not consider it requisite to continue our research much farther. We ought, perhaps, in justice to the work, to observe, that albeit our illustrations from it were more of story than history, yet that the chief of its value lies in the concise and lucid manner in which it treats the latter; and that we were only guided in our selections by the ease of separation and the entertaining quality of the subjects. Thus, if the mass of our extracts seemed to be rather amusing than instructive, it must not be supposed that such is the character of the *Tales*; which are, in good sooth, fully as instructive as they are amusing, and that is as much as can be said for a production of the kind. We shall now conclude our task with a few pieces from Vol. III.: and here is a good definition of Whig and Tory, to begin with:

"The failure of the invasions of Monmouth and Argyle, with the revenge which had been taken on their unfortunate leaders, was by James, in his triumph, recorded by two medals struck for the occasion, which bore on one side two severed heads, on the other two headless trunks—a device as inhuman as the proceedings by which these advantages had been followed up, and the royal vengeance unsparingly executed. The part of the nation which inclined to support the side of the king in all political discussions, now obtained a complete superiority over the rest. They were known by the name of Tories—an appellation borrowed from Ireland, where the irregular and desultory bands, which maintained a sort of skirmishing warfare after Cromwell had suppressed every national and united effort, were so called. Like the opposite term of Whig, Tory was at first used as an epithet of scorn and ridicule, and both were at length adopted as party distinctions, coming in place of those which had been used during the Civil War;

the English language but 22,000 words, of which 4000 are Old British, 1000 German, 15,000 Greek and Latin, and the remainder of a mixed or doubtful origin.

the word Tory superseding the term of Cavalier, and Whig being applied instead of Roundhead. The same terms of distinction have descended to our time, as expressing the outlines of the two political parties who divide the houses of parliament, and, viewed politically, the whole mass of the community. A man who considers that, in the general view of the constitution, the monarchial power is in danger of being undermined by the popular branches, and who therefore supports the crown in ordinary cases of dispute, is a Tory;—while one who conceives the power of the crown to be more likely to encroach upon the liberties of the people, throws his weight and influence into the popular scale, and is called a Whig. Either of these opinions may be honourably and conscientiously maintained by the party whom reflection or education has led to adopt it; and the existence of two such parties, opposing each other with reason and moderation, and by constitutional means only, is the sure mode of preventing aggression, either on the rights of the crown or on the privileges of the people, and of keeping the constitution itself inviolate; as the stays and rigging of a vessel straining against each other in opposite directions, tend to keep the ship's mast upright in its place. But as it is natural for men to drive favourite opinions into extremes, it has frequently happened that the Whigs, or the more violent part of that faction, have entertained opinions which tended towards democracy; and that the Tories, on the other hand, indulging in opposite prejudices, have endangered the constitution by their tendency towards absolute rule. Thus, in the great Civil War, the friends to popular freedom began their opposition to Charles I., in the laudable desire to regain the full extent of constitutional liberty; but could not bring the war to a conclusion until the monarchy was totally overthrown, and liberty overwhelmed in the ruins. In like manner, the Tories of Charles II. and James II.'s time, remembering the fatal issue of the civil wars, adopted the opposite and equally mistaken opinion, that no check could be opposed to the will of the sovereign, without danger of overthrowing the throne; and by their unlimited desire to enlarge the prerogative of the crown, they not only endangered the national liberty, but conducted the deluded sovereign to his ruin. When, therefore, we speak of any particular measure adopted by the Whigs or Tories, it would be very rash to consider it as deserving of censure or applause, merely on account of its having originated with the one or other of these parties. On the contrary, its real merits can only be soundly estimated when we have attentively considered its purpose and effect, compared with the general spirit of the constitution, and with the exigencies of the times when it was brought forward."

At the period when King William's ascendancy was established in Scotland, we have several curious anecdotes.

"In general, the choice of the ministry was approved of; but the king and his advisers were censured for bestowing too much confidence on Dalrymple, lately created Lord Stair, and Sir John Dalrymple, his son, called Master of Stair. A vacancy occurred for the promotion of the Earl of Stair in a singular manner. Sir George Lockhart, an excellent lawyer, who had been crown counsel in Cromwell's time, was, at the period of the Revolution, president of the Court of Session, or first judge in civil affairs. He had agreed to act as an arbiter in some disputes which occurred between a gentleman named Chiesley, of Dalry, and his wife. The president, in deciding this matter, had assigned a larger provision to Mrs. Chiesley than, in her husband's opinion, was just or necessary; and Dalry, a man headlong in his passions, was desperately offended, and publicly threatened the president's life. He was cautioned by a friend to forbear such imprudent language, and to dread the just vengeance of Heaven. 'I have much to reckon for with Heaven,' said the desperate man, 'and we will reckon for this amongst the rest.' In pursuance of his dreadful threat, Chiesley, armed for the purpose of assassination, followed his victim to the Grayfriars' church, in which Sir George usually heard service; but feeling some reluctance to do the deed within the sacred walls, he dogged him home, till he turned into the entry to his own house, in what is still called the President's Close. Here Chiesley shot the judge dead; and, disdaining to save his life by flight, he calmly walked about in the neighbourhood of the place till he was apprehended. He was afterwards tried and executed. The office of the murdered president (a most important one) was conferred upon Lord Stair; and that of king's advocate, equivalent to the situation of attorney-general, was given to his son, Sir John Dalrymple. * * *

"Besides his immediate and official counsellors, King William gave, in private, much of his confidence to a clergyman named Carstairs, who was one of his chaplains. This gentleman had given strong proof of his fidelity and fortitude; for being arrested in Charles II.'s time, on account of his connexion with the conspiracy called Jerviswood's Plot, he underwent the cruel torture of the thumbikins, which, as I before told you, were screws that almost crushed the thumbs to pieces. After the success of the Revolution, the magistrates of Edinburgh complimented Carstairs, then a man of importance, with a present of the instrument of torture by which he had suffered. The king, it is said, heard of this, and desired to see the thumbikins. They were produced. He placed his thumbs in the engine, and desired Carstairs to turn the screw. 'I should wish to judge of your fortitude,' said the king, 'by experiencing the pain which you endured.' Carstairs obeyed, but turned the screws with a polite degree of attention, not to injure the royal thumbs. 'This is unpleasant,' said the king, 'yet it might be endured. But you are trifling with me. Turn the engine so that I may really feel a share of the pain inflicted on you.' Carstairs, on this reiterated command, and jealous of his own reputation, turned the screws so sharply, that William cried for mercy, and owned he must have confessed any thing, true or false, rather than have endured the pain an instant longer. This gentleman became a particular confident of the king, and more trusted than many who filled high and ostensible situations in the state. He was generally allowed to be a man of sagacity and political talent, but his countrymen accused him of duplicity and dissimulation; and from that character he was generally distinguished by the nickname of Cardinal Carstairs."

Viscount Dundee's gallant exertions, and the battle of Killiecrankie, are described with great feeling, but we cannot pause upon them.

About 1690, when the Highlands were pacified, Sir Walter gives us an affecting sketch of another class of faithful Jacobites.

"There remained (he says) after the Highlands were thus partially settled, some necessity of providing for the numerous Lowland officers who had joined the standard of Dundee, and afterwards remained with his less able successors in command. These individuals were entitled to consideration and compassion. They amounted to nearly a hundred gentlemen, who, sacrificing their fortune to their honour, preferred following their old master into exile, to changing his service for that of another. It was stipulated that they should have two ships to carry them to France, where they were received with the same liberal hospitality which Louis XIV. shewed in whatever concerned the affairs of King James, and where, accordingly, they received for some time pay and subsistence in proportion to the rank which they had severally enjoyed in the exiled king's service. But when the battle of La Hogue had commenced the train of misfortunes which France afterwards experienced, and put a period to all hopes of invading England, it could not be expected that Louis should continue the expense of supporting this body of officers, whom there was now so little prospect of providing for in their own country. They therefore petitioned King James to permit them to reduce themselves to a company of private soldiers, with the dress, pay, and appointments of that rank, assuring his majesty, that they would esteem it a pleasure to continue in his service, even under the meanest circumstances, and the greatest hardships. James reluctantly accepted of this generous offer, and, with tears in his eyes, reviewed this body of devoted loyalists, as, stript of the advantages of birth, fortune, and education, they prepared to take upon them the duties of the lowest rank in their profession. He gave every man his hand to kiss—promised never to forget their loyalty, and wrote the name of each individual in his pocket-book as a pledge that, when his own fortune permitted, he would not be unmindful of their fidelity. Being in French pay, this company of gentlemen were of course engaged in the French service; and wherever they came, they gained respect by their propriety of behaviour, and sympathy from knowledge of their circumstances. But their allowance, being only threepence a-day, with a pound and a half of bread, was totally inadequate not only for procuring their accustomed comforts, but even for maintaining them in the most ordinary manner. For a time, they found a resource in the sale of watches, rings, and such superfluous trinkets as had any value. It was not unusual to see individuals among them laying aside some little token of remembrance, which had been the gift of parental affection, of love, or of friendship, and to hear them protest, that with this at least they would never part. But stern necessity brought all these relics to the market at last, and this little fund of support was entirely exhausted. About this time the company served under Marshal Noailles, at the siege of Rosas, in Catalonia, and distinguished themselves by their courage on so many occasions, that their general called them his children; and pointing out their determined courage to others, used to say, that the real gentleman was ever the same, whether in necessity or in danger. In a subsequent campaign in Alsace, this company of Scottish officers distinguished themselves by their voluntary attempt to storm a fort upon an island on the Rhine, defended by five hundred Germans. They advanced to the shore of that broad river under shelter of the night, waded into the stream, with their ammunition about their necks, and linked arm-in-arm, according to the Highland fashion. In the middle of the current the water was up to their breasts, but as soon as it grew more shallow, they untied their cartouch-boxes, and

marching ashore with their muskets shouldered, poured a deadly volley upon the Germans, who, seized with a panic, and endeavouring to escape, broke down their own bridges, and suffered a severe loss, leaving the island in possession of the brave assailants. When the French general heard of the success of what he had esteemed a desperate bravado, he signed himself with the cross in astonishment, and declared that it was the boldest action that ever had been performed, and that the whole honour of contrivance and execution belonged to the company of officers. The place was long called *l'Ile d'Ecossais*, the Scottishmen's Island, and perhaps yet retains the name. In these and similar undertakings, many of this little band fell by the sword; but their fate was enviable compared with that of those who died under the influence of fatigue, privations, and contagious diseases, which fell with deadly severity on men once accustomed to the decency and accommodations of social life, and now reduced to rags, filth, and famine. When, at the peace of Ryswick, this little company was disbanded, there remained but sixteen men out of their original number; and few of these ever again saw the country whose fame had been sustained and extended by their fidelity and courage. At length the last faint embers of civil war died away throughout Scotland. The last place which held out for King James was the strong island and castle in the Frith of Forth, called the Bass. This singular rock rises perpendicularly out of the sea. The surface is pasture-land, sloping to the brink of a tremendous precipice, which on all sides sinks sheer down into the stormy ocean. There is no anchorage ground on any point; and although it is possible, in the present state of the island, to land (not without danger, however), and to ascend by a steep path to the table-land on the top of the crag, yet at the time of the Revolution a strong castle defended the entrance, and the boats belonging to the garrison were lowered into the sea, or heaved up into the castle, by means of the engine called a crane. Access was thus difficult to friends, and impossible to enemies. This sequestered and inaccessible spot, the natural shelter and abode of gannets, gulls, and sea-fowl of all descriptions, had been, as I have before noticed, converted into a state prison during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; and was often the melancholy abode of the nonconformists, who were prisoners to government. The governor of the Bass held out from 1688 to 1690, when he surrendered to King William. It was shortly after recovered for King James by some Jacobite officers, who, sent thither as prisoners, contrived to surprise and overpower the garrison, and again bid defiance to the new government. They received supplies of provisions from their Jacobite friends on shore, and exercised, by means of their boats, a sort of privateering warfare on such merchant vessels as entered the Frith. A squadron of ships of war was sent to reduce the place, which, in their attempt to batter the castle, did so little damage, and received so much, that the siege was given up, or rather converted into a strict blockade. The punishment of death was denounced by the Scottish government against all who should attempt to supply the island with provisions; and a gentleman named Trotter, having been convicted of such an attempt, was condemned to death, and a gallows erected opposite to the Bass, that the garrison might witness his fate. The execution was interrupted for the time by a cannon-shot from the island, to the great terror of the assistants, amongst whom the bullet lighted; but no advantage accrued to Trotter, who was put to death elsewhere. The intercourse between the island and the shore was in this manner entirely cut off. Shortly afterwards the garrison became so weak for want of provisions, that they were unable to man the crane by which they launched out and got in their boats. They were thus obliged finally to surrender, but not till reduced to an allowance of two ounces of rusk to each man per day. They were admitted to honourable terms, with the testimony of having done their duty like brave men."

After this, the massacre of Glencoe forms a bloody but deeply interesting scene, in which the stain it has left on the memory of King William, and the more lasting and darker infamy on that of its planner, Sir J. Dalrymple, (in succession Earl of Stair,) are not obliterated: it concludes with the relation of a very striking fact, which is quite new to us.

"Although (says the author) it is here a little misplaced, I cannot refrain from telling you an anecdote connected with the preceding events, which befell so late as the year 1745-6, during the romantic attempt of Charles Edward, grandson of James II., to regain the throne of his fathers. He marched through the Low Countries at the head of an army consisting of the Highland clans, and obtained for a time considerable advantages. Amongst other Highlanders, the descendant of the murdered MacIan of Glencoe joined his standard with 150 men. The route of the Highland army brought them near to a beautiful seat built by the Earl of Stair, so often mentioned in the preceding narrative, and the principal mansion of his family. An alarm arose in the councils of Prince Charles, lest the MacDonalds of Glencoe should seize this opportunity of marking their recollection of the injustice done to their ancestors, by burning or plundering the house of the descendant of their persecutor; and as such an act of violence might have done the prince great prejudice in the eyes of the people of the Low Country, it was agreed that a guard should be posted to protect the house of Lord Stair. MacDonald of Glencoe heard the resolution, and deemed his honour and that of his clan concerned. He demanded an audience of Charles Edward; and admitting the propriety of placing a guard on a house so obnoxious to the feelings of the Highland army, and to those of his own clan in particular, he demanded, as a matter of right rather than favour, that the protecting guard should be supplied by the MacDonalds of Glencoe. If this request was not granted, he announced his purpose to return home with his people, and prosecute the enterprise no farther. 'The MacDonalds of Glencoe,' he said, 'would be dishonoured by remaining in a service where others than their own men were employed to restrain them, under whatsoever circumstances of provocation, within the line of their military duty.' The royal adventurer granted the request of the high-spirited chieftain, and the MacDonalds of Glencoe guarded from the slightest injury the house of the cruel and crafty statesman who had devised and directed the massacre of their ancestors. Considering how natural the thirst of vengeance becomes to men in a primitive state of society, and how much it was interwoven with the character of the Scottish Highlander, Glencoe's conduct on this occasion is a noble instance of a high and heroic preference of duty to passion."

The fatal Darien scheme is also an admirable chapter; and the narrative of affairs, feelings, commotions, intrigues, &c. &c. attendant on the great measure of *the Union*, is replete with interest. These parts, however, we must leave to our readers, young, middle-aged, and old; to all of whom we have only once more warmly and cordially to recommend this superior work.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, Author of "the Romance of History," &c. London, 1829. Smith, Elder, and Co.

MOST amiable in private life, of cultivated taste and unremitting industry, Mr. Henry Neele's memory is one that must be interesting to every lover of polite literature; but we confess our doubts whether these *Remains* are calculated to add very much to his reputation. The Lectures on Poetry display an elegance, but not much originality of criticism; and the Tales and Poems were scarcely worth collecting. They had their run in Magazines and Annuals, their destiny was fulfilled, and a second perusal is a severe test for all ephemeral publications of their class. Still, the whole volume is an entertaining melange; and we would direct the attention of our young readers to the Lectures, as well calculated to initiate them in the beauties of English verse.

Literary Souvenir for 1829.

THE large paper edition of this Annual has just been published; and though we were prepared for its *volumed* beauty by having examined early impressions of the plates, we ought to notice that it even exceeds the expectation we had formed of its appearance. It is, indeed, a captivating specimen of the class to which it belongs.

A Universal Prayer, Death, a Vision of Heaven, &c. By R. Montgomery. 8vo. pp. 188. Maunder.

THE quarto edition, with the portrait, of this popular poet having been disposed of, the admirers of the author, who are not inclined to purchase volumes so expensive, are indebted to the publisher for this early and moderately-priced copy. It contains, besides many corrections and improvements, a prefatory memorandum to the "Vision of Hell," in which Mr. Montgomery disclaims (as he had previously done in the *Literary Gazette*) all personalities. There are also, we observe, about thirty lines added to the poem on Death; that entitled Beautiful Influence has been considerably enlarged; and three or four smaller pieces have been appended to the finale. We make no doubt but that his second essay in sacred poetry will run as rapidly through many (seven) editions as his *Omnipresence of the Deity* has done.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Nov. 17th.

AT our most brilliant soirées in Paris, dancing has not as yet commenced, though the weather quite admits of quick movements; but until the Carnival arrives, it is not deemed *bon ton* to exhibit on the light fantastic toe. Nothing can be more intolerably stupid than are parties at present to those whose finances do not admit of playing high. Young ladies, dressed for show, sit mute and look demure, as the *ordonnances* of modesty require they should appear to shrink from coxcombs; whilst married women, on the contrary, are allowed to converse, listen to compliments, and go through all the manœuvres of coquetry.

Prayers are not forgotten or neglected in the midst of pleasure: the Ambassador's chapel is thronged on Sundays by foreigners and Eng-

lish. No British subject, tenacious of his reputation for *bon ton*, will offer up his orisons at any other altar. Many advantages, indeed, are concentrated in this place of worship. The fashions are displayed, great personages are seen *gratis*, *des belles dames* make conquests, Frenchmen get a lesson in the English language, and the pious hear a good sermon.

Madame de Genlis' last work, entitled, Le Dernier Voyage de Nelgis, (which word is an anagram on her name,) is severely censured by her enemies, and extolled by her friends; but it is read with avidity by all parties, owing, perhaps, to this very difference of opinion. Indeed it is a production peculiarly adapted to Parisian taste, as the *spirituelle* authoress raises the veil of secrecy, and commits some *demi* indiscretions, with regard both to her friends and neighbours. This whets curiosity, and gratifies the universal inclination to be initiated into the private history of distinguished individuals.

A new *bureau de mariage* is opened, and I hear is established for foreigners; even matrimonial unions may be arranged between the English and French, without the parties having the slightest trouble. The *entrepreneur* has a correspondent in London, who sends him over every week a list of ladies' names, a sketch of their personal appearance, and an exact account of their fortunes. From the description given of the *salon* of this marriage-broker, it must be really worth visiting, the walls are entirely covered with portraits *des dames*, some are represented as lame, others hump-backed, but all possessing the essential ingredient to conjugal happiness—*des écus*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ENCKE COMET.

[We have now accounts of this comet (so interesting in a scientific point of view to all the astronomical world) from many quarters; and we have briefly put together the principal observations that have been made upon it, from numerous sources. We are not inclined to make a parade of the diligence employed upon the *Literary Gazette* in order to supply its readers with the best and latest information: in this instance it can hardly escape notice: but we consider it no impertinent boast to mention, that besides the general mass of novel intelligence in our last sheet (not one column being destitute of matters of this kind) the first observation of the Encke comet, though conveyed in a paragraph of only four lines, was obtained at Deptford at the hour of Friday at which it is necessary for us to go to press, so that by working all night we may be ready for Saturday morning: and notwithstanding the despatch used in forwarding the account to our office, it would have been too late but for our having been somewhat delayed by another act of diligence, namely, the insertion of a review of the three volumes of Tales of a Grandfather, which only reached us on Thursday night.]

Dorpat, 6th Oct.—Seen by Professor Struve, Frauenhofer refractor. 13th Oct.—Right ascension, 7 hrs. 16 min. 1 sec.; N.D. 28° 44′ 7″, 10 hrs. 50 min. mean time at Dorpat.

Spires, 29th Oct.—The expected comet of Encke was seen yesterday evening from the observatory of the Royal Lyceum, in the constellation of Pegasus, in the very spot indicated by the calculations of the celebrated astronomer. It resembles a very faint nebula, and is not to be seen except by means of a good telescope.

Manheim, 29th Oct.—Encke's comet was seen here last night.

Turin, 5th Oct.—9 hrs. 50 min. mean time.

Right ascension . . .	342	0
North declination . .	23	17

Very faint: perceptible only through a powerful telescope. No nucleus.

Marseilles, 28th Oct.—The comet was seen from the Royal Observatory here, yesterday evening, by M. Gambart, near the seventy-eighth star of Pegasus, which was the place assigned by M. Encke.

Augsburg, 5th Nov.—M. Encke's comet was seen here last night, by M. Stark, near the star *h*, of the fifth magnitude, between the two large stars Scheat and Markab. It looked like a very faint and pale nebulous spot, without nucleus or tail, and could not be seen except by the aid of a powerful telescope.

Berlin, 13th Nov.—Encke's comet was first seen here last month (date not given), by a private gentleman, M. Kunowsky, by means of an excellent telescope, made by Frauenhofer. M. Kunowsky invited M. Encke himself to come and observe the comet from his observatory (before it was to be seen through the telescopes of the government observatory).

Frankfort.—The last Number of the Geographical and Astronomical Analecta, by Professor Gruithausen, fixes the 13th of December, at seven in the morning, as the time when Encke's comet will be at its smallest distance from the earth. According to Damoiseau's Ephemerides, the distance of this comet, on that day, is calculated at 9,865,100 geographical miles,*—which is two millions of miles nearre to the earth than it was on the 28th of October: this will make a vast difference in the intensity of its light.

The newspapers state, that the comet was observed by Mr. South, on the 30th of October, and by Sir Thomas Brisbane, near Kelso, on the 26th; but these are evidently notices of the nebulæ which, in the first instance, being so near the spot where the comet was anticipated, deceived several very watchful astronomers.

For further particulars see the conclusion of our monthly astronomical report, which follows, and our Meteorological Journal.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER.

21st day, 7 hrs. 22 min.—the sun attains its greatest southern declination in Sagittarius.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Ophiuchus .	6	16	14
☽ First Quarter in Aquarius .	13	9	39
○ Full Moon in Gemini . . .	20	18	28
☾ Last Quarter in Virgo . .	28	22	41

Occultation.—The moon will pass over σ Leonis on the 25th day.

	H.	M.	S.
Immersion	10	15	4
Emersion	11	3	42

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Virgo	3	13	0
Mercury in Libra	5	3	0
Jupiter in Scorpio	5	13	0
Mars in Aquarius	12	11	30
Saturn in Cancer	23	12	0

1st day—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible as a morning star.

7th day—Venus will appear with 7 digits of the eastern limb illuminated, and apparent diameter of 15 sec.

Mars will continue during the month a conspicuous object in the south, early in the evening.

Jupiter, towards the end of the month, will have escaped from the solar rays, and be visible 2¼ deg. west of Venus. Jupiter will make a close approach to the bright double star in the head of the Scorpion at the following times:

	D.	H.
1 β Scorpii	13	11
2 β Scorpii	13	12

The proportion of the major to the minor axis of Saturn's ring is, this month, as 1000 : 354.

Positions of the Encke Comet.

This evening (29th day) the comet will be to the north of γ and δ Equulei (both double stars), and sufficiently near to afford an opportunity of comparison with them. The places of these stars, calculated for 1st January 1830, are as follow:—

γ Equulei 5th mag. . .	R. A.	21h.	2m.	4·22s. + 2·912s.
	N. D.	9°	27′	7″·49 + 14″·380
δ Equulei 4·5 mag. . . .	R. A.	21h.	6m.	11·97s. + 2·917s.
	N. D.	9°	19′	27″·49 + 14″·330

1st Dec.—the comet will enter the constellation Delphinus; 10th day—pass into Antinous; after which the moon will interfere with the observation, and the comet will have so far approached the sun as to be lost in the evening twilight.

Deptford. J. T. B.

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

In the *Literary Gazette* of the 8th instant we mentioned the expedition of M. Caillé to Timbuctoo. The Geographical Society has since sent him a pecuniary indemnity for his losses and labours. He will, no doubt, soon publish circumstantial details of his journey. It is difficult to give implicit credit to the success of so perilous an enterprise as that of traversing the unhealthy regions and savage nations of Africa. So many men, accustomed to such dangers, sustained by the recommendations and encouragement of sovereigns, or of rich associations, have miscarried in their attempts to explore countries so fatal to Europeans, that it may be permitted us for a moment to doubt whether an isolated individual, abandoned to his own resources, can have triumphed in an undertaking which has been the death of all his predecessors. However, it is possible that M. Caillé may be indebted to his isolation itself, that he did not attract the attention, or incur the suspicion of the Africans; and if, thanks to robust health, and to the costume and language of the Arabs, he has really surmounted all the obstacles of every kind which presented themselves to him, both France and England will not fail to adjudge to him, with the rewards which his zeal and exertions deserve, the glory, the previous pursuit of which has made so many victims.

DIAMONDS.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences, a letter was read from M. Gannal, stating the result of his inquiries into the action of phosphorus brought into contact with carburet of pure sulphur.

Having occasion to prepare a large quantity of carburet of sulphur, M. Gannal conceived the idea of endeavouring to separate the sulphur of this product, in order to obtain a pure carbon. Phosphorus was the material which he used; and he found that the phosphorus entering into combination with the sulphur, the carbon was set at liberty in the shape of small crystals, possessing all the properties of the diamond, and especially that of scratching the hardest bodies. The following is a detail of the experiment:—

If several rolls of phosphorus are introduced into a matrass containing carburet of sulphur, covered with a layer of water, the moment the phosphorus finds itself in contact with the carburet, it dissolves, and, becoming liquid, is precipitated to the lower part of the matrass. The whole mass is then divided into three distinct layers; the first formed of pure water, the second of carburet of sulphur, and the third of liquefied phosphorus. Things being in this state, if the matrass be agitated so as to cause the mixture of the different bodies, the liquor grows thick, becomes milky, and, after a little rest, separates anew, but only

* The Germans reckon fifteen geographical miles to a degree.

into two layers; the upper one of pure water, the under one of phosphuret of sulphur; and between those two layers there is a very thin stratum of white powder, which, when the matrass is exposed to the sun's rays, exhibits all the colours of the prism; and which, consequently, appears to be formed of a multitude of little crystals.

Encouraged by this experiment, M. Gannal endeavoured by the following process to obtain larger crystals, and succeeded. He introduced into a matrass, placed where it would be quite undisturbed, first eight ounces of water, and then eight ounces of carburet of sulphur, and eight ounces of phosphorus. As in the preceding experiment, the phosphorus dissolved; and the three liquids arranged themselves in the order of their specific gravity. After four-and-twenty hours, there was formed between the layer of water and the layer of carburet of sulphur, an extremely thin pellicle of white powder, having here and there several air-bubbles, and various centres of crystallisation, formed, some by spars or very thin sheets, and others by stars. In the course of a few days this pellicle gradually grew thicker. At the same time, the separation of the two inferior liquids became less complete; and in three months they appeared to form but one and the same substance. Another month having elapsed without any new result, the question was, how to find means of separating the crystallised substance from the phosphuret of sulphur, to which the inflammability of the mixture presented great obstacles. After several attempts, more or less unsuccessful, M. Gannal determined to filter the whole through a chamois skin, which he afterwards placed under a glass bell, taking care, from time to time, to renew the air. At the end of a month, this skin becoming capable of being handled without inconvenience, it was doubled up, washed, and dried. For the first time, M. Gannal was then enabled to examine the crystallised substance which remained on its surface. Exposed to the sun's rays, this substance presented numerous crystals, reflecting all the colours of the rainbow. Twenty of them were large enough to be taken up with the point of a penknife; and three others were of the size of a grain of millet. These last, having been submitted to the inspection of an experienced jeweller in Paris, were pronounced by him to be real diamonds! A M. Delatour states that he has also produced the diamond by a different process, of which a brief notice shall appear in our next.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 20.—The following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—W. Ramsden, Christ Church, Rev. W. H. England, Pembroke College, Grand Compounders; Rev. R. L. Townsend, St. Mary Hall; J. A. Auldjo, Pembroke College; Rev. J. Eveleigh, Worcester College; G. Dowell, Scholar of Trinity College; Rev. E. Duncombe, J. Taylor, Brasennose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Sir S. R. Glynne, bart. Christ Church, H. Clark, Worcester College, A. Fawkes, Brasennose College, T. F. Dymock, Balliol College, Grand Compounders; J. H. Wake, J. A. Fulton, Michel Scholar, C. A. Bush, Queen's College; J. M. Butt, E. Grimmett, J. W. Watts, Magdalen Hall; Hon. A. Lascelles, W. Boulton, Christ Church; T. Bevan, Balliol College; D. J. George, T. Edmondes, Scholars of Jesus College; J. H. Cartwright, C. O. Fletcher, Exeter College; T. Gayfere, Merton College; H. S. C. Crook, Lincoln College; W. Farwell, R. H. Harrison, Trinity College; E. A. Davies, St. John's College; R. Guppy, D. Dobree, Scholar, Pembroke College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Royal Society has this year commenced its meetings with the reading of several papers of great importance. Of these we may mention one by Dr. Wollaston on the method of making platina malleable; and another by Sir Humphry Davy, giving an account of some experiments which he made in the summer of 1815 on the electricity of the torpedo. Of both these interesting communications we trust we shall be able to furnish luminous abstracts; and indeed, as might be surmised from our last and present Nos., we have been making arrangements, in the hope of completing the system in which we have gradually advanced, so as to repair a much-neglected branch of our national science and literature, by regularly publishing reports of what occurs at our leading public institutions.

FINE ARTS.

MONUMENT IN HONOUR OF GEORGE IV.

AN intelligent correspondent, alluding to an immense block of stone (exceeding the dimensions of Pompey's Pillar), lately found in one of the Scottish quarries, suggests the propriety of its being preserved entire, and transported, by voluntary subscription, to London, where it should be erected in a conspicuous situation, in honour of THE KING, and in everlasting commemoration of his Majesty's munificent patronage of Literature and the Fine Arts. We are convinced that if any influential person or persons adopted this suggestion, a fund sufficient to defray the expenses would be raised *instanter*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour. After the Drawings and with the Descriptions of Dr. Meyrick. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part XIV.

THE plates in the present Number consist of a Dagger, Sheaths, and Sheers, of Elizabeth's reign; Linstocks and Pikes; Armour for the Tournament, A.D. 1586; a Jousting Shield, &c. A.D. 1450; Glaives and a Voulge; and a Genoese Cross-Bow, A.D. 1420. One of the sheaths seems to be very curious. It is of copper; and on it, in three compartments, is represented, in relief, the story of the Prodigal Son. "In the first," says Dr. Meyrick, "we see the young man portrayed as a galliard of Elizabeth's reign, taking leave of his father, who is giving him a purse of money; near him is the steward, endeavouring to impress upon his mind the value of it; and behind, his mother, bewailing his projected departure. Through an archway of the building he appears on horseback, pursuing his journey. In the second compartment, we see him enticed by a loose female, in whose company he is feasting, and entertained by a fool, while a woman of the house is marking up the scores. When he has spent his money, the same person is employed in driving him naked from the house, which is not only represented in the distance, but, his sole alternative, attendance on swine. In the third compartment, he is on his knees before his father, attended by the steward; forgiveness is obtained, and two domestics are killing the fatted calf for his repast. He is then exhibited as embracing his mother; and at an entertainment in the farther part, at which trumpeters attend in a gallery. This is probably of Florentine execution." We do not know what the original sheath might do, but by the plate, especially in the second compartment, we are strongly reminded of Retzsch's *Faust*.

PANORAMA OF PARIS.

MR. R. BURFORD has just opened a small but beautiful Panorama of Paris, in the Strand. It is extremely well painted.

ENGRAVERS' PROOFS.

IT is well known, that the most exquisite impressions of all fine plates are those which are, in the first instance, taken for the engravers themselves; and which are therefore distinguished by the name of Engravers' Proofs. The amateurs of art will soon have an opportunity, which rarely occurs, of enriching their portfolios by the purchase of a few proofs of this description of the choicest of Mr. W. B. Cooke's publications, both from his own graver and from the gravers of the various eminent artists whom he has employed; which are to be submitted to public auction very early in the approaching month.

ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE great valley of Camposcala, in the territory of Montalto di Castro, the property of the family of Candelori, is reported to have been the site of Vulci, an Etruscan city, and the inhabitants of which are called Vulcienses in the *Fasti Capitolini*. A labourer ploughing the ground in the district called *Pian di Voce*, (derived from the name of *Vulci* or *Volci*, which it formerly bore), a very extensive Etruscan sepulchre was discovered. The family of Candelori caused excavations to be made there during the course of last October; and in the tombs which were first opened were found antiquities and ornaments of all kinds, of alabaster, terra cotta, glass, gold, and bronze, among which are sculptures, vases, paterse, ampullæ of various sizes and colours, with mythological emblems, and Greek and Etruscan inscriptions. Encouraged by the first success, the family of Candelori has doubled its exertions to open all the tombs along the river, with the intention of publishing an historical description of the place, and of the most rare and valuable of the articles that have been found.

BIOGRAPHY.

QUEEN DOWAGER OF WURTEMBERG.

All our readers will peruse with interest the following, though a foreign, tribute to the virtues of a good, an amiable, and an accomplished English Princess, the eldest daughter of the revered George III., and the sister of our present beloved and illustrious Sovereign.—*Ed.*]

Stuttgart, Nov. 4, 1828.

A RELIGIOUS ceremony has been performed to-day in this capital and at Ludwigsburg, which will be repeated next Sunday in all the parishes of the kingdom, and every where inspire the same interest as in this city. The obsequies of the Queen Dowager Charlotte-Augusta-Matilda, Princess Royal of Great Britain, who died on the 6th of October, were celebrated in our cathedral, which was suitably fitted up for the occasion, in the presence of the royal family, of the court, the civil and military authorities, and a great number of persons of all ranks. After a dirge by Zumsteeg, the court chaplain delivered an impressive discourse, on the text, "The memory of the just is blessed." The sketch of her Majesty's life, composed by the King's command, which was read at the conclusion of the sermon, furnished the biographical data for the eulogium bestowed by the preacher on the deceased, whence he presented to the hearers a picture, the outlines of which deserve to be made more extensively public. The Queen Dowager, eldest daughter of King George III. was born on the 29th September, 1766. In her early years a foundation was laid in her mind for distinguished knowledge of modern languages and of history, which was deeply impressed by an extraordinary memory, and in maturer years excited the admiration of those who had the honour of conversing with

her. This love of study was chiefly encouraged by her father, whose inseparable companion the young princess was, and whom she amused in his leisure hours by reading to him. To her literary occupations was added a remarkable talent for the arts of design, which was cultivated under the superintendence of the celebrated Benjamin West, and which, when among us, she applied with great taste in embroidery and other female works, as agreeable presents to her friends on various occasions, and as ornaments for the apartments of the royal palace.

By her marriage with his late majesty King Frederic, then hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg, (Sept. 1797,) our country became her second home. Her life was divided between this and her native country; thirty-one years she had passed in England, and thirty-one more among us. From her first arrival in Wurtemberg, she acquired the love of all persons by her affability and her extensive charity. She knew no greater pleasure than that of alleviating the distress of others, and in sending no one away without giving consolation and assistance.

In her private life the greatest activity prevailed: she was dressed early in the morning, and ready for various occupations. Her time was wisely appropriated, and employed partly in reading, especially religious and historical books, partly in writing letters, particularly to her family, to which she was tenderly attached, and partly in drawing and other female pursuits. To the King her husband she was wholly devoted, and painfully felt his loss. Every year she celebrated his birth-day by divine service—on which occasion a sermon on his memory was preached—and afterwards visited the vault, (which she often did at other times,) to pray by the coffin of the deceased. Her health, which was visibly impaired after his death, never kept her from this ceremony; and often she went down to this solemn duty ill, and appeared to be strengthened when she came out again. In general, sincere piety was a distinguished trait in the character of this princess, and became a source of the noblest and most unwearied charity.

Since the death of her husband, October 30, 1816, she resided in the palace of Ludwigsburg. This town and its environs, and next to that, Teinach, in the Black Forest, celebrated for its mineral waters, (of which residence she was very fond, and where she went every year for her health,) were, in an especial degree, the scenes of her beneficence; and she considered these two places, though without excluding others, as the sphere peculiarly assigned to her by Providence. Here she practised the great art of dispensing wisely. God had placed in her hands the means of doing good, and also the love of it in her heart; so that she not only bestowed largely, but judiciously, and almost always contrived to multiply her benefits by the manner in which they were conferred. She did not give to poor people barren and often injurious alms, but made herself acquainted with their wants, and in general preferred paying their rent, in order, as she said, to help at the same time both the poor tenant and the landlord, and to preserve or restore harmony between them. Workmen who had fallen into decay, she relieved by finding them employment, for which she paid liberally; and their work was again used by her for new benefits. Above all, she extended her generosity to the private support of respectable persons who had fallen into distress, and in the education of children, either orphans, or those whose parents had not the means; apprenticed the sons of indigent parents, and gave money to those who had behaved well in their apprenticeships, to enable them to travel and improve themselves in foreign countries. She was also very liberal to public charities: and all this was done in the quietest manner, through the medium of various persons, and often through entirely secret channels. She expressly forbade any one publicly to praise, or even to speak of her benevolent actions.

The judgment with which she practised the art of relieving the distressed was equalled by the ingenuity with which she made presents to persons to whom she was attached, or to faithful servants. In these cases, also, she preferred bestowing what was useful, never repeating the same gift, so that the new present was something which seemed wanting to complete a former one; and what would have been superfluous of itself, was only a link in the chain of her gratifying remembrances. Christmas was in particular a festival for her; she wished that every body about her, and especially children, should rejoice on that festal occasion. With the industrious kindness of a good mother, she remained at her work for days together, and spared no pains to complete every thing; and when the happy eve was come, she sat in the circle which she had collected around her, and looked with silent delight at the joy of which she was herself the author.

With this liberality to others, the Queen was extremely simple and unostentatious, and in this might be a model for her sex. When those about her tempted her to incur any extraordinary expense, she would answer, "If I did not limit my own expenses, how should I have enough for others?" Her goodness of heart and condescension rendered all those who had the happiness to be near her so attached to her, that all did their utmost to anticipate her wishes. She was most affectionately attached to all our royal family, especially to the King and Queen, by whom she was beloved as if she had been their own mother. Meantime she preserved the warmest attachment to her native country, for whose manners, constitution, and welfare, she always retained a genuine British feeling; and though her health was very weak of late years, she was induced, in the spring of 1827, by the desire of once more seeing her beloved family, to undertake a journey to England. She arrived there without any accident. The persons who accompanied her Majesty on this occasion cannot find terms to describe the landing in England: the affectionate reception given her by her royal brother and all her august relations; the delightful domestic circle into which she returned after an absence of thirty years; and the acclamations of the people, whenever they saw, even at a distance, the favourite daughter of George the Third. One of her own most ardent desires was fulfilled. Her bodily sufferings appeared to be removed by the joy which she felt. She seemed to live again in the remembrances of her youth; no friend, no old servant, had been forgotten. Where any persons with whom she used to deal were still in business, she sent for them and made some purchases.

The return home was destined to shew her strength of mind and her trust in God in the brightest light. On the second day after she had embarked, when she was very ill, and much agitated by the parting with her family, a violent storm, at the mouth of the Thames, threatened her and all on board with the most imminent danger. In this trying moment her attendants could not sufficiently admire the unshaken courage of the Queen. Her countrymen who accompanied her went to her cabin to console her; but they found her in no want of consolation: composedly lying on a sofa, she said to them, "I am here in the hand of God, as much as at home in my bed." The peril passed away, and the august traveller returned in safety to the arms of the King and his consort. Unhappily her bodily sufferings increased after that period, and dropsy in the chest gradually manifested itself. At the same time, pains in the head, to which she had been subject for many years, and other symptoms, gave reason to apprehend that part of the brain was affected, which, on dissection, has been found to be the case. From the 30th of September she evidently grew worse; and on the 6th of October, in the afternoon, she expired without a struggle, gently and imperceptibly, in the arms of her son, and surrounded by grandchildren, relations, and faithful servants. Our pious Queen closed her eyes; deep affliction spread through the city, whose benefactress was taken away; and in all the rest of the kingdom tears of affectionate gratitude were shed when the information reached them. Her mortal remains were deposited on the 10th of October, with due solemnity, by the side of her husband, in the vault of Ludwigsburg.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BREAD AND WATER.

Adulteration of Bread.

It is rather a singular fact, that whilst the inhabitants of London have been thrown into alarm by statements in the newspapers of the adulteration of bread by the admixture of pulverised granite, an epidemic complaint has for some time raged in Paris, which is there attributed to the deleterious ingredients put into the bread by the Paris bakers. The disease appears to have extended considerably before the faculty of medicine could determine its cause or prescribe a remedy. The patients were generally attacked with pains in the limbs, frequently ending in a total inability to use them, which was of more or less duration according to the mode of treatment; and in some cases the digestion became so much impaired, that they suffered from alternate constipation and dysentery, with no day of intermission during which the digestive organs appeared to perform their functions. The first intimation of the cause of this disease was taken from the fact, that in the hospitals and other public establishments in particular districts, the inmates were all affected; whilst in private houses, inhabited by several families dealing with different bakers, a part only were attacked. This observation naturally induced an examination of the bread furnished by the bakers to the public institutions in which the disease had made progress; but no more of the result has been suffered to transpire than the fact, that adulteration to a great extent had been detected, and that a commission would be appointed to analyse the bread, and report thereon to the government. M. Ratier, a medical man of some eminence, in a communication to the *Clinique*, states, that among the upper classes, who purchase the finer qualities of bread, there have been few cases of the disease; whilst among the middling orders, who use the *pain du ménage* (household bread), they have been very frequent. He describes this disease as consisting chiefly of acute pains in the hands, legs, and feet, a thickening of

the skin, great pain in the stomach, soreness of the throat, and frequent deprivation of the use of the limbs,—the patient, generally speaking, having a good appetite, but being constantly afflicted with horrible pains (*douleurs atroces*). M. Ratier ascribes the malady, in a great degree, to the mixture of different kinds of flour in the bakers' bread; and states, that in the country, where the household bread is made from one sort of flour, the patient speedily recovers. This opinion is quite at variance with the received opinion in this country, where medical men advise dyspeptic persons to use bread made of different kinds of flour. M. Ratier, however, seems to think, that the chief cause of the malady is the introduction of deleterious ingredients into the bread; and another French physician, who has gone into the subject more scientifically, informs us, that the bakers, by means of gypsum, contrive not only to increase the weight of their bread, but also to give to spoiled and coarse flour a degree of whiteness which it would not otherwise possess. He states, that on burning in a crucible at a red heat a four-pound loaf, he found a residuum weighing more than four ounces; and as, from the intensity of the heat, much of the substance must have been carried off, he calculates, that in this loaf of four pounds there was not less than a half-pound of gypsum, besides, probably, other deleterious ingredients of a vegetable nature, which he could not by the same process detect. This mode of adulteration is very much like that which is said to be practised in London, of mixing finely-powdered granite with wheat flour, but we have not heard of any result from analysis so extensive as that of the French experiment. The addition, however, of only four ounces of powdered granite to a four-pound loaf, with that of eight or ten ounces of potato-flour (not the farina, which is the vegetable extract divested of all the fibrous part of the potato, but the entire root, first boiled, and then dried and rubbed into the flour), would give, at the present price of bread, a profit to the baker which, upon a large consumption, would soon ensure a fortune. In addition to the adulterations of the bread in Paris, M. Ratier mentions another circumstance, which requires attention also in this country. A great part of the flour used in Paris in the household bread is made from rye; and he supposes that, in consequence of the wetness of the season, much of this rye has the ergot, which, although of such great value as a medicine in certain cases, is, when mixed with an article of food like bread, productive of the worst consequences. In London, where rye-bread has been ordered to a considerable extent to dyspeptic patients, it may be important to ascertain that the rye from which the flour was made was housed in a dry and wholesome state, as otherwise the remedy may prove worse than the disease. The use of rye-bread, however, under any circumstances, can hardly be justified; for although it may act as a laxative, it is only by occasioning uneasiness to the stomach, and creating such an irritation as enables it, by a vigorous effort, to get rid of the intruder. The best bread for use in the metropolis, where sufficient air and exercise cannot be had by the bulk of the community to make them careless of the kind of food which they use, is the purest wheaten flour, containing a portion of its bran. This can only be had by purchasing the wheat, and grinding it at home. From few bakers can the flour so prepared be obtained; and it will be only necessary to smell the bread made from pure flour of this kind, and that made by *any* baker, to be convinced that adulterations, more or less injurious to health, are carried on by all persons in the trade. Various modes of detecting the presence of improper ingredients in bread have been recommended in Paris as well as in London, but there, as here, they have been found insufficient. Where nothing but vegetable adulterations have been practised, only a minute and chemical analysis can determine the relative proportions and the amount of danger to be apprehended; and in cases of mineral admixtures, the mischief in the system, from the use of the bread, may be going on for a long time before the sufferer has devised a fair test of their presence. The only safe way is to have the bread made at home from flour ground in a mill which may be had at a small expense.* Such bread will not be so white as that of the baker, and to a vitiated palate it may not for a time prove even so agreeable; but the mere smell will shew that the baker,† in improving the colour of his bread, has deteriorated its quality; and a little use will, in the effects upon the system, prove the superiority of home-made bread over that of the baker.

Supply of Water.

THE inhabitants of Piccadilly, and even the passengers through it, have lately been much annoyed by the intolerable effluvia proceeding from some thousands of cart-loads of filth of the worst description, which have been removed from the basin in the Green Park, one of the reservoirs, supplied from the Thames, of the Chelsea Water-works Company. The indefatigable Mr. Wright, whose laudable zeal on this subject we wish we could see imitated with reference to many other public abuses, has addressed a letter respecting it to a morning paper; in which letter he strongly and properly remonstrates against the continuance,—in despite of the report of the commissioners appointed by the crown, in despite of the approval of that report by a committee of the House of Commons, in despite of the opinions of above thirty eminent physicians (with Sir Henry Halford at their head), and in despite of the disgust of every man who has eyes and a nose, and common sense enough to judge of the information which they convey to him,—of so polluted a channel of supply to any part of the population of the metropolis. In adverting to a project said to be in contemplation by the company for cleansing the foul water, by means of excavations and filter-beds, Mr. Wright maintains, with great justice, that it is impossible, by any system of clarification, to restore the filthy and poisonous fluid to a state which shall render it fit to enter into the composition of bread, pastry, soups, tea, coffee, &c. We earnestly hope that this very important matter will not be allowed to rest until a thorough reform is effected in it.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

WE understand that great preparations are being made for concerts to be given by the pupils in aid of this valuable institution.

THE BOHEMIAN BROTHERS.

THERE has been for the last week or two a sort of musical entertainment at the Argyll Rooms, carried on by persons called the Bohemian Brothers. This little bit of humbug, for Master Bull, is a curious affair altogether; suggested by the success of the Rayner Family with their genuine native melodies. The first imitation of these foreigners was a humble and modest one, consisting of four Dutch Vrows (about the size and not unlike the shape of Flanders mares), who perambulated the streets with inflexible gravity of gait and features, singing something which was understood to be Low Dutch, though occasionally in a very high key. They literally picked up a good deal of money; and several bands of wandering Savoyards left the metropolis in despair. Meanwhile it seems that some cunning fellow caught four Bohemians, or "Tartars" of neighbouring provinces, and, like the French Revolution, fraternising them, prepared them, musically, for the exhibition now tickling honest Johnny's ears at the Argyll Rooms. Taste is all in all, but Fashion is more; and so, though every body declares that these Bohemian Brothers are by no means to be endured twice, yet it is well enough to hear them once, for the sake of saying so, and talking about them. To enable our distant readers to do the same, we will briefly describe the set, which is as ugly a one as they would wish to behold.

The four Bohemian Brothers have, we shrewdly suspect, been for years domiciliated in Cockaigne; but as they are drest up as accurately as if they were at the Coburg Theatre in the Bohemian costume, they may pass excellently, and without question, for genuine Bohemians, newly imported, duty free. They have been taught, we were going to say, to sing; but that would not be true. The two middle brothers chant in a manner that has nothing peculiar about it; but the wonders of wonders are the two outside voices. To begin at the bottom, there is a deep bass, so deep that it is as perfect a grunt as ever issued from the throat of an aged animal of the kind held in abomination by the Jews. The person who utters it appears to be a hollow man, and the sounds which he squeezes out are no more notes than they are cadences. To counterbalance this great bore, and equally to astonish the natives, there is a soprano, with a sham voice which is altogether a falsetto, at the other extremity, who is a still greater pig: his squeak, in vile imitation of Velluti, is unparalleled. The whole four make a noise together; as for being in concert, there is no such thing;—sometimes the middle two sing in unison; but the grand effort is, when Signor Soprano utters chuck, chuck, chuck, as if he were calling to fowls (not fools) around him, and then he squeals, and bass throws in a growl, enough to make the audience exclaim, "Well, we never did hear any thing like this before!" Nor did they, and we trust they never will again; for it strikes us to be as sheer a piece of trickery as ever was got up to benoodle the musical amateurs of this sensible and tasteful metropolis.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Musical Souvenir for 1829. London, C. Tilt, Chapell, Longman, and Bates.

THIS is a novelty among our Annuals, and really a very pretty and very deserving one. It contains ten pieces of music, viz. seven songs, a trio, a glee, and a duet. The words are in some instances original; in others selected, from Akenside, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Mr. Bradford, Mr. Feist, and Mr. Dale. With regard to the compositions, they rather exhibit good taste than any other peculiar quality; and they are accordingly generally sweet and pleasing. The two airs which

* We would advise our readers to look at Yearsley's excellent invention of this kind at the National Repository, of which we spoke in a former *Gazette*.—*Ed.*

† We suspect that millers and flour-factors are infinitely more involved in this odious system than the bakers, many of whom are dependent on them, as the publicans are on brewers and distillers.—*Ed.*

we prefer are those entitled Bachelor's Fare and the Scotch Harper; but altogether the publication is a novel and elegant ornament for the drawing-room table, and an agreeable companion for the evening party.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

We have already noticed the active exertions carrying on here preparatory to opening the campaign, which, we understand, is now fixed for February, previous to which the new and necessary arrangements could hardly be maturely made. Our west-end town readers will have observed, that the Haymarket has been for some time under the ban of bricks, mortar, hods, and Irish labourers. These are employed in effecting a complete alteration of the pit, which is being entirely laid upon arches with an inclined plane, that will raise the back seats into a better position for witnessing the performances, and sink the front rows more into a level with the stage; so that the occupiers of the private stalls in that part may enjoy the drama equally well without impeding the view of the general mass of the pit audience. It may be lamentable to mention, that Fop's Alley is to be filled up; so that there will be no passage down the centre of the pit—no place for the male wonders of the age to stand erect and display their beauties and captivations to the gazing circle round. This blow will be felt: it is almost equal to annihilation to some forty of our acquaintances; and we fear that all the November suicides which have been postponed this year, will be consummated in the more fatal month of February 1829.

With regard to engagements, considerable uncertainty yet prevails. We believe that Pasta does not return; Galli remains at Madrid; and that neither Porto nor Lablache, the two basses mentioned in the newspapers, is sure. The season is, therefore, likely to commence with operas in which a bass singer is not wanted; and it may be expected that Donzelli, a tenore, with Curioni, Pesaroni, and Mallebran, will, in the first instance, lead the way in the paths of harmony. Sontag, we understand, returns at a later date; and overtures have been made to the celebrated Blasis. It is difficult, however, yet to speak with any degree of certainty, as most of the continental singers are only engaged on their parole. In the orchestral department, we hear, there is a grand strike for wages, and a turn out. How it will end, it is impossible to say, as the performers complain of double base usage, all kinds of stops, and nothing to raise the wind. Kettle-drum's pay won't boil the kettle, nor trombone's enable him to pick a chop; haut-boy is exceeding low, and all the violins violent. In short, there appears to be a great want of concert, and almost every one getting into a scrape. It is to be hoped, however, that an organisation agreeable to all interests will be executed in good time, and the public be enabled to enjoy all the pleasures of sound, without being annoyed by the discords of fury—signifying nothing.

DRURY LANE.

Moore's melancholy tragedy of the *Gamester* was revived at this theatre on Friday evening, for the purpose of presenting Miss Phillips to the public in the arduous and generally unprofitable part of *Mrs. Beverley*. Respecting the real talent of this young lady there seems to be some difference of opinion. Her warm admirers, of which she has a great many, tell us that she possesses tragic powers of the very highest order, and that if she were exhibited in the *Juliets*, and the *Belvederas*, and the *Isabellas*, and characters of this description, she would convince the town of the correctness of their decision. We, on the other hand, are disposed to think that her chief excellence will be found in characters of sentiment and feeling; that the whirlwind of passion is not suited either to her physical ability or her style of performance; and that she has hitherto done wisely in abstaining from such hazardous and difficult attempts. That our notion is correct, may, we think, be inferred from looking at the characters she has yet performed. What are the best portions of her *Claudia?*—most assuredly, the early scenes—those in which filial affection and an attachment to a humble and domestic life are by the gifted authoress of the tragedy so beautifully portrayed. Whereas, in the last act, where powers of another description are required, she is comparatively weak and inefficient. In *Mrs. Haller*, in which there is much timidity, much suppressed passion, much self-reproach, and much bitter and sincere repentance, she is more at home than in the new play; and consequently, as a whole, this is by many degrees her best performance. Her *Mrs. Beverley*, again, deserves great praise; but it is exceedingly unequal. Her scenes with *Beverley* and *Charlotte* are very neatly and delicately touched; but in the interview with *Stukely*—the scene in which Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill were so pre-eminent—there was evidently the want of power to which we have before alluded; and although she got through it respectably, yet it was altogether too formal, too much studied, and too artificial, to produce the required effect upon the audience. The same remarks will apply to the prison scene, which, for a similar reason, was rather cold and ineffective. Upon the whole, however, Miss Phillips has lost but little ground by this performance, if she has gained none. But why, it may be asked, has she tried this description of parts at all? There are many characters in the range of the Drama that she would act much better than any she has yet undertaken. There is *Desdemona*, which we conceive would display many beauties; there is *Imogen* also, and *Cordelia*; and, in addition to these, there is *Virginia*, which, in her hands, would, we are sure, be represented to perfection.* Let her study such parts as these, and leave the more matronly characters until time and practice shall have matured her powers.

Mr. Young's *Beverley* is well known, and properly appreciated. It was on this occasion a very able performance; not but that we think we have seen him play it better. His dress, however, was in very bad taste: the coat too court-like, and the breeches—may we name the word to "ears polite?"—too common. But of all the extraordinary dresses ever seen in tragedy, or at least in any tragedy but *Tom Thumb*, commend us to the habiliments of the gentleman who played *Dawson*:—surely these are matters to which a stage-manager might think it worth while to attend. Mr. Cooper's *Stukely* was judiciously given; but Cooper is not the man for an *accomplished* villain: such a *Stukely* could never deceive any body—but himself. Of Mr. James Vining's *Lewson* we can say nothing favourable: it was altogether a very weak and unsatisfactory performance. The house was well attended.

On Saturday *the Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, was brought forward at this theatre, and, we regret to say, failed, though we hear from competent critics that this fate was both just and inevitable. For ourselves, like too many persons in real life, we took it for granted that the Beggar's Daughter would solicit our charity again, and therefore did not attend to the first appeal; in this instance apathy seems to have been rewarded, for we saved our feelings.

COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre, by all we hear, cannot open so early as next Monday. The company is still performing with great effect at the English Opera House.

ADELPHI.

The entertainments at the Adelphi have continued to be so popularly attractive, that, though announced to make way for novelties, the *Pilot*, the *May Queen*, and *Freaks and Follies*, have taken another week's lease, and crammed the theatre every night. We really must submit to Mathews that this is not "riglar"—the riglar theatres don't run the same pieces to full houses for a month together.

A Miss Wells, a pupil of Mr. Watson's, essayed her powers last week, as *William*, in an amateur performance of *Rosina*, at the Royal West London Theatre; Miss Watson, taking the part of *Phœbe*. Both were frequently encored, and displayed talents in acting and singing which will no doubt ere long be more publicly developed on a larger stage. Miss Watson's voice possesses very considerable power; and Miss Wells is a very pretty girl.

Some of the newspapers are always glad of any opportunity to have a fling at Macready: last week, by way of a stab at him, they have got up a still story of his having run somebody through the clothes in acting at Bury. We wonder they did not kill and bury the unfortunate victim of that energy which is so offensive in this excellent performer, but which has usually been the admiration of the lovers of the Drama.

VARIETIES.

Trophy.—Twelve of the Turkish cannon taken at Varna, are, by order of the Emperor Nicholas, to be erected to the memory of Wladislaus, king of Poland, who was slain before this fortress, while fighting under the standard of the Cross, and of whose mortal remains no memorial was left.

Music.—The *Spectator*, Sunday newspaper, contains an account of an amateur concert in the city (one of a series), and in its remarks augurs much improvement in our musical tastes from this cultivation of the sweet science.

Eggs.—A chemist at Geneva states that he has discovered an easy mode of preserving for six years, or probably for a longer period, eggs, perfectly fresh and fit to eat; and a confectioner in the same place has this year employed in his business a ton of eggs which had been so preserved. All that is necessary is to put fresh eggs into a bocal (a large round bottle with a short neck), and fill it up with lime-water. The way to make the lime-water is as

* Apropos, there was a tragic play called *Amor Patriæ*, of very considerable merit, published some five years ago by Mr. Lunn (since better known to the public as the author of several lively and popular pieces), in which there is a character peculiarly suited to this lady's talents. This play was accepted at Covent Garden, as is stated in a preface, but not represented. It is founded on Metastasio's *Attilio Regolo*; and the character of Attilia, the daughter of Regulus, seems to us to be quite in Miss Phillips's line. With such alterations as Mr. Lunn's more mature judgment and experience in writing may suggest, we should think this tragedy might now be advantageously brought out.

follows:—Throw into a vessel containing between twenty and thirty pints of water, five or six pounds of quick-lime, shake it well several times, then let the lime precipitate itself, and pour off the water, which is perfectly limpid, although it has dissolved a portion of the lime. This is the water to be used. To make sure of its being saturated with the lime, after having filled the bocal containing the eggs until the water is about three inches above them, dust in a small quantity of quick-lime, and close the bocal.

Antiquities.—The excavations for antiquities proceed with considerable activity in Italy, at Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the Campo Vaccino. The latter has unfolded some architectural remains; and at Herculaneum, it is said, the model of a trombone has been found. At Pompeii, the principal ancient novelties are some coarsely painted frescos, with very accurate outlines.

Classical Accentuation.—A recent writer in a French journal, adverting to the improvements which are taking place in France in the manner of acquiring the dead languages, strongly and justly recommends that the utter inattention of the French to the laws of prosody should be reformed. At present, as is well known, the rhythm of Greek and Latin verse is wholly neglected in that country; and the ears of an Eton boy, of the lowest form, would be shocked at the false quantities in the recitation of the most profound French classical scholar.

Denmark.—Schools of mutual instruction have been established in the Danish colonies, both in the East and in the West Indies; and two negroes of the Gold-coast are at present in the normal school of mutual instruction at Copenhagen. One of them applies very closely to his studies; but unfortunately his zeal and diligence do not seem to be sustained by natural talent.

Phonation.—A person in France having several times tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat,—the complete closing of the larynx was the consequence of his attempts. This was evident during the life of the person, which was prolonged for several years; and it was proved after death that the passage of air from the lungs by the larynx was absolutely impossible. Nevertheless, the individual in question talked, and talked so as to be understood without much difficulty. How was this? It is conjectured, by means of a current of air which introduced itself through the nose, and escaped by the mouth.

Insufficient Accident.—One day last week a workman's shed in front of the New Palace at Buckingham House was burnt down; and the newspapers tell us it blazed with such fury, that "*great fears* were for some time entertained for the *safety of the palace.*" This we can hardly credit; for though the public might regret the money lost in this fashion, we are convinced that the burning down of this ill-situated mass of deformity (especially if it made way for the erection of a palace worthy of the sovereign and the country, and at the same time an ornament to the capital) would be agreeable to nine-tenths of the people of England, and most acceptable to every person of common taste in the metropolis.

Bull or no Bull?—The *Times*, mentioning the present contested election for a coroner of the county of Cork, says it is probable that, "*before it terminates*," it will turn out there are 100,000 freeholders to vote—"in a word, that *they are interminable.*" In another word, therefore, it seems that the contest never can terminate, and consequently that there cannot be another coroner for the county of Cork!!

Flattery.—Flatterers teach us nothing new. They repeat what we ourselves every day say; and that is the reason of our loving them.—*Promenades d'un Solitaire.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Of Vidocq's Memoirs, one of the most curious and entertaining books which has lately issued from the French press, we observe a Translation announced by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke. Vidocq is the Townsend of Paris, and his police adventures are as extraordinary as can well be believed. Two volumes of his autobiography have appeared, and two are to come. From the multitude of cant and flash terms, it will require much care to translate it well; and we trust it may consist with the spirit of rendering such a work into our language, to qualify some of its indecencies, so as to give it that better chance of extensive popularity which it otherwise well deserves.

Enterprise breeds competition. It is only a fortnight since we mentioned the *start* of an Edinburgh weekly literary journal, at which time we also spoke of the excellent literary articles which appeared in a demi-political paper of that city. We now see it announced that the latter proposes to divide its force into two separate divisions—political and literary. The following is the announcement, and we hope they will not disgrace our name: "*Scottish Literary Gazette.*—This weekly periodical, which has hitherto been attached to the *Edinburgh* Evening Post, being the first attempt in Scotland to combine literature and criticism with political news in one and the same journal, will, early in the year, be formed into a separate and distinct publication. These arrangements have been suggested by the very flattering encouragement the attempt has already met with, and from a wish to do more ample justice to the discussion of literary subjects, which could not be done within the limits of the Gazette in its present shape. In regard to the quantum of literary matter and otherwise, the Evening Post is to remain unchanged and abridged. The Literary Gazette, in its new and enlarged form, will be published every Saturday morning."

A new Cyclopædia has been announced by Messrs. Longman and Co. and John Taylor, in which some of the first men of the age are said to have united their labours. One of the peculiarities of this work is, that it professes to produce treatises on the most abstruse departments of science and art, divested altogether of their technical language and symbols, and thereby to present them in such a form that all their most important results will be intelligible to the general reader. That this is possible, we know, because in some instances it has been done: that it is difficult in the extreme, the few successful examples out of such innumerable attempts sufficiently demonstrate. To be popular and sound on abstruse subjects, is possible only to men of the most profound acquirements and highest talents. We cannot call to mind more than three eminently successful instances of this kind of writing, and these are all men of the first order—Newton (Optics), Laplace (Système du Monde), and Biot (Précis de Physique). Dr. Lardner, to whose management the Cabinet Cyclopædia has been intrusted, seems to be fully aware of the difficult nature of the task which he has undertaken; and we accordingly find among the engagements which he has announced, the names of some of the first scientific characters in the world.

War of the Succession.—A bookseller at Carlsruhe is preparing for publication a series of documents, which he owes to the kindness of the Grand Duke Louis of Baden, and which will throw a great light on the war of the Spanish succession. They consist principally of reports, narratives, plans of campaigns, military and political disquisitions, &c. by the Emperors Leopold the First and Joseph the First—William the Third (of England)—Frederick of Prussia—the Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian-Joseph—Duke Charles of Lorraine—Prince Eugene—the Duke of Marlborough—Prince Esterhazy—the Palatine of Hungary—Count Thæckely, Piccoloncini—Caraffa—the Count of Marsigly, &c. The work will be divided into four parts, and each part will consist of two or three volumes.

Mr. Galt.—A letter from *the city of Guelph*, in Upper Canada, of Oct. 5 (and quoted largely in the Edinburgh Saturday Post) says that Mr. Galt is not writing a history of the province, as has been stated, but a series of papers relative to its present progress and future prospects.

Mr. J. A. St. John and Mr. Leitch Ritchie announce a History of the Revolutions of South America, with a Sketch of the History of the Country from the earliest times, &c. The same gentlemen announce also a History of India from the earliest times.

The Rev. P. Huntingford has a volume in the press upon the Intermediate State of the Soul after Death.

Literary Controversy.—Louis Buonaparte, the ex-King of Holland, has published a very angry pamphlet against Sir Walter Scott, for his Life of Napoleon, which does not seem to have been written in a way to please King Louis at all. He therefore anathematises the worthy baronet, not only as a much-mistaken author, but as a gross and wilful perverter of truth from base motives. This is a decided proof that Louis is no longer a king—for we all know that kings cannot err.

In the Press.—Conversations on Zoology, including a description of the Gardens and Collection of the Zoological Society.—A Collection of Sermons, by the late Rev. Edward Forster, M.A. with a Portrait and a Biographical Memoir.—A new edition, with woodcuts, of the Circle of the Seasons, for the Year 1829, with a newly digested Preface on the Phenomena of the Coming Year.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Raper's (Rear-Admiral) New System of Signals, 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.* bds.—Tales of a Grandfather, Second Series, 3 vols. 18mo. 10*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Memoirs of the Rev. W. Goode, 8vo. 9*s.* bds.—Stories from Church History, 12mo. 6*s.* hf.-bd.—Statutes 9 Geo. IV. 8vo. 1*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Le Petit Bijou, 8*s.* silk.—Rhind on Intestinal Worms, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—How to be Happy, or Fairy Gifts, 12mo. 5*s.* hf.-bd.—Father Alfred's Elements of Knowledge, 18mo. 3*s.* hf.-bd.—Thomas's Universal Jurisprudence, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Saunders on Pleading and Evidence, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* bds.—Disowned (the), by the Author of Pelham, 4 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds.—Tales of Woman, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Young's Imprisonment in Portugal, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Sorrows of Rosalie, and other Poems, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Neele's Literary Remains, post 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Breckington's (Bp.) Journal, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Ethics for Children, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bayley on Fines and Recoveries, 8vo. 14*s.* bds.—Irving's (Rev. E.) Sermons, Lectures, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Objections to Israel's Restoration to Palestine, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hinton on Ministerial Qualification, 12mo. 2*s.* bds.—Wilson on the Priesthood of Christ, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Davies' Series of Etchings illustrative of the Architectural Antiquities of Suffolk, folio, 3*l.* 8*s.*; large paper, 11*l.* 11*s.*—Davy's Views of the Gentlemen's Seats in Suffolk, imperial 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

November.		*Thermometer.*			*Barometer.*		
Thursday	20	From 39.	to	52.	30.06	to	29·96
Friday	21	—— 46.	—	54.	29.92	—	29.87
Saturday	22	—— 50.	—	36.	29.76	—	29.77
Sunday	23	—— 29.	—	49.	29.91	—	29.85
Monday	24	—— 32.	—	52.	29.66	—	29.72
Tuesday	25	—— 33.	—	53.	29.82	—	29.86
Wednesday	26	—— 35.	—	58.	29.86	—	29.76

Prevailing wind S.W.

Generally cloudy; rain on the evening of the 23d, and during the morning and evening of the 26th.

Rain fallen, ·15 of an inch.

Encke Comet.—On the evening of the 25th (Tuesday) observed this comet from half-past 7 to 9, in the constellation Pegasus, a little to the west of a nebulous star near the nose of that constellation: its situation was peculiarly favourable, being near two small stars, to shew that its motion was westward, or towards Delphinus. Its right ascension was about 1½ hrs., and declination about 12° north. The moon was above the horizon during the latter part of the observation; and it is probable that the comet might have been observed for a longer time, had it not been rather hazy in the S.W.*

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude.....51° 37′ 32″ N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The correspondent who inquires whether there is not some readier mode of grating potatoes for the preparation of the farina than by hand, is informed, that in Scotland mills are used for the purpose; and we believe that any of the London mill-makers are able to supply similar articles.

We cannot gratify C. B. with more than two concluding stanzas of his simile between comets and bores:—

A tail the vagrant comet shews,
Which seems to scatter as he goes
An endless stream of light;
The bore (to keep my simile)
Has quite as *long* a tale as he,
But 'tis not half so bright.

And now, to mark (it is but fair)
The difference between the pair,
And thus to quit our scores,
Comets are few and far between,
At decent intervals are seen,—
But there's no end of bores!

The worthy and parental poet, Mr. Ruffy, of 29, Budge Row, who has sent us lines which he wrote for his daughter's album, entitled "My Diamond," will be astonished to discover, from a preceding article, that diamonds are little better than sulphurets; so that any lady so addressed, might be mistaken for a bit of a brimstone.

Mr. James Jennings, the Author of Ornithologia, &c. desires us to say that he is not the person about to publish an Account of the Animals in the Tower. The prospectus is issued by Mr. Jennings, the publisher.

Mr. C. H. Adams, our Meteorologist, requests that all questions and communications addressed to him in consequence of what appears in the *L. G.*, should be post-paid. In answer to two Correspondents this week, we have to say, 1. to "A Reader," that Mr. Adams is the grandson of the late J. Adams mentioned in our Review of Nollekens, No. 617; and, 2. to "X.," at Bath, that if he will read the *Gazette* regularly, he will from time to time see how Mr. Adams's observations are made to ascertain the degrees of cold in the atmosphere—as during the extreme cold on the 11th inst.

* The observation was made with a telescope having a power of about 70.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE ETON COMPARATIVE ATLAS of ANCIENT and MODERN GEOGRAPHY, containing 52 coloured Maps, on a new Plan, by Mr. ARROWSMITH, Hydrographer to the King, is just published. It is compiled from original Authorities, for the Use of the Students at Eton College, and is dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. Dr. Keate. Price 2l. 2s. boards; or 2l. 12s. full coloured, and half-bound.

The Work is accompanied by a Set of Skeleton Outlines.

To be had at the Author's, Soho Square; at the Eton Warehouse, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street; and at Williams's Library, Eton.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION. Dr. Birkbeck will commence, on Friday next, the 28th of November, a short Course of Lectures on the Origin, Application, and Improvement of Animal Power, which will be followed by a Course on Astronomy, from Professor Millington, commencing on Friday, the 19th December. Mr. Pocklington's Fourth Lecture on Artificial Illamination, will be deferred till Wednesday, the 10th December, in consequence of the Quarterly General Meeting on the 3d.

A Meeting of the Members and Friends of the Institution will be held in the Lecture Room on Tuesday, the 2d December, at Eight o'Clock in the Evening, (being the Fifth Anniversary of the Establishment), for the purpose of witnessing the Presentation of Two Prizes, given by Dr. Fellowes, for the best Model and the best Essay produced by Members.

Tickets for the ensuing Year or Quarter will be ready for delivery on Thursday next; and Persons may become Members, and be immediately entitled to attend all the Courses of Lectures, with the different Classes, and to the Use of the Library of Circulation and Reference, on the payment of 8s. annually, or 6s. quarterly, with 2s. 6d. entrance.

Lectures are delivered every Wednesday and Friday Evening, commencing at Half-past Eight o'Clock.

By order of the Committee,
ROBERT CHRISTIE, Secretary.

No. 29, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, 24th November, 1828.

W. B. COOKE respectfully informs the Public that a Selection of the choicest Proofs before the Letters, on India and on French paper, generally called Engravers' Proofs, engraved by W. B. Cooke, as also of other Works published by him, will be Sold by Auction, at Mr. Southgate's Rooms, 23, Fleet Street, on Friday and Saturday next, the 5th and 6th of December, at Twelve for One o'Clock.

Catalogues may be had on Tuesday, Dec. 2d.

GEORGE COOKE begs to inform his Friends and Subscribers, that Part X. of "London and its Vicinity," and Part VIII. "Shipping and Craft," will be published on the 15th of December, 1828, each containing Five Plates.

Hackney, November 27, 1828.

MUSIC.

To Organists.

Just published, price 12s. 1 vol. whole bound in cloth, dedicated to Dr. Crotch,

A COLLECTION of VOLUNTARIES.

Selected from the Sacred Vocal Works of—

Mozart	Romberg	Pergolesi
Haydn	Spohr	Marcello
Beethoven	Winter	Hasse
Hummel	Rink	&c. &c. &c.
Cherubini	Graun	

Arranged by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT.

Sold by all Music-sellers.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Foolscap 8vo. 7s. boards,

SCENES of WAR; and other Poems. By JOHN MALCOLM, Author of "Reminiscences of a Campaign in the Pyrenees and South of France," &c. &c.

Diversions of Hollycot; or, the Mother's Art of Thinking. By the Author of "Clan Albin," and "Elizabeth de Bruce." Thick 18mo. 3s. 6d. half-bound.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Geo. B. Whittaker, London.

Illustrated with Portraits of Captain Franklin, Captain Back, Dr. Richardson, Lieutenant Hood, and with 16 Views, engraved on Steel by Finden, (in all 20 Plates), price only 20s.

THE INTERESTING NARRATIVE of CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S PRIVATIONS and SUFFERINGS during his VOYAGES to the POLAR SEA. Beautifully printed in Four pocket Volumes, similar to those published last year, of Captain Parry's Voyages.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Price Six Shillings,

THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. IV.

"We took this volume in hand, anticipating a great deal of instruction and interest, for looking over the list of contents, we observed a selection of subjects far more judicious than has hitherto appeared, either in the Foreign Review itself, or its rival. Here every article promises a great deal to the scholar, to the historian, to the philosopher, to the lover of polite literature. In many cases his expectations are not disappointed."—*Edinburgh Evening Post.*

No. V. will be published at the end of Dec.

London: Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; Boissange, Barthès, and Lowell, Great Marlborough Street; and by all other Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. Nos. CXLVI. and CXLVII. for Dec. 1828.

Contents of Part I.—I. Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. 40—II. "Buy a Broom?"—III. The Hazel-Rose—IV. Ireland as it is; in 1828. Chaps. 5 and 6—V. Ode to Tan Hill—VI. The Wife's Trial; or, the Intruding Widow. By C. Lamb, Esq.—VII. The Vaudois Wife. By F. H.—VIII. The Land of Dreams. By F. H.—IX. An Execution in Paris—X. Works preparing for publication—XI. Monthly List of New Publications—XII. Appointments, Promotions, &c.—XIII. Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Contents of Part II.—I. Substance of Sir Robert Inglis's Two Speeches on the Catholic Question—II. Piles—III. An Old Maid's Story—IV. Three Years at Oxford—V. On the Nothingness of Good Works—VI. The Robber's Tower. A true Adventure—VII. Elements of Rhetoric. By Dr. Whately—VIII. The June Jaunt. A Chapter omitted in Maesie Wauch—IX. Art thou the Maid?—X. Sacred Poetry.

Printed for William Blackwood, 17, Princess Street, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE for Dec. price Half-a-Crown, consists of the following Articles,—I. The Brunswick Clubs of England and Ireland—II. The Vision of Tears—III. Metropolitan Improvements, No. 3; the British Subways—IV. Stanzas on Abram Isaaks—V. South American Sketches, No. 1; Facundo Quiroga, Governor of La Rioja—VI. Echard's Contempt of Clergy—VII. The Grave of Hofer, the Tyrolese—VIII. The Winter's Cruise—IX. Village Sketches, No. 12; Hannah Rint—X. Rousseau, his Eloise and Confessions—XI. Affairs in General—The Theatres—Reviews of New Books—List of Works published and in preparation—Scientific and Miscellaneous Varieties—Patents that expire in December—Agricultural, Commercial, and Meteorological Reports—Provincial Occurrences—Bankrupts and Dividends—Price of Stocks—Obituary of distinguished Individuals.

This Number contains the Title-page and Index to the Volume.

Published by G. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.

The Right Hon. Henrietta Viscountess Dillon.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE for December contains a Portrait of the Rt. Hon. Henrietta Viscountess Dillon, engraved by Thomson, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee, being the 48th of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, now publishing in La Belle Assemblée, which elegant and fashionable Publication is likewise embellished with Four coloured Engravings of the latest London and Parisian Fashions, and accompanied with its usual proportion of Letter-press.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Modern Traveller; a popular Description, geographical, historical, and topographical, of the various Countries of the Globe.—INDIA, in 4 vols. 18mo. London, 1828. J. Duncan.

WE have already had frequent occasion to notice this work in its progress, and always with admiration of its merits—the extraordinary quantity of intelligence condensed into its pages, the extensive and interesting nature of its researches, and the spirit and taste by which its editor contrived to render the necessary details of his learned and laborious performance fully as entertaining as if he had written it with a view to pass away the lighter hours of his reader.

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But while to the individual traveller separate portions may be chiefly of immediate value, to the general student, the public teacher, the mother instructing her children, the father looking for the very best order of family reading for his winter fire-side, the military library, whether in garrison or on service, the sea-officer's cabin,—the whole series offers a gratification and a use, which we know not where else they could find; but, above all, this division is of itself the most valuable publication with which the voyage to India could be amused and instructed, whether by merchant, civil or military officer, cadet, or female passenger.

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Those who have been in the habit of looking at our criticisms will be satisfied that, when we offer our tribute of praise to a performance, it is only from a sense of its merits; those who are not, we refer to the work itself; and, as the last specimen, to the portion immediately published, and now lying before us—*India*.

In our limited space, we must confine ourselves to a statement of the points which render this portion of the *Modern Traveller* of peculiar importance. It contains a very minute and comprehensive history of India, which is to be found complete in no other work; the several histories which have hitherto appeared limiting themselves to separate parts of the country or its dynasties. Thus we have histories of British India, Mahometan India, Central India, &c.; the present work combining the facts of all, and descending from the earliest period of ancient annals to the year 1823. The authorities are always given, so that the reader desirous of extending his researches on particular points is furnished with a guide; and, by the editor's notices of the discrepancies and character of the several writers, the chance of error, in following a peculiar guide, is nearly extinguished.

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Of the style we must adduce but a few specimens. Its general tenour is, as it ought to be, that of a writer feeling the value of succinctness and simplicity. But it contains frequent evidences, that on a subject where he was less fastened down by the fetters of the work, he could display the powers of a vigorous and picturesque pen. We give the animated description of Sevajee,—one of those singular beings that, from time to time, start up in the intellectual desert, as if to give assurance that the powers of the human mind are not dead but sleeping, even in the indolence of India.

"Sevajee seems to have aspired to be the restorer of the Hindoo faith, as well as of the national independence. In his correspondence and manifestos, he frequently styled himself the champion of the gods against the impious violator of their temples; and by this means he sharpened the antipathy of his troops against the Moguls. He affected the deepest reverence for his Brahmins, and was punctilious in the observance of his devotions. His private life was simple even to parsimony; and his manners, towards his own subjects, were free from ostentation, kind, and endearing. Respected as the guardian of the nation he had formed, he moved every where among them with unsuspicious security, often alone; while his wiles were the continual terror of the states with which he was at enmity, even in the midst of their citadels and armies. In personal activity, he exceeded Baber himself; and to undaunted courage he added the most

* For example: "Sugar has been cultivated in India from time immemorial. The name of Gaur, the ancient capital of Bengal, a city highly celebrated in Indian history, is supposed to be derived from *gur*, which, in both the ancient and the modern languages, signifies raw sugar. That the cane was an article of commerce in very early times, appears from the references to this production by the Jewish prophets. (See Isa. xliii. 24; Jer. vi. 20.) In the Periplus, sugar is described as Μελι καλαμινον το λεγομενον σακχαρι, honey from canes, called *sacchari*. Pliny says: 'Arabia produces *saccaron*, but the best is in India: it is a honey collected from reeds, a sort of white gum, brittle between the teeth; the largest pieces do not exceed the size of a hazel-nut, and it is used only in medicine.'—*Lib.* xii. *c.* 8. *Sarcara* or *saccara*, we are told, is the Sanscrit term for manufactured sugar. Dr. Vincent, on the authority of a paper in the Asiatic Researches, gives, as the Sanscrit word, *ichshu-casa*, and supposes that from the two middle syllables the Arabic *shuka* or *shukar* was formed. It is agreed, that sugar and *sucre* come from the Arabic; the Saracens and Arabians having propagated the cane in their conquests. From Egypt, it was carried into Sicily, which, in the twelfth century, supplied many parts of Europe with that commodity; and from Sicily it appears to have travelled westward, to Spain, the Canaries, Hispaniola, and Brazil. The noun שכר *shekar*, occurs nineteen times in the Hebrew Scriptures, and is uniformly translated strong drink, in distinction from wine. Some sort of mead or fermented liquor may be intended; but it is very possible that a saccharine spirit was obtained from the syrup of the cane (still exported under the name of *jaghery*), to which that name was given, and that the verb *shakar* was made from the noun. The Greek συκον, and Latin *sicera*, have obviously a similar etymology; and possibly, *sucus*, a fig, may, in like manner, be derived from its saccharine quality."

"The peacock, Mr. Pennant says, inhabits most parts of India, adding highly to the beauty of its rich forests, as well as some of the islands, as high as lat. 31° 14', if it is yet found on the Rauvee. Ælian states, that it was imported from India into Greece by the barbarians. A male and a female were valued at Athens at a thousand *drachmæ* (about 32*l.*) Samos appears to have been one of the first places in Europe to which they were brought: here they were preserved about the temple of Juno, being sacred to that goddess, as they are in India to Kartikayu, the son of Shivu and Doorga. Their use was, however, subsequently permitted to mortals; and Gellius, in the *Noctes Atticæ*, commends the excellency of the Samian peacocks. They were known in Judæa many years before the era of Alexander, being enumerated among the precious things imported by the Tharshish fleets in their three years' voyage to and from Ophir.—1 Kings, x. 22; 2 Chron. ix. 21. Harmer, after Reland and others, would make *thukkim* (or *tugim*) to be Ethiopian parrots; but Bochart has proved the propriety of the received rendering. On the Malabar coast, the name of the peacock is said to be still *togei*."

fertile resources of stratagem. He met every emergency of peril, however sudden or extreme, with instant discernment and unshaken fortitude; but, while equal to the encounter of any danger, he always preferred to surmount it by circumvention. If this was impracticable, no arm exceeded his in open daring, and the boast of the soldier was to have seen Sevajee charging sword in hand. The two circumstances to which, next to his personal courage and activity, he was chiefly indebted for his extraordinary success, were, the superior excellence and discipline of his cavalry, and his extensive system of secret intelligence. The cavalry of the three Mahommedan states were always drawn from the northern countries and borders of India, with especial regard to their strength and size; and their shock was not to be resisted by any of the native cavalry in the south of Delhi. To this cause, all the conquests made by the Mahammedans in the southern provinces may be ascribed. Sevajee first discerned the necessity of establishing a cavalry, of which the requisites were agility and endurance of fatigue. Besides the supplies obtained by purchase and capture, studs were raised from the most approved breeds. The horses were rode without a saddle by men lightly accoutred, their only weapon being the sabre. Footmen, inured to travel, bearing all kinds of arms, trooped with the cavalry; and spare horses were always taken, to bring off the booty, and to relieve the weary and wounded. All gathered their daily provisions as they passed. No pursuit could overtake their march. In conflict, their onset fell wheresoever they chose, and was sometimes relinquished in the instant of charge. Whole districts were in flames before their approach was known. But, although such measures were sometimes resorted to, in order to strike terror, and no quarter was given in case of resistance, they were not wanton in bloodshed; and in towns, they sought only the wealthy inhabitants, to carry them off for future ransom. Sevajee was, it is true, nothing better than a captain of banditti; but the Mahratta was mild and merciful, in comparison with the ferocious Mogul. His object was plunder, not extermination, and he effected more by stratagem than by violence. Sevajee spared no cost to obtain intelligence of all the motions of his enemy; and the accuracy and minuteness of his local information, form one of the most striking features in his predatory system. He was still more profuse in corrupting the generals with whom he contended. The Mogul governors of Surat, the soubahdars of the Deccan, and even Sultan Manzum himself, are reported to have accepted, more than once, the gold of Sevajee as the price of their connivance. The Hindoo had not the polished mind, the comprehensive views, the chivalrous character of Baber, Aurungzebe's illustrious ancestor; but, in boldness, activity, and enterprise, he was his equal, and he excelled him in stratagem and policy. Aurungzebe could not suppress the emotions of his joy on hearing of his death, but, at the same time, he bore this striking testimony to his genius. 'He was a great captain, and the only one who has had the management to raise a new kingdom, while I have been endeavouring to destroy the ancient sovereignties of India. My armies have been employed against him for nineteen years, and, nevertheless, his state has been always increasing.' At the time of his death, Sevajee's dominions comprised, on the western side of India, all the coast, with the back country of the hills, from the river Mirzeou to Versal, with the exception of the small territory of Goa to the south, Bombay and Salsette, and the Portuguese possessions between Bassein and Damaun on the north; an extent of about 400 miles in length by 120 in breadth. At the distance of 300 miles from this territory, he was in possession, towards the eastern sea, of half the Carnatic, which was of itself equal to most of the Indian sovereignties."

As a contrast to this daring freebooter, we select the intelligent and elegant sketch of a great imperial Indian,—a man whose influence swayed the whole extent of Mahommedan India, was acknowledged by the European princes, and whose name is to this hour one of popular homage through the East.

"It is difficult to hold the pen steady in attempting to do justice to the character of this able monarch, who has been held up in opposite representations, as a monster of cruelty and hypocrisy on the one hand, and a model for sovereigns on the other. It is remarked, that he attained the throne by deposing his father and murdering his brothers; but Shah Jehan had already resigned the empire to Dara, when the fratricidal contest began; nor was the conqueror the only criminal. Shah Jehan, too, had himself rebelled against his father, and had sealed his own accession by the murder of unoffending rivals. But Aurungzebe is accused of having assumed the mask of religious austerity in order to gain the throne. That he was an ascetic and a rigid moslem, is true; but if he was a hypocrite, 'we cannot but admire,' to adopt the remark of Mr. Maurice, 'the unshaken fortitude with which, during so prolonged a life, he submitted to privations of every kind, while presiding in the most luxurious court, and wielding the richest sceptre of Asia.' Of the four brothers, Dara was suspected of Hindooism; Sujah was a libertine; Morad, a drunkard; and Aurungzebe was assuredly the most respectable. Bernier informs us, that the fate of Dara was decided upon in a council of omrahs, and that those who insisted upon the necessity of his death, urged, that he had long abandoned the religion of Mohammed; and we are told, on another authority, that it was his attachment to the Brahmins, together with a work which he wrote in defence of the Vedas, that cost him the empire. Aurungzebe was a persecutor: he attempted to effect the conversion of the Hindoos by the sword. But, in our reprobation of his sanguinary zeal, we must recollect, that he acted consistently with his principles as a moslem, not in defiance of them. Those writers who affect surprise that a Mogul sovereign should not have displayed a spirit of enlightened toleration towards his idolatrous subjects, seem to forget the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the recent date of our own Toleration Act. When it is recollected that Aurungzebe was the contemporary of Louis XIV. and of the Stuarts, it will hardly be contended that, on this point, the Mohammedan emperor discovered less liberality or humanity than most of the Christian sovereigns of his day. Aurungzebe is represented by the author of the *Allumghire Nameh*, as naturally mild and affable in his manners; in his disposition, placable and humane; in his judicial administration, indefatigably vigilant and impartially just. When he appeared in public, he clothed his features with a complacent benignity; and those who had trembled at his name, found themselves at ease in his presence. In support of this representation of his character, it is mentioned to his honour, that capital punishments were almost unknown during his reign. The traveller Gemelli, who saw him at Bejapore in 1695, gives a pleasing description of his venerable appearance. 'In stature, rather below the middle size, of a slender make, an olive complexion, with an aquiline nose and a white beard, he walked leaning on a staff formed like a crosier; for age had in some degree bowed his back, though it had not dimmed the lustre of his eye. Benignity reigned in his features, and his manners were still marked by affability. His dress was always plain and simple. Except upon public festivals, the vest he wore seldom exceeded the value of eight rupees; nor were his sash and tiara loaded with jewels. In camp, he was the most indefatigable man of his army; the first to rise, and the last to retire to rest; and in his younger days, he generally slept on the bare ground, wrapped in a tiger-skin. He was, at the same time, remarkably cleanly both in his person and his dress. His diet consisted, for the most part, of herbs and pulse: no fermented liquor ever passed his lips. He spent little time in the seraglio; and though, according to the custom of the country, he maintained a number of women, it was only as a part of imperial state, as he, in fact, contented himself with his lawful wives. He was the severe enemy of immoralities of every description. He discountenanced gambling and drunkenness, both by prohibition and example; and the long train of dancers and singers, actors and buffoons, in which his father Shah Jehan had taken so much delight, were banished from his court as destructive of morals and degrading to majesty. His public buildings partook of the character of his mind: they were useful, rather than splendid. At every stage from Caubul to Aurungabad, and from Gujerat to Bengal, he built and maintained caravanserais, furnished at the public expense. In all the principal cities, he founded universities; in the inferior towns, he erected schools. He also built and endowed numerous hospitals for the poor and maimed. He was the liberal patron and frequent correspondent of learned men throughout his dominions, and was himself not the least accomplished prince of the house of Timour. He was master of the Persian and Arabic languages, and he wrote the Tourki and most of the Indian dialects with ease and elegance. Many of the government despatches, written with his own hand, are remarkable for brevity and precision; and he is reported always to have corrected the diction of his secretaries. He understood and encouraged agriculture; was thoroughly versed in all the details of his vast empire; and the unfortunate and distressed invariably found a resource in the wise policy or bounty of the sovereign. Although his revenues amounted to thirty-two millions sterling, he left in his private treasury little more than 7,000*l.*, of which, in his last will, he ordered 1,000 rupees (125*l.*) to be distributed among the poor at his funeral. He directed his burial to be conducted without pomp, his tomb to be low and simple, like those of dervishes; and desired his 'fortunate children' to give themselves no concern about a monument. Such a man deserves a better name than that of either bigot or hypocrite, tyrant or monster. If he is to be judged of by comparison, it would be difficult to find a despotic reign of half a century, stained by fewer crimes on the part of the monarch, or marked by a more laudable attention to the general interests and improvement of the empire."

We ought to say that these volumes also contain a well-executed map, and a number of engravings of the principal buildings, &c. in a very finished style of the burin.

Before closing our remarks, however, on this small, but very complete and excellent work, we have to add to our eulogy upon it, the farther praise of the good sense which it displays in having abstained from politics and legal disquisitions; and in substituting for such fruitless and disputative matter, very valuable information, of a literary and scientific description, derived from a diligent examination of the Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay Philosophical Transactions, and other sources not generally accessible; and also diversifying the drier details with characteristic and national features of an entertaining kind. But the Editor's concluding reflections will perhaps better satisfy our readers than any other extract; and we insert them, not only as our finale, but as a lucid and able view of British India, to the present epoch.

"About two-thirds of India are now under the direct management of the three presidencies. The remaining third is under the effective control of the military power of the British government; and the imperfect schemes of administration which have been propped up for a while in the territories still under native rule, must be considered as destined, sooner or later, to be replaced, probably without a struggle, by a uniform and permanent system. Whatever be the difficulties and dangers attaching to the dominion which the British have been reluctantly compelled to assume, the struggle which has thus ended in the universal establishment of their ascendancy, promises to be the last that they will have to maintain with the native powers of India. Here, then, we may terminate the history of that extraordinary series of events, which has placed in the hands of the British, the sovereignty and the destinies of India. After eight centuries of uninterrupted war and anarchy, a 'handful of distant islanders' have restored to this devoted country the blessings of external security and internal repose; to a degree which, probably, at no former period of its history, was ever known. So mighty and rapid a change in the condition of an eighth part of the human race, has no parallel in history, whether we consider the comparative number of the conquerors, or the means by which it has been achieved. Never since conquest began to desolate the earth, it has been justly remarked, was an empire of such magnitude acquired with so small an effusion of blood. The whole conquest of India by Great Britain cost fewer lives than were destroyed by the Spaniards in South America in a single year. The rapidity, as well as the extent of the conquest is unparalleled. After many centuries had elapsed, the Mogul power was imperfectly established throughout the territories nominally subjugated to the Emperor of Delhi, which did not include the whole of the peninsula; and it was in the most prosperous years of Aurungzebe's reign, that Sivajee laid the foundations of the Mahratta empire. Nor will the first conquests of Mohammedism bear a comparison with the British conquests in India. In the course of a century, the Khalifs had extended the faith of Islam over Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, and Egypt; but those countries scarcely contained fifty millions of inhabitants; and it is a remarkable fact, that, in the present day, the nations subject to Mohammedan rulers do not form an aggregate population equal to that which now acknowledges the British sceptre. When to this it is added, that, contrary to the spirit in which all former conquests have been achieved, the Indian empire of Great Britain has been acquired in despite of herself,—in opposition to the policy which denounced all extension of territory as not only undesirable but hurtful,—in spite of acts of parliament and perpetual remonstrances from the body of British merchants whose interests were at stake,—the phenomenon is still more striking. 'For princes and nations to pant for territorial aggrandisement,' to cite the words of an intelligent writer, 'has in it nothing strange and new; but it is strange for a nation continually to discountenance this spirit in the strongest manner; and still more strange, that, in the very face of all these prohibitions, a mighty empire should have grown up amidst the anxieties and the habits of commercial speculation. It is not that the British nation has conquered India; rather, unavoidable circumstances have at length almost subdued the national aversion to this conquest.' What is more, the very enactments that were intended to arrest the growth of our power, have, as Sir John Malcolm remarks, caused it to be more rapid than it otherwise would have been. Every retrograde step, every attempt to return to a neutral and pacific system, has been followed, and unavoidably, by an accelerated movement in the extension of our dominion. But, above all, the conquest of India by Britain is distinguished by its unquestionably beneficent character. To the natives themselves, the destruction of the Mussulman power,—a foreign and despotic yoke,—was a national emancipation from the most degrading oppression. But had it given way only to the Mahratta empire, which, at the commencement of our relations with the native powers, threatened to swallow up the whole country, the change would have been only to a more complete disorganisation of society. Notwithstanding all the crimes committed by the British in the first stages of their great mercantile adventure, the acquisition of Bengal cost fewer lives than were lost in a single expedition of the Mogul princes, or in the protection of that province from the Mahrattas during the vigorous reign of the brave Aliverdi. But, in the destruction of the predatory system which was converting the finest provinces into a wilderness, the British government has performed a splendid act of justice, policy, and humanity, which fairly entitles it to be regarded as a conservative and beneficent power, whose supremacy has been the deliverance of the people. That system was the baleful dregs of the exhausted military establishments of the Mohammedan dynasties; and it succeeded to the wars of Aurungzebe, like pestilence after famine, rioting in the exhaustion of the country. The Mahratta states, which identified themselves with this system, fell, as they deserved to fall, in consequence of their abetting a conspiracy subversive of all government and social order. Nothing could more plainly indicate the real spirit and character of those native powers, than their alliance with the Pindarry chieftains; and it may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance for India, that the infatuation and weakness of the Peishwa and his confederates, compelled the Governor-general to treat them as enemies and political criminals, towards whom any further forbearance would have entailed both disgrace and danger."

African Fables.

A COLLECTION of fables by the natives of Senegal has been translated into French verse by the Baron Roger, ex-commandant and governor of Senegal and its dependencies. This work will certainly assist in removing the prejudices which have so long existed in Europe respecting the intellect of Africans. Although the negroes have neither literature, nor even a written language, it appears that fables have been known to them from time immemorial. There are certain established forms of introducing them in society. He who tells one thus begins: "Leb-on-ne;" which is, "I have made a fable." Politeness requires that the company should answer, "Lou-po-on-ne;" which is, "that will be very amusing." The fable itself is commenced very much in the European manner, "Once upon a time, &c." The relater neglects nothing that can excite the attention of his hearers, and goes on as long as he finds that they listen to him with pleasure. The morals of the African fables are very curious, and they are of course adapted to the manners and habits of the country. One of them is to the following effect:—

"*The Rabbit who clothed himself with the skin of a Gazelle.*—To an ox, who was the owner of a meadow, a certain rabbit owed for a year's board. He was likewise indebted, more or less, to all the neighbours. Wherever he went, 'pay for the grass,' 'pay for the bran,' 'pay me,' 'pay me,' were the cries which rang in his ears. Having exhausted all his promises and grimaces, his creditors began to threaten him, and he found it necessary to play them some trick. One day, when he was alone, and thinking of this, he saw a dead gazelle lying on the ground. 'This will do: my importunate friends,' quoth he, 'you shall see something new.' Having flayed the dead gazelle, he dressed himself in the skin, which he adjusted as well as he could, and then stalked into the meadow. 'Alas! poor gazelle!' exclaimed every tender-hearted animal; 'what has happened to thee? why art thou so miserably thin?' 'It was the rabbit whom I interrupted when he was engaged in some sorcery. He cursed me, and that brought me into this condition. Heaven preserve you from vexing him!' 'Ha! do you hear that, comrades? This hint comes very apropos. I fear some mischief; let us leave the rabbit alone.'"

A negro having been asked by M. Roger what was the meaning of this fable, after some consideration answered,—"That when a man is clever he may avoid paying his debts."

There are a good many clever rabbits in Europe!

The Will of King Alfred. Reprinted from the Oxford edition of 1728: with a Preface and additional Notes. London, 1828. W. Pickering; Nattali.

In the History of the Anglo-Saxons, Mr. Turner has truly stated—"Our language, our government, and our laws, display our Gothic ancestors in every part: they live not merely in our annals and traditions, but in our civil institutions and perpetual discourse. The parent tree is indeed greatly amplified by branches engrafted on it from other regions, and by the new shoots which the accidents of time and the improvements of society have produced; but it discovers yet its Saxon origin, and retains its Saxon properties, though more than thirteen centuries have rolled over, with all their tempests and vicissitudes."

The Anglo-Saxon language, then, is of great interest and importance to every Englishman who wishes to know the origin and construction of his own tongue. The substance and idiom of our language are Anglo-Saxon. The learned Dr. Hickes has observed, that of *fifty-eight words* of which the Lord's Prayer is composed, not more than *three* words are of Gallo-Norman introduction. The remaining *fifty-five* are

immediately and originally derived from the Anglo-Saxon.

In a philological point of view, the Anglo-Saxon is a very interesting language. The composition of many of our words and terminating syllables, which cannot otherwise be known, are evident when traced to their Saxon origin: thus, from ac, *an oak*, and corn (corn) *a corn*, is formed *accorn*, or acorn, *a corn of the oak*. From æ, *water*, æer (æes) or ær (æs), *water's*, or *of water*, and land, *land*, we have ærland (æsland) *a water's land*, or *land of water*, *an island*. Bircеop (bisceop) *a bishop*, and ric (ric) *dominion*, máká bircеoprice, *a bishop's dominion*, or *bishopric*. Feorm (feorm) *food*, and er (er) *a man*, make Feormer, *a food-man*, or *farmer*. Fæder (fæder) *father*, and lear (leas) *lost*, *less*, Fæderlear (fæderleas) *fatherless*. Many technical words in Saxon, as well as in Greek, when analysed, are perfect definitions. Thus: Boccræft (boccræft) *book-craft*, or *grammar*. Tungolcræftig (tungolcræftig) *star crafty*, *an astronomer*. In many words every syllable is expressive. Stapolfæstan (statholfæstan) *to confirm*, is composed of an, *to give*, fæst (fæst) *a fast*, Stapol (stathol) *foundation*.

Anglo-Saxon literature is not only most interesting to the philologist, but highly useful to many other characters. We mention a few to whom an acquaintance with it cannot but be obviously serviceable. Every lawyer must derive solid information from studying the Anglo-Saxon laws, published by Lombard, Whelock, and Wilkins. Many charters are still in existence which cannot be understood without a knowledge of Saxon. Where is the divine who can fail to be interested in perusing the history of the church in King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History? The pure doctrines enforced in some of the Anglo-Saxon sermons prove how greatly the Romish church has been corrupted since the time those sermons were composed. Is there a patriot, who glories in our admirable constitution, or rests secure under the protection of that envied palladium of English liberty, the trial by jury? let him remember that the latter was of Scandinavian origin, and conveyed to us by the Saxons; and that our present parliament is but the revival of the free and simple Witena gemot (Witena gemot) *the assembly of the wise*, or *the parliament* of our Saxonan cestors, in whose writings he will easily trace the origin of our glorious constitution. Every one must acknowledge the indispensable utility of Saxon literature in elucidating the topography and antiquity of England, in explaining our provincial dialects and local customs. Indeed the name of a town is generally a description of its local site. Thus, when we find a place called Eton, we are sure the town is in a low watery situation, for æ-ton (æton) signifies the *water-town*.

Amongst the many interesting documents in Anglo-Saxon literature, the neat little work before us is one of the most curious and important. The able writer of the preface has well observed: "The Will itself might be made the text of a far from uninteresting dissertation on antiquarian points of considerable importance. The rights of succession, both regal and concerning private property, the modes of tenure, the gift and maintenance of personal privileges, the forms of bequest, with other circumstances relating to ancient habits and localities, may derive incidental elucidation from this valuable relic. Its disclosures manifest the jealousy with which the Anglo-Saxon monarchs watched and secured the transmission of their private possessions to their families and friends."

We again let the editor speak for himself. "Independently of the wish to render generally accessible an important illustration of English history, and to supply a deficiency in the book-market, occasioned by the scarcity of the first edition, regard has been had, in the present publication, to the general interest that has been recently awakened to every thing connected with the literature of the Anglo-Saxons. It may be hoped that henceforward a knowledge, not only of the acts and institutions of our ancestors, but of their habits of thought and expression, will be considered as amongst the indispensable elements of a liberal education. The true genius of our tongue, the legitimate clue to its richest treasures, can never be ascertained but by ascending to its source. Shakespeare, and the giants of Shakespeare's day, are only to be adequately understood by the man who has traced up the derivation of that unrivalled medium through which their feelings and conceptions have been transmitted to these later times. The little work which is now placed in the reader's hands will be found, with the aid of the closely verbal rendering, available as an appendix to the grammar—a kind of praxis on the rudiments. The additional notes have been supplied by the kindness of a friend. They refer to points of minute, but, it is hoped, not either useless or unimportant criticism. Inquiries connected with the import and power of words must be microscopic, or they will be unavailing."

In these notes we think we discover the discriminating judgment and critical acumen of Mr. J. S. Cardale, who has far advanced in the press (as we have heard) an edition of Boethius, with the Saxon and English on the alternate pages. We have not room to analyse the Will, or give specimens of the Translation, but we most cordially recommend this little work to the notice of the public. The paper, type, and printing, are all good, and altogether the book does the greatest credit to the press of Mr. Combe. Hitherto books on Anglo-Saxon have been published in too ponderous and expensive a form. The Will of King Alfred is a happy exception: if a few more works were published in the same style, and a dictionary of a moderate size and price could be procured, we have no doubt that the study of Anglo-Saxon would soon become as popular as it deserves to be.

The Wanderer's Legacy. By Catharine Grace Godwin.

[Conclusion of our Review.]

"THE Monk of Camaldoli" is the next in succession of this charming collection. It is a tale of two Italian lovers, Giuliano and Bianca.

"Their love had been the young heart's reveiry,
In the first bloom of life; and they had seen
Their fondness hallow'd by th' approving eye
And voice parental; and their homes had been
The altar of their vows. Full many a scene
In those domestic halls bore witness meet
To the chaste intercourse that pass'd between
The youth and maid, when with responsive heat
Their pure souls mingled in communion sweet.

She was the music of his mind—the still
Sweet vision of his dreams; and when his hand
Traced the bold outline with a painter's skill,
(For he was gifted in his native land
With its high genius,) his young love would stand
In Grecian attitude, with lips apart,
And dark hair filleted with silken band,
The perfect model of the limner's art,
The studio's peerless gem, the lode-star of his heart."

A father's ambition and avarice separate them. Bianca is wedded to rank and opulence, and dies. On learning this fatal catastrophe, the distraction with which Giuliano had been previously seized, is suspended:

"He did not weep—
Tears for the silent dead, can they avail?
But through his heart the grave-worm seemed to creep.

* * * *

Again essayed he his neglected art,—
Beneath his touch the sweet creation grew;
His was the fervid genius of the heart,
The magic of the memory ever true.
The vernal lip breathed there—the tender hue
Of the young cheek, with whose transparent white
Carnation blended, and the vein shone through,
Glancing with life—the rich and dewy light
Of the deep azure eye, beam'd there divinely bright.

So meek, so pensive that angelic face,
With brow upturn'd, and lips imbued with prayer,
And so impress'd with a mysterious grace,
'Twas deem'd no mortal maid could be so fair.
Nor marvel I that they who linger'd there,
Watching the growth of that sweet shadowy thing,
When o'er her forehead and encircling hair
The twilight fell in many a saintly ring,
Should, as before some holy shrine, stand worshipping.

The fair work bloom'd to life—nor evening dim,
Nor midnight's waning lamp, could warn away
The painter from his task. Unmark'd by him
Were all but that dear semblance, where the ray
Of his enlight'ning mind concentred lay.
And with beseeching looks, that more than speak,
He silenced those who fear'd his health's decay;
For he had toiled until the hectic streak
Of fever's fatal flame had scorched his pallid cheek.

At length 'twas finished. When the gray morn shone
Through the dim cell, the last, the master-stroke
Was given to that sweet face. His task was done.
The light of mind o'er all the picture broke,
And Giuliano from his trance awoke:
He stood and gazed with aching eye, intent
On his perfected work. No word he spoke,
Not breath escaped him; but he stood there bent
Like some cold sculptured mourner o'er a monument."

He soon relapses, however; and a monastery eventually receives his shattered form and darkened spirit.

"The Hebrew Girl at the Auto da fé," is an interesting relation of the unhappy fate of

"A young and beauteous being, whose wild woe
Spake with a voice that might not be unheard;

* * * *

An orphan maid, condemn'd,
For the deep guilt of clinging, in the night
Of her young spirit's loneness, to a creed,
Her ancient nation's ark of hope,—to die!"

The title of "The Dying Crusader" sufficiently indicates the subject of it. The last moments of a brave and pious Christian knight are pathetically described; and with a strict and picturesque adherence to the truth of local circumstances. What can be more striking than the close of this poem, in which the faithful squire is represented as watching at night by the corpse of his beloved and lamented master?

"Still at the faithful Hubert there,
The silent image of despair,
When Syria's moon resplendent rose
O'er the wild desert's deep repose.
The lamp, unheeded, feebly shed
Its light upon the stately dead;
Until, to quench its failing flame,
The moon's broad mellow radiance came.
Refulgent, in that orient clime,
Her beauty took a tone sublime:
She seem'd as up the vaulted sky
She steer'd her lucid bark on high,
A spirit borne on heavenly wings
Away from earth and earthly things,
Yet lingering, with a fond regret,
O'er mortal grandeur that had set.
No voice of winds, nor living sound
Broke the drear stillness brooding round;
Save when the fierce hyæna's howl
Proclaim'd him on his midnight prowl:
Or from the shores of that Dead Lake,
At whose black wave no beast may slake
His maddening thirst—a spot abhorr'd!—
The Lion of the Desert roar'd."

"Destiny," a romantic story of seven brothers, "Evening on the Shores of Procita," and "Petrarca's Tomb," are replete with tenderness and elegance. "Indian Scenery" affords as agreeable a variety, although of an opposite nature, as did "The Seal Hunters." The picture of tropical woods, under the penetrating influence of the beams of the setting sun, is singularly rich, animated, and powerful.

"Through the great forest's still and secret heart,
The mighty monarch sends his fiercest dart;
His slant rays lighting in th' umbrageous bowers
The thousand lamps of oriental flowers;
E'en the thick leaves in emerald lustre glow,
And shed their radiance on the reeds below.
No longer, shaded from the sultry glare,
Sleeps the fell tiger in his forest lair;
Roused from his slumber by that scorching ray,
Sullen he stalks to deeper gloom away;
Where lurks the jackall in the tangled brake,
And scorpions hurtle with the glistering snake.
In the vast lab'rinth's long and sinuous veins
A quiet, clear, and temper'd glory reigns;
A luxury of light, in tone subdued,
Pour'd through that leafy roofing's amplitude.
There the flamingo's scarlet plume is seen,
Flaunting beneath th' arika's verdant screen;
And sweeping stately through the tamarind glade,
With jewell'd crest triumphantly display'd,
The peacock to the sunset doth unfold
His proud array of purple and of gold.
Clothed in the rainbow's bright and blending dyes,
The loxia in the changeful sunbeam flies;
Or in the branches' quivering maze entwined,
Pierces the wild acacia's spicy rind.
But revel these alone?—doth not the ray
Of eve illume a host as glad as they?
Wings, like the splendour of the mineral world,
Are seen in every ruby gleam unfurl'd;
There lifts the butterfly its gorgeous sail,
Wooing the zephyr; or the glittering mail
Of some horn'd insect glances mid the leaves;
And there his toils the subtle spider weaves.
The shining lizard glides among the grass;
The dread mosquito quits the dank morass;
And many a shrilly pipe is heard afar,
In elfin mimicry of mightier war:
While from the shores the trumpet-beetle's voice
Calls on the insect myriads to rejoice."

We now come to one of the finest pieces in the volume, namely, "The Pestilence in Rome." We regret that we cannot transcribe the whole of it. It begins with an apostrophe to the "eternal city," and an allusion to its eventful history:

"Queen of the nations! venerable Rome!
How oft hast thou, since that triumphant hour
That hail'd thy birth, and to the wondering gaze
Of ancient polemates, thy star display'd,
Flaming along the western hemisphere;
How oft hast thou, still subject to the sway
Of captious Fortune, changed thy destiny!
Now, as the bride of thy victorious lords,
Tiara-crown'd, and flush'd with consciousness
Of power that found on earth no parallel;
Now in the train of some barbarian king,
Still glittering in thy marriage-robes, and rife
With all thy charms, a powerless captive led.
Again, with fickleness surpassing e'en
Capricious Fate, hast thou bound on thy brows,
Still humid with their willows, festal wreaths,
And, like Assyrian concubine, attuned
Thy lute to please a conquering despot's ear.
But this endured not; grandeur that springs up
From degradation soon doth pass away;
And thou art left in lonely widowhood,
A monument of all that was most high,
Prostrate in ruin.
Rome! when last my feet
Wander'd along thy desolated ways,
A sterner foe possessed thee, ruling wide,
With power that mock'd at man's supremacy,
Making thy tombs his throne. Ay, Death was there—
Death, and the pale-eyed demon of disease,
His ruthless caterer."

This is followed by a description of the general desolation which the pestilence has occasioned. One of its victims is then singled out:

"I saw a funeral train wind slow beneath
The Coliseum's mouldering porticoes;
The Miserere, chanted by the monks
Who bore to its last home that pale cold clay,
So late imbued with life, did sound amid
Those walls that erst had echoed back the cries
Of Rome's tumultuous concourse, drunk with joy.
Shades from the realms of death seem'd those gaunt forms
Robed in their ghastly vestments, convoy meet
For one whose dwelling-place must thenceforth be
Amidst the tombs. High in advance they rear'd
The sacred symbol of a world redeem'd,
Hung in funereal weeds, that heavily
Flapp'd to and fro in that sirocco blast,
Whose wings brought pestilence. I saw them thread
The arch of triumph, and proceed along
The ancient ways, untroubled by the crowd
Of idle gazers, who too oft impede
These sad processions. But at length their course
A moment was arrested. That high cross
Borne on before, did link its dusky arms
In garlands of the wild sweet eglantine
That o'er the rents of ruin thickly grew,
Faithful through time. The odorous wreaths awhile
Offer'd resistance, and repell'd the thrust
Of that dark ravisher, whilst their faint blooms
In crimson showers begemm'd the silent bier.
Then did mine eyes, long thwarted, first behold
Its moveless occupant.—A tall, fair girl,
Pallid in death, but redolent with youth,
Lay there serene, as though her dreamless sleep
Morning would break. O'er her patrician brows,
Whose polish'd beauty never Parian stone,
By Grecian chisel smote, had rivalled—hung
Her dark redundant tresses, mingling here,
And there escaping from the virgin veil
That still did float around her faultless form.
A tint, like that which on autumnal leaves
Tells of decay, invaded the pure white
Of her smooth cheek, cheating the transient gaze
With hues of life; but from the lip collapsed,
And those meek orbs, seal'd up in endless night,
Imagination shrunk. Her marble hands,
Clasp'd o'er the purple vest, unconscious shrined
The wild rose in its bud. Oh sight of woe!
The emblem flower, and that far sweeter bloom,
Youth nipt in its first fragrance, borne alike
To an untimely grave!"

A passage of poetical beauty surpassing the foregoing, we have seldom met with.

"Ancient Cities" comprises a series of solemn and touching reflections on the ruins of the magnificence of former days, which

"Are in time's horizon seen to shine
Like islands, hail'd through ocean's misty shroud;
Mellow'd, and mingling with the heaving brine,
And lighted up by Glory's red decline."

"The Turkish Tombs," "The Blind Minstrel," "The Arabian Mare," "The Lament of the Chevalier Bayard," and "The Estranged," all richly deserve particular notice; but we have reached our limits, and must reluctantly stop. In making our extracts from the various parts of the work, we have been perfectly sensible of the injury which the passages sustain from their disconnexion. However, what we have done will perhaps be sufficient to attract the public attention towards the volume. Our own opinion of it we have distinctly expressed; and we are strangely deceived, if a voice much more potential than ours will not confirm our eulogy, and assign to Mrs. Godwin a high rank among the poets of England. The work is dedicated to Mr. Wordsworth.

Nollekens and his Times.

(Concluded.)

As we draw towards the close of this Review, our illustrations of the work must not only be as miscellaneous as those in our preceding papers, but even more so; for the variety of matter has defied classification, and as we touch the finale, we find the odds and ends less tractable to system than ever. A letter written from Miss Moser to Fuseli, at Rome, in 1771, gives an interesting sketch of our arts and artists at that period. Mr. Smith hints that this lady "glanced" at her correspondent for a nearer tie, but that his heart had been previously "pierced by Angelica Kauffman." Be this as it may, the letter is lively and curious.

"I suppose (says Miss M.) there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already, to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit; and Zoffany superior to every body, in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Drugger, with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give a hundred guineas for the picture; Lord Carlisle, half an hour after, offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the lord, and the emolumen to his brother artist: (he is a gentleman!) Angelica made a very great addition to the show, and Mr. Hamilton's picture of Briseis parting from Achilles, was very much admired; the Briseis in taste, *à la antique*, elegant and simple. Coates, Dance, Wilson, &c. as usual. Mr. West had no large picture finished. You will doubtless imagine that I derived my epistolary genius from my nurse; but when you are tired of my gossiping, you may burn the letter—so I shall go on. Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were very much disappointed, as they could not obtain diplomas; but the secretary, who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy, in the preface to his travels. The professor of history is comforted by the success of his Deserted Village, which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Hornick and her fair daughters, and is gone to France; and Dr. Johnson sips his tea, and cares not for the vanity of the world. Sir Joshua, a few days ago, entertained the council and visiters with callipash and callipee, except poor Coates, who last week fell a sacrifice to the corroding power of soap-lees, which he hoped would have cured him of the stone: many a tear will drop on his grave, as he is not more lamented as an artist than a friend to the distressed. *Ma poca polvere sono che nulla sente!*"

Our next extract is a picture of rascality as connected with the fine arts, which requires no comment; except the observation, that the present times are not less prolific in rogueries of the same kind.

"When straw hats had become unfashionable, Mrs. Nollekens hinted to old White, the hatter of Fleet Street, who frequently came to shew Nollekens one of his Roman medals, or a lamp, that possibly he could accommodate her with a Leghorn hat at a moderate rate. White, who was a cunning old fox, and well knew how to plough with another man's heifer, seldom visited Mr. Nollekens's studio, by way of getting the loan of a model, or a squeeze of something old or singularly curious, without first looking into the parlour to see how his dear friend Welch's daughter was, at the same time taking care to present her with an old-fashioned hat, well knowing that she cut them into more modern shapes, and covered them either with velvet from an old tippet, or a silk hatband. Nollekens, finding his wife always benefited by these visits, never refused White a squeeze of a patera, or any thing that would answer his purpose; and at the same time, when he was gone, he readily joined in the laugh against old Gerrard, and the other fools who had been for years duped by old White, who had turned his wine-cellars into manufactories for the produce of cast coins, and modern squeezes from Roman lamps. These imitations White put into auctions and venders' shops for sale, and they were actually bought with avidity by the profound judges and collectors of such trash, who would, when the secret was discovered, rather than acknowledge their own want of judgment in such matters, boldly insist upon their originality, and call the man who declared himself as their fabricator 'an impudent impostor.' White has not been the only one whose performances have deceived unwary collectors; and even the learned have sometimes been pleased to impose copies upon themselves, to the no little injury of the man of real taste and talent, who produced some of their boasted treasures from the rough material. There can be little doubt as to the possibility of deceiving collectors in almost every pursuit; and I should expect, that if the imitations of Greek and Roman art could declare themselves, many a curious tale could be told by some of those now hoarded up

in cabinets, for which pretty heavy sums have been given by their happy possessors."

Let us, for credit's sake, contrast this with an honourable trait, though not improved by Mr. Smith's comments thereon.

"No man was more incessant in his application, or fonder of his art, than Sir Robert Strange; nor could any publisher boast of more integrity as to his mode of delivering subscription-impressions. He never took off more proofs than were really bespoken, and every name was put upon the print as it came out of the press, unless it were faulty, and then it was destroyed, not laid aside for future sale, as has been too much the practice with some of our late publishers. Impositions, I regret to say, amounting to fraud, have been recently exercised upon the liberal enchantagers of the art, by sordid publishers, who have taken hundreds of proofs more than were subscribed for, purposely to hoard them up for future profit. Nay, I am shocked, when I declare that some of our late print-publishers have actually had plates touched up after they have been worn out, and have taken the writing out, in order that impressions might be taken off, which they have most barefacedly published and sold as original proof impressions!"

Among the other peculiarities which contribute to the mélange of these two volumes, we notice a number of local and topographical details; but these we are compelled to leave to the readers of the work,* while we insert an anecdote which relates to a popular modern performer.

"The late Moses Kean was a tailor, a stout-built man, with black bushy hair, and a wooden leg. He was always dressed in a dashing manner, in a scarlet coat, white satin waistcoat, black satin small clothes, and a 'Scott's liquid dye' blue silk stocking; he had also a long-quartered shoe, with a large buckle covering his foot, a cocked hat and a ruffled shirt, and never went out without a switch or cane in his hand. He was a very extraordinary mimic, particularly in his imitations of Charles James Fox, which he gave occasionally at the little theatre in the Haymarket. Mr. Ale-founder painted a whole-length portrait of him, as large as life, in the above dress, which was exhibited in the left-hand corner of the ante-room at Somerset House. There is also a whole-length etching of him, of a quarto size. Mr. Edmund Kean, the celebrated actor, owes his education to the above person, who was his uncle, and, when I was a boy, lived at No. 9, Little St. Martin's Lane."

In his second volume, Mr. Smith, having finished Nollekens, and buried him, gives us biographical sketches and recollections of several artists and others, his contemporaries. Among these, Roubiliac, Scheemakers, Rysbrack, Procter, Zoffany, Gainsborough, Bacon, Wilton, Strange, Vivares, Woollett, Cussans, Opie, Reynolds, Morland, Hogarth, Barry, West, Cosway, Harlow, Blake, are to be found; and we have reaped much amusement from the manner in which they are, to use the common phrase, shewn up. We shall quote as many examples as we can, without encroaching too much on our other contents. Roubiliac was, it seems, very studiously wrapt up and absorbed in his art:—

"A gentleman who had stayed one night at Slaughter's Coffee-house until past twelve o'clock, discovered that he had forgotten the street-door key of the house where he lodged; and as he had agreed with his landlady not to disturb her other inmates beyond that hour, was prevailed on by Roubiliac to take the other rubber, and sleep in a spare bed much at his service. The gentleman accepted his invitation, and upon Roubiliac shewing him the room, wished him a good night; but just as he was nearly undressed, he was horror-stricken at the sight of the corpse of a black woman laid out upon the bed. He immediately vociferated the name of Roubiliac, who, upon coming into the room, exclaimed, 'Oh dear! my good fren, I beg your pardon! I did not remember poor Mary was dare: poor Mary! she die yesterday vid de small-poc! Come, come, and you must take part vid my bed—come—poor Mary vas my hos-maid for five six year—more.'—The statue of Shakspeare, now in the hall of the British Museum, was executed by Roubiliac for Mr. Garrick, who placed it in a temple erected for that purpose in his garden at Hampton, where it was to remain during the life of his widow, and at her death was to become the property of the British Museum, as may be seen by his will, dated the 24th of September, 1778, printed at the end of the second volume of Davies's Life of Garrick. Mr. Garrick agreed to give Mr. Roubiliac three hundred guineas for it, and the artist was to make use of the best marble he could afford for the money; unfortunately, however, the block turned out full of veins, which rendered the face so hideous to Mr. Garrick, that he declared he could not put it up, as persons might ask, 'What! was Shakspeare marked with mulberries?' Roubiliac assured Mr. Garrick that it was the best marble he could use for the price of the figure; but that, in order to make it agreeable to him, he would cut off the head, and replace it with another, carved from a fine clear piece of marble, which he did, to the great pleasure of his employer. It is truly remarkable, that the first figure carved by this sculptor in England, was that of Handel, and that the *last* work on which he was engaged, was a monument to the memory of the same composer."

At pages 100 and 101, Mr. Smith states, first that Scheemakers walked from Antwerp to Rome in 1728, and then that it was in 1700! whence he afterwards *walked*, *i. e. from Rome*, to England, and became the master of Nollekens. The following is more intelligible. "He for some time shared the patronage of the great with Roubiliac and Rysbrack; and not many require to be informed that the statue of Shakspeare, in Westminster Abbey, was carved by Scheemakers from the design of Kent, the architect; but very few persons appear to be aware, that the beautiful little bronze statue of King Edward VI., in the court-yard of St. Thomas's Hospital, is also by the hand of the same sculptor." Some fine vases of his were sold at the Wanstead House sale in 1822; and the monument to Dr. Mead, in the Temple Church, is executed by him.

Of Ceracchi, another sculptor, who came to England in 1773, the account is possessed of somewhat romantic interest. "The bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds, sold by the figure-casters, Mr. Northcote informs me, was also modelled by Ceracchi. Basetti, in his 'Guide through the Royal Academy,' when describing the Strand front of Somerset House, thus speaks of him: 'The two figures nearest the centre were made by Signor Carlini; the two at the extremities, by Signor Ceracchi, an Italian sculptor, who resided some time in London, whose abilities the architect (Sir William Chambers) wished to encourage and keep among us; but the little employment found in England for sculptors, however excellent, frustrated his intentions.' Ceracchi had, when I was taken to see him, very extensive premises at No. 76, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square; he was a short, thin man, with a piercing black eye, and a very blue beard. He was the honourable Mrs. Damer's master in sculpture, as that lady declared to me herself. Ceracchi, highly gifted as he certainly was, met with so little encouragement in this country, that after disposing of his property in Margaret-street, he quitted England for Rome, where he continued to practise as a sculptor until the breaking out of the French Revolution, when he became so violent a partisan, and so desperate, that he was condemned to death as the leader of the conspirators connected with the infernal machine contrivance, and was guillotined at Paris in 1801. Ceracchi continued so frantic to the last, that he actually built himself a car, in which he was drawn to the place of execution, in the habit of a Roman emperor. David, the French painter, with whom Ceracchi had lived in intimacy, was called to speak to his charac-

* Such as the following are curious. Speaking of Liart, the engraver, we are told, "Matthew Liart was born in London, in a house built by his grandfather, a respectable periwig maker and barber, on the south-west corner of Compton Street and Crown Street,† which was, until 1763, called Hog Lane. Liart's family, as well as many other natives of France, settled upon this spot after the edict of Nantz. The barber's son, Liart's father, who was a maker of survelois, a relishing kind of sausage, placed him with the celebrated Monsieur Ravenet, the engraver, with whom he remained seven years. Liart then occupied his father's second-floor front room, in which he engraved all his plates." On the death and burial of Patterson, the earliest book auctioneer by lots, it is stated—"Upon our arrival at the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, it was discovered that the vault, which had been made for Patterson's wife, was at least six inches too short for his own coffin; we were therefore under the painful necessity of seeing the funeral ceremony performed above-ground, in order that the clergyman might not be detained; and the corpse actually remained uninterred until a bricklayer could enlarge the vault for its reception. Upon Patterson's leaving his auction room in King Street, it was taken by the triumvirate, King, Collins, and Chapman, who held it for the sale of books and prints, but occasionally let it out for an evening; and it was here that the veteran Collins gave what he called his 'Evening Brush,' consisting principally of anecdotes of persons who had left this world before the birth of three-fourths of his audience. But what renders this room far more memorable is, that it was under this roof that Charles Dibdin commenced his 'London Amusement;' and here his pathetic and popular song of 'Poor Jack' was often encored;—a song of itself sufficient to immortalise its author. This delightful composition was in such requisition, that for months the printers could not produce it fast enough; and Dibdin actually hired a stall, which then stood close to the corner of the piazza in Russell Street, such as was formerly called a 'by-stander,' and similar to those erected in front of the Royal Exchange for the sale of newspapers, being large enough for Wood, his man, to stand in to deliver out the songs. The crowd and scramble to get them, even wet from the press, was such, that I have seen persons fight for their turn; while others were glad to get out of the mob without their change, congratulating themselves upon the possession of 'Poor Tom Bowling,' or 'Poll and my partner Joe.'" And of the eccentric artist Cussans (too little known), we are told—"He once hired himself as potman under Paddy Moore, at the north-west corner of Russell Street, in Covent Garden, where he fined the beer, served it out, and collected in the pots, receiving the half-pence people thought proper to give him; these he put by, and upon his departure, at the expiration of his stipulated time, he distributed them amongst the servants of the house. During this and several other whims he never was known to smile, nor would he attend to any thing but the business in which he was engaged. He once went as a coal-heaver for a month, and whatever he said he would do he steadfastly performed. He made an excellent chimney-sweeper at the masquerades at the Pantheon and the Opera House; and was author of the popular song of 'Robinson Crusoe,' though since his death it has been claimed by several other persons."

† "Near an old house with pillars before it, then standing on the site of the entrance to the present chapel in Moor Street: it was called 'the French Change,' being a place much frequented, and indeed surrounded by natives of France, who came to England after the edict of Nantz. Here they met, and communicated with each other upon their several concerns; and hence arose the establishment of the numerous à-la-mode beef shops for the convenience of the neighbourhood."

ter; but he declared he knew nothing of him beyond his fame as a sculptor."

"The unhappy fate of Procter has more than once been alluded to in our columns: he affords a melancholy example of proud and, if not neglected, improperly treated, genius, which, conscious of itself, spurns the offensive patronage of inferior natures, indelicately offered or rudely displayed. "He executed (as we have somewhere recorded) a fine model of Diomedes thrown to his horses, but unfortunately of so large a size, that no one was tempted to buy it; and, as he could not afford to pay for a place to keep it in, he actually knocked it to pieces."

And, lo! the consequences. "In 1794, when the period arrived at which the Royal Academy was to send a student at Rome, they fixed upon Procter; but no one knew where to find or hear any thing of him. However, Mr. West, with his usual zeal, after much inquiry, discovered him in an obscure lodging, in a deplorably reduced state. Upon this he instantly relieved him, invited him to dinner, and promised him letters of introduction to his Roman friends: but, alas! during the short preparation for his departure, Mr. West received the sad intelligence of his being found dead in his bed, at his humble lodgings, opposite the cider-cellar, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. He died in his forty-first year, and was buried in Hampstead churchyard."

Sherwin, the painter (distinguished in his day), is luckless enough to tempt a memorial from the pen of Mr. Smith, who says:—

"'Of all the men I ever knew, Sherwin was the most difficult to get money from, as he generally lost it in gambling as soon as he got it. His manœuvres to rid himself of a dun were sometimes whimsically ingenious. I recollect a purblind engraver of the name of Roberts, the artist who etched the fifty small views round London, from drawings made by Chatelain, and who had frequently importuned him for cash, being prevailed upon to partake of a bottle of wine, in order to drink success to the arts, before he paid him. Sherwin, after the second glass, wishing to leave him, and knowing that Roberts could not see correctly beyond the bottle, moved his lay-figure, upon which he had put an old coat, from the corner of the room, and placed it as Roberts's companion; but before he stole out of the studio, he requested Mr. Roberts to keep the bottle by him, and to finish it whilst he wrote answers to some letters for the post. Roberts, who had no idea of his having quitted the table, now and then, as he took an occasional glass, silently bowed, respectfully acknowledging the presence of his host. At last, after some time had elapsed, he ventured to observe that he had a great way to go; but receiving no remark, he got up, walked round the table, and modestly requested payment. Upon no answer being returned, he went close enough to whisper the real state of his situation, when, discovering the trick, he left the house indignantly. However, Sherwin, who had been that evening lucky at play, upon our informing him of poor Roberts's distressed situation, sent him the money early the next morning, with an additional guinea for the time he had lost, with which he was desired to drink the king's health."

In the sketch of Bacon, the sculptor, we are treated with a song relative to the formation of the Royal Academy, entitled "the Patrons," written by the Rev. Dr. Franklin, and sung by Mr. Beard at the "institutory dinner:" it is as follows:—

"Here's a health to the great, who are patrons of arts,
Who for good British hands have true British hearts;
Abroad who disdain for their pleasures to roam,
But encourage true merit and genius at home.

If I was not mistaken, I heard some folks say,
That our guests seem'd to relish the feast of to-day;
That with candour they own we at least have aim'd well,
And those deserve praise who but strive to excel.

But our artists,—the fact to our shame is well known,—
Like our wives, are neglected, because they're our own;
Whilst Italia's fair harlots with rapture we view,
And embrace the dear strangers—to shew our *virtu*.

When good Master Christie tricks out his fine show,
All is not pure gold which there glitters, we know;
But with pompous fine titles he humbugs the town;
If the names are but foreign, the trash will go down.

For this purpose some shrewd picture-merchants, they say,
Keep many a good Raphael and Rubens in pay;
And half the Poussins and Correggios you meet,
Were daub'd in a garret in Aldersgate Street:

There with pencils and brushes they drive a snug trade;
There ancients are form'd and originals made;
New trifles are shelter'd beneath an old name,
And pictures, like bacon, are smoked into fame.

Such arts we disclaim, and such tricks we despise;
On their own little pinions our eaglets shall rise;
And upheld by your praises, perchance they may soar
To the summit of fame, which they ne'er reached before.

When strong prepossession no longer shall blind,
Nor the shackles of prejudice fetter the mind,
The beauties of truth then old Time shall unveil,
And merit o'er folly and fashion prevail.

Then let's drink to the great, who are patrons of arts,
Who for good British hands have good British hearts;
Abroad who disdain for their pleasures to roam,
But encourage true merit and genius at home."

Our next are piquant anecdotes.

"Mortimer, the painter, was remarkably tall, and Edwards a very short man, and unfortunately deformed, though he always stood erect, to make the most of himself. These artists painted each a picture of the same subject, the Cavern of Despair, from Spenser, which they sent to the Society of Arts for a prize; and during the time their works were hanging up, it happened that Mortimer and Edwards were standing by the side of each other, looking at Edwards's picture. Edwards, quite erect, with his usual importance, striking his cane perpendicularly on the floor, at arm's-length, thus addressed his antagonist:—'Well, Mr. Mortimer! how do you like my picture?' 'Sir, there are some good parts in it; but why did you make your reptiles so small?' Edwards, putting his left hand upon his hip, or, what may be better conceived, his arm a-kimbo, looking up to Mortimer, observed,—'*The smaller the more venomous.*' * * *

"The corner house of Long Acre, now No. 72, formed a small part of the extensive premises formerly occupied by that singularly haughty character, Cobb, the upholsterer, who occasionally employed Banks, the cellaret-maker, to whom I applied for information respecting him. Cobb, he said, was perhaps one of the proudest men in England, and always appeared in full dress of the most superb and costly kind, in which state he would strut through his workshops, giving orders to his men. He was the person who brought that very convenient table into fashion which draws out in front, with upper and inward rising desks, so healthy for those who stand to write, read, or draw. The late king frequently employed him, and often smiled at his pomposity. One day, when Mr. Cobb was in his majesty's library at Buckingham House, giving orders to a workman, whose ladder was placed before a book which the king wanted, his majesty desired Cobb to hand him the work, which instead of obeying, he called to his man, 'Fellow, give me that book!' The king, with his usual condescension, arose and asked what his man's name was. 'Jenkins,' answered the astonished upholsterer. 'Then,' observed the king, 'Jenkins, you shall hand me the book.'"

In a slight notice of Gwynn, the architect, we are informed that Dr. Johnson wrote the preface to, and corrected his book, London and Westminster Improved, of which recent builders and others have made so extensive a use.—(See *Literary Gazette* for 1827.)

We have now finished our extracts from this remarkable publication, and have but little to add by way of remark to the observations we have casually thrown out in our progress. We are sorry to be obliged to say that our opinion of the Royal Academy and of the author has not been raised by the perusal of such statements as appear in our quotations. The nasty spirit of mutual depreciation which is evinced in the stories related of the most eminent academicians, gives us a wretched idea of the liberality and candour of the distinguished body to which they belonged. We trust it is better now; and that intrigue, envy, malice, and uncharitableness, are less common than in the days and instances commemorated by Mr. Smith. Respecting that author himself, we are free to confess that our sentiments are any thing but favourable. That he has amused us, we will not deny—for malignity is too apt to amuse us all. But we will never, while we have the means of influencing the public judgment, cease to protest against that VAMPIRE SCHOOL of writers, be they Hunts or Smiths, whose horrid task it is to re-animate the dead only for the purpose of shewing the world how unnatural and disgusting are the monsters whom they rouse from the dark and concealing grave. It is a vile and an odious office: it outrages the sanctity of death, and fills the living with just cause of alarm, lest what has been the doom of the past to others may be the doom of the future to them. It is true, perhaps, that the penurious and miserly habits of Nollekens have made us commiserate his hapless fate in having a biographer of this kind, less than we would that of almost any other individual; but have we not also seen a Byron's memory violated by baseness of the same sordid and malicious character, and shall we not raise our voice against the infamous profanation?

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Works of Lord Byron. In 4 vols. 18mo. London, 1829. J. Murray.

THIS is a new edition of Mr. Murray's cheap publication of Lord Byron's works, which, being sold at the low price of 18s., was calculated to drive piratical and surreptitious copies out of the market. That it is likely to do so, more effectually than prosecutions and law-suits, may be presumed from the fact, that nearly 10,000 copies were immediately sold of this edition, which, though of the same-sized volume as the preceding, has a larger and more legible type to recommend it: this, if it may not please the elegant fancy and taste of the printer (T. Davison) so much as the former neat publication, will better suit the eyes of readers, and consequently be better relished by numbers of his Majesty's liege and poetical subjects. [Since writing this, a letter from a correspondent (see our Literary Notices) not only confirms our views, but gives some curious information connected with this subject.]

The Village: a Descriptive Poem. To which are added, Warwick, and other Pieces. By the Rev. G. M. Johnson. 12mo. pp. 130. London, 1828. Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Warwick, J. Merridew.

SOME graceful description, and a tone of moral and religious feeling, recommend the little

volume now before us. We will give a short extract as a specimen.

"*Sunset.*

Veiling in clouds his gorgeous brow,
Whilst far his parting glories spread,
The king of day majestic, slow,
Sinks on the crimson'd ocean's bed.

Now lower and still lower yet,—
A moment, and he disappears.
'Tis past;—his god-like form is set,
To shine the life of other spheres.

But still a radiance fires the skies,
Far up the regions of the west,
Bright'ning with deep vermilion dyes
Th' horizon where he sank to rest.

So when, his goal of glory won,
The Christian sinks in death's embrace,
A thousand deeds of goodness done,
Leave on the heart their hallow'd trace.

So when, my earthly trial past,
I yield to Heav'n's all-righteous doom,
May justice, truth, and friendship, cast
Their glorious halo round my tomb!"

There is a very pretty lithographic view of Warwick Castle for a frontispiece.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green: a Comedy. By James Sheridan Knowles, Author of "Virginius." 8vo. pp. 92. London, 1828, B. Stewart, and J. Ridgway; Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; Glasgow, R. Griffin and Co.; Dublin, W. F. Wakeman.

We must confess that our verdict of the closet does not at all invalidate that of the stage. In this unfortunate comedy we can find neither amusement nor interest. But there are some passages not unworthy of the author of *Virginius;* witness the following burst of patriotic feeling.

"I will not, cannot quit my native land!
Bann'd as I am, 'tis precious to me still.
It is my fathers' land—'tis lov'd for that;
'Tis thine—thy child's—it should be lov'd for you;
It should be lov'd, if only for itself!
'Tis free, it hath no despot, but its laws;
'Tis independent; it can stand alone;
'Tis mighty, 'gainst its enemies 'tis one.
Where can I find a land the like of it?
Its son, though under bans and forfeitures,
Is envied for it. He's the brother of
The free! I cannot quit my native land:
For sight of other land I would not give
The feeling of its breath.—The wall of him
That does not forfeit it, which none may scale,
However proud, unscath'd, to do him wrong.
I cannot, will not quit my native land!"

We are tempted to recommend Mr. Knowles to adhere to the graver sister Tragedy; and we wish him in such adherence ample success, to recompense his late disappointment.

Improvement of Smithfield Market; with Elevations, and a Ground Plan of the Building proposed to be erected as a Market-house. London. Holdsworth and Ball.

We sincerely hope that the period is not far distant when that disgrace to the metropolis, the cattle-market of Smithfield, will be removed. In contemplation of that event, the author of this little treatise proposes the erection in Smithfield of a general Market-house, to be undertaken by the corporation of London. The plan seems to be a good one; but the elevations appear to us to have rather too much architectural decoration for a building that is to be applied to such a purpose.

Tales and Confessions. By Leitch Ritchie. 8vo. pp. 364. London, 1829. Smith, Elder, and Co.

There is a considerable deal of talent displayed in this volume; pictures always coarse, but often very strongly worked up, and many situations quite melo-dramatic. William Jones is a powerful, but painful, story; so is the Informer. In the humorous, our author fails completely; and the language is inexcusably careless,—indeed, beside mean epithets and low words, the grammar is often faulty. We know not what to quote; for the preface mentions that some of the stories have been published before, without particularising them; and we are unwilling to incur the charge of "a twice-told tale." But this we must say, that there is much promise in Mr. Ritchie; only let him add industry and attention to his other qualifications. We should mention, at this season of ghost stories, that there are some well-told ones in this book.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages, conspicuous in English History, from the Reign of Richard the Second to that of Charles the Second. Engraved under the direction of Charles John Smith. Accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, and interesting Extracts from the original Documents. By John Gough Nichols. London. Parts V. and VI. J. B. Nichols and Son.

Let any person who doubts that the handwriting of different persons varies as much as their features vary, take up this singularly curious and valuable publication, and he will presently be convinced of his error. It is impossible to conceive so extraordinary a diversity. Like human countenances also, there are twenty ugly scrawls for one tolerably good-looking manuscript. These two Parts contain above ninety autographs. Many of them consist of very interesting letters, or portions of letters; and the historical and biographical illustrations by which they are accompanied abound in interesting matter.

Nouveaux Fragments Philosophiques, pour servir à l'Histoire de la Philosophie Ancienne. Par M. Victor Cousin, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. 8vo. Chez Pichon et Didier, à Paris.

This appears to be an exceedingly valuable publication, uniting the double merit of erudition and philosophical speculation; full of knowledge of antiquity, and of learned interpretations;—a work of patient research into scattered, mutilated, and obscure texts, and at the same time of elevated views, and profound abstraction.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

[In the annexed correspondence we recognise with great pleasure the good feeling which has induced Mr. Barrow, in the midst of his laborious public duties, to reclaim for his country the merit of an achievement justly due to its enterprise and perseverance. We also refer with satisfaction to M. Jomard's liberal explanation; while at the same time we rejoice that the question has been set upon a less equivocal footing than it was by the statement originally published. Mr. Barrow's letter is also very interesting, from the late and authentic intelligence which it contains on the subject of our African expeditions.—*Ed. L. G.*]

M. Auguste Caillé's Visit to Timbuctoo.

To M. Jomard, Member of the Institute.

Admiralty, London, Oct. 28th, 1828.

Sir,—I have the honour to address myself to you on a subject in which I am persuaded you take as much interest as myself—the progress of the discoveries in Africa.

I see, by the supplement to the 66th bulletin, published by the Geographical Society of Paris, that a Frenchman, of the name of Caillé, has succeeded in reaching the city of Timbuctoo; and that M. Delaporte, vice-consul at Tangier, observes in his letter to you, announcing the arrival of M. Caillé, that that traveller consoles himself for the fatigues which he has endured, by the reflection that he is the only European who has hitherto succeeded in happily accomplishing an enterprise in which so many brave travellers have fallen.

Far be it from me to conceive the idea of detracting from the merit of this bold and adventurous traveller, or to blame the just pride which he feels at having brought his enterprise to a happy termination; but the justice which is due to the memory of another traveller, who has perished by the barbarous hand of an assassin, calls upon me to shew you, sir, that M. Caillé is neither the only nor the first European who has visited Timbuctoo.

The late Major Laing was the first who ever reached Timbuctoo, as I shall prove by the most indisputable authority,—namely, his own hand-writing, and that of his servant, who is now at Tripoli. In a letter, dated Timbuctoo, Sept. 21, 1826, addressed to the consul, Mr. Warrington, now lying before me, the Major says that he arrived in this city on the 18th of the preceding month; that he intended to quit it on the day following the date of his letter, that is to say, on the 22d Sept., and to proceed on the road to Sego; he then enters into many details relative to this city, and gives a great number of curious documents which he had collected on the subject, and other materials, which will, without doubt, be one day published.

He accordingly left Timbuctoo on the 22d Sept. with a small caravan, having only one Arab servant; on the third evening he was joined by several Arabs belonging to the caravan, and afterwards basely massacred. It happened that the above-mentioned letter, written from Timbuctoo, was in the possession of his servant. His baggage was entirely pillaged, and his journal and numerous papers carried off; but we have still hopes that they will be recovered. The servant has undergone the most rigorous examination; he is firm and consistent in all his answers; and, I regret to say, that there is great reason to suppose that this enterprising traveller fell a victim to the traitorous and barbarous Bello, who behaved so scandalously to Captain Clapperton.

I therefore hope from your justice, as a man devoted to the sciences, and particularly to geography, and as president of the central committee, that you will give the same publicity to this communication as has been given to the fortunate result of the meritorious enterprise of M. Caillé. I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

John Barrow.

Extract from the reply of M. Jomard to Mr. Barrow.

Paris, Oct. 31, 1828.

The following, sir, are the very expressions which are the subject of your complaint. "He (M. Auguste Caillé) is the only European who has hitherto brought to a successful conclusion an enterprise in which so many brave travellers have fallen."

You see, sir, that this refers to the happy return of the traveller to his country, and not to the discovery of Timbuctoo. Thus, after the death of Dr. Oudney, Messrs. Clapperton and Denham, who were more fortunate, returned to their native country; it might, therefore, have been said, on their arrival in England, that they were the first Europeans who had returned from Bornou, and had successfully accomplished that journey, and this without detracting in any manner from the glory of the doctor. I do not doubt, therefore, sir, that you will do justice not only to me, but also to M. Delaporte, the French vice-consul; and will readily perceive that nobody has in-

tended to deprive your countrymen of the glory which belongs to them. I am proud of having contributed to lay down as a principle in the regulations of the Geographical Society, that travellers of all nations have an equal right to its attention; that the rewards are for all, whatever be their country; in short, that there is no distinction made by the society between foreigners and Frenchmen.

Permit me, sir, to add one reflection. If I had had to draw up a list of the Europeans who have reached Timbuctoo, I should not have forgotten several individuals who appear to have visited it; and perhaps I should have mentioned Robert Adams, though his journey has been doubted,—a circumstance on which, as you know, opinions are divided. M. Delaporte, too, would not have failed to mention them, if such had been his object; but his intention was merely to announce the happy return of the traveller, after having crossed the Great Desert, which did not happen either to Hornemann, Park, or Oudney, or the unfortunate Laing, or so many other lamented victims.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 29.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. E. Burton, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Hon. and Rev. G. Pellew, Corpus Christi College, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Scarbrough, Christ Church; Rev. F. C. Aldrupen, Exeter College; Rev. W. Badnall, Brasennose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. H. Graham, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; J. James, Queen's College; I. U. Cooke, St. Edmund Hall; H. J. Hutton, Magdalen Hall; T. Humphreys, Jesus College; R. Billing, Worcester College; A. R. Mangin, Alban Hall; J. Laing, J. Papillon, University College; E. Eyre, Merton College; R. Eldridge, Wadham College; G. W. Mahon, Scholar, C. Mackenzie, Exhibitioner, Pembroke College; T. Mozley, T. T. Jones, S. U. B. Lee, Oriel College; E. T. Daniell, T. B. Hobhouse, Balliol College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting, Dec. 1.

It will, we trust, be received as a proof of the success of our efforts to obtain such reports of the proceedings of our great national, learned, philosophical, and scientific Societies as have not hitherto been given to the public through the medium of the periodical press, that we are this week enabled, besides other interesting accounts, to give, at length, for the first time, the Address of the President of the Royal Society at its anniversary meeting, upon which occasion Mr. Davies Gilbert spoke as follows:

IT would be vain to expect that the anniversary meeting of a body so numerous as the Royal Society should ever occur, without exciting in our minds sensations of deep regret for the loss of many individuals distinguished by their abilities, by their acquirements, by their virtues, and endeared to other members by the ties of private friendship. We may also add, with feelings of exultation in regard to the honour of the Society, however painfully they may bear upon ourselves, that the number of those among us sharing in our active labours far exceeds the limit that might justify a hope of our not being called on to deplore some of those more conspicuous Fellows of the Society on the present or on similar occasions.

Although it is usual chiefly to dwell on the names of those who have enriched the Transactions by their communications, yet some occur in the list now read whom it is impossible to pass over without notice.

Mr. Archdeacon Coxe, whose name will go down to posterity associated with those of many illustrious persons whose histories he has diligently investigated and adorned.

Major Denham, whose active exertions, perseverance, and untimely fate, can scarcely be contemplated without a tear.

The Rev. Alexander Nicoll, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford,—a man most eminent in the literary pursuit he had selected, and advanced to the high station of professor by the disinterested regard for merit of an individual still living, and who at the time held the most confidential office in the government of this country. Much certainly was expected from Mr. Nicoll in the recondite learning appropriate to his station; and if the experience of past diligence and acumen may be taken as an assurance of future active exertion, these expectations would not have been disappointed. But he is lost to us at an early age.

Mr. William Phillips has not, indeed, appeared in the Philosophical Transactions; but his labours have assisted the inquiries of geologists and mineralogists in every part of the world. In English geology he contributed a joint share towards a work unfortunately not yet complete, but confessedly the most luminous and accurate that has yet appeared. And in crystalography, those alone who have made some progress in that most beautiful yet intricate science, are capable of appreciating the extent of his merit.

The first name that presents itself from the Transactions is that of Mr. Mills, to whom we are indebted for a geological communication on the Wyn Dykes, and on the basalt of Scotland and Ireland, so long ago as the year 1790; at a period when that science, the distinguishing glory perhaps of the nineteenth century, had scarcely acquired a distinct appellation in our language.

Dr. John Mervin North, elected in 1774, had favoured the Society in the preceding year with some theoretical and practical observations on electricity, one of the sciences then most attractive of general curiosity, in consequence of the wonderful discoveries recently made by Dr. Franklin; and in 1775, excited by the no less important experiments of Dr. Priestley, he supplied our Transactions with the description of an ingeniously contrived apparatus for saturating water with carbonic acid, or, as that gaseous fluid was then called, with fixed air. On the first discovery of carbonic acid as a distinct and peculiar substance, followed by an analysis of its constituent parts, great medical virtues were imputed to it,—much greater than subsequent experience has confirmed. Under these first impressions, the instrument invented by Dr. North was eagerly seized, and might be seen in most private houses. The elegant pyramidal form of its three parts ascending one above the other, and displaying by their transparency the whole process as it goes on, is still exhibited by druggists and by manufacturers of glass. Many gentlemen who now hear me will share in the surprise which I felt on learning that the inventor of an apparatus familiar to my childhood, should have lived to be commemorated in the present year.

We have next to notice a gentleman elected some short time prior to Dr. North, about fifty-five years ago, known to our Transactions, indeed, by a single paper on antiquarian philology, but well known to the Society by the able discharge of the duties attached to one of its most important offices for a space of twenty-eight years. Mr. Planta was chosen a fellow in 1774; he became secretary in 1776, and continued to execute that office with great ability and diligence up to 1804. It is needless for me to dilate on his merits as principal librarian at the British Museum,—they are universally felt and acknowledged.

Dr. Sir James Edward Smith is known in every country and in every place over the whole civilised world, where natural history is cultivated as a science. Dr. Smith having added to the usual accomplishments of a polite scholar an extensive acquaintance with botany, he took, at an early period of his life, the decisive step of acquiring the Herbarium of the great Linnæus, augmented by his son. The purchase was made in Sweden, after the government of that country had declined to buy, at a moderate price, the most precious relict of its most distinguished subject; and, by so doing, to rescue from difficulties those in whose welfare this illustrious reformer of natural history had been most nearly interested. Dr. Smith embarked his acquisition, and after escaping a danger the last to be apprehended, and which, from respect to a country of literature and of science, I shall not describe, the collection was landed in England, where full security and protection afforded the proprietor leisure for making that use of the collection which has so amply established his fame. Soon afterwards, Dr. Sir Edward Smith most fortunately employed himself in kindling a separate light from the illustrious body I have now the honour to address; and several others having since followed in a similar manner, they are now spreading a brilliant illumination over the whole horizon of science; while, so far from obscuring, they continue to increase the lustre of their parent flame. What, therefore, this distinguished naturalist has done for the Linnæan Society, we may in some degree consider as done for ourselves. We have one ingenious communication in our Transactions for the year 1788, on the irritability of vegetables. Not satisfied with discharging the duties incident to the presidency of his own Society, and with investigating and verifying the Linnæan specimens, by comparing them with recent plants, with other dried specimens, with figures, and with descriptions, his time and attention have been also employed in editing one of the most splendid works ever published in this country, the Flora Græca of Dr. Sibthorpe. For various smaller works on the philosophy of natural history, on the natural orders, &c. we are indebted to his pen. And, to close a life of literature and science like that of Dr. Sir James Smith, the last volume of his English Botany (a work of great accuracy and merit) appeared in London on the very day that proved to its author the termination of his mortal career; not of a length commensurate to our wishes, but splendid and useful to the utmost expectation of his warmest friends.

Another distinguished member of this Society has recently been taken from us, by one of those accidents, common indeed to old age, yet of a nature to excite compassion, or feelings perhaps of a stronger cast. Dr. George Pearson was elected in June 1791, and has enriched our Transactions with ten communications. The first, in the year of his admission, on Dr. James's antimonial powders. The composition of this celebrated febrifuge having been long withholden from the public, notwithstanding the sworn specification of its inventor, a great anxiety was naturally felt for discovering the secret. This, Dr. Pearson effected, having proved by analysis, and by the reunion of the constituent parts, that antimony and phosphate of lime made up the whole mass. Some slight differences may still exist between the concerted medicine and any other that can be produced, arising probably

from peculiar and possibly accidental and unimportant manipulations; but no doubt can be entertained as to the essential ingredients. The second, in 1792, on the composition of fixed air. The third, in 1794, on a peculiar vegetable substance, imported from China. The fourth, in 1795, on the nature and properties of Wootz iron and steel made in the East Indies. The fifth, in 1796, in a paper equally interesting to the natural philosopher and to the antiquary, since it ascertains the composition of metallic weapons belonging to times the most remote, and confirms the opinion, derived from classical authority, of their being made from an alloy of copper and tin. The sixth, in 1797, on the nature of gas, produced by passing electric sparks through water. This communication must be highly estimated, since it tended, at that early period, strongly to confirm the great discovery of Mr. Cavendish—the decomposition of water; a discovery of the utmost importance, but requiring every possible confirmation, as it went in direct opposition to the decided opinions, to the prejudices of many hundred years. We are become familiar with hydrogen, with oxygen, with the compound nature of liquids, and the changes of form produced on bodies by the agency of heat. The speculative philosophers of antiquity, on the contrary, mistaking varieties of form for real differences of substance, arranged all physical nature under four classes, denominating solid bodies, or the principle of solidity, earth; liquid bodies, under a similar hypothesis, water; and the principle of elasticity, air; fire, or heat, occupied the fourth division: and to these was added a fifth, or quintessence,—the substance endowed with consciousness, with thought, and with the power of originating motion. It is obvious that ice, water, and steam, to ratify this arrangement, must possess three distinct essences; yet such is the power of habitual attachment to opinions never before questioned, that had Mr. Cavendish, the scientific ornament of our country and of his age, lived some centuries before our time, he might perhaps have experienced a common fate with the philosopher who maintained the revolution of the earth and the central position of the sun. The seventh, eighth, and ninth communications, in subsequent years, are strictly professional; and the tenth, in 1813, also medical, relates to a black colouring matter occasionally found in the bronchial glands. But Doctor Pearson has still further claims on our respect and our regard. For a series of years he continued to diffuse, by his lectures, a knowledge of the new chemistry, instructing hundreds in the truths of science, as they became successively developed, in a manner not calculated to load the memory, but to invigorate the reasoning powers, in proportion as new facts were communicated and arranged. And to Doctor Pearson we are again indebted for rendering familiar in England the nomenclature of chemistry, first adopted in another country; an adaptation of words to things, of which it may be truly said,

Ὁς αν ειδη τα ονοματα, εισεται και τα πραγματα.

A medium of communication adapting its plastic nature to the reception of new facts and of new arrangements, owing, perhaps, their existence to the facilities of their universal language.

One individual still remains for me to notice, and with deep regret; for, considering the number and the value of his communications, together with the pre-eminence of the science on which his energies were employed, it may fairly be said that no greater loss has been sustained by the Society within the period to which we refer, than it has experienced by the death of Professor Woodhouse. We have from him seven different papers—four on abstract and profound mathematical speculations; the last three on subjects connected with the recently established Observatory at Cambridge. Born with strong abilities, and with a predisposition for the investigation and the acquirement of abstract truth, Mr. Robert Woodhouse cultivated mathematics with great assiduity, and with a corresponding success. Having attained the highest academical honours, he mainly contributed, by his writings in our Transactions, by various separate publications, by his example, and by the influence of his official situation in the University—towards paying that true homage to NEWTON which has, of late, been rendered to him, in the very focus of his glory,—not by servilely adhering to methods or to forms, the devising of which by one man will always continue the wonder of the human race;—but by doing as NEWTON himself would have been most eager to do; that is, by raising still higher the edifices of which he has laid the solid, the everlasting foundations. And sure I am that Mr. Woodhouse would accept as the most gratifying tribute to his memory, the appointment and the exertions of such a successor as the distinguished person (whom I would willingly enumerate as one of us) now actually engaged in carrying towards perfection these matters, of which the commencements only were permitted to himself.

And here I would call your attention to the loss sustained by the world at large, in the person of another philosopher and Fellow of this Society, although not a contributor to our annual publications—Mr. Dugald Stewart, imbued with a taste for mathematical learning by his father's eminence in that department of knowledge, has done more than almost any one of his contemporaries towards freeing from mystery and paradoxes the science which should naturally be of all the most clear and precise. Following the steps of Bacon and of Locke, and stored with an extent of reading and of acquired knowledge almost beyond example, there can be found few subjects which he has not illustrated; and in respect to conclusions which seem to differ from the deductions of his great predecessors, his arguments are so fairly stated on either side, that every intelligent reader is placed in a situation to form his own opinion on those profound and abstruse points. Mr. Stewart has somewhere quoted—Μειζον εστι το δυναμιν αναλυτικην κτησασθαι των πολλας αποδειξεις των επι μερους εχειν. And, "Mathematica multi sciunt, Mathesin pauci. Aliud est enim nôsse propositiones aliquot, et nonnullas ex iis elicere, casu potius quam certâ aliquâ discursandi normâ, aliud scientiæ ipsius naturam ac indolem prospectam habere, in ejus se adita penetrare, et ab universalibus instructum esse præceptis quibus theoremata ac problema innumera excogitandi, eademque demonstrandi facilitas comparetur. Ut enim pictorum vulgus, prototypon sæpe sæpius experimendo, quendam pingendi usum, nullam verò pictoriæ artis, quam optica suggerit, scientiam adquirit; ita multi, lectis Euclidis et aliorum geometrarum libris, eorum imitatione, fingere propositiones aliquas ac demonstrare solent, ipsam tamen secretissimam difficiliorum theorematum ac problematum solvendi methodum prorsus ignorent." By reverting to the long-neglected controversies of the Nominalists and the Realists, and by adopting the theories of a most acute and subtle reasoner, who for centuries past has been remembered (such is the caprice of Fame) by a reference only to the frailties and to the misfortunes of his youth, this able metaphysician has either fully explained, or has pointed out the method of explaining, every difficulty which seemed to obstruct the use of imaginary quantities. And by pursuing the same track—if ancient prejudices, derived from far different speculations, could once be banished from our minds—it would soon be found that all circumlocution for avoiding the terms infinitely small, infinitely great, and even orders of infinites, might be dismissed from mathematical language, without producing uncertainty, mystery, or confusion. I consider, therefore, Mr. Dugald Stewart as a distinguished writer in the higher departments of mathematics, and eo nomine entitled to our respect and our regard.

On the foreign list we find the name but of one individual whose loss we have to regret in the past year, M. Thunberg of Upsal.

M. Thunberg, a pupil of the great Linnæus, one of the few remaining companions of the prophet, has continued throughout a long life to cultivate a science which Sweden must consider as her peculiar glory. His labours are perhaps little known in this country at present; but at a period when botany stood more pre-eminent,—about forty years ago,—M. Thunberg was chosen on our foreign list.

On delivering the Medals.

Of the duties devolved on those Fellows of the Society whom in any particular year you may honour by naming on your Council, none are equally arduous with the distribution of your medals. If the requisite inquiries were limited to discovering able men, ingeniously contrived experiments, or valuable communications, the task would be easy indeed; these might be found at every meeting of the Society, in every page of your Transactions. But the medals are evidently meant to distinguish somewhat more; so that he who receives them may at the least be considered as primus *inter pares* with respect to the particular subject of his attention.

One of the royal medals your Council of this year have had no hesitation in adjudging to M. Encke for his researches and calculations respecting the heavenly body usually distinguished by his name, and which has again become visible in Europe, according to his prediction; and not merely visible, but corresponding with its estimated position in declination as well as in right ascension, to a degree of accuracy scarcely susceptible of correction, unless by repeated observation. This body, to be denominated a planet or a comet, according to the variety of definition, revolves round the sun in an elliptic orbit, and in the short period of about three years and a third; but its path cuts the orbits of four planets. It approaches within the distance of Mercury, and recedes to about four-fifths of the distance of Jupiter from the sun. The body appears to be without nucleus, or any regularly defined form, and stars are seen through it. These phenomena seem to correspond with the hypothesis of condensed or condensing nebulous matter, suggested by the greatest of sidereal astronomers. And this comet, as it may then be called, attached to our system, and describing equal areas in equal times round the sun, must be considered, in many respects, as the most interesting known body at present in the universe. Your Council have therefore been anxious to mark the high sense they entertain of the ability

and persevering industry which must have been exerted in determining all the elements of an orbit so eccentric, so much exposed to the influence of several planets, incapable of being estimated by the formulæ adapted to orbits nearly circular, and founded moreover, as these elements must have been, on observations difficult to make, and much limited in point of time, and perhaps affected by the action of a resisting medium.

The other royal medal has been awarded by your Council for a communication made under circumstances the most interesting and most afflicting. An individual of whom not this Society alone, but all England, is justly proud, whose merits have been appreciated and distinguished by each of the eminently scientific establishments of Europe, has recently been assailed by a malady, one of the most severe to which human nature is exposed. But the energies of his mind soaring beyond bodily infirmities, he has employed them in a manner (I will presume to say) most acceptable to the Divinity, because most usefully to mankind, by imparting, through the medium of this Society, further stores of knowledge to the world, which has been so frequently before illuminated by the splendour of his genius. On the first day of our meeting, a paper from Dr. Wollaston* was read, descriptive of the processes and manipulations by which he has been enabled to supply all men of science with the most important among the recently discovered metals. Platinum, possessed of various qualities useful in an eminent degree to chemists, even on a large scale, withheld them all by resisting fusion in the most intense heat of our wind furnaces. Alloyed, indeed, with arsenic, it became susceptible of receiving ornamental forms; but a continued heat expelled the volatile metal, and left the other in a state wholly unfit for use. Dr. Wollaston, instead of alloying, purified the platinum from every admixture by solution, consolidated its precipitate by pressure, by heating, and by percussion, so as to effect a complete welding of the mass, thus made capable of being rolled into leaf, or drawn into wire of a tenacity intermediate between those of iron and gold. To these scientific and beautiful contrivances we owe the use of a material, not only of high importance to refined chemistry, but now actually employed in the largest manufactories for distilling an article of commerce so abundant and so cheap as sulphuric acid. And, above all, we owe to them the material which, in the skilful hands of some members of this Society, has mainly contributed to their producing a new species of glass, which promises to form an epoch in the history of optics. Your Council have therefore deemed themselves bound to express their strong approbation of this interesting Memoir, (independently of all extraneous circumstances,) by awarding a royal medal to its author. And they anticipate with confidence a general approbation, in both these instances, of what they have done.

The Copley Medal for the present year has not been awarded.

The following is the list of officers for the ensuing year:—

President.—Davies Gilbert, Esq. M.P.
Treasurer.—Captain Henry Kater.
Secretaries.—Dr. Roget and Captain Sabine, R.A.
Council.—Francis Baily, Esq.; Charles Bell, Esq.; Robert Brown, Esq.; Francis Chantrey, Esq. R.A.; Right Hon. Sir George Cockburn; Michael Faraday, Esq.; Dr. Fitton; Charles Hatchett, Esq.; John F. W. Herschel, Esq. M.A.; Sir Everard Home, Bart.; Captain Kater; Henry, Marquess of Lansdowne; Right Hon. Robert Peel; John Pond, Esq. A.R.; Dr. Roget; Captain Sabine; Rev. Adam Sedgwick; Henry Warburton, Esq. M.P.; Dr. Wollaston; Dr. Young.

* Of Dr. Wollaston's conduct under the heavy dispensation of a malady which, we lament to hear, leaves his friends but little to hope, the description which has reached us is of a nature which may well be called divine, if the fate of Socrates merited that distinction. In the midst of disease and pain, and feeling that his life is most precarious, this truly great man has been, and is, devoting his numbered hours to communicate (by dictation), and preserve, all those discoveries which he has made, and all those improvements so invaluable to science, and the knowledge of which is calculated to be most beneficial to his fellow-creatures. A nobler example of fortitude and virtue has not been witnessed in any age or country.

We understand that in order to promote the interests of the Royal Society, by providing a fund which may render it less necessary to elect members more for the sake of the revenue they furnish, than of their scientific attainments, Dr. Wollaston has bequeathed 2000*l.* to the body, and that his President has added 1000*l.* for the same purpose.—*Ed. L. G.*

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

At the second meeting of the Society, on Thursday evening, 27th ult. it was announced from the chair by Mr. Hallam, one of the vice-presidents, that his Majesty, ever alive to the claims of genius, had been most graciously pleased to signify to the president and council his intention of conferring two gold medals annually, of the value of fifty guineas each, for the two best papers on antiquity which may be presented to the Society.

The announcement of this most gratifying intelligence was received as it ought,—with the utmost applause, and every demonstration of grateful respect for so munificent a mark of the Sovereign's love for the advancement of the study of antiquity. We have reason to believe that his Majesty has been thus induced to notice the Society, through the friendly interference of the Earl of Aberdeen. His lordship's attention to the best interests of the body has been manifested ever since he was elected president; and we hail this noble mark of his Majesty's bounty, as a new era in the annals of a Society which has of late years attracted some attention, more from the lukewarmness of its members than the spirit which might have animated them. It was also announced that the four large pictures by Holbein, which were sent to the Society by the late king, were to be immediately removed to Windsor, by command of his Majesty. These pictures were left as a *deposit* with the Society in 1805.

We are also happy to announce that a bequest of a collection of most interesting portraits of royal and noble personages, has just been conveyed to the Society by the executors of the late Dr. Kerrich, of Cambridge. They are of a very early date, from the time of Henry VI. downwards. The council have ordered them to be cleaned, under the direction of Francis Douce, Esq.; and they are intended to decorate the room where the Society's meetings are held. The most curious among them, perhaps, is a Portrait of Queen Mary I., by Lucas de Heere, 1554 (though this date makes the painter older than the Biographical Dictionaries). The oldest, in four compartments, represents a part of the legend of St. Etheldreda, and came out of the Conventual Church of Ely. There are also genuine Portraits of Edward IV. and Richard III.

An account, drawn up by Mr. Kempe, was read of the recent antiquarian investigation at Keston, in Kent, commenced by Mr. Crofton Croker, and of which we gave some account at the time. After complimenting Mr. Croker, of whose labours he intimated the Society might shortly expect the details, Mr. Kempe proceeded to state, that he had completely defined the walls of the circular and square buildings, and in the adjacent fields had discovered several extensive foundations—one a wall thirty feet in length, and three in thickness—which leave no room to doubt that Keston was the Noviomagus of the Romans. The distance from London, too, when measured upon the ordnance survey of Kent, singularly supports this belief. Mr. Kempe discovered several fragments of pottery, one or two of which were ornamented in the highest taste; a key, a bronze ear-ring, some bones, and other remains.

At the meeting of the Society on the 4th instant, Mr. Hallam was again in the chair. A letter from Mr. Wynn, our ambassador at Copenhagen, was read, giving a detailed account of the Institutions in Denmark for the encouragement and preservation of northern antiquities. And a drawing and description of a gold bracelet, found in one of the northern counties of England, were communicated to the Society by Mr. Secretary Carlisle.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Captain Hugh Clapperton. Engraved by T. Lupton, from a picture by Gildon Manton. (A private plate; the frontispiece to the forthcoming Vol. of Clapperton's Travels.)

The sight of this fine head renews our deep regret at the untimely fate of the brave, enterprising, and persevering individual of whom it is so characteristic a portrait, and to the narrative of whose last expedition it is about to be the appropriate frontispiece. Mr. Manton is a very able, although a very unassuming artist; and this strikes us as the most successful work of his that we have yet met with. The resemblance is powerful; the features are admirably drawn and marked; and the general expression is, as it ought to be, decidedly that of one, who

"——dares do all that may become a man."

While we contemplate it, we see—"with our mind's eye, Horatio,"—the gallant and warm-hearted original, preparing, with generous indignation, to chastise the unfortunate Governor of Murmur, for having permitted the desecration of the grave of his poor friend Oudney, whose last moments Clapperton had, some months before, watched with the tenderness inseparable from true courage.—Mr. Lupton has engraved this plate with his usual fidelity, vigour, and taste.

Rebels defeated. Engraved by J. Romney, from a picture by T. Webster. Bulcock.

Very entertaining, and in every point of view a worthy companion to the beautiful little print of "Rebels shooting a Prisoner," which we noticed in our 559th Number. The insurgents have lost their cannon, and their overthrow seems to be complete.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FROM THE SPANISH.*

Were I the ruler here below,
(God grant us better care!)
How matters upside down should go,
How sober folks should stare!

The pretty girls should all be free
To have whate'er they want;
Unknown those hateful names should be,
Duenna, nurse, and aunt.

If ugly women sinned, they'd all
Do penance in the sheet;
But her no parson should miscall
Whose eyes are bright and sweet.

* Si yo gubernara el mundo, &c.—Romancero General. 160[illegible].

Whene'er I saw an old man dote
  Upon a fair young bride,
I'd dress him in her petticoat,
  His shroud 'twould well provide.

Yon cautious burgher, soft and plump,
  Should wed some jolly lass,
Who all the day would dance and jump,
  And tell him he's an ass.

With jealous lords, ye ladies fine,
  Ye'd not be long distressed;
Their ghosts in bed-posts I'd confine,
  Then let them growl their best.

I would throw open every jail,
  And set bold felons free;
Your judge severe or lawyer pale
  As good a bird might be.

When lady talks of age to lady,
  I'd stand behind their backs;
For every lie a maravedi
  Would make a royal tax.

O might I rule this ball of earth!
  One hour of perfect sway
Would furnish forth a store of mirth
  To last for many a day. C. D.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE MIS-ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN WHO REALLY WALKED UP PICCADILLY.

It is very well to talk of dangers in travelling through Africa, of accidents at the polar ices, and of annoyances on the continent; but the following narration of what has happened to me, will shew that equal, if not greater, perils attend the unfortunate pedestrian who risks the exploit of a walk up Piccadilly.

On Saturday last, fatigued with the city and with business, I resolved to recreate myself with a stroll in Hyde Park. I will see, said I, the beautiful gates, so admirably contrasted, just like fat and lean, *between* which, as a novelty in such matters, instead of *under*, you pass as you enter London from the west; I will see the new front which they are giving to the prime minister, and what sort of columns they are raising for him who has led columns so well; I will inhale fine taste with pure air; and amid the noble improvements of the polite end of the metropolis, Fry's stoppage, and stoppages of every kind, shall be forgotten. In this delectable mood I made my easy way through Leicester Square, and entered upon the broad vista to the Pisgah of my imagination. It was charming to observe that even on the threshold, as it were, of the gayer quarter of the town, there was a sportiveness and play which is not to be witnessed in the crowded streets of the city. In Sidney's Alley several happy urchins were trundling their hoops, whom I could not help regarding with a benignant smile. Thus encouraged, the grateful little rogues followed me laughing into Coventry Street; and one of them, in his good-humoured fun, run his hoop right against my legs—"Beg your pardon, sir!" he cried in a coaxing tone, and obtained the boon as soon as asked; but, alas! the rencontre was an unlucky one for me, as some scoundrel must have taken advantage of the unguarded moment to pick my pockets not only of my handkerchief, but of a gold watch which had belonged to my honoured father, and was considered as an heir-loom by his spoliated son.

Chagrined beyond measure by this untoward circumstance, I was thoughtfully, which is another word for heedlessly, plodding onward, when a heavy blow on my shins, from a box slid out from a cellar, accompanied by a shout, "Vy, can't ye see? vere the ell are ye going, spooney?" brought me to recollection; and I perceived I was in the midst of a crowd of cads and coachmen, swearing and tearing like so many demons, and rendering some fifty yards of the street impassable without the utmost dexterity and no slight degree of strength. Their language was not altogether intelligible; but such words as could be understood were not of a kind to be repeated. They all seemed to enjoy my pangs very heartily, and laughed, shouted, and shoved me about, till I became absolutely terrified by their violence. One fellow, with a wooden leg, swore that they often hurt his shins; and another, blind of one eye, and nearly blind drunk of the other, told me to bless my precious glims that the blow had not doused them. At length, through the kind offices of a person in a scarlet waistcoat, I escaped from this *mêlée;* while the last of my persecutors, pointing at my blood-stained stockings, facetiously remarked, that the red-breast was consorting with the red-shanks.

Suffering much from this accident, I determined to hurry on to an apothecary's, and apply some plaster to my lacerated limb, to prevent the stocking from inflaming the wound: but again disappointment was my lot—I was doomed this day to experience that misfortunes seldom come single, and the more haste the worse speed. Hurrying along *vis-à-vis* to the basin in the Green Park, it had appeared for a while as if, like the folks in the fable, I had been walking on loadstone rocks with nails in my shoes, so heavily did my steps drag, and so laborious did my progress seem. I felt as if I were growing to the ground; and, in fact, I was at last fairly planted and stuck close, without the power of motion. On examining my position, I discovered that I was attempting to cross one of those outlets from the Park by which the mud of the basin has been for several weeks carted away, in order that this reservoir of the Chelsea Water-works may contain a purer supply of water for the consumption of the metropolis. What it could have been before, I know not; but I will assert, without fear of contradiction, that a more filthy and tenacious mud is not now to be met with in Europe. I will further venture to say, that every coroner's verdict of "found drowned," relative to bodies extracted from this basin, has been erroneous, and that "found suffocated" ought to have been returned. But be this as it may, it is of little consequence, there will be water enough hereafter to drown unhappy ladies comfortably; and as for the mud, I have to thank a sturdy carman that I was extricated from it, and set once more on my disastrous way up Piccadilly. The farther course, indeed, looked wide and clear;—there can be no more mishaps, said I to myself, congratulatingly; but it was a premature and luckless boast in this street of multiplied and never-ending nuisances. On the side of the pavement were sundry labourers breaking sundry heaps of stones: stouter hammer-men or harder granite, I imagine, are not elsewhere to be seen. One fellow, in particular, struck my fancy by the vigour of his strokes; and ere I could turn my head, he struck me much more forcibly in another way. The angle of a block, whose resistance to innovation would have done honour to a close corporation or private borough, was by a terrible effort detached, and sent flying in the direction of my eye. I am grateful to Heaven that, being a Scotsman, this exquisite organ is in me protected by a pair of well-mounted cheek-bones, independent of the usual covering of a tolerably thick scull,—and happily by the aid of these features I escaped with nothing worse than a desperate cut on the temple. The sanguine stream ran rapidly down my face, and handkerchief I had none to stem or hide it: my legs ached wretchedly, and I was so besoiled with filth, I hardly hoped that even a hackney coach would have the charity to alter the probable mode of my taking off. It was now, however, a case of despair, and I hailed the sorriest vehicle on the stand. I cannot express my joy at having my signal obeyed; but never was the most fortunate event more grateful to me than the simple fact of being taken into this lowly concern, with a very waggish leer at my general appearance from its ragged Jehu. "Drive me," said I, "to Mr. Anderson's at Brompton," for I had met with a worthy surgeon of that name, resident there, who being also a countryman, would, I knew, treat my wounds both with skill and feeling;—"go fast, and I will pay you extra." Crack went the whip on both sides and all flanks; and, as sure as I live, the jades who drew me were instigated into the commission of a trot. Ah, that they had never gone off their accustomed jog! Where Hyde Park Corner formerly was, the road is now unhappily Macadamised, and the ruts are consequently both stony and deep. By a convulsion in one of these, after several dislocating jolts, off flew my wheel, and over went my coach. How long I lay embossed, I am ignorant; but my first perception was that of being pulled through the door that lay uppermost, my muddy and bloody condition exciting the pity of the surrounding spectators. "It is all over with him," exclaimed one; "He's bespoke," said another:—it has been all over with me for some time, thought I, glancing at the prostrate coach; and as for being be*spoke*, what could a man expect from such wheels? But I could not speak: and to close the scene, some of the bystanders, having laid me on a shutter, carried me softly into St. George's Hospital, whence, Mr. Literary Gazette, I now address you, praying you to take some notice of the horrible nuisances which infest Piccadilly in your next Number. I have the honour to be yours truly, though I cannot say wholly, ALEXANDER ASTERE.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Lacy again! Three pieces in two months—*the Stepmother*, *the Soldier's Stratagem*, and *Love in Wrinkles*. All translations, too!—it's enough to drive our patriotic contemporaries stark staring mad!—particularly as Thursday evening's effusion is likely to have a run. We really begin to fear, from the rabid state of the anti-gallican critics, that some of them will shortly favour us with a specimen of original dramatic composition, the success of which, we have not the slightest doubt, will drive the contemptible crew of translators and adapters (who, at least, are modest enough to think other people's nonsense better than their own) with ignominy from the stage. Be this as it may, however, *Love in Wrinkles* was very well received, and has to boast of some clever and pretty music by Monsieur Fetis. It is really a treat to hear such pieces as the trio in the first act, the chorus of guests in the second, and the light and elegant vaudevilles sung by Braham and Miss Love, after the nightly nausea created by the things inflicted on our ears in the shape of "Signal Hours," "Blue Bells," (not of Scotland,) lugged in literally without rhyme or reason. The drama itself is

a translation of an opera of Scribe's,—one of the weakest and most improbable of his thousand and one productions. The singing and acting saved it in France, and its copy is fortunate in meeting with still higher advantages here, as Love looked exceedingly well in wrinkles, and Braham acted like Elliston, and sung like himself, for he is indeed unrivalled, and

"None but himself can be his parallel."

The piece was given out for repetition on Saturday, amidst unmixed and considerable applause.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS theatre re-opened on Thursday with *the Merchant of Venice*, and *the Beggars' Opera*. The house was well lighted with oil and wax, and respectably filled from the rising of the curtain. *Virginius* is postponed till next week. The smell of the gas is almost entirely gone, and will no doubt in a few nights be imperceptible.

VARIETIES.

Coinage.—The French government are about to call in all the old copper money, and to substitute an entirely new coinage. It is intended also to call in the silver pieces of 5 francs 30 centimes, and 2 francs 85 centimes, which circulate in many of the provinces, and to recoin them into 5 franc pieces.

Literary Institution.—The half yearly general meeting of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution was held on Monday evening last; the report of which was, we hear, very satisfactory to the members and friends of the Institution.

French Academy.—The election of M. Puissant and of M. le Comte Daru to be Members of the Academy, has been confirmed by the king.

Hail.—In the department of the Gard, in France, there was a hail-storm, in May last, which did very great damage, especially in the vineyards. Many of the hail-stones were as large as a clenched fist! Fortunately there was time afforded for taking shelter, so that no lives were lost.

Mexico.—In the year 1827, official permissions to sojourn in Mexico were given to 866 foreigners, of whom half were English; being either merchants or miners. 187 North Americans were included in that number. In the same year there arrived 152 French, and there departed only 45. The foreigners established in the republic are divided into the following classes, viz. 352 merchants, 274 miners, 91 artisans, 10 agriculturists, and 30 of various professions.

New Scheme.—An old French engineer officer has lately published a new scheme of rather a whimsical description. He states that, for some years, he has remarked that the lamentations which accompany the great to their last abode, are lost amidst the congratulations by which their successors are overwhelmed. To obviate a circumstance so mortifying to vanity, he recommends princes to grant a number of annuities on their own lives, and to distribute them among those whose real attachment they wish to secure. They will then, he observes, only have to consult their finance-minister, in order to ascertain the sincerity of the prayers put up to Heaven for the preservation of their precious days; and, whenever they die, their annuitants will be heart-broken!

Remarkable Showers.—One of the French papers contains an account of a curious shower of rain which fell at Chaumont on the 13th instant, and which the French journalist calls "a shower of ice." Although the temperature of the air was at this time much above the freezing point, every drop, as it fell, became congealed into a solid mass of ice; and the accumulation became so great, that branches of trees were broken, or bent to the ground. For several hours after the shower, the face of the country, for leagues, was covered with a snowy-looking ice, which reminded one of the climate of Siberia. A similar shower fell at Perseigne (Sarthe) on the 8th and 9th instant. In the forest of that name, the trees bending under the weight of the frozen rain, were subsequently blown up by the roots by the wind, to the number of 30,000.

To stop the bleeding from the bites of Leeches.—We lately mentioned that the application of a cupping-glass had been found effectual for that purpose; an experienced surgeon, however, informs us, that when the usual means fail, touching the punctures with a piece of lunar caustic is sure to succeed, and will be attended with no unpleasant consequences.—*Anonymous Correspondent.*

Young Napoleon.—A pamphlet has been published at Paris, the writer of which strongly recommends to the various powers of Europe to convert the existing governments of Greece into an independent monarchy, and to place young Napoleon on the throne! This project seems to have excited much attention.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Cheap Books. Mr. Editor,—The success of those booksellers who have at length opened their eyes to the absurdity of quartos and of dear books generally, ought to be made known; for though it be most true that they are thinking of their own purses, it is not the less certain that the result is calculated to do more good to the public than any one circumstance that could have occurred at this time. I was present the other day at a bookseller's sale-dinner—at the Albion, Aldersgate Street, one of the best dining-places in the world—where Murray sold in half an hour exactly 1,900 copies of Byron's Poems, in four small volumes, price eighteen shillings, exquisitely beautiful as specimens of typography, as legible as any octavo that ever Davison put out of his hands, and adorned with steel engravings of the utmost elegance, by Finden, after Westall. Then came Franklin's Voyages, in little volumes also, and, behold! 5000 of them were sold in a twinkling!

These are signs of the times not to be disregarded. Nor is it wonderful that the great Albemarle Street publisher should have determined ere now to push this matter to some decided result and purpose. He announced, three or four years ago, "A National Library," which was considered at the time as a mere imitation of Constable's Miscellany: but it now appears that the long-meditated Library is to assume a more regular shape, embracing three distinct series—history, biography, and practical science. The publication is to commence with the year 1829; and I understand that several volumes are now printed and ready,—so that there is no chance of a halt after the march is once begun. Murray has enlisted *all* his literary friends in this undertaking, and considers its opening as a new and grand epoch in his career. He shewed various specimens at the sale above mentioned—as, for example, a volume of the Life of Buonaparte (to be complete in 2 vols.), printed exquisitely, and embellished with a first-rate engraving on steel of David's famous picture of the Passage of the Mount St. Bernard; and half-a-dozen wood-cuts of battles, which one might have taken for steel-cuts also, so admirably has Thomson done justice to the spirited and noble designs of the painter—who, you will hear with wonder, is no other than George Cruikshank. That glorious caricaturist turns out to have had all the elements of a loftier genius *in petto*, and now and then begins a new career, in which one may safely promise him higher fame, as well as profit, than he ever could have achieved in adhering to the ludicrous and the grotesque of satire. Murray's Library, or Museum, or Miscellany (or whatever name he may give it) if written, as he promises, by none but authors of real eminence, embellished by such artists as Cruikshank and Thomson, and sold, as it is announced, at some three or four shillings per 12mo., will undoubtedly do more to knock up dear books in a year, than any artifice that could have been devised. Southey's Lives of Wolfe and Marlborough are to be given in the course of the first year—Sir Walter Scott has undertaken various biographies—Milman is hard at work on some history—Lockhart at Cervantes—Sir Humphry Davy at Popular Chemistry—Dr. Brewster at Lives of the Astronomers—Gleig on a History of the English Empire in India—Washington Irving on the Life of General Washington—Mitchell, Williams, and other eminent classical scholars, on Ancient Biography, Civil and Military. I heard other names; but these are a tolerable list. There can be no doubt that this is a great engine of popular instruction, set on foot for the purpose of meeting the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge in a fair field: and we shall see whether the Tories and Churchmen are as able to maintain the fight in the department of cheap books, as in other contests. Yours obediently, DUODECIMUS.

The Polish Walter Scott.—A Polish officer of the name of Bronikowski, banished for his political opinions from the Russian part of Poland, found a refuge in the court of Dresden. Turning to account his acquaintance with the history of his native country, and having carefully consulted archives little known, he has attempted to be the Walter Scott of Poland, and has published at Leipzig several works, which have become very popular, the last of which is entitled Erzahlungen.

Russian Literature.—A French translation has recently appeared at Moscow of Igor, an heroic poem, and one of the most valuable remains of ancient Russian poetry. Composed towards the close of the twelfth century, it has for its subject an episode in the reign of Igor, who occupied the throne of Russia from 912 to 925. The continental critics do not speak in high terms of the translation.

Mr. Moore's Life of Lord Byron has gone to press.

Washington Irving's Tales of the Moors will be out in a few weeks. They are, it is said, a history, in effect, of the rise, glory, and downfal, of the Moors in Spain, composed by Irving, chiefly out of MSS., during his recent stay at Seville.

Clapperton's Travels are nearly ready. They include a memoir of his life, and a full account of his death (drawn up by his faithful servant, now in town).

A second edition of Sir Alexander Malet on Fagging at Winchester School, is called for; to which, we trust, our remarks on the first have largely contributed. The question is a very important one.

In the Press.—The Cambrian Quarterly and Celtic Repertory, intended, we are told, as a vindication of our Welsh neighbours from a charge under which they have long laboured—of leaving their literary stores to the care of strangers. Yet, it is affirmed, that the fame of Gray is founded on a transfusion of the genius of their old poets; and even the legends of their peasants are unknown beyond the borders, except in the few specimens collected by the indefatigable narrator of the Legends of the South of Ireland.—A fourth edition of Admiral Lord Collingwood's Memoirs and Correspondence.—A new edition of the Cook's Oracle, by the late Dr. Kitchiner.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Art of Latin Poetry, founded on the Work of Jani, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Tower Menagerie, with 100 Engravings, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bf.-bd.—Warton's Death-Bed Scenes, Vol. III. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Bridge's Jamaica, Vol. II. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Rose's Ariosto, Vol. VI. post 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Beck's Index to Euripides, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Precedents of Private Bills, 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Barton's New Year's Eve, &c. 8vo. 9s. bds.—Monkeyana, prints, royal 4to., 2l. 14s.; proofs, imperial 4to., 3l. 12s.; before letters, 6l. 6s. cloth.—Booth's Pædobaptism, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. H. T.'s first sheet of a Ramble westward of the Metropolis, was returned, as desired, addressed to his initials, John's Coffee-House,—but sent back to us as an unclaimed letter. It may seem querulous to complain of so trifling a circumstance, but a multitude of such inconsiderate encroachments is a serious evil to us. Here is a long paper read, considerate answer given, and two or three (certainly slight) postages paid; and, after all, an hour of valuable time has been wasted to no purpose. One hour is a nothing; but no week passes that we have not many hours destroyed by equally foolish correspondents, each writing as if there could be no duty of an editor so important as that of discussing every individual case at length, both privately and publicly. We trust our friends will be of opinion that this is hardly requisite even on occasions where we feel ourselves most obliged.

We last week noticed the establishment in Paris of a *bureau de mariage*, and have since been favoured by communications from the *entrepreneur*, enclosing some rather choice specimens of applications addressed to him. Some of these being, as he expresses it, "*in inferior English*," he finds a difficulty in understanding, and, as editor of a literary journal, requests our assistance. Among the advertisements transmitted to us, we were amused, as we hope our readers will be, by the candour and modesty of one lady, whose style we do not think so obscure as to be quite incomprehensible:—

"*Matrimony.*—An elderly young lady, without fortune, rank, or beauty, is anxious to meet with a *supporter* who may feel inclined to offer her an asylum. She has been accustomed to a sick room, and would endeavour to render the death-bed of any gentleman as comfortable as possible. Can play back-gammon and cribbage a little, and mend stockings. A rich old man, who has had one or two paralytic attacks, would be greatly preferred. N.B. A will to be made in her favour previous to the marriage ceremony taking place. Address, post paid, Memento Mori, at the Death's Head and Drum-sticks, Dead Man's Corner."

As the end of the year approaches, we are fain to bring such articles as have of necessity been continued from No. to No. to a close. This will account for our present sheet having less of publishing novelty than usual, which is, however, we trust, compensated by its scientific and miscellaneous intelligence. Review of Johnson's Parr, with Letter from Bath, in our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 621. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Comments on Corpulence, Lineaments of Leanness, Mems. and Maxims on Diet and Dietetics. By William Wadd, Esq., F.L.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to the King. 8vo. pp. 170. London, 1828. J. Ebers and Co.

Mr. Wadd is a surgeon of eminence; he is not, however, more eminent in his profession than distinguished for his *bonhomie* and love of a joke—in good truth, he is like Yorick, a fellow of infinite jest, as the book before us abundantly proves. We thank Heaven we are not fat, otherwise our frame would infallibly have sustained injury from the merriment to which it has been subjected during our perusal of these *Comments*. The merit of Mr. Wadd's former publications had prepared us to anticipate much pleasure in renewing his acquaintance, though to find *nil nisi* bonum was hardly to be expected in an essay on *Corpulence*, however consistent with the *Lineaments of Leanness*. But this volume, though lean in its dimensions, is absolutely a Lambert in the fulness of its humours, its droll stories, and good things, clothing a structure of much useful and philosophical observation, for which the author is entitled to the good wishes of all who desire that their fair proportions may be neither curtailed nor expanded.

But, after all, it is to the character of the book as a provocative of smiles and laughter that we would draw our readers' attention; and in this view it would be unpardonable to omit mention of the etchings with which it is illustrated, and which are just as spirited as their fat subjects are onerose, and the designer's jokes as broad as the author's whims.* Mr. Wadd seems in his introductory observations to be in some state of suspense as to the effects of good living considered with reference to his subject; and while he half intimates his professional disapprobation of the eating system, omits no opportunity of giving side-wind hits at the abstinent school, the bearers of the motto, "*plures crapula quàm gladius.*"

Now, as we are avowed champions of the doctrine, that, as man is an eating animal, he ought to eat the best he can get, we would set up Ude's admirable observation on the effects of cookery on health, as the true creed on this subject; any thing which Mr. Wadd or his professional friends may sing or say to the contrary in any-wise, notwithstanding. "Nature," says that prince of cooks, "affords a simple remedy against the abuse of good cheer—abstinence. *If you have eaten too much, doubtless you will feel inconvenience.*" In these few words lies the solution of the *versata quæstio*. A guest at a good table eats of the soup, the fish, the *entrées*, the *entremets*, the *rôti*, the dessert, of each as much as would make a Christian's dinner, and then goes home, falls sick, and abuses good cookery. The fool! had he eaten the same quantity of his coarse fare, pork-chops and cabbage, he would have infallibly died. The skill of the cuisinier, which he reprobates, has saved his life.

But we keep the reader from an excellent dish, Mr. Wadd's *facetiæ*. Read these anecdotes illustrative of the inconveniences of corpulence.

"Mr. B——, of Bath, a remarkably large, corpulent, and powerful man, wanting to go by the mail, endeavoured to secure a place a short time before it started. Being told it was full, he still determined to get admission, and opening the door, which no one near him venturing to oppose, he got in. When the other passengers came, the ostler reported that there was a gentleman in the coach: he was requested to come out; but having drawn up the blind, he remained quiet. Hearing, however, a consultation on the means of making him alight, and a proposal to 'pull him out,' he let down the blind, and, laying his enormous hand on th edge of the door, asked who would dare to pull him out, drew up the blind again, and, waiting some time, fell asleep. About one in the morning he awoke, and calling out to know whereabouts he was on the journey, he perceived, what was the fact, that, to end the altercation with him, the horses had been put to another coach, and that he had spent the night at the inn door at Bath, where he had taken possession of the carriage.—A similar occurrence took place lately at Huddersfield. A gentleman went to a proprietor of one of the coaches to take a passage for Manchester; but, owing to the enormous size of his person, he was refused, unless he would consent to be taken as lumber, at nine-pence per stone, hinting at the same time the advantage of being split in two. The gentleman was not to be disheartened by this disappointment, but adopted the plan of sending the ostler of one of the inns to take a place for him, which he did, and in the morning wisely took the precaution of fixing himself in the coach with the assistance of the bystanders, from whence he was not to be removed easily. Thus placed, he was taken to his destination. The consequence was, on his return he was necessitated to adopt a similar process, to the no small disappointment of the proprietors, who were compelled to convey three gentlemen, who had previously taken their places, in a chaise, as there was no room beside this gentleman, who weighs about thirty-six stone!"

Good as these are, we have one or two in our own remembrance which, we think, excel them. They relate to a late worthy distributor of stamps in the country, whose size was rather unusual. It was his custom, when contemplating a journey by the stage, to take two places for his own use. Being called from home hastily on one occasion, he sent a Mercury to engage two inside places in the —— mail. The messenger returned. "Well, John, have you taken my two places?" "I have taken two, an't please your honour; but they had not two insides empty, so I took one inside and one out." Another time, the same gentleman actually succeeded in taking two inside places; but on going to the vehicle, he found two fellow-travellers, one on each seat of the coach. He remonstrated in vain: one gentleman could not ride with his back to the horses, nor the other the contrary way. He appealed to the coach proprietors. Their answer was, "Sir, you engaged two inside places, and there they are." The joke, which was premeditated, ended in a rump and dozen being exacted from our obese traveller, as the consideration for one of the inmates of the coach changing sides.

"In enumerating the little miseries of the corpulent, their exposure to ridicule should not be forgotten. Even the austerity of Queen Elizabeth could relax into a joke on the fat Sir Nicholas Bacon, whom she was classically pleased to define as '*vir præpinguis*,' observing 'right merrilie,' 'Sir Nicholas's soul lodged well.' The good-humoured antiquary, Grose, was earnestly entreated by a butcher to say 'he bought meat of him!' 'God bless you, sir,' said the paviers to the enormous Cambridge professor, as he passed over their work. Christopher Smart, the translator of Horace, celebrated the three fat beadles of Oxford; and the fat physician, Dr. Stafford, was not allowed to rest in his grave without a witticism:

'Take heed, O good traveller, and do not tread hard;
For here lies Dr. Stafford, *in all this churchyard*.'

Our good King Edward IV. even made a practical joke with the corporators of London; for when he invaded France, in 1475, he took care to be accompanied by some of the most corpulent aldermen of London—'*les bourgeois de Londres les plus chargés de ventre*,'—that the fatigues of war might the sooner incline them to call out for peace. Many illustrious cases might have been found in France equal to the specimens Edward took with him, even among royal and noble persons, of which Charles the Fat, Louis le Gros, Sanctius Crassus, and *Corpus Poetarum*, the fat poetic elector of Cologne, were notable instances."

Mr. Wadd has some diverting remarks on the philosophical fancies of the present day; asserting, with becoming gravity, that "as the craniologist will tell you his good or evil propensities, so a physician, by the expression of his visage, will say what he dines upon; and, moreover, what may not be generally known, that our *personal beauty* depends upon eating and drinking, the ugliness of the Calmucks being solely owing to their feasting on raw flesh." As a *pendant*, we will give our gastronomic friends the idea of a *bonne bouche*, which would be new even to Mr. Ude:—

"The Calif Merwan II., it is said, could never see a sheep without wrapping his hand in the corner of his robe, and tearing out the kidney, which he instantly devoured. After

* We ought to notice the title-page, which is equally novel and ingenious. It represents a medal with the head of Heliogabalus, or some such gourmand emperor—reverse, a heron, the thinnest emblem that could have been chosen. In the centre and behind is a fictitious votive medal to Apicius, Ude, &c. with the appropriate motto, "*De arte coquinaria*"—according to our author, the origin of all the evil. Suspended beneath all is a small medallion to the memory of Cornaro, whose disciples are few and small in number in comparison with those of the glorious Kitchen-ers above named.

eating his *bonne bouche*, he used to call for a clean habit; and, in consequence of this becoming attention to personal neatness, when he died, ten thousand greasy vests were found in his wardrobe."

The speculations of Mr. Lorry are alarming:—

"Monsieur Lorry, a celebrated French physician, indulged in some curious speculations relative to acute diseases, arising from the admixture of bile, milk, or pus, with fat in a fluid state. Either of these uniting with the last, in certain conditions of the body, would produce a sort of *tertium quid*, in the shape of a soapy liquor, causing acute diseases in some, and chronic diseases in others; and persons have been supposed to die of consumption, when, in fact, they were washed away to the other world with their own soap!"

Mr. Wadd, after this, becomes excessively bilious, and we shall quit him for the "cases," all of which are highly curious. The "Observations on a Fat Sportsman" are best adapted to our purpose:—

"This gentleman was an ardent sportsman, took excessive exercise, went through great exertion in the morning, and in the afternoon rewarded his virtuous labours by eating, drinking, and sleeping—the fatigue of his sporting pleasures being previously sustained by an occasional draught of stout ale. He did me the favour of a visit, when I found, as he had stated, that he was in excellent health; but his size interfered with his [illegible] 'he could not get through the woods so easily as he used to do,' and 'it was not so easy as formerly to find a horse to carry him.' 'Now, what do you recommend me to do?' 'Keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut.' 'Poh! nonsense! that won't do for me—give me *something to take*—have you no pills?' The same question has been so often repeated to some very able practitioners, that, with Molière's doctor, they answer, '*Prenez des pilules; prenez des pilules.*' The pills this gentleman was in search of were to counteract the effects of *a dose of strong ale*, two gallons a day being his moderate allowance. As he was not only a merry fellow, but a scholar, I gave him the opinion of an old poet on the subject of ale—

> —— Nil spissius illa
> Dum bibitur, nil clarius dum mingitur; inde
> Constat, quod multas fæces in corpore linquat.

He laughed, and replied with great good-humour, 'I see how it is: if I am *ale*-ing all day, it follows, of course, I must be *ail*-ing all night. Egad! I can't help it; I should die without it, and I had rather die with it.'"

We fully agree with Mr. Wadd in his estimate of Dr. Mandeville's answer to the Earl of Macclesfield.

"Perhaps the most pertinent answer, after all, was that given by the celebrated Dr. Mandeville to the Earl of Macclesfield. 'Doctor, is this wholesome?' 'Does your lordship like it?' 'Yes.' 'Does it agree with your lordship?' 'Yes.' 'Why then, it is wholesome.' This was also the opinion of Lord Bacon, a tolerably good authority in matters of food, as well as philosophy. 'There is a wisdom in this,' says he, 'beyond the rules of physic; a man's own observation what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.'"

Mr. Wadd instances a great variety of cases of corpulency, all interesting, and many very humorous. How characteristic of our author, who has much of Mathews in his mode of talking, is the following!

"This gentleman was not only amiable but very rich and very polite—excepting when 'his skin pinched him,' a term he always used when oppressed by uncomfortable sensations. One day, 'when he was sure he would burst,' with a long face and gloomy looks, he thus addressed me: 'Lord, sir! I'm very queer—very poorly—always poorly—I've no stomach,' said he, looking me full in the face; 'now I want to know about diet—what should I eat?' 'Nothing.' 'What should I drink?' 'Nothing.' 'Hot or cold?' This '*reductio ad absurdum*' took my breath away. He made no alteration in his tone, but went on with his queries, most of which he kindly answered himself."

What will the ladies say to Case XI., and the illustration? And what do our readers who are fond of needless physic for imaginary diseases think of the prescriptions under the homœopathic system?

"The *thousandth part of a grain* of arsenic is the largest dose that should be given, and the *hundred-thousandth* part of a grain is enough in ordinary cases! A drop of the spirituous tincture of sarsaparilla is said to be a strong dose; and the *seven-millionth part of a grain* of cucumis colocynthis acts sometimes too powerfully! Truly has it been said, some doctors let the patient die for fear they should kill him; while others kill the patient for fear he should die. In the ancient Theriaca Andromachi there were seventy-two ingredients. According to the homœopathic system, the elder, one of the most innocent of flowers, produces 116 symptoms! Supposing, therefore, each article of the Theriaca to be equally productive, the theriacal symptoms would have amounted to no less a number than 8,352!!"

The remedy for corpulence by *stewing* down the patient, is not recommended by our author. It has, however, antiquity to sanction it.

"Cælius Aurelianus was a great advocate for a [illegible]—of hot sand-baths, stoves, and stews. This was equally objectionable, from the disagreeable effects of *over*-stewing, occasionally producing similar results to those of General Vitellis, or the 'fat single gentleman,' who lived six months, unconsciously, over a baker's oven. The Newmarket plan is more safe and more certain, according to the opinion of the most skilful trainers. A gentleman who was recommended to try a Newmarket doctor objected to the journey, having, as he said, all the requisites at home; viz. 'a small house with a large fire, a son who kept him in a perpetual fever, and a very fat wife.'"

We shall pass the general, however tempting some of the instances, and, reversing the picture, see what Mr. Wadd has to say on Pharaoh's lean kine.

The following story of the "cæcum" is highly diverting.

"'But what is the cause of my leanness?' said a thin gentleman, who would have given half his fortune for half my fat; 'what is the cause of my leanness?' 'Demandez-ce à ce Dieu!' 'Pho! demand a fiddle-stick's end! I want *you* to tell me, sir—*you*, sir; what is the cause of my leanness?' 'Well—soyez tranquille—be quiet a minute: there is a predisposition in your constitution to make you lean, and a disposition in your constitution to keep you so.' This explanation, about as satisfactory as Dr. Thomas Diaphoreus's explanation of the properties of opium—'*quia est in ea*,' &c. &c. did not soothe the irritability of my lean inquirer, who became, if possible, more shrunken and wizened as his heat increased. Seeing the nature and temper of my antagonist, I went to book with him in another way:—'Why, sir, as to the causes of leanness, there may be many that an ingenious theorist might suggest;—I speak to you, sir, as *to a sensible man*.'—The storm and heat began to subside; an oily word is like an emollient;—'I speak to you, sir, as a sensible man, and I am aware that it is not sufficient to talk to *you* in general terms, of constitutional peculiarities, digestive organs, and alimentary functions; you must have a positive, specific cause; and, if possible, an explanation of that cause, as plain as the specification of a patent.' 'Just so; that is what I want: you speak like *a sensible man*'—(the retort courteous)—'Every effect, sir, must have a cause; and I want to know whether the cause may be in the stomach, or any particular part of my inside; and if so, whether by particularly directing our attention to that part, wherever it may be, we can in any way alter its nature?' * * Finding my patient's mind was bent on *localities*, I suggested the *intestinum cæcum* for his consideration—the newly discovered organ of fat! He had never heard of it: this was what he *expected of me* (another retort courteous, for which I owed him one). 'This was news! What was it? how was it?' 'Why, sir, some are of opinion that the cæcum contains a certain ferment—some that it is destined to secrete an important fluid—others take it for a *second ventricle*, wherein the prepared aliments may be stored up, and so long retained, till a thicker and more nutritive juice may be drawn from them; and how it is a depot of fat, you will find in the Philosophical Transactions.' He heard this very attentively, and having passed mutual compliments, and being *on very good terms with each other*, he favoured me with his unreserved opinion. 'I see very clearly, sir, the application of this discovery to my case: this is an age of discoveries! the quantity of fat diffused over the body must be in proportion to the quantity in the depot; I must have a small [illegible]! Now the question is, [illegible] enlarge it?—Perhaps I have no cæcum!' We quite agreed upon the impossibility of supplying this defect; but as 'there is more in heaven and earth than we dream of in our philosophy,' my philosopher did not like to relinquish all speculation upon the subject. I considered the case beyond surgery. I am not sure that I might have been allowed to look at the *caput coli*, though I have known an operation done on almost as frivolous grounds. But when I told him, that, according to the account of the celebrated Hoffman, dogs became rapidly fat when their spleen was removed, and that Mr. Hunter once removed it from a wounded man, who did very well, there seemed to arise a lurking longing, as much as to say, 'I wish Mr. Hunter had my spleen.'"

We must make room for the following.

"The lean are not less exposed to ridicule than the corpulent. A reverend doctor of divinity, of very ghostly appearance, was one day accosted by a vulgar fellow, who, after eyeing him from head to foot, at last said, 'Well, doctor, I hope you have taken care of your *soul!*' 'Why, my friend,' said the amiable shadow, 'why should you be so anxious that I should take care of my soul?' 'Because,' replied the other, 'I can tell you that your *body* is not worth caring for.'—Jonas Hanway, who was remarkably thin, was met by a man much inebriated, who approached him in so irregular a direction, that it might have been concluded that he had business on both sides the way. Hanway stopped when he came up to him, to give him his choice; but the man stood as still as his intoxication would permit him, without attempting to pass

on either side. After viewing each other a moment, 'My friend,' said Hanway, 'you seem as if you had rather *drunk too much;*' to which the man replied, with considerable *naïveté*, 'And you, my friend, seem as if you had *ate too little*.'—When the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably meagre-looking man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townsend being asked, whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered, he did not know, but they had sent the *outline of an ambassador*."

The Mems. on Diet radiate into divers branches, of which "abstinence" is the first, with which we have little to do; neither have we much fellow-feeling with "idiosyncrasy." Under the head "dietetic" we are told, that "the Egyptians, who were a wise people, especially in medical concerns, thought so much depended on diet, that they dieted their kings, and prescribed by law both the quality and the quantity of their food. It is to be lamented that these 'bills of fare' are not preserved to this time; and though God forbid that we should ever live to see the legislature dictating to Sir Henry Halford; yet if the Egyptian regulations for different ranks of society had been handed down to us, we might have had parliament interfering with the luxury of modern tables, and the cabinet ministers, by way of example, dining like their great grandfathers, on a pudding and a joint."

But we really have not space for the many diverting things which this facetious book contains. Mr. Wadd's "Nursery Mems." are valuable and excellent; and we regret we cannot quote some of them. It is not, however, improbable we may return to them, for they deserve every publicity, and should be read by mothers. We must now conclude, heartily recommending this pleasant book as a *bonne bouche* to the profession; as a dispeller of blue devils to readers in general; and as a cheering companion to the lusty and sedentary for the hilarious fire-side of approaching Christmas.

The Works of Samuel Parr, LL.D.; with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Correspondence. By John Johnstone, M.D. F.R.S., &c. 8 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

THIS is a book of a fearful size for any critic or reviewer; and unless we could hope for antediluvian longevity, and the delightful otium of publishing our Numbers septennially instead of hebdomadally, it would be our certain death to anticipate lives of Parrs, a family name, which, from old Parr to the late doctor, seems to have an inherent predilection for length of years and other kinds of longevity. The worthy author tells us in his apologetical address, that he has been obliged to "*condense*" his materials! so far we may rejoice; we know what the work is—we know not what it might have been, and five thousand condensed pages are enough for us. Let us, however, do Dr. J. justice: he has been faithful to the memory of his friend; and Mr. Lynes, the relative of Dr. Parr, who has co-operated with him in this publication, has shewn zeal and liberality worthy of any attachment to a subject however devoted.

Of the Memoirs, or of the general course pursued in them, it is not our purpose, nor could it consist with our limits, to give even an outline: the public has, perhaps, had already more of Dr. Parr than has been acceptable to the majority. The present book may therefore rather be considered as a standard for reference to those who hold him in the foremost estimation, as politician, controversialist, scholar, and man; for others, the few examples we shall select will be sufficient. We commence with an encomium upon such publications as the *Literary Gazette;* written "on the utility of reviews, and upon the opportunities which they furnish to men of learning, for rendering some occasional service to the general cause of literature." Dr. P. says: "There is no one review in this country but what is conducted with a considerable degree of ability. By posterity, too, reviews will be considered as useful repositories of the most splendid passages in the most celebrated works. They will shew the progress of a country or an age in taste and arts, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of science. They mark the gradations of language itself, and the progressive or retrograde motions of the public mind upon the most interesting subjects."

Of Parr's poetical talents, his biographer says—

"The Episcopal Gallery is another composition of Dr. Parr, esteemed by him the child of his old age, and nursed with parental tenderness. I shall copy the beginning and the end, as specimens of his skill in writing English poetry. He had not practice enough to write smoothly, and perhaps he thought too vigorously to be a good versifier.

'*Gallery of Dignitaries, by Episcopus Episcoporum.*

In the epilogue to his epistles Pope writes thus:—

'E'en in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson given,
To Berkeley ev'ry virtue under Heaven.'

Keeping these verses in view, ὁ δεῖνα sketched a rough outline of his opinion of the prelates of our own time.

In bishops I can see and praise desert;
Burgess is learned, Bathurst has a heart;
Lambeth and York two well-bred prelates grace;
Nor pride, nor selfishness, in Van I trace.
King mild and noiseless o'er his church presides,
Nor basely for translation changes sides.
Taste charms in Howley, science Kaye explores,
And each of learning has abundant stores.
To Lambeth's turrets well may one aspire,
And London's mitre raise the other high'r.
Gray hairs to Buckner are a crown of glory,
And Majendie is pleasant, though a Tory.
A scholar, free from pedantry or spleen,
In thee, kind-hearted Huntingford, is seen.
Unsoil'd by courts, and unseduced by zeal,
Fisher endangers not the public weal.
True piety in Ryder I admit,
Manners in Pelham, and in Cornwall wit.
Turn we to Exon, Lichfield, and Carlisle,
None frown indignant, some approving smile.
To Law and Legge candour and sense are given,
Bright gems on earth, and surest lights to heaven.

* * * *

Yet some there are whose merits I proclaim,
As shedding lustre on a patron's name.
Thy virtues, B——ss, consecrate the choice,
And favour'd P——y wins the public voice,
Talent in P——t would more brightly shine
With less prostration at his idol's shrine;
Why hurls he curses at the church of Rome,
And strives to thwart a patriot's views at home?
Why, but to prop his patron's tottering fame,
His weakness flatter, and his favour claim?
Prelates of ages past, whom, blest above,
Nor praise nor censure from this earth can move;
Martyrs who form'd our church in days of old,
Cranmer the mild, and Latimer the bold;
And later sages, whom, to science reared,
True moderation to the good endear'd;
Omniscient Taylor, spotless Tillotson,
Hoadly the calm, and dauntless Warburton,
Brave Watson, steady Shipley, Law profound,
And Newcome, 'midst the best and wisest found;
Pour forth your prayers before th' almighty throne,
To guard those altars which were once your own:
Long may your writings charm our rising youth,
And point the way to wisdom and to truth;
Long your example their affections guide,
From mean ambition far, and far from pride;
Long may our church teach kings what kings should be,
And form a people worthy to be free;
And long our pastors, faithful to their Lord,
Receive in heavenly bliss their just reward.'"

"He who attacks (continues the author) must not expect to remain unattacked. Besides the regular answers to his printed controversial works, there are some characters of Dr. Parr, and some squibs upon his character, deserving of notice. That of Mr. Philip Homer, a learned and excellent clergyman, and teacher in Rugby School, for whom Parr entertained sincere regard, is the best, evidently imitated from Martial.

To brutes humane, to kindred man a rod,
Proud to all mortals, humble to thy God—
In sects a bigot, and yet liked by none,
By those most fear'd whom most you deem your own.
Lord o'er the greatest, to the least a slave,
Half weak, half strong, half timid, and half brave;
To take a compliment of too much pride,
And yet most hurt when praises are denied.
In dress all negligence, or else all state,
In speech all gentleness, or else all hate.
There most a friend where most you seem a foe,
So very knowing that you nothing know;
Thou art so deep-discerning, yet so blind,
So learn'd, so ignorant, cruel, yet so kind,
So good, so bad, so foolish, and so wise,
By turns I love thee, and by turns despise."

We believe we have in our possession an unpublished and unknown MS. poem written by a reverend neighbour upon Dr. Parr, of a much more caustic animadversion upon his life and writings; and as it is a production of very great talent, we shall publish it as a critique upon these Memoirs, without, however, adopting all its opinions.

A Serenade to Trismegistus. 1822.

Filled with all elements of strife,
That tear thee each a different way,
Thou hadst been great through all thy life,
But Nature at thy birth said nay.

True to her word, of coarsest stuff
She wove thy mind; and e'en of this
She hardly doled thee out enough
To make a paltry *vir clariss.*

And this were well, were all symphonious,
And thou for grandeur hadst no craving;
But ah! "*Neronibus Neronius,*"
For fame she goaded thee to raving.

On London boards, a scrub, or page,
Or any other sorry fellow;
But on thy poor provincial stage,
Macbeth, or Hamlet, or Othello.

And hence that dread of town, which both I
And others see in thy life's drama—
That unavowed σιαυτον γνῶθι,
Which make thee shrouded like the Llama.

For, if with giants two feet high—
With pigmies thou art still a giant;
I know with whom thou art a fly—
I know with whom thou art O'Bryant.

'Tis said, when whilom Brother Porson
On certain subjects used to speak,
Thou certainly didst feel a whoreson
Disrelish of thy favourite Greek.

Thou hear'st another with a sneer,
Thyself with looks of placid sweetness;
Thou'rt envious of thy shade, for fear
It might perchance outstrip thy fleetness.

Chafed at each new and ancient comer,
In verse or prose, to Glory's shrine,
Thou canst not pardon Brother Homer
That Nestor's sermons vie with thine.

Thy life—the tempest's bellowing sound,
Now loudly praising, now abusing,—
Or battle—varying every round,
For ever bruised, for ever bruising.

Thy talk—a babble, vainly clothing
In words some rude mishapen hint;
Thy emphasis—in saying nothing,
Or something said before in print.

Thy manuscript and printed pages,
In all their cumbrous littleness,
Though all addressed to future ages,
Shall never come to their address.

Those Λυγρα σηματα of late
On which so many write and fail,
Compared with thine were copper-plate,
And thereby too there hangs a tale.

Poor future men! oh, how 'twould startle them,
Should but thy Tully meet their eyes,
Those scraps scarce legible by ——
Degraded taste's last agonies.

Some flirtings with poor Bentley's name—
In Alciphron some loose ideas—
Some rude attempts to ride to fame
Upon the back of Athenæus.

Or, if reserved for future figs,
  One Bellendenus strew the wharf,
The critics, shaking future wigs,
  Shall sigh—*ex pede* know the dwarf.

To conquer envy, anger, hate,
  And learn at length to be forgiving—
To grapple with a worthless fate,
  And soothe the bitterness of living,—

There are who fly to letter'd lore,
  And feel their minds dilated grown;
While living in the days of yore,
  They spurn the falseness of their own.

But thou couldst never glean in books
  Solace or polish, mind or morals,
But words, and only words—the hooks
  On which to hang thy laboured quarrels.

For thine is that unfruitful soil
  (Or fruitful but in hemlock weed)
Where grains a hundred sown with toil
  Yield *but* a hundred—seed for seed.

Yet, by grimace and affectation,
  Thou wouldst be Johnson—sure I am
Thy sire by false anticipation,
  To make thee Johnson, called thee Sam.

But ah! what's in a name?—a rose
  By any name as sweet would smell;
And Barnaby of ruby nose
  Perchance would suit thee just as well.

Prizemen in dulness, gentle souls,
  Thy guests, salute thee with their cheers;
Thy present world a "Ship of Foles,"
  Thy immortality—two years.

Thy vices only are sincere,
  Thy virtues all supposititious;
And therefore of the two 'tis clear
  Thy virtues are by far most vicious.

Attacked by hatred, mined by malice,
  We combat this, and that we fly;
But when false frankness gives the chalice,
  We trusting and drinking die.

Of years so ripe, of cunning riper,
  Well canst thou act the candid part;
But always to conceal the viper
  Exceeds the wonder of thy art.

Thy manners such respect enacting,
  Thy faults for oddities that pass,
All, all is artifice and acting,
  All, all got up before the glass.

O'er Plato now I see thee pore,
  This harmless love thy bosom lay to;
Now φιλοσωματος once more,
  Thou lov'st the solid more than Plato!

'Tis said, among the pleasant stories
  Told by the chosen who come nigh thee,
Thou art a Whig, because the Tories
  Dont think it worth their while to buy thee.

So little of thyself thine own,
  So often changed thy coat of paint,
That, after feasting brother Hone,
  I dont despair to see thee saint.

Among the many juggler-pranks
  That move the wonder of the age,
And force all other mountebanks
  In mute despair to quit the stage.

Be told thy look demure and steady,
  Coat, cassock, scarf episcopal,
And wig—as who should say, "I'm ready,
  Snow mitres down, to wear them all."

Thy speech by turns polite and surly,
  Like dirty sackcloth stiched to satin;
Smoke curling round thy mouth so burly,
  Whence sound "beast, idiot, bawd," in Latin.

I've heard thee say: "Count on thy friend—
  Thy fallen state I blush to see;
These times my very bosom rend,
  When boobies lord it over thee."

I've heard thee vow to work me good,
  And swear it by the great Τυραννος:
This was thy after-dinner mood—
  The contrary thy morning practice.

To read and think so far from town,
  Or have a mind, looks rather black:
All join to hunt the culprit down,
  With thee the foremost of the pack.

This was my fault: then add surprise
  To see my summon'd laugh delayed,
To greet thy homespun poverties,
  Or improvisoes ready made.

Besides, thy power of valuation,
  Which ranks the man above the man,
Is but a careful calculation
  Of merits at so much per ann.

The justly proud, if poor, importune
  Thy noble mind and move thine ire:
I know who lately got a fortune,
  And in thy judgment rose the higher.

I felt and saw thy triumphs clearly,
  Whene'er my prospects seemed to fail;
Look'd but the world within me cheerly,
  My presence seem'd to make thee quail.

The freezing wink and shrug of shoulder
  (For shoulders too are parts of speech),
That seem to say to the beholder
  Yet more than uttered words can reach.

"Imprudence!" uttered with grimaces
  (That death-cry note of horrid omen),
Before some dozen common-places,
  Transformed to look like men and women.

And—"I know what" when nothing knowing;
  And then, with sibylline repletion,
Dark prophecies of one's undoing,
  That lead point blank to their completion.

I've borne, and still with varied art,
  Through four long acts of one sad drama,
Thou mad'st an anvil of my heart—
  Now see that anvil turned to hammer!

The hand that marks my age's dial
  Should seem upon the point of noon;
But care spurs on the hour of trial,
  And says it must, it shall be soon.

While others set, *thy* sun shall fall,—
  Night without *eve* shall close on thee;
And He who made, with sudden call
  Shall bid, and thou shalt cease to be.

So whispers Nature, whispers Sorrow;
  And I would greet the things they say,
But for the thought of those whose morrow
  Hangs trembling on my little day.

Yet while I feel this breathing form,
  And thus my moving frame bear up,
To crouch, and weep, and be a worm—
  Oh, Heaven, avert that bitter cup!

Having by giving place to this effusion, (which as it only follows the example of Dr. Johnstone in the preceding quotation, cannot, we trust, be blamed as a posthumous satire, while it must be relished as a literary curiosity from an author of high reputation)—and thereby made the paper rather a miscellany than a regular review, we shall conclude it with another extra communication which we have received on the subject, and one which certainly challenges some answer from Dr. Johnstone.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In one of the volumes of his recent publication, Dr. Johnstone has introduced a notice of the late distinguished Dr. Falconer of Bath, in terms so equivocal as to call for an explanation on the part of Dr. J.; which I have no doubt his candour and sense of justice will incline him to offer by the earliest opportunity. Dr. J. has supplied his readers with a formidable misrepresentation of Dr. Falconer; and although in common courtesy we must conclude this to be unintentional, yet where a little trouble and editorial precaution would have secured him from the danger of inaccuracy, and where that most delicate of subjects, character, was concerned, was it not somewhat heedless in Dr. J. to neglect making the requisite inquiries in the proper quarter? An application to him who is indeed what Dr. J. styles him, the learned Dr. Falconer, would have procured the necessary intelligence, and prevented Dr. J., *inter alia*, from calling his venerated father J. instead of *William*, his well-known Christian name. The present Dr. Falconer, unpretending as he is enlightened, would not, however, have enlarged upon, perhaps not even have alluded to, some qualities in his parent, on which another may be permitted to expatiate. The writer of this is proud of having had the honour to know Dr. Falconer, and feels a melancholy pleasure in attempting to furnish a brief but faithful sketch of him as he lives in his remembrance. Dr. J. says he had much simplicity of character, *though* considerable vigour of intellect, &c. He had truly great simplicity of character—much of that which we applaud in the temples of antiquity—of what not only may consist with the utmost grandeur, but without which probably no genuine greatness can be found. As to his intellectual vigour, it was so *considerable*, that in the wide and brilliant circle in which he moved, was cherished, and admired, no person was thought to possess so much. "His manner," says Dr. J., "was awkward and distrait." Surely Dr. J. could not have been in society with him; he must else have been conscious that no delineation of the ordinary deportment of any individual was ever less appropriate. Dr. Falconer was of *gentle blood*, and of the best school of high-breeding. Awkwardness and absence are indications of sordid habits; and vulgarity was one of the very few things of which Dr. Falconer was ignorant. He was, in truth, whether in the presence of the noble or the lowly, exercising his rare professional skill in the chamber of sickness, or his charity in the hovel of the indigent—at his own table in the convivial hour, giving instruction and delight to others from his stores of erudition—in his political tenets, and in his religious principles and practice, he was a rich specimen of a class almost extinct—that of the pure English gentleman. His manners, Dr. J. may be assured, were as remote from rudeness as they were from effeminate pliancy; between these extremes he invariably maintained his manly station, communicating to his intimates the impression of his being a man cast in the mould of Aristides—a being of spotless probity, with whom virtue was all in all. When I add that the powers of his mind were equalled only by the tenderness of his heart, can it be necessary to ask if a man such as I have described ought to be misunderstood? I will not risk the possibility of offending either the Editor or Dr. Johnstone by making it a question, nor by any apology for the above, but conclude by requesting that you will do me the favour to publish my letter.

London, Oct. 29, 1828. E. M.

Tales of Woman. 2 vols. London, 1828. Colburn.

VERY emanations from the shrine of romance, and the two leading tales on a subject not generally a very romantic one, namely, conjugal duty. The first of these is far the best in the collection. Improbable and extravagant as the story is, it is nevertheless very interesting;—one that if the reader began, he would, we think, finish. Helen Lindorf, the next, if it does not outrage probability more, yet seems to do so, for the narrative flags, and our judgment keeps watch over the extravagance: it is evidently a translation from the German; and we do not think our English wives very likely to imitate the example of Helen, who, when she thinks her husband's affection on the decline, feigns her own death and retires to poverty and obscurity, to give him an opportunity of marrying a younger and preferred woman. So much for duty, we were going to have said absurdity. There is an old proverb which bids, Leave well alone; and Prascovie, the real Elizabeth of Siberia, may be a history more veracious, but it is not so interesting, as the very pretty tale founded on it by Mad. Cottin. It is, however, well worth attention, as the origin of that popular work. We are at a loss for an illustrative extract, as there are no readily detachable scenes; the narratives are too long for compression, and their whole merit lies in the interest the stories excite. Perhaps these volumes are likely to be popular among readers more juvenile than ourselves; and we leave them to the lovers of fiction, with the best specimen we can find to separate from continuous and connected relation. It is from the Russian Daughter, on which, as we have just mentioned, Madame Cottin's Elizabeth is constructed, and is more truly characteristic of the reality, if it be less wrought by the pen of the able delineator.

"She was walking one evening through a village, seeking a lodging, when a peasant who had very harshly denied her hospitality, followed and called her back. He was an aged man, and very ill-favoured. Prascovie hesitated whether she should accept his offer: she, nevertheless, followed him to his house, fearing lest she might not obtain another shelter. She found in the *isba* nobody but an old woman, whose looks were still more unprepossessing than those of her conductor. The latter carefully secured the door, and closed the window-shutters. On admitting her into the house, these two persons paid but little attention to her. Their manner was so strange, that Prascovie became alarmed, and repented having stopped with them. They desired her to sit down. The isba was lighted only by splinters of pine-wood stuck in a hole in the wall, and which were replaced as fast as they were consumed. By the dull light of this flame, whenever she ventured to raise her eyes, she beheld those of her hosts fixed upon her. At length, after a silence of a few minutes the old woman asked whence she came. 'I come from Ischim,' replied Prascovie, 'and am going to Petersburgh.' 'Oho! then you must have plenty of money about you to undertake so long a journey.' 'I have but eighty copecks in copper left,' answered the intimidated traveller. ''Tis a lie!' cried the old woman; 'I tell thee 'tis a lie! Who would set out on such a journey

with so small a sum?' To no purpose did the girl protest that this was all she had; they would not believe her. 'A likely story, forsooth,' said the old woman to her husband, 'to travel from Tobolsk to Petersburgh with eighty copecks!' The poor girl, trembling with fear, repressed her tears, and inwardly prayed to God to protect her. The old woman, however, gave her some potatoes, and when she had eaten them, advised her to go and lie down. Prascovie, who began strongly to suspect that these people were robbers, would gladly have given her little all to be delivered from their clutches. She partly undressed, before she got upon the stove where she was to pass the night, leaving upon the floor her pockets and a bag which she carried with her, to afford them the greater facility for counting her money, and to spare herself the insult of being rifled. As soon as they thought she was asleep, they commenced their search. Prascovie listened with intense anxiety to their conversation. 'She must have money about her,' said they, 'or notes at least.' 'I saw a riband round her neck,' added the old woman, 'with a little bag hanging from it; it must be there that she keeps her money.' This was a little oil-skin bag containing her passport, which she never put off. They continued talking in a lower tone, and the few words which she caught from time to time were not calculated to cheer her spirits. 'No one saw her come into our house,' said these wretches: 'nor is it even known that she is in the village.' They kept talking in whispers. After a few moments' silence, during which imagination set before her the prospect of the most atrocious outrages, Prascovie all at once beheld the hideous face of the old woman, who was climbing upon the stove. Her blood curdled in her veins. She implored her to spare her life, again assuring her that she had no more money; but, the inexorable hag, without replying, began to search in her clothes and in her boots, which she made her take off. The man brought a light; they examined the bag containing the passport; they made her open her hands; but at last the old couple, finding their search fruitless, went down again, and left our heroine more dead than alive. This appalling scene, and still more the apprehension of its repetition, kept her a long time awake. When, however, she knew from their snoring that her hosts were asleep, she gradually became composed; fatigue got the better of her fears, and she fell fast asleep. It was broad day-light next morning when she awoke. She descended from the stove, and was astonished to observe how much more natural and affable the old woman and her husband appeared. She wished to set off, but they insisted on her staying to have something to eat. The woman immediately set about preparations for the repast, with much greater alacrity than the preceding night. She lifted from the stove the pot of *stchi*, out of which she helped her to a plentiful portion. Her husband, meanwhile, raised a trap-door in the floor, under which was a tub of *kvas*, and brought her a jugful. Somewhat cheered by this treatment, she answered their questions with sincerity, and related part of her history. They seemed to be interested by it; and, desirous to justify their previous conduct, they assured her that they merely wished to ascertain whether she had money, because they wrongly suspected her of being a thief; but that she might see, by counting her little store, that they were far from being robbers themselves. Prascovie at length took leave of them, scarcely knowing whether she ought to thank them or not, but extremely happy on finding herself safe out of their house. She had proceeded some wersts from the village, when she had the curiosity to count her money. The reader will no doubt be as much surprised to learn as she was to find that instead of eighty copecks which she ought to have, there were a hundred and twenty. Her hosts had added forty to her little fund."

Altogether, these *Tales of Woman* do credit to the sex, and therefore deserve well of the gallant and polite.

The Planter's Guide; or, a Practical Essay on the best Method of giving immediate effect to Wood, by the Removal of large Trees and Underwood; being an Attempt to place the Art, and that of general Arboriculture, on Phytological and fixed Principles; interspersed with Observations on general Planting, and the Improvement of real Landscape. By Sir Henry Steuart, Bart. LL.D. F.R.S.E. &c. Second edition. 8vo. pp. 527. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THIS copious title-page explains the nature of a work of much novelty and of great importance, the first edition of which met with a rapid sale, commensurate to its interest, and which will now, in its enlarged and improved form, still more forcibly command the public attention. It is, with much propriety, dedicated to the King, the patron of every improvement.

It is remarkable that, amid all the progress of every science that can be named, neither the science nor the practice of arboriculture has been studied with assiduity or system. By fits and starts it has engaged the cares of individuals at times during the last two centuries in Europe; but it has never advanced so far as to deserve distinct consideration in works purporting to embrace the circle of human knowledge and attainments in the congenial branches of horticulture and agriculture. Our author is resolved to raise it to its just rank, and has, indeed, already greatly succeeded in accomplishing that object; for his writings have produced much effect throughout the whole country, and many noblemen and gentlemen of property are eagerly pursuing his experiments.

The volume before us contains, first, a history of the art of removing wood, from the periods of the Greeks and Romans to the present day; in which Sir J. Steuart contends that it has always been vague and fortuitous, expensive and unsuccessful, and at variance with the laws of nature and the anatomy of plants. Secondly, the means of substituting a more rational theory, and raising the practice to the station of a useful art. And, thirdly, the practice founded thereupon, ensuring success, and diminishing expense by at least one half of the existing amount. These, it must be confessed, are objects of much consequence, whether regarded as promoting what is beneficial, or what is beautiful and beautifying. The system itself is well defined by saying that it is *preservative* instead of being, as heretofore, *mutilating*: it removes the trees from fit soils and places to fit soils and places; and it removes them in the natural splendour of their growth, unstunted by violence to their roots, and undeformed by the axe at their tops.

It will not be expected from us that we should enter into the details so requisite in a publication which teaches an almost novel art, and adduces proofs of the success of the methods employed, with minute descriptions of machinery, preparations, effects, &c. &c. It is enough for us to say, generally, that no country gentleman, no landed proprietor, no ornamenter of grounds, no man of taste in landscape, in short, no one above the ordinary rank of life which confines to towns and handicrafts, can add a more useful or agreeable companion to his book-shelf than this able treatise and Planter's Guide, by the worthy Laird and improver of Allanton, where his labours are conspicuous in having, within a very few years, converted a park of no attractions into one of the loveliest spots in Scotland. It is surely a grand achievement, thus, as it were by a magic transplantation of large timber, to perform at one effort the work of forty years, and find your bare and barren space covered with nodding groves and noble trees in the most picturesque situations—your lately exposed mansion enveloped in all the richness of forest scenery, and shielded from every biting blast that can blow. We cannot but envy those who may possess themselves of this creative power by consulting that publication, upon which we can only pass our high critical encomium, and dismiss, alas! with a vain wish that our paper were fields and parks, our ink lakes and rivers, and our quills bushes and trees.*

The American Common-Place Book of Prose: a Collection of Eloquent and Interesting Extracts from the Writings of American Authors. 12mo. pp. 468. Boston, 1828. S. G. Goodrich.

WE have much praise to bestow on this collection of American literature. It contains well-chosen extracts from their most celebrated writers, and displays much vigour, great varieties of style, some fine description, and is, altogether, an interesting volume, well calculated to direct attention to the best authors on the other side of the Atlantic. The following is a fine picture of Washington in his retirement—it is from his own letters:

"I am just beginning to experience the ease and freedom from public cares, which, however desirable, it takes some time to realise; for, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that it was not until lately I could get the better of my usual custom of ruminating, as soon as I awoke in the morning, on the business of the ensuing day; and of my surprise on finding, after revolving many things in my mind, that I was no longer a public man, or had any thing to do with public transactions. I feel as I conceive a wearied traveller must do, who, after treading many a painful step with a heavy burden on his shoulders, is eased of the latter, having reached the haven to which all the former were directed, and, from his house-top, is looking back, and tracing with an eager eye the meanders by which he escaped the quicksands and mires which lay in his way, and into which none but the all-powerful Guide and Dispenser of human events could have prevented his falling. I have become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and, under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame,—the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all,—and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in the hope of catching a gracious smile,—can

* It is a rather curious circumstance, that this system for the culture of trees should be derived from Scotland, where, according to Dr. Samuel Johnson, no trees grew!!

have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

The following is an amusing anecdote:

"Dr. Cooper, who was a man of accomplished manners, and fond of society, was able, by the aid of his fine talents, to dispense with some of the severe study that others engaged in. This, however, did not escape the envy and malice of the world; and it was said, in a kind of petulant and absurd exaggeration, that he used to walk to the south-end of a Saturday, and if he saw a man riding into town in a black coat, would stop and ask him to preach the next day. Dr. Chauncy was a close student, very absent, and very irritable. On these traits in the character of the two clergymen, a servant of Dr. Chauncy laid a scheme for obtaining a particular object from his master. Scipio went into his master's study one morning to receive some directions, which the doctor having given, resumed his writing; but the servant still remained. The master, looking up a few minutes afterwards, and supposing he had just come in, said—'Scipio, what do you want?' 'I want a new coat, massa.' 'Well, go to Mrs. Chauncy, and tell her to give you one of my old coats;' and was again absorbed in his studies. The servant remained fixed. After a while, the doctor, turning his eyes that way, saw him again as if for the first time, and said—'What do you want, Scip.?' 'I want a new coat, massa.' 'Well, go to my wife, and ask her to give you one of my old coats;' and fell to writing once more. Scipio remained in the same posture. After a few moments the doctor looked towards him and repeated the former question, 'Scipio, what do you want?' 'I want a new coat, massa.' It now flashed over the doctor's mind that there was something of repetition in this dialogue. 'Why, have I not told you before to ask Mrs. Chauncy to give you one? get away.' 'Yes, massa, but I no want a black coat.' 'Not want a black coat! why not?' 'Why, massa,—I 'fraid to tell you,—but I don't want a black coat.' 'What's the reason you don't want a black coat? tell me directly.' 'O, massa! I don't want a black coat, but I 'fraid to tell the reason, you so passionate.' 'You rascal! will you tell me the reason?' 'O, massa! I'm sure you be angry.' 'If I had my cane here, you villain, I'd break your bones: will you tell me what you mean?' 'I 'fraid to tell you, massa; I know you be angry.' The doctor's impatience was now highly irritated; and Scipio perceiving, by his glance at the tongs, that he might find a substitute for the cane, and that he was sufficiently excited, said—'Well, massa, you make me tell, but I know you be angry—I 'fraid, massa, if I wear another black coat, Dr. Cooper ask me to preach for him!' This unexpected termination realised the servant's calculation: his irritated master burst into a laugh:—'Go, you rascal, get my hat and cane, and tell Mrs. Chauncy she may give you a coat of any colour; a red one if you choose.' Away went the negro to his mistress, and the doctor to tell the story to his friend, Dr. Cooper."

Our next specimen is well written, and comes home to our occupation, though we must say it does not reach our feelings or satisfy our judgment. It may be quoted, however, to shew what an American periodical editor fancies himself to be:—

"To know (says he) that our hour for toil is come, and that we are weak and unprepared; to feel that depression or lassitude is weighing us down when we must feign lightness and mirth; or to mock our secret griefs with show of others not akin, must be the fate of him who labours in such a work. This is not all. When our work is done, and well done, the excitement which the employment had given us is gone, the spirits sink down, and there is a dreadful void in the mind. We feel as powerless as infancy till pushed to the exertion of our powers again; even great success has its terrors. We fear that we shall never do so well again; and know how churlishly the world receives from us that which will not bear a comparison with what we have given them before. Yet these sufferings have their rewards. To bear up against ill health by a sudden and strong effort, to shake off low spirits, and drive away the mists which lie thick and heavy upon the mind, gives a new state of being to the soul cheerful as the light. To sit at home in our easy chair and send our gay thoughts abroad, as it were, on wings to thousands—to imagine them laughing over the odd fancies and drolleries which had made us vain and happy in secret, multiplies and spreads our sympathies quietly and happily through the world. In this way, too, we can pour out before the world thoughts which had never been laid open even to a friend, and make it feel our melancholy, and bear our griefs, while we still sit in the secret of our souls. The heart tells its story abroad, yet loses not its delicacy; it lays itself bare, but is still sensitive."

This picture is not very consistent, and there is somewhat too much of self-importance in it; yet has it a redeeming strength of observation which might be woven into a longer web. By way of contrast to what has preceded, we conclude with a "Speech of the chief Sa-gu-yu-what-hah, called by the white people Red Jacket," in answer to the offer of an American missionary to convert the Indians to Christianity. What it wants in the usual energy and pathos of Indian eloquence, is made up by its wisdom and powers of reasoning.

"Friend and brother—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favours we thank the Great Spirit, and him only. Brother—Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, deer, and other animals, for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the earth, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, and granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land. They wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands. Brother—Our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion among us. Brother—Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people? Brother—You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book? Brother—We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and was handed down to their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favours we receive; to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion. Brother—The Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts. To these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right: he knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied. Brother—We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you. We only wish to enjoy our own. Brother—We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbours. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said. Brother—You have now heard our answer to your talk. This is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great

Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

Altogether, though many things appear in this volume which have apparently been promoted rather in compliment to their nationality than to their genius, yet are they all creditable to the talents of the country; and though the title-page proclaims this to be a "common-place book," we are bold to pronounce an opposite verdict, more honourable to the patriotism and literature of America, by declaring that it is by no means common-place. Even as an index (with examples) of between sixty and seventy authors, it must be very acceptable to the English reader.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

A Supplement to the Pharmacopœia, &c. By S. F. Gray. Fourth edition. 8vo. pp. 528. London, 1828. Underwoods.

FOUR editions speak the worth of this volume, upon the improvement of which it appears to us considerable pains have been bestowed. It is an excellent guide to prices, at the same time that it not only makes us acquainted with the composition of all medical recipes and veterinary medicines, but also of cosmetics, perfumes, &c.; so that any one purchasing the materials might prepare these things, and at any rate take care that what they wanted was properly prepared by others. It is a work of great value and utility, both for its immense mass of information and its daily applicability to common purposes.

Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Fractures, &c. &c. By Joseph Amesbury, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 318. London, 1828. Underwoods.

MR. AMESBURY ascribes deformities and non-union of many fractures more to the imperfect modes of treatment usually employed by practitioners than to any other cause; he is, in short, a reformer, and cites many cases in support of his own theory, of which local pressure and rest seem to be the main-stays. We are not called upon to determine what method of setting broken bones is best, and need only observe, therefore, that the author argues ingeniously in support of his principles. We are sorry to have seen paragraphs in the newspapers sometimes, which meant to advocate his opinions and treatment, but are more likely to fill the minds of sensible men with distrust.

Barnard Castle; or, the Monk: a Poem, founded on a Legend of the Twelfth Century; with Notes, and an Introduction, giving an Account of the Castle from its building to the present time, and a short Description of the remarkable Scenery of Teesdale. Canto I. London, 1828. W. Benning.

AMONG the various feelings of human nature, attachment to the scenes amidst which our infancy and boyhood have been passed is one of the most amiable. "Far from us, and from our friends, be the frigid philosophy" that can look with indifference on the well-known haunts which have witnessed the gay frolics and pastimes of that happy period of existence when life was new; and when experience of the world had not damped the ardour, or repressed the hopes, by which the youthful breast is animated. The author of *Barnard Castle* has, at least, shewn that no insensibility on that point can be justly imputed to him; and certainly, if there is a spot peculiarly calculated to leave on the memory impressions of a delightful and durable character, it is the fine and extensive valley of Teesdale; in which, and in its immediate neighbourhood, nature and art have combined to produce scenery at once magnificent and beautiful.

The Douglas Anecdotes. Part I. *Anecdotes, &c. of remarkable Blind Persons.* G. Smeeton. Simpkin and Co.

THE first No. of a publication on the plan of the *Percy Anecdotes*, which obtained so much success a few years ago. We can hardly speak of its merits from so slight a specimen, and shall only recommend more of order and classification in the succeeding Parts. At p. 66 there is an anecdote of a paper-maker's foreman who, becoming blind, used to sort the rags according to their colours by *smelling* at, and *tasting* them!!

The Voice of Humanity. Sherwood.

THIS is the second edition of a little pamphlet, the object of which is of the most laudable nature. It consists of observations on instances of cruelty to animals, which can be efficiently restrained by the legislature alone; on the present law available to this subject; and on the formation and regulation of Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals: to which is added an Appendix, containing a summary of the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the state of Smithfield market and the slaughter houses; with observations on the remedial advantages of the establishment of *abattoirs*. This is a subject to which we have more than once called the attention of our readers. Without indulging in any mawkish sensibility with respect to it, we must repeat, that the wanton and atrocious cruelties which have long been, and *which still are*, practised on the unhappy animals that are driven up to London, and necessarily slaughtered for the support of its immense population, loudly demand some strong legislative remedy, the execution of which ought to be strictly enforced by private vigilance.

A Sunday Book. Consisting of Short Sermons and Moral Discourses for Young Persons. By a Member of the Established Church. 2 vols. 18mo. London, 1829. Bowdery and Kerby.

AMONG the rapidly increasing order of boys' books, and girls' books, and other books of light amusement or graver instruction, we are very much pleased to see this variety—at once a pleasing, a judicious, and a moral publication. The author shuns cant and over-strained enthusiasm: his lessons are practical, and his counsels well calculated to render the young who listen to them good members of society, agreeable to others, and happy in themselves.

The Castilian. By the Author of "Gomez Arias." 3 vols. Colburn.

WE have to thank Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio for another Spanish historical romance of a very interesting period—the achievment of the Castilian throne by King Enrique, after the death of Don Pedro. The accounts of the celebrated Duguesclin, and his other French allies, are curious and characteristic: but we are, this week, too late for a critical analysis of the work, and can only speak of our general impression of pleasure from its hasty perusal.

Hungarian Tales. By the Author of the "Lettre de Cachet." 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

ANOTHER work of fiction, and apparently of merit; though it has also reached us too late for mature examination. The tales are eight in number; and, as we remember the talents displayed in the Lettre de Cachet, we augur favourably of the present effort of the fair author.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Extracts from our Paris Letters.

THEY have begun to pave the Boulevards; that is, there are about fifty yards of them flagged. The Galerie de Bois, or rather the Galerie de Pierre, at the Palais Royal, is nearly terminated. It will be sumptuous; but no surrounding splendour can ever render the gardens belonging to that palace an attractive promenade; not only on account of the mixed company which abounds there, but also from the concentration of all that is vicious.

The second edition of Louis Buonaparte's Answer to Sir Walter Scott, on the Life of Napoleon, has just been announced. There is also to appear shortly, Trois Actes d'un grand Drame, Dix-huit Brumaire, ou Abdication de Fontainebleau, by Leonard Gallois. Two new volumes of the translation of Hallam's Constitutional History of England occupy much of the attention of the learned: they are accompanied with observations by M. Guizot.

An extraordinary event took place the other day. A man of large fortune having lost his wife, died of grief—a malady which the physicians ungallantly ascribed to mental derangement.

Private concerts have commenced. Mdlle. Sontag and some other musical performers executed Italian airs, a few evenings ago, at the house of an English lady of fashion; most of the gentlemen, however, retired when singing commenced, which was rather an offence against harmony. The fact is, gambling is the reigning passion, and few go to *soirées* except with the hopes of indulging it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOUTH AMERICAN EXPEDITION AND SURVEY, UNDER CAPTAIN KING.

IT is with feelings of the deepest regret we learn that deplorable accounts have been received from the expedition under Captain P. P. King, engaged on the survey of the coast of South America. The crews of the Adventure and Beagle, the two vessels employed on this important service, have suffered severely from disease—so severely, as to be obliged to suspend their operations and return to the river Plate. To this general statement we lament to add the melancholy death of Captain Pringle Stokes, the commander of the Beagle, a young officer, but distinguished in the naval service by his ability, zeal, and acquirements.

PROPOSED SETTLEMENT ON THE WESTERN COAST OF NEW HOLLAND.

MANY of our readers no doubt are aware that, for some time past, extensive arrangements have been in progress for the formation of a settlement at the Swan River, on the western coast of New Holland, and that directions have been given by the English government for taking formal possession of this almost unknown country. Public curiosity is naturally excited on the subject, and but little has transpired which can satisfy the craving. We therefore feel peculiar satisfaction in having it in our power to communicate some important details, the general accuracy of which may be depended upon.

In the early part of last year, Captain Stirling, of his Majesty's ship Success, was directed

to examine the western coast of New Holland from Cape Leeuwin northwards. As the geography of this region is not very familiar, we venture to state that Cape Leeuwin, or Lion's Land, is the south-west point of New Holland, and was so called from the Dutch ship which first discovered it in 1660. Here it was that the late Captain Flinders commenced his survey on the 7th December, 1801, which was confined entirely to the south and east coasts, while about the same time an examination of the west and south coasts took place by Captain Baudin, a French navigator. Until the visit of Captain Stirling, in February 1827, we were entirely indebted to Baudin for our knowledge of the Swan River. Captain King, who in June 1822 anchored off Rottnest island, almost at the entrance of this river, was prevented by the weather from exploring it, at which circumstance that scientific officer expresses little regret, the Swan River having been "very minutely examined by MM. Heirisson and Baily—the former an enseigne de vaisseau, the latter a mineralogist"—and so fully described in De Freycinet's and Peron's accounts of that voyage.*

The object of Captain Stirling's expedition was to ascertain an eligible situation for the establishment of a colony; and the report made by him, after the careful examination of five hundred miles of coast, has led to the selection of the Swan River, situated in 32° 4′, and deriving its name from the numerous black swans by which it is frequented. It was surveyed by the French to the distance of about sixty miles. Captain Stirling penetrated to its source and some way beyond, through an exceedingly picturesque and fertile country, until he arrived at an extensive range of mountains, the view from which presented only a vast and boundless plain.

Although Captain Stirling's first interview with the natives in his progress up the river assumed rather a hostile character, it terminated in perfect amity, which continued uninterrupted. The inhabitants were found in the most deplorable state of savage ignorance, clothed merely with a mantle of kangaroo or opossum skins, and armed with spears pointed by the bones of animals or flint. A stone adze and a mother-of-pearl fishing-hook appeared to be their only implements, with fishing-lines manufactured from the bark of trees. In summer (which, be it observed, is our winter) they frequent the coast in considerable numbers, and live chiefly upon fish taken by spearing, as they are unacquainted with the mode of making nets, as well as the construction of a canoe or even raft of the rudest kind. They, however, form in shallow places a kind of weir with considerable ingenuity. In the winter the natives retire to the hills, where their food is the opossum, the kangaroo, the land tortoise, and birds, of which the country affords a great variety and abundance, with roots and vegetables. Their appearance is forbidding, and their manner ferocious; but if managed with skill, the natives may be attached, although great care must be taken not to give offence—for on the slightest provocation they are inclined to resort to hostile measures, and are capricious and revengeful. Their heads are large, and their limbs disproportionably slender; but, notwithstanding, they are peculiarly active, and possess an astonishing quickness of sight. The climate of the Swan River is described as extremely salubrious. Although the heat is very great during the middle of the day, yet the frequent showers and cool breeze from the mountains deprive it of any injurious effect. The mornings and the evenings allow ample time for labour, and the nights are clear and beautiful. The heat is probably greater upon the sea-shore than inland, owing to the power of the sun on a sandy soil; but it should be stated, that no case of sickness occurred to Captain Stirling's crew, though they were necessarily much exposed.

The soil is described as most inviting to the agriculturist. Springs are abundant, and so rich is the vegetation, that thistles and ferns were observed which had attained the enormous growth of twelve feet. The trees, too, assumed the most luxurious green possible. Several specimens of minerals were collected by Captain Stirling, which have been deposited with the Geological Society. Of the birds, the most common are the emu or cassowary—the swan, and several species of the duck tribe, which are particularly numerous—cockatoos, both white and black—quails, pigeons, parroquets, kingfishers, falcons, and many singing birds. On the coast, seals, but of the least valuable kind, abound; and both whales and sharks are frequently seen. Fish, of a variety of excellent kinds, is plentiful; and there appears little room to doubt but that a valuable fishery will result from the establishment of the projected colony.

Two ships of war have been appointed to take out the settlers, and Captain Stirling has been nominated governor of the new settlement. Lieutenant Roe of the navy, who was employed in the survey of New Holland under Captain King, goes out as surveyor-general to the colony; and some other officers, selected for their scientific acquirements, have received subordinate appointments.

* See De Freycinet, p. 175 et seq.: and Peron, vol. 1. p. 178 et seq.

THE FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

ALTHOUGH very few months have elapsed since the departure of this expedition from France, several valuable relics of antiquity have already been forwarded, as presents to the friends of the gentlemen composing it. These are said to consist chiefly of fragments of small statues, tablets of hieroglyphics, and a few specimens of papyrus, reported to have been discovered in a situation where this kind of record could not have been expected. We do not hear, however, of any official transmission from the expedition, beyond a list of the objects already attainable, with an estimate of the probable expense of sending them to France, and the amount required for the acquisition of some valuable articles, which the parties have not ventured to purchase without further instructions from the government, or the Academy of Sciences. In all the letters hitherto received from the members of the expedition, the hospitality of the pasha, and of the different Egyptian authorities, in the places through which they have passed, has been highly extolled, and the pasha has signified his intention of sending by them, on their return to France, some splendid presents, as tokens of his desire to maintain a friendly relation with the French government. It would appear, from one of the unpublished letters of M. Lenormand, that, notwithstanding the liberal researches of the late Mr. Salt, the British consul-general in Egypt, and the efforts made of late by Englishmen of refined taste and splendid fortunes, a rich mine of antiquity yet remains to be explored in the interior. The last letter received from M. Champollion was dated on the 2d or 3d of October, at which time, we understand, the expedition had quitted Cairo, for the purpose of prosecuting their researches at a place some few leagues distant from that city; but we find nothing published from the pen of this gentleman of a later date than the 27th of September, when he was at Cairo in perfect health, as well as his colleagues; a circumstance which he attributes in a great degree to the thick and heavy clothing they were, according to the fashion of the country, and which kept them in profuse but beneficial perspirations. The expedition left Alexandria on the 14th of September, and proceeded on their journey by the canal of Mahmoudieh which was cut upon a plan laid down by French engineers, and is partly in the direction of the ancient canal of Alexandria, but much less circuitous. On the 16th, M. Champollion arrived at the ruins of Saïs, where he found an Egyptian necropolis built of unbaked bricks, and several fragments of funereal emblems. On passing the gateway of the principal enclosure, he found enormous blocks of stone, eighty feet in height, which resembled rocks torn from their beds by some convulsion of nature. In the centre of this great enclosure were constructions of unbaked Egyptian bricks, sixteen inches long, by seven in width, and five in thickness. These also were the remains of a necropolis, and explained, says M. Champollion, what had frequently embarassed him, viz. how the towns of Lower Egypt, situated at a distance from the mountains, disposed of their mummies. This second necropolis of Saïs, in which there still remained several floors of funereal chambers, is stated to be 1490 French feet, nearly the third of an English mile, in length, and 500 in width. In several of the chambers there were found vases of baked clay, which had contained the intestines of the dead, and in the bottom of one of them was discovered a quantity of bitumen. To the right and left of this necropolis were mounds, in which were discovered fragments of rose-coloured, gray, and red granite, and of the white marble called marble of Thebes. The dimensions of the great wall in which these edifices were enclosed are extraordinary. The parallelogram, whose small sides are of not less than 1440 feet, and the large of 2160 feet, has a circuit of more than 7000 feet. The height of this wall may be estimated at eighty feet in length, and fifty-four feet in thickness. This gigantic circumvallation appeared to M. Champollion to have enclosed only the principal sacred edifices of Saïs. All those of which the ruins are visible were catacombs, and, according to the information supplied by Herodotus, M. Champollion considers the large enclosure which he visited to have contained the tombs of Apries and the Saïtan kings his ancestors; on the opposite side to these he supposes to have been placed the tomb of the usurper Amasis. That part of the enclosure which is towards the Nile may, he imagines, have contained the temple of Neith, the chief goddess of Saïs. At some hundred toises distant is a third catacomb, which appears to have been the burial-place of persons of quality. This had already been explored, and among other things was found the enormous sarcophagus, composed of green basalt, of a keeper of the temples under Psammeticus the Second. M. Champollion proposes to make fresh researches in these places, for which, however, he requires from the government additional funds. From Saïs, which M. Champollion quitted on the 17th, until his arrival at the

village of Aschmoun, he met with nothing of striking interest. On the 19th, although the party were then at a distance of eight French leagues from the Pyramids, they were forcibly struck by their appearance, and were able to form a correct idea of their magnitude. On the 20th of September, M. Champollion arrived at Caire, with which city he appears to have been much pleased, although the accounts given of it by former travellers had prepared him for a very different opinion. He seems to have arrived at a moment particularly interesting to a person curious of witnessing the habits and customs of a nation like the Egyptians. It was the anniversary fête celebrated by the Mussulmans in honour of the birth of their Prophet. The ceremonies observed on this occasion are thus described by M. Champollion:—

"The large square of *Esbékieh* was covered with a crowd which surrounded a number of buffoons, dancers, and singers, and several handsome tents, within which acts of devotion were performing. In one place, Mussulmans were sitting chanting chapters of the Koran; in another were three hundred devotees, ranged in parallel lines, moving their bodies backward and forward like puppets, and singing in chorus, *la-Alla-Ellallah* (there is no God but God). Farther on were four hundred enthusiasts ranged in a circle, leaping in concert, and uttering with sepulchral voices the name of *Allah*. Never did I hear so infernal a chorus. Amid these religious demonstrations, musicians, prostitutes, and games of every description, were in full activity."

On the 22d of September, after paying a visit to the governor of Cairo, who received M. Champollion with great kindness, and conversed with him a long time on the object of his mission, M. Champollion went over the citadel, where he found an enormous block of silicious stone, upon which was cut in bas-relief the figure of King Psammeticus the Second. On other blocks of stone, which, like the first, had formed part of the temple of Memphis, were marks denoting under what king each block had been taken from the quarry. M. Champollion found the names of three kings, viz. Psammeticus the Second, Apries his son, and Amasis the successor of the latter. M. Champollion concludes his letter by some general observations on the city of Cairo, which we have not now space to notice.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TO GREECE.

THE following is a transcript of the letter addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the French Academy, respecting the farther selection of *savans* appointed to follow the expedition to Greece.

"Messrs. the Perpetual Secretaries,—The presence of the French troops in the Morea affords to science the most favourable opportunity which has ever been offered, of devoting itself with the most perfect security to the study of this celebrated country. His Majesty, who has taken under his protection the cause of religion and humanity in Greece, has perceived that, after the first great duty due to general policy has been fulfilled, there remains yet another which the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth ought not to neglect. If the glory of her arms has never ceased to render France illustrious, that which is derived from sciences and the arts has also been connected with her from the earliest ages. And the French cannot cover the ancient Peloponnesus with their battalions without thoroughly exploring this country of history, and inquiring into the recollections which she preserves.

"In order to arrive at this object, I have to desire that the Academy of Sciences will select two of its members, who, together with those to be chosen by the Academies of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres and of the Fine Arts, from their respective bodies, may form a commission, charged with presenting to me, as soon as possible, an antiquary, a naturalist, and an architect, who shall proceed to the Morea with a small number of assistants, and undertake the mission of making all the researches necessary for completing our acquaintance with the ancient topography of the country, the ruins and monuments of art which it still contains, and of making those excavations which may be of utility in promoting this purpose. I shall see with pleasure the three Academies applying themselves to the task of laying down such instructions as they may judge useful to our travellers, who will find with the French army that protection and assistance, of every description, necessary to fulfil their important mission."

The Academy, at the close of its sitting, nominated by ballot Messrs. Cuvier and Geoffroy Saint Hilaire to make the presentation and compile the instructions demanded by the minister.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Hall's New General Atlas. Part XI. Longman and Co.

THIS work goes steadily and ably on towards its completion. This Part contains Colombia (the scene of so sanguinary a political struggle at the present moment); of Scotland, where at the present moment political struggle is hardly known; and of the East India Islands, in relation to which an establishment of great commercial and national importance is about to be formed by the British government. They are all clearly and beautifully engraved.

The Pomological Magazine; or, Figures and Descriptions of the most important Varieties of Fruit cultivated in Great Britain. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 50. London, 1828. Ridgway.

HANDSOMELY, we may say splendidly, got up, with forty-eight accurately drawn and finely coloured plates, of apples, apricots, cherries, currants, figs, gooseberries, grapes, nectarines, peaches, pears, pines, plums, raspberries, and strawberries, this first volume of a work much wanted, appeals irresistibly to the eye and the judgment of every cultivator of fruit. The latest varieties are briefly but correctly described; the best qualities of each are stated; and, not the least merit, considerable pains is taken to systematise the wandering and irregular nomenclature which prevails so much in horticulture, and often puzzles not only the unlearned but the professed gardener and pomologist. We cannot too highly recommend this work, as valuable to consult in the choice of fruits, and beautiful to look upon; but when we say that it is conducted by Mr. Sabine and Mr. Lindley, no other pledge of its excellence and usefulness can be required.

The Gardener's Magazine. — The *Revue Encyclopédique*, in speaking of this very useful and well-conducted publication, says, "It is, at least for the countries of the north, the most complete repertory; and one in which gardeners will obtain successive acquirements in their art. The wood-cuts are numerous, and are executed with great care. In the thirteenth number (April 1828), which is now before us, there are nearly a hundred, consisting of figures of plants, drawings of machines, gardening instruments, rural buildings, &c. To be various is no doubt easy, in treating of an art in which so many objects and forms may be combined and grouped in so many ways; but the editor of this work has availed himself in the happiest manner of this variety; and his readers will find in it abundant matter to excite and gratify their curiosity."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 6.—On Friday last, the 28th ult., the Hon. and Rev. G. Pellew, B.D. of Corpus Christi College, was admitted to the degree of D.D., Grand Compounder, Dean of Norwich.

On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Still, St. Mary Hall; Rev. E. L. Davies, Jesus College; M. Tucker, Scholar, Balliol College; Rev. W. Compton, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts. — D. Pugh, Grand Compounder, J. Williamson, Balliol College; W. Williams, Queen's College; J. E. Riddle, St. Edmund Hall; M. Jones, Jesus College; R. W. Thomlinson, University College; R. Palmer, Worcester College; R. Smith, St. John's College; H. S. Sayce, W. Turbitt, Pembroke College; H. Teush-Hecker, R. M. Ashe, Trinity College; F. Warre, J. H. Philipps, C. B. Pearson, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 6.—At a congregation on Tuesday last the degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. G. Ainslie, Master of Pembroke College, and Vice-Chancellor, in compliance with the king's letters mandatory.

At the congregation on Wednesday the following degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Divinity. — Rev. J. Brasse, late Fellow of Trinity College.

Honorary Master of Arts.—H. T. Hope, Trinity College.

Master of Arts.—H. Courtney, Queen's College.

Bachelors in Civil Law. — A. E. Cockburn, Fellow, Trinity Hall; Rev. G. Ranking, Christ College; Rev. J. C. Badeley, Corpus Christi College.

Bachelor in Physic.—H. C. Duckle, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—M. J. Lloyd, J. Snowdon, C. Mackie, St. John's College; H. Malthus, C. S. Eustace, Trinity College; J. D. Monney, Queen's College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 20, 1828. On a Method of rendering Platina malleable. By Wm. Hyde Wollaston, M.D. F.R.S., &c.

IN this paper the author details the processes which, from long experience in the treatment of platina, he regards as the most effectual for rendering that metal perfectly malleable. When it is purified by solution in aqua regia, and precipitation with sal ammoniac, sufficient care is seldom taken to avoid dissolving the iridium contained in the ore by due dilution of the solvent. The writer states the degree of dilution requisite for this purpose, and the exact proportions in which the acids are to be used. The digestion should be continued for three or four days, with a heat which ought gradually to be raised: and the fine pulverulent ore of iridium allowed to subside completely before the sal ammoniac is added. The yellow precipitate thus obtained, after being well washed and pressed, must be heated with the utmost caution, so as to expel the sal ammoniac, but at the same time produce as little cohesion as possible among the particles of platina. It is then to be reduced to powder, first by rubbing between the hands, and next by grinding the coarser parts in a wooden mortar with a wooden pestle, because the friction with any harder surface would, by producing burnished surfaces, render them incapable of being welded together by heat. The whole is then to be well washed in clean water. In this process, the mechanical diffusion through water is made to answer the same purposes as liquefaction by heat in the case of other metals; the earthy impurities being carried to the surface by their superior lightness, and the effect of fluxes being accomplished by the solvent powers of water.

The gray precipitate of platina being thus obtained in the form of a uniform mud or pulp, is now ready for casting, which is effected by compression in a mould, formed of a brass

barrel, six and a half inches long, and turned rather taper within, so as to facilitate the extraction of the ingot when formed. The platina is first subjected to partial compression by the hand with a wooden plug, so as to expel the greater part of the water. It is then placed horizontally in an iron press, constructed so as to give great mechanical advantage to the power applied to produce compression. The cake of platina is then to be heated to redness by a charcoal fire, in order to drive off all the remaining moisture; afterwards subjected to the most intense heat of a wind furnace; and lastly, struck, with certain precautions, while hot, with a heavy hammer, so as effectually to close the metal. The ingot thus obtained may, like that of any other metal, be reduced, by the processes of heating and forging, to any other form that may be required. It may then be flattened into leaf, drawn into wire, or submitted to any of the processes of which the most ductile metals are capable.

The perfection of the above method of giving complete malleability to platina is proved by comparing the specific gravity of a fine wire of that metal obtained by this process, which is found to be 21.5, with that of a similar wire drawn from a bretton which had been completely fused by the late Dr. Clarke, with an oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, and which the author ascertained was only 21.16. A further proof of the excellence of the method employed by the author is derived from the great tenacity of the platina thus obtained, as determined by a comparison of the weights required to break wires made of this metal so prepared, and similar wire of gold and of iron. These weights he found to be in the proportion of the numbers 590, 500, and 600, respectively.

An account is subjoined of the process for obtaining malleable palladium, by the intermedium of sulphur; and also of that for procuring the oxide of osmium in a pure, white, and crystallised state.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, Dec. 11.—Mr. Amyot in the chair. A paper on Gothic Architecture, by Mr. Bird, was read. The meeting was numerously attended, and it was announced that the ballot for Mr. Decimus Burton and Col. Sir Alexander Dickson, K.C.B. would take place on Thursday next, after which the Society adjourn to January 8th.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AT the general meeting on the 3d, the Rev. Dr. Richards in the chair, the reading of Mr. Nolan's learned and curious paper on the most ancient Greek music was concluded; and a vote of thanks to its author was passed, after some very complimentary expressions from the president. Several members were elected, and the names of candidates proposed for ballot. The Society is steadily advancing in number and in influence: the second part, completing the first volume of its Transactions, is nearly ready for publication.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

ON Saturday last the first meeting of this important and flourishing Society was held at its house in Grafton Street; Colonel Lushington in the chair. The routine of business having been gone through, many valuable presents received and acknowledged, and many new members elected, the chairman informed the assembly that this meeting had been made *special*, to consider a proposition for uniting the Literary Society of Bombay, as a branch, with the Royal Asiatic Society. The rules by which this union was meant to be effected were read by Mr. Huttman, the secretary, and the question was moved to be adopted by Sir —— Doyle and Mr. David Pollock. It appeared, however, after some remarks from Sir George Staunton, and other gentlemen, to be the sense of the majority that farther time should be allowed for the mature consideration of a matter of so much interest,—and it was accordingly adjourned to the next meeting, January 3. In the course of the discussion, great praise was bestowed upon Sir John Malcolm, for his zeal in promoting the projected union; but the point on which the whole hinged was the expediency of admitting to all the privileges of members of the R. A. S. in England parties from the East Indies—however worthy and respectable—over whose elections the greater Society had no control, and who were to be admitted on the single ground of being members of the Bombay Literary Society.

LITERARY FUND.

AT the usual monthly meeting of the committee on Wednesday, from attending which it was much regretted that indisposition detained its able and highly esteemed chairman, Sir B. Hobhouse, many cases of literary distress were brought forward, and relieved in proportion to the merits of the applicants as authors and worthy members of society. Some of these cases excited deep commiseration.

SOCIETY OF SCHOOLMASTERS.

IT is a fact perhaps not generally known to our readers, so silently and without ostentation are its charitable purposes effected, that there is a Society of Schoolmasters established in London, supported almost entirely by the opulent part of this laborious profession, and applying its funds to the relief of the necessitous members. To this society our munificent Sovereign contributes fifty guineas annually; the Duke of Cambridge is the patron, the Bishop of Hereford president, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Salisbury are vice-presidents. By permission of the Committee of the Literary Fund, the meetings of the Schoolmasters' Society are held in the chambers of the former; and last month, the general annual election of officers took place. The Rev. Dr. Burney, of Greenwich, was in the chair; and the meeting was attended by Dr. Russell of the Charter House, Dr. Sleath of St. Paul's, Dr. Bellamy of Merchant Tailor's, Dr. Greenwood of Christ's Hospital, Dr. Morris, Dr. Kelly, and by many of the most eminent schoolmasters of the metropolis.

We are induced to mention this Society, from a conviction that its objects deserve to be more extensively promulgated. It is not only identified with the earliest and fondest recollections of literary men, but it also speaks to the feelings of every one who is capable of appreciating the pleasures of intellectual exertion. It appeals with an irresistible claim to almost all the gradations of civilised society; for who is there with well-regulated feelings that does not look back with grateful affection to the labours of the preceptor, whether engaged in laying the foundation in the first principles of language, or in decorating the edifice with the riches of ancient lore?

We will simply state the fact, that the income of the Society is less than four hundred pounds a year, and recommend the institution to public benevolence.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pietas Oxoniensis; or, Records of Oxford Founders. Containing brief Memoirs of their Lives, &c. and illustrated by numerous highly finished Line Engravings. By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A. Part I.

THE interest which such a publication as this will naturally excite among those who owe to Oxford some of the most delightful recollections of their youth, and some of the most substantial benefits of their maturer years, must secure for it an extensive circulation; and the present Part affords an earnest of the taste which will render the work (which is to consist of eight quarterly Parts) worthy of whatever encouragement it may receive. The plates of the present Part are, "the Chapel, &c. of Bishop Flemyng, in Lincoln Cathedral, Founder of Lincoln College;" from a drawing by J. Willis: "Tomb and Chantry of William of Wykeham, in Winchester Cathedral, Founder of New College;" from a drawing by R. Essex: and "the Shrine of Bishop Fox, in Winchester Cathedral, Founder of Corpus Christi College;" also from a drawing by R. Essex. They are all engraved by J. Skelton and H. Winkles; and it is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful,—especially the representation of the exquisitely finished shrine of Bishop Fox.—The letter-press is occupied with the commencement of a memoir of Walter de Merton, the founder of Merton College. Of the tone and spirit of the composition, the following striking general observation, the justice of which must be acknowledged by every one, and which follows an account of the selfishness and oppression of the commissioners appointed by "the Mad Parliament," in the thirteenth century, to exercise many important powers which belonged of right to the royal prerogative, is a fair specimen.

"Such is the versatility of human nature, that the rebel is easily convertible into the tyrant. Indeed there is reason to think that the two characters are nearly allied; and that their only difference is that which exists between the want of power and the enjoyment of it. That the zealots of rebellion have seldom been remarkable for moderation in the exercise of command, is a truth supported by abundant evidence. Nor can it be wondered at: for both the characters appear to be actuated by the same principle; namely, that of regarding with impatience the rights of other men: a principle which produces an insubordinate or a despotic conduct, only as the objects which it regards are above or below."

Who's to have the Stick? Drawn on stone by W. P. Sherlock, from a picture by E. Landseer, R.A. Engelmann and Co.

IT will no doubt be a smart tussle; but we will back the terrier at three to two. It is true that his shaggy and dripping competitor has the best right to the prize, which he has evidently just brought out of the water himself, and that Shakespeare says,

"Thrice is he armed, who has his quarrel just;"

but, alas! that is only the sentiment of a poet. When did such sturdy effrontery as our crop-eared and cock-tailed friend exhibits, ever fail, in real life, to overthrow the claims of modest merit?

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by Joseph Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming; with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations, by J. M. Leighton. Part V.

THE pretty little village of Govan, near Glas-

gow; Blythswood House, the seat of Archibald Campbell, Esq. M.P.; and Erskine House, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Blantyre, form the embellishments of the fifth Number of this clever publication. The following is said to be the tradition with respect to the origin of the name of Erskine:—"In the reign of Malcolm the Second, a Scot, who killed with his own hand Enrique, a Danish general, at the battle of Murthill, cut off his head, and with it and the bloody dagger presented himself to the king. Exhibiting the trophies of his feat, he said, in Celtic, 'Eris Skyne,' alluding to the head and dagger; adding, in the same language, 'I intend to perform still greater actions than I have yet done.' The king, in memory of the action, bestowed upon him the name of Erskine, and assigned for his armorial bearing, a hand holding a dagger, with the motto, 'Je pense plus,' which is still the crest and motto of the family."

An Introduction to the Study of Painting, arranged under three heads, viz. Geometry, Perspective, and Light and Shadow; elucidated by Question and Answer. By E. Rudge. London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.; Stratford-upon-Avon, Ward.

Mr. Rudge, who is teacher of painting, perspective, &c. to Rugby School, and has dedicated his treatise to his pupils, justly observes, that the true principles of science are the only foundation of real excellence in the art of painting. We find it difficult, however, to believe that many of the boys in a public school will be induced to bestow the time and attention requisite for the attainment of details of which few of them can ever in their after-lives be required to avail themselves. To young professional artists we have no doubt that the work will be very useful.

Hants Picture Gallery.—It is gratifying to find provincial exhibitions of the Fine Arts meeting with encouragement and success. The second season of the Hants Picture Gallery, at Southampton, belonging to Mr. Buchan, has just closed. The exhibition consisted of two hundred and fifteen works of art, of various descriptions; many of them possessed of considerable merit; and of which above thirty were purchased by visitors to the gallery.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SIMPLE BALLAD.

Young Rosa was gay, and her heart always light,
Her cheek ever blooming, her eye ever bright,
And her laugh was so joyous, so wild, and so free!
Youth, beauty, and mirth,—oh! she had them all three.

But Colin, false Colin, soon stole all away;
For, guiltless no longer, no longer she's gay;
With her innocence all her enjoyment went too,
Forsaken, heart-broken, what could Rosa do?

Then the rose on her cheek, ah! how soon did it fade!
While her dim, sunken eye her soul's anguish betray'd;
And she who had seem'd never destin'd to sigh,
Felt the first wound of sorrow, and felt it to die.

But o'er the green grave that poor Rosa contains,
The flowers that wave are her beauty's remains;
No mortal, the villagers say, placed them there,
Like her Nature's children, like her they are fair.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MAHOMET.

The following curious particulars of the personal character of this celebrated impostor are derived from a "Description of Mussulman Records in the Cabinet of the Duc de Blacas;" recently published by M. Reinaud, of the King's Library, at Paris.

Mahomet was naturally gay, affable, and of an even disposition. He listened patiently to every body; and, to use the expression of his historians, when he was in company he was never the first to rise.

His domestic establishment was simple, modest; in short, like that of a private individual. Dates and water were the food most frequently used; and sometimes two months would elapse without the lighting of a fire. Mahomet darned his own stockings, mended his own clothes, swept his own room, and waited on himself.

He constantly maintained forty persons at his own expense. Whatever they asked, he never refused; so that more than once it happened to him to be in want of the necessaries of life. God,—again to use the words of his historians,—offered him the keys of all the treasures of the earth; but he declined them.

The feeling which Mahomet was the least able to control, especially towards the latter part of his life, was the love of women. That taste, and a liking for perfumes, were, after ambition, his two ruling passions. "Two things," he himself said, "attract and excite me—women and perfumes: these two things recreate me, and render me more disposed to prayer."

Mahomet married about a dozen women, not reckoning slaves. At his death he left nine of them. This was an evident violation of the precept which he had himself established, and which fixed the number of wives at four. But in his character of a prophet he pretended to be exempted from the common law. He affected to say, that all the prophets who had preceded him had acted in the same manner. The truth is, that whether we regard his own life, or certain passages in the Alcoran, it is manifest that he placed sovereign happiness in sensual pleasures.

Mahomet was very zealous for his friends. He loved to serve them with the same ardour with which they served him; which was in his eyes the surest method of attaching them to his cause. But in proportion as he was disposed to serve his friends, was he implacable towards his enemies. If any one interposed an obstacle to his designs, he gave himself up to excessive resentment; fire, poison,—he stuck at nothing. In this respect he shared the vindictive feelings of his countrymen; and he did not begin to manifest any greatness of soul, until the firm establishment of his power had placed him above these horrible atrocities.

Mahomet treated religion as a political means of arriving at his ends. On every occasion he made Heaven speak. Thus, by the assistance of the Alcoran alone, we may form a notion of the most important epochs of his life. He never failed to give to all his proceedings a religious character. The Mussulmans, in order to express the extreme attention of Mahomet to every thing which related to the Deity, say, that even when he looked down on the earth, his reflections were on heaven.

By such devices he inspired an enthusiasm among his companions, of which it is difficult to find a second instance. When he cleansed himself, his disciples took the water which had washed away his filth, and respectfully drank it; when he expectorated, they swallowed his saliva; when he cut his hair, they eagerly collected the fragments. In speaking of this subject, an idolater of Mecca, who had witnessed the splendour of the Cæsars of Constantinople, and that of the Cosroes of Persia, declared that no king had ever been so respected, that no prince had ever enjoyed such an empire, as Mahomet.

WINE.

The Vintage of 1829.—In this wine-drinking age it may be satisfactory to the lovers of *château margot*, *lafitte*, and the genuine *œil de perdrix*, to learn that there has been no falling off in the quantity of the produce of those luxuries this season; and that the quality, although not quite so fine as that of the vintage of the comet, is yet good enough to make it worth the while of the importer to lay them in his cellar for future consumption. An intelligent friend, for whose taste in these matters we have great regard, informs us that the abundance of the ordinary French wines has been such as to render it necessary to destroy a great part of the produce for want of casks to put it in; and that the better sort of wines, although they have not yet fallen in price, must, ere long, be sold at a reduced rate, as the quantity warehoused renders the stock on hand of much less value. In Champagne, such has been the abundance of the vintage, that wines of the present year—that very good wine, which was sold last year at 30 francs per dozen, can now be had for 20 francs; and it is a fact, that a large consignment of *vin de Champagne* has reached this country at 24*s.* per dozen, exclusive of duty. In what is called *première qualité*, the growers still ask 30 to 35 francs per dozen; but of this sort there is but little in the English market, for in no sort of wine is it so difficult for the ordinary drinker to detect the varieties of quality, as in the white effervescing wines of Champagne. A very large proportion of the wines sold here and in the Netherlands as *vin de Champagne*, is merely the light white wines of Burgundy, to which a body has been given by the admixture of the white wine of Spanish Estremadura, or the inferior sorts of Lisbon, which are prepared on the spot for this commerce, by a stoppage of the fermenting process; but a nefarious trade is also carried on with some parts of the world, by the exportation of a stuff called *champagne*, which is merely the commonest wine of the environs of Paris, rendered sweet with sugar of lead, and effervescing by means of a chemical management. It seems also, that a great deal of the claret which we receive is the ordinary *vin de Bordeaux*, to which a body is given by adding one-fourth of the red Spanish wine grown near Talavera de la Reyna,—a wine really good and wholesome, but which is sold on the spot at the rate of less than two-pence per quart, and which, when it arrives at Bordeaux, does not cost the importer more than three-pence. To this a flavour much resembling the true *bouquet* of the best *claret*, or claret, is given, by the addition of orris-root, and other drugs, perfectly harmless in themselves; and it is then exported to England. — In Portugal, the vintage has, on the whole, been good, but the quality is not remarkably fine. The wine called *Collaris*, from the name of the village near which it is grown, is much in demand for the French market. It is a very fair kind of claret, with a port body, but until lately, it was so little esteemed in Portugal that it might be purchased at less than

eight-pence English per bottle. It cannot now be had good under double that sum. It seems, from the information which has been given to us, that great improvements have lately been made in the production of the wines of Spanish Estremadura, and that ere long some very good samples may be expected in the English market. Up to the presen time, these wines have had an earthy flavour, which was very disagreeable to an English palate; but the greatest fault has been in the mode of transporting them to the coast. This being done in goat and pig-skins, the taste of which never can be got rid of thoroughly enough, until they are nearly worn out with use, the wine is spoiled for drinking to all but a Spaniard, who would perhaps consider the absence of the goat and pig flavour as a great defect. Indeed, the *thong* upon the palate is a boast in sherries, and why not in other wines?

MUSIC.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On Monday, at the English Opera House, there was a performance by the pupils of this establishment, aided by the talents, and directed by the experience, of Signor de Begnis, who performed *Figaro*. The patrons of the Royal Academy were much pleased with the progress made and the promise given by the most prominent students, to whom they look for great improvements in our national school of music hereafter.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

On Thursday night was produced here, with great and deserved éclat, a drama, in two acts, by Mr. Planché, entitled *Charles the Twelfth*, of which the following is the plot:—Major Vanberg has been accused of treasonable correspondence with the unfortunate Livonian, John Reinhold Patkul, who was delivered up by Augustus, king of Saxony, to Charles XII. in violation of all the laws of nations, and broken upon the wheel. Through the influence of an enemy high in the council of regency, Vanberg is condemned, during Charles's absence in the Ukraine, to perpetual banishment; but trusting at the return of the king to Sweden, that he shall be able to prove his innocence, the major recrosses the frontier, and takes refuge in a sequestered village in the island of Rugen, Swedish Pomerania, where his foster brother, Adam Brock, resides, who sends privately for the major's daughter, Ulrica, and, to baffle suspicion, sets them up in the little inn of the place, under the name of Firmann. The king at last returns from Turkey and repairs to Stralsund, where he is besieged by the Danes and Prussians. The former threatening a descent on the neighbouring island of Rugen, the king secretly crosses the Straits of Gelex, and, unknown to any of the inhabitants, arrives at the little village where Vanberg has turned innkeeper, and takes up his abode in the house. Charles having been absent from his country since the age of seventeen, was scarcely recollected on his return by any of his subjects; and this circumstance involved the monarch in a series of whimsical adventures, which end in his being arrested by a meddling burgomaster, as the traitor Vanberg. The discovery of his real rank, and the announcement of the landing of the Danes, terminate the first act. In the second, the historical facts of his taking the guard for a wounded colonel named Reichel, as related by Voltaire, and the better-known explosion of a shell in the antechamber, while Charles was dictating a letter to his secretary, are ingeniously woven into the dramatic plot of the piece. The first leads to his discovery of Vanberg's innocence, and the second to the knowledge of Gustavus's love for Ulrica. Charles's narrow escape at the battle of S—— from the hands of a Danish lieutenant, also related by Voltaire, is made subservient to the general interest of the drama, as Vanberg is discovered to be his preserver; and after dispensing justice and mercy in a truly royal style of generosity, the curtain drops on the eccentric monarch and his devoted subjects, as he is on the point of embarking for Carlscroon, the danger of which retreat, through the midst of a hostile fleet, was the very reason which induced Charles, says his historian, to undertake it.

Of the acting in this excellent piece we cannot speak too highly—the parts were literally *individualised* by the attention given by the performers to costume, and the careful study of manners and historical characteristics. Farren resembled the picture of *Charles* to so extraordinary a degree, that, were his lineage not known, and he should set up a claim to the Swedish throne, as the representative of that monarch, through direct descent, we would not give a farthing for the possession of it by Bernadotte, nor half a farthing for the succession of his son Oscar. Liston, in *Adam Brock*, must be more ideal, but it seems identity; and Harley in the *Burgomaster*, and Cooper in *Vanberg*, were all that could be desired. We ought also to mention Mr. Vining and the other officers with much commendation: their dresses had a capital effect. But if we have left the ladies last, it is not because they less deserve the tribute of our applause. Miss Love played with great vivacity, and sang a beautiful song by Barnett, which was justly encored. When she exacted the kiss, and imitated the peculiar laugh (between the teeth, equally true of Charles and of his copy, Farren), it produced a roar of laughter. Miss Ellen Tree looked fascinating in *Ulrica*, and performed very sweetly. Altogether, we have rarely, if ever, seen a drama of this class got up in so perfect a style, nor one which possessed more sterling attractions. The history of Charles has chiefly furnished Mr. Planché with the hints which he has made eminently effective on the stage; and the whole thing is a genuine picture of the times, admirably embodied, and strikingly carried into action.

COVENT GARDEN.

An alteration of Bickerstaff's obsolete and stupid farce of *the Sultan*, which the acting of a Jordan could scarcely render tolerable, has been produced here, with new music by Mr. A. Lee, under the title of *the Sublime and Beautiful*. We shall only say,

> "The name of *Morton* honours this corruption,
> And chastisement doth therefore hide its head."

We are happy to perceive that some of the newspapers have properly reprobated the conduct of the music-sellers, who make a point of sending some dozens of their engravers, printers, and shopmen, into the theatre, for the purpose of encoring every song which is their property, to the great annoyance of the audience, and in many instances to the detriment of the piece itself. We were the first to expose their practice of feeing the singers to introduce particular songs, in violation of all propriety, upon every occasion, and we will co-operate most heartily in striving to abate this abominable nuisance. We are in possession of some curious facts, and shall not hesitate to publish them if exasperated by its continuance. It is but natural and reasonable that the private friends of an author or composer should feel interested in the fate of his new production, and seize every fair opportunity to swell the applause of the public, or counteract the efforts of prejudice and ill-nature; but, by dint of hammering, stamping, and shouting, to force an audience to hear that *twice* which is scarcely endurable *once*, is an impertinent tyranny, to which we trust the town will no longer submit. Let these people confine themselves to their puffing advertisements, which, at any rate, benefit the revenue; or if even that will not help off their trash, why not follow the example of respectable practitioners in other lines, and chalk their address and the title of the songs upon the walls all around London?

On Saturday last a Miss Nelson appeared at this theatre as Peggy, in the *Country Girl*; and if it be (as indeed we have no right to doubt, after the verbal and typographical assurances we have received from Mr. Fawcett), *really* a first appearance, it is the most extraordinary one that has been made by a female in our day, and that is a pretty long one. Mrs. Jordan's image is yet fresh in our mind; but it would be as unfair that our admiration of that exquisite actress should blind us to the genius of Miss Nelson, as that our adoration of Mrs. Siddons should prevent our acknowledging the talent of Miss Phillips. "Comparisons are odorous," says our dear friend Dogberry: we do not agree with those who think that Miss Nelson has been admirably taught; on the contrary, we feel convinced that she has not been taught at all; nay, we have heard that she disdains all tuition, and that she is as wild and as infantile off the stage as she is upon it. Were her voice and her person as pleasing as her conception is judicious, her action natural, and her fun exuberant and original, she would be the greatest acquisition the stage has known for many years; but we greatly fear that the small "childish treble" which is the characteristic of the one, and, despite a fine pair of black eyes, the—the—we had almost said vulgarity of the other, will necessarily limit her performances to so small a range of characters, as to render her next to useless on our metropolitan boards. Her reception was, however, enthusiastic, and there was a pathos, indeed, in her final appeal to the audience,

> "Have I done amiss?"

which could not have been resisted had she been far less entitled to their approbation.

ADELPHI.

A most splendid and extraordinary display of scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, has been made at this popular little theatre in a new melo-drama entitled, *the Earthquake, or the Phantom of the Nile*. We must confess, for our own parts, we had been better pleased if the author had done more for his reputation, and the carpenter less: but when such a piece as *the Sublime and Beautiful* is tolerated at Covent Garden, we see no reason why Mr. Fitz-Ball should not be allowed to string his effects together at the Adelphi with as little common sense as possible.

The ascent of the mechanical chair of Orchus at the close of the first act, the panorama of the Nile, and the earthquake in the last scene of the piece, are equal, if not superior, to any thing we have ever witnessed in the shape of scenic illusion, and, when the size and resources of this theatre are taken into consideration, appear absolutely miraculous. The music, by Mr. Rodwell, is pretty and appro-

priate, though not equal to his late efforts in th *Mason of Buda*. The piece was remarkably well received, and we hope will repay the spirited proprietors for the expense of its *outfit*.

VARIETIES.

Bees.—A new manual, for the proprietors of bees, has been published at Paris by a M. Martin. It treats successively of the natural history of bees, of their maladies, of their different forms of government, and of the construction of their hives. It collects the most striking observations that have been made upon these industrious republics by preceding writers; and finishes by a summary of the principles of education which M. Martin lays down, and by a bibliography of bees! Annexed is an abridged treatise on the culture of sainfoin and buck wheat, which M. Manuel considers to be the two plants most favourable to the production of honey.

Antiquities.—We learn from Rome, that workmen being employed in making a drain to carry off the rain-water from the Baths of Paulus Emilius, found near the church of S. Maria, in the Campo Carleo, large masses of marble, with most beautiful ornaments, belonging to the portico which surrounded the Forum; a long piece of a fluted column, of Phrygian or purple marble, about three Roman feet in diameter; a bracket of colossal dimensions, likewise enriched with the finest ornaments; the torso of a statue of a captive king, resembling others which have been found in the Forum;—and a fragment of an inscription of the time of Septimus Severus.

The Italian Theatre in Lisbon.—In the best days of the Constitution, when it was the rage to go to the San Carlos at Lisbon to call for the Constitutional Hymn and *Rey! Rey!* (God save the King) and to make extempore speeches from the pit and boxes,—the manager of the theatre, a coffee-house keeper, was able to pay salaries of 10*l.* and 15*l.* English per week to each of four really first-rate singers, who in this country would have had each 1500*l.* to 2000*l.* for the season; and about 2*l.* to 3*l.* per week to the second-rate actors and actresses, going down to a crusada novo (2*s.* 4*d.*) per night to the figurantes and chorus-singers. In those days, however, the instrumental part of the establishment was on a much more economical scale. Two thirds of the musicians were Spaniards; some of them noblemen, who were glad to earn a subsistence by playing in the orchestra for a crusada novo a-night, and the Portuguese musicians were from that circumstance obliged to lower their demands. Now, however, things are altered. The salaries of the singers have been reduced one half, and the refugee Spaniards being in prison, the native fiddlers have had a strike for wages, and compelled the manager to double the amount of their remuneration.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers having been inducted to the divinity chair in the University of Edinburgh, the Senatus Academicus of St. Andrews have supplied the vacancy thus occasioned in the chair of moral philosophy there, by inducting the Rev. Dr. Geo. Cook, of Lawrence-kirk, to that place.—*Edinburgh Journals.*

The State of France.—According to a pamphlet which has lately appeared in Paris, and which professes to be founded on authentic documents, the state of France, with reference to the number of paupers, robbers, &c., seems to be worse than that of England. The author declares, that in a population of thirty-two millions, there are five millions of paupers; paupers in every meaning of the word; beggars, or ready to beg:—that of at least a hundred and thirty thousand persons who lay the kingdom under contribution by depredations of every kind, only fifteen or twenty thousand have been apprehended and punished: that the safety of the roads and towns, and the maintenance of prisons, cost the state above five millions (of francs) annually: that the sums stolen, or the losses incurred every year, may be valued at two millions: that there are above a hundred and fifty thousand persons detained in civil and military prisons, or vegetating in hospitals and alms-houses: that there are, daily, above sixty thousand children of beggars turned out of doors by their parents, who have no other asylum but ale-houses, forests, or the caves of smugglers: finally, that there are in France more than three millions of persons who have no security for a month's subsistence.

Electricity.—An important fact has lately been ascertained with reference to electricity. It is well known that if the two poles of a voltaic pile are united by a short metal wire, a proper charge will make that wire red-hot in the middle. Philosophers have explained this by stating that the temperature of the wire was actually the same throughout; but that the extremities feeling the cooling effect of their contact with the pile, it followed that the middle must manifest a higher temperature. Experiments have, however, been recently made on the operation of the electrical current on a wire so long as to remove the possibility of any cooling effect on the extremities interfering with the result. By those experiments it distinctly appears that the temperature of the wire goes on augmenting from each end of the wire to the middle; and, consequently, that the cause which produces an electrical current, the intensity of which is uniform in every part of the wire, acts as an accelerating power in the development of heat.

Consumption.—A number of experiments has been made in France on ducks and chickens, by M. Flourens; from which he draws the following conclusions:—first, that cold exercises a constant and decided action on the lungs of animals; secondly, that the effect of that action is more rapid and serious in proportion to the youth of the animal; thirdly, that when cold does not produce an acute pulmonary inflammation, speedily mortal, it produces a chronic inflammation, which is in fact pulmonary consumption; fourthly, that heat constantly prevents the inroad of pulmonary consumption, that when it has actually commenced, heat suspends its progress, and that sometimes heat even leads to a perfect cure; fifthly, that to whatever height it may have arrived, this malady is never contagious.

Legal Anecdote.—On the day of Lord Eldon's resignation of the great seal, a certain little lawyer, after expatiating, at a dinner party, on the public merits of that noble and learned person, proceeded to speak of his kindness and condescension towards the barristers of his court. "To me," added he, "the loss is irreparable, for Lord Eldon always behaved to me quite like a father." "Yes," said Brougham, who was one of the company, "I understand that he always treated you quite like a child."

Murder and Sociability.—An Irish newspaper of last week contains the following paragraph:—"On Thursday his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant visited Carton, where he shot in the morning, and afterwards spent the day with, the Duke of Leinster."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Memoirs of the extraordinary military career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in his Majesty's 87th regiment, written by himself, is announced for early publication, by subscription. The narrative extends over a period of thirty-four years of a very eventful life. The author in his prospectus assures us as a fact that *he is still alive* to write these memoirs, after having led four forlorn hopes and received six ball wounds! But, added to this, there will be found interspersed throughout the work various amusing and affecting anecdotes.

Friendly and Seasonable Advice to the Roman Catholics of England, fourth edition, with an Appendix and Notes, by Walter Farquhar Hook, A.M. Chaplain in ordinary to the King,—is nearly ready.

Mr. Rutter, of Shaftesbury, announces a Descriptive Account of the North-western Division of Somersetshire, and of the Antediluvian Bone Caverns in the Mendip Hills; to be embellished with seven plates and six vignettes.

Mrs. Norton's Sorrows of Rosalie have, we learn with pleasure, rapidly run through a first edition. Thus, in spite of the outcry that poetry is a drug, we now find that it is a drug which sells as well as any other kind of literature.

Mr. Crofton Croker's Sayings and Doings at Killarney are on the eve of appearance. They are the record, we understand, of the author's personal adventures at the lakes, and contain all the jokes, stories, songs, and sketches, which he uttered, collected, sung, or designed, during his sojourn there. It is to contain, besides, a narrative of Sir Walter Scott's, Lockhart's, and Miss Edgeworth's, visit to the lakes, to the latter of whom Mr. Croker has dedicated his work.

In the Press.—Moral and Sacred Poetry, selected from the Works of the most admired Authors, Ancient and Modern.—A new work, in one volume, by the Author of Headlong Hall, entitled the Misfortunes of Elphin.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Loudon's Gardener's Magazine, Vol. IV. 8vo. 17*s.* bds.—Journey from the Bank to Barnes, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Craigie's Elements of Anatomy, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.—My Grandfather's Farm, 12mo. 7*s.* bds.—Howell's Alexander Selkirk, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Malcolm's Scenes of War, &c. fcp. 7*s.* bds.—Diversions of Holycott, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Spirit of the Age Newspaper, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Rigby on the Mechanism of Parturition, from the German, 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Wallace on Medical Education, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Tales and Confessions, by Leitch Ritchie, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bell (B.) on the Bones, crown 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Affection's Offering, 1829, 4*s.* bds.—Park's Contre-Projet to Humphreyian Code, royal 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Flood's Anatomy of the Nervous System, Vol. I. 12mo. 5*s.* bds.—Simplicity of Health, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Nicholl's Law Assistant, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Carpenter's Scripture Difficulties, 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—Stewart's Discourses on Christian Doctrine, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL 1828.

November.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	27	From 42.	to 50.	29.96	to 30.00
Friday	28	—— 41.	— 55.	30.00	— Stat.
Saturday	29	—— 48.	— 60.	29.99	— 30.08
Sunday	30	—— 45.	— 55.	30.05	— 29.96
December.					
Monday	1	—— 45.	— 55.	29.72	— 30.16
Tuesday	2	—— 28.	— 39.	30.34	— Stat.
Wednesday	3	—— 35.	— 55.	30.11	— 30.00

Prevailing wind S.W.

Generally clear; a little rain on the evening of the 3d.

December.		*Thermometer.*		*Barometer.*	
Thursday	4	From 39.	to 55.	30.10	to 30.16
Friday	5	—— 52.	— 43.	30.11	— 29.91
Saturday	6	—— 32.	— 52.	29.91	— 29.72
Sunday	7	—— 44.	— 52.	29.55	— 29.66
Monday	8	—— 45.	— 39.	29.41	— 29.22
Tuesday	9	—— 32.	— 43.	29.56	— 29.88
Wednesday	10	—— 33.	— 50.	29.99	— 30.01

Prevailing wind S.W.

Except the 10th, generally cloudy, with frequent rain. On the 9th, about midnight, a heavy shower of rain, accompanied by a tremendous clap of thunder and a few flashes of lightning.

Rain fallen, 1·2 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude ..... 51° 37′ 32″ N.

Longitude .... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetical contributions from Taunton are declined.

The same answer to Σ.

We differ from the writer of the letter on the adulteration of flour, and believe that a great deal of roguery exists in the manufacture of spurious materials to be substituted for that wholesome article.

We are not sure that we could do any public good from seeing "the medical work offered." Where the shoe pinches, private inquiry will probably be far more efficacious than critical discussion.

ERRATUM.—In the address of the President of the Royal Society given in our last, where the name Dr. North occurs, we are informed it should be Dr. Nooth.

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False Rosabel	W. H. Bellamy	C. E. Horn.
O tempt me not with Jewels bright	F. H. Burney	H. R. Bishop.
New the Lamp of Day has fled	E. Ryan	J. Barnett.
The Dream	Mrs. C. B. Wilson	Sir J. Stevenson
When the Moon shines bright—Glee		H. R. Bishop.
My gentle Lute	S. Lover	S. Lover.
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No. 622. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Legends of the Lakes; or, Sayings and Doings at Killarney. Collected chiefly from the MSS. of R. Adolphus Lynch, Esq. of the King's German Legion. By T. Crofton Croker. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. J. Ebers and Co.

"TAKING it for granted (says the author at page 1, vol. i.), that when people go to see the Lakes of Killarney, they do not intend making a very serious business of the excursion;" I, he might have added, have given them here the means of enjoying as pleasant a trip as graphic description, legendary lore, anecdote, delineations of character, lively sketches of manners, and truth and whim most happily intermixed, can readily contribute to produce. These volumes are, indeed, quite novel and original in their genus: they are as admirable guides to all the natural beauties of Killarney as if they were expressly written to be carried in the tourist's hands, to point out the picturesque views, the finest scenery, and the most remarkable spots; but they are, at the same time, so entertaining as literary companions, that the reader may sit by his own fire-side and reap almost as much amusement and information from them as if he were rowing upon the lovely waters of the lake, climbing its grotesque and legend-crowned rocks, chatting with its humorous natives, broiling its delicious salmon on arbutus skewers, or (bliss supreme!) munching its inimitably cooked potatoes. Thus, for the closet or for the country, for the arm-chair or for the adventure, our popular author is equally calculated to be a favourite, with his genuine Legends and characteristic Sayings and Doings. But, for our means of shewing this to the public, we confess that we are rather puzzled. Except the stories of "the ould times," the narrative and the topics are so various, that it is hardly possible to exhibit specimens of their miscellaneous attractions; and we can only say, generally, that, according to our taste, the book is one, which being taken up, it is not very easy to lay down again. It has made us perfectly acquainted with Killarney and with its people; so that if ever we indulge ourselves with a recreative visit to that charming scene, we shall feel as intimate with Mr. Gorham (the keeper of the hotel where Mr. Croker abode), with the piper, the boatmen, the guides, the gentry around, and the very beggars, as if we had been domiciliated there for a season. Let us, however, before we go to quotations, consult the prefixed map realising the localities, by three inches of engraving, from Aghadoe church to the Devil's Punch-Bowl; and then let us have a laugh at the wood-cuts, so replete with Irish drollery; and the snatches of music, so national, that some of the airs say, "put on the pratties," as plainly as tongue could speak. Having done this, we select a bit of the first excursion to the lower lake, as a fair example of the rest.

"'What house is that?' said I to the coxswain as we left the quay of Ross, and swept rapidly across the water. 'Is it that perched upon the rock, and peeping out of the trees? that's the boatkeeper's house, sir, and there's the boathouse just under it, you see, by the water's side, as handy as can be.' Shortly after passing which, the boatmen paused upon their oars; the barge floated calmly in the shadow of a fantastic rock, and Spillane suddenly awakened the echo of the castle, whose ancient walls returned distinctly the wild notes of his bugle. Scarcely had Spillane concluded, when Thady Begly, a mahogany-faced, broad-shouldered boatman, started up with—'Will I give your honour Paddy Blake's echo?' and without waiting a reply, put his hand to his mouth, and halloed—'How are you, Paddy Blake? Very well, I thank you.'—*Echo.* Well, I thank you.—'We've on board a good gentleman.'—*Echo.* Good gentleman.—'And sure he has plenty of Tommy Walker for the boatmen.'—*Echo.* Tommy Walker for the boatmen.—'There, now, why, do you hear what Paddy Blake says?' said Begly, as he resumed his seat. The hint was not to be misunderstood—'Oh, certainly, Mister Plunket, by all means give the men a glass of whisky.' While 'their allowance,' as they called it, was serving out, I took Wright's Guide-book from my pocket, and read the following account of the sounds which I had just heard: 'The first echo is returned from the castle, the second from the ruined church of Aghadoe, the third from Mangerton, and afterwards innumerable reverberations are distinguished, which appear like the faded brilliancy of an extremely multiplied reflection, lost by distance and repetition.' 'That's a fine-sounding sentence,' said I; and read on till I came to 'the obstruction of the sound by hills at different distances, situated as it were in the peripheries of a series of concentric circles, is consequently adapted to the creation of numerous reflections.' 'That is quite satisfactory,' said I, and I closed the book. Inspired by the whisky, the men stretched stoutly to their oars, and we shot gaily by the shore of Ross, where sometimes little marshy meadows opened to the view, surrounded by wood and rock, which frequently approached the water's edge, and often overhung it: while, on the other side, we had a large bog, Reen Cottage, and Cherry Island, backed by part of 'the Demesne,' Bellevue Hill, and Prospect Hall. 'There's O'Donoghue's pigeon-house, sir,' said Plunket, pointing to a large mass of insulated rock close to the shore of Ross. 'And there,' said Doolan, pointing to a number of large book-shaped stones, which lay scattered along the shore, 'and there's O'Donoghue's library.' 'Indeed, Doolan! he must have had a *hard* study of it, then. But where's the story about O'Donoghue's enchantment?' 'Sure enough, your honour, I'll tell you the whole story just as it happened. You must know, then, that O'Donoghue was mighty rich, and powerful he was, and kept a brave house in his day, in the *ould* castle of Ross that's yonder there; and, moreover and above, 'tis said he was the wisest man of his time, and could do wonders by the power of the black art. With all his art, however, he couldn't help growing *ould;* so, not liking to die, he thought he'd try if he couldn't make himself young again. Up he goes to the top of his castle, and shuts himself in a room, with his black book, for as good as seven weeks. Nobody knew what he was doing all that time, or how he lived, till, at the end of the seven weeks, he called for his wife. Well, sir, up she went to him, and then he *tauld* her what he was about—how he had a mind to grow young again, that there was but one way of doing it, and that he wanted her help. 'Do you see that tub?' says he; 'well, you must cut me to pieces, and put me into it, lock the door, and in seven weeks time you'll find me alive and well, but no bigger than a three-years *ould* child.' 'I will,' says she. 'Oh, but I must have a trial of you first,' says he, 'for if you was to get frightened, it would be all over with me.' So with that he takes his black book. 'Now,' says he, 'I'm going to read, and if you cry out at any thing you see, I'll be taken away from you for ever.' Well, sir, while he was reading, the *frightfulest* things in the world made their appearance, and there was a noise as if the whole castle was going to pieces. The lady, however, stood it out manfully for a long time, till she saw her own child lying dead on the table before her; then she was frightened in earnest, and gave a great shriek; upon which the castle shook like a leaf, and O'Donoghue, leaping out of the *windy*, disappeared in the waves of Loch Lane. His horse, his table, his library, were all taken away at the same time, and may be seen at different parts of the lake, turned into stone. That's the way O'Donoghue was enchanted; and 'tis said that he now lives in a brave palace at the bottom of the lake.' By this time our boat was smoothly gliding under a large insular rock, which rises to a considerable height above the surrounding water, and which Plunket called my attention to, as O'Donoghue's prison."

Pass we on to the island of Innisfallen, where grows a tree called "*the eye of the needle*," from a hole caused by its rising with a double trunk and uniting above, so that persons may thread the opening. This tree, of course, has marvellous properties; and when the visitor asks "the use of squeezing through it?" Plunket replies—"The use, sir? why, it will ensure your honour a long life, they say; and if your honour only was a lady in a certain way, there would be no fear of you after threading the needle."

It is, perhaps, worth while to recall to recollection that there is an ancient and simple childish play, in which "the eye of the needle" is formed by two individuals with their hands raised and joined, and the thread is a string of other youngsters holding each other by the tails of coat or frock, and running swiftly

through this human jugum. The game is to catch the hindmost; and some formalities lead to an election of sides, and a grand draw at last, which terminates the whole with a romp and scramble. Has this any relation to the tradition and superstition of the tree of Innisfallen? We know not; nor are we versed in the history of this sport; but we leave it to the Antiquarian Society, and come to one of Mr. Croker's Legends.

"There was once (a long time ago) a poor man, whose name was Donagha Dee, and he lived in a small cabin, not far from a forest, in the heart of the county Kerry. Ireland at that time was not so bare as it is now, but was covered with great forests; inasmuch that it is said a squirrel might have travelled from Dingle de Couch to the city of Cork without once touching the ground. Now, you must know, that Donagha was a very poor man, and had a scolding wife; so that, between his wife and his poverty, he could scarcely ever get a moment's peace. A man might, perhaps, put up with a cross word now and then from a woman if she was pretty, or had any other good about her; but, unluckily, Donagha's wife had nothing at all to recommend her; for, besides being cross, she was as old and as ugly as the black gentleman himself; so you may well suppose they had but a dog-and-cattish sort of life. One morning, in the beautiful month of May, Donagha was quietly smoking his *doodeen* (pipe) in the chimney-corner, when his wife, coming in from the well with a can of water, opened upon him all at once, as if there were a thousand beagles in her throat. 'You lazy good-for-nothing stocagh,' said she, 'have you nothing else to do this blessed morning but to sit poking over the ashes with your *doodeen* stuck in your jaw? wouldn't it be fitter for you to be gathering a *brosna* (fire-wood), than to be sitting there as if you were fastened to the *sieshtheen* (low seat) with a twelvepenny nail?' All this she said and much more, to which Donagha made no reply, but quietly took his billhook and gad, and away with him to the forest. I don't know what made him so quiet with her—may be he wasn't in fighting humour, and may be he thought it best to get out of her way, for they say a good *retrate* is better than a bad fight any day. A beautiful fine day it was, sure enough; the sun was dancing through the trees, and the little birds were singing like so many pipers at a *pattern*; so that it was like a new life to Donagha, who, feeling the cockles of his heart rise within him, took up his billhook and began to work as contented as if he had nothing at home to fret him. But he wasn't long at work, when he was amazed at the sound of a voice that seemed to come out of the middle of the wood; and though it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, he couldn't help being frightened at it too a little, for there was something in it that wasn't like the voice of man, woman, or child. 'Donagha! Donagha!' said the voice; but Donagha didn't much like to answer. 'Donagha!' said the voice again: so when Donagha heard it again, he thought may be it would be better for him to speak. 'Here I am,' says he; and then the voice answered back again—'Donagha, don't be frightened,' said the voice, 'for sure I'm only St. Brandon, that's sent to tell you, because you're a good *Christin* and minds your duty, you shall have two wishes granted to you; so take care what you wish for, Donagha.' 'Och, success to you for one saint any how,' said Donagha, as he began to work again, thinking all the time what in the wide world he had best wish for. Would he take riches for his first wish? then what should he take for the second? a good wife—or wouldn't it be better not to have any wife at all? Well, he thought for a long time, without being able to make up his mind what to wish for. Night was coming on, and so Donagha gathering a great bundle of fire-wood up, he tied it well with his gad, and heaving it upon his shoulder, away home with him. Donagha was fairly spent with the work of the day, so that it was no wonder he should find the load on his shoulder rather too much for him; and, stumbling with weariness, he was obliged at length to throw it down: sitting upon his bundle, poor Donagha was in great botheration; the night was closing in fast, and he knew what kind of a welcome he'd have before him if he either staid out too late, or returned without a full load of firing. 'Would to heaven,' says he in his distress, and forgetting the power of his wish, 'would to heaven this *brosna* could carry me instead of my being obliged to carry it.' Immediately the *brosna* began to move on with him, and, seated on the top of it, poor Donagha cut a mighty odd figure surely; for until he reached his own door he never stopped roaring out a thousand murders, he was so vexed with himself at having thrown away one of his wishes so foolishly. His wife Vauria (Mary) was standing at the door looking out for him, ready to give him a good *saletting*; but she was fairly struck dumb at seeing Donagha so queerly mounted, and at hearing him crying out in such a manner. When she came a little to herself, she asked Donagha a thousand questions about how he came to be riding upon a *brosna*; and poor Donagha, being so questioned, could not help telling her the whole story just as it happened. It was then that she was mad angry in earnest with him, to think that he would throw away his luck. Donagha, worn out and perplexed, was not able to bear it, and at length cried out, as loud as he could, 'I wish to heaven, I wish to heaven, you old scold, that's the plague of my life, I wish to heaven that Ireland was between us.' No sooner said than done, for he was whipped up by a whirlwind and dropped at the north-eastern side of Ireland, where Donaghadee now stands. And Vauria, house and all, was carried off at the same time to its most south-western spot, beyond Dingle, and not far from the great Atlantic ocean. The place, to this day, is known by the name of Tig na Vauria, or Mary's house; and when people would speak of places wide asunder, it has become a sort of proverb to say, 'as far as Tig na Vauria from Donaghadee.' And that's the reason, sir."

To vary these extracts, we beg to copy here a spirited account of a dream, in which the author, his mind impressed with the visions of the day, indulges on retiring to rest.

"Waiter (says he) a chamber candle; I am a bachelor, therefore am allowed to dream. O'Donoghue mounted on his milk-white steed, with all his train, are hunting on the waters. Fuan Mac Cool, again, is turning all the mountain streams into whisky-punch, for the refreshment of the hunters. Bran, from twenty fathoms deep, bays upon the wooded side of Glenà, or rushes through the Valley of Cliffs. How the lake sparkles! a thousand boats dance upon its fairy billows, their streamers flutter in the breeze, their white sails glance to the sun, like the snowy wing of some beautiful bright sea-bird. Ha! that barge is overturned—the crew are struggling with the waves—I hear their cry—they sink—one is clinging to an oar—it is a female—she floats—she reaches the shore of Inniafallen—she is—she is my own, my earliest love!—Ah, she stirs not—she is dead—no—no, she breathes—she revives—look up, my love—my own sweet love, look up. Oh, happiness unspeakable! We wander through the island, in the gentle moonlight, the trees wave above our heads with a light murmur—the calm lake glitters to the broad moon through the leafy screen, and delicious music, dimly heard, floats around. She, the first love of my young heart, leans on my arm, and looks in my face with unutterable tenderness. She speaks: but, oh, what means that crash? Hark! thunder! storm! whirlwind! he comes, the prince of the lakes, O'Donoghue—he snatches her from me—he bears her away—oh, misery!—See, he has left her on a rock, amid the foam of furious billows—she stretches forth her slender arms to me for aid—I come—I come, and now I struggle with the waves. I have gained the rock; I just touch her trembling hand—ah, she is snatched from my grasp—she sinks with O'Donoghue—a thousand demons laugh in my ear with fiendish triumph. Oh, this mockery is too much to bear—the waters roar—hiss—growl—they close over me—confusion—darkness—ah, here is light and music again—but where is my lost love—yes, I know that strain—'Yoicks—Yoicks—Tallyho!'

'Riley, really you're the boy, Riley.'"

"'Yoicks—Yoicks—Tallyho—down, Fan, down, you slut—get along, Pompey!' Roused by such exclamations, I jumped from my bed, and poking my nightcap out of the window, found they proceeded from Gorham, who, dressed in a green hunting-frock, was mounted on his famous black horse, which (being not a little vain of his skill) he caused to curvet and prance, like the horses of Phidias on the frieze of the Parthenon. And then he rode from the door, followed by his dogs, and the shouts of a crowd of waiters, boatmen, and runners, exclaiming: "Well done, Gorham!—'tis you're the fine horseman, any how."

There are two excellent stories of Paddy Byrne the nut-cracker, and Billy Thompson, which we regret we cannot transplant to our pleasure-ground; not being able, like Sir J. Steuart, to move such full-grown productions; and, *like* him, *disliking* to lop and disfigure them. We must, therefore, content ourselves with a smaller removal.

"Sure, every body has *hard* tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druve* the *sarpints* and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland. How he 'bothered all the *varmint*' entirely. But for all that, there was one *cold sarpint* left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick did'nt well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till, at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine *boults* upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the *sarpint* used to keep; and the *sarpint*, who did'nt like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and shew his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says Saint Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you, *agin* the winter; for I'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The *sarpint* hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had *druve* all the

rest of the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine *boults* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould* (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. 'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says Saint Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you, kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,' says the *sarpint*; 'but I think it's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says Saint Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.' The *sarpint* was as thirsty as could be, with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him, the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a *sarpint* saw the lid coming down, in went his tail, like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *boult* the nine iron *boults*. 'Oh! murder!—won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the *sarpint*—'I've lost the bet fairly; and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling,' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man,' continued Picket, 'besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out, from within the chest under the water—'Is it to-morrow, yet?—is it to-morrow, yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the *sarpints*, sir."

As another variety, we insert a "rale" shoemaker's bill, which dropped from the pocket of its writer.

"His Honur Mr. Trant, Esquire,
Dr. to James Barret, Shoemaker.

	l.	s.	d.
To clicking and sowling Miss Clara	0	2	6
To strapping and welting Miss Biddy	0	1	0
To binding and closing Miss Mary	0	1	6
	£0	5	0

Paid, July 14th, 1838, JAMES BARRET."

It will readily be guessed, that while we are puzzled to afford adequate examples of the larger merits of this work, we are still more perplexed with its minor traits. In good truth we can do nothing with them, and the little jokes and *bon mots* must be left to themselves. When one fellow, lifting the glass of whisky to his mouth, exclaims, "this is very strong," and a wag remarks, "then take 'tother hand to it;" or when a stealthy spy is described as "walking on tiptoe, like a butterfly;"—such touches of humour are almost always inseparable from their context. We must therefore again resort to the characteristic Legends.

"In the good old times there existed in Ireland a race of mortals, who, under the denomination of 'poor scholars,' used to travel from parish to parish, and county to county, in order to increase their stock of knowledge. These poor scholars were for the most part men of from twenty to five-and-twenty years of age; and as they were also agreeable, social fellows, who during their peregrinations had acquired a fund of anecdote, could tell a good story, and never refused to lend a helping hand in any business that was going forward, they were received with a *caed mille faultha*[6] at every farmer's house throughout the country, where they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased. It happened one evening in the month of July, that one of these peripatetics, a stout, platter-faced mortal, by name Darby O'Reily (the very same it was who invented the famous stone soup), made his appearance at the house of the widow Fleming, who dwelt not far from the old church of Kilcummin. Now, the widow Fleming, who since her husband's death had taken the entire management of a large farm upon herself, was very glad to see Darby O'Reily for a variety of reasons. In the first place it was the hay harvest, and Darby would lend a helping hand and keep the men in good humour at their work with his merry stories; then he could teach the children great A B C of an evening; and then she was a lone woman, and Darby was a pleasant companion, and an old acquaintance moreover. Whether this last idea was of deeper root than the others is not for me to say, but certain it is that Darby received on the present occasion more than a common welcome from the widow Fleming. After having partaken of the good cheer which the widow set before him in the greatest profusion, and having renewed his acquaintance with the inmates of the house, even to Darby the dog that was called after him, and the cat, he proposed to step down to the parish jig-house, just to shuffle the brogue with his old sweethearts, hear the news, and see how the neighbours were getting on,—for it was near a twelvemonth since he had been in that part of the country. Now, whether it was the mention of sweethearts that disagreed with the widow, or whatever else might have been the cause, it is certain that she was much against Darby's going to the jig-house; but seeing that she could not with any decency or effect gainsay his intentions, she was obliged to assent, at the same time, however, warning him to be back early, and not to keep up the house. Away he went to the jig-house, where he found himself quite at home, and as welcome as the flowers of May. Fine fun he had of it, for the pipes played merrily up, while he footed it bravely with the prettiest girls and best *moneen* jiggers in all the barony. To speak the truth, he wasn't a bad hand at a jig himself, for there were few could equal him in the 'heel and toe' step; and then he put such life and spirit into his motions, that he made the house ring again with his grinding and the merry snap of his fingers. But your dancing is droughty work,—at least Darby O'Reily was of that opinion, although there was no fear of his dying for the want of a drop to drink, as he had news for the old, and stories for the young, till at last it was Darby here, and Darby there, and who but Darby? The soul of merriment, and the prince of good fellows, every one striving who should be the first to treat him, Darby soon became as comfortable as any gentleman could wish to be. But while Darby was drinking, and dancing, and making merry, he never remembered it was time to go home, or bestowed a single thought upon the widow Fleming's good advice, which was very ungrateful of him, considering the civil way she had behaved to him, and that she was even then herself sitting up waiting his return. The longest day will have an end, and the greatest merriment must at length give way to repose, as Darby found to his sorrow, when the party broke up, and he had to stagger away as well as he could. He was so much 'in the wind' that he didn't well know which way he was going; and as bad luck would have it, he went every way but the right; for instead of keeping the straight road, by way of making a short cut he turned off through the fields; and after wandering about for as good as an hour, where should he find himself but in the old fort at Claunteens. A bad place it is to get into at the dead hour of the night, when the good people are going their rounds and making merry, as Darby soon found; for though it was easy enough to get into the fort, he couldn't get out again for the life of him: it even appeared to him as if the fort had increased its dimensions to a boundless extent. He wandered up and down and round about for a long time, without ever being able to get out, and was obliged at last to content himself where he was, so down he sat on a stone. 'There's small fun sitting on a *could* stone in the moonshine,' muttered Darby; 'and sure it's a pitiful case to be bewitched by the fairies,—the good people I mean,—and stuck fast in the middle of an *ould* fort; but there's no help for it, so what can't be cured must be endured.' No sooner had he come to this very wise conclusion, than he heard a most tremendous hammering under the very stone he was sitting on. 'O Darby!' cried he, 'what'll become of you now?' Plucking up his courage, he boldly took a peep beneath the stone, when what should he see but a cluricaune sitting under a projecting ledge of what had been his seat, and hammering as hard as he could at the heel of an old shoe. Although Darby was very much afraid of the fairies, he wasn't a bit in dread of the cluricaune; for they say if you catch a cluricaune and keep him fast, he'll shew you where his purse is hid, and make a rich man of you. But it wasn't thinking of purses Darby was, for he'd rather be out of the fort than to get all the purses in the world. So when he saw the cluricaune, it came into his head that may be he'd lend him a helping hand, for they say the little fellow is fond of a drop himself. 'Success to you, my boy, you are a good hand at a shoe, any how,' said Darby, addressing himself to the cluricaune. 'Ah! Darby, my jolly buck, is that you?' said the cluricaune, getting up from his work and looking him full in the face. 'The very same, at your honour's *sarvice*,' answered Darby. 'What brought you here?' said the cluricaune; 'I'm thinking you've got yourself into a bit of a scrape.' 'Fakes then, your honour, I'm thinking the very same,' said Darby, 'if your honour doesn't lend me a helping hand.' So he told him how he stopped at the widow Fleming's, how he went down to the jig-house, and being a little overtaken in liquor, how he wandered through the fields until he found himself in the old fort, and wasn't able to make his way out again. 'You're in a bad case, Darby,' said the cluricaune; 'for the good people will be here directly, and if they find you before them, Darby, they'll play the puck with you.' 'Oh, murder!' cried Darby, 'I throw my life upon the heel of your honour's

[6] "A hundred thousand welcomes."

shoe.' 'Well,' said the cluricaune, 'you're a rollocking lad as ever tipped a can, and it's a pity any harm should ever come of taking a drop of good drink. So give me your hand, and I'll save you. And as you never did any hurt to me or mine, I'll do more than that for you, Darby. Here, take this charm, and you are made for ever, my man.' 'And what's the *nathur* of it?' said Darby, at the same time putting it into his right-hand breeches-pocket, and buttoning it up tight. 'I'll tell you that,' said the cluricaune; 'if you only pin it to the petticoat of the first woman in the land, she'll follow you the wide world over; and that's no bad thing for a poor scholar.' So saying, the cluricaune took him out of the fort, put him on the straight road, and wishing him success with the charm, burst into a fit of laughter and disappeared. 'Good riddance of you, any how,—but 'tis an ugly laugh you have with you,' said Darby, as he made the best of his way to the widow Fleming's, who was in no great humour; and no wonder, to be kept up so late by such a drunken *bletherum* as Darby. Now, when he saw the widow in a bit of a fret, 'Ho! by my *sowl*,' said he, 'I've the cure in my breeches pocket.' So with that he outs with the charm, and pinned it slyly to the widow's gown. 'I've charmed her now,' says Darby, 'if there's any truth in that little chap of a cluricaune.' And certainly there was soon a wonderful change in the widow, who, from being as glum as a misty morning, became as soft as butter. So very careful was she of Darby, that, late as it was, she made down a good fire, lest he should be cold after the night, brought him a supper of the best the house could afford, and had as much *cooram* about him as if he was lord of the land. Darby grinned with delight at the success of his charm; but he was soon made to grin at the wrong side of his mouth; for the widow, in the midst of her love, chanced to discover the charm that was pinned to the tail of her gown. 'What's this you've pinned to my gown, you rogue you?' said she, at the same time, flinging it into the fire. 'Bother-ation,' roared Paddy, 'I'm settled for now;' and no wonder he should roar, for the charm took instant effect; and the fire jumped *holus bolus* after Darby, who made for the door, and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him. But if he did, the fire came after him, roaring and blazing as if there were a thousand tar-barrels in the middle of it. Away he ran for the bare life, across the country, over hedge and ditch, for as good as two miles; neither stopping nor staying till he came to a deep well on a high farm, between Tullig and Glenn a Heelah, when who should he meet but his old friend the cluricaune. 'Arrah, Darby!' says the little fellow, 'you seem to be in a wonderful hurry; where are you going so fast, man, that you wouldn't stop to *spake* to an old acquaintance?' 'Bad luck to you, you deceitful hop of my thumb,' said Darby; 'for sure it's all along of you and your charm that I'm in the neat way I am this blessed night.' 'And that's my thanks for saving you from the good people,' says the cluricaune: 'very well, Mister Darby, there's the fire at your heels, and who's to save you now?' 'O! thunder alive! sure you wouldn't be after *sarving* Darby that way.' 'Well,' said the cluricaune, 'I'll take compassion on you this once; so here's my advice, leap into the well, and you'll be safe.' 'Is it into the well you *mane*,' says Darby, 'why then do you take me for a fool entirely?' 'O! you're a very wise man to be sure, seeing you're a scholar, Darby; so you may take your own way if you like, and welcome. Good night to you, Darby O'Reily,' said the spiteful little fellow, slapping his cocked hat on his head, and walking off with a most malicious grin. 'Good night to you, Darby O'Reily.' 'Murder! murder!' shouted Darby, for by this time the fire had come so near that it began to scorch him; when seeing there was no alternative, and thinking it better to be drowned than burned, he made a desperate plunge into the well. Souse he went into the well, and souse went the fire after him. Immediately the water bubbled, sparkled, growled, and rose above the verge of the well, filling with the velocity of lightning all the adjacent hollow ground, until it formed one of those little sparkling lakes which are so numerous in this hilly country. Darby was borne with the speed of a whirlwind on the top of a curling billow, and cast senseless on the shore. The first thing he saw on awaking from his trance was the sun shining over him; the first voice he heard was that of the widow Fleming, who had travelled far and near in search of him; and the first word Darby uttered, upon thoroughly recovering himself, was, 'Bad luck to the good people, for sure 'tis they that have been playing tricks upon me all the night.' Then he up and told the widow Fleming and the neighbours the whole history of his night's adventure. 'It's drunk you were, Darby, and you know it,' said the widow; 'you're a bad boy, Darby.' But whatever was the cause, whether Darby got the charm from the cluricaune or not, it is certain that the widow Fleming not long after became Mrs. O'Reily, and that Loch Bran, or the Lake of the burning Cole, is to be seen to this day."

A picture of a modern pedagogue will contrast with Darby O'Reily of former times.

"Our attention was arrested by a busy hum, proceeding from a cabin on the road-side; and we soon discovered it to be what is commonly called a hedge-school or Kerry college. Although not a Belzoni in stature, by dint of stooping only I contrived to gain admittance among the busy inmates; and upon my entrance, the hum of the students rehearsing their lessons increased to such a marvellous degree, that I could scarcely hear, or cause to be heard, the salutation which I addressed to the dread ruler of this learned abode. Mr. Lynch followed me, although on his part it required a much more considerable exertion, in the way of depression, to gain admittance; but once within, there was ample room for the tallest man beneath the thatched roof, which rose from the low mud walls. This roof displayed, stuck between its '*scraghs and theivanes*,' an ample stock of coverless Vosters, copy-books, slates, and gray goose quills, with two or three pendent racks, made of the branchy fir, for the benefit of such pupils as had either caps or hats to hang upon them. The interior of the whole cabin wore a black lackered appearance, conferred upon it by the smoke of many a winter's fire, the hearth for which stood beneath a huge vent, occupying the full breadth of one of the gables. At each side of the door was a little window about a foot square. But, on the whole, Mr. Casey's college was rather a respectable edifice of the description; for it could boast two real deal forms, and instead of turf benches there were three fir spars placed along the wall, each end supported by stones, in order to elevate the students to a comfortable sitting height. There was, moreover, a table for the use of writers and cipherers. Of all these accommodations Mr. Casey seemed not a little proud, as he sat enthroned on a rush-bottomed chair, which he facetiously termed his 'Sanctum Sanctorum.' 'Whisht there, will ye, *by's*, and let the gentlemen *spake*,' roared Mr. Casey, at the same time flourishing his rod of power, by way of enforcing his commands. 'You have a good school, Mr. Casey, and very well attended,' said Mr. Lynch. 'Why, I may say, there's worse to be found elsewhere, though 'tis I that say it, that shouldn't say it; but 'tis nothing to *spake* about now to what it is in the winter, because why the *by's* are minding the harvest and herding the cattle on the mountains; 'tis the busy time now, and their *faders* and *muders*, God help them, can't spare the *childer* from the work to the *larning*.' 'I dare say some of your scholars are pretty far advanced,' said I. 'You shall see, sir, in a minute—Come up here, you Murty Murphy, and bring your Voshter *wid* you; do you hear me now I'm *spaking* to you?' Up came Murphy, Voster in hand, a carroty-pated boy, dressed in a loose frieze coat, sheep-skin breeches open at the knees, and having neither shoes nor stockings, to conceal a pair of well-mottled shins, the effects of his chimney-corner cogitations. Having heard Murty, with a rich brogue, go through a sum in the Rule of Three direct, we bade farewell to Mr. Casey and his college, though strongly urged by him to remain for the *reading*, *spilling*, and even for the abecederians."

The following colloquy, &c. is attributed to a teacher of this class:—

"Here, *by's*, shake a grain of straw along the wall for the little girls to sit on—throw your turfs in the corner—and bring over my stool here close to the fire. I thought I'd *towld* you before, Felix, to bring a sod of turf every morning?—Sit down, sir,—sit down, I say, on the floor along with the rest, and get your lesson, and don't let me see you near the fire all this blessed day. Now, *by's*, what are you after?—Silence!—*A-b* ab; *b-a-g* bag—Silence!—Jem Dogherty, whip the door off the hinges and clap it on this row of sods—there now, borrow a bit of chalk from Kernahan, till I write a large-hand copy—hum buzz—ba, be, bi, bo, bu, buzz—Terry Flanagan, come over here—Arrah, why but you come, sir, when I bid you?—See here, spell me this word—Constan-ti-no-ple—*By's*, that's the name of the grand Turk!—See what it is to know navigation—I don't suppose there's a man in the barony, barring myself and the priest, could tell you who Constantinople is!

Upon my word you're welcome;
Pray what kept you till now, sir?
Indeed it was my father,
He sent me for the cow, sir.
I would have brought you some fresh eggs,
But the hens they were not laying.
Go long—sit down—I'll beat you well,
For I know you have been playing.

What have you been about this morning?—Where's your book?—take off your hat, you dunce, take it off—stand up in the corner—keep your fingers out of your mouth—Ah, you dog, I'll flog you first, and then cut the *sowl* out of you after, so I will—how dare you mitch from school?—What kept you, I say?—Sir, it was——Silence in a moment; how dare you, sir, say a word when I'm *spaking*? Och, I'll let your father know the courses you carry on in——Sir, it was my mother bid me say she'll be much obliged to you to come over at dinner-time.—Put on your hat, Paddy, you're a well-reared boy, and I'll make a man of you—Oh, your mother, Paddy, is the woman that will have luck. Tell her I'll be there as strict as if

it was a *binch* warrant—take care how you go across the river, it's very deep—O you'll be a bishop yet, Paddy; it'll be seen who taught you.

So when I'm late for school,
The excuse 'twill be my mother, sir;
And when that one won't do,
I'll try and make another, sir.
For my mother is a good man,
And so, sir, is my daddy O—
And 'twill not be my fault
If I'm not their own Paddy O.

And how did you get home yesterday, Pat dear? and how is all your very good father's family?—Come here now, and let me see how you'll read this little story.—A boy w-e-n-t went out one day to rob birds' nests, but he had not g, gone far w-h-e-n when he met a l-i-t lit, t-l-e til (that's 'little,' Paddy) met a little girl—Ay, Paddy, mind that; if he had been going to school that would not have happened him—Stick to your book, Paddy, and take care you meet no little girls—met a little girl with a jug——That's my pointer—Stand over there and let me see the fire—No, I won't—Silence there, silence, I say, or I'll be the death of ye all—buzz—buzz—hum."

But here we must conclude; yet not without stating that there is some pretty poetry, as well as droll parodies, scattered through these delightful volumes. Instead of either, we finish (naturally enough) with the last lament of the widow Crottie for her husband, "one William Crottie, who was hanged through the means of one Davy Norris, a thief of an informer, who came round him, and betrayed him. And so Mrs. Crottie, whose own name was Burke, a mighty decent woman she was, and come of decent people, made up this lamentation about her husband.

"Oh, William Crottie, your days are ended,
And your poor wife lies unbefriended,
In a cold jail, where none will come near her;
Her dearest friends this day won't hear her!
Oh, ullagone!

But soon I'll leave this Irish nation,
And sail away to the great plantation;
For let me go among Turks or Heathens,
I'll meet with more pity than in my own nation.
Oh, ullagone!

Oh, William Crottie, I often told you
That Davy Norris would come round you;
'Twas he that took you, as you lay sleeping,
And left me here in sorrow weeping!
Oh, ullagone!

Then came the day of sad repentance,
When William Crottie received his sentence;
The drums they did beat, and most mournfully sounded,
And my poor senses were at once confounded.
Oh, ullagone!

I bear great blame from all these women,
Yet I'll never forsake my dear companion;
When first I knew him he was no Tory,
But now he's gone there's an end to my glory!
Oh, ullagone!

Adieu, ye hills, and adieu, ye mountains,
Adieu to Glanworth's crystal fountains,
Where often I waited for Crottie, my darling,
To bring me home both gold and *starling!*
Oh, ullagone!"

The Castilian. By the Author of "Gomez Arias." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

In our last *Gazette* we briefly adverted to the publication of this novel, and to the pleasure we had received from a hurried glance over its pages; and we have now little more to say, than that our very favourable impression has been amply confirmed by a more leisurely perusal of these volumes. Spain is a country rich in materials for works of this kind, and the author is so well imbued with a knowledge of national feelings and national manners, that he is capable of investing his stories with more of the air of truth than could be done by any foreigner. We must also express our approbation of his skill in mixing the historical with the inventive, so as not to load the latter with the dry rubbish of the former, nor destroy the verisimilitude of the former by an overpowering charge of the latter. As pictures of the age, we could detach many spirited pieces; but probably the account of the battle which decided the fate of the Castilian monarchy will answer our purpose as well as any other selection.

"Slowly and silently the troops moved forward. The force consisted chiefly of cavalry, and the hollow tramp of the horses conveyed an ominous sound, that rung on the ears of the most timid and superstitious. The Castilian collected all the energies of his soul to meet the portentous event with becoming dignity. His melancholy features seemed to brighten in the gloom; but the sad smile, in some measure natural to him, did not wholly disappear. As he gazed on the foe before him, a fearful cloud darkened all his prospects; for, alas! he could not disguise from his heart the small chance Don Pedro had of successfully coping with that formidable array. Not only were the forces of Trastamara far superior in numbers, but they came into the field with an anticipation of success. Besides, the presence of the renowned Sir Bertrand Duguesclin and his valiant cavaliers was enough to excite a deep sensation of dismay. With far different feelings did Don Enrique and his followers advance to battle; an eagerness for the contest shone in every eye, and the chiefs could scarcely restrain their impatience. The gallant Sir Bertrand came first in view, surrounded by his principal knights, one of whom bore the banner of the arms of Bourbon;—the death of Queen Blanche being the pretext for the arrival of the French in Castile to second the plans of Don Enrique. This prince himself, mounted on a milk-white horse, attired in a dazzling armour, and wearing a profusion of ornaments, soon came in front of the army, which he addressed in an animated voice. He dwelt strongly on the crimes of Don Pedro and the sacred duty to which they were called—of crushing the tyrant and preventing any farther effusion of blood. His speech was received with enthusiasm; the *pendon de Castilia* was unfurled, and Don Pero Lopez de Ayala, its bearer, and afterwards the historian of these times, came in presence of Don Enrique, to renew his oath of keeping that sacred pledge. But the same standard was carried by the adverse party; and Don Pedro could not suppress a smile of derision as he cried to Don Diego Gonzalez, who carried it, 'By my troth, Don Diego, it appears that *I* am a usurper. Look, sir, to your *pendon*, for there is its brother. It is not a *legitimate* one; but what behoves that, as the time goes?' Soon after, the engagement commenced. The shock was fierce at first, but Sir Bertrand Duguesclin, with terrific power, carried destruction wherever he passed. He seemed to make sure of victory, and continually animated his knights, calling to them, in their native tongue, to add to the valorous feats for which they were so noted; but they needed no stimulus. Their terrible blows flew about with fearful rapidity, and they soon began to put the Moors, who composed the right wing, together with the gallant body of cavaliers commanded by Men Rodriguez de Sanabria, into disorder. The centre of the army, led on by Don Pedro in person, sustained the attack with greater firmness and intrepidity; but their courage soon flagged, and they began to waver. In vain the king, partly by promises partly by threats, strove to rally the sinking spirits of his men; gradually they gave way and betook themselves to flight. In this despairing position, Don Pedro, frenzied with rage, searched around with eagle eye for his rival. He perceived the battle lost—lost beyond all remedy; and the only satisfaction to which he clung in this bitter moment, was the hope of closing in fearful strife with his hated foe. But in the confusion which every where prevailed, it was not easy to accomplish his design. He spent his rage, therefore, in fruitless exclamations, whilst the few stout Castilians who still adhered to him, gallantly, though ineffectually, endeavoured to stem the overwhelming torrent that rushed upon them."

The character of the heroine, Costanza, is altogether beautifully drawn, and abounds in touches of great skill and feeling: we are sorry that none of these can be transferred to our critique, so as to afford any idea of the feminine excellence of the original; and that we are also precluded, by its length and continuousness of narrative, from giving an example of the fine and interesting style in which the *Castilian* opens. Our Black Prince is introduced; and as every scene in which that gallant warrior engaged is sure to be attractive to English readers, we shall conclude with a description in which he figures prominently.

"The Black Prince had just pledged the last toast to the honour of England, and was about to rise from the convivial board, when Sir Robert Knolles detained him by demanding, 'How long, please your highness, will this our idle mood continue? default of practice, the valour of a soldier is apt to become as rusty as his weapon.' 'Be of good cheer, Sir Robert,' returned the prince; 'we cannot alter the course of things; but the adventurous knight may always find occasion to shew his gallantry and prowess in foreign fields, if he be so gallantly minded.' 'Ay, by St. George,' replied Sir Robert; 'and I sorely repent me for not following the example of Sir Hugh Calverley, and the free companions who have achieved such deeds, and acquired such rich booty in Spain.' 'Shame! Sir Robert,' cried the noble Sir John Chandos, reddening up; 'when was it thought seemly to hear an English knight deplore and repine at the loss of booty? Beshrew my heart! if among the fine deeds of Sir Hugh Calverley, his expedition into Castile shall call down the meed of praise.' 'Ay!' said Sir William Felton; 'the more so, when we consider he is engaged in the cause of a usurper, to dethrone his liege and lawful king.' 'Right, Sir William,' observed the Black Prince, with approving looks: 'besides, is there not something in bad keeping, thus to become the allies of our natural foes? I marvel me how Sir Hugh can agree with Sir Bertrand Duguesclin. Eh! sirs, those free companions, as they term themselves, ought in mere justice to take another title; for that of freebooters, methinks, would better become them.' 'Gramercy, Sir Prince!' cried Sir Robert, with a sardonic smile; 'if the compliment is levelled at my poor deserts.' 'Sir Knight,' replied the Black Prince, 'although Sir Robert Knolles should feel offended at a just observation, yet never shall Edward of Wales forbear censure where he thinks it merited. What, sir! have we not every day new complaints of depredations and injustice against the companions?—and who, by St. George, is to redress these wrongs?—or are we to shut our eyes and ears to the cries of justice, to suit the good pleasure of these marauders!' At this moment, an attendant came to announce that a Spanish cavalier had a communication of a private nature to impart

to the prince; upon this, the knights withdrew, and the prince commanded the messenger into his presence. Without any ceremony, the stranger was ushered in. He was a man of very prepossessing and lofty demeanour, though clad in an uncouth and lowly guise. With an expression of humility, blended with noble pride, he made a profound obeisance to the prince, and, presenting a roll of papers, said, 'Most noble prince! I come from my lord and master, Don Pedro, the king of Castile, now a fugitive from his dominions, to seek, in his behalf, the protection of the noble and valiant knights of England. From these papers you will learn more fully the purport of my mission.' The prince received Ferran de Castro, for such was the stranger, most graciously; and taking the offered papers, he glanced over their contents with visible interest; then turning to De Castro—'You are welcome to us,' he said, 'from our cousin of Castile. Hard times these, Sir Spaniard! From this document I see that Don Pedro has been roughly used. What means of assistance can he count upon?' 'None, sir, none,' replied Ferran, mournfully, 'but the generous sympathy of true knights, who will boldly assert the cause of loyalty and justice against wicked usurpation. An unnatural brother, conjoined with a faction of nobles and clergy, supported by foreign allies, have hurled their sovereign from the throne. He is now compelled to fly from his kingdom, deserted by all his liege subjects and sworn vassals; half a dozen cavaliers, myself included, constitute his whole retinue.' 'Sir Ferran, your fidelity looks well,' replied the prince. 'I grieve that the Castilians should have forgotten a virtue, for which they have always been so much vaunted. However, we will consider the grievances of our cousin, and devise means to assist him in his trouble. Duguesclin is, in good sooth, a puissant and a formidable knight—the power of Trastamara is acknowledged in Castile; yet, with the help of God and my good sword, we shall speedily see whether rebellion and usurpation shall triumph in your land.' 'Noble sir!' cried Ferran, joyfully, 'may Heaven reward your generous disposition!' 'Sir Castilian,' replied the prince, 'to protect the wronged and chastise the oppressor, is a duty imposed on a true knight; and such would I willingly profess myself to be. Moreover, I think it a sacred cause, and all that I can do shall be done forthwith in favour of Don Pedro. Yet, first, I must consult the lords of my father's court, for it is only with their aid and approbation that I can hope for success: you will stay our guest, and in brief space an answer will be given,'" which is in the affirmative.

In bidding farewell to this publication, we ought in candour to say that it is of a character to which it is impossible for a review of moderate length to do justice: we have only been able to illustrate parts; but the whole must be read to be duly appreciated.

Days Departed; or, Banwell Hill: a Lay of the Severn Sea. By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. 8vo. pp. 120. London, Murray; Bath, Cruttwell.

If sweet poetry, not unmixed with some matter with which, in our opinion, such poetry ought to have little relation, can prove that the early genius of Mr. Bowles is still a living flame, we have only to refer to this volume for the fact. The senility of the author is an assumption, if we look at the freshness of his muse—a curious admixture (to us, of a later date) of feelings in which we do not participate, yet which we must acknowledge to have a powerful interest on the present time. But we will rather take Mr. Bowles in his universally amiable character of poet, than in his strong garb of theologian. His first temptation is that of the describer of the antediluvian cave (Banwell) from which his poem takes its name.

"Spirit of other times, thou speakest not!
Yet who could gaze a moment on that wreck
Of desolation, but must pause to think
Of the mutations of the globe;—of time,
Hurrying to onward spoil;—of his own life,
Swift passing, as the summer light, away;—
Of Him who spoke, and the dread storm went forth.
The surge came, and the surge went back, and there—
There—when the black abyss had ceased to roar,
And waters, shrinking from the rocks and hills,
Slept in the solitary sunshine—there
The bones that strew the inmost cavern lay:
And when forgotten centuries had pass'd,
And the gray smoke went up from villages,
And cities with their tow'rs and temples shone,
And kingdoms rose and perish'd—there they lay!"

On recovering from such a subject, it is natural to look for a long retrospective glance—and the poet gives it.

"Soldier of Rome,
Art thou come hither to this land remote,
Hid in the ocean-waste? Thy chariot wheels
Rang on that road below!—Cohorts, and turms,
With their centurions, in long file appear,
Their golden eagles glitt'ring to the sun,
O'er the last line of spears; and standard-flags
Wave, and the trumpets sounding to 'advance,'
And shields, and helms, and crests, and chariots, mark
The glorious march of Cæsar's soldiery
Firing the gray horizon!—They are pass'd!
And like a gleam of glory, perishing,
Leave but a name behind!—So passes man,
An armed spectre o'er a field of blood,
And vanishes!—and other armed shades
Pass by, red battle hurtling as they pass.
The Saxon kings have strewed their palaces
From Thames to Tyne. But, lo! the sceptre shakes;
The Dane, remorseless as the hurricane
That sweeps his native cliffs, harries the land!
What terror strode before his track of blood!
What hamlets mourn'd his desultory march,
When on the circling hills along the sea
The beacon-flame shone nightly! He has pass'd!
Now frowns the Norman victor on his throne,
And every cottage shrouds its lonely fire
As the sad curfew sounds. Yet Piety
With new-inspiring energies awoke,
And ampler polity; in woody vales,
In unfrequented wilds and forest-glens,
The tow'rs of the sequester'd abbey shone,
As when the pinnacles of Glaston fane
First met the morning light. The parish church
Then, too, exulting o'er the ruder cross,
Up-sprung, till soon the distant village peal
Flings out its music, where the tap'ring spire
Adds a new picture to the sheltered vale;
And Uphill rock, where sits the lonely church,
Above the sands, seems, like the chronicler
Of other times, there left to tell the tale!"

This is a pleasing expression of feelings in which every one must participate: our next example is a charming one of the calm sea.

"Thou hast put on thy mildest look to-day,
Thou mighty element! Solemn, and still,
And motionless, and touch'd with softer light,
And without noise, lies all thy long expanse.
Thou seemest now as calm, as if a child
Might daily with thy playfulness, and stand—
The weak winds lifting gently its light hair—
Upon thy margin, watching one by one
The long waves, breaking slow, with such a sound
As Silence, in her dreamy mood, might love,
When she more softly breath'd, fearing a breath
Might mar thy placidness!"

We do not pursue the faithless element; but, to be fairly characteristic of our author, copy his view of elder and later times.

"That village maid
Approaches timidly, yet beautiful;
A tear is on her lids, when she looks down
Upon her sleeping child. Her heart was won,
The wedding-day was fix'd, the ring was bought!
'Tis the same story—Coffin was untrue!—
He ruin'd, and then left her to her fate.
Pity her—she has not a friend on earth,
And that still tear speaks to all human hearts
But his, whose cruelty and treachery
Caused it to flow! So crime still follows crime—
Ask we the causes?—Water, air, and smoke,
Spread out their giant-arms o'er all the land!
The wheel is silent in the vale! Old age,
And youth, are level'd by one parish law!
Ask why that maid, all day, toils in the field,
Associate with the rude and ribald clown,
Ev'n in the shrinking pudency of youth!
To earn her loaf, and eat it by herself.
Parental love is smitten to the dust—
Over a little smoke the aged sire
Holds his pale hands—and the deserted hearth
Is cheerless as his heart:—but Piety
Points to the Bible! Shut the book again:
The ranter is the roving gospel now,
And each his own apostle! Shut the book,—
A locust-swarm of tracts darken its light,
And choke its utt'rance; while a Babel-rout
Of mock-religionists—turn where we will—
Have drown'd 'the small still voice,' till Piety,
Sick of the din, retires to pray alone."

To conclude, we quote the Arctic Dove—a quotation full of poetry, and, if we had not shewn it by preceding extracts, sufficient to demonstrate Mr. Bowles's great powers in versification. About his theological opinions we take no concern; but, making every allowance for the personal memories mixed up in this volume, we must say that it is highly honourable to the feelings and talents of its writer.

"Ride on:—the ark, majestic and alone
On the wide waste of the careering deep,
Its hull scarce peering through the night of clouds,
Is seen. But lo! the mighty deep has shrunk!
The ark, from its terrific voyage, rests
On Ararat. The raven is sent forth,—
Send out the dove, and as her wings far off
Shine in the light, that streaks the sev'ring clouds,
Bid her speed on, and greet her with a song:—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below!

The wife of Shem, a moment to her breast
Held the poor bird, and kiss'd it. Many a night
When she was listening to the hollow wind,
She press'd it to her bosom, with a tear;
Or when it murmur'd in her hand, forgot
The long, loud tumult of the storm without.—
She kiss'd it, and, at her father's word,
Bids it go forth.

The dove flies on! In lonely flight
She flies from dawn till dark;
And now, amid the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.
Oh! let me in, she seems to say,
For long and lone hath been my way.
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest,
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.

So the bird flew to her who cherish'd it.
She sent it forth again out of the ark:—
Again it came at ev'ning-fall, and lo,
An olive-leaf pluck'd off, and in its bill.
And Shem's wife took the green leaf from its bill,
And kiss'd its wings again, and smilingly
Dropp'd on its neck one silent tear for joy.
She sent it forth once more; and watch'd its flight,
Till it was lost amid the clouds of heaven:
Then gazing on the clouds where it was lost,
Its mournful mistress sung this last farewell:—

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away.
No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind.
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

Oh! beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree:
Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
From this cold prison's call;
Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well."

Hungarian Tales. By the Author of the "Lettre de Cachet." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Saunders and Otley.

Our favourable augury respecting these Hungarian Tales has been realised. The author is fortunate in a picturesque and original groundwork; and the only want we discover in her treatment of it is a want of condensation, or perhaps we should rather say, of that dramatic interest which is the result of close opposition: for example, in the first, best tale, Cassian, we lose sight of one prominent personage after another; and they do not reoccupy the scene again till they are forgotten, and only forced in to terminate the winding-up, and be accounted for at the finale. That

finale, by the by, appears rather absurd for our literature, where we do not remember having met with so conclusive an incident as that of knocking out the brains of an adversary. Yet is the story an extremely interesting one; and Iölina, the heroine, an exquisite piece of female portraiture. Of the Balsam-seller of Thurotzer we have the same slight complaint to make, that it is a little spun out; but still it contains some picturesque and redeeming passages: while the Hungarian Gipsy is a very prettily told tale. Of these productions, generally, it may not be amiss to quote what is set down in the preface.

"The Hungarian nation, ancient and picturesque, and peculiarly characterised as it is, appears to be at present little known, and perhaps still less cared for, in England. Our indifference is singularly ungrateful; for there is scarcely a European country in which the Anglomania rages more fiercely than in that slighted land. The Hungarians are fond of attempting to prove a national resemblance between themselves and the English; although, as a wreck of absenteeism, Ireland might surely afford them a closer parallel:—but all who are acquainted with the *morgue* and presumption of the Magyar character, can appreciate the compliment intended by the expression of such an opinion. The English language has been of late years extensively cultivated among the higher classes; and the names of our popular writers and artists have become 'familiar in their mouths as household words.' The portraits of Scott and Byron, and engravings after the works of Wilkie and Harlowe, are amongst their most common domestic ornaments. I should, however, be understood to allude simply to the inhabitants of their chief cities—of Presburg, Pesth, Ofen, or Caschau; for the provinces still remain in the lowest state of mental and moral degradation. At the University of Pesth there is a professorial chair for the English language, with a liberal endowment. It is at present filled by an intelligent Frenchman—a soldier of Napoleon's army—who has compiled in Latin, for the use of the students, an English Grammar, Dictionary, and other class-books, which have been honoured with the commendation of the critics of Göttingen. The works first placed in the hands of the scholars of Pesth, are the Vicar of Wakefield, and Shakspeare's comedies! But the writings of Scott, Byron, and Moore, with some of our best periodicals, are in extensive circulation; and I had the gratification of finding, in January last, the *Keepsake* and *Forget-me-not*, of the new year, on the counter of a bookseller at Pesth; where, as the last fashionable novel, I was presented with Lord Normanby's *Matilda*. Nor are our manufactures less appreciated. I noticed that *bobinná*, or English bobbin-net, was lavishly distributed upon the dresses of the recent carnival; and that the price of five hundred florins, *münz*, or fifty guineas, was affixed to a set of Staffordshire crockery in a warehouse in Buda; while the most beautiful Vienna porcelain was valued at a third of the sum. The sign of 'the English Lord' adorns several distinguished tailors' shops in the capital, typified by the effigy of 'a fine, gay, bold-faced villain,' in top-boots, a hunting-frock, and a brown beaver; or in an imitation of Werther's costume."

Our extracts shall essay to shew as much as may be of Hungarian peculiarities and characteristics: thus the palace of the Countess Lingotaki:

"If the Lingotskische Schloss on the Plater See had surprised her by its air of grandeur, the rude desolate splendours of Szent Miklós oppressed her with a sense of loneliness painful to her feelings. The palace, although of stupendous dimensions, and befitting the princely estate of which it formed the central point, did not strike her by any unusual shew of dignity when viewed from the glorious avenue by which it was approached for many leagues. But as the distance gave way, the whole edifice with its turrets and bartizans and overhanging galleries burst upon her sight, with the Lingotaki body-guard of hussars drawn up in splendid array upon the glacis, and a countless multitude of vassals lining the road, and apparently marshalled by military discipline to salute the arrival of their lord. * * They crossed the drawbridge; and the broidered banners of his regiment were lowered as the carriage entered the court-yard, and drew up under the stone arcades of the hall of entrance, the groined roof of which rested upon massive columns of red granite. The household, headed by the *hofrichter* of the estate, accompanied by the chief engineer of the mines, and by two resident professors of medicine and natural history, was assembled to greet with humble deference the first appearance of the count: and Lingotski led the timid steps of his bride through long files of vassals and dependants into the great saloon, which, despite the mirrors, and statues, and tapestries with which it was adorned, looked like the awful and uninhabitable vestibule of an enchanted castle. Iölina half shuddered as she turned into the deep embrasure of a window, to gaze upon the boundless prospect that lay beneath. She perceived that avenues, similar to that by which they had reached the palace, served as approaches to the three opposite entrances of its quadrangle; and the mighty cross of foliage formed by their junction afforded the only shew of verdure visible for many miles. A rich bank of forest seemed, however, to rise in the distant horizon, towards a chain of hills forming a principal pass into Transylvania, and known as the 'Brazen Door;' and a slope, covered with vineyards, appeared to terminate the chain still nearer to Szent Miklós: but neither copse nor bushy dingle, nor isolated groups of massive elm or oak, varied the monotonous but fertile plains, on a knoll of which the palace was situated, and which lay around it in vast and almost uninhabitable dreariness. There were pastures, it is true, alive with cattle, 'forty feeding like one;'—there were enclosures of mighty extent, from whose stubby surface the shocks of corn had been but recently removed; and some still wider, to which the decaying stalks of the *tengeri buza** or maize, imparted a most dreary aspect. But excepting unto those who drew their revenues from the mighty fertility of the land,—those who saw the sun rise upon its vastness, and knew themselves 'lords of the fowl and the brute' sheltering in its deep ravines, or darkening its spreading lakes, the uninformed expanse conveyed no pleasurable sensations. It wanted the vivifying impulse of a free and prospering population—it wanted a shew of happy human growth, to strengthen its appeal to the heart; for, although the labourers who were seen scattered on the plains, some busy in tillage—some in guarding the flocks—some spear in hand, driving herds of woolly Turkish swine towards the forest, or bringing homewards from its dark recesses droves of milch-buffaloes; although they bore no manacles on their limbs, nor were overlooked by a scourge-bearing overseer,—yet the impress of bondage and degradation was as plainly marked upon their swart foreheads, as if the scene of their labours had been encircled by Caribbean seas; and thus the landscape borrowed no enlivenment from its living features. Saving the eagles which were winging their lofty way towards the distant mountains, or a solitary bustard following their flight at a timid interval, there was not a single free or happy thing visible between the parched earth and the clear blue sky."

* Literally, *sun-wheat*.

As a contrast, we take a Hungarian dinner in low life.

"The tureen smoked auspiciously;—and a dish of the limbs of fowls delicately crumbed and fried, promised well, when flavoured with lemon-juice and the bright-red native *paprika*,—an excellent substitute for the coarse pepper used in the empire. The bread was fresh and light,—an important point to those who have been condemned to feed upon the heavy yellow loaves full of aniseed, and glazed with glue, which prevail in the Austrian states; and, above all, a well-cobwebbed bottle of Matthias's *supernaculum* stood beside the pile of plates. The stranger had scarcely seated himself before his repast, when a band of *zigeuner* who were passing through the village, having noticed the lights still burning in the *saal*, entered without further invitation, and established themselves in the back-ground, for the performance of one of their singular concerts. A dulcimer, two violins, a monochord, and a bass, were the instruments employed,—all of their own manufacture: and, without the least knowledge of counterpoint, or of music as a science, they contrived to maintain a very decent degree of harmony; each in turn improvisating a variation upon the motive sustained by the others,—a very beautiful and characteristic national melody. On the conclusion of their concerted piece, old Matthias, who was vain of his daughter's talents and sweet voice, desired one of the violinists to repeat alone the accompaniment of the same air, which he called upon Suzsi to sing in her best manner, for the entertainment of his guest. The young girl, unused to disobey, came forward without delay or affectation; and, save that she held the corner of her plaited apron for support and countenance, without any remarkable shew of timidity. Her voice was sweet and touching; and after breathing a prelude, whose tripled notes closely resembled the call of a quail, she proceeded to sing the following hymn:

"What lowly voice repeats with plaintive waff,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!
So sings amid the corn the lowly quail,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!
There crouching in her loneliness,
Her feeble accents humbly bless
The Giver of the fields around.—
Oh! let me breathe the same soft sound,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!
List! as the evening sun sinks low and dim,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!
The patient quail renews her vesper hymn,
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!
Watching beside the turfen nest
Wherein her callow fledglings rest,
There, as I bend my wandering feet,
Let me her holy strain repeat—
Ama Deum,—ama Deum!

Suzsi, who, in the interest of her song, had lost the coy shyness arising from singing it to a stranger, had dropt the protecting corner of her apron, while she sweetly repeated the triple notes, which were modulated so as to imitate the quail-call with remarkable exactness."

The above song is sung by a young Hungarian, thus described:

"Suzsi, the heiress of the blue-hedgehog, was one of the fairest, gentlest, and most popular damsels in the county of Gran. The trimness of her well-turned figure derived a coquettish airiness from the dark Hungarian jacket, jingling with silver buttons, which was closely fitted to her slender waist; and her glossy hair was braided with a nicety and elegance which accounted for the absence of the knotted kerchief that ought to have completed her costume."

Of the Infanta of Presburg we cannot speak as being above the ordinary level of such narrations: but looking at these three volumes *en masse*, we can very safely recommend them as well worthy of the attention of our readers. They possess much of novelty, and belong to an order which is likely to be continued and improved, either by their author or by other literary talent. As a beginning, the present work does great credit to a female pen, and is well calculated to entertain a numerous body of readers in these holyday times.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Young Gentleman's Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge; intended as a Holyday or Birth-day Present. By W. Pinnock. 18mo. pp. 354. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

If a great variety of interesting topics, collected from contemporary literature, and put together in a new and attractive form, will make a good work, a work that deserves the name of *the Young Gentleman's Library*, and is calculated to amuse and improve the rising generation, such a production is the volume before us. Mr. Pinnock enjoys well-merited celebrity as an instructor of youth; and this new design, we think, bids fair to be as popular as his widely-circulated Catechisms. Yet, pleased as we are with this commencement, we shall look for even better volumes as the author proceeds,—volumes, we mean, perhaps less heterogeneous, and, at all events, arranged and classed with more distinctness. Too much diversity may distract youthful minds; and there ought always to be a connecting thread in books intended for their use, which, independently of other circumstances, serves as a sort of *memoria technica*, and helps the recollection. But these remarks are rather applicable to the general subject than to this particular work, which is one of sterling value, and adorned with a number of clever woodcuts by Sears.

Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages, conspicuous in English History, from the Reign of Richard the Second to that of Charles the Second. Engraved under the direction of Charles John Smith. Accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, and interesting Extracts from the original Documents. Part VII. By John Gough Nichols. London, 1828. J. B. Nichols and Son.

We recently noticed two Parts of this publication. The present is equally curious and entertaining. The various autographs (forty-four in number) are engraved with singular distinctness and precision, and we have no doubt are perfect fac-similes of the originals. In the biographical illustrations much information is condensed into a small compass.

RELIGIOUS PUBLICATIONS.

We desire to relieve our minds, and to clear our table, of a considerable number of religious works, which have recently reached us from various quarters; and as we are neither controversialists nor polemics, we trust it will be deemed sufficient if, in all such cases, we give concise characters of the publications on the grounds of their own choosing, without entering into objections which different principles and beliefs must suggest.

The Last Supper, &c. By the Author of the "Morning and Evening Sacrifice," and the "Farewell to Time." 12mo. pp. 453. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittaker.

The writer of this volume is a very popular author, and held in great esteem by a large class of religious readers. His *Farewell to Time* has rapidly run through several editions; and the present work, on the most powerfully interesting of the Christian sacraments, being in the same elevated tone, will, we have no doubt, be equally successful.

Sir Matthew Hale on the Knowledge of Christ Crucified, and other Divine Contemplations: with an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. D. Young, Perth. 12mo. pp. 464. Glasgow, 1828, W. Collins; Edinburgh, W. Whyte and Co., and W. Oliphant; London, Whittaker, and Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A reprint of Chief Justice Hale, with a portrait of the author, for which also we are indebted to the piety of the North. The Essay is an able paper, justly praising the efforts now making to advance the general diffusion of knowledge; and at the same time furnishing a volume like this as a fit spring for slaking that thirst which is thus created. It is, indeed, wise, great, and glorious, to inspire every class with the wish to learn; but it is wiser, greater, and more glorious, to meet and supply that wish with what is truly calculated to promote the happiness of the neophytes, and the good of mankind.

A Catechism of the Christian Religion. By a Graduate of Oxford, &c. 12mo. pp. 122. Oxford, Vincent.

A translation of the *Catechismus Heidelbergensis* (of 1563), with accompanying Scripture proofs, as published by the University of Oxford. This little volume well deserves regard. Its doctrines were early recognised by the Belgian churches, and by the Synod of Dort in 1618; and it has been the subject of much controversy. We are surprised that it should have so long been consigned to comparative oblivion.

Hints to promote a profitable Attendance on an Evangelical Ministry. By the Rev. W. Davis. 18mo. pp. 123. London, Hatchard and Son.

By "profitable" in this title-page is not meant worldly profit, though we fear too many attend evangelical as well as other places of divine worship with that view. It is a serious recommendation to listen to, and meditate on, what is delivered from the pulpit.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUNICH.

[We are favoured with the following account of the improvements of Munich by a correspondent of distinguished abilities both in literature and the fine arts: his statement is a monument of everlasting honour to his royal master, the unwearied and liberal encourager of every useful and refining project.]

The patronage which the Fine Arts enjoy from our king, who is not only a passionate amateur, but also a profound connoisseur, has made a rapid revolution, particularly in architecture and painting, and procured us very fine collections of works of art of every kind. The city of Munich appears to have been in a few years totally transformed. Every where rise new buildings, whole streets, in general arranged in a grand style, and with a variety which vies with the fine Italian cities, such as Florence, Bologna, &c. The increasing population causes the erection of a great many private dwellings, the exterior of which, at least, is to be executed under the direction of Klenze. The finest street will be the Ludwigs-Strasse, in which the palaces of his highness the Prince Maximilian and of the ministry of war are to be erected. Three great architectural works of a public character, to be built by Klenze, are begun, and will be finished in a few years—the King's Palace, the new Picture Gallery, and the Glyptotheca, or museum of antique statues. The latter, being the first work commenced by our king (fourteen years ago, while prince royal), is the farthest advanced; the exterior, of the Ionic order, is not free from faults, but the interior, divided into a series of vaulted halls, is ornamented with great taste and magnificence. The pavements of stained marble, the sides of the walls of green or yellow stucco-lustro, and the fine and richly-gilt stuccos of the ceilings, form a gorgeous receptacle for the statues, which are better arranged than in any other collection in Europe, the rooms being built expressly for them. They are placed upon pedestals of red marble, and each hall receives light from a single lofty semi-circular window, except the four cupolas, which have sky-lights. The part of this museum which is now arranged in four halls, contains many of the master-pieces of ancient art which were formerly in renowned collections, and some that are new discoveries; for instance, the colossal Muse and the Faun of the Barberini Palace; the colossal bust of Minerva, and the fine Lancothot of the Albani Palace; the Medusa Rondanini and two Sons of Niobe—one of which, kneeling (and not amongst the Florentine group), is undoubtedly one of the most highly finished works of Grecian art extant. As new discoveries, there are the highly interesting Ægina marbles, found at Ægina by Baron Haller, Messrs. Cockerell, Linkh, and Forster, and which are to the history of the earliest Grecian art what your Elgin marbles are in respect to its flourishing period. Works of Egyptian and Etruscan art, and Roman sculptures, will be placed in other halls, which are to be finished in 1830. Many works of ancient art, in his majesty's possession, are not yet known to the public; for instance, the collection of Madame Murat, bought some years ago; many marbles, bronzes, and vases, the produce of excavations in Greece made by Baron Haller; a large mosaic painting found in Italy, &c. &c. Three other halls, one of which is already finished, derive their principal ornament from the fresco paintings of Cornelius, director of our Academy of Arts, and undoubtedly the most poetical painter now living. The first contains the Deities of Grecian mythology, viz. Olympus, the empire of Neptune, and Tartarus, in three large paintings; and on the ceiling the Seasons and Hours, in many mythological groups and arabesques. The pictures of the other room, which are nearly finished, contain the principal scenes of the war of Troy, in more colossal figures than those in the first. In the third hall will be painted the most ancient Grecian mythology after Hesiod. By these pictures our king has resuscitated historical, and particularly fresco painting, which for a long time had been lost in Germany; and

Cornelius, who has acquired high reputation from their composition, formed, in executing these works, a numerous school of young painters, who are now occupied in other extensive performances.

The second great building, the Picture Gallery, contains a series of eight large vaulted halls, lighted by sky-lights, for the large pictures of every school: besides these, there are many rooms of less dimensions for the smaller paintings, lighted by windows; and on the southern side, for the entrance to the hall, is a long *loggia*, in the style of Bramante. This building seems to be the *capo d'opera* of the architect, as well in the interior distribution as in the composition of the exterior. It is intended to contain from thirteen to fifteen hundred oil paintings, composed of a selection of the best works in the galleries of Munich and Schleisheim; the old German paintings of the celebrated Boisserée collection, bought by his majesty a few years ago; and many Italian paintings, collected likewise by our king for completing the Italian school. Here will be placed a famous Madonna by Raphael, known at Florence as the Madonna del Palazzo Tempi, which has just arrived. In the rooms of the ground floor will be arranged the numerous and exquisite collections of prints and drawings, which are now separate, and a collection of ancient vases and mosaics, as specimens of ancient painting. This building will likewise afford another opportunity for fresco-painting. The loggia is to be decorated with fresco paintings in the arabesque style, containing the lives of the painters, after the designs of Cornelius, executed by Professor Zimmerman and the pupils of Cornelius.

The third great building I mentioned is the royal palace, erected at the side, and as a new part, of the old residence. This magnificent work is in the Florentine style, and will have much the appearance of the Pitti palace, though not so gloomy. In the lofty rooms of the ground floor, his majesty has ordered to be painted the principal scenes of our old German poem, the Nibelungen Lied; and Julius Schnorr, professor of historical painting in our academy, has already made a great many of the designs, which are to be executed by him and his pupils. On the other side of the old palace, a chapel for the king is to be erected, and decorated with fresco paintings (the subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures) by Professor Henry Hess, son of the engraver Charles Hess, who enjoyed much renown in England, and who died some months ago. As I have spoken so much of fresco-painting, I cannot omit to mention the arcades between the residence and the Bazar, or merchant-house, which form a long covered walk by the side of the garden of the residence. Sixteen of them have been decorated (almost all in a few years) with large fresco paintings, representing the principal events in the history of our king's ancestors, or the house of Wittelsbach. These paintings, which will be finished next year, are executing under the direction of Cornelius, by his pupils, and shew the great progress of these young men (none of whom has been in Italy), and the improvement of historical painting in general; for, twenty or thirty years ago, not a single historical picture, of so large a size, such good composition, and such spirited execution, was to be found in all Germany. Besides the architectural works already mentioned, a large Odéon, or building for the celebration of public festivals, has been erected, but it is not executed to the entire satisfaction of connoisseurs. The order of his majesty to erect a church for the Protestants, who had been hitherto confined to a small chapel, originally intended only for the service of the queen, has met with much greater approbation. The new building is executed by Pertsch, who was the architect of the prison, erected a few years ago—a large edifice, of good proportions, and of appropriate character. Another and very necessary building, finished this year, is the new stone bridge over the Iser, built by Probst, at the expense of the city.

The late king, Maximilian I., was a great amateur of cabinet paintings and landscapes, and formed a very fine collection, which has been sold since his death. There was a very fine picture by your Wilkie, "Reading of the Will," now in the possession of his present majesty, and placed in the public gallery; and a large historical picture by Henry Hess, "the Parnassus," one of the finest oil paintings by any master of the modern schools. Under the protection of the late king, a number of good painters formed themselves at Munich. Amongst these are Peter Hess and Colonel Heidegger, now in Greece, for battle-pieces; Quaglio, for architectural subjects; Rottman, Dorner, Wagenbauer, for landscapes. The portrait painter of the royal family is Stieler, distinguished by the striking likenesses of all his portraits. Besides these artists, there are many younger painters; and that they are on the increase, you may see from the fact, that we have about two hundred and fifty students in our Academy of Arts, most of whom are in the departments of drawing and painting. All the smaller oil-paintings are exhibited in the building of the Society of Arts (Kunstverein), which is a private institution of artists and amateurs, where new works of art can be exhibited and sold to amateurs and to the Society itself, which distributes its acquisitions every year, by lot, among its members.

Though we have some distinguished names in sculpture, there is none so highly renowned for public monuments as Rauch, at Berlin,—by whom his majesty wished the monument for the late king to be executed. It is to be erected, at the cost of the city, in the Maximilian-Joseph-platz, before the new royal palace, and the magnificent theatre, and cast in bronze after the models of Rauch, by Stiegelmayer, at Munich. The latter artist is to cast in bronze a magnificent obelisk which will be placed in the Ludwigs-Strasse, as a monument for the Bavarians killed in the Russian war. A monument to Albert Durer, which his majesty caused to be erected by the city of Nuremberg, and on account of which a great festival was held on the 6th of April last, the day of Durer's death, (1528), is likewise to be executed by Rauch, and cast in bronze at Nuremberg. A monument to the late Duke of Leuchtenberg, to be placed in the church of St. Michael, at Munich, is to be executed by Thorwaldsen, at Rome. Only the statues for the exterior of the Glyptotheca are to be executed here by young artists, after the models of the late Haller.

This is a short account of our principal performances in the fine arts, which are, as you see, rapidly advancing. There is, also, a great deal of literary and scientific exertion here; but the public, in general, has more taste and inclination for art than for science; and therefore our University, though it boasts many celebrated professors, and about 1500 students, finds more difficulties than the pursuit of the fine arts. But time and liberal disbursements will undoubtedly realise the great expectations which fix the eyes of Europe upon us.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POISONED WOUNDS, ANIMAL VIRUS, &c.

Some very important experiments have recently been made in Paris, with the chlorurets of lime and soda, in cases of poisoned wounds and the inoculation of animal virus. The disinfecting qualities of the chlorurets were already well known; and it was supposed from analogy that they might be used with effect in neutralising the component parts of animal poisons. The disinfectant property of the chlorurets depending upon their affinity for hydrogen, and hydrogen being one of the elements of virus and venom, the others being oxygen, carbon, and, in animal matters, azote, it was imagined that by abstracting, even partially, one of the elements of the poison, the character would be so changed, as to enable nature, without further aid, to get rid of the infection. Dr. Coster, a Paris physician, proceeding upon this reasoning, has recently performed some extraordinary cures in cases of syphilitic and other ulcers, with a solution of the chloruret of soda; and upon animals of different kinds, which had been inoculated with the virus of diseases common to their species, his experiments were equally successful. In several cases of bites from vipers, he found chlorurated lotions and injections perfectly efficacious; and he relates a successful experiment made upon a dog which had been bitten by another suffering under positively defined hydrophobia. Two dogs were bitten in various parts by the rabid animal; one of them was tied up, and remained without any means being adopted to prevent the absorption of the virus beyond the application of ligatures above the surfaces of the wounds, and the injection of pure water in the places bitten. The other had also ligatures applied, and the wounds were washed with a strong solution of the chloruret of soda. Thirty-seven days after the animals had been bitten, that to which the chloruret had not been applied became furiously mad, and died in great agony. The other, whose wounds had cicatrised rapidly, was in perfect health, and has remained so from that time. Dr. Coster states, that this was the only experiment which he has been able to make on the virus of rabid animals; but the success which attended it was sufficient to hold out a hope that the use of the chlorurets may be found equally valuable in other cases.

POPULATION.

Some curious facts have been communicated to the Académie des Sciences, by M. Girou de Buzareingues, with respect to the inequalities which occur in different departments of France in the proportion of male and female births. M. Girou has made numerous experiments on sheep, horses, and birds; the result of which has shewn him, that when the male is too young, and the female in full vigour, the proportion of female births exceeds that of males, and *vice versâ*. M. Girou asserts, that by attending to this fact, we may, at pleasure, cause the greater production of males or of females, in our flocks, studs, and poultry-yards. In pursuing his inquiries on the same subject with reference to human beings, M. Girou divided individuals into different classes;—the first, those whose employments tended to develop their bodily powers; the second, those whose employments tended to enervate their bodily powers; and the third, those whose employments were of a mixed character: and he found that, in the first class the number of male births exceeded the average proportion of male to female births throughout France; that

in the second class the number of female births exceeded the average proportion of female to male births throughout France; and that in the third class the proportion of male to female births was nearly the same as the average proportion throughout France. His conclusion is, that the pursuits of agriculture tend to the increase of a male, and the pursuits of commerce and manufactures to the increase of a female population.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 13.—Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by accumulation.—Rev. C. Madeley, Brasennose College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Buckingham, St. Mary Hall, Rev. T. Hornby, Brasennose College, Grand Compounders; Rev. J. Barton, St. Mary Hall; E. L. Badeley, Brasennose College; Rev. C. V. Shuckburgh, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Griffin, Queen's College; G. Cox, Magdalen Hall; J. Meredith, P. de Malpas Egerton, Christ Church; W. J. Crichton, Postmaster, Merton College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 12.—*Prize Subjects.*

THE vice-chancellor has issued the following notice:

I. His royal highness the chancellor being pleased to give annually a third gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry to such resident undergraduate as shall compose the best ode or the best poem in heroic verse,—the vice-chancellor gives notice that the subject for the present year is *Timbuctoo*.

N.B. These exercises are to be sent in to the vice-chancellor on or before March 31, 1829, and are not to exceed 200 lines in length.

II. The representatives in parliament for this university being pleased to give annually

(1.) Two prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the degree of Master of Arts; and

(2.) Two other prizes of fifteen guineas each, to be open to all undergraduates who shall have resided not less than seven terms at the time when the exercises are to be sent in. The subjects for the present year are:

(1.) For the bachelors—
An putandum sit posthac fore ut gentes meridionales sub septentrionalium viribus iterum succumbant?

(2.) For the undergraduates—
Utrùm apud Græcos poetæ an familiaris sermonis scriptores plus effecerint ad virtutem promovendam et mores emolliendos?

N.B. These exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1829.

III. Sir W. Browne having bequeathed three gold medals, value five guineas each, to such resident undergraduate as shall compose

(1.) The best Greek ode in imitation of Sappho;
(2.) The best Latin ode in imitation of Horace;
(3.) The best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia; and
(4.) The best Latin epigram after the model of Martial.

The subjects for the present year are:

(1.) For the Greek ode,
νῆσοι, Αἰγαίη ὅσαι εἰν ἁλὶ ναιετάουσι.
(2.) For the Latin ode,
Cæsar, consecutus cohortes ad Rubiconem flumen, qui provinciæ ejus finis erat, paulum constitit.
(3.) For the Greek epigram,
σκότον δεδορκώς.
(4.) For the Latin epigram,
Splendide mendax.

N.B. These exercises are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1829. The Greek ode is not to exceed twenty-five, and the Latin ode thirty stanzas.

IV. The Porson prize is the interest of 400*l*. stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is Henry VIII. Act iv. Scene 2—beginning, "This cardinal," &c. and ending, "Peace be with him."

N.B. The metre to be *tragicum iambicum trimetrum acatalecticum*. These exercises are to be accentuated, and accompanied by a literal Latin prose version, and are to be sent in on or before April 30, 1829.

The last meeting of the Philosophical Society for the present term was held on Monday evening, the Rev. Professor Farish, vice-president, being in the chair. A communication was read to the Society by the Rev. John Warren, of Jesus College, stating the coincidence of the views respecting the algebraic quantities commonly called impossible roots, or imaginary quantities, contained in his Treatise on the Geometrical Representation of the Square Roots of Negative Quantities, with those independently arrived at by M. Mourey, in his work entitled La Vraie Théorie des Quantités Négatives et des Quantités prétendues Imaginaires, published at Paris during the present year, and giving from these views a proof, extracted from the work of M. Mourey, that *every equation has as many roots as it has dimensions.*—A communication was likewise read by Dr. Thackeray respecting a young woman in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, who was stated to have lived without food or the least reduction in the weight of the body since the beginning of October. The reading of Mr. Challis's paper was also concluded, "on the extension to the satellites of Bode's law of the distances of the primary planets." The existence of the law in this case having been proved, it was inferred that the distances may be approximately expressed in the following manner:

For the planets .... 4, 4 + 3, 4 + 3 + 2, &c.
For Jupiter's satellites ...... 7, 7 + 4, 7 + 4 + 2½, &c.
For Saturn's satellites ...... 4, 4 + 1, 4 + 1 + 2, &c.
For Uranus's satellites ...... 3, 3 + 1, 3 + 1 + 1½, &c.

It was likewise concluded from this law, that there can be no planet nearer the sun than Mercury, and no satellite nearer the several primaries than the nearest of those in each system which have been discovered. The deviations from the law were also examined, and it was stated to be probably established that these depend on the masses and mutual actions of the revolving bodies. After the meeting, the Rev. L. Jenyns gave an account, illustrated by drawings, of the comparative anatomy of birds and mammalia, and of several remarkable particulars respecting the former class of animals.

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, Dec. 18.—Mr. Amyot in the chair. The conclusion of Mr. Byrne's paper (not Mr. *Bird's*, as the name was erroneously printed last week by us) on Gothic Architecture was read. Mr. Ellis communicated to the Society a copy of an ordinance made in the 31 Henry VIII., regulating the conduct of the officers and men in the lord high admiral's forts. The meeting of the Society was adjourned to January 8.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AT the meeting on Wednesday afternoon, an able and interesting paper was begun on a subject of ancient and classical mythology, of which we shall hereafter give an outline.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE special general meeting of the 6th, of which we gave an account, is to be continued, by adjournment, on the 3d of January, to take into consideration the terms of a proposed union between the Royal Asiatic Society and the Literary Society of Bombay, for the purpose of considering the following additions to, and alterations in, the Society's regulations, viz.

Articles proposed to be introduced between the VIth and VIIth Articles of the Regulations.

1. The Literary Society of Bombay is from henceforward to be considered an integral part of the Royal Asiatic Society, under the appellation of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.

2. The Bombay Branch shall be considered quite independent of the Royal Asiatic Society, as far as regards its local administration and the control of its funds.

3. The members of the Bombay Branch, while residing in Asia, shall be non-resident members of the Royal Asiatic Society; and when in Europe, shall be admitted resident members without ballot, on payment of the annual contribution.

4. The members of the Royal Asiatic Society, while residing in Europe, shall be non-résident members of the Bombay Branch; and when within the presidency of Bombay, shall be admitted resident members without ballot, on payment of the annual contribution.

Addition proposed to be made to the VIIth Article.

"excepting the members of the Branch Society at Bombay."

Addition proposed to be made to the IXth Article.

"but the members of the Branch Society at Bombay are to be admitted without recommendation or ballot."

Proposed Alteration of the LVIIIth Article.

"Every original communication presented to the Society becomes its property; but the author or contributor may re-publish it twelve months after its publication by the Society. The Council may publish any original communication in any way, and at any time judged proper; but, if printed in the Society's Transactions, twenty-five copies of it shall be presented to the author or contributor when the volume or part in which it is inserted is published. Such as the Council may not see fit to publish on behalf of the Society, may, with its permission, be returned to the author, upon the condition, that if it is printed, a printed copy of it shall be presented to the Society."

KING'S COLLEGE.

WE are informed that a very numerously, we may say generally, signed petition, by the inhabitants of the Regent's Park, has been presented to the Lords of the Treasury, against the erection of the King's College on the site appointed for it in that quarter of the metropolis. Of course we can have no right to dispute the tastes of those so immediately interested in the question; but we must consider their judgment to be founded on at least imperfect information. They have already the animals of the Zoological Society in their neighbourhood; and are not perhaps aware, that whether the King's College is built in the ring or not, that ground will be built upon by some public establishment. Now a college may not be quite agreeable to many persons; but an hospital, or a lunatic asylum, would, we think, be worse—and to some such complexion they are likely to come at last.

FINE ARTS.

THE KING.

WE have been allowed the great gratification of inspecting William Finden's engraving of the King, from the picture of his Majesty seated on a sofa, by Sir Thomas Lawrence,—a proof impression of which was laid before his Majesty, by the President, on Saturday last. It is a splendid performance; if not superior, certainly not inferior to the highest effort of line engraving on a portrait ever produced in this country. Further we shall abstain from remark till this noble print is published (in a few weeks), when we shall make it the subject of a more detailed examination; but in the meantime it may be well to inform our readers of the completion of a work of some four or five years' labour, and one which bears undoubted traces of the pains bestowed upon it. We rejoice to see the royal patron of our fine arts thus in some degree rewarded by their excellence on an imperishable memorial of himself, furnished by the united exertions of the easel and the burin.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON the 10th instant, being the 60th anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, a general assembly of the Academicians was held: when the following distribution of premiums took place; viz. to Mr. J. H. Millington, for the best copy made in the Painting School; Mr. H. L. Smith, for the next best copy made in the Painting School; Mr. H. F. Goblet, for the best drawing from life; Mr. J. Loft, for the best model from the life; Mr. S. Burchell, for the best architectural drawing of the New Post-Office; Mr. R. A. Clack, for the best drawing from the antique; Mr. R. C. Lucas, for the best model from the antique—each silver medals.

The assembly afterwards proceeded to appoint the following officers for the ensuing year:

President re-elected.—Sir Thomas Lawrence.

New Council.—W. Etty, R. Smirke, sen., A. Cooper, and W. Collins, Esqrs.

Old Council.—J. M. W. Turner, J. Soane, C. Rossi, and W. Hilton, Esqrs.

Visiters in the Life Academy—New List.—E. H. Baily, W. Etty, C. Rossi, M. A. Shee, and G. Jones, Esqrs.

Old List.—R. Cook, H. Howard, T. Stothard, and A. Cooper, Esqrs.

Visiters in the Painting School—New List.—W. Etty, D. Wilkie, W. Hilton, and W. Mulready, Esqrs.

Old List.—R. Cook, J. Jackson, T. Phillips, and R. Smirke, Esqrs.

Auditors re-elected.—W. Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, and R. Westmacott, Esqrs.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE very valuable collection of prints contained in the British Museum has recently been removed to a room expressly prepared for its reception, upon the upper floor of the new east wing of that Institution, where it is now in the progress of arrangement, and where, we

are informed, an extended accommodation will be given to the persons who frequent it for the purposes of study.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The London Lithographic Album for 1829. Engelmann and Co.

WE noticed particularly, with reference to the progress of lithography in this country, the *Album* (as it was absurdly called) published by Messrs. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co. for 1828. We have since occasionally spoken of the publications of this house, which are of too numerous and too miscellaneous a nature to enable us to give, or to require from a work like the *Literary Gazette*, particular notices. But as the present collection contains specimens by the principal English lithographic draftsmen, and illustrates the annual advance of a young and important art, it requires something more from us than a general commendation, and we therefore proceed to a short critical examination of the contents—fifteen plates.

No. 1. *A Calm*, drawn by P. Gauci after Wichelo, is beautifully executed. The smoke from the evening sun—the sun just going down—the contracted glitter upon the rippling water, and the small sails that catch the last rays, are magically expressed, without in the least interfering with the broad and tranquil effect which pervades the whole scene.

No. 2. *La Leçon*, drawn by Thomas Fairland after Stephanoff.—Stephanoff's compositions are generally founded upon sentiment—they are consequently refined. In *La Leçon* there is more of humble life than is usually represented by this artist. The execution is less minute than that of Mr. Fairland's most extraordinary drawing of last year—"the Drowsy Messenger;" but the want of minutiæ is compensated for by freedom and variety of touch.

No. 3. *Interior of the Abbey of St. Ouen, Rouen*, drawn by F. Mackenzie.—As a specimen of lithography in the hands of a patient and clever draftsman, this plate has certainly never been surpassed. Every architectural detail is given with the most scrupulous accuracy—and even the embroidery upon the robes of the various figures proceeding in religious procession, though these figures are not more than half an inch in height. Yet the general effect has been as carefully studied and preserved; the eye, therefore, which is attracted by the first glance, becomes more and more charmed by closer examination.

No. 4. *Dover from the London Road*, drawn from Nature and on Stone by W. Westall, A. R. A.—This is, unquestionably, a clever print, but the distance is too woolly to please us; and the great labour which has been bestowed upon the foreground, particularly on the foliage, is painfully obvious.

No. 5. *The Bride*, drawn by C. Childs after Stephanoff.—A beautiful group of pretty faces. Never did bride blush more languishingly in her mirror—never did mamma more demurely clasp a daughter's bracelet—never did bridesmaid expatiate more officially upon the propriety of becoming looks—never was any article of dress so exquisitely managed as the bonnet of the aforesaid bridesmaid, to shed such a delicious twilight over her beautiful countenance—and never—never did any one look more arch, more merry, or more enchanting, than that girl over her companion's shoulder. To forget the artist in his subject is far more complimentary to him than any critical praise can be—and of Mr. Childs, as the engraver, we have only to speak in the highest terms; his execution is clear, simple, and unobtrusive, but, where necessary, judiciously brilliant.

No. 6. *The Manor Shore, York*, drawn from Nature and on Stone by F. Nash.—Moonlight, with what Peter Pindar calls "a sixpenny moon," in the centre of the print. A little silvery edging to the clouds would, we fancy, be truer to nature, and advantageously relieve the sombre monotony of the scene. But as the eye of any person who suddenly enters a dark room from the light acquires gradually the power of distinguishing objects, so the eye, dwelling upon this print, will discover much which at first was not seen, and, therefore, could not be appreciated.

No. 7. *Preparing for a Masquerade*, drawn by G. Childs after Green.—Pleasing enough, and, in execution, creditable to the lithographic draftsman.

No. 8. *Miss Bartolozzi*, drawn by J. H. Lynch after T. Warrington.—We do not think the design of the original picture in good taste. Mr. Lynch's execution, although clever, wants clearness and decision.

No. 9. *An Egyptian Girl*, drawn by Richard J. Lane, A.R.A., after Edward Lane.—Beautiful—most beautiful—graceful, simple, and elegant—yet, in our opinion, it would have been still more so if the two arches which appear in the background had not been introduced, or if they had been kept more subdued. The mastery which Mr. Lane possesses over the lithographic art is complete: this print may stand without disparagement by the finest works of the graver.

No. 10. *Lavinia and her Mother*, painted and drawn by J. W. Giles.—Mercy on us! was ever any thing half so dreadful? There is some reason for the positive black and white of a chess-board, but here is black and white in the most unreasonable manner. It is impossible to look at this print with any degree of pleasure, from the ultra light and shade; although the execution of the details is faultless, and in some places would claim our particular praise, yet the overwhelming general effect makes us turn away with the exclamation, "Mercy on us! was ever any thing half so dreadful?"

No. 11. *Robin Hood's Bay, on the Coast of Yorkshire*, drawn from Nature and on Stone by F. Nicholson.—Here is the very opposite effect to Mr. Giles's black and white—gray and misty, with a glorious gleam of sunshine streaming through the broken clouds, and by far more carefully finished than the generality of Mr. Nicholson's lithographic drawings.

No. 12. *La Chasseresse*, drawn by A. Hoffay after J. Green.—A portrait, no doubt—affected in idea and in attitude, with both head and arm strangely twisted. Mr. Hoffay's drawing is better than such a conceit merits.

No. 13. *Mont Blanc*, drawn by William Gauci after Villeneuve, we almost think an improvement on Villeneuve's much-admired large lithographic plate, from which it is a copy. The granulation of William Gauci's drawings on stone is very peculiar, and always to be admired for its clearness and harmony.

No. 14. *A Cottage Girl*, drawn by W. P. Sherlock after S. Drummond.—Vulgar—probably so much the truer copy of nature. Mr. Sherlock, no doubt, has faithfully followed the picture before him; and, as far as he is concerned, it is a clever print.

No. 15. *Tourists in Ireland*, drawn by M. Gauci after W. H. Brooke, A.R.H.A.—We cannot say much for the elder Gauci's execution in this drawing: it is feeble and undecided, which ill accords with the nerves necessary for such an excursion, and decidedly bad road to be encountered.

Having thus carefully and separately examined the contents of the *Lithographic Album*, we can safely recommend it, as containing, perhaps, three or four of the best lithographic drawings hitherto published, with others certainly of unequal merit, but still in every plate something may be found deserving of praise. On the whole, it is an interesting and beautiful work, which reflects the highest credit on Messrs. Engelmann and Co.'s establishment in this country.

The Gun Hill, Southwold. Engraved by P. Heath, from a drawing by H. Davy. Griffith.

A VERY pleasing and well-engraved view of this fine and delightfully situated battery, of six eighteen-pounders; originally constructed by order of the late Duke of Cumberland, who landed at Southwold in October 1745. Southwold is celebrated for two great naval battles fought in its bay, better known by the name of Solebay. The first was in 1666, between the English fleet of 114 men of war and frigates, and the Dutch fleet of 103 men of war, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of seventy ships: the second was in 1672, between the combined fleets of England and France, and the Dutch fleet, the issue of which was rather uncertain.

PANORAMA OF SYDNEY.

YESTERDAY we had a private view of an admirable panorama of Sydney, New South Wales, painted by Mr. R. Burford, in Leicester Square. It is, altogether, one of the most interesting exhibitions of the kind we have ever seen. The harbour of Port Jackson and the surrounding country are peculiarly suited for panoramic effect; and the natives in various pursuits, throwing spears, performing dances, &c. &c., give great spirit to the scene, and contribute much to its picturesque appearance. The colonists too, military, civil, and culprit, are well disposed in many a group; and all the novel features of this strange quarter of the world help to render the picture, as we have said, one of the most pleasing and curious that could have been produced.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

OPENING OF THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

To us in ancient stories be marvels many told
Of glorious achievements of the mighty men of old—
Both of feastings and fightings, both of blood and of tears:
I too will tell my story, if you vouchsafe your ears.

In Burgundy to womanhood a noble maiden grew,
So fair, that in no country was nought more fair to view;
Chrimbild was she called, a lovely maiden she,
And for her many noble knights were doom'd their death to dree.

If many loved the maiden, no marvel that I hold,
For she was gazed on daily by heroes good and bold:
She was surpassing lovely—she was a noble maid,
And good as she was lovely;—her truth no tongue gainsaid.

* * * * * *

There was a boy in Netherland, a boy of kingly kind;
His father was King Siegemund, his mother Siegelind:

Within a noble city, far round the nations known,
In Santen by the Rhine, to manhood he was grown.
I tell you of this hero, how beautiful he was,
For blaming of his beauty all over was no cause;
Full strong and full stately was the comely bold young man;
Ha! what mighty honour unto this world he wan.

Siegfried he was called, this champion so good;
He wasted kingdoms many in the virtue of his mood;
He in his strength and glory rode many a realm around;
Ha! what a furious horseman for Burgundy was found!

Ere yet this dauntless hero had a beard his cheek upon,
With his own hand I tell ye such wonders he had done,
That ever more about them we might both sing and say;
But we must pass them over until another day.

In Siegfried's fairest season, in the spring-time of his days,
Were many wonders spoken of him and of his praise—
What honour he had conquered, and how lovely was his frame;
And red was many a lady's cheek when men but named his name.

He now was so y-waxen, that he to court did ride,
Where him with admiration fair dames and maidens eyed:
They wished, when they beheld him, to lead the boy astray;
But he was modest-hearted—that was his shield and stay.

'Twas on the seventh morning, to Worms upon the sand,
He came with all his company, riding by his [hand;
With gold their armour gleamed, and proudly sate each one,
And stately stept their horses the level sands upon.

Their shields they were new; they were broad and they were bright;
And beautiful their helmets, as beseemeth noble knight;
Thus Siegfried the bold to King Gunther's castle came:
I wis a comelier riding was never than that same.

"Now, greatly do I marvel," said King Gunther, out of hand,
"Why you, most noble Siegfried, hast ridden to this land;
Or what you wish to come at in Worms here on the Rhine."
Then to the host thus spake the guest:—"A simple tale be mine:

"Men many times did tell me, within my father's land,
That round the great King Gunther there rode a peerless band:
No other knights could match them—such men I'd fain be near—
No outland knight durst beard them—and therefore am I here.

"For I too am a soldier, and born to wear a crown,
Which from right noble fathers, a worthy line, comes down;
But none shall say I owe it to nothing but my [line;
But that of right of prowess, too, both crown and land are mine." . . . . C. D.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTE.—NO. XIV.

A Genuine Gaelic Proclamation.—The crier sounds a flourish on that delightfully sonorous instrument, the bag-pipe; then *loquitur*, "Tak tent a' ye land-louping hallions, the meikle deil tamn ye, tat are within the bounds. If ony o' ye be foond fishing in ma Lort Preadalpine's gruns, he'll be first headit, and syne hangit, and syne droon't; an' if ta loon's bauld enouch to *come back again*, his horse and cart will be ta'en frae him;* and if ta teil's sae grit wi' him tat he shews his ill-faurd face ta three times, far waur things wull be dune till him. An noo tat ye a' ken ta wull o' ta lairt, I'll een gang hame and sup ma brose."

A Judicious Title.—On a vacancy in the Scotch bench, a certain advocate of some standing at the bar, but by no means remarkable for the brilliancy of his parts, or the extent of his legal knowledge, was in full expectation of being appointed to the vacant gown. This is done by a court letter, signed with the king's sign manual. In the full flutter of his darling hopes, he one day encountered an old brother lawyer notorious for the acidity of his temper, and the poignancy and acrimony of his remarks. "Weel, freend Robby," said the latter, "I hear ye're to get the vaacant goon." "Yes, Mr. C—k, I have every reason to believe so." "Have ye gotten doon your letter yet frae London?" "No; but I expect an express every minute." "Nae doot, nae doot. Have you bethocht yoursel o' what teetle ye're to tak? Lord H—n will never do: ye ken that's the teetle o' ane o' oor grandest dukes. Gudesake, for a bit session lordy like you to gang by the style and teetle o' ane high and michty prince! my certy, that wad be a bonny beorlesque on a' warldly honours and dignities. Weel a-weel, let that be a' pass over. Noo a teetle ye maun hae, that's as clear as the licht, and there's ane come just now into my head that will answer ye to a t: when ye're a lord, freend Robby, ye'll be Lord Preserve Us!" "You are very impertinent, Mr. C—k," replied the nettled judge-expectant; I am sure you may find a waur (worse)." There never perhaps was, or will be, comprehended so much pithy meaning and bitter sarcasm in a single syllable, as that which formed the astounding response—"Whaur (where)?"

* It would seem that honest Donald thought the forfeiture of the horse and cart a much more grievous punishment than the heading, hanging, and drowning; a circumstance which affords no contemptible proof that Paddy and Donald are "vera brithers."

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

Miss Phillips has made her appearance in *Juliet*, and has only confirmed us in the opinion we from the first entertained, and have repeatedly expressed, respecting her. It was a sensible, lady-like performance, true enough to nature in the level and playful portions of the character, but more distinctly betraying her want of power than any of her former efforts. Her Juliet is a lovely, sensitive girl, a creature of gentle smiles and quiet tears. Her love is a flower that the first cold day would kill—the first rude breeze bend to the earth without a struggle;—her "passion scarce deserves the name;" but the love of Shakespeare's Juliet

"Is like the lava flood
That boils in Etna's breast of flame."

Miss Phillips's deepest affliction affects us no more than would an April shower. The wild grief, and the wilder fears, of the doating, despairing Italian—the torrent, the whirlwind, and the volcano, that should awe and shake us, we look and listen for in vain. Time, however, as we have before said, may do much; and in the mean while, we beg Miss Phillips to believe, that although we cannot conscientiously join in the strain of panegyric poured forth by some of our contemporaries, we think her, beyond all comparison, the best tragic actress now on the stage; and shall hail with sincere pleasure every step she makes (and we have strong hopes she will make many,) towards the great goal at which her ambition points.

The new historical drama of *Charles XII.* is drawing crowded houses, and is, we perceive, announced for every night of Mr. Liston's engagement. Those who are fond of "curious coincidences," may be entertained by learning that *Charles XII.* was undesignedly produced on the 110th anniversary of that monarch's death, who was killed before Fredericksshall, between the hours of nine and ten in the evening of the 11th of December, 1718.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Kean has at length made the plunge. He performed *Virginius* for the first time on Monday last to a crowded and excited auditory, who cheered him on his task with an enthusiasm as gratifying, no doubt, to the feelings of the actor, as it was complimentary to his former exertions. And burst upon us he certainly did, "like a giant refreshed." He was, perhaps, as perfect in the words of the part as we ever remember him to have been in any (a scrupulous adherence to the text having, unfortunately, never been one of his characteristics); and, as a whole, we have no hesitation in saying, he played it quite as well as he would have done in the meridian of his glory. But it needed not for us to witness Mr. Kean's performance of *Virginius* to be convinced that it must be inferior in many respects to the powerful, masterly, we may say perfect, portrait stamped upon our hearts by Mr. Macready. That gentleman's personation of *Virginius* is allowed on all hands to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. He has made the character his own; and we have no hope of seeing an approach to his excellence in it: but when Mr. Kean's *Virginius* is called a failure, we think the term a harsh, if not an unjust one. We contend, that the admirers of Mr. Kean will find as many beauties, and his non-admirers as many defects, in his *Virginius*, as in his *Brutus* (*L. Junius*), his *Bertram*, or any other of his popular characters which are of modern creation. Mr. Kean has not failed in the part—but Mr. Kean cannot act that particular part so well as Mr. Macready. He has, however, afforded us this gratification—the proof that he is still able to study a new part, and execute it in a style worthy of his long-established, great, and well-deserved reputation. Charles Kemble's *Icilius*, Miss Foote's *Virginia*, and Terry's *Siccius Dentatus*, were as perfect in their way as Mr. Macready's *Virginius*:—of this splendid constellation but one star remains visible. Mr. C. Kemble's *Icilius* is as fine as ever; but Miss Jarman can neither act nor look *Virginia*. We longed to transplant Miss Phillips from Drury Lane. It is a part exactly suited to her years and powers: and why does not Mr. Fawcett play *Siccius Dentatus*? Judging from his *Casca*, he would be the very person. By the by, stage-manager, we never saw such ill-drilled soldiers, or so badly-organised a mob, at Covent Garden Theatre.

On Wednesday evening, a new drama, in

five acts, was produced here, entitled, *Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience. Andrea*, Duke of Saluzzo, having married a maid of low degree, doubts the sincerity of her love, and tries her affection and obedience, first by spiriting away their only child, then divorcing her for not bearing more children, sending her back in her peasant's garb to her father's house, pretending to marry a young princess of Bologna, and, lastly, obliging her to appear at the wedding and officiate as mistress of the ceremonies to her rival. The new Griselda, obeying most submissively all these delicate commands, and suffering every indignity that her fond husband can devise to inflict upon her and her family with unshaken patience and undiminished affection, Duke Andrea, at length, vouchsafes to be convinced that she loves him for himself, and not for his dignity; and, therefore, informs her that she is still Duchess of Saluzzo, and that the young lady he talked of marrying is no other than their own daughter, the little Rosamond, of whose murder he has been deemed guilty by his loving wife and loyal subjects for nearly seventeen years! Such is the outline of the most improbable plot of this very, very dull drama, the two first acts of which passed over in solemn silence—the pause before the storm which must have ensued but for a lucky apology made by Mr. Bartley for Mr. C. Kemble, who laboured under a distressing hoarseness. The remaining three acts improved a little in action, and the dialogue now and then approached the verge of poetry. But Dulness still sat upon it like an incubus; and the only feeling its strongest situations were calculated to awaken was of so unpleasant a description, that we cannot account for the unmixed applause which, we are bound to say, accompanied the falling of the curtain. The insults and injuries heaped upon the heads of *Bianca* and her family by the cruel and capricious duke, are of so vile a character as to render their submission ridiculous, if not criminal. *Aurelio*, the brother of the persecuted lady, it is true, bounces and Hectors, something in "Ercles' vein;" but he is a mere talker, and is put down by one word from the foolish old tyrant, who has voluntarily lived seventeen years under suspicion of infanticide, for the purpose of ascertaining whether his wife loves him or not! Mr. Kemble, despite of his severe cold, did all that man could do to redeem such a character from supreme contempt: we could almost quarrel with him, indeed, for wasting such fine acting on so revolting a subject,—to say nothing of three most picturesque and classical dresses. Miss Jarman was the *Bianca*, and Mr. Warde the *Aurelio*, and, with Mr. Bartley and Mrs. Egerton, shared the rest of the dialogue between them; for our lively friend Green was thrust into a part of about a dozen silly lines; and the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*, to the number of eight or ten, had nothing to do but literally *to walk through the piece*, much in the way that we once saw Wilkinson in a farce of Peake's at the English Opera. Mr. Diddear and Mrs. Vining, Mr. Raymond and Miss Scott, Mr. Baker and Mr. Blanchard, with three or four attendants, set out from Bologna, hand in hand, and walk once or twice in each act across the stage, till, in the last, they arrive at Saluzzo—no doubt with excellent appetites for the banquet his grace has fortunately prepared for them. Such are the defects of this play; and yet we should not wonder if its author, whom we have heard (and if not, we should have guessed as much) is a very young man, should one of these days write an excellent play. Let him burn this immediately, and go to work on a more pleasing and probable story; make his characters do more, and talk less; acquire a proper horror of all walking gentlemen and ladies;—and we will venture to say there is *that* in him which in these degenerate days may do the stage some service. Who would have supposed from reading the Hours of Idleness that Lord Byron would ever have written Don Juan?

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE second performance of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, well headed and led by De Begnis, took place on Thursday, when Rossini's opera *L'Inganno Felice* was produced. Miss Childe and Mr. E. Seguin particularly distinguished themselves, and obtained great applause. Mr. A. Sapio, Mr. Hodges, and Mr. Brizzi, were also very successful.

FRENCH PLAYS.

WE understand that the English Opera House is likely to open very early in January, having been again arranged for the performance of French plays. The company, we are glad to hear, is superior to that of last season; and, among other novelties, the popular Coulon is engaged.

VARIETIES.

Lithography.—Several important improvements in the art of lithography having been communicated to the French Academy by Messrs. Chevalier and Langlumé, the members of the Academy to whom the consideration of the subject was referred, have reported that those improvements appear to them to approximate the art as nearly to perfection as it is capable of arriving.

Glass.—The commission of the French Academy, to which the specimens of crown and flint glass presented to the Academy by Messrs. Thibaudeau and Bontemps had been referred, has adjourned its report until it receives additional specimens, in which the flint glass is to possess greater density, and the crown glass to be of larger dimensions. M. Arago, in order to shew still more how unfounded is the general opinion of the ease with which crown glass can be fabricated, informed the Academy that he knew an optician in Paris who was stopped in the construction of an important instrument, by the impossibility of procuring for it pieces of crown glass of sufficient size.

The second general assembly of the Société de Géographie, under the presidence of the Baron Cuvier, took place on Thursday, and was numerously attended. The chief attraction, however, appeared to be the presence of the celebrated voyager, Auguste Caillé, to whom the society awarded a prize of 12,000 francs some time since, for having penetrated as far as Timbuctoo.—*Our Paris Letter.*

New Settlement.—The *Sunday Times*, which has had good intelligence respecting the New Settlement on the west side of Australia, says: "It is not, at present, proposed to send out persons from England as settlers. The course to be pursued, we believe, is this:—The survey concluded, should the report be favourable to the project, it will be left to the governor of New South Wales to decide what step shall be taken. It is anticipated that he will send colonists from Sydney, to lay the foundation of the new community."

Scientific Voyages.—Letters have been received from Captain Henry Foster, commanding his Majesty's brig *Chanticleer*, dated Monte Video, September 22, up to which time all the scientific objects of the voyage had proceeded very satisfactorily. The meridian distances had been determined between Falmouth and Funchal, Teneriffe, St. Antonio, St. Paul's Rock near the Equator, the island of Fernando Noronha, and between the latter and Cape Frio, Rio de Janeiro, St. Catharine's, and Monte Video, at which latter place a satisfactory set of pendulum experiments was completed. The *Chanticleer* was expected to sail about the beginning of October towards the south, in the further prosecution of the objects of the voyage.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Antiquities.—The second portion of the twenty-second volume of the Archæologia of the Society of Antiquaries is, we understand, in the progress of printing, under the care of Henry Ellis, Esq. the joint secretary, and may be expected by the members upon St. George's day next. Among the more curious articles which it contains, will be found a Fragment of a New Chronicle of the reign of King Edward III.—The drawings from the walls of the Painted Chamber, made for the Society by the late Charles Stothard, Esq. in 1820, are also, we understand, in the hands of the engraver.

Dr. Andrew Ure, M.D. F.R.S., &c. has in the press a large octavo volume, entitled a New System of Geology, in which the Great Revolutions of the Earth and Animated Nature are reconciled at once to Modern Science and Sacred History. The author has undertaken to solve, on the known laws of physics and chemistry, without invoking comets or any astronomical fictions to his aid, the various enigmas relative to the temperature of the antediluvian globe, and to the gradation of the organic remains of its successive strata, which Cuvier, Humboldt, and other philosophers, have regarded as beyond the scope of science to explain.

Nearly ready for publication, Commentaries on the History, Constitution, and Chartered Franchises of the City of London, by George Newton, Esq. Advocate-General of Madras, late one of the Common Pleaders of the City of London: edited by Edward Tyrrell, Esq. Deputy Remembrancer of the City of London.

There is announced to be published, by subscription, and in Parts, דרך אמונה, or the Road of Faith; being a complete Catechism of the Jewish Doctrines, Rites, and Belief, arranged as Dialogues, in the purest Hebrew, by the late Rev. Dr. R. Meldola, chief Rabbi in London, and accompanied by a correct English translation.

The Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, has in the press the Legendary Cabinet; a Selection of British National Ballads, Ancient and Modern, from the best Authors, with Notes and Illustrations.

The Second Series of Hood's Whims and Oddities, which has been some time out of print, is extant in a new impression.

In the Press.—Natural History of Enthusiasm.—The Female Character Illustrated, in Tales and Sketches drawn from Real Life, by Piers Shafton, Gent.; and also, the second edition, Snatches from Oblivion.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, translated by Roscoe, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.—The Castilian, by the Author of Gomez Arias, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hungarian Tales, by the Author of the Lettre de Cachet, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Elements of Geography, 12mo. 2*s.* hf.-bd.—Belfrage's Counsels for the Sanctuary, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—English History made easy, on a Popular Plan, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Conversations on the Life of Christ, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd.—Winter Evenings at College, 2 vols. 18mo. 8*s.* hf.-bd.—Wadd on Corpulency, &c. with plates, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Saul at Endor, a Dramatic Sketch, by Rev. E. Smedley, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—A Sunday Book, Moral Discourses for Young Persons, 2 vols. 18mo. 9*s.* cloth.—Merry Thoughts for Merry Moments, oblong folio, 5*s.* sewed.—The Thrush, a Collection of Songs, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—The Nightingale, a Collection of Songs, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—McGavin's Scots Worthies, Vol. II. 8vo. 11*s.*; Vol. I. sixth edition, 8vo. 11*s.*—Protestant Reformation Vindicated, by the Author of the Protestant, 4*s.* bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We agree with Clericus in most of his remarks on pulpit eloquence; but his letter is too long for insertion; and he is certainly mistaken, when he attributes the theatrical manner of a popular preacher to his having taken lessons of Mr. Jones, of Drury Lane Theatre. We have had opportunities of witnessing his method of tuition with a near connexion of our own; and we can assure Clericus, that Mr. Jones inculcates a dignified, solemn, and devout style—and is most cautious to repress the least appearance of extravagance in tone or gesture.

To several inquiries addressed to us this week, we beg to say that we have not yet had time to investigate the matters sufficiently to answer them.

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AUTOMATA. Now open, at the Horse Bazar, King Street, and Baker Street, Portman Square, the splendid Exhibition of Musical and Mechanical Automata, comprising nearly Twenty different Subjects, including the celebrated Musical Lady, Juvenile Artist, Magician, Rope Dancer, and Walking Figure; also a magnificent Classic Vase, made by order of Napoleon, together with a Serpent, Birds, Insects, and other Subjects of Natural History. The whole displaying, by their exact imitations of Animated Nature, the wonderful Powers of Mechanism.

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No. 623. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1828. PRICE 8*d*.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE is now entering into its teens, and at that giddy age will not trouble its friends with talking. Still it hopes that it will not escape observation how finely it has grown—how intelligent it has become. Many thanks to its excellent foster-parents, who are always cramming it with good things, it is reckoned big enough to give its opinions where the biggest of its fellows speak; and really the attention paid to what it says is very flattering. This may in some measure be accounted for by its having been taught to speak the truth, and (though not always the whole,) nothing but the truth; and by its having got such a host of kind and distinguished friends to help it on its prosperous infancy. Not only unspoilt, but stimulated, by favour, praise, and success, it trusts yet to merit more of them all; and heartily wishes its readers a happy new year, with an immense increase to their numbers, to meet which due preparations are made by a proportionate increase of its own.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Ellis Correspondence. Letters written during the Years 1686-7-8, *and addressed to John Ellis, Esq., Secretary to the Commissioners of Revenue in Ireland; comprising many Particulars of the Revolution, and Anecdotes of the History and Manners of those Times.* Edited from the Originals, with Notes and a Preface, by the Hon. George Agar Ellis. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

MR. ELLIS has already distinguished himself, and gratified the public, by his taste for historical researches, and by the abilities he has displayed in communicating their results. The present work adds to our obligations, and is a very acceptable illustration of a remarkable era,—though the Clarendons, Evelyn, Burnet, Reresby, Pepys, and other eminent and popular contemporary writers, have thrown their strong lights over its complex politics and extraordinary features. Though not so deeply versed in the secret history of events, neither is the Correspondence now published so much interested in the perversion of facts, or in the cabals and projects of the passing day; and therefore, though it may not develop so much of the more important points of history, it certainly shews us, in a less questionable guise, a multitude of curious and characteristic incidents. Our partiality for publications of this class, indeed, has often been expressed; and we are well pleased to receive an increase to our stores of genuine information, by which we are frequently enabled to try the elaborate philosophy and romance of the historian, as a small candle enables us to penetrate the obscurity of a dark night.

In the preface Mr. Ellis says, "The Letters which are here offered to the public are copied from the originals preserved in the British Museum among the Birch Collection of Manuscripts. The editor was first led to examine them, by seeing some extracts from them, which struck him as both curious and interesting, in the valuable series of Letters illustrative of English History, published by Mr. Ellis, librarian of the Museum. Upon more minute inspection, he was of opinion that the whole correspondence deserved to be rescued from its obscurity, and given to the world; as containing entertaining contemporary accounts of the actual period of the revolution, and of the years immediately preceding that event; together with anecdotes of the principal actors in those scenes; and various traits of the manners of the age, which are every day, as the time when they existed becomes more distant, acquiring additional value. It is true the Letters, when they do not relate great events, are frequently filled only with the gossip of the court and of society; but it should be remembered, that it is of such small materials that history is very mainly composed. They are all addressed to John Ellis, Esq. a collateral ancestor of the editor's, and form a tolerably accurate journal of what was going on in London from the beginning of January 1686, to the end of December 1688; with the exception of about seven months, from August 1687, to April 1688, during which period there is an interruption of the correspondence."

We trust to render the accuracy of this description evident by the extracts which we shall make, and which we shall divide into two parts; 1. those relative to circumstances which may be deemed historical; and 2. those which rather pertain to the class of private anecdote, and are illustrative of persons and manners. Before doing this, we have only to remark, that a good account of the Ellis family prefixed, may in itself be esteemed an epitome of the state of society in these changeable and troubled times; for of its five brothers, the sons of the Rev. John Ellis, the eldest was John (to whom these Letters are addressed), in a government office, under James II. in Ireland, and subsequently comptroller of the mint, and under-secretary to King William; the second, Sir William Ellis, followed the fortunes of the Stuarts, was treasurer to the Prince, and died at Rome a Protestant; the third was *Jolly Phil.*, a Jesuit of considerable influence at the court of James when the revolution took place, and afterwards an Italian popish bishop; the fourth a Protestant bishop of Meath in Ireland (from whom the present noble family is descended); and the fifth a lawyer, marshal of the King's Bench at the Revolution!!! What a medley of opinions and offices in a family of five—a Roman Catholic and a Protestant bishop, a secretary to one king and a treasurer to the son of his rival, and a marshal of the King's Bench prison!! But throughout this Correspondence we find nothing but changes—changes in politics, changes in religion, changes in administration, changes in offices, changes in laws, changes in lawyers, changes in church and state, changes in the soldiery, and changes in the people. Lord Morpeth "goes to travel shortly" (says the writer of a letter of July 31st, 1688), "and if I can settle matters so as to be able to go with him, I will,—for clouds rise here thick, and hopes grow less and less of preferment for those that will not leap the hedge as well as the ditch"—a comment worth a hundred pages of history.

We now proceed with our selection of passages, &c. which have struck us most forcibly. We shall not particularise the writers, but give the dates as our index to the matter.

1686. April 6. "The busy time of devotion is now over here: his majesty, God bless him, one of the zealoustest; ten hours in a day sometimes. The court returns from St. James's to Whitehall to-morrow, and goes not to Windsor till the middle of May, when also the camp opens at Hownslow. Our sparks all go for Hungary to-morrow. * * *

I hear poor Princess Ann is sadly teased about a new declaration in matter of faith, so that at last it is agreed to after lying in; but I hope it may not be thus: say nothing of it. New equipage in great splendour is every where to be seen; especially their majesties'. Her majesty is wonderful glorious in her own apparel. Here is arrived an Italian Prince of Piombino, the greatest spendthrift in the world reckoned, for he has consumed the greatest part of a patrimonial estate of 150,000*l.* per annum, and the treasury pays popes. So it seems not that we need fear his politics."

April 20. "On Sunday at Stamford's chapel came in a headless practice, where, being laughing and staring, an officer of it bade him go out, since he appeared not by his behaviour to be of that religion. He said he would not go out, and if they said much to him, he would break their crosses and jugling-boxes down; whereupon a riot seemed to form; a constable was charged with him, and the militia officer on the guard called, but between them the fellow in fault slipped away; yet not so far but he watched the outcoming of either the priest or an appendix of the chapel, and beat and dragged him through the kennel. The lord mayor was yesterday called before the council upon it, and told, if he kept not the peace better, the king would send some of his regiments to do it; and in the mean time, that the negligent militia officer be taken and secured to answer the law."

The general corruption of men in office is shewn by the following, of 22d July: "I am just taking horse for Windsor; and if I find occasion, shall go on to Newbury, where the attorney-general is, for his report, having got at last a reference from the Treasury. Besides a five-guinea fee, I intend to promise his honour the strengthening it with a hundred more upon the settlement of the affair; it might possibly be the damning of that other of the hackney coaches, this omission. * *

Nov. 23. "The Gazette gives an account of our little occurrences here at home. That Samuel Johnson* mentioned in it, was chap-

* "Samuel Johnson was born in 1649, and early distinguished himself in the cause of Protestantism and liberty, for which he wrote and preached with boldness and

lain to the Lady Russell, and was more than presumed to have a hand in the Lord Russell's speech. Being a minister, he is in the first place to be formally degraded, according to the ecclesiastical laws, before he runs through the other exercise prescribed him by his sentence."

1687. January 1. "On Christmas day, the new chapel in Whitehall, which was consecrated on Friday before, was publicly opened; and yesterday his majesty's statue of brass,* in a Roman habit, was erected in the great court of Whitehall before the new building. It is done at the charge of Toby Rustat,† who set up that of his late majesty on horseback at Windsor; but this only stands on a pedestal of marble, as that does at the Royal Exchange, with rails of iron about it."

"The closeting‡ affair not over yet, daily new trials undergone, never deeper intrigues, nor higher hopes of great matters."

We now insert an entire letter, which shews how to be well at court.

"Cleonger in Herefordshire, May 27th, 1687.

"Honest Friend,—I take the liberty to repeat your trouble of reading, before I have an account that my last came to your hands. I dare not be so unkind to you as to think it was not welcome. News to a man at my distance is but the offering, not a cold, but a stale dish of meat; and yet you must be content with such a treat. The king seems resolved to push for breaking the test and penal laws against his persuasion, and to the members of parliament that have any employ this is the touchstone, for no man is thought worthy long to eat the king's bread that this will not go down with. Upon this score, several have laid down their commissions already, and more will every day. Sir John Morgan is already come home, and is succeeded by Major Purcell. Colonel Henry Cornewall is likely to follow the fate of his eldest captain, Sir Francis Edwards. Some that flatter the king persuade him that he hath already a majority of the House of Commons; but the dispassionate part of mankind is of another judgment. I am a little cooler in my resolves of bringing over my family; for if I cannot reasonably hope to stay all the winter in Ireland, I shall hardly break up a whole family here, that, if I am called to parliament, will not stay behind me; and a winter voyage and journey will agree but scurvily with the softer sex. I am told, I must pass the fire ordeal. I am provided for it, and resolved, as every honest man should be, to serve the king as far as with a good conscience I may. It was ever my opinion that an ill man can never make a good subject or a good friend, and I would not be thought false to two such eminent interests. I do, therefore, upon the presumption of being honest, and by you believed to be so, tell you that I am your faithful friend,

"H. Aubrey."

1688. July 21. "The bishops that were lately in the Tower are gone to their respective bishopricks, and have resolved to hold frequent catechisings and confirmations; and last week the archbishop began at Lambeth, and at Croydon in Surry, where the bishop of Gloucester assisted him in confirming several thousands of children that were brought to them. This good example is followed also by the Roman clergy about the town; and last week, Bishop Ellis, assisted by Father Poulton the Jesuit, confirmed some hundreds of youth (some of them were new converts) at the new chapel in the Savoy."

August 4. "We have an account from several of the circuits, that the judges are received in most places without any great pomp or numbers, and that at Berks and Oxford particularly only the high sheriff and his sons met them; that both heard the sermon at St. Mary's, but that Judge Rothram went afterwards to a private exercise of his own, where one Father Burgess, a well-gifted man, held forth before him, as he had done at Reading, where he told them the duty of judges and juries, especially at this conjuncture. The judge accordingly gave his charge to the jury, in which he much magnified the favour of the king's toleration, and inveighed as briskly against the church of England and its clergy, who discover, he said, now the spirit of persecution, as much as others had done formerly, in matters of religion."

No wonder that affairs tended to a revolution in a country thus split into factions, reviling and destroying each other, and disregarding alike the public laws and personal rights. The army refused to receive Irish recruits, and "stubborn" officers were tried and dismissed for this offence: in short, all was disorder, and James, too late, endeavoured to regain the church and the city of London, and other bodies, which he had previously disgusted. Invasion threatened; and we hear, in a letter of September 29th,—"Most of our noblemen are out of town, which looks odd.—Abundance of commissions are out. We shall face the enemy with 5000 horse and 20,000 foot; we think the prince comes with no more than 12,000 foot and 3000 German horse. I saw Suffolk gentlemen Wednesday come up alarmed: the Holland packet told them the Dutch were seventy-six great men-of-war, and had a hundred tenders, which seemed full of foot and horse. I know his first provision was for 30,000 men's transportation. Mr. H. Sydney, Admiral Herbert, and Lord Mordaunt, are generally thought in command. I think we shall be in motion about the 10th of the following month. The king is coining guineas for the army to carry along; hath settled the train of artillery; resolves to go in person, send the queen, young prince, and princess of Denmark, to Portsmouth, and take Prince George with him. Dr. Wynn, I suppose, will send you the declaration. All is panic here. You will be sure to hear of me, till I am knocked on the head."

Again, Oct. 16—"Never place was more thronged than our drawing-room at Whitehall this evening. The Dutch have ebbed and flowed these three days in the report of the vulgar: one hour a lying postmaster, from Newport, put a story five years old upon us, that twelve of their best men-of-war were stranded, and the men lost; which by the wonderful joy appeared in every Catholic face, shewed how much fear was in their hearts: the truth, I am confident, is, that their fleet is much shattered, but possibly repaired by this time, and the upland-men much disordered by sea-weather. Zitters says, to-morrow he will tell the king they never designed coming hither; but I am not of his mind, and imagine we shall find it by next Sunday or Monday."

At this time there is a curious anecdote.

"His majesty sees his four troops of guards frequently exercise in Hyde Park in their armour, which they do to his satisfaction. Two of the gentlemen of which forces discoursing about the proof and sufficiency of their armour, as they were defiling home, resolved to try each other's breast-pieces, and discharged their musketoons at each other's breasts, the armour answering the wished end, and receiving the bullet without yielding in the least."

Rumours continued to shake the realm; but at length the Prince of Orange landed,* the friendless king was deserted by every body (by many most disgracefully and unnaturally), and England obtained a new constitution, almost without blood being shed.

The foregoing traits are all we can afford to illustrate the first division of our review; and even the more various topics of the second must be briefly treated.

The second Duke of Ormonde being mentioned, the anecdote of him and his great politeness is repeated,—that "when he was dying, finding his agony approaching, and fearful he should shock the friends who stood round his bedside by making faces, his last words were—'Messieurs, j'espère que vous excuserez la grimace!'"

* * *

"Catherine Sedley, countess of Dorchester, so created for her life, was one of the mistresses of James the Second. She was a coarse, vulgar woman, with some humour. She was married first to Lord Anglesey, and secondly to the Duke of Buckinghamshire. She was separated from Lord Anglesey by act of parliament, for his ill-treatment of her. At Mulgrave Castle, in Yorkshire, the seat of Lord Mulgrave (who is descended from her only daughter by Lord Anglesey), is a curious portrait of her. She is represented in widow's weeds for the loss of Lord Anglesey, and upon the picture are the following lines in gold letters:

'Puisque le Comte d'Anglesey mourut, sans remords
J'avoue que mon deuil n'est qu'en dehors.'"

We give the next passage as a well-expressed assurance of regard.

"I dare not promise you much help, either from the solicitation of one, or friendship (to omit brotherly affection) of the other; but, as for taking care of exposing me to storms, never think of that,—for I am weather-proof where the interest of my friend is concerned."

In December 1686, "a poor woman that bought a pillow in Long Lane for a shilling, found in it a necklace of pearl worth 7,000*l.* Another more unfortunate poor man, who stole a granadoe-shell yesterday from Black-

ability. Having been active in advocating the exclusion of James from the throne on account of his religion, he was marked out for persecution as soon as that prince came into power. The pretext taken for the punishment alluded to in this letter, was his publication of an address to all Protestants in the army; for this he was sentenced to be degraded from the priesthood, to stand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of five hundred marks to the king, and to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. Great intercession was made with the king for the remission of the whipping; but the cruel James only replied in derision, that 'since Mr. Johnson had the spirit of martyrdom, it was fit he should suffer.'"

* "This is the same statue which still remains in Privy Garden. It was executed by Grinling Gibbons, a sculptor and carver of eminence, who had been brought into notice by Evelyn, who found him executing carvings in wood in a cottage near Deptford. Gibbons cast the equestrian statue of Charles the Second at Windsor. He also executed the statue of the same monarch at Chelsea Hospital. The carved pedestal of the statue of Charles the First at Charing Cross is by Gibbons: and his exquisite carvings in wood of fruit, flowers, birds, &c. in various country houses, are well known."

† "Tobias Rustat, or Rustate, had been a page of the back stairs, and subsequently was keeper of Hampton Court Palace, and yeoman of the robes to Charles the Second."

‡ "The term of *closeting* was grown almost into a proverb; in consequence of the king's habit of endeavouring to influence and convince those whose principles he was dissatisfied with, by conversing with them one by one in his closet. He was particularly addicted to this custom with regard to the members of the House of Commons."

* Of his force one of the king's party writes, Nov. 5—"We here are in good heart, though in some hurry, and hope for good success. Our enemies having fed these two months upon a biscuit, two herrings, and a pint of dortz engelse a-day, we hope to find their noble courage much cast down."

heath, and this morning picking out the combustibles, it fired by some mischance, and flew about his ears, killed him and his wife, and blew up his cottage." (People should be careful what they steal!) The subjoined is quoted as a verse of a song sung much about London (we wish we had it all).

> "Then pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
> Or if you please you may let it alone,
> 'Tis all one."

The following extracts refer to persons of celebrity; viz. Nell Gwynne, the Duke of Buckingham, and our quondam friend Pepys: the details of the deaths of the two former are interesting—not so those of the rapacity of the latter.

"March 22d, 1687. Mrs. Nelly is dying of an apoplexy; her son will go for Hungary, and return a good Catholic, as thought. Utensils about him are preparing like it, and his mother acquainted with it, and the fraternity* to come upon the same foot, or give way as to their advantageous stations. * * * April 23d. The Duke of Bucks, who hath some time supported himself with artificial spirits, on Friday fell to a more manifest decay, and on Sunday yielded up the ghost at Helmesley, in Yorkshire, in a little ale-house† (where these eight months he hath been without meat or money, deserted of all his servants almost.) * * * Phil. (jolly Phil. the Jesuit) has many wonderful kind expressions from the king, so that I imagine some room in the navy (where they roll in money) might be found; so I advise you to solicit hard and court kindly. Sure Pepys would value Lord Ossory's recommendation at no mean rate, though Eure and he together neglect all where money chinks not. * * * I shall urge your monkish brother all I can, and imagine his personal interest in Alexander will do. He tells me he discoursed Pepys about the matter, who told him all was settled. I know the griping temper of both him and Eure, and what rates every poor beson pays for what he has purchased with his blood and many years' hardship."

Gambling in insurances seems to have been known in these days; and in fact a multitude of the anecdotes which we find in these volumes remind us that there is nothing new under the sun,—they so closely resemble our own homes.

"Among other policies of assurance which appear at the Exchange, there is one of no ordinary nature; which is, that Esqr Neale, who hath for some time been a suitor to the rich Welsh widow Floyd, offers as many guineas as people will take to ensure thirty for each one, in case he marry the said widow. He hath already laid out as much as will bring him in 10 or 12,000 guineas; he intends to make it 20,000, and then to present it to the lady in case she marry him; and any one that will accept of guineas on that condition, may find as many as he pleases at Garraway's Coffee House."

There are some curious notices of the East India Company:—for instance:

"We have every month some new relation from the East Indies. Now they tell us, how the great Mogul hath beheaded the King of Golconda, and lately how the English had beat the Mogul. But all these tidings may possibly be interpreted some of the shams and amusements of a body of men trading into those parts; they may well seem to require better authority." This would be a libel on the Court of Directors in 1829.

"Last week (says another) arrived from the East Indies one Dr. St. Johns, who has been there for some years as judge of the Admiralty for the East India Company. He is said to give an account of affairs in those parts, that is quite different from what was published in the Gazette, and not at all comfortable for the nation, at least for those concerned in the same bottom with the company. The said doctor attended the king in council last Sunday in Windsor, where the matter of his information depends. He hath also some complaints of his own against the chief of that company, who have of their own heads (and without any orders from his majesty) taken away the doctor's commission, which was under the great seal,—but of this more hereafter. But it animates already a great grumbling in the city against a certain great East India merchant, whose first name rhymes with Goliah."

After the birth of the Prince of Wales we find the following:

"The prince is in very good health, and hath given audience to several foreign ministers; the lord mayor of York is come to town to kiss the prince's hand, and to present him a purse of gold, as the lord mayor of London did. * * *

"This evening the fireworks upon the Thames will be played: the devices of them are very ingenious, and too long to be here inserted. There are several thousands of balloons that are to be shot into the air, and then to fall into the river, and represent several figures. There are twelve mortar-pieces, that are to cast granado shells into the air, which, when they break, will discover odd mixtures and shapes. The figure of Bacchus represents Plenty, out of whose great tun and belly are to be discharged about eight or nine barrels of combustibles. There are also two large female figures, which represent Fecundity and Loyalty; the emblems of the first are a hare and a hen and chickens, each of which are, in their proper time, to act their part in the magnificent show of this evening. * *

"The Lady Marquess of Powis, governante to the prince, hath taught his royal highness a way to ask already; for, few days ago, his royal highness was brought to the king with a petition in his hand, desiring that 200 hackney-coaches may be added to the 400 now licensed, but that the revenue for that said 200 might be applied towards the feeding and breeding of foundling children." (This is curious, considering the absurd allegation that the prince was a supposititious child.)

Other signs of the manners of the age are subjoined.

"Our Italian advices acquaint us with a tragical story, that two persons who were contracted, repairing to a church in the country of Orto to marry, the priest having asked the lady if she accepted the person to whom she was betrothed for her true and faithful husband, she answered, no; which very much surprised all the company. The priest, thinking this negative to have come from her heedlessly, reiterated his demand twice more; but the fair one persisted in her first answer, which provoked the bridegroom to such a degree, that, without respect of place or persons, he immediately stabbed his bride; but one of her lovers being then in the church, did instantly revenge his mistress's death, for he rushed upon her murderer with his sword in his hand, and sent him to wed her in the other world. This raised such a tumult on all sides, that seven were killed, and many wounded in the church. * *

"Two thousand bombs are thrown into Algiers, but without any great success, which the Algierines have answered by shooting into the fleet the French consul's head. * * * Algiers begins now to be sensible of the French bombs, the best part of their town being beaten down and reduced to ruins; yet the Turks bear it with great vigour and resolution, and continue to shoot off Frenchmen in return of their bombs."

Superstition.—"The Duke of Ormond died, they say, upon the same day with the duchess, and foretold he himself should die that day, and has cautioned the young duke to have a care of it likewise. * * *

"We hear from Genoa, that all the ecclesiastics exhort to penitence, from an old prophecy that foretells they were to expect the same fate with Naples. The ladies are already stript of all their silks and vanities by orders, and persuaded to do acts of mortification barefooted; and their very cast clothes will, they say, amount to a considerable revenue. * * *

"The judges at Oxford made strict inquiry after those scholars who had rescued the Townesends from the constable, for abusing of Obadiah Walker; and the high sheriff of the county recommended it to their lordships' cares in an elegant but short speech he made in court to this effect: '*Pray, my lord-let's have justice, or else good night, Nicho, las.*'"

"Sir John Shorter, the present lord mayor, lies very ill with a fall off his horse, under Newgate, as he was going to proclaim Bartholomew fair. The city custom is, it seems, to drink always under Newgate when the lord mayor passes that way; and at this time the lord mayor's horse being somewhat skittish, started at the sight of a large glittering tankard which was reached to his lordship." (On Tuesday following he died, and the accounts add,) "His lordship had a piece of helpless comfort brought him before he died, which was, that a corn-meter's place and that of the common hunt were fallen void the same day, which were worth to him, or rather his executors, 3000*l.* Few days before died Bunnian, his lordship's teacher, or chaplain, a man said to be gifted that way, though once a cobbler. Another gentleman, lately one of the commissioners for the customs, hath quitted this world, though he hath not changed it for another. He hath strict himself of what necessaries were most cumbersome, and is a-going to France to be a Carthusian monk. He is said to have given his clerk money to pay his debts, and to qualify him to enter the same state, and to have left his goods, except his money and coach, to his friends. * * * The corn-meter that was reputed dead, proves to be alive and in health, though the late lord mayor had disposed of his place in favour of his son."—This is rather a tragi-comedy.

"A medal is said to run about with the seven bishops on one side, with these words: '*Wisdom hath built her house, and chosen out seven pillars*;' on the other side, a church undermined by a Jesuit and a fanatic, with these

* "Meaning the other sons of Charles the Second, the Dukes of Richmond, Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland."

† "This contemporary account of the death of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, is curious, as shewing the grounds upon which Pope wrote his pathetic description of the decease of this nobleman; and yet it would appear that the statement of his extreme penury and desertion was much exaggerated. He died not 'in the worst inn's worst room,' but in the house of one of his tenants, in the town of Kirby Moorside, which still exists, and must have been at the time one of the best houses in the place. He had caught cold by sitting on the ground after fox-hunting, which brought on internal inflammation."

words: '*The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.*'"

A picture of an Irish watering-place will amuse our readers:—

"Wexford, 7th August, 1688.

"Dear Sir,—Had this place afforded me any thing worth communicating to you, I should have paid you my respects before now: this rendezvous of decrepits, where people entertain one another with histories of their several ails and infirmities, enough if put together to make a second Wiseman's Book of Martyrs, and talk nothing but the jargon of the place, of salts and minerals, volatile spirits, vomits, ——, tinging, precipitating, passing, or, as the ladies say, rendering: them for dry roasted mutton, and rabbits, and chickens without sauce, and to be kept waking, as they try witches. And fantastical ladies, and fops, and lampoons in Wexford doggrel, would be an entertainment to you as bad as drinking the waters themselves."

We shall now conclude with a few paragraphs about the news-writers and journals of this epoch.

"Yesterday morning, about three or four o'clock, died that pains-taking Henry Carre, author of the late Pacquett of Advice from Rome, and of the Weekly Occurrences; some of our chief newsmongers are posted to Windsor to put in for his places. * * *

"In the last were mentioned some coffee-house news-writers who make it their business to poison the town and country with their false news. One of them has since been met with by a gentleman whom he had scandalized in his newspaper, and was lustily convinced by cudgel argument, in the presence of many good witnesses, that he was in the wrong. Several others wait an opportunity to thrash his jacket in the same manner, which is the least could be expected by people that venture so far beyond their province, in matters, too, which require so much niceness, penetration, and judgment. * *

"Yesterday the lord chancellor, by the king's command, directed the justices of peace of Middlesex to suppress all coffee-houses and other public houses that deal in news-letters, or expose to the public any foreign or domestic newspapers besides the printed Gazette."

Having thus executed our task as connectedly as the nature of the work before us rendered possible, we beg, in taking leave, to recommend these volumes to their posts in every good library. Some repetitions occur, but they seem to have been unavoidable without mutilating the Correspondence. The notes by the editor are useful, and do credit to his diligence, as the entire work does to his judgment and ability. It is a valuable addition to the annals of England.

The Legendary, consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Scenery, and Manners. Edited by N. P. Willis. 12mo. pp. 286. Boston, 1828. S. G. Goodrich.

THIS is a very agreeable specimen of American periodical tales of forests, lakes, valleys, &c.; many as picturesque as the originals. Nothing like native resources: the superiority of those legends founded on incidents, and embellished with transatlantic scenery, are as superior to those cast in the common mould of fiction as it is possible to be. We quote the following, to us, very beautiful story.

"Tahmiroo was the daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain; and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty; but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Her's was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexile grace so appropriate to protected and dependant woman in refined countries; her ripe pouting lip and dimpled cheek wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the young Sioux called her the 'Startled Fawn.' I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet, submissive motion, all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections; and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears. This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur-trade. Among them was Florimond de Rancé, a young, indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppery of dress, might have done little toward gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner which the Indian never pays to degraded woman, and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, an anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea, that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more and more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this long before the old chief began to suspect it, and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rancé had acquired skill in many graceful arts, which excited the wonder of the savages. He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of savage life, made him a universal favourite, and at his request he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well frighten him from his purpose. Rage shewed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief. With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, 'There are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest.' In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised that Florimond de Rancé would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting and in war he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old men noticed that her rich voice was silent when they passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current which mantled under her brown cheek became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rancé; but one day when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers the village maidens had brought her scattered and withering at her feet. The chief looked upon her with a yearnement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. 'Tahmiroo,' he said in a subdued tone, 'go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun and the opening flowers.' There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the 'Startled Fawn' of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rancé saw the light of her mild eye suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power. The marriage-song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king. Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted, submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh, but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance with that pleading, innocent look which had always characterised her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in former days, and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oars, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oars in unison with her soft, rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sounds of his native land might be dear to him, and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance so which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind, approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the

perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings, on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter, of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth with the staid majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind round among the eddies, or dart forward, with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. 'I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond,' thought she; 'and why, oh! why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?' It was too evident that De Rancé wished his daughter should be estranged from her mother and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rancé had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter, without removing her from the attractions of her savage home, and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion. To favour his project he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tracts after tracts of Tahmiroo's valuable land were sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, whither he had the purpose of conveying his children, on the pretence of a visit, but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife. A company of Canadian traders happened to visit the Falls of St. Anthony just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rancé took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire at one of the convents in Quebec. The Sioux pleaded with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she pleaded in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt, and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her; among the great white folks at the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier. 'Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!' exclaimed Victoire proudly, and, with a natural impulse of tenderness, fell on her mother's neck and wept. 'Victoire, 'tis time to depart!' said her father, sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself; but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her. 'Woman! let her go!' exclaimed De Rancé, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her. 'I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?' exclaimed she, in a tone of passionate grief. 'For your father's lands,' said the Frenchman, coldly. This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo with a piercing shriek fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly-wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he had laid himself down at her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed. Her quiet, submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centered; but even her affection for him was characterised by a strange and unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men; and the boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain. Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Mississippi, when Florimond de Rancé came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hopes of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not. It was only when he spoke to her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he too would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; for Florimond de Rancé did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him. Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed, before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance; and, more than once, she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he stooped to lace—and she could not kill him. The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he, at the same time, promised a speedy return. He had always been a stubborn boy; and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request, exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure. The day arrived. Florimond de Rancé was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis. 'Why do you put these on?' said the boy. 'Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of the Sioux,' said she, mournfully; 'and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her.' She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the river side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for 'the wigwam of the stranger.' It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the 'Startled Fawn' of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. 'We will go to the Spirit Land together,' she exclaimed: 'he cannot come there to rob me!' She took Louis in her arms as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it toward the Falls of St. Anthony. 'Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!' screamed the frightened child. 'My father stands on the waves and beckons me!' she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help. The boat went over the cataract. Louis de Rancé

was seen no more. He sleeps with the 'Startled Fawn' of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi! The story is well remembered by the Indians of the present day; and when a mist gathers over the Falls, they often say, 'Let us not hunt to-day. A storm will certainly come; for Tahmiroo and her son are going over the Falls of St. Anthony.'"

We do not think very highly of the poetry: though many of the pieces are pretty, none are striking, and they want originality. But, altogether, we consider the *Legendary* to be a volume of a very superior class. It is, we see announced, the first of a series, and consists of forty miscellaneous productions; those belonging to the country, and adhering to the original plan (whence some variations have, of necessity, it seems, been made in the hurry of earlier arrangements), are decidedly the most attractive. As a sample of American literary prices, we may notice, that the editor, Mr. Willis, advertises for each page of contributions in prose one dollar, and a higher rate for poetry.

A Treatise on Zodiacal Physiognomy: illustrated by Engravings of Heads and Features; and accompanied by Tables of the Time of Rising of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac; and containing also New and Astrological Explanations of some remarkable Portions of Ancient Mythological History. By John Varley. No. I. Large 8vo. pp. 60. To be comprised in four Parts. Longman and Co.

"LONDON, 1828!!" and a work on judicial astrology! Let us hear no more of the march of intellect, unless it be that it has been obliqueing; for we are convinced, after all, that our friend Varley is the only man alive who understands the true principles of human nature, which we take to be a proper mixture of credulity, insanity, and unconscious obedience to incomprehensible influences. Else how could we credit those things to be existent which we daily see in every event around us? What is there that man or woman cannot be induced to believe? what is there that man or woman cannot be induced to do? and what can account for this credulity and this insanity, but an unconscious obedience to incomprehensible influences? Varley is undoubtedly right; and though a succession of darker centuries have excluded from us, and under the impious pretence of increased knowledge too, the lights of astrology, it is clear that, without a key of this calibre, it is utterly impossible to account for the conduct of nations or of individuals. The sun, the moon, the stars, the comets, the signs of the zodiac, have evidently more to do with our concerns than we have, since the introduction of false principles of science, been disposed to allow; and it is full time that they should be restored to their supremacy. But we are angry with our author. Why has he shirked the grand question? Why has he, like a fond lover, disowned his real mistress, Astrology—to blind us with mock amours with zodiacal phizzes? There can be but one true path *in* the heavens (as *to* heaven), and we wish he had sincerely stuck to his own broad faith, and not have flirted with vagrant infidelities. The danger of such inconstancy is obvious: we have at this moment on our table the evidences of sincere worship; and though the proselytes cannot be considered as being above partial sectaries, there is a fervour and a sincerity in their devotions which wins the heart, if not to join in their creed, at least to admire their zeal. The celestial effects of the expected comet in 1832, for example, have been vividly acknowledged in every enlightened country. De Berenger has sung of that portent in France; and it is supposed got himself thrown into a dungeon in order that he might have a chance of escaping its collision with our upper earth. Hear what the bard of freedom says:—

"Dieu contre nous envoie une comète;
A ce grand choc nous n'échapperons pas.
Je sens déjà crouler notre planète,
L'Observatoire y perdra ses compas.
Avec le table, adieu tous les convives!
Pour peu de gens le banquet fut joyeux.
Vite à confesse allez, âmes craintives;
Finissons-en, le monde est assez vieux.
Le monde est assez vieux.

Oui, pauvre globe, égaré dans l'espace,
Embrouille enfin tes nuits avec tes jours;
Et cerf-volant, dont la ficelle casse,
Tourne en tombant, tourne et tombe toujours.
Va, franchissant des routes qu'on ignore,
Contre un soleil te briser dans les cieux.
Tu l'éteindrais, que de soleils encore!
Finissons-en, le monde est assez vieux.

N'est-on pas las d'ambitions vulgaires?
De sots pavés, de pompeux sobriquets?
D'abus, d'erreurs, de rapines, de guerres?
De laquais rois, de peuples de laquais?
N'est-on pas las de tous nos dieux de plâtre?
Vers l'avenir, las de tourner les yeux?
Ah! c'en est trop pour si petit théâtre:
Finissons-en, le monde est assez vieux.

Les femmes gens me disent: Tout chemine;
A petit bruit chacun lime ses fers.
La presse éclaire, et le gaz illumine,
Et la vapeur vole aplanir les mers.
Vingt ans au plus, bon homme, attends encore,
L'œuf éclora sous un rayon des cieux.
Trente ans, amis, j'ai cru le voir éclore;
Finissons-en, le monde est assez vieux.

Bien autrement je parlais, quand la vie
Gonflait mon cœur et de joie et d'amour.
Terre, disais-je, ah! jamais ne dévie
Du cercle heureux où Dieu sema le jour.
Mais je vieillis, la beauté me rejette;
Ma voix s'éteint, plus de concerts joyeux.
Arrive donc, implacable comète;
Finissons-en, le monde est assez vieux."

But, as usual, (John Bull *loquitur*) French genius yields to British on this, as on every other, field. In England, the advent of the Encke comet (that mere bagatelle when compared with the superb *catastrophiser* of 1832), which hath already passed by unattended by aught but two or three tempests, and, for the month of December, odd-looking thunder-claps—*that* second-rate comet, we say, has been preluded by the "extra-ordinary (a word well suited to the occasion) birth of a *young* Devil," of which we have the authentic account already published, price one halfpenny,* now lying under our perturbed eye. This credible work, though touched in the end with poetical imaginings, is adorned with a characteristic head-and-tail-piece, we presume we may call it, for it is as *follows*:†

After this comes the narrative of the fact:

"For this fortnight past, the inhabitants of London *has* been in *great conversation* respecting the most extraordinary birth of an infant in the shape of his highness the great Satanic Majesty. This singular phenomenon happened in the east part of London, and since it made its appearance, thousands have visited the house which gave birth to this likeness of the Devil. *No person has yet been enabled to examine this object*; it has been seen, and a few days since, on a medical gentleman going into the room, the little imp bolted through the window and fled towards Stratford. The unfortunate woman who is *supposed* to be the mother of this monster, it is stated, had had five boys, and a little time before her confinement she said she would rather have a devil than another boy. This impious declaration justly drew a judgment upon her; and we sincerely hope it will prove a warning to those who are dissatisfied with the decrees of nature. *On questioning the nurse, she said* that as soon as it was born it flew about the room, flapping its wings, and grinning horridly; they endeavoured to smother *it* in the bed, but of no avail, *his* antics being such that he eluded all their power to hurt him. Thus *it* continued the horror of the neighbourhood till the appearance of the doctor, when he disappeared in the manner related. The mother, unable to bear so much disgrace, has *absconded from her lodgings*."

To this particular relation of the circumstances, which are so notorious as hardly to admit of scepticism, succeeds a poem that must be confessed to be far superior to De Berenger's, inasmuch as it has a moral in its tail, and never could get the poet who wrote it into a jail.

"Oh! wonders they will never cease, as I have said before;
We have them now in London by the dozen and the score,
But none can beat this wonder, or even with it level.
For they say not far from London there has been born a devil.

Chorus.—So, wives, I pray mind what I say, and don't think me uncivil,
Oh! you may wish for girl or boy, but pray don't wish for a devil.

This young devil it had wings, for the people all say so,
All up and down the room he flew, flapping them to and fro,
With little horns upon his head, and little curly tail,
They tried to smother him between two beds, but it had no avail.

Oh! some they were for shooting him, and others would him kill,
But this funny little devil sure he never would be still;
He danced and flew about the room, and kicked up such a strife—
They wanted for to cut his throat, but he run and hid the knife.

He did not want good nursing, nor would he eat no pap;
Neither would he squatting upon his nurse's lap;
But he was off upon the wing, as blythe as any lark,
And always found his way in bed, when evening it grew dark.

Come all you married women, a warning take by me,
And never make rash wishes, or a judgment it may be;
Whatever it may be your lot, may you be satisfied,
For whether girl, or whether boy, the Lord he will decide."

We thus see the effects of wandering comets, and can we doubt the more important effects of the everlasting moon, or other heavenly dignitaries? We cannot; and therefore are we angry with Mr. Varley, who is too good a painter in water-colours to be excused for not shewing a greater intimacy with fiery elements.

Nevertheless, in a work of the stupendous research and novelty of his treatise (of which only a fourth part has yet appeared), there is so much to stagger and to give us pause,

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* By T. Birt, No. 10, *Great Saint* Andrew Street, Seven Dials, which the French residents always pronounce Seven Devils.

† Dissatisfied with this portrait, and always anxious to encourage the fine arts, we prevailed upon an artist of our acquaintance to take a likeness of this remarkable and eminent personage. He seems to have caught it in a happy moment; and we only regret that the form of our publication renders it impossible for us to do justice to his fancy in an engraving. We however give an idea of it.

that we feel confident we can never do it justice by any review. It decides that the various signs of the Zodiac create a great diversity in the features and complexions of the human race, and have in fact so much influence over the destinies of human beings, that the system may fairly be styled the *phrenology of the skies*, and opposed to the vain and ineffectual *phrenology of the earth*. Thus, being born under Cancer or Scorpio, or Gemini or Virgo, is far more important than an enlarged organ of veneration or destructiveness, or amativeness or blockheadedness; and it is probable that the strongest bumps of all the phrenologists would give way before Capricorn or Leo, as they must before that tremendous *butt-er* Aries, or the thick-skulled Taurus. In short, we prefer astrology to phrenology as a science; for, as Mr. Varley truly observes, "it has been discovered that each sign confers a specific style of countenance, features, and complexion; by which appearance, alone, the sign which was rising in the east at birth can, often without any other help, be ascertained: but," he adds with great circumspection, "as every fourth sign, as Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, are in friendly trine aspect, or as it were family league, with each other, (any three signs so situated forming one trigon,) and occasionally lend their characteristics in personal appearance to each other; and as each sign appears also occasionally to receive, as if by reflection, the character in part of its opposite, it is requisite that the exact time of birth should be obtained, instead of deciding by external appearance, which may sometimes deceive. Mankind at large are known to be of four temperaments, answering to the four trigons, trinities, or triplicities, which confer those different qualities which, when well combined and proportioned, make a near approach to a perfect being. The fiery trigon, consisting of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, contains the spirited, generous, magnanimous, and princely natures. The earthy trigon, Taurus, Virgo, and Capricorn, contains the careful, sordid, and penurious qualities; the aerial trigon, Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius, contains the humane, harmonious, and courteous principles; and the watery trigon, Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, the cold, prolific, cautious, and severe qualities."

It must be great consolation for persons born under the disagreeable trigons or signs, to be assured (as in the first part of our quotation) that these sometimes receive the better qualities, by reflection from their mere agreeable opposites. But farther we are told—

"The circumstance most fortunate for proving the distinct and perfect division of one sign from another in the countenance and complexion of persons born under two signs, the one of which immediately precedes the other, is the fact of Sagittarius, the house of Jupiter, being the only sign (as I have found by my own experience) under which no persons are born having black or dark hair, eyes, and eyebrows, with the very rare exception of an occasional appearance of reflection of the sign Gemini, which gives a mild hazel-brown eye and hair, and sometimes a deficiency in the clearness of the complexion. I have almost uniformly found those born under Sagittarius to be very fair, with gray eyes, and in general of a lively, forgiving-hearted, and free disposition. And I have frequently detected mistakes in the time of birth given to me by the parties or their parents by the complexion alone, where the parties being dark, and who were born under the latter degrees of Scorpio, or the early degrees of Capricorn (which latter is usually a very dark, melancholic sign), were at first almost positive that they were born at such a time as would cause Sagittarius to ascend: but the line of separation is so distinctly marked, that while the very last degree, minute, and second, of Sagittarius rises, the party then born never has black eyes or hair; and when the very commencement of the first degree of Capricorn rises, the person is generally very dark, though this sign, as well as all the others, will occasionally give fair persons, by reflection of Cancer, its opposite sign. It was probably this almost universally fair complexion of Sagittarius-persons and light objects, which are signified by Jupiter and this sign, that caused the ancients to sacrifice to him white bulls; these and other large animals, such as horses and stags (especially if light coloured), being described by Sagittarius, which sign is Jupiter's diurnal masculine house, and those born when it is rising are governed by him."

Our readers may thus be enabled clearly to see and comprehend how the matter stands between them and the zodiac; and how five minutes' difference in the times of their birth renders the members of the same family red-haired or black-haired, blue-eyed or black-eyed, dark or fair, sordid or generous. We hope our worthy friend, Mr. Owen, will break up the settlement of New Harmony, in compliment to this old and incontrovertible pre-ordination of Mars, Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus. The last named, by the by, though we have only found him out lately, has governed Aquarius ever since the world began; and this shews how long we may remain ignorant of first causes. But, indeed, people are, in general, very little aware of the true reasons whence success or reverses flow:* Mr. Planché knew not why his Charles XII. was (as he thought accidentally) acted on the anniversary of the hero's death (see last *Literary Gazette*); and Lord Nugent has been left in the dark about Hampden's remains, owing to the same ignorance: such coincidences depend entirely on the *ascendant* under which a person is born; and "Saturn, at any period of life, passing through this degree by transit, which he does every thirty years, causes dulness or melancholy for a few weeks to the native; and when Jupiter passes over it, the party usually feels cheerful and healthy: and should a party of antiquaries, hundreds of years after a person's death, discover his grave, there must be some planet, or the sun, in conjunction, or some other aspect with his ascendant." Of the more direct dominion of our planetary rulers, it may be enough to quote, that "Jupiter in the third house generally gives safe inland journeys and agreeable neighbours or kindred. The moon, in this house, will give constant trudging from one place to another; and is often so posited in the nativities of postmen and travellers. Jupiter in the fourth, with Venus, gives fixed or landed property, and a house ornamented with matters of taste, or of the fine arts. Jupiter, in the fifth, gives a family of good or clever children, and much pleasure in life and its amusements. In the sixth, he signifies good servants or assistants, good health, and that the native will be fortunate in small cattle and animals. Jupiter, in the seventh, signifies a good wife or husband, and agreeable dealings with mankind, in making good bargains, &c. In the eighth, he gives property through marriage, or wills and deeds, and in ancient works; as, for example, dealing in old pictures, or delineating antiquities; and also gives a natural death. The sun, in this house, disposes of property by means of other persons and by law-suits. In the ninth house, Jupiter confers good in long voyages, religion, and the fine arts. Jupiter, in the tenth, gives and upholds reputation through life, renders the native successful in his profession, and affords to his mother delight. [In this position was Jupiter at the birth of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.]" And farther—"Notwithstanding that the ecclesiastical position of Jupiter in the ninth house of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, gave him, early in life, the bishoprick of Osnaburgh, yet the superior dignity of the sun in Leo, his own house and the tenth of the horoscope, disposing of the planet Mars, which was also in Leo, overruled the bishoprick, and caused him most efficiently to fulfil the high station of commander-in-chief."

We lament prodigiously that we cannot go through the zodiacal physiognomy, nor explain why children born under Mars have well-formed chins; why those under Aquarius are fair and amiable; or why those under Scorpio are dark, with aquiline noses, and greenish or gray eyes,* &c. Suffice it to state, generally, that "by far the less numerous portion of society is born under the fiery and aërial signs; the world being, in its disposition and habits, governed chiefly by the earthy melancholic Saturnine, and the watery phlegmatic signs; while the superior princes and nobles of the world, and the sublime and heroic poetical writers, painters, and composers, emanate from the fiery and regal trigons and under the humane and courteous aërial signs (Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius) are mostly produced the professors and instructors of music, the fine arts, and the ceremonies and embellishments of life and civilisation." We are farther informed by our intelligent explicator of the heavenly influences, and it is well worth while for every one to understand this thoroughly, if they wish to do well in the world, that "it may be remarked, that persons born under Aries, with Jupiter in the first house, are likely to succeed and be appreciated in England. If he be posited in Taurus, the native is likely to succeed well in Ireland;†

* The worshippers of Apollo are, for example, liable to persecutions at this period, that god being the patron not only of song but of physic. Thus it has happened that De Berenger, in France, has been mulct and imprisoned for writing verses denounced as profane and disloyal: and Mr. Wakely, the editor of the *Lancet*, in England, has been fined for publishing a libel. It is evident, therefore, that *Sol* is not in the ascendant at this winter season; and we should not wonder if there were cold weather about the time of Christmas and the new year.

* "Lord Byron, who was born under Scorpio, received enough of the reflected Taurus principle to prevent his nose from being aquiline, and to give to his character a degree of perverseness or eccentricity."—*Varley*, p. 49.

† The origin of a bull, we dare say; especially as we are afterwards told that "Ireland is under the dominion of Taurus." On this point we have some consolatory predictions: "An evil star, called the Ram's following horn, (of the constellation Aries) has lately passed the fifth degree of Taurus, and probably cannot much longer afflict the cusp or commencement of the sign; which, during the time of the unfortunate troubles of Ireland, was still molested by its orb of influence. A benevolent fixed star of the nature of Venus, called Andromeda's Girdle, has also been within orb of the cusp of Taurus, during rather more than 200 years, ameliorating in some degree the evil of the former; and now, being in the 28th degree of Aries, the significator of England, and being of a feminine quality, manifests its effects in the favourable regard shewn by many English ladies (whom it represents) to the Irish gentlemen, to the benefit of their fortune. As the star advances towards Taurus, the poetical genius of the country, and love for the fine arts, is becoming more and more apparent; and when the great Regulus arrives at a perfect trine with the cusp of Taurus (which will be about the year 2001), Ireland would no doubt experience the extraordinary regard of a great monarch, and probably of a great continental nation, or of a people signi-

if in Gemini, in London, of which this sign is the significator; Jupiter in Cancer will give him success in Scotland or Holland, or concerns connected with the water, unless Jupiter should be afflicted by any malevolent planet, or be in combustion by being too near the sun."

Hitherto we trust we have gone on intelligibly, and much to the edification of the public; but we confess we must leave the annexed extract to explain itself, only stating that Blake was the artist who illustrated Blair's Grave, &c., and that he was so much of an *enthusiast*, that he could call up from the vasty deep any spirits or corporeal or other forms desired for the nonce.

"With respect to the vision of the ghost of the flea seen by Blake, it agrees in countenance with one class of people under Gemini, which sign is the significator of the flea, whose brown colour is appropriate to the colour of the eyes in some full-toned Gemini persons. And the neatness, elasticity, and tenseness of the flea, are significant of the elegant dancing and fencing sign Gemini. The spirit visited his imagination in such a figure as he never anticipated in an insect. As I was anxious to make the most correct investigation in my power of the truth of these visions, on hearing of this spiritual apparition of a flea, I asked him if he could draw for me the resemblance of what he saw: he instantly said, 'I see him now before me.' I therefore gave him paper and a pencil, with which he drew the portrait, of which a fac-simile is given in this number. I felt convinced by his mode of proceeding that he had a real image before him; for he left off and began on another part of the paper, to make a separate drawing of the mouth of the flea, which the spirit having opened, he was prevented from proceeding with the first sketch, till he had closed it. During the time occupied in completing the drawing, the flea told him that all fleas were inhabited by the souls of such men as were by nature blood-thirsty to excess, and were, therefore, providentially confined to the size and form of insects; otherwise, were he himself, for instance, the size of a horse, he would depopulate a great portion of the country. He added, that if in attempting to leap from one island to another, he should fall into the sea, he could swim, and should not be lost. This spirit afterwards appeared to Blake, and afforded him a view of his whole figure, an engraving of which I shall give in this work." We look for its continuance anxiously.

Beyond this we are sure we need not proceed; but as we are brought to the etchings, we may observe that they are in reality admirably done. On the whole, this is one of the strangest performances of our day; and if its author does not make his fortune by it, he may as a fortune-teller.

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fied by Virgo. It is curious to observe, that Jupiter, in 1821, left Aries, or England, and entered Taurus, just at the time when his present Majesty visited Ireland; and, as the planet retrograded in a few days, it re-entered Aries on the 1st of September, about the time when his Majesty returned to England. A little previous to this time, the Herschel planet, in the first degree of Capricorn, and Venus in Virgo, sent at the same time their trine aspects to Jupiter, who received and conveyed them to Ireland. As Andromeda's Girdle will enter Taurus a few years before Regulus enters Virgo, Ireland will then become a place of great attraction for the fine arts, and Englishmen in return will make choice of many Irish ladies for their wives; and that country may, under the auspices of this star, become eminent for the education of females."

Mémoires sur l'Impératrice Joséphine, ses Contemporaines, la Cour de Navarre et de la Malmaison. Tome II. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

THE second volume of this sprightly and entertaining work having just made its appearance, we hasten to select, for the amusement of our readers, a few of the piquant anecdotes with which it abounds. It is but justice to the fair author, however, to observe, that they are told by her with a vivacity and grace, for the display of which the French language possesses peculiar facilities, and which it is difficult to preserve unimpaired in our less conversational tongue. We have also found it necessary to condense some of the narratives.

"We one day asked the empress to shew us all her diamonds. With the utmost complaisance, she ordered them to be brought and arranged on a large table. When the various boxes were opened, we were dazzled by the brilliancy of their contents. It must, I fancy, have been a collection unique in Europe; for it was composed of all the most precious stones belonging to the various towns and cities conquered by the French armies. Her majesty was exceedingly amused by our mute admiration. After having allowed us to examine them leisurely, 'It is to cure you of an excessive fondness for jewels,' said she to us, in a kind tone, 'that I have shewn you mine. After having seen such extraordinary ones, you will have no wish for others; especially when you recollect, splendid as they are, how unhappy I have been, although possessed of them! In the earlier periods of my astonishing career I entertained myself with these baubles; but by degrees I became disgusted with them, and I now wear them only when my new rank compels me to do so. Besides, a thousand events may deprive me of these superb but useless things. Have I not the *brignolettes* that belonged to the queen, Marie Antoinette? Is it certain that I shall be able to retain them? Let me advise you, young ladies, not to envy a magnificence which in no way contributes to happiness. You will be very much surprised when I tell you that I have received more pleasure from the present of a pair of old shoes, than I ever did from the gift of any of the diamonds spread before you.' We laughed, fancying that this was a pleasantry of Josephine's; but she told us with so grave an air that what she had said was true, that we earnestly entreated her to favour us with the history of this famous pair of old shoes. 'On leaving Martinique, with Hortense,' she continued, 'I found myself on board a vessel, in which I was treated with an attention that I shall never forget. Embroiled with my first husband, I was far from being rich; obliged to visit France on business, the payment of my passage had absorbed the greater part of my resources; and it was with difficulty that I could purchase the most indispensable requisites for the voyage. Hortense, graceful and gay, dancing remarkably well the negro dances, and singing their songs with great accuracy, was a source of constant amusement to the sailors, with whom she became a high favourite. As soon as she saw me dozing, she used to mount the deck, and there, the object of general admiration, go through all her little exercises and imitations, to the delight of every body. An old boatswain, in particular, was doatingly fond of her. At length, what with running, dancing, and jumping, my girl's shoes were quite worn out. Knowing that she had not any others, and fearing that if I perceived their state I should prevent her from going on deck, she concealed the circumstance from me. One day I saw her return to the cabin with her feet all bloody. I asked her, in alarm, if she was wounded. 'No, mamma.' 'But look at the blood trickling from your feet.' 'Oh! that is nothing, I assure you.' On examination, I found that her shoes were all in tatters, and that she had been sadly torn by a nail. We were only half way; there was no procuring a pair of new shoes, and I anticipated with grief the chagrin which I must cause my poor Hortense, by compelling her to remain in my miserable little apartment, and the injury which her health might suffer from want of exercise. In the midst of our distress entered our friend the boatswain, who gruffly asked what was the matter. Hortense, sobbing, told him she could not come any more upon deck, because she had torn her shoes, and I had no others to give her. 'Bah! Is that all? I have a pair of old ones in my chest, and I will go and look for them. You can cut them, madam, and I will sew them as well as I can. On board of ship, faith, we must accustom ourselves to every thing; we must not stand upon niceties if we can get what is necessary, that is the chief matter.' Without giving us time to reply, he went in quest of his old shoes, which he brought us with an air of great triumph, and which were accepted by Hortense with many demonstrations of joy. We set to work immediately, and by the end of the day my girl was enabled again to enjoy the pleasure of diverting the crew. I repeat it, never was a present received with more gratitude. I reproach myself for not having ascertained the name of this fine fellow, who was known on board only by the title of Jacques. It would have been very gratifying to me to have done something for him, after I became possessed of the means.'"

"Josephine related to us the way in which the marriage of Mademoiselle Leclerc and General Davoust was brought about. The details are curious, as shewing how the most rude and indomitable characters yielded to the will of Napoleon, even when he was only consul. At the time of the expedition to Saint-Domingo, Bonaparte was desirous of intrusting the command of the troops to his brother-in-law, General Leclerc (who had married Pauline Bonaparte). He called him into his closet, and told him of his intentions. 'I should be happy again to serve France; but, general, a sacred duty detains me here.' 'Your love for Paulette? She shall accompany you. The air of Paris is pernicious; it is full of coquetry; she has no need of it, and shall go with you; so that is settled.' 'Undoubtedly I should be inconsolable to be separated from her; but that would not be sufficient to induce me to refuse an honourable command. My wife would remain surrounded by a family which loves her; and I should have no uneasiness on her account. It is the state of my good sister which compels me to reject what, under other circumstances, would be the object of my envy. She is young and pretty; her education is not entirely completed; I cannot give her any portion: ought I to leave her without protection, during an absence which may be long, which may be eternal? My brothers are not here; I must therefore stay.' I appeal to your own heart, so devoted to your family; general, can I do otherwise?' 'No, certainly; she must be married forthwith. To-morrow, for instance; and you can set off instantly.' 'But, I repeat, I have no fortune to give her; and —' 'Well, do I not know that? Come, my dear friend,

make your preparations; to-morrow your sister shall be married; I do not yet know to whom; but that is all one.' 'But —' 'I fancy I have expressed myself distinctly; so no remarks.' General Leclerc, accustomed, like all the other generals, to consider as a master the man who so short a time before had been his equal, left the room without adding a word. Some minutes afterwards, General Davoust called on the first consul, and told him that he came to communicate to him his intended marriage. 'With Mademoiselle Leclerc? I think it an exceedingly suitable match.' 'No, general, with Madame—' 'With Mademoiselle Leclerc,' interrupted Napoleon, laying an emphasis on the name; 'not only is it a suitable match, but I am determined that it shall take place immediately.' 'I have long loved Madame ——; she is now free, and nothing shall induce me to renounce her.' 'Nothing but my will,' replied the first consul, fixing on Davoust his eagle eye; 'you shall go immediately to Saint-Germain, with Madame Campan; you shall demand of your future wife; you shall be presented to her by her brother, General Leclerc, who is now with my wife; he shall accompany you; the bride shall come this evening to Paris; you shall order the nuptial present, which must be handsome, because I intend myself to give away this young lady; I take upon myself the payment of the portion, and the expense of the marriage; and the marriage shall be celebrated as soon as the formalities required by the law can be fulfilled, and I will take care to abridge them: you have heard me? I must be obeyed.' On finishing this long sentence, which was pronounced rapidly, and in that absolute tone which belonged only to himself, Napoleon rang the bell, and gave orders to let General Leclerc know that he was wanted. As soon as he saw the general, 'Well! was I wrong?' he exclaimed, 'there is your sister's husband. Go together to Saint-Germain, and let me not see either of you until all is arranged: I hate discussions about business.' The two generals, equally astonished, left Napoleon to obey him. Notwithstanding the bluntness of a character by no means amiable, General Davoust humbly submitted. On their arrival at Madame Campan's house, he was presented to Mademoiselle Leclerc: the interview, they say, was rather a serious one; but in a very few days the wedding took place."

Such was the man whom the pretended lovers of freedom in this country extolled; and whom they continue to extol, although less audaciously. The following farewell speech made by General Leclerc to one of his friends, just before he sailed for St. Domingo, in answer to some compliments paid to him on the probable results of the expedition, still more strongly marks the portrait.

"Madame, these results can be no other than disastrous to me. If I succeed, it will be said that I did not make a movement not previously dictated by my brother-in-law; if I fail, my memory will not be the less exempt from reproach. In order to flatter the consul, it will be proclaimed that the plan of the campaign was excellent, and that nothing but my incapacity caused the failure of his designs. I set off with a sorrowful heart; but in these days, all of us, whatever we may be, have only one duty, that of obedience. *We have found a master, where we sought only a protector.*"

We do not like to break off in the middle of a Review of this interest, especially as a continuation must go into another year's volume; but our space allows us no alternative, and the anecdotes and stories are so unconnected, that it is of less consequence. Besides, we do not intend that one of our readers shall leave us.

Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, late Bishop of Pistoia and Prato, Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany under the Reign of Leopold, &c. Edited from the original of M. de Potter, by Thomas Roscoe. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. H. Colburn.

We have so frequently spoken of M. de Potter's work, and its chief topics trench so nearly on (our) self-forbidden ground, that we are glad to have an excuse for not entering minutely into a review of these volumes, judiciously and ably edited by Mr. T. Roscoe. They treat of corruptions in the Romish church, and of the foul offences committed in the unnatural state of society to which some of its institutions lead. The latter result from no religious opinions, but are the certain consequences of any human creatures being placed in similar circumstances. The profession of celibacy, assumed under any disguise, or from any temporary feeling, possesses a great tendency to moral evil; and when this tendency is aggravated by numerous associations of either sex, or still more by exclusive intimacy (we care not what the cause—confession, discipline, or rule) between persons of both sexes, it is sure to induce the most odious hypocrisy and the most abominable guilt that can stain humanity. It has always been so in military bodies, in despotic governments, and in all banded associations; and it must have been still worse in religious communities which assumed principles inconsistent with the dictates of nature, and shut themselves apart from the rest of their fellow-men. In such a soil vice was sure to spring, and to increase and be transmitted with the progress of time, till no enormity could be imagined beyond its proneness to commit; and we have no doubt of the almost infernal facts related by the Bishop of Pistoia. Still the subject is one not the best adapted to our page, and we therefore dismiss the work to the use of those who are opposed to the church of Rome; and conclude with two little recollections which may serve to illustrate such controversies.

When Montesquieu's celebrated work, *the Spirit of Laws*, was forbidden at Rome and Vienna, through the intrigues of the Jesuits, Montesquieu, complaining of the latter, said—"A work which has gone through twenty-two editions in eighteen months, and been translated into almost all the languages of Europe, and which contains useful information, does not merit to be proscribed by the government." And when Pierre Doyenart,—who had been lackey to the writer's son at college, where he picked up a little Latin, and got ordained priest,—came one day to Montesquieu, begging him to recommend him to the minister, Maurepas, and to present his petition, which began thus:—Pierre Doyenart, priest of the diocese of Bayonne, formerly employed by the late bishop to discover the plots of the Jansenists, those perfidious wretches who neither recognise the pope nor the king—Montesquieu read no farther; and folding the paper, said, in a supplicating tone, "Go, sir, and present it yourself; it will do you honour, and have a greater effect. In the mean time go into my kitchen and breakfast with the servants."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Prayers of Eminent Persons, adapted to the purposes of Family Worship and Private Devotion. By the Rev. Henry Clissold, A.M. Dedicated, by permission, to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. 8vo. pp. 492. C. and J. Rivington, &c.

A work of private and family prayer, sanctioned by authority, has long been a desideratum in divinity; and we think the deficiency is supplied by the volume before us. It is a performance of merit, and we have no doubt its general utility and research will procure for it a good reception from the public. From the preface it appears that the design originated from a suggestion by Dr. Johnson, who was once desirous to collect the prayers of eminent persons, "*to select those which should appear to be the best, to put out some, and insert others.*" That suggestion Mr. Clissold has adopted, and the work may now speak for itself. Of the fathers, St. Augustin, Basil, Chrysostom, and others, contribute their aid; and several prayers are introduced, composed, under a variety of circumstances, by Queen Anne, King Charles I., King William III., Lord Clarendon, Prince Eugene, and Lady Jane Grey. Of the great divines in the English church, Tillotson, Andrews, Wilson, Taylor, Stanhope, Sherlocke, and Hammond, are most conspicuous for the warmth, beauty, and sublimity of their devotional writings; and of these Mr. Clissold has therefore favoured us with a liberal supply. Several prayers from the able pen of Bishop Bloomfield have been inserted by his lordship's permission, and considerably enhance the value of the work. There are two admirable prayers by Lord Bacon; and many others by persons of considerable attainments in literature—Dr. Johnson and Sir William Jones being among the number. Of foreigners, Luther, Melancthon, Drelincourt, and Pascal, combine in making this book an interesting and valuable companion of private and domestic devotion, suited to men of every profession and every rank of life. Looking at the general contents, we cannot help observing that they afford gratifying proofs of the habit of prayer being adopted by very many characters of real worth and honourable station in church, state, and the varied walks of general literature. The examples of such great men are worthy of more general imitation; and we think Mr. Clissold's publication will promote this useful object.

Counsels for the Sanctuary and for Civil Life, &c. By H. Belfrage, D.D. Minister of the Gospel at Falkirk. 12mo. pp. 449. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Whittaker.

An application of Christian morality to the "various spheres and periods of life." Dr. Belfrage belongs to the evangelical school, and appears to be a very amiable and well-meaning man, who, out of familiar matters, is endeavouring to inculcate the lessons he deems best for his fellow-creatures.

Discourses on the Important Points of Christian Doctrine and Duty. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart, Minister of Douglas. 8vo. pp. 412. Same Publishers.

We observe that Mr. Douglas, on his title-page, styles himself simply "Minister of Douglas;" while Dr. Belfrage, on his title-page, styles himself "Minister *of the Gospel* at Falkirk:" we therefore are to surmise that in the Scots, like the English, church, there are several sorts of ministers. But all we have to say is, that Mr. Douglas's Discourses seem to us to

evince a very sincere as well as enlightened minister of the Gospel.

Christmas: a Poem. By Edward Moxon. 12mo. pp. 76. London. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

THIS is in time, and, we must add, not out of tune. We certainly wish our poetical friend, the author, had fulfilled his own declaration in page 1, *i. e.* to "touch the chords (of Christmas) right merrily;" which promise he entirely forgets throughout the half of his book, and does not too distinctly remember in the other half. There are, however, some happy thoughts in Mr. Moxon's *Christmas*. To schoolboys breaking up, he says:—

"Go, and your fancies realise;
Leave others to philosophise;
For pleasure lingers not like pain—
Time soon will bring you tasks again.
Never in captive's dungeon tower
Was like anticipated hour.
Go, little prattlers, bless the scene;
There are who long have waiting been,
And many a mother's anxious eye
Looks for her household deity;
And many a father longs to bless
His daughter in her loveliness;
And many a tear for joy shall flow,
Which scarce the cheek itself shall know;
For sweet affection, like the sun,
Shall dry whate'er it shines upon."

With this pretty quotation we leave *Christmas* to its season of friends.

Traité des Principes Généraux du Droit et de la Législation. Par Joseph Rey. Paris, 1828. Alex-Gobelet. 8vo, pp. 395. (With a tabular view of the subject).

FRANCE teems with publications of this class, and there is much of mind displayed in many of these productions. We are hardly judges of constitutions, cut and dry; but we are free to say, that M. Rey has taken great pains to develop his theory, from the first forms of society to the minutest branches of legislation.

Portugal in 1828. Comprising Sketches of the State of Private Society and of Religion in that Kingdom, under Don Miguel. With a Narrative of the Author's Residence there, and of his Persecution and Confinement as a State Prisoner. By William Young, Esq., H. P. British Service. 8vo. pp. 350. London, 1828. Colburn.

THIS volume has been out some weeks, and we have not noticed it. Our reasons are simply these:—without questioning the truth of one iota of the narrative, we are jealous of taking our ideas of the state of a country from the relation of any person who tells us in his title-page that he has been persecuted there. Such works are generally written under the influence of biassed feelings, and are calculated to convey erroneous impressions. Still, though we do not transfer aught of Mr. Young's Sketches to the *Literary Gazette*, we must say that his account is one to challenge much attention, and provoke both praise and controversy.

A Manual of Surgical Anatomy, &c. By H. M. Edwards, D.M.P. Translated, with Notes, by William Coulson, Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Medical School, Aldersgate Street. 12mo. pp. 427. London, 1828. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a very useful Manual: by uniting the study of anatomy and of surgery, it supplies a deficiency long felt by the student and by the general practitioner.

It gives a connected or synthetic view of the different branches or systems of anatomy, as of the bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, &c. in all the regions of the body exposed to accident, or likely to become the seat of surgical operations; and points out, in a very able manner, the influence which the anatomical arrangement of these parts exercises on the nature and treatment of the principal surgical diseases, and on the operations consequent thereon.

To the surgeon engaged extensively in practice, at a distance from the schools, whose opportunities (always few) of renewing and increasing his stock of practical anatomy, have been lately still further curtailed by the ill-judged and mischievous endeavours of the daily press to excite a prejudice and raise a popular clamour against the only means of prosecuting that study successfully,—this little book will prove an invaluable work for constant and easy reference, and it well merits to be on the table of every surgeon so situated.

The translator has omitted to mention where and in what language the original was published. This omission may be supplied, by stating that it is a French work, published at Paris; and that the author, Dr. Edwards, is an English physician resident there, who has distinguished himself as an experimental physiologist. The translation is carelessly done; for example, throughout the whole book, the word "lastly" occurs very frequently near the beginning, often twice in the same paragraph, without an antecedent; "firstly," and without in the least contributing to render the passage more distinct. Another loose mode of expression pervades the Manual, as in the following instances, not selected, but taken *ad aperturam*.

"*It is* the trunk of this artery *which is* generally, &c. *It is* at the middle and posterior part *that this* bone, &c. *It is* from this circumstance *that* trephining, &c. *But it is* only a small part *that contribute*, &c. *It is* generally in the thick part *that*, &c. *It is* almost always between, &c. *that they* exist."

Excepting such faults of carelessness, the translation is clear and distinct.

The Theory and Practice of Arithmetic, in which the Subject is treated as a Science, established upon its own Principles, illustrated by its own Evidences, and made effectually subservient to an Attainment of the Mathematics. Designed for the Use of Schools, private Tutors, and Families. By G. Hutton. 12mo. pp. 280. London, 1828. Poole and Edwards.

A VERY excellent system of arithmetic, on entirely new principles, which render it far superior to most others now in use. We strongly recommend it to the notice and patronage of school-masters and tutors in general. It may also be a desirable manual for private reference among the commercial classes.

Instructions on French Pronunciation, and on the Genders, in the Form of a French Vocabulary and Reader. By M. J. G. de la Voye, de L. R. 4to. pp. 115. London, 1828. Parbury, Allen, and Co.; and S. Maunder.

THIS is a very clever and ingenious work, and reflects great credit on the talents and industry of the author. It is admirably calculated to perfect a learner in the pronunciation of the French language. It is, however, much to be regretted that it contains no prefatory or introductory instructions as to its intent, and the method of its use. Probably, in a second edition, Mons. de la Voye may supply this desideratum.

Willmer's Improved Housekeeper's Account-Book for 1829. To be continued annually. 4to. Liverpool, E. Willmer; London, Whittaker.

EVERY BODY does, or ought to, make good resolutions for improving at this season of the year; and though it is rather a reflection upon the Capital, we would recommend this importation from Liverpool of an *Improved* Account-Book. It is excellently arranged; and, either partially or thoroughly used, must be of great value to the housewife or head of any family. It costs a couple of shillings, and, fairly attended to, may save many pounds before 1830.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.

THIS Society has determined to appropriate seven evenings, during the present session, to meetings for dissertations on subjects connected with the arts and manufactures of the country, illustrated by ancient and modern specimens. Ancient and modern pottery and porcelain are to occupy the first two evenings; and the subjects proposed for illustration on the others are, the arts of stereotype founding and printing, and of casting in plaster of Paris, and the manufactures of glass and of paper.

These topics are of much utility; and we anticipate great advantages from the attention of this Society being thus especially directed towards them.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Dec. 20.—On Wednesday last, being the last day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. W. Wheeler, late Fellow of Magdalen College; Rev. T. Arnold, late Fellow of Oriel College, Head Master of Rugby School.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. Buckingham, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Hinckley, St. Mary Hall; R. N. Gresley, Student, Christ Church; Rev. R. Rees, Scholar, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. K. Leighton, Deny, Magdalen College; C. Hinde, Exeter College; T. M. Goulding, Scholar, Brasenose College.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 20.—The Norrisian prize was on Tuesday last adjudged to the Rev. J. H. Pooley, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, for his essay "On the Nature and Use of Parables, as employed by Jesus Christ."

LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF PERTH.

THE anniversary meeting of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth was held on Monday, the 24th ult.; the right hon. Lord Gray in the chair. The proceedings were interesting, and the numerous and valuable additions to the library and museum, indicated the increasing prosperity and popularity of this Institution. Among the books presented on that occasion, were—a splendid copy, in folio, of the Catalogue of the Library at Kinfauns Castle, from Lord Gray, illuminated in the style of Albert Durer's Prayer-Book, by Mr. Morison, jun., the secretary of the Society; a copy of Michaux's American Sylva, 3 vols. royal 8vo., coloured plates, from R. Mitchell, Esq., Savannah, and many other valuable works. The presentations of geological and mineralogical specimens were numerous, including some very interesting organic remains from the Carse of Gowrie, among which was a fish, apparently of the haddock or whiting species, almost entire, taken out of a quarry about ten miles from Perth. There was likewise a large collection of curiosities from Burmah and Chinese Tartary, sent home by Dr. John Ogilvie, Dr. Andrew Ross, Col. Balmain, and other gentlemen, besides many other donations from General Stewart of Garth, Mr.

Hore, London, Mr. Stewart Menthly,* Mr. Drummond Hay, Lieutenant Johnson, R.N., &c. &c. The report read to the meeting relative to the volume of the Transactions of the Society, lately noticed in the *Literary Gazette*, was rendered peculiarly gratifying by a letter from Sir Walter Scott to the secretary, in which the learned baronet not only expressed his approbation of the work, but his entire coincidence in the views of the secretary, relative to the Gowry Conspiracy, and entered minutely into an investigation of some circumstances connected with that mysterious transaction. After the reading of the Report, Mr. Morison gave a brief dissertation on some facts and traditions connected with the progress of the Roman arms in Scotland; and Dr. Anderson of the Perth Academy read an Essay on the Temperature of the Ocean—from the facts connected with which inquiry the learned doctor controverted the prevailing notions respecting the heat of the earth increasing towards the centre.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN FRANCE.

The season of public instruction in Paris has begun. The return to his post of M. Villemain, who was compelled, two years ago, to vacate the professor's chair, in consequence of the liberality of his opinions, was welcomed with extraordinary enthusiasm. When M. Villemain's emotion would allow him to speak, he thanked his young friends for their cordial reception of him. "I am happy," he continued, "to experience the same interest which you expressed towards me on a very different occasion, under circumstances which may perhaps recur, and which I will never shun." At these words the applause was redoubled.—M. Cousin has re-commenced his course, and has taken for his present subject the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Messrs. Charles Comte and Eugène Lerminier have also entered on their respective courses; the former on the law of nations, the latter on the history of law.

RUSSIA.

By the liberality of the Emperor Nicholas, the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh has been increased, and the objects which it has in view have been extended. At the last anniversary of the foundation of this institution, the secretary took a retrospective view of the labours of the various members of the Academy from its commencement. Among other curious papers which were afterwards read, was an account of the result of the observations made by the Baron de Wrangel, during his last expedition, on the aurora borealis, and on the polar ices. This hardy navigator has endeavoured to explain the formation of those ices, and to prove how long they have existed. He has also inquired why a vast surface of water, surrounded with ice, is itself frequently entirely free from ice.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Works of Antonio Canova. Engraved in outline by Henry Moses. Parts V. and VI. London, 1828. Prowett.

This beautiful and interesting work (of which these two are the concluding portions) is as creditable to the talent employed in its execution, as it is honourable to the genius, the memory of which it will assist in perpetuating. The letter-press in these Parts, besides the explanation of the plates, consists of a Supplementary Notice to the Biographical Memoir of Canova published in a former Part, and Thoughts on the Arts, by Canova himself. One of the most attractive features of the Supplementary Notice is the following letter, written by Canova to his friend M. Quatremère de Quincy, at Paris, immediately after he had seen the Elgin Marbles in London; having been previously acquainted with the works of Phidias only by a few imperfect fragments and casts, and by the representations of them given in the Travels of Stuart in Greece.

"Here am I in London, dear and best friend, a wonderful city, handsome streets, handsome squares, handsome bridges, great neatness, and what is still more striking is, the well-conditioned state of man, which every where presents itself around. I have seen the marbles arrived from Greece. Of the bas-reliefs, we had some idea from engravings, casts, and the few fragments of the marbles themselves with us; but of the full colossal figures, in which an artist can display his whole power and science, we have known nothing. Whether these marbles be the works of Phidias himself, executed under his guidance, or finished only by his hand, they shew clearly that the great masters of antiquity were faithful imitators of select and beautiful nature: they had no affectation, nothing exaggerated or hard; that is to say, none of those parts which may be called conventional, or sacrifices to general rules and proportions. I am led to believe, therefore, that our numerous ancient statues which are marked with these exaggerations, are, in fact, only copies of the productions of their great masters, made by mediocre Greek artists, in order to be sent to Rome. The figures of Phidias are all real and living flesh, that is to say, are beautiful nature itself; as the other master-pieces of ancient art also are: the Belvedere Mercury is real flesh—the Torso is so too, and the fighting Gladiator; so likewise is the satyr of Praxiteles, and his Cupid, of which fragments are found in all directions. The Venus also is real flesh; and a Venus here, in the British Museum, is true and perfect flesh. I must confess that, in seeing these beautiful things, I felt my self-love gratified, for I have always thought that the great masters of antiquity must have worked in this style and no other: do not suppose, either, that the bas-reliefs of the same temple of Minerva are in a different style; they too consist of the fine forms of select nature and of living flesh; for men have always been made of soft elastic flesh, not of bronze. Such authorities should surely be enough to determine sculptors to give up all rigidity of manner, and to imitate rather the soft and beautiful surfaces of nature."

Of the Thoughts on the Arts it is said, that "although virtually, and in substance, the work of Canova's mind, the result of his genius and experience, they were not actually committed to writing and published by him; but are, in fact, notes of opinions and criticisms on the subjects, chiefly of painting and sculpture, uttered by Canova on various occasions in conversation, and taken down, unknown to him, with a view to their future publication, by a friend. This friend was the Abate Missirini, Secretary to the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, whose private and literary character fully guarantee the genuineness and correctness of these interesting fragments: he had also the amplest opportunity for effecting the purpose which his zeal for Canova's memory prompted him to undertake, afforded him by their friendship, habits of daily intimacy, and similarity of tastes and pursuits; and also in these circumstances a preservative against any misapprehension of the scope and meaning of his friend's remarks."

These Thoughts are sixty in number. They contain much that is admirable, and much that is calculated to excite profound reflection. As they are quite unconnected with one another, we will quote a few of the most striking.

"1. Although an ardent promoter of the fine arts, Canova beheld with much concern the vast number of young people, who devoted themselves to them as a pursuit. 'These,' he said, 'cannot fail of being poor and disappointed. Now that Italy and all Europe are full to repletion with works of art, what can all these young students expect? the worst is that they will tend by their numbers to keep up a worthless mediocrity—for excellence was never the heritage of the many—and in these times nothing short of excellence should be thought of. Academies, therefore, should indeed afford to every one an opportunity of proving his talents; but in every case of the absence of a decided aptitude for the arts, the pupil should be induced to relinquish them, and to apply to a pursuit more likely to promote his own and the public benefit; for I fear that this superabundance will begin to incline to the wrong road, and by its overpowering influence carry away with it those who are capable of better things; and when once right principles are deviated from, every extravagance will follow (for the arts when in the wrong path are not to be restrained), and will end in a total depravation of taste.

"6. If you would save yourself much future trouble, and proceed always with confidence in your art, I will tell you the shortest way. Make yourself perfect, in the first place, in all the requisites of your art—as drawing, anatomy, a sense of the graceful and the dignified—understand and feel the beautiful; let your sensibility and imagination also be awakened and exercised; the previous possession, in short, of all the parts necessary in your art is the shortest way to which I alluded. If you take care to do this, the first perception which strikes you of any object transcendently beautiful and graceful will serve your purpose, all the other qualities you possess will be called into play in support of, and in accordance with the sublime idea you have formed, and harmonising with it, produce a beautiful and perfect whole; but this, you say, is difficult, and so indeed I know it is, and therefore I point out the necessity of study and labour if you would become great: when these have produced their effects, it will no longer appear difficult to you.

"12. The only important elements of sculpture, he used to say, are perfection of design and excellency of forms; a picture without these may still be good, in respect to colouring, invention, freedom of touch and effect; but if you take away expression and form from sculpture, what is left?—a piece of marble.

"14. 'It is, indeed, necessary,' he observed to some young artist, 'to have a knowledge of anatomy; but an obvious display of it should be avoided, if it be true that art should imitate nature: let us also follow nature in this respect, which, in order to conceal the harsh, muscular parts of our frame, has admirably covered them with a soft clothing of flesh and of skin; presenting only to the eye a smooth superficies, delicately moulded with rising and indented curves, wholly without harsh inequalities.'

"17. 'How fortunate it is,' he often remarked, 'that but few artists are able to express themselves with propriety and effect with the

* Of this communication, as of many others, we have to complain that the proper names are so indistinctly written as to be illegible.

pen; else what long and mighty wars should we have between the cultivators of the arts; and how much time mispent, to the loss of their proper pursuits. Those who were in the habit of writing were always mediocre artists; the pencil, not the pen, is their proper instrument, and working, not writing, their vocation. Literary men, on the other side, are equally out of their element when deciding on questions of mere art; and the fanciful errors which they fall into are an ample revenge for the intended victims of their criticisms.'

"24. Being asked why, on the decline of ancient art, architecture had not fallen in so great a degree as the rest, he replied, 'In painting and sculpture the artist should always proceed with circumspection, and be aware of his liability to err from right principles; for these arts depend on the guidance of taste and genius, and not on that of exact rules, as is the case in architecture. Taste and genius, however, operate by means that are too subtle and evanescent to be reduced to exact terms; while it is the nature of architecture to admit of fixed and invariable rules and proportions: this is, I think, the chief reason why architecture suffered less than her two sister arts in the general decline of taste. My art has none of these guides and privileges, and is never unaccompanied with a certain fear of erring; so that I am always afraid to take any liberty with it, and stand constantly on my guard; *sometimes I almost feel inclined to return to my early studies, and to begin to copy again from the life.*'"

Is it certain that Canova, great as he was, would not have been greater had he listened to this last occasional suggestion of his own mind?

"30. Being asked, 'which are the most essential rules in the imitative arts,' he replied, 'I think the code of art may be much abbreviated, or rather may be comprised in one single rule, which is this:—the artist should be able to give an exact account of every thing he does, and why he does it. Sometimes,' he added, 'a single fold of drapery gives me more trouble than a whole statue, because I cannot make it fall so that I can account for the particular turn and flow it has taken: if, therefore, an artist wishes to be able to justify his work, in the first place to himself, and afterwards to others, he must be able to give good reasons for the invention, the action, the expression, execution, in short for all the parts of his work which are referable to principles and rules of art; for other parts are not reducible to rules, such as grace, sublimity, genius. If he can act on this compendious principle, he will need no other rules; good judgment is the great and only guide in the arts.'

"35. Speaking of some sculptors who had grown old in the mere practice of modelling, and had executed nothing in marble, he said, 'It is quite necessary, if the young artist ever aspire to be a sculptor, that he should early familiarise himself with the use of the chisel; that there is the same difference between the modeller and the sculptor that there is between one who merely sketches and designs, and a painter: the power of executing works in marble is to the one what the skill to produce finished paintings is to the other: if the hand of the painter has not accustomed itself from childhood to this practice, it will always be backward in seconding his wishes to produce that finely blended colouring, well-managed chiaro oscuro, and high finish, in which excellence consists: let then the young artist divide his time between the pencil and the chisel, this is the practice by which he may obtain immortality.'

"40. One day when he was at work finishing the foot of the dancing nymph, which he continued to retouch, as if he never could be satisfied with his work, a friend said to him, '*How is it that you bestow all this pains on so trifling a part; it now appears excellent and perfect in every respect; do you expect that people who are charmed by its beauty will stop to examine so closely?*' 'It is only by diligence,' he replied, 'that we can make our works deserving of praise. I am now at work on the part under the nail. Among the things which have commonly been passed over with negligence in our art are the nails of the human hand and feet, though the ancients bestowed great pains to express them accurately. In the Venus de Medici they have been worked with wonderful care.' 'What!' said his friend, 'would a statue suffer by a defect in the nails?' 'Certainly; and the saying of the ancients, 'perfect even to the nails,' by which they characterised a finished production, was not without exact and deep significancy. The ear also, although it is often only slightly marked, and not at all given in detail, is a part which conduces much to the beautiful effect of the countenance, and in the best works of sculpture we see them most carefully finished.'

"42. 'There is one noble means of avenging ourselves for unjust criticism; it is by doing still better, and silencing it solely by the increasing excellence of our works. This is the only true way of triumphing; but if instead of this you undertake to dispute, to defend, or to criticise by way of reprisal, you involve yourself in endless troubles and disquietudes, disturb that tranquillity which is so necessary to the successful exercise of your pursuit, and waste in harassing contests that precious time which you should consecrate to your art.'

"47. On the subject of an artist, who, with a devoted industry had made little progress, and after many years of labour and reiterated attempts had produced nothing at all corresponding in effect, he remarked, 'Perseverance must, at last, obtain something; but before applying ourselves to a pursuit like the arts, we should ascertain that nature has given us an aptitude for them—perseverance alone is not enough. When a young artist, who has mastered the rudiments of his art, does not advance rapidly and decidedly in the first three or four years, there is, in general, little to be expected of him: with practice, indeed, he may obtain more freedom, more practical skill and knowledge, but he will not gain on the score of originality or inventive genius. The figure of Meekness, on the tomb of Ganganelli, is one of my earliest productions; and yet now, after thirty years of practice, I do not know that I have learnt to do better. I am mortified to find my powers so limited, and would fain raise myself to a higher pitch, but I cannot.'"

The plates in these closing Parts are, various Medals struck in honour of Canova; the ground-plan and elevation of the magnificent church at Possagno, to the erection of which the artist devoted his entire fortune, the fruit of all his labours, and which is rendered yet more interesting by being the depository of his mortal remains; the Monument to Canova placed by the Venetian Academy of the Fine Arts in the hall of their institution; and the following works by him; viz. Sepulchral Monument of Nelson (two plates); Sappho; the Descent from the Cross; Allegorical Figure of the City of Padua; Dirce; Endymion; Guiseppe Bossi; Rome; and the Chevalier Azara. They are engraved in outline, with Mr. Moses's well-known firmness, delicacy, and taste.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[We have much gratification in filling our poetical department this week with a production appropriate to the season, from the pen of an author whose popularity is so great in writings of this class, that his Omnipresence of the Deity has come to an eighth edition within nearly as many months.]

THE SPIRIT OF TIME.

By Robert Montgomery.

Horæ quidem cedunt, et dies, et menses, et anni: nec præteritum tempus unquam revertitur; nec quid sequatur, sciri potest.—*Cicero.*

ANOTHER Year, methought a Spirit cried,
Another Year is gone! Still rolls the World
Magnificent as ever; bright the Sun,
And beautiful his native heavens; the Earth
Around looks fresh as on her birth-day smiling;
And Man, as gay as if no knell had rung,
No heart been broken, and no tears been shed!—
Where, then, the hist'ry of the fleeted Year,
Of weal and woe, of glory and of shame?
ETERNAL! not a minute wings away
That doth not waft a record to Thy throne!
Time cannot die; the dim, departed years
Will rise again, and cited ages stand
Like thoughts,—creations of the mind!

A Year hath fled, and in Eternity
His awful burden cast!—what hath he won?
Ye Thunders! ministers of cloudy wrath,
With herald lightnings to sublime your power,
Say, from your caves shall ye be summon'd forth,
And tell your havoc; in the blaze of noon,
And in the night-wing'd tempest darkly made?
Or shall I bid th' unbosom'd ocean yield
Her dead, or let the unfrequented graves
Unlock, and shew their ghastly inmates there?

Alas! there is no moral loud enough
To hush the laugh of Life above the tomb;
Time, accident, and change,—they pass away
Like shadowy dreams; the deepest, dreadest voice
Of Nature will not rouse the world to think.—
There was an earthquake in a far-off isle;
The heavens were blacken'd, and the dark waves yelled,
While Ocean, heaving like a human breast
In agony, groan'd wildly from her depths!
All earth seemed fear-struck; on their bowing trees
The leaves hung shudd'ring, through the heated air
The dull wind mutter'd with a spirit-tone,
And fitfully the island-cities rocked!
At midnight came the Earthquake in his wrath
And strength, and made the world's foundations reel!
Temples and domes were shatter'd; shrieks and prayers
Rang wildly through the skies, and gulf'd within
Th' uncavern'd ground a thousand corses lay!—
Morn rose again, a sadness cloaked each brow;
Yet none could dream of Judgment in their doom,
And in the earthquake hear the voice of Heaven!

A Year hath vanished,—and how many eyes
Are filmed, how many lovely cheeks are cold!
What lips, that let out music from the soul,
Are death-sealed now! Bend, human Pride! and see
The desolation and the curse of Time:—
Monarch of millions! at whose royal feet

The treasures of the smooth'd earth were laid;
And on whose brow the pride of Ages sat,—
Where slumbers thou?—the sleep of death is shine,
And worms will revel on thy ashy form
As on the meanest of thy kindred dust!

What hast thou lost, unheedful World? Thy great
Have died; Spirits, amid whose lightning track
The common herd are lost in bright eclipse,—
Thy Kings, thy Warriors, and thy Statesmen too,—
Have perished; hast thou mourned thy mighty dead?
Go! weep for one, the wonder of his day,
A sow'ring Genius of gigantic grasp,
A Man whom England may exult to hail
Her own, a Patriot, on whose dying lips
Her haughty name like an enchantment hung!
His chief inheritance, a lofty Soul,—
He battled through the darkness of his lot,
And shone aloft,—the brightest of them all
That wrestled with the tempests of renown!—
What genius glowed within that gifted mind;
What eloquence came flowing from the fount
Of fiery thought within,—demand of hearts
That felt his words, like new-born feelings, play
Their inspiration round them! when with eye
That kindled with the kindling truth, he stretched
His mind o'er empires, and round captive isles
Bade Liberty to wave her awful wings!

But when the mighty die, the mean begin
To live; and thus with thee, departed one!
Scarce on the wind thy death-knell ceased to moan,
Ere darkly rose the pestilential breath
Of Slander's venal lip, to blight thy name,
And turn thy soul as tainted as her own!—
Yes! they who fear'd the thunders of thy voice
In Retribution's proud revenge,—arose,
And on thy mem'ry heaped the hoarded wrath
Of envy:—let them riot in their shame!
What, though some error cast a doubtful shade
Upon thy glories, shall we land them less?
Are skies less beautiful, because the clouds
Sail o'er them? shines the morning sun less bright,
Because a passing shade profanes his brow?—
Thou hast a monument in noble minds
That will not moulder; Time shall guard it there!

But not alone the glorious and the great
Hast thou entombed, thou unreturning Year!
'Tis in the noiseless sphere of common life,
In humble homes, by happy evening hearths,
Where once the social hearts were gather'd round,
We trace a fearful havoc in thy flight.—
Alas! how many whom the infant Year
Beheld in beauty, looking on through life
As through a vista of eternal joy,
Have vanished,—like the bloom of early hope!
What blue-eyed babes, beside the parent knee
Reflecting smile for smile, have winged away,
Like birds of Paradise, to their own home!—
What creatures, budding into womanhood,
Who loved the silent walk, and made the flowers
Companions of their virgin thoughts,—have gone
To graves, with all a mother's treasured hope!
Go, see the mournful chamber, where of yore
When Winter howled his dirge, the guileless sing
And heart-warm fellowship of evening hours
Was heard,—now mute, as if the tones of Joy
Had never scatter'd echoes there!—Alas!
For him, who in the green young spring had wed
The heart he worshipp'd; gaily beamed the Sun
Upon this moon of crowned love; long days
Of bliss, and all the bright romance of youth
In radiant visions gather'd round his heart,
And now,—the world's become a tomb to him!

And thou, O Fashion!—at thy gilded shrine,
What victims have been offer'd up! From haunts
Where all the purer passions bloom and dwell,
And Nature is the holy nurse of Thought,
The maiden martyrs have been brought to thee;
And saddening 'twas to see the piteous change
From innocence, to each corrupting joy:
At home, they wander'd in ancestral woods,
Gazed on the brooks, and felt a brightening dream
Flash from their surface o'er the guiltless heart;
Yes! beautiful that freshness of the soul,
When summer breezes, like the gladsome wings
Of viewless Spirits, vivified the air!
Or, when with eye expanding in delight,
They marked the heavens all blazon'd o'er with clouds
And beams, and bless'd the hand that hung them there;
Then Life was holy, full of heavenward joy,
And all their thoughts, like sunbeams, where they fell,
Shed brightness and a beauty round:—oh! ill
Exchanged for steaming rooms and crowded halls,
For heartless pride, and unromantic hours!
Then worked the havoc of the mind within;
The fount of gen'rous feeling frozen up,—
The heart-laugh tamed to an obsequious smile,—
And every young affection wither'd off
In bleak and barren pomp!—they died;
And heavy knells were rung, when marriage-peals,
Like merry prophets, should have loudly hailed
The coming years;—'twas Fashion chained their course!

E'en thou, oh Genius! whose unearthly spell
Sublimes the world, hast earn'd the dismal tomb
Within the parted Year. Yet, one there was,
On whom Oblivion's pall should not have dropt
Her gloom; he never heard a great man's name,
Without a thrill, electric as divine;
He never saw a monument to Mind,
But Glory came, and sat him on her throne!
I saw the haughty light that lit his brow,
The emulation firing from his soul,
And mantling all his features with the mind,
When first that ever-haunting dream of Youth,
The goal to which ambitious thoughts would run—
The City-queen of England,—met his gaze
Of wonder: round him flowed her streams of life,
Fierce in the strength of countless lands and isles!
Temples, and Towers familiar with the clouds,
And Streets gigantic, in their glittering flow
Branching away, like rivers in the sun,
Claimed tributary awe,—but soon grew dim;
From ancient times a mighty shadow came,
And in it, his enthusiastic eye
Saw Spirits, who are palaced in the skies!

But Genius is a martyr to itself;
And that immortal lava of the soul,
That fire he felt, for which there is no name,
Consumed him, while it glorified each thought:
One midnight, when, deserted and untred,
The Capital had locked her thousand limbs
In slumber, and a silence shrouded all,
With a cathedral awe, alone he stood
Amid some mute vast square, and deeply watched
The heavens, and spread his spirit to the stars,
That seemed to brighten as his fancy glow'd!—
The mystery of Being, and the might
Of Him, whose fiat fashion'd sumless Worlds,
And Life and Death, the silence of the grave,
That dark unknown we all are doomed to know!—
Came on him now; 'twas his last hour of dreams;
The lights of Heaven ne'er looked on him again,
The morrow made his grave!——

No more of sorrow for the fleeted year;
No tears can cancel, or recall it, now:
Hereafter, when before the throne of God
Eternity is balanced, all its Crimes
And Virtues will be summon'd to their doom:—
Hark! from a host of dizzy-vision'd spires
The midnight hour is rolling to the skies,
While doubtful echoes undulate the air,
Then glide away, like shadows into gloom!
A solemn peal,—a farewell voice of Time,
It leaves a ling'ring tone in many a heart
Where Merriment has made her home; the Young
Who hear it in the festive chamber, sigh,
And send their thoughts sad pilgrims to a tomb!
The Aged hear it,—and forget the World!

A Year hath vanished, and another Year
Is born: what awful changes will arise,
What dark events lie hidden in the womb
Of Time, Imagination cannot dream:
Ye Heavens! upon whose brow a stillness lies,
Deep as the silence of a thinking heart
In its most holy hour, the World hath changed,
But ye are changeless; and your midnight race
Of starry watchers glance our glorious isle
Undimm'd, as when amid her forest depths
The Savage roamed, and chanted to the moon.—

O England! beautiful, and brave, and free,
With Ocean like a bulwark round thee thrown!
Thoughts of thy destiny awake the heart
To fearful wonder;—from the wildest state
Of darkness raised, and magnified by Heaven!
What though a troubled Spirit walk the Earth,
And Fancy hear the distant war-drums roll,
Long may thy sea-domes proudly ride the waves,
And o'er the World still reign the Island Queen;
May each new year add glory to thy name,
And TIME be vanquish'd, ere he sully Thee!

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. WOLLASTON.

A PREVIOUS notice in our *Gazette* must have prepared the scientific world for the loss of this eminent man. He died on Monday last, aged 63, having, to the end of his life, evinced all that calmness, self-possession, devotedness to science, and love of his fellow-creatures, which was to be expected from his character throughout the whole of his career. If we can procure a memoir worthy of him, we shall lay it before our readers.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A Sketch of a French Young Lady educated at a Convent.

(Addressed to an English Lady.)

A FRENCH young lady, at sixteen or seventeen years of age, goes from a convent into the world (you know what a convent is): the nuns, with whom she has lived ever since her childhood, restore her to her parents, who frequently the same day deliver her to a husband,—her only previous acquaintance with whom consisted in some frigid compliments, paid her through a

grate. She can say her beads, the *angelus*, the *benedicite*, the thanksgiving; she has learned a hundred ways of recommending herself to the saint whose name she bears, to her guardian angel, to the patron saint of the order and of the convent. She has read more than once some extracts of the legend; she knows a number of marvellous tricks which demons and spirits play in this lower world; she is ignorant of none of those little pastimes with which the imagination and judgment of girls are exercised; she can colour images, and adorn with straw and gilt paper an Agnus Dei or a holy relic, as elegantly as a professed nun. Perhaps she also knows how to embroider a flower in gold or silk, and in thread on cloth, to work *à la marli*, to make buckles of ribands, and even to knit stockings. She has received in the great parlour some lessons of the minuet and country dance; she makes admirably well the most profound courtesies. Lastly, if she is fond of music, the matron grand chantress will take a pleasure in teaching her to *sol-fa*, and she will sing most devoutly little hymns and long canticles.

See, madam, how far they go—the knowledge, the talents, the attainments, of a young Frenchwoman of quality, who has been well educated. The mother glories in having a daughter so well formed for the world; she pretends to discover that she does not hold up her head, that she has a shoulder too high, or an awkward air, to have it thought that she may still be improved, so as to become a prodigy. The young lady, enriched with such an ample collection of accomplishments, is placed at the head of a numerous and splendid household, is presented at court, introduced into all companies, given up to the great world, and it is recommended to her to commence mother of a family within the year.

[The above has been translated from an old French work, and thus parodied with reference to the march of mind in the education of English females.]

(Addressed to a Chinese Lady.)

An English young lady at sixteen or seventeen years of age, sometimes sooner, goes from a boarding school into the world—(you know what a boarding school is); the governess with whom she has lived ever since her childhood (except during the holydays) restores her to her parents, who, frequently the same day, introduce her to their *friends*, of whom she knows a little by a few cold caresses she has received from them in her mamma's drawing-room, when at home for the holydays, before being *brought out*. She knows very well how to conduct herself at church, repeat her prayers, and note down the heads of the sermon. She has a hundred ways of recommending herself to the *world* for her devotion to the religion she professes—her own conscience, and the patroness of the Bible Society to which she belongs. She has read, at least once, all the popular novels; she knows a number of extraordinary tricks which lords and ladies play in the fashionable world; she is ignorant of none of those little flirtations with which the imagination and judgment of girls are exercised; she can paint flowers, and adorn chimney-pieces with straw and gilt paper, and other knick-knacks, as elegantly as a supplier to one of the bazars. Perhaps she also knows how to embroider a flower on muslin in worsted or satin-stitch, to work *en appliqués*, make bead-bracelets, and even gentlemen's watch-guards. She has been taught in the dancing-room how to *walk* a quadrille, and in the coach-house how to step into a carriage; gives admirable *stares*, and inimitable *nods*. Lastly, if she is found to have no taste nor talents for music, the singing-master must bestow the more pains in teaching her to *sol-fa*, and she will scream most confidently little opera airs, and play long concertos.

Think, madam, how wonderful are the knowledge and acquirements of a young English lady of rank who has been fashionably educated!—The mother exults in introducing a daughter so well tutored to play her character—affirms she is all talent, beauty, and elegance—completely finished—an absolute phœnix. The young lady, enriched with so many perfections, finds herself the leader of a numerous and flattering set of acquaintances—is presented at *Almack's*—goes to every party—devotes herself to fashion—and is advised by her mamma to become the bride of the most *eligible* man that offers before the close of the season.

THE PARISH WAITS.

The following is a *verbatim* copy of a printed bill left by a party of these nuisances and sleepbreakers. "To the ladies and gentlemen residing in Brunswick, Tavistock, and Euston Squares, Burton Crescent, and neighbourhood. Ladies and Gentlemen,—With sensible recollection of by-gone patronage, your 'Wandering Melodists, the Christmas Waits,' beg to offer their best compliments on the approaching festival. The Band on this occasion, as heretofore, has been numerous and select, and trust to merit that liberal diffusion of your favours which has enlivened our homes and cheered our hearts for a series of years. We trust our sprightly notes of melody, awaking sweet Echo on the dull ear of Night, has stole on your gentle slumbers, and again lulled you to repose with the soothing *candansa* of the lullaby.

M. Putnam and J. Lawless, *Violins*, 6, Swinton Place, Bagnigge Wells Road, and 33, Middlesex Street, Somers Town; J. Sayer, *Clarionet*, 28, Hertford Street, Somers Town; E. Smith, *Double Base*, 16, Little Coram Street; J. Smith, *Violoncello*, T. Shambler, *Flute*, 7, Swinton Place, Bagnigge Wells Road.

Having redeemed our pledge, we shall have the honour of paying our personal respects in the holyday week. In respectfully taking our leave, we beg to remind you, that as some who are pretenders to the Magic Wand of Apollo, would attempt to impose on your liberality, and defraud us of your favours, it may be necessary to say, that we will produce a book with a printed label, containing our names, instruments, and addresses as above."

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

At the Western Exchange Gallery, in Bond Street, there is an exhibition, by an ingenious individual, of the name of Walker, which consists of a remarkable variety of articles. Among these is (we should suppose) a unique specimen of ancient needlework, representing the Messiah assembling the people of all nations, from the Apocalypse. It is very large, and consists of hundreds of figures, celestial and terrestrial. Probably the business of some conventual society for many years, though it is nothing as a production of art, it is certainly a great curiosity as a work of human invention and industry. In the gallery are several pictures of considerable merit and interest;—including a *Group of Irish Peasants*, which makes us acquainted with the name of a painter of that country, Grattan, (who has, we understand, been dead some years,) and does credit to his talents. There are parts of it possessing much beauty, and the whole is clever and characteristic. An early picture by Northcote, finely coloured, is also among the number.

On the tables around are mineralogical specimens, organic remains, &c. &c.; the whole offering an agreeable half hour's lounge, which we the more readily recommend, as the proprietor appears to be a meritorious person, and nearly as original as the needlework.

A Panorama of the Greek War is daily to be seen at the Rotunda, near Blackfriars' Bridge. The views (some dozen in number) revolve before the eyes of the spectators, and show them the principal scenes and events of this memorable contest. There is music, to prepare the spirits for the moonlight passes and the desperate fights; and our young friends will like it much better, even at first sight, than their Greek Lexicons.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATION.

The Elements of Flute Playing. By T. Lindsay. Intended to aid the Pupil and the Preceptor. London, 1828.

We have examined this work with much attention, and exceedingly regret that our limits (for notices of this class) do not permit us to render ample justice to the value of so excellent a book of instruction. But we cannot help expressing our concurrence in the author's remarks on the choice of an instrument; the great caution and judgment in the purchase of which has frequently been pernicious, as well as expensive to the amateur. Mr. L. states to be perfectly studied in the flute, and has industriously availed himself of the abilities of the best masters who have preceded him; at the same time honestly acknowledging the sources from which he has compiled. We admire his diagram shewing the angle of elevation of the instrument across the lips, and also the mode of representing the fingering of the notes, both of which are (to us) ingenious and novel modes of explanation. The rules for applying the various ways of fingering were much wanted, and are well exemplified. Mr. L. is also very sound in his remarks on tone, accentuation, and tonguing; and has given a regular series of well-digested examples for a student's practice. On the whole, we congratulate him on the merits of his very useful work, and wish him every success with it. His second book will, we trust, soon make its appearance, and must meet with a very favourable reception.

Referring to preceding works of this class, we may remark, (and it will be a sort of retrospective musical review,) that Wragg's old work, (though it has run through eighteen sets of plates!) is as unscientific and worthless from beginning to end, as now to be despised by all intelligent masters. Gunn's philosophical work (compiled about forty years ago) is more theoretical than practical, and, like Wragg's, is many years too ancient to possess any of the great advantages which have resulted from the modern improvements of fingering. Nicholson's book, (not, however, his excellent work *for advanced pupils*, called *Preceptor's Lessons*, which is really clever,) is entirely unworthy the author's name, having been written by him when a mere lad, and long before he had acquired even a small portion of his present high reputation. Again, Monzani's *Preceptor*, though an excellent work in some respects, is so very defective in arrangement as greatly to lessen its utility, and, by a strange error in judgment, is filled up with cadenzas and preludes, fit only for concerto players! Dressler's work, lately published, although much too difficult, is perhaps the best book of them all.

DRAMA.

The theatres during this week present no novelty, except Mr. Kean's (the younger) performance of *Romeo* to Miss Philips's *Juliet*. Having been prevented from witnessing it, we can only say for the present, that it bears a good report in the theatrical circles. Great preparations have been made for the Christmas pantomimes; but we must be at press before they begin on Friday night.

VARIETIES.

Phrenology.—Dr. Spurzheim, the pupil and friend of the late Dr. Gall, is now at Toulon, examining, by permission of the government, the skulls of all the convicts. He writes to his friends, that he expects, from these examinations, to produce many decided proofs of the correctness of his doctrine.

Bavaria.—The population of Bavaria consists of about 3,000,000 individuals, spread over 220 towns, 399 burghs, 2,920 villages, and 28,450 hamlets. Divided according to their religious faith, this population comprehends 3,750,000 Catholics, 1,103,000 Christians of the Augsburg confession, 80,000 reformed Christians, 50,000 Israelites, and 1,000 persons of various other sects. Public instruction costs the government annually 735,000 florins, which is about a sixth of the whole expense of the administration of the interior. The number of establishments devoted to education is about 5,320; viz. three universities, two schools of law, seven normal schools, 118 lyceums, gymnasiums, colleges, particular schools, &c.; and 5,400 primary schools. The number of professors is 7,114, without reckoning nearly 200 inspectors, whose duty is to superintend and improve the various institutions. The Jews have an especial school for their children, and a learned academy at Furth. The total number of persons thus receiving education in the kingdom is 500,000; that is to say, about an eighth of the population. There are also many Sunday schools.

M. Caillé.—There is some idea in France of sending out M. Caillé, and two or three others to Africa; but the government will not come to any decision on the subject until the report of the Geographical Society on the accounts given by this traveller of Timbuctoo and other places, have been delivered.

Coffee.—A general belief prevails in this country, that the acknowledged superiority of the coffee which is made in France is to be attributed to the chicorée powder which is put into it before boiling. The truth, however, is, that this powder, which is made from the dried and roasted root of the cultivated dandelion, is only used in coffee-houses and other places of public entertainment in France for the purpose of adulteration, as the addition of a teaspoonful of it to an ounce of coffee will give as much colour and flavour as the addition of half an ounce of genuine coffee. The cost of the chicorée is something under three pence per pound in France; but in this country, where it is justly recommended to be mixed with coffee to correct its heating properties, it has been modestly advertised at half-a-crown. The usual mode in which coffee is prepared in France at the coffee-houses, is this. Cold water is poured upon the ground coffee, in the proportion of one pint to two ounces of the powder, with one sixth or eighth part of the powder of chicorée added. This is then placed in the ashes of a wood fire, and left stewing for several hours. It is then taken away and allowed to settle, and being poured off when perfectly clear, is warmed up for use, and served as *café noir*, without milk, in small cups, *demi tasses*, or with boiling milk, in the proportion of one-third coffee to two-thirds milk. In private families in France, as in this country, the coffee is made by infusion, without chicorée, or the latter is used only medicinally. Where the frequent use of coffee is found to over-stimulate the stomach, and to distress the nerves, occasioning pain and acidities, the Paris physicians order a little Castile soap to be scraped into the cup with the coffee. This produces scarcely any unpleasant taste, although the contrary might be expected, and is very highly extolled by persons who use it. In Portugal, coffee is always made by infusion, and is taken very strong,—an ounce being used for one good-sized cup; yet, from its cheapness, a small cup of coffee, including sugar and milk, may be had in a first-rate coffee-house for a penny. In most parts of Spain coffee is but little used, and is then made very weak,—an ounce only being used for eight or ten persons. Where there are French coffee-houses, the French mode of preparing it is adopted. In France the ground coffee at the grocers' shops is frequently adulterated with burnt chestnuts. It ought to be added, that the coffee which is used in private families in France, owes much of its delicious flavour to the fact of its being used soon after roasting. The process of roasting is carried on there by retail grocers and private families every day; whereas in this country, the berries from which our coffee is prepared, has, generally speaking, been roasted several months previously.

Bremen Wine.—The cellars of the senate of Bremen had long been famous for good old wine, of which no one was allowed to have even a few bottles without an express permission from the illustrious body to which it belonged. During the occupation of Bremen by the French troops, however, the rule requiring this permission was disregarded. The cellar at that period contained a great deal of Rhenish wine, two centuries old. As the tuns were drawn off, the deficiency was supplied with new wine; but the mixture is still passed off as being 200 years of age!

Steam Cannon.—The late failure of Mr. Perkins, at Vincennes, has not had the effect of discouraging the French government from other attempts to make steam cannon. We hear that Messrs. Perrier and Edwards, who are eminent engineers at Chaillot, near Paris, have been employed to prepare something in this way from models furnished by the French government; and that hopes are entertained of being able to produce a cannon as formidable in proportion as the steam musket-barrel exhibited by Mr. Perkins. Yet it is difficult to conceive how, even if success attend the attempt to produce an engine of this kind, it can be made available in a field of battle. On board ship, however, or in siege, it might prove very destructive to an enemy.

Greece.—It has already been stated in the *Lit. Gaz.* that the French government had resolved to send out another scientific expedition to Greece. We now find that the minister of the interior has desired the Academy of Sciences, and two or three similar institutions, to select each one or two persons of scientific knowledge, to form part of the projected expedition. It is also intended to send to the Morea a complete printing apparatus, for the purpose of getting up works in the French language, adapted to the present state of intellect in the country, but so contrived as to promote a gradual improvement. Two Frenchmen of considerable talent have in contemplation the establishment of a French newspaper at Napoli, or Navarin; and a similar undertaking is projected at Corfu. To the first of these, support will probably be given by the French government, as it is not likely that, in the present state of society in Greece, the work would succeed upon its own merits.

Jerusalem Artichokes.—In some parts of the North of France, the root of the Jerusalem artichoke has been introduced into use for the purpose of distillation. The wash made from this vegetable is found to yield a very pure but strong spirit, which resembles that obtained from the grape, more than any other substitute that has hitherto been tried. As the root grows readily in this country, and might be cultivated abundantly, it would be well to try the experiment here, as we have now no medium spirit between genuine French brandy, which is so much overtaxed, and the fiery produce of grain, sold under the denominations of gin and whisky.

Adulterated Bread.—It was stated some time ago in the *Literary Gazette*, that an epidemic disease of great virulence, which was attributed to the adulteration of the bread, had manifested itself in many parts of Paris, but particularly in hospitals and other public institutions. A recent French paper states that the disorder has not yet entirely disappeared, and that a rigid analysis of the bread used in the hospitals and other public places infested with it, has been ordered by the government. M. Recamier says the disease resembles very much the *convulsio raphania* of Linnæus, which that botanist ascribed to the *raphanum raphanistrum*, the seeds of which plant are frequently found mixed with the ears of wheat and other grain. The malady to which Linnæus has given the name of *convulsio raphania*, consists of violent agitation, and pains in the limbs, with contractions of various duration. M. Recamier, in consequence of its striking analogy to the epidemic which has existed in Paris for the last six months, has given to the latter the name of *morbus raphaniformis*;—but nothing has yet transpired, either from the most careful investigation of symptoms or dissection after death, to add to the slender knowledge already possessed of this curious affection.

The Medical Profession.—A great stir is making in France among the members of the medical profession, on account of a communication from the government that it is intended to revise all the laws which affect the faculty,—for the purpose, as it should seem, of putting an end to empiricism, and making the study of medicine and surgery more beneficial to the public. There have been several meetings of the faculty of Paris on the subject; and a committee has been appointed by them to confer with the government.

Extraordinary Vase.—At one of the recent sittings of the Geographical Society in Paris, after a communication had been read from the minister of marine, stating his readiness to comply with the suggestions made by the Society in favour of M. Caillé, the traveller lately arrived from Timbuctoo, M. Warden communicated the extract of a letter from the Count de Sagul, dated from the Havannah, in which he announces, that in digging a well at a house within twelve leagues of the city, his nephew discovered, at a depth of about 100 feet, a vase, in the most perfect state of preservation, covered with hieroglyphics and with some figures, one of which bears a resemblance to the Sagittarius of our zodiac, in the act of

discharging an arrow at two persons who appear chained or linked together by the hands. The figures generally resemble the Egyptian. The vase has been presented to the city of Orleans.

Superstition.—At Freshford, if the church clock happen to strike while the choir is singing, during divine service, it is almost universally considered by the lower class of the inhabitants as a sign that some person in the parish will die before the next Sunday. Captain Symonds's gamekeeper, who recently died very suddenly, lived at Freshford, attended the church the Sunday before his decease, and on his return home, told his wife that the church clock had struck during the singing, and that somebody in the parish would die before the next Sabbath day. His own awful end verified the omen in that instance, and infested it with tenfold dread; and has afforded matter for many grave discussions by the nurses and midwives of the village.—*York Courant.*

Planning.—Some wag in the provincial journals is gravely circulating a paragraph, under the title of "a hint to the learned," in which he proposes to establish a subscription society for publishing such books as booksellers will *not* publish. Why not have other establishments for selling such meat or fish as butchers or fishmongers will not sell?!

A Dutchman's Climax of Happiness.—It is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie down than to sit; it is better to sleep than to lie down; it is better to die than to sleep.

We cannot insert the whole of this song, but transplant a verse from our poetical to our variorum page, where it may stand for an epigram:

> Ye sprigs of ton, cast off your fears,
> No longer, for their pretty dears
> Are mothers daring courters;
> They're vastly economic now—
> The coterie have taken a vow
> Of *husbanding* their daughters.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The principal Mosque and the Library at Akhalzik, in Asiatic Turkey. (From the Gazette of Tiflis.)—The Mosque of Achmed, the largest in Akhalzik, has a very striking appearance. In the midst of a strange labyrinth of Asiatic buildings of all kinds, and the ancient walls of the citadel, rise the gilded domes of the mosque, which is a work of regular European architecture. The surface of these domes every where bears the marks of the destruction caused by the bombs of our well-directed artillery. The Mussulman crescents are partly shot away—an emblem of the Ottoman power which was here overthrown by the Russian arms. The Mosque of Achmed, and all the buildings attached to it, are of hewn stone. On the right hand of the lofty arched gateway is a small chamber, in which, during the late siege, the Turkish pashas reposed from fatigue and danger. In the court there are two monuments, surrounded by a low balustrade, in memory of the Vizier Hadschi Achmed Pasha and his wife. This pasha, who died in the year 1176 of the Hegira, was the founder of the mosque, which was completed in seven years. It is affirmed, that it was built on the model of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople.

Towards the west the mosque joins the lyceum, which possessed one of the best libraries in the East, collected and enriched by the care of Achmed. It would have been unpardonable to lose this opportunity of augmenting the literary resources of our own country. Three hundred books were selected from the library; but in making the division, the mosque and the lyceum retained those works which the former requires for the service of religion, and the latter for the instruction of the pupils. The most remarkable of the books found at Akhalzik is the first part of the Kitab Sibewe (Elements of Arabic Eloquence), which is a copy made 697 years ago from a MS. 138 years older. We also took three copies of the Koran (one of which is a splendid MS.), Commentaries on the Koran, theological works, an Arabic translation of the Psalms, philosophical writings, many books on the law, and rules for the interpretation of the laws, published by Abuhanife, the first of the four lawgivers of the sect of Omar, who lived in the seventh century of our era, during the kaliphate in Bagdad; likewise Turkish and Arabic grammatical and lexicographical works; and in the department of history, Tarichi-Raschid, Siari Kebir (Narrative of the Principal Events in the History of Turkey, which comes down to our times, and was presented to the library by Sultan Mahmoud), Schamail-lennebi (Description of the Qualities of the Prophet), Schawashidu-Nubuve (Sacred History of the Prophet, of his Governors, and his House), &c.; Poems in the Arabic language, by Kasside-Burde and Abbaleba; in Persian by Hafis, in Turkish by Ragib, Issabit, &c. We have also found in Achmed's mosque several of the books which, at the request of some of our friends learned in oriental literature, were looked for by the emperor's order, but in vain, in Persia, particularly in the library at Etchmiudzin; namely, 1. Anwaru Tanall, composed by Kasi-Beisawi; 2. Keschaf; 3. Schakankunneiman (?); 4. Ochtari Kabir; 5. Hafiz, with the explanations; 6. Tarfat, by Seyl-Scharif; and, 7. Kitab Siase, by Aristotle.

The library taken at Akhalzik cannot be compared with that at Ardebil for splendid MSS., but is superior to it in other respects. Most of the books from the library at Ardebil are written in the Tarsi language, and consist almost exclusively of the works of poets and historians, which have been collected at different times, without any systematic arrangement; whereas the library at Akhalzik contains works on every branch of knowledge requisite in a learned institution, such as grammar, rhetoric, mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, theology, legislation, jurisprudence, &c. Most of these books are in Arabic, which gives an advantage to this library, as the Persians, Turks, and Tartars, are known to have enriched their language from the Arabic.

N.B. In the proper names the orthography of the German journal from which the article is taken has been scrupulously retained, for fear of still farther disfiguring them, by attempting to accommodate them to the English pronunciation.

Another work from the pen of the Rev. Richard Warner, entitled, What must I do to be saved? may soon be expected.

The Annual Peerage for 1829, with new Plates of the Arms, is also announced.

A new novel entitled the Collegians is nearly ready.

The third edition of Robinson's Designs for Ornamental Cottages, Lodges, Dairies, &c. &c. is promised.

The Disowned has already run through a large edition and come to a second impression.

The Astræa of Science and Art for 1829 is announced for early publication, containing all the Popular Discoveries and Improvements of the past year, in Mechanical and Chemical Science, Natural History, Rural and Domestic Economy, the Useful and Fine Arts, and a Miscellaneous Register.

Preparing for Publication.—We observe in Mr. Murray's lists the following novelties:—A Memoir of the Public Life of the late Lord Londonderry; Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture; Lectures on Physical Geography, by Baron A. de Humboldt, translated from his MSS.; the Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth, from the Period of the Anglo-Saxons, by F. Palgrave, Esq.; the Journal of a Naturalist; the Life and Services of Captain Philip Beaver, R.N., by Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N.; Captain Back's Arctic Scenery (of which we have seen portions, and may say it possesses great interest); Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England; Ulysses, the Author of Homer; a second Vol. of Reliquiæ Diluvianæ, by Professor Buckland; Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects; History of the Jews; and a Historical Memoir of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain since 1814, by H. Ellis, Esq. Byron's Life, by Moore, Southey's All for Love, Colonel Leake's History of the Morea, Gleig's Sermons, Clapperton's Travels, and other works in the same list, we have noticed in preceding *Literary Gazettes.*

Mr. John Hinds (author of the Veterinary Surgeon) has a new work in the press, entitled the Groom's Oracle and Pocket Stable Directory, discussing the management of horses generally.

The United Service Journal, and Military and Naval Gazette, to be continued monthly, is announced by Mr. Colburn, to begin with the year. We like the plan, which is to establish a communication on professional topics between the respective services, to be a history of military and naval events, and to be embellished with narratives by officers now living, and biographical memoirs of those who are deceased. All other naval and military news will, of course, form a fair portion of this publication, with which, we have heard, the quarterly work of a similar kind has been *united.*

Mr. Parkin has in the press the Abomination of Desolation, to shew that the destruction of Jerusalem is not predicted in Matt. 24, Mark 13, and Luke 21, and explains the principal parts of these chapters.

A Guide to the Zoological Gardens and Museum, with numerous engravings, is on the eve of publication.

The Casket, Vol. II. is nearly ready.

The Adventures of a King's Page at our Court and at several Foreign Courts, by the Author of Almack's Revisited, is announced for early publication.

A new History of Yorkshire, by T. Allen, illustrated by engravings on steel, and dedicated to the archbishop, is being published in Nos. The editor of the *York Courant* speaks highly of the execution of the first two.

Allen's History of London is promised shortly.

The periodical press in France, political, literary, and scientific, is in full activity. At Bordeaux two new periodicals have been started within the last two months. Toulouse, Montpellier, Dijon, and Lyons, have also witnessed new speculations in this way; and there is now scarcely any considerable town in the kingdom which has not one or more daily or weekly papers. It is computed that the number of newspapers or literary periodicals now circulated in France, is twenty times greater than it was under the imperial government; and that the foreign papers admitted into France are in the proportion of six to one of the number admitted during the peace of Amiens, when a shew of liberty was awarded to the press. Within the last few days, the prohibition of the French government against the admission of certain English newspapers has been taken off. This prohibition had, indeed, long been nominal; for although lists of the prohibited papers were stuck up in the custom-houses, there has for two or three years past been no instance of seizure; and one of the perquisites of the department of foreign affairs in Paris, was the receipt, on account of different reading-rooms in Paris, of English newspapers of every kind, including, of course, those against which there was a nominal prohibition. It is now generally believed in Paris, that the law authorising the arbitrary seizure of works denounced to the police, and previously to their being declared libellous by a jury, will be abolished next session.

The forthcoming "London Review," edited by the Rev. J. Blanco White, will, we are informed, appear early in February. The editor, in a brief prospectus, states, that the London Review is not established, as has been surmised from his former writings, with the design either of opposing or assisting the claims of the Roman Catholics. He also asserts political independence of all parties; attaches great weight to questions of political economy; professes religious moderation;—and declares his determination that the London Review shall not advocate the interests, real or supposed, of any class, however powerful, in opposition to those of the community. Lastly, (says the prospectus,) the public are requested to understand that the London Review is not set up with an intention to rival any work of a similar description. This country is rich enough in talent to afford contributors to many new journals, without depriving the old of their usual resources; and too liberal in feeling to think of transferring its patronage, instead of extending it, to any and all that may deserve it.

In the Press.—A Treatise on Hydrostatics, by the Rev. H. Thoseley, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge.—With plates and woodcuts, a Treatise on Printing and Dyeing Silk Shawls, Garments, Bandanas, &c. in Permanent and Fancy Colours, by H. McKernan, Experimental Colour-Maker, &c.—Three Phrenological Essays, with a slight Sketch of the Science of Phrenology, by Dr. Epps, author of the Internal Evidences of Christianity deduced from Phrenology.—The Bookbinder's Manual; containing a full description of Leather and Vellum Binding; also, numerous valuable Recipes for Sprinkling, Colouring, Prices, &c.—A second edition of Stories of Chivalry and Romance.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Bullanabee and Cliakatsbos, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Pinnock's Young Gentleman's Library, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Magendie's Physiology, by Milligan, third edition, 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Josephine's Memoirs, French, Vol. II. 8vo. 8s. sewed.—Letters from an Eastern Colony, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Croker's Legends of the Lakes, 2 vols. fcp. 18s. bds.—Forsyth's Jurisprudence, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Delkeskamp's Panorama of the Rhine, 4to. 10s. 6d. in case.—The Pomological Magazine, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 3l. 3s. bds.—Gleig's Sermons, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Montmorency, a Tragic Drama, by W. H. Montagu, crown 8vo. 5s. bds.—Widowson's Present State of Van Diemen's Land, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Mrs. Hurry's Sunday Lectures, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Dr. Channing's Works, 1 vol. 8vo.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1828.

December.		Thermometer.		Barometer.
Thursday	11	From 50. to 41.		29.86 to 30.22
Friday	12	—— 30. — 54.		30.28 — Stat.
Saturday	13	—— 38. — 53.		30.26 — 30.31
Sunday	14	—— 45. — 51.		30.33 — 30.32
Monday	15	—— 35. — 50.		30.22 — 30.11
Tuesday	16	—— 37. — 52.		30.03 — 29.94
Wednesday	17	—— 45. — 50.		29.72 — 29.76

Prevailing wind S.W.

Generally cloudy, raining heavily on the 11th and 17th.

Rain fallen, ·575 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude .....51° 37′ 32″N.

Longitude .... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** We have two particular requests to make to our friends; first, that such of our old subscribers as are deficient in past Nos. to complete their volumes, will lose no time in ordering them, as every week augments the difficulty of perfecting sets; and, secondly, that new subscribers who desire to begin our thirteenth year with us, will give their orders as early as possible to their booksellers or newsmen.

We do not think the specimen of W. A. S. (Leeds) sufficiently polished for publication.—We cannot inform H. C.—G. is a pretty thought,—but we are obliged to postpone many beauties.

We have seen Mr. St. John Long's letter in the John Bull, Morning Post, &c. and do not feel called upon again to entertain the question of his cure of consumptions. All that we know of the matter since we directed attention to it, is, that some medical writers continue to attack him bitterly, and that when he does reply, he does so very coolly; and, by appealing to his increasing and successful practice, seems to throw himself upon the only true criterion,—public opinion. This is all we need say to the numerous inquiries addressed to us on this important subject.